THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jack had gone. He had waited on at the little cottage a weary week after that evening when Jean had crept down and as gently as possible had told him of Audrey's strange aversion to seeing him.

"It is only a whim," Jean said, hurriedly; "we must humor her."

That same night it was, when they were sitting alone in the tiny dining room, that Jack suddenly poured out the whole miserable story into Jean's ears; the story of that ball; of how he had been hoaxed into driving over to see Mr. Benson, who had never sent for him; of all the horrible things he had heard about Audrey; and, lastly, of how he had come upon her in the summer house, with Beverley Rochfort at her feet kissing her hands.

"Put yourself in my place, and judge as I judged. Do not view things as they are now, or you will be harder upon me than I deserve," he said, as he leaned his weary, aching brow on his hand.

"I will not be hard upon you at all, Lord John," Jean said, very gently; "for I think I should have been misled as you were by such apparently strong circumstantial evidence. I am glad you have spoken out to me, and I only wish Audrey had done the same, for then we might have arrived at the truth."

"What is it you mean?" Jack asked, looking up at her, eagerly.

"I mean that I now am convinced that Willie is right, and that there was some plot connived against you both at that ball. I have no definite proof, only a woman's intuition to work upon, but that shall be enough. This must be sifted, Lord John, sifted to the very dregs. I love you both," she continued, tears dimming her eyes. "You have been more than good to me, and now that Audrey's mother is gone I feel I must be friend, sister and mother in one. You will see that I am right, and that you and my dear one were both the victims of some conspiracy. On the face of it the whole affair is absurd. Don't you love each other better than all the world? I shall write to Willie and tell him all my doubts."

And the result of that letter was to put Willie Fullerton on the track of Murray, whom Jean seemed convinced could throw some light on the subject.

A week had gone, and Audrey was wonderfully better; it was her first real day of convalescence, and Jean was sitting with her, reading. Downstairs Jack was trying to comfort himself, when suddenly a familiar voice accosted him, and he found himself shaking hands with Marshall. Marshall, grown older, and looking very wan in her simple black for her beloved mistress. It somehow comforted Jack to see her; she seemed to bring back a little of the sweet influence that had surrounded Constance Fraser.

She had come direct from seeing Mr. Fullerton, who had briefly told her all, and she now asked to see Audrey at once.

"Let me nurse her, my lord," she entreated; "her, my dear's own child. Will you go up and tell her I'm here, my lord? Perhaps I'd best not go straight without saying."

Jack's face flushed; he hesitated; then he rose and went out of the room. He could not bring himself to tell Marshall he was forbidden his wife's presence.

He went steadily upstairs and stood outside the door. The handle was turned, and from within came the sound of a faint, low voice. He meant to have called Jean, but the sound of that voice stopped him.

It was Audrey speaking. His heart beat violently, then turned as cold as iron in his breast. She was speaking of him, but how bitterly! Each word seemed to go through him like a knife. Jean had been pleading his cause, but he only heard Audrey's answer.

"I refuse to see him, Jean; I refuse to hear his name mentioned again. Yes, yes; I know you think me a foolish child, a fretful invalid; but I am more than this. I may not be very old in years, but I have suffered as much as any woman of fifty. Do you forget all he wrote in that awful letter? Oh, Jean! Jean! You don't know how his words have struck home! He says I have wronged him—I, who—who—who——" Her voice grew choked for a moment, but she soon mastered her emotion. "No, Jean; there can be no friendship or kindly feeling between us. As he has judged me, so let me live; my pride and my honor will support me without him. I—I trust I shall never see him again; I shall be happier when I know he is far away. He said he was going on a tour of the world. Why does he not start? Why does he add to his former cruelty by staying here?"

"Audrey, you are unjust, you are unlike yourself; you judge your husband most cruelly. If you could only know how he has suffered——"

Audrey broke in with a hard, bitter laugh.

"I see he has won your heart, Jean. Well, we will say no more, except that I am firm, and that if Lord John has any pride left he will not force himself upon me, but go at once."

