MRS. ALEXANDER

"A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or W dow," "Be W man's Wit," "Beaton's Barga u." "A Life Inter-st," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

and a second

CHAPTER II. The two ensuing days were full of excitement-pleasurable excitementto Mrs. Saville. Her keen eyes shone with a hard glitter as she thought that her son was probably saved from committing some dangerous folly, and launched afresh on a career which promised honor and promotion. In truth, Mrs. Saville's hopes and ambitions were centered on her second son. Her eldest was an apathetic, well-bred, briefless barrister, of dilettante tastes, given to writing elegantly-expressed on obscure passages in Shakespeare, and latterly in Browning, on the derivation of obsolete words, and other such topics, in which ordinary mortals took not the slightest interest.

Mrs. Saville was the only child and sole heiress of an exceedingly wealthy Sheffield manufacturer. She had married the accomplished, amiable, distinguished-looking younger brother of the Earl of Everton, an impecunious peer whose sole means of existence was derived from the rent of the family mansion and domains. Mrs. Saville was an extremely ambitiouns woman; she had a keen desire for personal distinc solved that as her eldest son must in different as she seemed." the order of things succeed his uncle and become Earl of Everton, so Hugh must marry a woman of rank and fortune, and thus she would be free to give the bulk of her belongings to support the title which would devolve upon her eldest son. He was a stead irreproachable young man, but her heart, her pride, centered in her Benjamin.

Mrs. Saville's love was a somewhat onerous obligation: she had a very tough, inexorable will, and a profound belief that she could manage every one's affairs considerably better than they could themselves—a doctrine in which her younger son rarely agreed. greatly developed by her early widowthe condition of things at the beginning of this narrative.

Receiving no reply to her telegram. Mrs. Saville sat up late on the follow- through the thin excuses with which ing Wednesday, boping her son might arrive, and retired to rest weary with | tender, womanly-ay, and reasonable unfulfilled expectation.

cup of tea, the following morning, she to his room."

Whereupon Mrs. Saville ordered her breakfast to be brought to her in her own apartment, that she might not delay her son's refreshment, and prepared lelaurely to meet him in her morning-room. She was already there to greet him when he came up-stairs.

"Well, my dear Hugh! I am glad to see you. My best congratulations. Have you read the Secretary's letter? I told Atkins to give it to you."

"Yes, he did," said Hugh, shortly; then he kissed his mother's brow and stood looking at her with a troubled

He was a fair, sunburnt man of per haps six or seven-and-twenty, rather above middle height, broad-shouldered and seeming shorter than he really pair of large handsome brown eyes and strong; his hair and thick mous taches were light brown, with a red dish tinge.

"Why, Hugh, you are looking ill and worn. You do not seem like yourself Why did you not arrive last night "

"I came as quickly as I could; the trains at this season are inconvent ent," he returned, still in an absent tone. He had a pleasant, deep-chested voice, and, though he had never given much time to its cultivation, could sing a good second.

"If you had started on Monday night after you had my telegram, you might have been here yesterday." "I could not, mother." And he he-

gan to pace the room in quarter-deck

"Why?" persisted Mrs. Saville, with vague uneasiness,

"Because I had a rather particular engagement on Tuesday morning,"

"What do you mean?" "I had arranged to be married on Tuesday morning, and I could not dis appoint the parson and the consul, to say nothing of my flancee," he return ed, with a grim smile, and pausing in

"Married!" she repeated, growing white and grasping the arms of her chair. "Hugh, this is a supid, vulgar jest."

his walk opposite his mother.

"It is not, mother. I am married as fast as charch and state can bind me. If I look haggard and seedy you need not wonder, for it isn't pleasant | you. to leave your bride almost at the church door, I can tell you."

"Madman!" she hissed through her set teeth, while her keen black eyes flashed with fury. "To what adventur ess have you fallen a victim?"

"Hush," he said, with some dignity; "you must not speak disrespectfully of my wife. To-morrow or next day you will see full particulars in the newspapers."

