SUCH LITTLE THINGS.

For want of very little things sometimes We women pine, and weep our souls away To you they seem absurd and foolish; but A woman lives for them, from day to day.

A loving word, a little longer kiss, Would make me happy as the day is long But when you seem preoccupied, or cold, Orangry with me—all my world goes wrong

Have you not often said you loved me best? Why, yes, of course; and well I know 'tis

true;
It isn't that I doubt it; but it's still

So sweet to hear it every day, anew ! And so I bring and lay at your dear feet My heart, my soul, my life as offerings My all I give to you and ask but these-A look, a kiss-two very little things.

MY MISSION.

When finally I caught up with Johnnie -Johnnie I still call him, though he is six feet two, has a ruddy little mustache on his upper lip, and though his real name would take up at least two lines of this page—I was in Manila. From England to the Philippines is a long chase after a boy who is not your son—I wish Johnnie were -and I see right here that I must out with the most difficult admission of this tale, which in itself is almost a confession.

The interest which I take in Johnnie besides the fact that he is a fine, straight, manly boy interesting in himself, comes from the interest which I take in his mother, God bless her! I loved his mother. I have loved his mother twenty years. Twenty years ago-yes, that long-we found that we loved each other, and we found it out too late; she was married then to Johnnie's father. And during these twenty years we have done the right, the respectable thing. To this love that runs like an undercurrent of music, of solemn music, tenderly close to tears, beneath our Corseleted in iron repression, we have rigidly kept to the duty we owed to God,

to man, to ourselves—and to Johnnie. Well, I traveled much. Having no heart, I have no peace; and I travel. But at the end of each voyage, I come to throw my homage at the feet of Johnnie's mother, and to put myself at her service. She had something for me this time.

As usual, it concerned Johnnie.
You see, Johnnie belongs to that elite of
his country upon which devolves public service. He will be a peer some day. And being an intelligent lad, full of serious ambition, he has made up his mind to pre-pare himself thoroughly for his role. He has decided to specialize on colonial affaire, and in pursuance of this plan he had left six months before for a voyage of investigation which was to take him through all the

possessions of the empire.

Well, it had been understood that he was to remain in Bombay six months. But his letters, his mother now told me, showed him leaving Bombay after a bare three weeks, skipping to Calcutta, thin, with a serious study of colonial administrations, -fancy studying a French colonial!-and

Hongkong. The character of these letters, moreover, had disquieted her. They were brief and vague with the briefness and vagueness of one who has an absorbing interest in something—something else than his letters—and they soared here and there with a She's to be my wife! And I beg you. Sit, mystic id alism that caused one with a to consider her so from this moment ! And knowledge of life, such as we had, she and to remember, sir, that as such it is my

I, to smile and fear at once.

She sat in a high-backed chair as she told me this, amid the bluish shadows of a darkened room; and a last glint of the dying day, passing between the curtains, caressed her head which of late had become gray, ensilvered with a fine austerity. She slightly toward me.

"You will go, my friend, will you not?"

And of course I went.

I followed in the tracks of the young calcutta to Bangkok, from Bangkok, to Singapore, to Saigon, stopping but a few hours in each place and staying on the same steamer, and when I arrived in Hongkong he was not there. He had gone across to Manila.

I went across, too-on a measly tinpot steamer that furned me inside out. When I landed on the quays of the Pasig, it was an hour after sundown, and I took a cab and drove straightaway to the hotel. Sure enough, a week old on the register, there was Johnnie's autograph—he was using his little name, John Perceval. I asked if he was in. The man behind the desk turn-

ed to his assistant questioningly.

"Has he gone this evening?" he asked.