But Jack heard no more; he did not know that the hard, contemptuous tone suddenly broke with a little gasping sob; he did not see the thin, small hands cover the white, lovely face; he did not know that Jean had slipped from her chair and was holding Audrey's weeping form clasped in her arms. No, he knew none of this, for he had gone straight downstairs, he had picked up his hat and ulster, and opening the door, he had walked out into the wind and rain, looking neither to the right nor the left, turning his back deliberately on all that he held dearest in life.

Before the dawn was broken Willie Fullerton had followed Jack Glendurwood up to town, but though he searched every club, chamber or well-known haunt, he nowhere found the man he sought, and when he awoke from a well-earned night's rest, it was to read a telegram from Mr. Sampson, stating he had received one from Jack, who had sailed the evening before from Southampton in the Minosta for Australia, and might be absent for years, perhaps forever. So after all, Sheila had been partially successful, for she had separated this man and wife.

It was deputed to Jean to tell Audrey that her husband was gone, but she let two days elapse before she broached the subject of his name. The fit of weeping had done good rather than harm.

"If only we had him here now, all would be as right as ninepence," the doctor had said to Jean on the morrow following Jack's hurried departure.

"But he is not here, and he will not come, so we must think of what will be best under the circumstances."

The young doctor had a look of warm admiration for Jean. What courage, determination and common sense she possessed, and withal how large a heart! Certainly Willie Fullerton was to be envied!

"I am afraid she will fret when she is told all," Jean added, thoughtfully; "still it is best all should be known. I shall keep nothing from her, either now or in the future," and so, when at last she spoke of Jack's departure, Jean very gently but thoroughly put all the facts before Audrey that Mr. Fullerton had managed to glean about the masked ball and its miserable results. She was shown Murray's confession, signed and attested by Sheila Fraser. She was given all the information there was to give, and then Jean very sensibly, and with more than ordinary tact, went softly away, and left her alone to fight the battle out by herself.

When they met again there were tear stains on the girl's white face, but she was wonderfully quiet.

"Will you send for Jack's mother, please, Jean, and ask her to come home? Now—now I am alone I should like her advice. It is only right and proper as his wife I should consult his mother."

Ten days later news came to Mountberry that Craiglands was preparing to receive her grace of Harborough, who was returning with her son, Lord Iverne, and her daughter-in-law, Lady John Glendurwood, and, as may be supposed, the village was greatly exercised in its mind over this intelligence, having had its curiosity whetted considerably by the vague and unsatisfactory rumors that had been circulated about the same said Lady John.

Dinglewood House was shut up, and it was understood vaguely that Miss Fraser was visiting, though where no one exactly knew. It was generally voted annoying that Sheila should have been absent just now. She could have thrown light on a good deal of what was perplexing, and have, moreover, given the real account of what had happened at the ball; whether it was true that Lady John had flirted and behaved so abominably, or whether Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate were correct in saying that somebody had imitated her ladyship's domino, and cleverly tricked the whole room of guests into imagining that it was Lady John who so thoroughly disgraced herself and her husband's name. Then Sheila, too, could have given the exact history as to what had occurred between Lord John and his wife, and what was the meaning of all the extraordinary rumors that had been circulated.

But Sheila was not on hand to be questioned, and, in default of encouragement, it was really wonderful how soon the excitement and curiosity began to die away and how readily everybody grew to consider Audrey as having been most injured by the trick that had been so wantonly played upon her. In fact, by the time Christmas was due, Lady John and her doings were a theme too old to be mentioned anywhere, and the affairs at Craiglands would have been passed over as almost indifferent and uninteresting, but that, just as the joybells were proclaiming the birth of a new Christchild, the icy fingers of the death angel were laid upon the heart of Duncan, Marquis of Iverne, and he was taken from his bed of suffering to a reign of peace and rest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a week since they had carried away all that remained of the once handsome, merry young Lord Iverne and buried him with pomp and solemnity in the Harborough vault. A telegram had winged its flight across the ocean to Melbourne, from whence Mr. Sampson had received a curt announcement of John Glendurwood's safe arrival—a telegram briefly giving the sad news of one brother's death to another, but no answer had been vouchsafed, and the lawyer could not but entertain strong doubts as to whether the new Marquis of Iverne was gone still further on his travels, and so their message was unread.

