Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Jean Dempster's face slightly blanched.

"You don't mean to say—you don't mean to say—you've been down as far as that?" she cried in a voice vibrating with a variety of feelings.

He nodded gravely.

"Oh, yes, I've sampled it all. When I see Affery again—I shall see him, I suppose, at least he said so, and there was a sort of convincing finality about all he said which made him not quite canny—I shall tell him he was right and that New York is not a good place to starve in."

"But it was wrong, hideously, cruelly wrong to do it," cried Jean, "when you had a friend here, more than one, but certainly one, who could have helped!"

"I'm down, my dear, but I don't take money from a woman," he said with a kind of steady sadness. "Well, do you want to hear the rest of this first-class yarn?"

"Yes, of course. Please go on."

"Fordyce listened and gave Donaldson a look which made him fade away faster than any worm I've ever seen wriggle out of the path. Then he invited me to come to his office and talk to him. I did for a whole hour—not about myself but about the system I had found prevailing in that particular factory and which I had taken an oath with myself to expose when the moment should come, and the man. I didn't exactly know how I was going to do it, Miss Dempster. A hole, I—"

"Don't say it, Mr. Rankine! It's a horrible, hateful word—just as tramps are in our own country!"

"But it's what I am, or was, not so long ago, and even now I'm merely a pensioner on another man's bounty until I can find work which I am sure, few as are the days, will be in this horrible country!"

"You remember what I told you about New York the first night you came?"

"I do remember. It has been burned into my brain right on through this story. Well, I was telling you about Fordyce. He believed it enough, though I had no credentials to give him.

"Your face and the something above the common has never left you; if you were in your boots and rags on Broadway it would still be there!"

"Thank you," with a sort of inexplicable faintness.

"Well, a good friend—one of the best—put into a man's life. I wish I could have afforded him, but the only thing he asked was to get me on my feet and stand!"

"Oh, I don't!" maintained Jean. "But what did Fordyce do? I suppose he's one of the hard men of business. He was rather an unsavory character, just before you came. I read about the Newport scandals; immediately after he went on his long cruise."

"I know. All I know is that he was a decent sort. He thanked me when I told him, and said I must make it his business to verify statements. But these he accepted as they stood for an unexplained reason I can't fathom—and Mr. Bill Donaldson quit."

"And you stay on, I hope, pleasing Mr. Fordyce's eyes and your chances?"

Rankine shook his head.

"Nothing in this earth would keep me, Miss Dempster, for it seems I'm a hobo in New York, and I'm not one of the millionaires! I want money, God knows, and I want it badly, but not that kind of money! It's not my line, and Fordyce was quick enough to see it."

"Then what is he going to do for you for giving him the chance to clean out his Augean stables on the East Side?" asked Jean feverishly.

"He's paying my passage out West, and he's recommending me to a man he knows on a cattle ranch in Alberta, and I board the train to-morrow night. I've taken this money as a loan. It's the only one I owe, or shall ever owe in New York. Fordyce understood. He don't know what his private character is, but he has been a gentleman to me."

"Then, God bless him! Of course he knew all about his family. It hasn't a savory record; but it bears what you say—that it isn't easy to be a millionaire in New York. Money, too much of it, seems to bring a curse along."

Having relieved himself of his story, Rankine's face relaxed a little and he took one of Jean's cigarettes.

"If you and I had the distribution, I wonder how it would go—eh? How much is it you need for Hunter's Quay?"

"Ten thousand dollars would do, I've got five."

"Ten thousand dollars! How many pounds—eh? A man who has not had more than an odd greenback in his pocket for so long has to do an arithmetic sum every time thousands are under discussion."

"I need, roughly speaking, about three thousand pounds," said Jean.

"And I need thirty! But as things are looking now I'm likely to go on earning it to all eternity!"

"Oh, surely not. The West is more hopeful. Fortunes are made there—clean fortunes—by men who deserve them. Made in the good old way too, by the sweat of the brow. You'll do it, Mr. Rankine, and perhaps—who knows?—you won't be the worse for your New York experience."

"There is only one thing in my New York experience I don't want to bury, and that's the memory of your kindness," said Rankine with a quick note of fire in his voice.

The color rushed, swift and warm, to Jean Dempster's face, and she rose hurriedly and said she wondered what was happening to the coffee.

"Stuff and nonsense! What did I do?" she asked presently when she recovered herself. "Why, just nothing! You wouldn't have taken even a dime from me, and you've made me walk many a time because you hadn't the money for the street-car and couldn't endure my paying! Not that I minded. I'm a good walker. But I knew just how you felt about it. I've had to go without my meat too sometimes when we were out—just for the same reason."

