

JUDGE NOT.

Oh, men who are good, who are honored and great, Be kind to your brothers of lowly estate.

Fair lady, so haughty, so chaste and so cold, Kept safe from harm in love's sheltering fold.

Proud man, whom the robes of ermine enfold, As you weigh others' sins in the balance you hold.

Who through love and through hate, good or evil shall fall; Who knows in the light of a judgment divine,

Who shall be the whitest, the sinner or the saint? Fear to judge lest you stand at the heavenly door.

To see harlots and publicans go in before, While you cover with guilty confusion your face.

And cry, when too late, to be put in their place! —F. C. Cary.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL.

Of course such a thing has never come into our family before, and I feel with you. Now I should like the gray, and I will give you just what you paid Dulse for the green and magenta tea gown.

The speaker settled back in a Chipendale armchair, and looked inquiringly across the table toward her companion, who lay stretched at full length on a rug-covered divan.

A high colonial screen of pressed leather, which had been placed behind it, cut off the rest of the room. The reclining woman had one of those aggressive personalities that attract and demand general attention.

She was tall and startlingly slender—a fact which the lines of her black gown brought more into notice. Her hair, of a sandy color, was full of life, and stood out in natural crinkles all over her head.

She had blue eyes, now something faded; and her lips were so thin that, when not in motion, she often compressed them into an almost straight line.

She spoke with that nervous quickness which is sometimes employed as an artificial substitute for the enthusiasm of youth.

"You are welcome to the gray," she said, "but the magenta and green was a great bargain, even from Paris. Dulse aspires to a large American patronage, and she made an effort. Still, I don't know—by another year it will be a common combination, and perhaps I couldn't wear it, even then. It is a very delicate point to decide, Harriet. When your husband chooses to leave you by his own hand, you can't be expected to mourn for him quite as you would if he had—well, gone from natural causes. Of course, I mourn, but I can't help remembering the scandal of it. Now, what do you think, dear? Frances will be coming out next season; shouldn't make an effort for her sake, and lighten my black a little?"

Her visitor meditated. "It is a nice point," she said, thoughtfully shaking her head, "but people grow more liberal all the time. I should say you might wear gray and lavender. Nobody will stop to count the months; and, anyway, if you are bringing out your daughter, it will be an excuse."

At this moment a girl came suddenly around the corner of the screen. Her appearance checked the conversation instantly. Under the best of circumstances she would not have been at all good looking. Her forehead ran back too far toward the center of her head; her bones were too large for their covering of flesh; and, at present, her face was so swollen from weeping that it was impossible to judge how amiable or intelligent its expression might be. She glanced inquiringly at her mother, who had slipped into an upright position, and now gave a little gesture of dismay.

"I know the reason!" she flung out violently. "Frances!" "I know the reason perfectly well; he was nagged, nagged, nagged, and he got discouraged, and he couldn't bear it any longer, and he killed himself!"

Her passion spent itself in the last words, and her voice shook. There was a moment's pause; then she turned, and, crying bitterly, stumbled out of the room.

The two older women had risen and stood opposite each other. The visitor looked embarrassed and awkward. "I must go," she murmured; "the horses are clipped."

Mrs. Vermilye raised her handkerchief to her eyes. "Good-by," she said from behind it. "And don't mention this new trial to the rest of the family, Harriet, for Frances sake."

Dinner had been over for a couple of hours and Mrs. Vermilye sat beside her daughter's dressing table, superintending her first ball toilet. The year of their mourning had ceased only ten days since, and although Frances had been sent by her mother to opera parties, teas and dinners at the end of eight months, this was, strictly speaking, her formal introduction into society.

The face of the elder woman appeared more anxious and thinner than ever. Her voice sounded more irritable and she talked out her thoughts without much regard as to whether Frances responded or not.

"I do hope I'm not making a mistake in sending you with your Aunt Eustis," she was saying. She won't have the slightest notion in putting you forward. I wish I had sent an excuse to Sartoris, and gone with you myself. But your cousin Julia will help you. Try to imitate Julia a little, Frances; she is always a success with the men. Laugh a little, whether you are amused or not; try to seem interested; hold yourself up, and don't let that vacant stare come into your eyes!"

