UNLIKE.

By M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE WILDERNESS. This journey to a strange city was not so wild an act upon Madge's part as it might seem on the surface of things. She had thought long and deeply before launching her frail bark upon that tempestuous sea. She was a girl of strong character, a resolute, energetic nature which could scarce go on existing without an object to live for. Life, the mere sluggish, monotonous eating and drinking and sleeping and waking, the empty mechanism of life, was not enough for her. have something to do.

soothed by constant occupation.

to him as a beaten foe surrenders, slavishly, reckless life. many girls have travelled, girls whose stories | knew the world in many phases. she knew, girls who had been shining lights | One to whom Madge took most kindly was had done, yield to the first tempter.

If her mother had gone wrong, there was fifteen to five and twenty years. so much the more reason that she should | It was a cartridge factory in the Gray's

eleave to the right.

delicately moulded bust.

just often enough to be sure of their year or so in a huff, the rumour of her good treachery against Adrian. And by this qualities reached Mrs. Manable through the time she had discovered Adrian's infinite butcher's foreman, and she was engaged superiority to his brother in all the higher as second housemaid at the Abbey. attributes of manhood. She knew this, yet | Here Madge took to her, as the kindliest she had not wavered. Her nature was too of all her fellow servants, and from her intense for the possibility of fickleness or in | Madge learned all she knew of London, and constancy. She loved with purpose and the possibility of an industrious girl main- sthete, fanning himself with a penny palm give up most of your clubs, I hope. sincerity, as well as with passion. There taining herself by the labour of her hands. was no wavering in her affections, yet she Was cartridge making hard to learn, ed and dawdled with more entire self-abandadmired Adrian with a power of apprecia | Madge asked. tion which was far in advance of her education. Passing to and fro in the corridor were hands taken on that knew nothing had heard scarcely any music except the dismissed them at his pleasure. church organ, indifferently played by a feeeble old organist. This music of Adrian's day evening," said Jane, "and I think he'd was a revelation in its infinite variety, its | do a good turn to any friend of mine. He lightness, its solemnity, its unspeakable | might want to walk out with you, perhaps,

depths of feeling. playing Gounod's "Faust," gliding from young man." number to number, improvising in the darkness of the old sombre room, where there ness, but was mute. was no light but the glow of the fire. The amp had not yet been lighted in the cor- tramped from May Fair to Gray's Inn-road, ridor; the other servants were all at their | inquiring her way very often, and plodding tea: Madge crouched in the embrasure of resolutely onward with her face to the east, added the Sultan, graciously. the door, and drank in those sounds to her caring nothing for the strangeness of those heart's content.

on her knees, and had to wrestle with her- so absorbed in the business she was bent self lest she should burst into sobs.

times in the midst of the lightness. When to her. the spring came and the afternoons were still April air.

man's feebleness, a man's treachery.

rearned for that erring mother, of whose ger.

found her squatting beside his hearth in the autumn twilight. He had told her that she was old enough to talk a little, and to toddle boiling your kettle for you in summer time.

The new made in the doubt you look adorable in it— but my taste inclines me to all that is most feminine in woman's dress. The atern simplicity of a tailor gown always suggests a should at his healt. The heat is bad boiling your kettle for you in summer time.

The new made in the doubt her day it had been heard with a lowering at the new middle in it— but my taste inclines me to all that is most feminine in woman's dress. The atern simplicity of a tailor gown always suggests a should be about at his healt. Such a strength with a lowering at the new middle in it— but my taste inclines me to all that is most feminine in woman's dress. The atern simplicity of a tailor gown always suggests a should be about at his healt. Such as a suggest a should be about at his healt. Such as a suggest a should be about at his healt. Such as a suggest a should be about at his healt. Such as a suggest a should be a such as a suggest a should be a suggest a should be a suggest a should be a suggest a suggest a should be a suggest a able to remember.

and dim, that she could scarcely distinguish realities from dreams in that long-ago life. Yes, she remembered movement, constant | me.

movement, rolling wheels, summer boughs, summer dust, clouds of dust, white dust mother, have you? What does she do for a room in it for big questions." that choked her as she lay asleep in that living?" rolling home, amidst odours of hay and straw. She remembered rain, endless days of rain and grayness, dull, dreary days, when she squatted on the loose straw at the dull, dim world.

