

CHAPTER IV.

from Miss Rawson saying that, if will have a comfortable home if you quite convenient. Miss Desmond would stay." call on Mrs. Saville between one and two on the following day.

not be too silly," thought the imperidered as if she were a little pervous. ous little woman, as she penned a are idiotic enough too, occasionally. A | be." whole day of Richard's company is al most more than I can stand; yet he is always respectable, and would never will not think any more of that."

The morrow came bright and warm. the smaller of her two drawing rooms. | calmly a beautiful and gorgeously furnished room, full of buhl and marble-intaid tables, luxurious chairs and sofas, old china statuettes, flowers, and all the etceteras which wealth can give. It abruptly. opened on a small conservatory in which a fountain played, and was cool er than her boudoir.

cushions of a lounge, with her preclous little dog beside her, and trying | for you to judge." to give her attention to a newspaper. when the door was opened and "Captain Lumley" was announced.

"Why, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, not too cordially, and holding out her small-beringed hand to paper. Miss Desmond took it, and ima tall, slight, well-set-up young man, mediately began. After about ten min with light hair and moustaches, laugh ing eyes, and a certain resemblance to ["That will do. You read fairly well. Hugh Saville, though of a slighter, You do not pronounce some names weaker type.

"From Herondyke, my dear aunt, he returned, drawing a chair beside town, and I thought I'd try if you them in the way you prefer. were still here."

"Are you on your way to Houns

"Yes, just like my luck! they give ing to try you." me my leave when there's not a thing to do. And that young beggar Mlg polles, my sub, gets it next week."

"I suppose you are all as usual?" "Yes, Uncle Everton is at Heron dyke just now, and in great force. He in the most amusing old boy I ever met. Are you better, Aunt flaville! My uncle said he called here on his the Continent, I believe; then you can way through, and you were not well | read French?" enough to see him.

"I was not well; and I certainly should not get out of my bed to see luncheon." Lord Everton."

"Wouldn't you? Well, I-Oh-abyes, to be sure," said the young man hesitating. "I am glad to see you looking so much better, at all events," he went on "When do you go down to Inglefield?"

"On Saturday." "I can often ride over and see you continued Lumley, with a fascinating

smile. He had a nice voice and pleasant caressing manner; indeed, he was considered a very irresistible young man by the women, and "not a had fellow" by the men. "You are very good," frigidly.

"I suppose there is hardly a soul left in town. Just called at the Mont gomerys', and found the house shot up; so I came on here to have a chat and a bit of luncheon."

"My dear George, I don't mean to give you any luncheon. A lady is coming here; she ought to be here now. I am going to test her qualifica tions for the operous office of compan ion to myself, and I can't have you here talking nonsense."

"Won't she be a bore?" "Do you think I shall allow myself

to be bored?" "Well, no. Aunt Saville," said Lumlev, with a bright smile? "I don't think you will,"

Here the door was again thrown open, and the butler announced, with much dignity, "Miss Desmond."

"There, you may go," said Mrs. Sa ville, impatiently.

"Very well," said the young man. good-humoredly. "I will call again be-

fore I leave town. My mother sent you her best love." "I am very much obliged. If you

want a dinner, come back here." "A thousand thanks, I am already engaged. Au revoir!" He shook hands and retreated, pausing at the door to she was, and always had been, a very let a lady pass-a tall, slender young woman, in a simple black dress, as ly before dinner, Miss Desmond ar straight as it could be at that period rived, she was received with compara of flounces, furbelows, draperies, and sashes. The newcomer was young, yet voethfully mature; she wore a quiet, becoming bonnet, and was rather pale wavy nut-brown hair, a pair of dark gray or blue eyes, deepened by nearly black brows and lashes, a sweet pathetic mouth and red dewy lips; she moved with easy undulating grace

ing to dine early-that is at six-in "A fine girl," was the young draorder to take a drive afterwards; the goon's mental commentary, as he stood | evenings are the best part of the day aside to let her pass, and, with a slight bow, disappeared from the room.

suggestive of long, well-formed limbs.