The girl made a quick attack upon her powder-box but said nothing. "If that yellow gown doesn't give you self-confidence," her mother went on, "nothing ever will. That shade, with your hair, is tremendously effective. And after all, people would rather have a novelty than downright beauty; it takes better. Oh, dear, dear! life is so unexpected. When you were a baby, I used to dream of how I should bring you out with a grand reception to all the best people; and now here we are, living in an apartment, and you care nothing. Frankly, Frances, I don't see where you get your temperament. Your poor father, in spite of everything, was genial."

She sighed, and regarded her daughter reproachfully. The girl went on with her dressing calmly, save for a slight contraction of her nostrils. "I don't think there is very much use in my going about, mamma," she said. "I am not pretty, and I can't talk small talk."

"Nonsense; it is not what one says, but the way one says it, that counts. You have no vivacity of manner." "I don't feel any," Frances' voice quivered. "I never shall attract the sort of attention you mean, and I don't intend to try any more. Whenever I have, as you say, put myself forward to a man, he has always stared as if he was surprised, answered me in a hurry and gone on talking across me to some other girl."

Her mother rose and began walking up and down the room impatiently. "There, there; you talk like a little goose; you have no pride." "I hope I have too much pride to clutch at every man as a possible husband," she sounded staid, and more defiant.

"Now, don't be a school girl, Frances. Nobody has said a word about clutching at husbands; although I trust with all my heart, you may have a good one, who will give the suitable home your father deprived you of. I am sure I don't want you to marry any one whom you don't like; but at the same time, you ought to remember that we are not millionaires. I am straining every nerve to find you clothes, as it is; and you know perfectly well that you haven't the money for charities and arts, and all the fads that rich girls can make an excuse for not marrying."

Frances would have replied, but the entrance of a maid, bringing Mr. Sartoris's card, interrupted her. Mrs. Vermilye glanced in a mirror, and touched up her laces. "Let me see you before you go away," she said.

Half an hour later, Sartoris appeared to her mother and Sartoris in the drawing room and stood awkwardly waiting for the former's inspection. Sartoris had risen as she entered, and his eyes now wandered over her indifferently. He was a large man, whose good living showed itself in too ample flesh and a shining, high-colored complexion. He expressed the polite hope in an absent-minded manner, that Miss Frances would enjoy her ball, and resumed the conversation where it had been left before she was fairly out of the room. As the maid put on her cloak, outside the door, she could hear him saying, "Yes, that land scheme was very fortunate; I shall build at Bar Harbor in the spring."

It was late when Frances came in, and the gas had been turned very low in the hall. As she felt her way along the train of her dress caught on a chair, and she uttered a low exclamation. Instantly her mother called: "Is that you, Frances? Come into my room a moment."

The girl struck a light, and going over sat down on the edge of the bed. Her dress was as fresh and stiff, and her hair as smooth, as when she left, four hours before. She had nothing of the fatigue and disheveled look of a woman who had danced through an entire evening. Mrs. Vermilye shielded her eyes from the sudden glare and blinked at her daughter inquiringly. "Did you have a good time?" she asked.

Francis pulled off her gloves and rolled them up carefully. "I don't suppose you would consider that I did," she replied, at last. But I rather enjoyed watching the women, and the men were awfully funny sometimes." "Funny? Didn't you dance?" "Four times. Once with Cousin George, and twice with a man whose name I didn't catch, and once with Mr. Brudgite."

Mrs. Vermilye propped herself up with an extra pillow. "Well, I should think your Aunt Eustis might have managed better than that for you. I wish I had gone myself."

"I think Aunt Eustis made an effort," said the girl, flushing, but honest. "She presented a good many men; and Julia was kind, too. I tried to be pleasant; I think I tried too hard; anyway, it didn't make any difference, they all excused themselves."

Mrs. Vermilye gave an exasperated exclamation. "Frances, it makes me shudder to hear you talk like this. If you think such things, you shouldn't say them. Never admit that you haven't everything you want. If you aim to succeed, pretend you're successful."