Toere was a dog, which she was fond of. | with a sneer. The sensation of a dog's warm, friendly

those long, slow hours of dim, gray rain or sunlit dust; that strange vague time in which the days rolled into the nights, without difference or distinction, and in which faces mixed themselves somohow, no one face being more distinct than another. There was no memory of a mother's face, bending over her in day time and nighttime, nearer and more familiar than all the

Despite this void in her memory, she had yearned after the mere idea of motherly She must have someone to love, she must love. She had seen other girls with their mothers, scolded and caressed, kissed and Her fellow-servants at the Abbey had slapped by turns, and in spite of the slaps wondered at the impetus with which this and hard words, she had seen that a mother's had been eliminated in the process of tidynovice in the art of housecleaning had set love was a good thing-strong, tender and about her work, the vehement industry inexhaustible. And then, as she progressed with which she had cleaned brasses and from the knowedge of good to the knowledge advance; and at this unasked-for payment polished looking glasses, and swept and of evil, she brooded over the mystery of that she rose considerably in the good Midgery's dusted. That strong frame needed move- lite which she had been told was full of estimation. ment, that tumultuous heart could only be | shame, and began to meditate how she was to help and save that erring mother. She She had loved Valentine Belfield with all had heard her grandmother prophesy evil like you." her might. She had been tempted many a for her ungratefui daughter, the evil days | Madge was silent, looking round the little time to fling herself into his arms, to throw that were to come with faded beauty and herself in the dust at his feet, to surrender | broken health, the natural end of a wicked,

knowing not what her future was to be, At the Abbey, Madge's knowledge of the what the cost of that self-abandonment. | world grew daily. Her fellow-servants But she had battled with that weaker half were older than herself, quick-witted, exof her nature—the woman's passionate perienced in that seamy side of life which is heart; and the strong brain, which had some- seen from the butler's pantry and the serthing masculine in its power, had come to vants' hall. The old Abbey servants were her rescue. She had sworn to herself with rural and narrow enough; but there were elenched hands and set teeth that she would | those who had served in many households not go that easy, fatal read by which so before they came to the Abbey, and these

in the parish school, model students in the a woman of thirty, who had taken to do-Scripture classes, white-veiled young saints | mestic service only five years before, after at confirmation. She would not do as they losing a widowed mother, with whom and for whom she had toiled in a factory from

Inn road at which Jane White and her She fought that hard fight between love mother had worked, the mother off and on and honour, but the agony of the strife was as her health permitted, the daughter from bitter, and it aged and hardened her. She year's end to year's end, without rest or hardened still more when she saw her lover; respite. Trey had occupied a couple of transferring his liking to another woman. attics in a side street not far from the fac-She was keen to note the progress of that tory; they had their own poor sticks of treacherous love. Helen had found her the furniture and had lived in their two little handiest and cleverest of house-maids, and rooms under the tiles, happy enough till had preferred her services to those of any death came to part them; and then Jane one else. And while she assisted at Beauty's | White sickened of her loneliness and her toilet, Madge had ample leisure and oppor- independence, and she, who had once sworn tunity to note the phases of Beauty's mind, | that she would never eat the bread of serviand to discover the kind of intellect that tude, never call any one master or mistress, worked behind that classic forehead, and the | changed ker mind all at once and went into quality of the heart that beat under that | service for company's sake.

She was an energetic, hard-working girl, She found Colonel Deverill's daughter and made a good servant, so good that, after shallow and fickle and false. She discovered emigrating to Devonshire with a middleher treason-had seen her with Valentine class family, whose service she left after a

No, it was learned by easy stages. There near the library, she had stopped from time about it before they went there. Jane to time to listen to the organ or the piano, | White gave Madge a little pencil note adunder those sympathetic fingers. Music dressed to a man who was an authority in was a passion with her, and till this time she the factory, who engaged the hands and

"We used to walk out together on Sunif you took his fancy, but it would be for Once in the winter twilight she heard him you to settle that. He's a well-conducted

Madge smiled a smile of exceeding bitter-

And now in the mild spring night she everlasting streets, or the lateness of the When he played the "Dies Irae" she fell hour. She had such a dogged air, seemed parts us."