"Miss Desmond," repeated Mrs. Saville, "come and sit here beside me." She looked piercingly at her visitor as she made a slight courtesy and handed her a note before taking a seat, say ing, in a soft, clear, refined voice, "Mr. Rawson was so good as to give me a few introductory lines."

precaution," returned Mrs. Saville. opening ft and glancing at the con-

'I suppose you know the usual sort The vindictive pleasure of signing of service expected from a companion? her will, and receiving a stiff acknowl- [-reading aloud, writing letters, doing edgment from Mr. Rawson of its the agreeable when there is no one safe receipt, occupied Mrs. Saville for else to talk, and, above all, understanda few days, before the expiration of ing when to be silent. It can't be the which she received a few polite lines | most delightful kind of life; but you

Miss Desmond had colored faintly while she listened, and now smiled, a "I am sure I hope she will do, and pleasant smile, though her lips quiv-

"When you want to earn your bread brief acceptance of the apointment, you do not expect to be housed and "The generality of women are wonder | paid merely to amuse yourself. fully foolish and narrow; though men | think I know what my duties would |

"Add to this knowledge that I am a very exacting person, without a tinge of sentiment. I have no notion of commit the culpable folly his-there, I treating any one who does me certain service for certain remuneration as a daughter. That is all nonseuse."

and Mrs. Saville established herself in | "I think it is," said Miss Desmond. Mrs. Saville looked at her sharply.

and met a pair of very steadfast eyes in which something like a smile lurk ed. "How old are you?" she asked "I shall be two-and-twenty in Sep-

tember next." 'Hum' you look at once more and

She was half-reclining among the less than that. Can you read aloud?" "Yes. Whether I can read well is "Can you play or sing?"

"I can play a little-"

"I know what that means. Now suppose you read me this speech of Lord Hartington's," handing her the utes Mrs. Saville said, not unkindly properly."

For names there is no rule, and sometimes opinions respecting them her. "I have just a day or two in differ I shall, of course, pronounce Mrs. Saville was silent for a mo-

ment. "If you are inclined to try a couply of months with me. I am will That is best. Trial only can prove

if we suit each other. "Have you settled about terms with

Mr Rawson?" "Yes: they are most satisfactory." "Very well. I shall go to the coun

try in a day or two, and then I hope you will join me. You have been on

"Yes, fairly well." "There is the bell. Pray join me at

"Thank you, I shall be very happy, "Takes things cootly," thought Mrs. Saville; "knows her own value, probably. So much the better. I could not stand a gushing girl."

At luncheon the hostess started var ions topics in an easy, unstudied way and found that her young guest though far from talkative, was quite equal to discussing them intelligently. As soon as they rose from the table Miss Desmond took leave of her new lady patroness, promising to obey her summons whenever it came.

"Really," thought Mrs. Saville, as she dressed for an afternoon airing. "I telieve that girl may do. If she does not, why, it is no great matter. She certainly has the air and manner of a gentlewoman."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Saville was far too much preoccupied by her bitter reflections and vengeful projects to bestow many thoughts upon the new member of her household, But Miss Desmond ceived the expected summons in due course, and journeyed punctually by the appointed train towards her new

Inglefield, Mrs. Saville's place, had on air of seclusion not to be found at double the distance in other directions. The picturesque country round Echam was comparatively free from the eruption of villa residences which crowd other localities.

Mrs. Saville, who felt the quiet of her country home rather oppressive. began to wish for some one fo break the painful monotony of her thoughts some one whose face and voice were ouite unconnected with the past-"the nast," to her, meaning the ever-present image of her offending son. She had a certain sense of relief in the prospeet of companionship, for in truth lonely woman. When, therefore, short

tive cordiality. "I told them to send down the omn! bus as it would be more cravenient for your luggage," said Mrs. Saville healthfully pale with after they had exchanged greetings.

"My luggage consisted of one dress basket," said Miss Desmond, smiling "Considering that my stay may be out short. I did not like to bring more." "That was prudent. Now I am go

That first evening was trying. Mrs. Saville was very silent, but so long as they moved smoothly and rapidly through cool dewy woods, fragrant fields, and gently winding lanes with rustic fences and picturesqueiy-broken banks, the silence was not oppressive Miss Desmond had plenty to think of the struggles and difficulties youth spent in genteel poverty; the tured." "Quite right. A lawyer's instinctive loss of her nearest and dearest; the vanishing of many a dream that even the wanderer, proud of the victory of a' twenty-two life had taugh' her must an American actor in an American

during hope which in such strange uptures is too deeply rooted to be scorched by the noontide heat or withered by the midnight blast-the instinctive consciousness of her own tenderness and loyalty, which gave vitality to her belief in the possibility of happiness. The quiet beauty of the country, the soothing tranquillity of the hour, gave her an exquisite sense of rest which she thankfully accepted.