Frances unclasped her string of pearls without replying. "Who took you out to supper?" "Lord Barton?" "Lord Barton? The man whose name I saw in the papers last Sunday. Isn't he a friend of the Leforters? Why didn't you speak of him before?"

"There wasn't anything in particular to say of him. He is a nice old man, about 60, I should fancy, and very quiet. I think he felt sorry for me. He took me down to supper, and we sat out a waltz, I asked him to call Friday."

"Frances!" "Why, mamma, you always have said that I didn't ask men to our day."

"Of course child; young men whom we meet everywhere and informally; but an Englishman of his age, with his ideas of propriety for a girl! Oh, you have no instincts! What will he think of you!"

Frances began to collect her wraps. "I am sorry I asked him," she replied from the doorway, "because he said he should come."

"Oh, by the way," called her mother, "Sartoris was more tiresome than ever; but he has a box for the new play Thursday, and we are to dine at the Waldorf before it—six of us."

In spite of her protestations Mrs. Vermilye's rooms had an aspect of particular festivity on the following Friday. There were vases in the cut glass vases, and some gold spoons had been brought out for the table. The lady herself looked more alive, more wiry, than ever, as she received in an elaborate tea gown. It was evident that Frances, too, had been dressed for the occasion; but the original design of her brocade coat, with its soft laces, was almost lost by the awkward bearing with which it was worn.

Whether or not it had been intended by Mrs. Vermilye that his lordship would drink tea with her, there was an unusual number of guests, including a large family contingent. Toward the end of the afternoon, Lord Barton, did, indeed, arrive. When he had met Mrs. Vermilye, and been duly seated beside her, he appeared a good deal embarrassed by the prominence of his position. One or two women, who were near enough, put questions intended to give him a conversational start with themselves. Mrs. Vermilye called his attention to her French poodle, which had just strayed in. Thereupon, his right-hand neighbor began to gush: "Of course, Lord Barton loves dogs. All Englishmen have that true liking for animals and sport. The marvellously clipped poodle came over, and stood meekly before Barton, as if to apologize for the association of himself with the idea of killing anything. Nobody saw any humor in the situation. Even Lord Barton patted the dog's head kindly, and assured his inquirer that he was not a great sportsman; in fact, had not carried a gun for fifteen years."

Presently, during the commotion of a departure, he drifted over to a window seat, where Frances was twirling a tea-ball diligently in a tiny cup. She flushed furiously at his approach and two of her cousins raised their eyebrows significantly. Mrs. Vermilye saw it, and felt elated. It was probably the first time in her life that Frances had ever called forth this meaning in an eyebrow.

Neither she nor Lord Barton said much to each other. They both looked rather worn and not quite at ease. Just at this juncture, however, general attention was diverted by the announcement of Mr. Sartoris. He at once settled himself comfortably in the chair. Lord Barton had left, and prepared to include the entire circle in his expansive conversation. Mrs. Vermilye introduced him to Lord Barton, and it provoked fresh outbursts.

"I am glad to meet your lordship," he went on, after the first civilities. "I've had it in my mind to visit your noble country, and I shall get there some day. It isn't the time that troubles you, you see; it's that internal—I beg pardon—that six days on the water, away from the telegraph, away from all communication. If you are a business man, with large interests, you can't afford to take chances. And you don't realize, sir, how much can happen in six days here in America, if it once gets about it. Six minutes cleared out a friend of mine on the stock exchange the other day."