light she could no longer lurk in the corri- whom she had lodged was a seamstress, and knowing no more of the progress of the great der; but her attic was in a gable above the always up at her sewing machine till after busy bustling world than they could learn library, and when Sir Adrian's windows midnight; so though the clocks were strik. from Punch or the society papers, Helen were open she could hear every note in the ing seven as she passed the prison, Madge reading the sporting articles a oud to her The sound of that music seemed a kind of face. The only question was as to whether for her own gratification. link between them, for apart as they were the landlady would have an unoccupied room | She would clap her hands in a rapture | tine was in a hurry to be in London. They in all other things, and over and above her to give her. She found the number. The over one of these enthralling essays. "Isn't travelled by long stages, and the heat of the jealousy on her own account, she was angry street was squalid, but the house looked this too lovely, Val.? Madge says that there railway carriage was intolerable, such heat and jealous for Adrian's sake. She could tidier than its neighbours, and the door- is to be nothing but olive green worn next have wept over him as the victim of a wo- step was clean. There was a parafin lamp winter, and I have three olive-green gowns enced before. The stuffiness of the carriage, burning brightly in the little parlor next in my trousseau." And now she told herself that she had the door, and the lean elderly female who othing to love or care for upon this earth. answered the door had an air of decent now. nothing to love or care for upon this earth. answered the door had an air of decent pov- you in nothing so well as in white, like that were all trying to a man of difficult and im-He who had wooed her with such passionate erty. She looked at Madge suspiciously, gown you have on to day, for example, soft perious temper. Valentine's temper, after persistence a few months ago had transferred | but on hearing Jane White's name, she sof- | white muslin rippling over with lace."

ished years, to grope back to those early infantine years before her grandfather had found her squatting beside his hearth in the Cross. It'll be half-a-crown a mother used to sleep," she said. "I furble cuffs."

Didn't Want to many tentions, her fannings and dabbings of eau de cologne, her offers of grapes and peaches, her careful adjustment of blind or window. The cuffs."

"I've no doubt you look adorable in it— but my taste inclines me to all that is most found her squatting beside his hearth in the cross. It'll be half-a-crown a mother used to sleep," she said. "I furble cuffs."

"I've no doubt you look adorable in it— but my taste inclines me to all that is most found her squatting beside his hearth in the cross. It'll be half-a-crown a mother used to sleep," she said. "I furble cuffs."

"I've no doubt you look adorable in it— but my taste inclines me to all that is most found her squatting beside his hearth in the cuffs." was old enough to talk a little, and to toddle | boiling your kettle for you in summer time, | strong minded young woman with stand- | to make it worse." about at his heels. Surely she ought to be you mustn't expect any attendance from me. offish manners; the kind of person who

Yes, she had a kind of memory, so faint only charge the bare rent of the room. "That will suit me very well," answered

"Oh," said the woman, "you've got a

Madge reddened at the question. "Nothing, just at present," she said; " she's out of health.'

peted stairs to the attic, with its one dormer up otter hunting without a sigh; he let the window, looking over a forest of chimney twelfth slip by, though he had an invitation pots towards the glories of King's Cross and | for Scotland, and another for Yorkshireits triple stations. There was nothing to be moors that were to cost his friends three or seen from the window to-night but the dis four hundred pounds for the season, and tant whiteness of the electric light, shining | which were well worth shooting over. between the smoke and the clouds.

It was a small, shabby room, with an ancientiron bedstead, two rush-bottomed chairs, a ricketty chest of drawers, and a still more ricketty table. Everything in the room was one-sided and uneven, beginning with the floor, which was obviously downhill from the door towards the window. However, the room looked clean, and had a whole some odour of yellow soap, as of boards that had been lately scrubbed.

"It's an old house," said Mrs. Midgery, with deprecating air, "and an old house never pays anybody for their work, but there's no one can say I don't slave over it.