Returned, however, and sout up in the lamp-lit drawing room, silence did become oppressive, and Miss Desmond remembering her employer's bint, felt

reluctant to break it. "I suppose you do needlework? Girls like you generally have something of Little Miss Nighty with bare feet

that kind in their hands." "I do a good deal, and I have some that can appear in a drawing-room."

"I used to do fancy-work myself," said Mrs. Saville, "for it is intolerable to sit idle; but I find I dare not trifle with my eyes, which I have always tried too much. However, I must do something. I cannot sit with my hands before me while you read."

"Knitting is not bad for the eyes," suggested Miss Desmond.

"I have always despised it as pure ly mechanical, but now I shall be obliged to adopt it. Do you know how to knit?-can you teach me?" "Yes: I did a good deal of knitting

when I was in Germany." "Oh! do you understand German?" "I could make my way in Germany; but I cannot read German aloud as I

do French." "And I do not understand a word of the language. I was only taught French and Italian. Ah, what a potent epitome of mankind's opinion, the rage for that uncouth tongue as soon as the race that speaks it succeeded! Success is the measure of everything."

"I cannot think so. We have no plumb-line with which to fathom the depth where future triumph lies hidden under present failure."

"That is no argument," returned Mrs. Saville. "Now. Miss Desmond, I am going to my room, and I dare say you will be glad to do the same. I breakfast in summer at eight. Good-

The next few days enabled Mrs. Saville and her newly-established com panion to fit into their places. "She is less formidable than I expected." thought the latter. "I must keep constantly before my mind that she is on her trial with me, as I am with her am not bound to spend my life here. nor have I given up my freedom. She interests me; for, hard as she seems I believe she is not without heart. Shall I ever be able to find it?"

"That girl is not so tiresome, after ail. She is not a bit afraid of me. mused Mrs. Saville. "How I hate and despise folly and cowardice! they generally go together. There's a great deal of style about her, yet she must have been always steeped to the lips in poverty. If I had a daughter like her. I should want the first statesman in England for her husband. Bah! what folly! If I had had a daughter she would have been as indifferent to me as the rest, and would probably have married a groom to spite me. As no one cares for me, I had better concentrate my affections on myself. People may be indifferent to love, they are never indifferent to power; and money is power, especially if backed by commen sense."

So the knitting and reading went on successfully, and Mrs. Saville was sometimes surprised by the light hearted enjoyment which her companion showed in any drolleries which cropped up in the course of their readings. Mrs. Saville berself was not without a certain grim sense of humor, but she was sometimes surprised, and not too well pleased, at the quick perception of the ridiculous which so often gicamed in Miss Desmond's expressive

(To be continued.)

WON DRESS FROM JEFFERSON.

Original Gerteben in "Rip Yan Winkle" Still Living in London, Mrs. John Billington, who is still langh. living in London and who took the original part of Gretchen in Joseph Jefferson's first production of Dion Boucleault's "Rip Van Winkle" London in 1865, relates that in those days an American actor was looked upon in the same light a Chrokee In dian would be at this time, the New York Herald says. When she was told there were only two women in the play and that she was suited to neith er part, she said: "Then I shall go through the Provinces with Toole." But to this Boucicault objected, as he al ways wanted her to appear in his productions, so she was obliged to play the part of Gretchen.

The play was a great sucress from the very beginning. There were five or six curtain calls after the first act, and Mrs. Billington said to Mr. Jeffer son, "It will run a hundred nights." Mr. Jefferson modestly replied that he was willing to wager that it would darling.