Craiglands was very sad in those days. The duchess seemed to break down altogether after her son's death. Yet, despite all this, she was gentle and kind to Audrey beyond description; she could not have given the girl more love if she had been her own child. They were quiet days, and peaceful, and Audrey found many little duties to perform which helped to make the hours fly. She was very pale and delicate, but she refused to allow Jean to consider her an invalid, and was never weary of flitting about the duchess, eager to do all and anything in her power to alleviate the sorrow which was oppressing the mother's heart. The only distraction was Willie Fullerton's weekly visits, when his breezy, happy manner seemed to change the very atmosphere.

Snow had fallen heavily and it lay on the ground during the whole month of January and onward. Despite this, however, Audrey would persist in going out as much as possible.

"It does me good," she said to Jean, who was fearful of every cold wind that blew on her darling. "I must go, Jean. I—I feel sometimes as if I should go mad in the house!"

She had this restless feeling on her one afternoon toward the middle of February.

"I shall walk into Mountberry, I want to see Mrs. Thorngate—do you mind, dearest?" she asked the duchess, who sat, half dozing, half dreaming, by the fire.

"Take care of yourself, Audrey. Put on stout boots! This snow is so penetrating!"

Audrey walked briskly over the snow, a slender, graceful figure in her heavy, black garments, her lovely face lovelier than ever in its somber setting. She was warmly greeted by Dr. Thorngate, who was just leaving the vicarage as she arrived. Audrey thought he looked worn and troubled.

"My wife will be rejoiced to see you," he said, and his gaze followed the girlish form in an affection that was deepened only by admiration and respect.

Mrs. Thorngate was troubled, too, and though she welcomed Lady Iverne with all her old love, she was not herself. Audrey felt pained and full of sympathy.

"I am sure you would rather I did not stay, dear Mrs. Thorngate," she said, simply, rising and drawing on her wraps again. "You have something on your mind, and will be better alone."

Mrs. Thorngate's answer was to burst into tears.

"My heart is broken!" she sobbed. "Oh, Beverley, my boy, my boy! And I have loved you, honored you, believed in you so much!"

Audrey knelt down by her friend.

"Let me help you. Tell me all," she begged, her own eyes growing dim and misty with pity.

It was a very brief story. Beverley had written to his aunt that morning. He was in a terrible predicament. Two years back he had committed forgery out in Africa; he had cleverly escaped detection, and had come to England, thinking all danger gone. Unluckily for him, his movements and real name had been discovered; he had been tracked. If the money were not forthcoming in the next twenty-four hours he would be handed over to justice.

"Audrey, what can I do? What can I do? I cannot sit here and know that he, the boy I have loved, is condemned to a felon's cell. He has been my joy, my one delight, and Gus refuses to let me help him."

Audrey felt her heart beginning to beat with a sense of pain and apprehension. The very mention of this man's name fell like a black shadow on her heart. She trembled as she recalled all the evil his cold-blooded treachery had worked between herself and Jack; the memory of his passionate love words raised a blush of shame to her face even now, but she put her own feelings on one side to minister to Mrs. Thorngate's sorrow.

"Will you let me take this off your shoulders?" she asked. "Hush! Not a word. We are friends, are we not? Rest, and be at peace, for, by God's will, I will save him from what you fear!"

(To be continued.)

OLD STYLE CLOCKS SIMPLE.

Still Manufactured and Sold by Dealers and in Good Demand.