Madge took out her shabby little purse a cast-off purse of Mrs. Marrable's, which that good soul had bestowed upon her one morning with o her unconsidered trifles that ing a bureau. She gave Mrs. Midgery one of her last half-crowns, a week's rent in

"I believe we shall get on very well together," she said. "I hope your mother is

room in a reverie, comparing it with the and heaped-up cushions, and easy chairs of en, sorrowfully. "Shall we ever be as hapthe room at Mayfair. Could she hope that py again as we have been among the mounany woman with her mother's experience would endure li'e in such a garret as this.

But if there were only the choice between the garret and suicide, and if the garret meant rescue from a scoundrel's alternate tyranny and neglect?

CHAPTER XVII.—BREAKING THE SPELL.

For Valentine and Helen the summer and autumn of that eventful year drifted away if you had been bored." unawares in one long honeymoon. They lived for each other, in a fond and foolish dream of love that was to be immortal, con- but, well, I think we have been idle long tentment that was to know no change. They enough, don't you?" scarcely knew the days of the week, never | "No, no, no; not half long enough. the days of the month in that blissful dream should like this sweet life to go on for time. They wrote no letters, they scarcely ever." looked at a newspaper, they held no intercourse with the outside world. For a time love was enough, love and luxurious idleness of the lake or the mountain side, the languid bliss of the long moonlight evening in the balcony or verandah, or on terraced walks, looking down upon a lake. The mountains and lakes were with them everywhere, beautiful and everlasting background to the mutability of honeymoon lovers.

weeks in advance of the common herd. They had the great, white hotels almost to themselves. There was a reposeful silence in the empty corridors and broad staircases. is a temple whose name is rarely spoken in They could lounge in gardens and summer the broad light of day. It only begins to school." houses without fear of interruption from have any positive existence toward midnight, cockney or colonial, Yankee misses, or German professors. In this happy summer time, dawn. Valentine gave full scope to the counterbalancing characteristic of his nature. He, they play cards?" who as a sportsman or an athlete was indefatigable—a creature of inexhaustible with a good many other clubs, from the Carl energies and perpetual motion-now show- ton downwards. ed a fine capacity for laziness. No languid leaf, and sniffing at a sunflower, ever sprawlonment than this thrower of hammers and

jumper of long jumps. too great a burden to dress for dinner, and town." would take the meal tete-a-tete in an arbour, sprawling in a velvet shooting jacket. He would allow his honeymoon bride to run upstairs for his handkerchief, his cigar case, his favorite pipe, or tobacco pouch, a dozen

times a day. "I like running your errands, love," the fair young slave declared. "It does me

"I really think it does, sweet, for you always look prettier after one of those scampers. But you needn't rush all the way, pet. I am not in such a desperate hurry,'

"But I am, Val. I want to be back with you. I count every moment wasted that

They stayed at Interlaken till the first upon, that no one addressed her, or tried to week in July, and then went up to Murren In another of those solitary twilight hours, hinder her progress. But tast as she walk- for a week. It seemed further away from Helen and Valentine out hunting, he played ed it was nearly eleven o'clock when she the herd, which was beginning to pour into "Don Giovanni," and again Madge crouched arrived in the dingy, little street at the Switzerland. And then they wandered on in his doorway and drank in the sweet back of Gray's Inn road, so far behind the to the Riffel, and anon into Italy, and sounds. The lighter music moved her dif. road as to be in the rear of the prison, dawdled away another month or six weeks ferently, yet in this there were airs that which she passed shudderingly, for the idea beside the Italian lakes, always in the same thrilled her. There was an awfulness some- of captive criminals was new and thrilling utter idleness, reading only the very whipped cream of the book world, the lightest sylla-Jane had told her that the woman with bubs and trifles in the shape of literature; had no fear of finding the door shut in her Sultan, and pouring over the fashion articles

world; and in her loneliness her heart acknowledged that she had room for a lod- muslin in January, Val. I think you'll he thought of nothing but his own discommanage to like me a little in my olive green | fort. He angrily rejected all her little at-

I'm too busy to wait upon lodgers, and I talks politics and outs down young men

with a masterful superiority !" Madge. "It will be for my mother and politics," said Helen, proud of her ignor-

end at last. Long as it was, Valentine knew | lor friend in the Faubourge St. Honore, hushed breath. no sense of satiety in that solitude of two, that unbroken duologue in which the sub-"But I suppose you are working at some- ject was always the same, love's young bottom of a gypsy's van, staring out at the thing," asked the woman, waxing suspi- dream. Helen was pretty enough and sweet Madge explained her views about the nature in a paradise of content. Still, the arrange factory, and, reassured by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had beard arranged by this arranged by the same arranged by this arranged by the same arranged by this arranged by the same cious." You're not living on your fortune," enough in her boundless fondness and subtongue licking her face, always recalled cartridge factory, and, reassured by this, dream-life among lakes and mountains must had heard every stroke of the balls of Notice get a record."