"What will you bet?" said the act-

"I am willing to wager a new silk

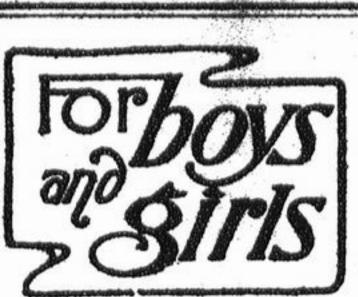
dress to a silk hat," was the reply The piece ran 178 nights, and to this day Mrs. Billington points to a photograph taken of herself in the very, slik dress she won in her bet

So sure was Boucleault of the failare of the play that he refused to be present at the first performance, and it was several nights before Jefferson knew him to be among those present in the audience, recognizing him by his shiny hald head. After the performance the author went around to the actor's dressing room and congrat-

"But," he said, "Joe," I think you are shooting over their heads." "I am not even shooting at their heads," was the reply. "I am aiming

at their hearts." After the first week in London was Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle." not Boucleault's, although the playwright was at that time so, popular that the name of Boucicault alone was sufficient to draw a large house, and the name of Jefferson did not appear in big letters, nor was it even "fea

Upon his return America greeted be resigned; and, through all, the en l nier in foreign lands.



Little Wiss Nighty.

Little Miss Nighty is on the stair. With lips of laughter and tousled hair:

stands On the borderworld of the slumber

Waiting to sing through the evenlight The soft reverie of her sweet good night "Good night, good night, good night

Good night, good night, dear skies of blue!"

"Goodnight," the ochoes call.

Good night, good night to all;

Little Miss Nighty, ah, see her trip To kiss good night in her nighty slip: The ringleted gold of her tousled head.

Her laughing eves and her line red: Bare of feet on the stair she stands.

Kissing good night with her dimpled

dreams!"

hands. "Good night, good night, good night to dad. Good night, good night; sweet

Good night, good night, dear heart and glad: Good night, the twilight gleams!

Little Miss Nighty has flown from

She has sailed away on the slumber Little Miss Nighty is tall and fair. But I see her still on the little stair. Laughing and singing—a phanton sweet,

With tousled hair and the bare pink Good night, good night, good night

my dear: Good night, good night my love Good night, and may God's angels hear

Where they sing good night above!

A RAINY SUNDAY.

Paul and Avis looked soher when mother said she must go over to Hale was not afraid to die. He was the hospital to see father.

"May we go too?" Paul said. "No. dear, not today. Wait until father is better. You and Avis can watch the people go by to church, and then, you know, you have the new picture book. I have left a luncheon for you in the pantry, and when I come home we will have good, hot supper. Remember not to go out of doors! It rains hard now and even if it should clear it would be very wet. So stay inside, and be good children."

Paul and Avis, feeling forlors and sad, watched mother until she was out of sight. It was such a new place in which to be left alone. They bad moved here only the week be fore father was burt, and that was alk

dave ago. The lady who lived upstairs had snoken to them once, but they did

no know any other peighbor. The last umbrella had gone by on its way to church, the new picture book had been looked through over and over again, the rain came down fac'er than ever, and the children at Dr. Hull's hospital. lenged for mother to come back.

"Wish I could read," sighed Paul, turning the leaves of his book; "then t could read about the pictures, the i same as mother dos

"I read!" chirped Avis, mumbling over something that Paul could not understand, but which made him

"Tan, tan, tan!" Somehodr was knocking at the door. Paul ran to open it. little Avis close behind.

It was the upstairs lady. "I want you to come up and stay with me," she said. "I saw your mother go, and I know You must be lonely. I am all alone too, today my husband is out of town, and I did not feel able to go to church. So come right along, and we'll have a nice time. I'll lock your door, and we'll see mother when she comes.

How good it seemed to have company again! The lady talked to them, told them stories, read to them, and taugh them Bible verses; then she sang hymns, playing the accompaniment on the piano. Some of them Paul knew, and joined in the chorus with his sweet little voice, Even Avis could sing one, and her "Hold the fort, for I am coming!" made the lady smile, and call her a little

The lady kent them to dinner with although Paul told her that mother had left a luncheon for them. "But I am so lonely," she said; "I want you to stay and eat with me." So ther stayed, of course, and such

a delightful dinner as it was! The lady asid it was a "picked-up dinner," but Paul thought he had never eaten one so delicious. There were so many binds of food, just a "ittle-but enough-of each, and Avis kept saying, "Good! good!" in a way that made them laugh. They were a whole hour eating it, and then came

more stories and more music. Mother appeared long before they had begun to expect her, and she brought the glad news that father was better.

"I've learned a Bible verse, mother cear!" cried Paul. "Little children . love one another." "I learned one too!" Avis piped.

"You, my baby?" queried mother.

