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In winter, it is hard to get fresh air in certain rooms. Some rooms in a house are usually colder than others, and if you open the windows it is hard again to heat the room properly. If you keep the windows closed you don't get fresh air; if you keep them open you cannot quickly reheat the room. The
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GOVERNESS AND GUEST
By JULIA R. WELLS

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The Mortons secured a governess for their children as the crowning achievement of the influx of gold that was pouring into their coffers. When Mrs. Morton engaged a lady's maid and Mrs. Morton procured for himself a valet they thought, with a butler and footman and maid servants galore, that their adjuncts were complete. But, as they progressed further into the charmed circle of society, they discovered their mistake, and the two daughters of the house soon acquired sufficient knowledge of the habits of their little world to demand release from the ministrations of nurse-maids and to request the substitution of a governess.

Mrs. Morton was somewhat at a loss to supply this lack of her household, though she readily perceived that it was a lack. However, the wants of the very rich are not long left ungratified, and when the time arrived for the annual migration to Newport, she was justified in the complacency with which she viewed the present complete and correct establishment over which she reigned.

There were still some lingering doubts in her mind as to Miss Challoner's status in the household. She was paid a salary, yet she could not be regarded as a servant. It was of course impossible to consider her an equal. So she had breakfast and luncheon with the family and ate a simple meal at six o'clock with her two charges, all traces of which were obliterated before Mr. and Mrs. Morton dined in state, two hours later.



She was beginning to find her position well nigh intolerable. She was alone many hours of each day; the children were too young to be companionable, and she lived through the dreary hours with a fretting of spirit that threatened to crush her youth and health. She had entered into her new role without dreaming of the petty indignities to which she would be subjected. She soon learned to avoid the guests who came and went, for they, too, belonged to the newly rich, and after first mistaking the distinguished looking governess for some member of the family they rectified the blunder by ignoring, or patronizing, her.

Miss Challoner checked off the days on her calendar and prayed that the return to New York might not be delayed beyond the original date. There, she had a few old friends who gladly claimed her leisure hours, who petted her and made much of her. August arrived and found her still at her post, rebellious in spirit, but outwardly calm.

As she entered the breakfast room one morning, she became aware of an excitement in the usually rather heavy atmosphere. One of the children forgot the morning salutation in her keenness to impart the interesting news.

"Miss Challoner," she cried, "we are going to have a real baron visit us."

"Are you, Kitty?" said the amused Miss Challoner, thinking of the barons and sons of barons, all barons themselves, that she had known in the happy years she had spent in Germany.

"But aren't you excited, Miss Challoner?" urged Marion.

Mr. Morton frowned at his daughter. "You speak German, do you not, Miss Challoner?" he interposed.

"Yes," answered the governess, "you know I was in school in Germany for several years."

"Did you have a governess, like us?" asked Kitty.

"Be still, Kitty," said her father. "But, didn't you?" asked Marion.

"No, never," replied Miss Challoner, conscious that the statement would cause her to lose caste in the Mortons' estimation, and wholly indifferent.

"We are going to have a young German gentleman with us for a few days. He speaks English, but no doubt he will be glad to hear his own language again," said Mr. Morton.

"I shall be glad to offer him the opportunity," said the governess, thinking that she would be willing to talk to anyone for the sake of hearing the tongue she loved so well.

During the day there was an unusual stir and bustle in the house, and the lonely governess decided that the baron was to be received with much pomp and circumstance. The six o'clock supper was served somewhat hastily, and Jenkins apologized for this and the fact that he could not be in attendance himself, though Miss Challoner well knew that it was a duty he had assumed and which he could have relegated to one of the footmen.

After she had retired to her room she heard the guest arrive and the effusive greeting he received and his cordial thanks, expressed in the crisp English the German acquire. The voice had a familiar note and recalled the days when she had believed happiness to be her heritage.

"I am growing fanciful," she thought. "All Germans speak English in the same way," and she turned her attention resolutely to her book.

Descending the stairs the next morning, she saw that the family had already congregated in the hall and was passing into the breakfast room. But their guest had caught sight of the governess and stood motionless at the foot of the stairs. Miss Challoner did not glance at him until she reached the last step, and then she raised her eyes to see why her progress was barred.

"Herr von Lutzen," she exclaimed, turning white.

"Miss Challoner, ah, have I found you at last," cried the baron, in a rapturous voice. He seized her hands and lifted first one and then the other to his lips, while the assembled Mortons stood transfixed with astonishment.

"It is very good to see you again, baron," said Miss Challoner, then, turning toward the amazed family she said quietly, "Breakfast is waiting for us. Afterward, you will tell me about Minna and all the dear friends."