Conspicuous by their simplicity or their quaintness or both among the many sample clocks of more modern designs shown in the salesrooms of a clock-manufacturing concern were a few of the old styles. There were old-time, so-called Gothic clocks, once a favorite style; not a very big clock and with the top not flat but carried up to a ridge line like a sharp-pointed roof, with the gable end to the front, and having as its base, on either side, at the top of the body of the clock, a little spire, the lower section of the door of the clock, below the dial, painted with some sort of design.

There were cottage clocks, these smaller than the Gothics, and like all these old-time clocks are simple, and trim looking, with upright, square-cornered cases.

And then there were bigger clocks, larger than the cottage clocks and larger than the Gothics, clocks with their long door deeply recessed within a wide bordering molding, tall, square, cornered, prim-looking and yet engaging clocks, such as once, made of mahogany or mahogany veneer, stood on many and many a mantelpiece, clocks with big dials and long hands and with a sonorous tick.

Among these large clocks there were some with cases less severe in design and finished, with some ornamentation about them and gilded half-columns, one on either side of the case, in front, clocks such as once adorned the shelf of many an old-time parlor.

These old-style clocks were not old clocks, but new clocks. Such as are still manufactured and sold.

"Clocks are now made of many materials as to their cases and in innumerable styles," said the salesman, "and we are adding new styles all the time, and the great majority of people buy these clocks of later designs. But we still continue to sell clocks of a few of those once familiar old styles. Some of these old-style clocks we make with modern spring improvements within their old-time cases and others of them we still make with the old-time clock-weights.

"Of all these new old-style clocks comparatively few are sold in the city. They go mostly to smaller towns and to the country. But it would not do to say that they are bought by old-time people clinging to old-time ways and styles. They may find such buyers but other buyers anywhere may fancy them for their quaintness or for old-time associations."

Metallic Proposition.

"When 'knighthood was in flower,'" said the suitor with the cast-iron nerve, "the young man always came to see the ladye fayre with plenty of steel."

"Well?" yawned the beautiful girl, impatiently.

"And now that armor is out of style I come with plenty of brass. Will I suit?"

"No, you had better come with plenty of tin. Those are the kind of young men that are popular with girls these days."

With a deep sigh the jilted Romeo vanished in the frosty night.

Cautions All Around.

Hotel Clerk (suspiciously)—Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?

Guest—This is a new patent fire escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window. See?

Clerk (thoughtfully)—I see. Our terms for guests with fire escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance.—New York Weekly.

Didn't Help Matters.

Daughter (in tears)—But, papa, what have you against Charles? I am sure he would make a good husband.

Irate Papa—He's an idiot, and is only after your money.

Daughter—Oh, no, papa; I know he would marry me without a cent.

Irate Papa—Would he? Then he is a worse idiot than I thought.—Pele Mele.

Realistic.

"The painter, Klexer, has painted a picture of a winter landscape so well that if you look at it long you seem to get quite cold."

"That's nothing; you ought to see Schmirinsky's 'Flight;' it is so realistic that, after the first look you are obliged to take to your heels."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Her for the Single Bliss.

Miss Elderleigh—Now that you have a husband, I suppose you haven't a single wish ungratified.

Mrs. Wedderly (sighing)—Only one—and that is a single wish.

One of the Bravest.

Marvin—Is young Higgins what you would call a brave man?

Goodwin—Well, he has been the leader of our church choir for three years.

New South Wales paid $3,500,000 in four years in bounties for rabbits.

Practical Corn Harvest.

This machine used at the U. S. Agricultural Experiment Stations consists of two driving wheels, between which is mounted the frame for the driving mechanism and platform. It is drawn by one horse, which walks between the two rows that are cut at the same time. The dividers pick up the lodged corn, except such as lies in the row of corn away from the machine, and guide it to the cutting apparatus, which consists of two stationary side blades above which is a movable sickle, which cuts the corn and deposits it horizontally on a platform which is elevated about six inches from the cutting apparatus. On the inner side is a guide chain which assists in directing the stalks of corn to the knife and the platform. The rear part of the machine is provided with a small wheel, above which is a tilting lever, by means of which the dividers in front can be raised or lowered to gather up the lodged corn until it comes in contact with the endless chain, which carries it backward until it is cut and deposited on the platform.