"What!" she almost screamed, "are you in such haste to blazen your dis-

grace to the world?" once," he continued, not heeding her ton, an old cavalryman, of good fam

rap about." "I expected this,' said Mrs. Saville, stand me," said his mistress, sternly; in a low, concentrated tone, and rising i "everything must be removed. And, in her wrath. "Some inner voice told Atkins, telegraph to Mr. Saville. I me evil would come of your long, un- think he has returned to his chamaccountable stay in that vile place. | bers: he was to be away only a week.

for you, you cease to be my son."

"Stop!" cried Hugh, in such a tone of command that his mother obeyed. You must and shall hear me. Pray sit down. I have a good deal to say.' He resumed his walk for a moment, while he strove to collect himself. Mrs. cruel, glittering eyes.

"You have a right to be angry. Hugh began, throwing himself into a \*\*\*\*\*\* chair near his mother's. "You have been a good mother to me, and you deserve that I should have consulted you-but knowing that you would do your best to forbid or prevent the mar rlage, even to the length of writing cruelly to Kate, I determined to say nothing till the deed was accomplish ed. Now hear me. I first met the Hil tons in Naples nearly two years ago. when I was with the Mediterraneon squadron. My uncle Everton was there, and I had leave now and again while we lay off Sicily: You know never bother about vomen, mother; but before I knew Kate Hilton a week. I was fathoms deep. I don't know papers in the more exalted periodicals | whether other people think her beautiful or not, to me she is the best and loveliest---" Mrs. Saville made motion of the hands expressive of disgust and repulsion, while a contemptuous smile curled her thin lips. "There, I will not trouble you with dethe more I showed her-well, the feel

tails," continued Hugh, grimly, "She sang-well, like a prima donna, and she used to let me sing with her, but ings I could not repress, the colder and more distant she grew. She drove me half mad. Then I was ashore, as you know, and went off wandering abroad hoping to meet her, as I did. Stil she kept me at arms'-length, but some tion, and in her own mind had re thing told me that she wasn't as in "No doubt!" ejaculated Mrs. Saville.

"About six weeks ago, I went to Nice, and found old Hilton very illso bad that I could scarce get speech of Kate. They were lodging in the outskirts of the town. Then he died very suddenly at the last, and Kate. unnerved with watching and grief for the old man, who, though by no means a good father, was never actively un kind, broke down and clung to me She was friendless, penniless, helpless. I took the command and insisted on her marrying me.

"Have you done yet?" asked his mother, harshly,

"Nearly. Have a little patience. As His mother's greed for power was a woman I ask you what opinion you would have of a man who could have hood, though the deceased Honorable | deserted the girl he loved with all his her husband was a peace-loving soul heart and soul in such desolation; who rarely contradicted her. Such was | Could I have helped her, given her money, protection, anything, save as a husband? She was not her usual proud self, or she would have seen I veiled your silence. Now, mother, be Make up your mind to the inevitable When ner maid brought her early | Kate is my wife. See her before you condemn me, before you banish me announced that "Mr. Hugh arrived Give her the protection I cannot stay about half an hour ago, and has gone to give. I have left her with the kind old Frenchwoman in whose house her father died. I dared not endanger my career, my reputation, by losing an hour: so, for her sake as well as my own. I tore myself away. I don't think I ever asked you a favor; now I pray you, if you ever loved me, take my wife to your heart; let her live near you; give her a chance of win

ning your good opinion, your --- " A scornful laugh interrupted him. "Do you imagine I am as weak a fool as my son? such an abject weakling? No. I shall have nothing to do with you or your wife. Go; I shall not see you again. You have never asked me

a favor? Have I not paid your debts? "Yes, at Rawson's request, not mine my allowance been measured by the was. His features were good, and a needs and habits with which I had been brought up. Did you ever love lighted up his face, which was square | my father, that you are so hardened against the first love of your son's

"I had a proper affection for my husband, but I should never have for gotten myself for any man. I repeat it, you cease to be my son from this hour. You shall have the quarter's aliowance now due to you, but after this not a penny more. See how you will get on with the beggarly pittance you derive from your father. To-morrow I shall see Rawson about altering my will. What wife will compensate you for a life of poverty and obscurity?"