The Scotticism seemed to warm his heart and he smiled again. Hope had come back to him, and the horrors of the last months—which would never afterwards fade from his memory, but would color his whole future attitude towards life—were already growing a little dim.

"It didn't do you any harm, judging by appearances," he said, for never had Jean Dempster looked more womanly and attractive. "As for me—one good thing New York has taught me, and that is how little food a man actually needs for the day's work."

"Now, what about to-morrow night? Are you really going off by the train as you say?" asked Jean briskly.

"Yes. It leaves the Central exactly at midnight."

Her face became a little wistful as she stood behind the cheerful little coffee machine, waiting for the fragrant beverage to bubble up.

"I've got two tickets for the new play at the Manhattan. Couldn't we have a meal together somewhere and go there for a kind of last play?"

"I've no clothes," said Rankine heavily, "except what I stand up in; and they're not fit for the company of a lady at a place of entertainment."

"That's for me to judge. They are stalls," she added as she walked to the bureau to get them out. "I only got them to-day from a man who can't use them. But I can call at the theatre to-morrow morning and exchange them for seats in a cheaper part of the house where evening dress is optional. There will be a good deal of paper in the house; they'll be only too ready to make the exchange I don't doubt."

"I'd like to come, dear woman; and—yes—I will—provided you let me pay for the meat," he added with a whimsical note in his voice. "I can do that if you will be content with a moderate pastry, without encroaching on Fordyce's charity."

"Don't call it that," she said quickly. "It hurts. Besides, it isn't charity. You gave him certain valuable information which, unlike some of them, he appreciated and got, though it was disagreeable. He wants to pay for that and he's entitled to pay for it."

"You would have made a grand advocate and special pleader, my dear; and if ever things get evened up you will be at the head of the profession. About Fordyce, Miss Dempster—he doesn't look as you would expect a man to look who can count his money in millions."

"None of them do—they've got to pay somehow," she answered swiftly. "Oh, if only I had the gift—like our own Robbie Burns—what things I could write! The tragedies that have filtered through by way of my office! You see, I've got into the habit of trusting no one, I don't know why—"

"Because it's what you were born for—that and no other—and when you leave New York for Hunter's Quay," he added with a tender little note in his voice, "she'll be shoved just so many inches nearer the pit."

"What a man you are! Well, it is arranged about to-morrow night? Where shall we meet, and when?"

They spent some time discussing the plans for their little outing, and when all was arranged and Rankine said he must go, as he stood up she put one straight question to him.

"Mr. Rankine, all this time your home letters have been coming here, and I've sent them on faithfully to the address you gave me. They think you're here still, of course. How much have you told them?"

"Nothing," he answered in a fierce undertone. "And it's the business of my life to see that they never do know anything. So if—so if—by any extraordinary chance you should be put in the witness-box you'll be a witness for the defence—won't you?"

"Defence of what? You haven't done anything but what's fine and noble since you've been here. You need no defender—"

"But you'll keep it dark? It would—it would—kill them——"

And with that he went away.

All their arrangements held good next day. Jean called at the theatre at the lunch hour, and had no difficulty in making the desired exchange; and at seven they met in a little Broadway restaurant of modest dimensions with which Jean was familiar, and over their meal they discussed many things, but chiefly Rankine's prospects.

In a glass of very modest Burgundy they drank success to Hunter's Quay and to Stair.

When the curtain rose they were in their seats.

In the first scene Graham Madox was in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn late at night, knitting his brows over an anonymous letter calculated to wound him in his dearest part.

Rankine, so long absent from every form of amusement, felt himself oddly stirred at sight of a man of his own class evidently in the grip of some strong mental emotion. Not a word was spoken on the stage, yet somehow so electric and wonderful was the personality of the great actor that the air seemed already charged with invisible forces.

Then, quite suddenly, the door at the side of the room opened, and a woman entered, clad in evening dress, though she wore a hat and was enveloped in a voluminous cloak of black velvet, whose fine lines swept from her figure in indescribable grace.

Jean, a keen playgoer, was intent with her opera-glasses, studying the woman's beautiful face, for, in common with many others, her curiosity and interest had been whetted both by paragraphs and pictures of the new company coming to storm New York.

Suddenly she heard a strange, muffled exclamation by her side—"Good God!"