Mrs. Midgery took her up the steep, uncaroome to an end somehow. Valentine gave Dame, and she knew that it was o'clock when her husband. gave up the beginning of the partridge sea son, and disappointed a particular chum whose estate in Norfolk was famous for its partridges. But he told Helen one day party on, and I wasn't mater di for the pheasants.

"We can be in London for the last week in September," he said, "and we can inspect this flat which my mother has furnished for us in the wilds of South Kensington. I should have preferred Mayfair or St. James's, but I am told our income would it. not stretch to Mayfair.'

"Our income," sighed Helen. "How good of you to say 'ours,' when I did not

bring you a sixpence.' "What did Helen bring to Paris? Not much, I fancy, dearest, and yet even the old fogies of Troy though she was worth fighting for. You brought me beauty and youth and love. What more could I desire?"

He kissed the fair face bending over him. as he lay on a sofa by an open window, with the moths droning in an out from the dewy garden, and with the mists of night rising replied Amanda, demutely slowly between lawn and lake.

"Yes, dear, we had better go back about the twentieth, I take it."

"And this is the fourth! So soon! And then our honeymoon will be over," said Hel pearance forced his way behind the tains and by the lakes?" "Why not? We shall be just as happy

next summer, I hope—somewhere else. would not come here again, of course."

"Oh, Val, does that mean you are tired of Maggori-tired of our honeymoon?"

"No, love, but I think we have had quite enough of Switzerland and the Italian lakes -at least for the next ten years." "Oh, Val, there is a tone in your voice as

He yawned before he answered. "I have been intensely happy, child-

"And you are not longing to see your sister. and the shops?"

"Not a bit." "Well, I confess to a hankering after my tailor, and an inclination for my favorite

"Oh, Val, do you belong to a club?" she exclaimed, ruefully

"Not being a naked savage I certainly do | tion can you have to becoming my belong to more than one club, my pet; or They were happy in being at least six rather I have three or four clubs belonging to provide for you-" to me by right of election.' "And your favorite club, which is that?"

"It is rather a-well-a rapid club. It and its pulse beats strongest on the brink of

"Is it one of those dreadful clubs where just the wife I want." "Yes, it shares that privilege in common

"But now you are married, Val, you will

"My dearest child, that shows how little you know of the London world. London to a man in my position means club-land. It is nothing else. A man lives in London be-He would lie on his back in the sun and cause his clubs are there, not because his let Helen read to him from breakfast to house is there. The club in modern life is luncheon. He would lie in the stern of a the Forum, the Agora, the rendezvous of all boat all the afternoon. He would find it that is best and wisest and brightest in the

"But a club that only begins to exist at

"Is the necessary finish to a man's day. three-fifty-one, an' 'm blamed (hit) i to see women accepting in moderation I shall not go there so often, of course, now find it." am married; but you will have your evening engagements, and while you are listening to classical music, which I abhor, or dancing, which I was always a duffer at, I can slip round to the Pentheus for an hour or so, and be back in time to hand you into your carriage."

"The Pentheus. Is that the name of your

favorite club ?"

moment the date of their return was fixed. She had delighted with a childish jcy in her honeymoon. She had been proud of its length. "So long, and we are not the least little hit time? I had always done it, but "at last appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer that how as obliged to do the marketing; that and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer that how are honeymoon. She had been proud of its length. "So long, and we are not the least little hit time? I had always done it, but "at last appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer said to a fix appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer said to a fix appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer said to a fix appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer said to a fix appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer said to a fix appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer said to a fix appear, your photos are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind icked." When the writer that how and in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every town where you are in the wind in every to length. "So long, and we are not the least lit'le bit tired of each other, are we, Val?" I went in and bought it! I've bught are notice than any girl in town. N asm, and had been assured with kisses that there was no shadow of weariness on her adoring husband's part.