"Poor we may be, but obscure, if live, we shall not be," said Hugh, rising, and looking steadily at his moti er, while he spoke very calmly. may deserve some censure for not forming you of my plans, but this treatment I do not deserve. And yet I believe you have a heart, though so calked and coated with worldliness that its natural impulses are hopeless ly deadened, your natural good sense blinded to the relative value of things. What would the wealth of a kingdom be to me, if I knew the woman I love was groping her way painfully, with brulsed spirit and bleeding feet through the rugged ways of life with out a hand to help her? No, mother, your son is man enough to risk every thing rather than that. I will obey you and go. Good-by. God be with you. I will never see your face again

"Then it is farewell forever," said Mrs. Saville, sternly, "Take my thanks for this repayment of all the care and thought and affection I have lavished on you."

antil you ask me and my wife to visit

Hugh stood half a minute gazing at her, then, turning sharply, left the room without another word. Mrs. Saville had risen to utter her last sentence, and now walked to the fireplace to ring sharply.

"Tell one of the men to be ready in ten minutes. I want to send a note to Mr. Rawson. It requires an answer," "I may as well let you know at she said to the butler, "And, Atkina, I shall not want you any more to-day; interruption. "My wife was Miss Hill you had better assist Mr. Hugh. He is ton, daughter of the late Captain Hil. pretted for time. I wish everything belonging to him in this house to be fly, I believe; but that I don't care a packed and removed by to-morrow evening at the furthest. You under-

\* upon you again. You have blasted my | eon." The man, looking stupefied, quithopes, you have destroyed my affection | ted the presence of his imperious mistress, who sat down to write with a steady hand and a curious scoruful

smile on her lips. Mrs. Saville's son did not come to luncheon, and Mr. Rawson's partner wrote his regrets that the head of the firm had left the off . before Mrs. Sa-Saville was silent, watching him with | ville's note had arrived, and they did not know when he would return, but that the writer would wait on Mrs. Saville at once if she wished, and

vould telegraph. So the obdurate mother's intention of destroying her will at once was for the moment frustrated. She therefore aidered the carriage, and, after paying a round of visits, took a long drive, reaching home just in time to see Atkins inspecting a pile of luggage being placed on a cab. He hustled the men who were assisting out of his lady's way, saying officiously, as ne did so, "We have nearly cleared away everything. Just one or two boxes are left for to-morrow. I did not like to take them so late into a private house, and it's a goodish step to Porchester Ter-

"Do what you like," said Mrs. Saville, coldly; "do not trouble me." And she passed through the hall, thinking, angrily, "So that weak-minded man Rawson is giving that miserable, ungrateful dune, my son, shelter and encouragement! I will call him to account for this."

It was a wretched evening. Mrs. Saville was to dine with a distinguished dowager, and, with Spartan courage, arrayed herself in her best and went forth to smile and utter bland nothings about her dear boy's haste to get off in good time, about his good fortune in being appointed to the flagship, and many more things about her mingled regret and satisfaction-polite inventions with which she vainly hoped to throw dust in the world's Far back, through creeks and inlets mak-

Next day detection took the wings of the morning and came flying in the shame of Lady Olivia Lumley, newspapers in hand. Breathless, excited, she arrived before mid-day, a mark of unauthorized familiarity.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Saville, my dear Elizabeth, have you seen what is in the newspapers? I came off at once. I could not bear that any one should break it to you but myself." And she held out the paper doubled down at the announcement among the marriages.