Herr von Lutzen turned toward his hostess. "Is it not wonderful," he said, "to find this gracious young lady under your roof? Ah, we have tried so hard to find her, my sister and I, but no one would tell us, and she would not write." He turned to Miss Challoner. "Minna has so grieved for you, and the second baby—"

"Is there a second?" asked Miss Challoner, eagerly.

"Named for you, ah, yes, and no way to tell you."

"And Johann permitted Minna to name her baby for me?" the governess said, happily.

"But yes, he was always so pleased with your friendship for his Minna."

After the meal was over Miss Challoner withdrew with her charges, saying that she would see Herr von Lutzen again.

"I do not understand," said Herr von Lutzen, turning to Mrs. Morton. "Miss Challoner, she teaches your children?" he inquired.

"Yes, baron, she is their governess," answered his hostess.

"But again I do not understand. It is not of necessity?"

"I really do not know, baron, but I have no reason to think otherwise," replied the surprised Mrs. Morton.

"Then that explains everything," exclaimed Herr von Lutzen, joyously; "that is why she disappeared. Gracious lady, I must see her—forgive me, will you not? You see, you understand? I loved her so dearly, and then she vanished."

It would never have occurred to Mrs. Morton to deny anything to a baron, so she led the way to the schoolroom, and then withdrew with the children.

"Margaret," said the impetuous lover, rushing toward her and seizing her hands, "it was the money, the wretched money, was it not, you had not ceased to care? Don't tell me you ran away because the love had fled."

Miss Challoner shook her head. "I couldn't stay; all our money was gone. I could not come to you without a dowry."

"You can come to me without anything but love, if you care for me, that is all I ask," and he looked anxiously in her eyes.

"Fritz," she said softly, "do you really want to marry a poor American girl?"

"I want to marry you," said the baron, and clasped Mrs. Morton's governess in his arms.

Sure Sign.

Mrs. Nurich—My husband thinks our position in society is now assured.

Mrs. Uppoon—Indeed! Mrs. Nurich—Yes. He has quit hiring a dress suit and is having one made to order.

CAP and BELLS



ROUGH ON THE POOR TRAMP

Thirsty Traveler Unknowingly Pumps Water into Cistern of Ingenious Lazy Individual.

The tramp had walked a good three miles and was particularly thirsty. A sudden turn in the road brought him to the foot of a steep hill, at the top of which stood a large house. The tramp paused a moment before attempting the herculean feat of storming the hill. He felt hungry and thirsty. He glanced to the left. These words caught his eye: "Tarry, traveler, and refresh thyself." The tramp was sorry the sign was attached to a pump-handle. However, water was better than nothing, so he commenced to pump. The spout remained dry. He pumped with more vigor. Still no water. After ten minutes of hard work he said harsh things about the pump, and continued his journey. At the top of the hill he mentioned his grievance to a native. The latter pointed to the fine house across the road.

"The owner of that house," he said, "has some big water-cisterns which have to be filled from a stream in the valley. He is too lazy to fill 'em himself, though; so he rigged up that pump and connected it with his cisterns, and now—"

But the tramp was already sprinting across the road to argue with the man who owned the pump.

Juror Catches Judge Asleep.

Men who are summoned for jury duty are ingenious in their excuses, and it often happens that the selections of a jury is the most diverting part of the case. One who was called in the county court here complained that he was deaf.

"You say that you are deaf?" said the judge.

"Oh, what is it you say?" said the man.

"I said, are you deaf?" observed the judge in a louder tone.

"You'll have to speak louder," was the reply, "or I can't hear you."

"I guess we'll excuse you," said the judge; "you can go."

The deaf man had no trouble hearing the court's last remark and sped out of the courtroom.

"I think that's one on the judge," observed one of the attorneys.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON.



Mother—When you are through playing, Willie, put your toys away. I don't like to do it every time you are tired.
Willie—You are just like me in that respect, mamma.

Making a Vote Count.

Louis M. Sanders, Republican candidate for alderman of the Second ward, Orange, N. J., is responsible for the following yarn:

It was election day in a small Michigan city, when a prominent politician happened to meet an old dorky servant of his.

"Well, Sambo," asked Mr. Smith, "how did you vote today?"

"I ain't voted yet, boss," said Sambo.

"Why is that?" said Mr. Smith.

"Well, boss, it's dis a-way. De Prohibitionists dey give me \$10 to vote their ticket and the Republicans dey give me \$5 to vote their ticket. Ah's goin' to wait to see how corrupt all de parties is fore I vote, en then Ah's goin' to vote for the leastest."