"Yes, as usual," answered the assistant "Do you know where?" I questioned

"He goes to the theatre every evening," answered this well informed young man. I went right out there, after a hasty meal and change of dress. The performance was well on when I reached the place, and I groped my way to my seat in darkness. And when, finally settled, I looked up at the stage, I thought myself the vic-tim of a hallucination. There, near the footlights, in the certre, was a young wom-an all in red, from small red slipper an all in red, from small red slipper through hose, skirt, waist and cape, and with a black cocked hat set upon an opulent blonde wig. She was dancing; and just as I looked, she was poised motionless, just a snap-photograph caught by a kokak, on one foot, the other foot being up, its wee needle of toe pointing straight up into the flies.

Now, the first thing that had conforted me in Bombay when I had landed had me in Bomoay when I had lauded had been a poster representing a young woman all in red, poised on one toe while the other pointed steadily up into the turquoise sky; in Calcutta the same picture had met my eye; it had welcomed me in Singapore; Saigon had fairly flamed with it; and in

eye was carrying, fixed for ever on its im-pressionable retina, the accumulated vision of these posters. There she was—red slipper, red hose, red skirt, red waist, red the threads. cap, red feather, poised delicately on one I went to call on Mademoiselle Ivette toe, pointing to heaven in a gesture with-

in again, an undulation of liquid flame. She waved diaphanous draperies over which fantastic colors passed like shivering caresses—ambers, opalescences, flames, iridescences, sunset glows, and spectral lights of somber seas. I had seen the dance in

Paris, but never better. Out of this she sprang into the brillance of footlights raised again, clad as a Trianon shepherdess, with wide brimmed straw-hat cascading with daisies, a beribboned staff in hand, and danced a gentle pastoral. Out she went again, and when she returned she was in a long black gown, black-gloved to her bare shoulders, and thus, without a gesture, very solemuly, she told us with her lisping French accent a story which I

am afraid was naughty.

This was the end. A thunder of applause shook the building-and I found Johnnie. I found him by tracing back the long parabola of a bouquet—a splendid bouquet, big as a cabbage!—which had landed at the feet of Mademoiselle Ivette. He was standing in his stall, leaning forward as though he were ready to spring upon the stage, a very fushed and excited young Briton, fairly splitting his palms with clapping. I glanced at the program, found it un-

nising, and went out to smoke a cigar promising, and went out to smoke a cigar and plan my attack upon Johnnie. On the broad avenue a coquestish little victoria just as frat was wheeling back and forth, back and forth, behind two sleek, slender-limbed little sad. Australian ponies. My cigar was about two-thirds gone when I saw the coachnan-a pative, who looked like a circus monkey in his cockaded tall bat, brassbuttened frock, and patent-leather hootsgive a glance at the entrance, stiffen up and gather his reins. I flattened myself against the wall. Prancing mincingly, the ponies turned, and the toy-vehicle came rolling to she sidewalk.

Sure enough, there was Johnnie, very handsome in his white shell-back jacket. He was standing at a small door in the side of the entrance-hall, holding it open, his fine, elastic body bent in a posture that struck me as the some of chivalrous deference. He stood thus a little while, then a figure like a pastel filled the door-frame, detached itself from it, and came down the hall at his side. It passed close. I caught a rustling of silks, a breeze of ruffles, a discreet fragrance of violet. A drooping feather slid across my nose; I almost

neezed It was Mademoiselle Ivette-ob, yes ; no every thought, our every act, we have one else. Johnnie handed her into the never given expression in word or gesture. carriage, still with that tremendously one else. Johnnie handed her into the respectful manner, at once beautiful and very native, and sprang to her side. The coachman flicked his horse with the tip of his whip, and the victoria rolled off elastic-But ally down the street, leaving me there alone with contradictory emotions.

I wanted to be indignant and contemp-

tuous, and I could not—quite. Upon my soul, I almost admired the disreputable young beggar My sense of duty returned soon however. at the thought of his mother, back there in

England. After roaming the streets for two hours, I returned to the hotel, and without any preliminaries pounced upon It was past midnight, but I found him

up, sitting with hack-tilted chair at his draped it about her. open window, his eyes dreamy upon the 'Look!' she said. 'Station, you speak

like a typhoon.