"Yes: I learn, 'Jesus cried,' because the people were naughty." They couldn't help smiling at the little one's version of "Jesus wept," but mother kissed her, and told her

she had done well for her first verse. Then the children told her about the stories, and the music, and the good things they had had to eat Mother listened carefully, and was as much pleased as they were to know they had such a happy time.-- Emma C. Dowd. in The Sunbe

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND. One cold and shivery day mother and I took a steamer from New

York City and started for the Bermuda Islands. After a rough trip, lasting near three days, we reached Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda, and what a change-from winter to summer. I felt like Alice in Wonderland. Lilies, roses, beautiful tropical plants everywhere, birds singing in the trees. The water surrounding the islands is a beautiful blue, and very

One ary we took a trip to Somer-

we stopped out of the boat a lady started to get into another near by, but in some manner fell into the water. They managed to get her into the boat. In a few minutes she exclaimed, "Where is my umbrella?" We all looked down into the water, and there it lay on the bottom, twenty feet below. So you can imagine how clear the water is. The houses are all built of a coral stone, which is the formation of the island. They dig down only a little way, when they come to this stone. Then the men saw it into blocks and it is ready to be made into houses. The rubber plants that we take so much care of grow to be large trees here. The largest rubber tree in the world grows there. Another day we went out to the coral reefs. We looked through glass bottom boxes into another fairyland under the waterlittle coral caves, with fishes darting in and out, beautiful purple sea tans and little phois of different colors. There are many varieties of fish, but the most beautiful is the angel fish. it is unite flat, and is blue, green and gold. I am eleven years old, and If I live to be an old lady I shall never forget my trip to Bermuda .-Ethel Provost, in the New York Tri-

DIED A HERO.

Many men who fought in the Revolutionary War were very brave, and we like to read about their deeds. Nathan Hale was a brave man. General Washington called for volunteers to go to the British forts to see how strong the troops were. Nathan Hale wanted to go to help General Washington. He had been a school teacher. He reached the British forts and watched everything. He wrote all the notes in Latin. The British droops suspected that he was an American spy. The soldiers brought him to General Howe and he was searched and questioned. He said that he must be punished. The General told him he would be hanged. Nathun happy because he could die for his country. Before he was hanged be said:--"I regret I have but one life to give for my country." We revere the name of Nathan Hale because he showed us how brave a man can be; because he faced death without fear, and died for his country. soldier likes to die upon the battlefield. Hole did not get a chance to go to battle. He did not have chance to show what a good fighter he was. I think a man who gave up his life so willingly for his coun try would not be afraid in battle He deserves our love and respect because he was not a mean spy, but a brave min who was happy to die

Telegram. A BRIGHT DOG.

without honor for his country's sake.

-Pierre Allegaert, in the New York

Mr. R. F. Cave was called up over the telephone this morning by Dr. J. W. Hull, the veterinary aurgeon, and informed that his valuable pointer was running up a doctor bill

Dr. Hull declared that when he arrived at his office this morning the dog was sifting in front of the door When the doctor entered the dog "1 lowed him, walking with a decided The animal permitted the doc for to make an examination, and he discovered that it had been shot in one left log, apparently with a 22

caliber bullet. Dr. Ha'l dressed the wound and the dog left wagging its tall gratefully. in about two hours the animal returned and Dr. Hull dressed the wound again. It departed as before, but returned again after an interval and would not leave until the doctor

had again examined its foot. for Holl knew the dog, and it was at this store that he telephoned Mr. Crave stating that he did not wish to take him unawares when he sent in his bill. The dog had visited Dr. Hull's office quite often when the firm had occasion to take horses there to be treated, and seemed to know where to go when it needel

of the cruel wretch who did the shooting.—Burlington Gazette. MOVED HER WHOLE FAMILY

The dog's wound was not serious,

and there was no cine to the identity

I was lying on the floor of an old country log house one summer day near a big open fireplace, when heard a peculiar, frightened squeak, ent up to see what looked like a huge mouse moving at a very rapid

walk across the room. When I got a closer look I saw that it was a mother mouse moving her whole family. At least, I hope there was none left behind, for very soon a small snake, but large enough to put into a panic the mother of four less than half grown children, came through the empty fireplace and at ter the little fugitive.