Not long after this tea gossip began to take a more lively interest in the Vermilye family. It spoke of the mother in connection with Sartoris, and of the daughter as a possibly Lady Barton. In the case of the latter, the newspapers took up the subject, graphically announcing an engagement on one day and denying it in the next. They went over all the details of the affair, on both sides, repeatedly. They

rehearsed Lord Barton's history and the history of his house. They put headlines on Miss Vermilye's lack of history, as if it were a criminal case coming up for trial. Certain enterprising editors even made a stock of the tragedy that had let her a half orphan. There was plenty of bitter for Mrs. Vermilye, mixed with the sweet of her publicity. Moreover, in the eyes of her friends she was well aware that, aside from her title, Lord Barton could not be considered as in any way a brilliant match for an ambitious girl. His disregard of social position, his frankly avowed lack of fortune, his small stature and mild, hesitating manner, had all helped to keep him free from much matrimonial target practice. It was because the girl was not ambitious, whose relatives had for years gone about openly pitying her plainness, that his attentions were regarded as little short of a miracle. Judged by an American standard, these attentions were, perhaps, not sufficient to trace a cause for the first public rumor of them. They consisted of frequent calls during which he and Frances often read a new book while Mrs. Vermilye discreetly wrote notes on the other side of the portiere, gifts of books and flowers, and innumerable small courtesies at parties, or wherever they chanced to meet.

Mrs. Vermilye watched her daughter brighten and gain poise under these new conditions. She began to venture opinions on many subjects; she took an interest in her gowns; and, at her suggestion, a hairdresser now came twice a week to have her hair in the prevailing fashion. Of most of the outside comment going on concerning her, however, she remained entirely ignorant. She had no intimate friend friend to speak of it, she seldom read newspapers, and her mother's suppositions and hints had, from their very constancy, long since ceased to have any great value in her mind.

It was while affairs were thus, that all appearances, favorable for another "international match," that his lordship created a disturbance by an unexpected departure for the west. He sent Miss Vermilye a bunch of yellow tulips, with a note of farewell, in which he spoke incidentally of their future meeting.

They came during breakfast; and after Frances had read the little letter aloud, her mother took it between her thumb and finger and used it as a text for various speculations on the subject. It was an unexpected thrust and for a few moments her opinions were at sea-saw with each other. Now it was "the most natural thing in the world that Lord Barton should go off to see the west at once, because later," significantly, "it might not be quite in order for him to run away." The next instant it was "queer that he had given no hint; it looked like a retreat."

Frances listened for half an hour, sometimes amused, sometimes annoyed. Her feelings could not have been definite to herself. When a girl has been systematically trained to regard herself chiefly from the point of view of any man who may possibly want to marry her, she is apt to lose sight of all personal inclinations.

Mrs. Vermilye went over the evidence of Lord Barton's preference for Frances again and again; but it never for an instant entered into her calculations to consider her daughter's preference. After all she probably took it for granted that Frances had no right to a preference.

It was a week after his lordship's departure that Mrs. Vermilye came into Frances's room one afternoon and insinuatingly demanded her immediate attention. It was evident that she had a disclosure to make, and she went about it systematically.

"My dear," she began, "I want to talk to you a little about some practical matters. You will do me the justice to admit that I have always spared you these annoyances. But I don't think that you have ever quite realized how very little your poor papa left us to get along with. You have never been willing to hear a word against him—not that I have anything to say against him, but that all the world hasn't heard. But, at all events, you'll grant that it was like him, to have to let one of his insurance policies lapse. There were some worthless securities, and of course when I had to convert things into money I lost. But I had to have ready money somehow; you can see that. You were coming out, and it meant your future. As if it were lived here very decently; you have worn good clothes, and you have gone everywhere. Nobody has suspected our strait, not even the Remingtons, who have been so near. I have managed—I have made my sacrifices."

"You have been very kind, mamma," broke in the girl. "If I haven't seemed to appreciate it, you must remember that I am not demonstrative."

Her mother moved uneasily. "I don't want you to be demonstrative Frances; only sensible. I want you to see things as they are. Now, the truth is, yesterday I began to draw on the last thousand dollars we have in the world."

She paused as if to watch the effect of this statement. Frances gave a soft sympathetic cry. "Why didn't you tell me? How selfish, how careless I have been!" She put out her hand toward her mother, and then withdrew it suddenly at the sight of the calm satisfaction in her face.