"No. I have not," cried Mrs. Savitle, savagely, snatching the paper, crushing it, and throwing it from her, "but I heard all about everything yesterday morning. I have disowned and banished my son. I will never see him | worth more?" again. But if you have come here to gloat over my rage and distress, you will be disappointed. I have merely cut off an offending member. He is not worth regretting. If you ever dare to mention the subject again, I shall de cline to hold any communication with you or to give a reason for cutting you. The world can fill up the blanks." (To be continued.) STORES TO THE STORES OF THE PARTY OF

AN ASSET TO SAN FRANCISCO. Presence of Chinatown Is Now Re-

garded as Desirable. When the earthquake of April, 1906, was followed by the fire which destroyed San Francisco, its citizens congratulated themselves that "Chinatown was gone," the Hohemian says.

It seems odd that, after so colossal a catastrophe, so trivial an episode should engross the minds of men. But for many days the disappearance of Chinatown figured not only in familiar conversation, but in the newspapers as well.

"Well, at least, Chinatown is gone," was a common remark, followed by 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The gratification of the citizens over the destruction of Chinatown when their own property had also been destroyed seems peculiar now, when seen in the perspective of three years. These congratulations were caused, of course, by the fact wait, please let me buy an interest that San Francisco's old Chinatown was noisome and insanitary. It was so maledorous that it affected the value of property around its borders. It was in the heart of the city, too. Hence the proposal to prevent the return of the Chinese to their old quar-

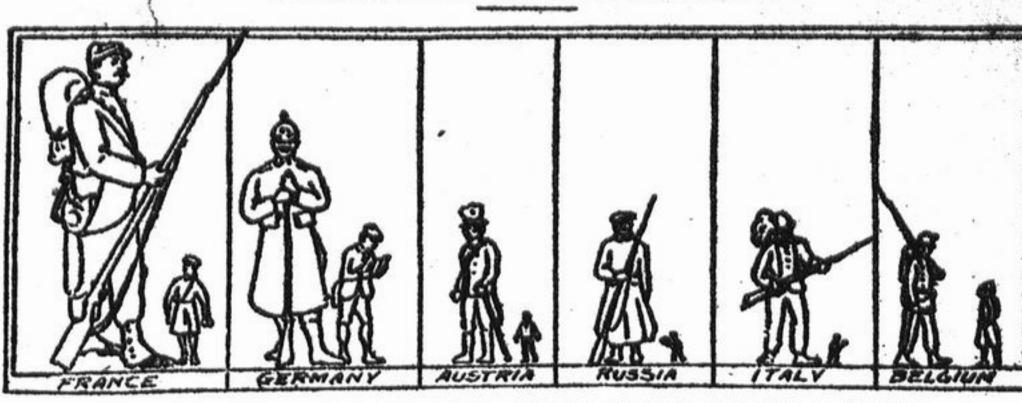
ter was unanimously approved. At first, that is. Soon there developed opposition. Many Chinese owned the land on which their buildings stood. When they heard that there was opposition to their rebuilding they complained to their consul-general. He threatened to make the matter an international one, as being an invasion of treaty rights. Then, too, the white landlords yearned after their former Chinese tenants. They threatened legal proceedings if those tenants were prevented from returning. But what was most effective of all was the keen rivalry that sprang up for the possession of San Francisco's Chinese colony. Los Angeles, with 300,000, and Oakland, with 200,000 inhabitants, strongly desired to add San Francisco's 20,000 Chinese to their population. After the disaster Oakland did, for a time, house them all. But Los Angeles began bidding for them. San Francisco contemplated the action with mingled feelings. She was quite willing to dispense with what was not wanted, but when she found that her former undestrables constituted an asset which was sought for by two rival cities, she concluded she wanted them herself.

The Yean Thing. "But why does a horse have to wear

blinders, Mr. Speedy? I think they are horrid and cover up the eyes. "The same things may be said of the hat you are wearing, madam."-Houston Post.

Very Abrapt. Spring Poet-Yes, sir; I can write about anything, sir. Irate Editor-Well, then, suppose you just right-about-face and head for the door?

A Hot One. The Book Agent-Madam, at least I claim to be a gentleman. Miss Cavenne-That's all right-so long as you're not required to prove it. Afriendly thought is the purest gift Now leave me. Never let me set eyes | Say I want him to come here to lunch | that man can afford to man. - Carlyla. EUROPEAN ARMIES STARVING THE SCHOOLS.