He listened to me quietly, his face very pale, his blue eyes very wide, and when I nd ; you don't underst nd : you don't

eyes darkened—"you're blaspheming, there like one of those queens of barbaric that's what you are; blaspheming! I mean to—why, damn you!" he broke out in perb, and cruel. to remember, sir, that as such it is my bounded duty to defend her, sir, from any such vile imputation as you, sir, have had the madness-I mean the mildest term-to cast upon her just now !"

You should have beard those "sirs"

A to Z the impossibility of his mad project. I reminded him of his position in society, which demanded of him inexorably certain sacrifices; I spoke of his long line of ancestors, distinguished nearly all, respectable all, servitors of their sovereign in war and peace, and of what he owed to them; I spoke of his ambition, and of what he owed to that; one by one I pointed out to him the threads that held him, the threads that hold us all, the threads, thin, invisible, but innumerable and infinitely strong that bind us, body, hand, foot, finger, as Gulliver was bound by the Lilliputians, that bind us, we who think

we are free, in cocoons, like so many larvæ.

When I bad finished he sprang to his feet, raised his hands up and out in a brusk movement, as if to snap all these odious

little threads—he was young; he thought he could do it—and said: "I love her, Richard. What's all this bally rot you're telling me? I love her, I tell you!"

Then I spoke to him of his mother. I told him about his mother and myself. He put his hand on my shoulder. "I beg your pardon, Richard," he said. "I should not be impatient with you." His eyes filled with tears. "Poor mother !"

For a time he was silent, evidently downcast. Then that blooming robust optimism of his again rose through him like a wave. f his again rose turough matter," he said,
"I know what is the matter," he said,
"I with his new thought. "You have a-thrill with his new thought. "You have not seen her yet; you don't know Ivette, that's what's the matter. Everything will be right as soon as you know her. Go and

and see her." I said I would, for I saw that it was my eye; it had welcomed me in Singapore;
Saigon had fairly flamed with it; and in
Honkong the doors of the Queen's Theatre
had been flanked with twin red ladies of
uplifted toe.
So, here, for a moment, I feared that my

toe, pointing to heaven in a gesture without sanctity!

This but for a second, though. The soaring limb floated back gracefully to the hoards; she turned like a top and slid from one end of the stage to the other in dance. It was Mademoiselle Ivette herself. I had caught up with her. also!

I went to call on Mademoiselle Ivette the following afternoon. She had been up not very long, and received me in a fluffy and belaced garment, in which, I must admit, she looked very charming, in spite of the corrosions of stage-cosmetic which made of her visage that of a child precociously aged. She received me with a certain dignity a little overdone to be supplied to the following afternoon. She had been up not very long, and received me in a fluffy and belaced garment, in which, I must admit, she looked very charming, in spite of the corrosions of stage-cosmetic which caught up with her, also!

She disappeared into the wings; the lights went out; and suddenly she floated boards.

I sprang right into the breach. She looked at me with wide innocent eyes, and, with an ingenuousness that was well

"And may I demand of monsieur from what springs this remarkable interest he words were like a toll. takes in the young man?"

I told her that I had known him a long

"And you have a right of guidance his actions—and mine?" she kept on suavely, pushing her advantage. I became a little muddled; said I knew

bis mother, had known him since a boy; stammered something vague about the general interest I took in young men; and finally blurted out that I loved the lad.

