

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

Yesterday Mirandy voted. But so far I haven't noted That she's sprouted any whiskers or adopted trouserettes; And she hasn't indicated Since she got emancipated That she means to start out raiding with a bunch of suffragettes.

GOOD CHILDREN.

Ralph paused at the front steps, and shook himself as though literally to throw off the care that had been dragging down his grave young head and shoulders through twenty blocks of bright city avenue. The house had been a handsome double mansion in the days of old New York; now signs and show-cases, flanking the broad steps, told of trade to the very attic. One of the cases held photographs of a dim, suggestive order, slightly fastened to careless strips of gray paper, and signed "Sarah Calvert, photographer," in a small, fine handwriting. Three flights up, Ralph paused before a door bearing the same name over a bronze knocker.

own mother. Why, you couldn't bear it. Oh, Ralph, if you take her side and encourage her—" And Sarah's eyes did fill with tears. He put out a hand to pat the edge of her sleeve. "Sarah, Sarah, dear, if you cry, I shall."

ness, she could scarcely get it open. Then the light died out of her eyes and her lips set. The anxiety made her offer apologetically, not expecting acceptance, but the home was "refined" and the need immediate. Mrs. Calvert faced it squarely: a little Connecticut town, a mentally broken old woman in her care day and night, small pay, the long winter coming. But her spirit had not really hesitated for an instant. There was even a grave joy in her heart when at last she rose to take action. Moving very quietly, she drew a trunk out of her closet and began to pack her clothes and belongings. When that was done, she pushed it softly back and brought down from a shelf a small traveling-bag.

Sarah declared more than once in the fortnight that followed. Mrs. Calvert had said she suppressed buoyancy, a gay alertness, that had not shone out of her since dependence had overtaken her days. She only laughed at her daughter's suspicion, and Sarah was too absorbed in her own anxieties to wonder very much; but she felt anew the older woman's charms and value, and a longing to confide in her fought daily with dread of wounding. At last, one free afternoon, when a sitter had failed her, she suddenly threw down a pretense of work and ran to her mother.

RETURNING FROM INDIA. By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Beautiful Scenery and Majestic Mountains on the Trip South Through India. DARJEELING, JANUARY 29th, 1914. Dear Home Folk: Dak. Bungalow at Senchal.—I left you at Allahabad and I must tell you of my night jaunt to Calcutta, as you are always talking of my traveling alone. Well, I got into an intermediate carriage in which there were two young Englishmen and as we each had a seat we prepared for a comfortable night and off we started. I was interested in the country, for Jhansi and its surroundings look so bare and barren one is repulsed, but at Allahabad the irrigation is so wonderful that everything is green, but as we came toward Calcutta vegetation became more and more profuse and palm trees were everywhere, and I began to see my India of books.

changed every few moments until finally the sun's first rays touched the tops and life—pink, beautiful and alluring, seemed to be breathed into them. My companions exclaimed at the wonder but I could only stand silent in awe drinking in this, the most wonderful sunrise I had ever seen. The rest of the range stood out came-like from the pink sky. It was Kinchinjunga that excited our admiration for away off to the left of it, just showing above the intervening mountain like the dome on the top of a Mohammedan Mosque, Mt. Everest was seen, cloud-like; it was interesting only on account of its actual superior height, but being one hundred and twenty-five miles away, gave one no idea that it was to be compared with the peaks in front of us.