When there is enough to start a shock the horse is stopped and the two men who follow the machine gather the corn from the platform and set it up around the shock pole and tie it. They then start the horse again, and when returning across the field the horse is

GOOD CORN HARVESTER.

stopped opposite the shock, to which more corn is added, and this is continued until the shock is of the desired size. When the shock row has been started the shock pole is pushed in so as to be out of the way (see cut) while the balance of the corn is being cut.

The Early Garden.

After all danger of frost is over, which is usually about the time the apple trees are in blossom, tomato plants may be put out, as they are tender and will not endure the frost if sooner transplanted. Peas for a later crop, Lima beans, string beans, squash, eggplants and late cabbage, as well as sweet corn and *melons, may* then be planted. *The garden crops that* do not need much room on which to grow may be planted in rows of sufficient distance apart to permit of using a wheel hoe or hand hoe (about 18 inches), but corn, tomatoes, eggplants and Lima beans require from one yard to four feet between the rows. To have a large garden on a farm is to extend the bill of fare, and it can be arranged to permit of working with a horse hoe, but the suburban garden work must be done with a hand hoe or a wheel hoe. There is more pleasure in working a garden than may be supposed, and it will promote the health of any one who engages in such occupation. As there are many details in gardening, and several varieties of each of the different vegetables, the beginner should procure books on gardening, which can be had of any seedsman, and also permit the seedsmen to select for him the varieties most suitable for his location, as an inexperienced person can easily make mistakes in his selections. The seed catalogues describe methods of planting, but some varieties of vegetables are better for stock feeding than for the table, while some are early in maturing and others are late.

Preparation of Coarse Foods.

One of the implements or machines which farmers who visit the fairs have found in operation is the corn shredder. It is revolutionizing the use of corn fodder, as it saves labor and prepares the corn stalks for the use of stock. It removes the ears from the husks, and tears the entire stalk into shreds at one operation, as rapidly as the stalks can be fed into the machine. There are several kinds, but every farmer should have one, as it will enable him to use the leaves, husks and stalks as so much hay, which can be baled, if necessary. When fodder is thus prepared the cattle will not reject so much as usual, and the shredded fodder uneaten is suitable for bedding or as an absorbent in the manure heap. The saving in feed by the shredding of the entire stalk will be an addition to the profit of the farm, and will also enable the farmer to keep more stock.

Soapsuds for Plants.

Soaps are made mostly from soda lye, instead of potash, the soda soaps being hard and the potash soaps soft. Soapsuds, therefore, contain but little, if any, potash, but serve to prevent insect attacks to a certain extent. Some plants, like celery and asparagus, seem to thrive when drenched occasionally with soapsuds, which is probably due to the fact that soda is beneficial to such crops.

Bedding for Animals.

Do not utilize straw as bedding by drying it to be used over again. Pass all feeding material through the feed cutter, so as to render it more serviceable in the manure heap. The cost of cutting the material is an item, but absorption of the liquids in the heap will be more complete and the gain in the value of the manure will be larger. As the manure will then always be fine and easily handled, it can be forked over with but little labor, so as to more thoroughly decompose all portions.

Williamson Plan of Corn Culture.

A bulletin by the South Carolina station contains a detailed description of the Williamson method of corn culture and reports observations made on a number of farms on which the plan was followed. "Where the plan was strictly adhered to the yield was double or more than double that secured from near-by fields of equal solid characters and where the usual methods of corn culture were practiced."

Three different varieties of corn were found to have been used on these fields. One variety, called Williamson corn, was grown on all fields except two, one of which was planted to Marlboro Prolific and the other to a variety similar to the Williamson corn. It was noticed that with the Marlboro Prolific the size of ears and their number per stalk were apparently uninfluenced by the method of culture.