"You needn't begin to worry now," she said. "You have had your chance. I don't complain, although I have stood alone with no one to advise me or to lean upon. Of course people will have to know, sooner or later, that you are down-level; but they can't have expected much. Lord Barton doesn't, I am sure. There is only one thing. He might draw back if he knew, you had a mother dependent upon you. Englishmen and foreigners feel more strongly against their mother-in-laws than we do in this country. No don't interrupt me. You remember Fanny Willough-

by who married that German prince—what is his name? When her mother wanted to see her she had to go and board in the village; she was never invited to sleep at the castle. Think of the humiliation! And you could not expect me to want to be a burden, could you?"

"Why will you persist in talking all this about Lord Barton so horribly for granted?" "I take nothing for granted; I simply don't intend to stand in your light."

"How can you speak as if I should be like Fanny Willoughby?" "Well, I should be a superannated old woman, with a place before your library fire. I should be grandmother to your children, and expected to tell them stories, no doubt. To have no authority; to be put aside; I tell you quite frankly, I couldn't stand it. A way has been offered me out of all this anxiety. For both of our sakes I intend to take it. She paused, and then added, quietly, "I am going to marry Sartoris."

Frances sat straight, silent for several seconds. "You are going to marry—you?" she gasped. Her mother colored deeply at the tone. "And why not? Am I in my second childhood?" "I don't believe it."

"My dear Frances, you are unreasonable. I tell you that we are paupers. You assure me that with a degree that Lord Barton means nothing; in the next you blame me? Mr. Sartoris is ready to do all that a father can for you."

"Father!" The girl turned as if she had been struck. "That man my father! That vulgar, dissipated—oh, mamma, don't sell yourself to him—don't—don't!"

"Frances, you forget that I am your mother." "No, I don't; I don't forget it; but it doesn't deceive me. He would never have been permitted to come here at all, if it hadn't been for his money. He has bought his way in, with his theatre boxes and parties. Money, you say you haven't any; but there must be something else. Somebody must help us. The Remingtons will let us stay with them until we can think what to do. Oh, mamma, don't don't marry him!" she threw herself down on her knees, sobbing; but Mrs. Vermilye drew away.

"I am not an object of charity yet," she said, "and it seems to me you have an odd way of showing your gratitude to the mother who has given up everything for you, and to Mr. Sartoris, who offers you a home with us as long as you need one."

While she was speaking Frances had risen. "I shall never need one," she replied in a hollow voice. "If I should starve in the streets, I should never need a home paid for in that way."

The following days were trying for both mother and daughter. Each, apparently, was waiting for the other to bring about a second crisis. Affairs were in this state when Lord Barton made known his return by an afternoon call. Mrs. Vermilye was out paying visits, and Frances received him. The next morning he returned again, however, and asked to see Mrs. Vermilye alone. When he had gone Mrs. Vermilye hastened to hunt up her daughter, with a countenance of beaming conciliation. She swept away all awkwardness by embracing the girl warmly.

"I congratulate you," she cried. "It is just as I had supposed it would be; Lord Barton has asked me for you." Frances disengaged herself mechanically. She seemed dazed. "He was so manly about it!" her mother continued. "He admitted that he hadn't a large income; but then you will be presented, and have a position. I didn't forget your interests. I made it a condition that he should go out more. Darling Frances, I am so happy for you."

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, almost angrily. "I am not going to marry Lord Barton."

"He spoke to me first, dear; it is the custom of his country. He loves you." "Did he say he loved me?" "He spoke with great feeling."

"No; he does not love me," cried Frances. "I have been thinking lately about what was right and wrong, and now I know what I never did before—I just waited for things to turn up, and accepted them. But I will tell you why it is, mamma; I have been shamelessly flung at his head. I realized it in one way, and in another I didn't. He was so old, and he took more interest in me than anybody, and tried to help me get something out of myself. I knew everybody was thinking he might, perhaps, be willing to marry me, and if he were, I ought to be very grateful. I am not pretty; I am not rich. It was not the highest bidder in my case; it was any bidder. I suppose I must have admitted this to myself. I wouldn't have gone on listening to you. But I know better now. I know what it means to sell one's self for a home."