When she looked round her companion had vanished, and she could just behold the shadowy outline of his tall figure making its way, amid sundry growls and protests, along the crowded line of the circle where they sat.

It was her last sight of Alan Rankine for many a long day.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

From her seat, in a box safely sheltered behind the curtain of blue plush, Judith Rankine was a witness to Carlotta's second triumph, and her conquest of New York hearts. She was that rare product, an actress wholly natural and unspoiled, and the discerning were quick to discover and acknowledge her womanliness and charm and sincerity. The depth of purpose of which her heart was full somehow communicated itself to her impersonation of the wronged but forgiving woman, and her grip of the audience, from first to last, was consummate.

Unconscious of herself, she was fully conscious of the greatness of her art, and the belief that she was in the same city with the man who had first awakened all the springs of her being, and undoubtedly brought her powers into play, helped to give fresh and passionate life to her presentment.

Judy, in her corner, while not withholding her meed of appreciation and affection from the woman whom these months of comradeship—almost of kinship—had taught her to love, was also fully conscious of a singular depression, even of a strange shrinking from the very gifts that set Carlotta apart.

Carlotta was the cynosure of all eyes. Upon her utterances one of the most brilliant audiences New York had ever seen hung breathless.

But where was Alan? Some inner witness of the spirit assured Judy that things were not well with him, and nothing surprised her more than her own strange feeling of lassitude, of reluctance even, to seek him out and learn the full truth.

They had only been a few hours in the city, and these had been whirling hours in which there had been scarcely space or opportunity for aught but arrangements for the theatre. Realizing that for the moment everything must be subordinate to that Judy had quietly stood aside, helping and encouraging where she could, aware that a few hours more or less could not make any possible difference to them.

She was neither a wet-blanket nor a grumbler, and she believed that Carlotta was not less anxious and concerned than herself—nay, she knew, for she had seen her in her hours of abandon and anxiety, and had glimpsed the hunger of her heart.

(To be continued.)

Maw's Hunches.

"No, sir!" said Uncle Ezra Brown, "I never turn Maw's hunches down; Ef she's a hunch a thing is good, I'd bet against the neighborhood. Her intuition tells her straight—Or purty near at any rate. Her dreams come true, an' never fail To tell of bad news in the mail; An' shore as I'm a livin' man, She reads the future—yes, she can: I'd no more think of bossin' her, Or quarrelin' back, or crossin' her, Than flyin' up to reach the moon—N' I don't expect to do that soon! I expect to think she fooled me some—Fer my own good, o course, by gum But, puttin' all an' all together, She's seldom ever missed the weather When she sez, 'Ezra, don't do that!' Whate'er it is, I quit it flat, Fer, when her hunch comes strong, I know, That safety lies in goin' slow. No oil sharks fetch me unawares, They're not fer me, the fakers' snares Fer when I've talked things over with Maw, I see most plainly every flaw In all their plans to top my pile An' rob me in their gentle style!

No, sir! Maw's hunches give to me The pleasanrest security. Perhaps yuh'll laugh at this, but pshaw! I know my best friend an' that's Maw."

—L. V. Flowers.

A Flight of Steps.

Long or short, I love a flight of step;
for they
Are so mysterious and alluring, and
they beckon me
"Come, follow us," invitingly they say,
"To all the pleasant things that wait
beyond for thee;
Quaint, dim, old panelled rooms;
A garden fair;
An organ loft, half hidden in the
glooms;
A haymow, breathing fragrance to the
air;
A white front door, with lamplight
shining through;
A cellar, filled with rigorous Winter's
needs—"
Ah, yes, I love a flight of steps—for
who
Is wise enough to know just where it
leads.

—Ella Kepler Williams.

Puzzled Pat.

Pat had never seen a wireless set, whereas his friend Mike was an enthusiast and the proud owner of a loud-speaker.

Mike was explaining the mysteries of the set to his friend when he was called out of the room. On returning he found Pat with the headphones over his ears shouting unintelligibly into the loud speaker.

"What's the matter wid ye?" exclaimed Mike, in surprise.

Pat glared at him.

"This thing may be pretty to look at," he said, "but I'm vexed if I can get the exchange!"

And Only Just Started.

More than 50,000,000 acres of land in western Canada have been opened up for settlement and cultivation since 1870.

This girl in the canoe at the Lake of the Woods' camp points out, for the [illegible] photographer, where all the game is hiding.