The peculiar or essential features of the Williamson plan are summartzed as follows: Deep and thorough preparation of seed bed, deep planting, infrequent and partial cultivation in the early stages of growth, an increase of 200 per cent or more in the number of stalks per acre, postponing application of fertilizers until corn is given its second cultivation, intentional retruncation of early growth of the stalk until its size is reduced one-half or one-quarter its normal development, and following this augmented development of the ear by cultivation and heavy application of fertilizers made at appropriate intervals. The corn is planted four to six inches below the soil surface and laid by four to six inches above the level, leaving the lower eight to twelve inches of the stalk below ground. It is suggested that the brace roots under these conditions are probably better able to perform their nutritive functions than when partly exposed.

Horse Breeding in Wisconsin.

The present condition of the horse-breeding industry in Wisconsin is discussed in a bulletin by the station as well as the effects and defects of the Wisconsin stallion law. The State law is quoted, with recommendations for new legislation. A directory is included of owners of licensed stallions, and a list of American and foreign stud books, as well as samples of the score cards used in the department of horse breeding at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

The State breeding-stock law, in the author's opinion, should be revised and should demand, among other things, the annual or biennial renewal of a license fee, and the adoption of a list of diseases to be considered "hereditary, transmissible, or communicable" and which would subject a stallion to rejection as unsound. Specific authority should be given for the department of horse breeding to refuse license to stallions known to be unsound and to revoke licenses granted to stallions since found to be unsound. There should also be authority to revoke the license of "scrub" stallions of "unknown breeding" and to refuse licenses to such horses in the future. The law should provide for State veterinary inspectors to inspect public-service stallions and require State veterinary inspection of all stallions already granted licenses on the affidavit of the owner.

Valuable Weeds.

It is not a matter of common knowledge, says the Technical World Magazine, that some of the weeds "infesting" the land will produce the crude drugs which to-day, in large part, are obtained by importation from abroad. Alice Henkel, an assistant of the government's plant industry bureau, says that the roots, leaves and flowers of several of the weed species regarded as plagues in the United States are gathered, prepared and cured in Europe, and not only for useful commodities there, but supply to a considerable extent the demands of foreign lands. There are weeds in this country against which extermination laws have been passed which hold in their leaves, stems or roots medicinal properties which have a value in the work of preserving the health of the nation. It is possible, in ridding land of weeds in order that crops may be grown, to make of the uprooted "pests" a source of income. Moreover, it is possible to maintain upon land given over as worthless for crop-growing purposes a weed plantation, which, after the harvest, will prove itself to be not less profitable than some of the tilled fields.

Grape Berry Worm.

During the last two or three years the grape berry worm has been an unusually serious pest in Ohio, says a bulletin of that State, and along the shore of Lake Erie has caused the loss of about one-third of the grape crop. The eggs are minute translucent bodies found on the skins of the grapes in the summer, and the point of entrance of the larvae into the grape is surrounded by a patch of reddened skin.

In order that the most effective remedies should be directed against the first brood, operations should begin during the fall, consisting of clean cultivation, the destruction of all trash about the vineyard, and thorough plowing. The authors are somewhat in doubt whether fall or spring plowing is best, but it is found that as good results can be obtained by plowing as by burning. The most important measure of all is believed to be spraying with arsenate of lead or paris green. The arsenate of lead should be used at the rate of three pounds to fifty gallons of Bordeaux mixture. It is recommended that the first application be made in early June, the second as soon as the grapes are through blooming, and the third early in July. The cost of spraying an acre of grapes ranges from $3.75 to $5.

If a garden is made on sandy soil, especially in a section where nearly all the soil is sandy, the use of air-slaked lime will be found very beneficial, as such soils are deficient in lime. Gas lime will not serve as a substitute for stone lime, but shell lime is excellent, however, though the use of stone lime should be preferred. The cost is small compared with the benefits derived.

The Indians of the Choctaw tribe, in Indian Territory, have formed a good roads association.

A MODEL OFF GUARD.