Her mother colored at the last words, but ignored them in her reply. "Are you sure you don't love him?" she asked. "Are you sure love couldn't come after marriage?" It often does. "It wouldn't matter if I did love him," Frances persisted. "He doesn't love me; he is only sorry for me. Why, only yesterday I told him—he hesitated, then went on—'I told him' about you. I said I should go to work. I asked his advice, his help, you see, he thinks I am not even clever enough to take care of myself. He pities me; oh, he must pity me very much, indeed, to marry me!"

Mrs. Vermilye grew a little pale and her thin hands worked nervously. She could hardly hold back her voice from a shriek. "You have been very wicked and untruthful," she said. "You have tried to cast a slur on your mother. You have showed no gratitude for Mr. Sartoris's hospitality. I, who have made every sacrifice for you—you

would bring another disgrace upon me." "I shall not bring another disgrace on you," replied Frances quietly. "I shall be honest, and I shall work. I am sorry for what I said the other day. I don't want you to think I blame you for what you are going to do. It isn't for me to judge. I was doing the same thing until you brought home to me what it meant."

There was a new sweetness and dignity about her, but Mrs. Vermilye had gone beyond any such mild influences. Her bright hair quivered; her lips lost their color. "I have done everything," she wailed, "everything. You are of common blood. You are like your father!"

Frances went over and took her hand very gently. "Do not let us speak of it again, mamma," said she. "The criticism will be all of me, not you. I engaged this morning to go with the Bentley-Morrison's as their nursery governess."—Mary G. L. Underwood in the New England Magazine.

Democrats, Attention!

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE, PHILA., Jan. 31, 1894.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PENNSYLVANIA:

The Democratic State Convention, held in Harrisburg, January 10, 1894, nominated its candidate and adopted its platform with unanimity and with a degree of enthusiasm that has not been surpassed. A representative convention of nearly five hundred delegates, assembled from every Representative district in the State, without a seat contested and without a dissenting voice, ranged itself in solid support of the national organization of the party and of the Democratic Administration of the Federal and State Governments. It nominated a representative Democrat as the candidate for Representative-at-Large in Congress upon a platform in accordance with the last authorized deliverance of the National Democracy, and with its exposition by a Democratic President. It declared their sympathy with and support of the efforts of a Democratic Congress to relieve the country from business depression and from all the bad effects of Republican misrule. It declared for a true American system which would bring relief for languishing commercial interests, better wages to American labor, and which will restore American commerce.

HON. JAMES DENTON HANCOCK, of Franklin Venango County, the candidate for Representative-at-Large in Congress, is a man of high and pure character, of large attainments and experience, with the intelligence to have convictions and the courage and honesty to avow them. He is the candidate of the whole party, and is entitled to its unanimous support.

Gratified by these conditions, the organization of the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania, feels encouraged to call upon the electors of the State, without regard to party affiliations, to rally to his support. We believe that the principle of tariff reform has permeated the minds of the people of Pennsylvania, and that, in the language of the Harrisburg platform, they are ready to "record the vote of their State in Congress for an enlightened, liberal and progressive system, that must quicken the prosperity of our Commonwealth and promote the general welfare of the country."

We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by discussion and agitation. I therefore appeal to and call upon the organization of the party in every election district to disseminate the principles of the party as declared in its platform and in the deliverance of its candidate, and to promote, full, fair, and free discussion of the issues of the campaign. To the end that there may be efficient and vigorous organization, I call upon the Democracy of the State to perfect their organizations by counties, by election districts and by school districts. Above all, let there be a spirit of unity and harmony throughout the organization and in every district, so that a singleness of purpose may prevail the efforts of the party toward the election of its candidate, and unity of counsel may be joined with efficiency of organization and aggression in action.

If the half million Democratic voters of Pennsylvania will record their votes for the nominee of their party, Pennsylvania will take its right place in the Democratic line.

J. MARSHALL WRIGHT, Chairman State Committee.

Sibley Gets His Letter of Resignation.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 31.—This afternoon Governor Pattison sent Congressman Sibley a letter acknowledging the receipt of his communication withdrawing his resignation and enclosing the letter of resignation.