It had a thattet we work to will be a thought and the later to work the strong to the state who to the strong the stro "Ah," she said, stopping me with a little gesture, and her brown eyes lit up like stars, "ah, you should have begun by that. You love him; that is enough."
She turned her head and looked out of

"You know his mother." I said : "Yes." "Tell me how she looks. Has she eyes, blue, like him? And is her bair golden and does it ourl at the temples? And does

she have the nice frank smile ?' I said that she had blue eyes like his, just as frank and fine, that her bair, now, was silvery, and her smile sometimes a

"I would like to know her," she said. She was looking again out upon the sea. A silence had come between us at 'his evocation of Johnnie's mother, a silence that was a communication almost, which held elancholy—one of those dangerous silences that are so apt to lead into sentimentality. I broke the spell. "You must let him be," I said. "The

boy-he takes it all seriously ; to you it is an amusement, an amusement you can give up." "Amusement?" She stopped me with a

look, a rapid glance which was a revela-tion; it was full of pain. "Amusement?" she said. 'It is torture!" Again a silence fell between us, a silenc pulsing with the vehemence of her cry. I saw that I must change my method. It was so different from what I had expected,

perhaps a bit vicious; but there was no mistaking the misery in her eye, the enunciation of this word "torture." ' It was on her very passion I must rely; on the quality of her affection. Out of the depths of that love I must call forth renunciation. So, very carefully, I explained every-thing; his position, the long line of an-cestral honor to be sustained, his duty to his country, his family, to himself. I told her of the plans he had, the great future before him. And I showed her how all this would fail, would tumble to pieces irretrievably shattered, if—I did not mince my words—if he lost the esteem necessary to his full development by marrying be-

neath his station. While I spoke she had dragged off the couch a searf, one of those magnificent embroidered things you can get in Canton, and with one swift movement she had

stars—a sentimental youngster, and very proud of it, too, I'll wager! I struck him splendor to the station!" I gazed upon her, astounded. She sat there, by this slight act of throwing a scarf about her, transfigured. A baughtiness was through he said with a very shocked like a diadem was upon her brow, a splen expression and a gulping in his throat:

Good God, Richard, you don't underwith each rise and fall conveyed a long drapery. know her. Why, you're-you're''-his o ackled and threw gleams. She throned

> Then suddenly she had leaped to her feet out behind like the mantle of a chariot

rider. "Bab!" she oried. "It is just I be needs, just I! His English blood, it needs the molten metal of mine; his calm brain, the madness of mine! I would warm him the cold Saxon! Into his veins I would slow and rasping and deadly! I didn't breathe the furnace-heat of my fervor! I like them at all! And his face was set like marble, just like marble. Oh, yes, there was no doubt that I had gone off wrong.

She stood in the center of the room, tower-So, very gently and carefully, refraining ing above me sitting there stupefied, her from naming her at all—poor boy, he fairly shriveled whenever the talk seemed to lead to a mention of her—I explained from little white hand which, fluttering like a bird, continued to make sudden yearning

movements—up, up, and up.

The hand fell back, slapping the thigh.
"That is what I would do, Monsieur!" Anglais," she said, with an indefinable irony, "just that!" She was facing me, her breast still heaving, her eyes flashing. I hold by nature an inveterate distrust of histrionic passion; I soon regained my balance. I had one last arrow in my quiv-

er-a cruelly barbed one. I shot it-it I spoke to her of her past. I asked her if she could give him what is indispensable. what man demands, and in default of which he goes mad, that highest gift which

woman can give to man—herself absolute-ly. I asked her, cruelly I asked her—it had to be—if she had that to give. She crumpled up like a bit of paper to near the fire. She fell across the couch; her head disappeared beneath her arms. I could see only her back, shaken at intervals with a palpitation, as if a dagger were stuck there, to the hilt, between the shoul-

der-blades. It was a long time before she faced m again. And when she did she was no longer the imperial being of a few moments before; she was a very miserable little girl, with face swollen with woe and eyes hum

ble as a dog's. "Yes," she said, "you have come to it— the impossibility. I knew it all the time; all the time the knowledge was there, like an ache." She struck her breast with both clenched hands. "Que voulez-vous?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I am a child of be right as soon as you know her. Go and see her." He began to push me toward the door. "Go and see her, Richard. She's an angel; fit to grace a throne. Go on the stage all my life; that leads not to the life regular. Ah, monsieur, I have looked into his eyes; his soul is so blue and so candid. And I knew all the time that to him I could bring nothing so blue and so candid. No, I could not !"