She Could Not Stare the Stranger "Out of Countenance."

Florence was looking her prettiest in a dotted muslin gown with white lilacs drooping from her broad-brimmed hat. She had known for a long time that the well-dressed man who sat opposite her in the suburban train was boldly admiring her face in the mirror, and at last, in a spirit of daring, she lifted her eyes and met the reflection of his—fully, steadily. There were mischievous dimples in her cheeks at first, but as he leaned forward eagerly, something in his glance scorched her, and she turned her face away, flushing crimson.

When the train reached the station she brushed past him with eyes straight forward, but, as she hurried down the street, she noticed by the shadow in the windows that he was close behind her. It was probably chance, she told herself, until, turning into one of the shops and pausing to make a purchase, she saw him lingering near. She hastened nervously to another department; he followed again and waited again, eying her always with that long gaze which changed to an insinuating smile if she accidentally looked in his direction.

Florence began to be not only ashamed, but frightened. Paul Kingsley's mother was to meet her at this counter, and they were to lunch together. As she hesitated, remembering this, the stranger pressed nearer, and with a sudden impulse she turned to an usher.

"This man is annoying me," she said in a low tone.

"What do you mean, sir?" the usher demanded, curtly.

"Ask her what she means," the man muttered under his breath. "I don't go where I'm not invited."

For an instant the usher looked suspiciously at the pretty girl. Then a new voice hailed Florence, and the stranger, after one glance at the tall, distinguished-looking woman who had appeared, drew back hastily.

"My dear, I've kept you waiting," Mrs. Kingsley began, without noticing the men, as Florence promptly turned away with her. "I'm late because I had to give Edith a farewell lecture before I dared to let her go home alone. She's such a child—at twelve! She doesn't see why, if a stranger stares at her, she shouldn't stare back again as long as he does, and let him see how uncomfortable it is. Isn't she absurd?

"You see, I can't bear to tell her all the dangers a young girl runs in a city like this, and I wouldn't explain to her, either, what kind of girls the ones who 'stare back again' are always judged to be; so I just tried to make it plain that it's an underbred, common thing to do. And I took your name in vain, my dear. I told her that any girl who wanted a model for perfect behavior in public places would do well to watch a real lady like Florence Clifford."—Youth's Companion.

NO SCHOOL UP TO 10.

Luther Burbank Says Curse of Child Life Is Overeducation.

During the course of many years of investigation into the past life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions, Luther Burbank has been constantly impressed with the similarity between the organization and development of plant life and of human life. In "The Training of the Human Plant," says the New York Tribune, he tells how the principles he has applied to the culture of plants might be applied to that of the human species, and points the way to a grander race than the world has ever seen. The United States he considers the most promising field for the application of such ideas, for "all that has been done for plants and flowers by crossing, nature has already accomplished for the American people." By the crossings of types strength has in one instance been secured; in another, intellectuality; in still another, moral force. All that is left to be done falls to selective environment.

By environment, according to the plant wizard, everything can be done with a child. It is immeasurably more sensitive and responsive than a plant. Heredity, it is true, counts for much, but heredity is merely the "sum of past environments." Stored within it are "all the mysteries of the universe," and the appropriate environment will bring out whatever is desirable in that heritage. If it were possible to isolate a dozen families under ideal conditions, Mr. Burbank says, more could be accomplished for the advancement of the race than could now be accomplished in 100,000 years.

By an ideal environment up to the age of 10 years, by which time the child's character is fixed, Mr. Burbank means a country life, with sunshine, love and beauty, well balanced, nutritious food; music, pictures, good times, the closest communion with nature and no school. "The curse of modern child life in America is overeducation," he declares. "The injury wrought to the race by keeping too young children in school is beyond the power of any one to estimate. We take them in this precious early age, when they ought to be living a life of preparation near to the heart of nature, and we stuff them and overwork them until their poor little brains are crowded up to and beyond the danger line. The work of breaking down the nervous systems of the children of the United States is now well under way."