WHAT EUROPEAN POWERS SPEND FOR MILITARISM AND FOR EDUCATION.

When the Turkish soldiers in Asia Minor sack and burn the schools people are horrified at their sad lack of civilization, but a French writer comes forward to remind us just at this time that the so-called civilized nations are robbing the schools to support their soldiers. which comes to about the same thing. If a man spent five times as much for guns as for his children's schooling he would be considered a lunatic or a desperado, yet it appears that this is precisely what the powers of Europe are doing. The Paris review, Mon Dimanche.

"France spends about five times as much on her army

"Didn't I?"

He laughed.

is Andrus."

"Andrus?"

"I'm quite sure you didn't."

day spoiled my appetite."

"Humple ple, daddy?"

"Tell me about it."

"Perhaps the humble pie I ate

"I guess that's what they call it."

"Well, the certain party---"

"The man you were to meet?"

What's the matter, dearle?"

dy. I'll move a little back."

"Oh, yes, daddy, go on."

"Go on, daddy."

"I know, daddy."

"The fire makes my face burn, dad

Delafield's office, keeping an appoint-

ment with the very same youngster."

"The boy had perfected a valuable

device, a transmitter of a remark-

ably ingenious type. He brought it to

me. He thought the Carter Motor

Company could use it. I knew it was

a good thing the instant I looked at

it. But you know, daddy isn't exactly

himself when the rheumatism nips

"Well, I gave him to understand

start a plant and manufacture the

thing-and that's where I was wrong.

"I don't know. But the plant was

the very start. The boy found a mar

wanted the factory's entire output

The Carter Motor Company couldn't

stand by and let that happen. And

so I was there in your old friend's

office, prepared to arrange a deal with

ly and scrupulously polite. He really

Somebody let him have the money."

"Who was it, daddy?"

as she does on the intellectual training of her children. Germany gives to educational purposes one-third of the amount she devotes to military purposes. In Austria and Russia the proportion between school and caserne expenditure is as two to nine. Italy spends upon her army nine times as much as she devotes to public education. Belgium is exemplary in that her military and education budget stand as eight to four. The only exception to this rule of priority in military expenditure is Switzerland, which devotes twice as much to the education of her children as she lays out on the purchase of powder and shot and the pay of her defenders.

## THE STRUGGLE.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth, The labor and the wounds are vain, The enemy faints not, nor faileth, And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars; It may be, in you smoke concealed, Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers. And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly break

Seem here no painful inch to gain.

Comes silent, flooding in, the main. And not by eastern windows only, When daylight comes, comes in the

in front, the sun climbs, how slowly, But westward, look, the land is bright. -Arthur Hugh Clough.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

## Humble Pie

Service Contract Contract

"I overheard the offer my father made you. You think the device is

44444444444444444

"Very much more." "I have some money lying idle, M: Andrus, money I would be glad to invest. It is my own, left me by my Grandfather Atwood. Will you-



"TELL MR ABOUT IT."

in your device?"

The young man's face flushed He stared at her "You are quite in earnest about this?" he murmured.

"Your question is not complimentary," said the girl. "I am in earnest, in presently-a fine looking lad, man- politely however, and assure you that the investigation conducted by my lawyer will be a painstaking one. Loes that meet with your approval?"

"Thoroughly," he quickly answered "But is it possible that you really mean all this?"

"At 10 o'clock to-morrow morning you will be at the law office of John Dalafield, in the Cranston building. Mr. Dalafield is my adviser and holds my legacy in trust for me. I will notify him of your coming. Is that understood?"

She watched him narrowly.

"Yes," he answered, "unless I wake up and find this is all a dream." "I trust," she gravely said, "that you will not torget our verbal understanding. If your device can be shown up to the full satisfaction of my adviser you are to sell me a half interest in the Andrus transmitter for \$20,000 cash. Is this your understand-

ile was quite overwhelmed by her "That is my understanding," he an-

swered. "Shall I put it on paper?" She shook her pretty head. "This is a test transaction," she said. "You have faith in your device

and I have faith in you."