'ILeo declared we should be sick of each other before the end of June," she said, "and we shall have been away three months. But I can't help feeling somehow as if going back to England will be like the breaking

Her prophecy seemed to her to realise itself rather painfully on the homeward journev. It was a longish journey, and Valenand such dust as Helen had never experithe slowness of the train, the frequent stop the first three hours of that ordeal, became in atmosphe do gib yo such a lubly absolutely diabolical. He ignored Helen his love to another. She stood alone in the tened, and at once became friendly, and "But—one can't walk about in white absolutely diabolical. He ignored Helen;

with a masterful superiority!"

"You need not be afraid of my talking olitics," said Helen, proud of her ignor
"So, the spen was broken. The honey moon was over. They stopped in Paris for a couple of nights, at the Hotel du Louvre, and here life was pleasant again, and Helen was happy with her Sultan sitting the said, "it is not an empty with have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's; my hand have never touched the lips of any mother's in the lips of any moth "No, love, that pretty little head has no papers and sipping cool drinks. But on the beautiful face and the deep of the beautiful face and the beautiful face and the beautiful face and the deep of the beautiful face and the beau second evening of their stay, Valentine went large as she listened. The longest honeymoon must come to an off directly after dinner to hunt up a bachepromising to be back early. He kept his word in one sense, for it was true.

Helen had been lying awake in the spacious glance of icy sternness as she rose to second-floor chamber, with its windows fac- height and confronted him.

HOUSEHOLD.

o'clock when her husband can in o'clock when her husband can i

been such a long dismal night "Why the deuce couldn't you and make it shorter," retorted y in accents that were somewhat the his ordinary speech. "I could' any sooner. De Mauprat had

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Square Man. Woman (to tramp) -New that par

a good dinner, can't you do some Tramo-Well, I dunno. I went what's right, If you've got any les mail I'll drop 'em into the lamp port I'm a square man, madam.

Disciples of Osculaping

"Amanda," said the mother, "I heard that young man kiss your good night. I want to know what he for a living." He is a disciple of osculaping, me

Not a Hyprccite.

A man of shambling gait and ran desk of one of the prominent Toron cantile es ablishments lately, and is ing the proprietor, who looked up in ishment, said :

" I want 50 cents." " Don't owe you anything,"

"I know that, but I need the more " Want to buy something to est !

" No, sir, I don't want anything pair of shoes.' " No, I don't."

"Ah, you want to buy an undenli " No, I don't."

"Want to get drunk." " By George !" exclaimed the man, " you are further from being 1

Here's a dollar for you."

She-" I confess, William, that

Just His Kind.

crite than any fellow I have seen time

proposal gives me pleasure. It we foolish to pretend that it does not yet He-"Yet what? What possible You know that I love you, that I a

"Yes, but I fear I would be but a

" Why so ?" "Because I have never been to a m

and lecture on the culinary art. Yo

A Hard Case All Round.

hard on clothes.'

" N no, not yet."

The Right House.

the second-story window." "Yesh (hic) that's housh."

Misguided Enthusiasm.

Should Be Well Weighted. Wife-"Now, my dear, if you will down that paper for a moment I work to talk to you.

Husband-" Fire away." "What kind of a tombstone ought" get for dear mother's grave?" "The heaviest to be found."

Good for the Complexion.

She (of Centre street)-"Dis am a He-" Yes, Miss Johnsing, I'se glad see yo' lookin' so well. De fresh, inti-

Didn't Want to Marry a 810

"When I say I have never loved till he said, "it is not an empty word

A look of strange wonderment Is this true, George ?" she asked "It is," he answered; " it is