"Every child," Mr. Burbank thinks, "should have mud pies, grasshoppers and tadpoles, wild strawberries, acorns and pine cones, trees to climb and brooks to wade in; sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets, and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education."

High Explosives.

An inventor has just produced a new kind of blasting powder, the cost of which is $10 per pound.

Of course it will come under the head of high explosives.—Toledo Blade.

A husband usually stays at home too much, or not enough, to give satisfaction.

Old Favorites

Weighing the Baby.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around:
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun,

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note,
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.
—Ethel Lynn.

INDIAN DIVORCES.

Picturesque Names Brighten the Record of Their Marital Sufferings.

Now that the Indians of the West have been educated up to the standard of suing for divorce the same as their pale-faced brothers and sisters, there will be an added picturesqueness in the reports of such cases, due to the peculiarity of the Indian names. At present there are 20 cases pending before the Circuit Court at Bonesteel, S. D., and we learn from them that the Indian Cupid has much the same troubles as the white-winged god.

One of the cases is that of James Ghost Hawk, who sues his eloping wife, Bessie, who walked off with Walking Soldier, a brave of the Crow Creek reservation. He also asks the custody of his child, Mollie Three Thighs Ghost Hawk.

Another case is that of Alice Good Muskrat, who alleges that her moccasined master eloped with Flora Walks-As-She-Jumps. She wants a decree of alimony of 10 ponies and the restoration of her inspiring maiden name, Alice High Kicker.

Poor Man Star Boy is another Indian who is in trouble. His wife, Jennie, ran away with a no-account Indian named Walking Thunder, and as a witness of this base desertion he has summoned three witnesses, Three Dogs, Kicks High and Three Moons.

Josephine Dog Soldier, alleging cruel and inhuman treatment, recites that her husband, Dog Soldier, bought a coffin when she was sick and made preparations for her funeral.

Josephine fooled him by getting well, which so incensed Dog Soldier that he broke her leg, threatened to kill her and finally drove her from the tepee. Dog Soldier was enamored of another woman, who rejected his suit when she learned what he had done to Josephine.

Holy Track, a comely squaw, alleges that her husband, Never Stampede, belied his name and stampeded with Anna Buffalo Pipe and never came back. As witnesses she names Mule Driver, Three Toes and One Tail.

Other cases pending are those of Helen Turning Bear vs. Fred Left Hand; Hollow Left Hand vs. Left Hand; Picket Pin vs. Mary Picket Pin; His Horse Standing vs. White Whirl Wind; Sweet Horse vs. Clara Sweet Horse; Hail Fast Horse vs. Mary Hail Fast Horse. While the "horses" seem to have the best of it in this, the cow is not entirely neglected. Grinning Cow is the name of a witness in the case of Kate Bolt against her husband, who deserted her, and James Bull Tail charges that Bear Bull Tail, his wife, hit him over the head with a war club, kicked him out of the tepee and to cap the climax of his injured feelings and assaulted extremities eloped with a lover, Gus Stranger Horse.

Quite a Youngster.

Heffelfinger, the famous "guard" at Yale in the '90s, now a prosperous business man of the West, recently told a story of a countryman who, with his wife, had come down to New Haven to see the "footballers."

The rural one had walked around the stalwart Heffelfinger with an air of critical curiosity, much as he might have surveyed a horse he was about to purchase.

"Sary!" he called to his wife.

"What is it?"

"This feller's nigh on to seven feet, ain't he?"

"Almost, Zachariah."

"Weighs about 220, don't he?"

"I reckon he does."

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated the countryman. "It do beat all how football do develop 'em!"

"He certainly is a fine young man," said the wife.

"Man!" observed the countryman. "Sary, one of them professors told me hisself that this feller's in his fourth year! I wonder what they feed 'em on!"—Harper's Weekly.

Women gossip about each other's love affairs, but men gossip about each other's business affairs.

It is hard to tell if you have pleased a girl by the way she smiles at you.