Poor little devil ! She was so small now so much like a child. The great embroidered scarf lay at her feet and had ceased to pacing to and fro, his arms joined, tense, behind him, his shoulders twitching with brisk freeing movements. He was feeling pride; her fine exaltation had fallen. A yearning to console her, to make her hap-py had me. Instead, rigid duty standing at my elbow, I said :

"You are going away."
"I shall go away," she said. "To-morrow I shall go away."
I knew of a steamer sailing at six o'clock that very day for Hongkong. I said:
"You will go this evening."
She drew a sharp breath. Then: "Yes; this evening I shall go away.'

"I shall see you off," I said.

"You do not trust me," she objected

gently. "I do," I protested. "You will go

alone, this evening."
"This evening," she echoed, and the She went, that evening, and at the Paz Theater there was that night no Made-moiselle Ivette to make blood dance to ber

And at about one in the morning, I saw a disheveled young man reenter his room. He had hunted the whole town through, ing the steamer-offices, the pier and the docks, looking for some craft, any craft, that would take him to Hongkong. But

there wasn't any ; not for three days. And when we did get to Hongkong ther was there no trace of Mademoiselle Ivette the window, upon the bay shimmering she had evaporated—phoo!—like that irridescently. After a time she said: ing the doors of the Queen's Theater, soiled, torn, slashed by the weather, were still

two red Mademoiselle Ivettes, smiling with right toes pointed to the sky.

There followed an apathy that made me very uncomfortable, lasting several days, and then without warning I saw him, like a man coming out of a dream, rush one morning to the palace of the governor and ask the facilities that would enable him to study the administration of the possession

He was saved! I left him there and returned to Eugland to lay at the feet of his mother the result of my mission. She sat, just as when I bad left her, you remember, in a high-backed chair placed in the shadow; a shaft of light fell upon her head, and that head now was no longer austerely gray. In those few months it had become white with a white that was very soft.

When I was through telling her she was silent for a long time. Then she leaned forward and touched my hand lightly. Her voice was like a muffled golden bell, hidden there in the shadow.

And she said: "My friend, I wonder if

after all-it would not have been betteryes, I wish, somehow—I wish we could have let him be happy!" this thing! She loved him; she left no doubt as to this. She may have been a dancing girl, a frivolous night-butterfly, perhaps a bit vicious; but there was no repression, of crushing. And I wondered. And it is a terrible thing, when your life is gone, when your life that you have sacrificed to a principle is gone, gone beyond recalling, it is a terrible thing then to wonder.-By James Hopper, in the Ains

That English Accent.

A recent criticism of English nomenclature on the American stage is a timely warning, as the following will give an idea of the great difference in pronunciation

of the great difference in pronunciation of the two countries:

Talbot is pronounced "Talbut," Thames is pronounced "Tems," Bulwer is pronounced "Buller," Cowper, "Cooper:" Holburn, "Hodun:" Wemyss, "Weems;" Knolloys, "Knowes;" Cockburn, "Coburn;" Brougham, "Broom;" Norwich, "Norridge;" St. Leger, "Stillinger;" Hawarden;" Colomburn, "Co-"Harden;" Colquboun, warden, hoon; 'Cirencester, 'Sissister;' Grosvenor, 'Grovenor;' Salisbury. 'Salisbury;' Beaucham, 'Beecham;' Marylebone, "Marrabun;" Abergavenny, "Abergenny;" Majoribanks, "Marobbanks;" Bolingbroke, "Bullingbrook;" Cholmondeley, "Chum-

Certain words have a different meaning For example : The American says "depot," the Englishman says "station. Ticket office equals "booking office. Baggage become "luggage." An American says "I guess," but an Englishman says "I fancy. Cracker becomes "bisonit. Checkers equals "draughts." Yeast be comes "barn." Dessert equals "sweets" and sexton becomes "doorkeeper."—Pitts burg Sun.