It was a year later and Everett Carter sat before the blazing hearth log. But the rheumatic leg was no longer resting on the cushioned stool. A soft footfall drew his attention. "Come in, Florence," he called.

on the low stool "Hullo, daddy," she said. She rested her brown head against his arm.

The girl came and sat by his side

"Well, dearle?" His hand lovingly stroked the brown hair. "Feeling pretty good, daddy?"

"Yes, dearle?" "No twinges?" "Not for a long time." They watched the crackling blase. "You didn't eat much dinner, dad-

tion to this, the position of manager of our works with a \$10,000 salary." The girl suddenly laughed.

He laughed again. "It doesn't put your daddy in a very lattering light. But I'll tell you about it. I had an appointment this afternoon with a certain party at your old friend Delafield's. I was a little early in getting there-I wanted to ask Delafield some questions." "Yes, daddy."

"Yes. He's a young man. His name ple-and lots of it." There was a little stlence.

"That's it, Robert Andrus, He wasn't there when I arrived, and that | advice." gave Delasteld an opportunity to tell me about him. If Delafield is right, gowns."

he's a remarkable worthy young fellow-straight, honest and fine as silk "It's a money matter this time, dadry. I bought a half interest in a manufacturing plant a year ago and I've been offered 400 per cent profit

The old man stared down at her. "That sounds good. What's the plant called?" "Well, the funny part of it is that

once turned this same young fel-"It's the Andrus Transmitter Comlow down cold. It happened one day pany, daddy." when I was home here with the mis-"What!" ery in my leg. And there I was in

"Yes, daddy. What do you advise

"Let me get my breath, you ras-

"All right, daddy. Take your time." the looked toward the door. "Robert!" she called. And Robert Andrus entered the room. "Here is my partner, daddy."

"Well, well," he muttered.

that we didn't want his device. But "And, daddy, Robert's price has I offered to buy it from him and degone up. 1-1 found it out this afterstroy it. He wouldn't sell. Somehow noon. He wants me, too!" I felt sure he would come back and The old man stared from Robert to accept my offer. I was positive he the girl. Her arm stole around his couldn't get the capital he needed to

"Say it's all right, daddy." He sank back with a sigh of resig-

"More humble pie," he murmured.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hin Model. Many a youth is taken with the detious young man who called upon a

Chicago publisher.

had decided to write a book. nature of the book you propose to

"Oh," came in an offhand way from seemed glad to see me-which might | the aspirant to literary fame, "I think be wondered at. Well, I made up my of doing something on the line of 'Les mind in less than no time that there | Miserables, only livelier, you know.

was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, and so I came right out and offered him \$200,000 for his plant and his patents, and, in addi-

"Why, that was fine, daddy. And what did the gifted young man do?" "The gifted young man never turn ed a hair. If he was surprised a my offer he carefully concealed the fact. He thanked me, but added that he would be guided entirely by his partner, who owns a half interest in the factory and patents. He prom ised to let me know his partner's decision very soon, and I had to be satisfied with this promise. And that, dearie, is what I call eating humble

"Daddy," said the girl, "I want your

"But I know nothing about hats or

She softly laughed. "Perhaps you don't care for the on my investment if I sell out."

The girl hesitated.

"Yes, daddy. I'm the partner who must be consulted."