The look of wonderment merged

Word to Country Girls. you live in the country and do

and even some good honest toil

glect certain little niceties of life,

itself, is no reason why you

care of your hands and teeth. bably will not be able to keep the hite and soft as it you used them dainty emproidery, but a few minday p at in caring for them will least they are well kept, and of toil that cannot be eradicated not be ashamed of. The nails can nicely trimmed; they cannot be oderately long, but they may be and pointed. Perhaps you cannot buy the eutfit of a "manicure," a nucountedly have a pair of small dery scissors; the file you must rebest you may with the one in your or failing that with a piece of andpaper; and the chamois polisher, anywhere from sixty cents to two you can make yourself. Take a block about an inch thick, and three wide by five long—large enough to t firmly—tack a bit of soft cloth for g, and over that a piece of the chamkeep for polishing silver on one of ges, and you have an article that may ornamental, but will answer every Soften your hands by washing in water with some good toilet soap for a inutes, then with the small scissors he nails, rounding them nicely, and the corners very low. With some instrument (if you have not a file) back the flish from the base of the and trim away all the dead skin. apply your polisher and brush vigorfor a few minutes. Do this once a and every day spend a few minutes use of the polisher, and your hands of the political appearance for air of shoes." me you have spent. A solution of acid kept in a bottle with a glass er will remove all stains of ink or truit, match or a small stick dipped in the "Then why do you want 50 cents on and passed under the nails will reany discoloration that does not come th washing. There is a pink powder by druggists for polishing, but this may ispensed with. If, however, you get be sure that you get the best and not a ious article. You should have a pair of tid gloves, or better still wash leather, ear when you are weeding in the gar or doing any housework that will ad fit. I speak with a conviction born ad experience, for I am a farmer' hter myself, and never thought of car for my hands when I was a child! When sold eneugh to care it was too late I have found out that no amount of care can make up for that early neg

The Womanly Woman.

"All the better, dearest; all the be the sad thing about it that is the girl period is making a fool of herself. "E "Yes. You will stay at home and thing carried to its extreme becomes i to the cooking instead of wanting to a trary," says Hegel, and the girl b ning with the masculine costume go to please men and more by adoption slang and even freedom of manne girl does not see that although men used by it they are not made more Young Jinks-"There is a suit of a cful and courteous thereby. She or that I've had only four months. You that she is a favorite with men, the think I had worn it a year. I'm always has partners and escorts and ited everywhere. Men are at ease w Old Jinks-" Is it paid for, my m! , but ye gods and little fishes! there mighty difference between the girl "Then you are not only harden is and smokes with and the girl one I clothes, but hard on your tailor as well as for a wife or a mother. The very fa that in moderation was charming, cess is disagreeable. The slangy, lock rawling men-hunters-and some girls "Of'shur," said a tired citizen at period are little more than that-h the morning, "I'm (hic) lookin' fra coiled the liberty which it was delig here is a liberty that makes us free, an "No. 351, I think, is five doors about that makes us slaves, and the g —the house with a woman looking the take liberties with modesty of spe d manner, and who cross well over order into masculine territory, are ore free but more slavish than before, e approbation of men which is the en ew is lost by the means taken to French admirer, to actress: "Your There is one young woman who larity is growing every day." Actres: Den a belle for two winters. One you think so?" "Think so! I have remarked to the writer that now

and now I shall have to pay over the and is still disengaged. She is Well, you are the biggest dolt that we spe of the short sightedness of some She has men about her in plenty the shall have music wherever she

out men are better than they appear.

ottom men love kindline s, gentl

nodesty, purity in act and thou

Cooking Recipes. LAMB AND PEAS STEW .- Cut the br lamb in pieces and place it in a ster with water enough to cover it. Ste wenty minutes and take off the scun quart of shelled or canned peas hour. Mix a quarter of a pound of and a tablespoonful of flour and sitr i stew; let simmer five minutes, seaso with dumplings.

SALAD DRESSING.—Beat two eggs ablespoonful of butter, one-half a vinegar, one-half teaspoon of mustar warm bowl with copper and salt it looks creamy.

ORANGE PUDDING .- Put in the be padding dish four oranges, pea cod; sweeten and pour over a syr the pint of milk, two tablespoons wet with a a little cold n of two eggs, beaten with oneboiled one minute; make whites of two eggs and three of powdered sugar; brown

CARR.—Yolks of six e of flour, a large teaspoonfu cupful of milk, a and three parts of a cupful of captal of citron finely shre s; warm the sugar if the that it will soften the bu seather, then add the yolks are like cream sift in der alternately with mi put in the citron, we stirring only enough d oven one hour.