A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would hav asked such a question in the first place.
"Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes would you have?"
"If I could make myself over," said Miss

"You would?" exclaimed Henley

honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact. Opposites Cause and Effect

"They say that there is more crime immitted in hot weather."
"Yes; heat seems to conduce to wicked."

"Now that's strange, that a close at phere should cause loose principles.' -"Tommy, were you fighting wit that Carter boy?'

"Yes, maw."
"Didn't I tell you not to quarred with nyone?" 'Yes, maw; but I thought all bets wer off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's maw."

--- "So the town has declined a "Yes; but the grocery lyceum has written the philanthropist volunteerin' to maintain a barrel if he'll furnish the codfish."

-He's a regular philanthro-what de you call it?" "Wot's be did?"

"Why, in de last week he's give away wo dozen 'Deadwood Dick' an' a doz 'Nickel' libraries!" -"I had to sell my auto, but I haven't

nissed it yet.' "How's that ?" "You can get most of the sensations by leaning rugs."

the lad.

It would be just as sensible to fill your

pockets with coal and expect to keep warm, as it is to fill the stomach with food and expect to keep strong. Coal is converted into heat only by combustion. Food is converted into strength only by digestion. When the digestive and nutritive system is deranged the food crowded into the stomach is an injury to the body it should sustain. Many a severe illness would be saved if people would pay more attention to the warnings of the deranged stomach. Many a person pays a doctor's bill for treatment for "heart trouble," nervousness, sleep-lessness or other ailments caused by "stomach trouble," who could have been cheaply and completely cured by a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Disdoses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-covery, the great remedy for diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

life in the orient was not spent among such scenes as these. Both she and her brother did much charitable work in the slums

S. McComb in Harper's Bazar.

HOW IT HAPPENED

My Uncle Jim, he made a speech, 'Twas full of thoughts sublime. Its mighty echoes ought to reach

The corridors of time. And shake their vast foundations sure With its reverberant notes. And incidentally secure My Uncle Jim some votes

But when we staunch, determined me Heard what he had to teach. We found out also that the pen Is mightier than the speech. For, while we gazed with trusting pride And craned our royal necks. The rated foeman, just outside, Was busy writing checks.

American Girl's Experiences in Royal Harem of Egypt.

To few American young women com the varied and interesting experiences which have been the lot of Miss Daise L. Keichline, whose home is in Bellefonte, Pa., and who is at present the guest of Miss Harriet McGill, of 302 West Colfax avenue. Three years ago Miss Keichline's brother, who is a physician, went to Cairo, Egypt, and a year and a half later his sister, Miss Daise, joined him as a medical missionary. having taken a long course of preparatory work in Battle Creek and Philadelpnia.

Dr. Keichline had already interested himself in a missionary movement among the young men of Cairo, the oriental "second Paris," and a city noted the world over among travelers for its wickedness. He had won for himself many friends in the official circle of Cairo and also among the native dignataries and members of the royalty. Miss Keichline is a very pretty girl with a most attractive and winning

personality and she at once became popu-lar among the foreign residents of the city. At the time Miss Keichline went to Cairo. the favorite wife of the former Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was ill with tuberculosis.

During the life of the khedive, she had been sent to Paris with a Turkish princess who had the disease and who went to the French capital for treatment. In caring for the princess, the wife contracted the dread destroyer. When the khedive realized that he was about to die, he looked about him for some one to whom he could will his favorite wife, finally selecting a man who had in his youth been a medical student, but who had been compelled to abandon his chosen calling by a decree of the khedive's and take instead the superintendency of the gardens and grounds sur-

rounding the palace of Cairo.