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Paris puts a frill on its smartest overblouses, and so we have it here as the distinguishing touch on the two models pictured above. White crepe-de-chine develops this blouse, the front of which is gathered to the back slightly below the shoulder-line in yoke effect. Right up to the minute is the convertible collar with its trimming-band of the new pansy purple shade. The same trimming is used for the pocket tabs, and the narrow cuffs on the long sleeves. Printed silk in a small design fashions the blouse with the short sleeves, with material of a lighter tone used for trimmings. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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The Amateur.

The word amateur is commonly used with slight regard for its literal significance. It often stands as a synonym for the duffer, whose fingers are thumbs, who is maladroit and inept as compared with veteran cunning, a long and various professional experience. We think of the amateur as the regretful bungler, who misses and then stands stupidly telling the world how sorry he is and offering to make it up at another time, which never will arrive.

But there is a better and a happier meaning for the term if we trace it back to its true significance. The amateur is one who truly cares what he is doing. He is the lover in love with his work, in love with life, enthusiastic for the future and for the calling that he chose. In this sense and spirit, professional ranks include many amateurs. The pay received has nothing to do with that spiritual status.

The amateur carries a flaming zeal into all that he does. He is never lukewarm, neutral, lackadaisical. He does not rate enthusiasm coldly, as a waste of energy. The energy he gives to each undertaking induces a like passion in those who work beside him, as one electrified wire will induce a current in a parallel coil. Where he goes there is movement and progress.

The leaders of the race are the real amateurs, who make whatever they do seem not merely the all-important employment but the most enjoyable and the most inspiring thing that any one could do. Their contagious animation carries all before it, and the quitters and the doubters are shamed out of the ranks. They have given the command, and the volunteers, heartened by their example, press forward, certain of victory because they are sure of the goodness of their cause and the quality of their commander.

Why Not a Music Day at Your Club?

The St. Catharines Rotary Club a short time ago put on a real "Music Day" luncheon that might well be copied by other clubs throughout Canada. Why not, indeed, right here in our own locality? The speaker of the day was Mr. J. S. Atkinson, of the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

In opening his address on "The Power of Music," Mr. Atkinson said that until the war he was almost entirely ignorant of the enormous power of music. In the Great War, music encouraged the troops on the march and made them forget their fatigue and inspired them to greater effort. He spoke of the pep which the singing of patriotic songs injected into the soldiers, and the moral effect it had upon them.

The speaker spoke of the great influence of music upon the Russians. The children were taught the Russian folk songs when they were very young, and were brought up in an atmosphere of good music. A Russian princess once told him that during the dark days of Russia she could not have lived without music, as it made her forget her sufferings and misery. Mr. Atkinson related a number of interesting stories of the Russian people and their manner of living, and gave several instances showing their love of music and its effect upon them.

The greatest agency for the developing of the appreciation of music was in the schools, and from the schools it would permeate the homes. In a number of schools in Canada and the United States music was being taught. During the course of a year the pupils were made familiar with about fifty pieces of good music. They were taught something about the various composers and the circumstances under which the number was composed. At the end of a year a contest was held and a number of selections were played for the pupils, who wrote the names of the selections played and the names of the composers. By this plan they were made familiar with the masterpieces of musical literature and helped toward the appreciation of good music. Music was of the greatest importance in education and had great educative value. It improved the memory and the power of concentration and made the pupils better students intellectually and spiritually. In a number of high schools and universities music was made optional instead of some other subject.

In concluding, Mr. Atkinson spoke of the use of music in industries. In a number of factories in the United States and England as well as in Canada, a few minutes a day were spent in a general sing-song. Many employers considered this period the most lucrative of the day, because it increased the production and created a kind of agreement between employer and employee. For the employees it gave them relaxation and added contentment to the worker.

Fortunes Given the Cold Shoulder.

Many visitors to the Mother Country are anxious to acquire anything connected with people of whom they are proud, as we have seen lately in the exhumation of the body of General Oglethorpe and the many attempts to get permission to remove William Penn from the tiny Quaker cemetery in which he is buried.

American Scots would dearly like to purchase Burns birthplace. It is an "auld clay biggin," reared by his father's own hands, two miles from Ayr.

As they cannot get this priceless relic, they reproduced it in facsimile at one of their great exhibitions, and sent a request to a lineal descendant of the national poet to cross the Atlantic and sit in this replica of Burns' birthplace in order to constitute an additional attraction.

Needless to say, the bait was tempting. It would have set up the descendant of Burns for the rest of his life. But she would not have it. "Na, na," said the old dame. "I'm no gawn tae be stared at by a lot o' silly fowk who mebbe wad tak me for a new an' strange wild beastie. I'll just bide in auld Scotland." And she did.