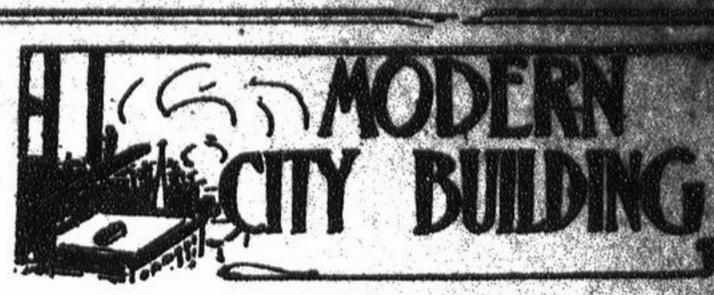
The mother mouse had two in he mouth and fastened to either side of her, apparently holding on with their mouths and for "dear life" were the other two. I killed the snake and watched the moving family disappear through a hole in the corner.-St.

Birds of Distinction.

The crow and the bird of parad'se were talking about fame.

"Why, you are so homely you ar only known to the farmers," sneered the proud bird of paradise. "No z am so beautiful I have my feathers on the hats of the society women. The crow laughed sardonically,

"That may be, my friend," chuckled, "but I have my feet under their eyes."-Chicago News.



HE primitive town with its tree or hill as a central meetis place where men could gather to discuss their common is of defense or offense and where they could exchange the prod ucts of their labor for such things as their neighbor could offer them, was as lacking in design as are the hotorogener mixtures, the gigantic conglomerate growths, the great cities which modern architects are now planning to reduce to order

and beauty. .n a certain sense, the general meeting place was the civic center, and the early roads would naturally lead to it. When the not fixed their homes near this meeting place and stayed there for any length of time, the fear of wandering and hostile tribes led to the digging of ditch or the raising of a wall, which in later centuries made way for emcircling boulevards, as did the walls of Paris. In this primitive town is

found the germ, the nucleus of the modern city. As people increased both in numbers and in knowledge, the centers of population also increased both in number and in size, writes H. B. Chamberlain. Whatever charm and picturesqueness they possessed were accidents of growth and not the result of artistic plan or design. The picturesque charms of many of the older cities was and is in many instances in direct contradiction of the modern spirit of city development which rests its being on the principle that beauty in a city is dependent on structure, not adornment. The underlying principle of structural beauty in cities is utility, though the utilitarianism is of the highest order, comprehending cleanliness, order, sanitation, comfort, convenience, health, sunlight, air, spaciousness and various other things sadly needed in the older and, it must be admitted, in some of the newer cities.

The desire for better design in cities is in the air, and has been for at least the last dozen years. Perhaps the Columbian exposition, showing what harmony and beauty resulted from plan and design, awakened the thought that if a temporary, ephemeral group of buildings could be made so beautiful, why could not art be applied to the designing of more permanent groups? At any rate, many American cities have at least discussed

the possibility of improvement.

The aroused interest in designs for cities expresses itself in various ways in the different cities. In Chicago the necessity for a connection between the North and South sides led to consideration of the method in which it shall be accomplished. Various organizations have expressed their opinions as to what should and what may be done-for the ideal plan, as has been demonstrated elsewhere, is not always within the realms of the immediately possible. Chief and best among the plans as yet advanced to that worked out by the Commercial Club, which is contributing generously both in money and the time of its individual members to a plan for a more beautiful Chicago.

In St. Paul the building of a new capitol which needed adequate and pleasing avenues of approach led to the appointment by the City Council of a committee to consider what should be done to provide such approaches. This committee issued a report adorned with drawings, maps, photographs and views of other city buildings. Its text was devoted to the specific problem and recommended three approaches, to cost about \$2,000,000.

In Boston a committee on municipal improvements of the Boston So-

ciety of Architects, financially supported by seven organizations and acting

independently of the city government, brought in a report suggesting bow

certain gape in the city plan could be filled. in St. Louis public-aririted citizens appointed a committee to consider a city plan. This committee outlined points to be considered. The final plan covered improvements involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. These three reports of Boston, St. Louis and St. Paul oddly enough appeared on the same day. In New York the present Mayor, under instructions from the Board of Aldermen, appointed a city improvement commission. So far as actual achievement goes, little has been done. Even flan Francisco, though it had the Burnham plan in its possession at the time of the earthquake, has yielded to the exigencies of the present and done little toward

realizing that architect's dream of beauty. The park movement, too, seemed slow in embodiment. Yet almost every city is the better for it. So with city plans and designs now being brought

forth. Even Rome, with Nero to command, was not rebuilt in a day.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS. By Clarence L. Cullen.