When it became known that the former wife of Ismail Pasha was in a serious condition from tuberculosis, her second hus-band called Dr. Keichline to attend her, and the physician asked his sister to take charge of the patient. So the home in Cairo was broken up and the wife and Miss Keichline went to Toukh, where they lived in the country at the edge of the town, inhabiting two tents, each with a slave to attend her and guarded at night by three men and three dogs. Here Miss Keichline remained for four days pursing the sick woman. Then she was compelled to abandon her post on account of the ravages of the insects and vermin which every-where abound in that part of Egypt. At different times after that Miss Keichline different times after that Miss Keichline her by a Turkish woman as a birthday visited her patient and it was on one of gift. It is of gorgeous blue silk with gay these occasions and the birthday anniver-eary of the "sitta hakiema" or lady doctor, as she was called, that she was presented with an exquisitely matched string a student of architecture at Cornell uniof 325 pink coral beads by the former wife versity, but though her sister has chosen a

The distinguished patient of the American doctor and his sister was, as are all women of the harems, very flesby. A steady diet of heavy sweets and little or no exercise invaribly produces this effect, in geousness of oriental surrounding, the living spite of the constant smoking of cigarettes in an atmosphere ever heavy with the mate of the barems, man, woman and child, from the meanest slave to the highest memher of the royal family. Miss Keichline said that, being the only person in the barem who did not smoke, she embroidered as a substitute. While she was nursing "If I could make myself over," said Miss her hopeless patient, there came an eclipse Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I do of the sun. The palace slaves were crazy with terror, thinking the end of the world was at hand, running wildly about the palace with screams of horror.

As is the oriental custom, the wife, knowing her days were numbered, began thinking of finding a wife to succeed herself in her husband's favor. One day she suggested to Miss Keichline that she marry this man who was fully 60 years of age. To this the young American girl stren-nously objected, and in reply to a ques-tion if she knew of any marriageable girls in Cairo, she mentioned the sister of a na-tive friend of her brother's, a young medical student, who is now an interne in the Kasr el Aliny hospital at Cairo. Without any hesitation, the about-to-be-widowed-husband started at once for Cairo, there to bargain with the parents of the 18 year-old girl for her hand.

He won his suit and married the girl before his first wife's death, never having seen his bride's face nor she his until after the ceremony, according to native custom. At this wedding Miss Keichline was bridesmaid, wearing a frook of white silk while the bride herself was clothed in blue. Following the wedding, which took place in the desert, far out on the sands, a wedding feast was served. A feature of this wedding and of all weddings among the wealthier class is the throwing about of small gold coins after the coremony, handfuls being scattered as rice and rose leaves are dispensed in America.
Of this wedding feast and the food and

able manners of the orientals, Miss Keichline has much to say. The game is well cooked and there is always an over abundance of sweets. The Arabic bread is ourious to the eyes of the unnitiated, consisting of two thin cakes, arranged as though they were the empty crusts of a "two-lidded" pie. This bread serves a double purpose as the soup is brought to the table in one big bowl and each diner eats from this common receptacle, scooping up his portion with the flexible sheets of

Prince of Sweden was there, who later married Margaret of Connaught, and attend-

among the poor who live in such poverty and degredation as can scarcely be appre-ciated in this country.

There a nurse or a physician who will and does alleviate suffering regardless of class or caste is regarded as an angel and is given the homage which is due their calling in much greater measure than they do here. Often Miss Keichline attended cases in a harem where her brother was refused admittance and where she must needs make as complete a diagnosis as she could unassisted, and then administer the remedies which her brother thought might be

Among Dr. Keichline's patients was the grand mouftiff, who is the head of the Mobammedan church, holding the position in that faith which the pope holds in the Ro-man Catholic church. This dignatary often came to the Keichline residence to visit, remaining for meals, and upon these occasions no woman could sit at the table. As a parting gift, the grand mouftiff presented the physician with a handsome shawl of white wool which had been one of the vestmente of his office.