The old man stared at the newcom-

built and proved a good thing from ket for his invention almost immediately, and the little factory has been working right up to its limit. It got exactly what he wishes to compose And I but the itch for the pen is strong. The was still more scared when I heard Bellman tells the story of an ambithat the National Engine Company

He informed the publisher that he

"May I venture to inquire as to the she is brooding upon the sorrows of this gifted youngster. Well, he came write?" asked the publisher, very is only wondering whether she'll have

READY FOR BUSINESS



Assertante Westerlander & The cemetery at Princeton. Grover Cleveland was laid to rest. tains the tombs of so many of illustrious dead that it has been the Westminster Abbey of Amer Here slumber all of the dead pro dents of the college, save one; he rest the remains of colonial justices, King's councilors, members of the Continental Congress, officers of the army and navy, theologians and philanthropists, the body of a Vice Prest dent, and now that of one who had

Here is the tomb of Aaron Burr, and adjoining it the grave of Jonathan Edwards. Here, also, are the remains of Richard Stockton, a son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and himself a distinguished statesman and jurist. Near by is the grave of Commodore Robert F. Stockton, of the United States Navy, the man who constructed the Princeton, the first steam vessel in our own or any navy, and who, in 1847, with a small force, conquered California.

been President of the nation.

Conspicuous among the tombs in the Bayard lot is that of George Dashiel Bayard, a brigadier general of volunteers during the civil war, and who, at the time of his death, was the youngest brigadier in the Union service and regarded as one of the most brilliant of its young cavalry leaders.

Near the tomb of the valiant young officer is that of Charles Hodge Dod. captain of the staff of Major General Hancock, and who died in 1864 at City Point, Va. Here, also, is the monument of Albert B. Dod, S. T. D., a most brilliant mathematician and professor of mathematics in the colege from 1830 to his death in 1848. Just across the path is the vault of "John Berrien, Enq., one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the province of New Jersey." He died in 1772. Near by is a plain stone to Captain James Moore, a commander of militia in the Revolution, and the first man who forced his way into Nassau Hall while occupied by the British at the battle of Princeton.

In what is known as the college lot sleep Princeton's many presidents. A long line of slabs, discolored by age, and many of them mutilated by relie seekers, covers their remains. Partially obliterated Latin Inscriptions recount their virtues.

The tomb of Aaron Burr has been much mutilated by relic hunters. Ascording to a wish many times expressed he lies at the feet of his father.

## SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

The woman who uses a liquid face enamel that settles on the face is streaks on a hot day shouldn't dress

in a dark room. There is something singularly strained about the smile of a temp amentally sullen woman who smiles merely to exhibit a cheek dimple.

line of uncannily sophisticated conversation experiences about the same difficulty in enagging a husband as the skirted "good fellow." The woman who snimly says, "Huh! deed I'd just like to catch myself tell-

The Smart-Alec girl with the ample

ing my husband every little thing!" generally has a husband who doesn't care a hang, only she doesn't know it. When she talls you, on your tired evening, that she'll come to bed "Just

as seen as she's finished reading this

novel," she never has any more than 229 pages or so of the novel left to Ever find yourself growing a bit irritated when, the week's washing bill amounting to \$6.85, you hear her exclaim: "My, isn't that cheap for

such nice work-just look how beautifully this shirtwaist is done up!" Maybe, too, when you imagine that little children and all like that, she that skirt made with plaits or with

blased gores-whatever they may be. The young woman who lolls around in a sloppy kimone, reading a punk novel, while her mother irons her shirtwalsts, is the same girl who, when she gets her clothes on, brags languishingly in a company that fudge is the only thing she knows how to

Increase in Herseffesh Esten.

Owing to the stendy increase in the consumption of horsefiesh in Vienna, the municipal authorities have erected new slaughter houses for horses. They comprise a fine block of brick buildings, covering an area of 3,300 square yards. Land and buildings together have cost over \$200,000. There is stabling for 200 horses. The principal building is the great slaughter hall. more than 300 feet in length and 50 feet in width and equipped with the most modern machinery. There are stalls for killing 59 animals, each fitted with hoisting apparatus. There is also a large double lift, with a capacity of 2,000 pounds, for conveying the meat to the cooling house. Last year 20,225 horses were slaughtered in Vienna for food. Most of it is converted into sausages of various brands and flavors.

Praise for Women. Was a woman ever known to blow out the gas, asks a western pape or to be buncoed by a man who w ed to borrow money to pay a Does she ever get her "game?" If she has a roll of