Grace Darling, who was very poor, might have made a fortune by sitting in a replica of the famous boat in which she and her father rescued the survivors of the Forfarshire, near the Farne Islands, on September 7th 1838. But nothing could persuade her to make a public exhibition of herself.

A name that will always be remembered in connection with the early days of wireless is that of Jack Binns. He was one of the first operators to send out an S.O.S. in mid-ocean and at grave risk to his own life—for he was on a burning ship—he remained at his post till the last moment and was thus instrumental in saving hundreds of lives. Binns's heroism made a tremendous stir, and music-hall managers competed widely for his services.

The idea was to fix up a wireless room on the stage, and for Binns to repeat the S.O.S. call before enthusiastic and applauding audiences. But to all these blandishments the young man replied that he was an electrician by profession and not a music-hall performer.

For a Treat.

An old customer was astonished to find one morning that, instead of his usual barber, there had been assigned to him a mere apprentice, the son of the proprietor.

"What!" exclaimed the old patron. "Are you going to let this boy shave me?"

"Oh, come," said the proprietor, "let the boy have his fun for once. It's his birthday, sir."

The Unknown Word.

A little boy recently puzzled his mother with this query:

"What's the Miz?"

"The Miz, dear? I'm sure I don't know. Where did you hear about it?"

"At Sunday school. The superintendent told gol made heaven and earth an' all that in the miz!"

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INTERVIEWED BY A TIGER

By David Ker

"Tiger hunting's very good fun in a way," said Mr. Carter, as we sat in the verandah of bungalow one fine evening, watching the sun sink over the rocks that overhung the Nerbudda River. "It's very good fun—at least, so long as you're hunting the tiger; but when the tiger takes to hunting you, it's not quite so jolly.

"But, although I've had some narrow escapes in that way, too, I'd sooner have them all twice over than one such adventure as happened to me close to this very spot many years ago.

"In those days, as you may imagine, the place looked very different from what it does now. The railway was not even begun then, and I was the only white man for miles round.

"All this clearing was as thick as a hat brush, with trees and jungles right down to the water's edge, and I wanted to go anywhere, your only chance was to look for for some place where an elephant had crushed his way through the thickets, and then follow his track.

"I don't believe you'd have slept a sound here in these times. I can promise you I didn't for the first night or so. No sooner did it get dark than you'd hear a row like fifty [illegible] trumpets all blowing at once, and that you would know that an elephant was coming down to drink at the river.

"Then that would wake up the [illegible] dles in the mud along the bank, and in a minute they'd all be splashing and bellowing in chorus, one louder than another.

"Then the monkeys in the trees overhead would begin chattering and howling like mad. Then that would [illegible] some dreadful old native bird, whose name I could never find out (he [illegible] no [illegible] I ever been able to [illegible] one bad enough for him), and it would start shrieking away as if some body was being murdered.

"And then, all at once, there would come rolling through the depths of the forest the roar of a tiger, which seemed to strike them all silent for a moment, as a cannon drowns the crack of fireworks; but in another minute or two, they were all just as bad as ever.

"But the things that plagued me most were the jackals. You've heard them often enough, and so you can judge what it must have been for a man fresh out from Europe to have under his window, every night and night long, a noise as if forty children were being bitten by half a dozen mad dogs.

"At last I couldn't stand it any longer, and I made up my mind that I'd teach them to hold their tongues before I had done with them. I'd have to keep watch for a fortnight to do it.

"So, early one morning, I went off to a small clearing in the very heart of the wood, where there were plenty of jackals' tracks about, and dug a hole deep enough to cover me, leaving just my headland arms out.

"Then I waited until night came on and when all my native servants were asleep, I took my double-barreled rifle and away I went and got into the hole to wait till the jackals turned up.

"But one would have thought the sneaking brutes knew what I was after; for, although they had come in crowds when I didn't want them, they now, when I was watching and wishing for them, not one would show his nose.

"Well, there I waited and waited till at last I got so tired and stiff that I was just thinking of giving it up and going home to bed, when I thought I heard a rustling in the thicket in front of me.