You'll never get more than one view of the face of the woman who has but one cheek dimple. Ever notice the constrained smile

of the woman whose upper front mo-

lars are all pivot teeth. Some women's idea of facing adverafty is to pay 19 cents for the hair nets that they formerly paid two bits

When she sees a woman friend bearband's going to law is that it affords plucks you by the sleeve and says: "our attorney.

A woman considers it sacrilegious to visit a cemetery without crying a little, even if nobody she ever knew is buried there. What she chiefly likes about the forgiving business is that usually

you're moved to buy her something for forgiving you. What some women like most about sattlement work is that it gives them a chance to look and and sweet when

another woman's attire she puts it dress is quite nice. This year's?" It isn't meant at all, but is pure

hamboosling bunk, when she exclaims

"My, how grand and strong you are!"

they talk about it.

not roses?

after you've helped her from the sad die or some other elevated perch. Have you noticed how her eyes become suffused with a dreamy wistful ness when she's reading about the di vorce figurante who says she never

wears the same \$500 gown twice? Ever notice the petronizing hauteur of the woman with the corrage bouquet of orchids when she espies another woman with the corsage bouquet of mere carnations or Jacquiemi-

garden shears, gardening gloves and | ventory.

The woman who declares to folks that her husband, during all of the twenty years of their married life. "never has said one cross word to

the Sapphira club. Men can build bridgen, fight battles tame bucking broncos, and all the sort of fluff, but they can't gulp four glasses of chocolate les cream and and then sit down, hungry, to dinner

Votes for Women! When he sees a woman friend hear- I that Y ing down in a big touring car also lucks you by the sleete and myathing on that | which

HOW A CAT ALIGHTS.

> Important Part Played to Pallings by the Animal's Tatt.

An ingenious model has been comstructed to show why a cat, in falling, always alights on its feet. The imitation cat consists of a cardboard extinder, with four rods stuck in it for legs, and a tail devised on similar principies; and the object is to show that a cat's faculty of falling on its feet do-

pends on the rotation of its tail. Some interesting information on this problem is given by the superintendent of a soological garden, who has made several experiments, says T. P.'s Weekly, London. The faculty of always falling on the feet is one which is especially developed, he claims, by climbing and leaping animals. which category are included all the cat tribe, monkeys, squirrele, rate and most lemurs. The instinct is born in them and the act of twisting is parformed without any conscious effort on

the part of the animal. The opinion is that the tall plays an important part in the turning process. "All tree-inhabiting monkeys have long tails," said this authority, "and there is not the slightest doubt that the tail is of the greatest possible advantage to all climbers in helping them to turn. When a woman wants to deprecate It also acts as a good balancer. You may see a equirrel walk along a tightsomething like this: "Your little ly stretched wire or string swinging

its tail from side to side, just as a tight-rope walker balances his pole. "Some years ago I had some rate whose tails had been cut off, and they were not such good elimbers as ordinary rate. And it is just the same with monkeys; these which have shot long talls are not so good at elimbing and cannot leap to the same extent. It is noticeable that monkeys which have given up climbing trees have lost their

tails."

Rich Without Money. If one is too large to be measured by the dollar mark, or to be inclosed in his estate; if the wealth of his personality has everflowed until all his neighbors feel richer for his life and

out money; if you have, by the outsithat the just-taken photograph of a vation of your mental powers, gathersister-woman is a flattering one, she | ed to yourself a treasure of indestrue puts it something like this: "Um- | tible wealth; if, like the bee, you have ye-on, it is quite pleasing but rather | learned the secret of extracting homes unduly dealized, don't you think, my from the thistie as well as from the rose, you will look upon your looses as a mere incident, not so vary import ant to the larger and fuller life. It gives a sense of immense a faction to think that there is wealth we acquire or our

It's queer why a woman with a example; if every foot of land in his 14x20 back yard, containing a tired- community is worth more because he looking rose bush and a few helly- lives there; then the loss of his prophocks, should imagine that she needs erty cannot materially shrink his in-If you have learned to be rich with-

her," may be set down without further investigation, as a charter member of

set, another one of the islands As