Miss Keichline rarely went out unveiled during her stay in the Orient, because to do so was to be stared at by foreigners and natives alike. Yet only once did she ex-perience any actual rudeness from the men f Cairo, and this was on a crowded street car. In the evening she never ventured out of the house unattended by either her

brother or a servant. At her home in Bellefonte this clever nurse and charming woman has quantities of oriental brasses, rugs and many other souvenirs of her stay in the "oriental Pars." She has with her here in South Bend handsome white silk cape embroidered in gold such as is commonly worn by the vealthier men of Morocco. This garment is of the shape commonly known as "circular" among the feminine initiated, and has

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pointed book at the back. Besides the hooded cloak, the News reporter who interviewed Miss Keichline at the McGill bome was privileged to see two quaint Egyptian scarabs, one of a dark green stone with hieroglyphics cut on the under side, this one being set in a ring, and the other one of amythest, this being mounted in gold for a pin. Two long scarfs, one of white and one of black net, are beavily embroidered with a flat silver thread. These scarfs are sold by weight in the oriental countries, as they may well be, the silver in the sheer net having a weight beyond belief until held in the

A pair of Egyptian earrings are of gold with long pendant chains of gold beads fastened together with tiny links. In harmony with these is the "yasmack" or orthodox face coverings worn by Turkish women which consists of a band of black velvet embroidered with gold across the forehead. From this depends a narrow straight veil of black "creepy" looking material. This is fastened to the bear band by slender gold chains which allows it to come below the eyes and over the nose is arranged a big ornament of gold which would make an Anglo Saxon woman crosseyed in an hour. Twisted about the head over the hair is worn a scarf of white with gaily colored figures. Besides all these various articles of apparel and jewelry, Miss Keichline has here a gown made for pink figures, much white lace and a quan

tity of little pink bows. Miss Daise Keichline has a sister who is of the khedive. This gift was accompanied by a piece of Austrian gold.

calling which is as yet rather uncommon among women, she will not be apt to ever which is the daily occupation of every in- perfume of a thousand flowers and blue with the smoke of Turkish cigarettes, enjoying the company and the affectionate friendship of the women of the royal barem and being a member of the social circle formed by the officials of the various governments of the world in this city on the Nile of world-old fame is an experience which has rarely, if ever, come to an American girl before.—From South Bend (Indiana) News.

> A Wash Twice a Year. A charming Hungarian countess once said to me, "What is so nice about the men from England is that they look so clean, as if they had just come from a swim." Of course we pride carselves on our morning tubs, splash and splutter and shiver and polish up with rough towels. "What dirty people those English are," remarked an Italian, "when they find it necessary to wash all over every day! Why, I' only wash twice a year!" I have met Chinese who regard washing all over as a proceeding decidedly improper. A Chinese is washed when he is born, and he has no other altogether wash till he is dead. But we British people have adopted cleanliness only of recent years. Small houses have their bathrooms, but very few houses built over haif a century ago were provided with bathrooms. I suppose those must have been the days of the Saturday night wash in the kitchen Certainly our gay cavaller ancestors in silks and ruffles must have been a dirty gang. Handkerchiefs were not invented, and the velvet cloaks must often have been greasy. The rollicking old times were very dirty old times.—"Baths, Pleasant and Other-

The Don't Worry Theory. The usual advice given to the worrier is, "Don't worry." This advice is foolish because impractical. No one can stop thinking one type of thought except by substituting for it another. Besides, it is dangerous advice, for. Besides nursing the one-time wife of Ismail Pasha, Miss Keichline also attended the Countess Cromer, formerly Lady Kathryn Thynne, and numbered among her friends the countess and her sister, Lady Beatrice Thynne. She also journeyed up the Nile to Assiout, and there cared for the granddaughter of the Earl of Oxford through a long illness. Another patient of Miss Keichline's was the Polish countess who is the wife of Morice Bey is to be taught how to find a healthfeet of Mies Keichine's was the Polish countess who is the wife of Morice Bey Farqughar, a woman whom she describes as possessing all the charming fascination of the women of the Polish race.

Miss Keichline was in Cairo when the Prince of Swaden was there, who later "But work," and let us also point out what kind of work should be undered the ball given in his honor. But all her taken and the spirit in which it ought