"The next moment there was a crackling, like dried twigs snapping under a heavy weight, and out into the clearing, with every point of it quite plain in the glorious sunlight, moonlight, came stalking the biggest tiger I had ever seen in my life.

no use trying to make out that I'm frightened. I was frightened, very badly frightened too, I can [illegible]

[illegible] ed, I couldn't well have been in a fix than I was. If I had been [illegible] ce, I should have had no fear. Bengal tiger can't climb like [illegible] ther or the cougar. Even if I had been out on level ground, I'd have [illegible] ore comfortable; for then, [illegible] would have had a chance to run. But, jammed as I was in [illegible] precious hole, with my head level with the ground, I seemed [illegible] here on purpose for the beast to [illegible] whenever he liked.

[illegible] tiger saw me as plain as I saw [illegible] that came creeping on till I could [illegible] his hot breath on my face and [illegible] see every one of the great white [illegible] that glittered so ominously in the moonlight. Why didn't I fire? [illegible] you say? Why, just because [illegible] my first movement I made [illegible] cut my head off, like a [illegible] My only chance was to [illegible] still—and I did it.

[illegible] nwhile, Mr. Tiger seemed [illegible] taken aback as I was [illegible] a man's head growing [illegible] and like a mushroom was [illegible] quite a new thing in his [illegible] and he evidently did not [illegible] make of it. He prowled [illegible] forward in front of me [illegible] stealthily, and coming to a [illegible] now and then that the [illegible] his open jaws and green [illegible] dew off in flakes all over [illegible]

[illegible] was bad enough, as you [illegible] but it was a mere joke [illegible] was coming. For now the [illegible] looked at me long enough [illegible] ok it into his head to go [illegible] pic.

I felt as if all was over. [illegible] could see what the tiger was [illegible] was quite as much as I could [illegible] have him sniffing all round me [illegible] the bait of a trap. But when [illegible] round behind my back and [illegible] every moment to feel his [illegible] in my flesh, without [illegible] tell where he was. [illegible] Ugh! I don't like to think [illegible] now.

[illegible] that another minute or [illegible] work would drive me mad [illegible] I made up my mind [illegible] out of the hole, rush up [illegible] take my chance. But at [illegible] I heard a shot behind me [illegible] tremendous roar, and [illegible] I saw the brute spring [illegible] an in white, who looked [illegible] sh officer.

[illegible] ped out of the hole [illegible] and levelling my rifle [illegible] th barrels. The great [illegible] to his full height, with a [illegible] that showed all his fangs [illegible] then rolled over dead [illegible]

[illegible] e, to thank you for saving [illegible] I, holding out my hand [illegible] nger.

[illegible] the contrary," said he, [illegible] e to thank you [illegible]

[illegible] ell, I fancy we're about even [illegible] answered I; "but this shot [illegible] time I ever try shooting [illegible]

[illegible] it was the last time [illegible]

One-Sided Health.

[illegible] lting, she has such [illegible]

[illegible] can you mean?"

[illegible] the glow of health on one of her cheeks is always so much [illegible] than on the other."

[illegible] eveloped lives are the pride of the universe.—L. H. Bailey.

Surnames and Their Origin

DRAPER

Racial Origin—English.
Source—An occupation.

There seems to be an almost never ending source of surnames in the occupations of medieval England, notwithstanding the fact that in those days the number of occupations and professions was more limited than in our highly specialized industrial and commercial organization of to-day.

Draper is one of these. To the Flemish the source of this family name presents no mystery, for the word is still in everyday trade use in his country. But though the same trade exists in the United States, the trade name is seldom met with.

The "draper" is a dry goods merchant. And he was back in the Middle Ages, at the period when population began to expand so rapidly that in individual communities there were not enough given names to go around, and a man's neighbors and acquaintances in speaking of him took to the mention of his occupation or his parentage to distinguish him from some other bearer the same given name.

Thus the family name of Draper was originally descriptive of the man in the calling of his bearers, and was preceded by "le" meaning "the." The "le" however, in later generations was dropped as usually after the name [illegible]

LLOYD.

Variations—Lhuyd.
Racial Origin—Welsh.
Source—A given name or a descriptive one.

[illegible] ndly name of Lloyd is [illegible] though infrequently [illegible] Lhuyd.

[illegible] a Welsh name, rather common [illegible] in England and parts [illegible] the Central Eastern section of the United States, notably in Pennsylvania, where the Welsh played a [illegible] part in early colonization.

[illegible] ally name is the [illegible] given name, and [illegible] as a [illegible] little surname for the word "brown," and like such [illegible] Dougall and Douglas, which [illegible] k, it became given [illegible] was used, as [illegible] been used in [illegible] of surnames [illegible] of the personal [illegible] of that [illegible]