WHAT THEN?

What if the day be cold and dark and long?

V. at though 1 drag a burder through
the street?

Gen treat me coldly and affairs go wrong,
But I to-night shall hear two little feet,
and two soft hands shall stroke my weary
here.

And two sweet lips shall press against

my cheek—
What if I hear complaining only now;
What though no one has friendly words
to speak?

When men are coldest and the killing

Weighs heaviest upon me through the

day.

Iow sweet it is to leave my cares behind

And rush to where I hold imperial sway;

To dance my loving subject on my knee.

To press his face against my own, to hear

Iim lisping baby words of praise for me,

And feel and know again that God is

near!

But, oh, if after some dark day, and long, When I have been pushed down by stronger men; if, after some sad day when things go

I should not hear his little feet-what

then?
if some night when, heavy-hearted, I
ish home to claim his loyalty again,
should not meet me with his joyous

rry-r he were gone-what then, alas! what

-B. E. Kiser, in Chicago Daily News.



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CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

The broad light from the window fell full apon him, showing him to be a man of but medium height, though stout and pale of face. His eyes were dark, his nose long and slightly dished at the bridge. The mouth was sensual, and bespoke his character at a glance, though his face was by no mans coarse or weak. His brow was not broad, but it was smooth and open, and his brown hair, greatly puffed about his cars, was tied into a queue behind and profusely recordered. powdered.

But he was not a striking figure despite the

gorgeous uniform of scarlet and gold adorned with the waistcoat ribbon and bril-liant star of his knightly order. Something there was about him which impressed me with the littleness of his nature, and there was a lurk in his side glances wholly in was a lurk in his side glances wholly in-compatible with an honest, fearless spirit. Undoubtedly he was a man proud of his rank and power—a man much given to self-communion and silence. His official stand-ing was indicated by the single heavy epau-let adorning his right shoulder. His sword, with its belt wrapped about it, he carried in his hand.

"I decla" madam." he said, as he "I declars, madam," he said, as he straightened himself and walked to a hand-somely appointed table, on which he deposited his sword, "you have braved the storm and stolen a march on me, as you promised. Have you other charms to pit against the terrors of tempest and earthquake? You are the queen of graciousness to thus honor me. Do you find Lounsbury to your liking?" And as he pronounced the name he recognized my presence by a look and an almost imperceptible bending of the head.
"Now I restort Sir Honye!" said Mrs.

Now I protest, Sir Henry!" said Mrs. "Now I protest, Sir Henry!" said Mrs. Badely, rising and affecting petulance as she adjusted her costume. "You interrupted me before I had come to conclusions. The affair is none of my making, and I am broken-hearted at its necessity. Oh, necessity is such a dreadful word!—is it not, Capt. Lounsbury? Really, Sir Henry, I supposed you would not come for an hour yet, but, now that you are here, I will leave you to settle with the captain while I look after my recreant ward. Sir Henry, I feared I would have found her with you. Ah! Capt. Lounsbury, one's children, be they ours by law or nature, are such a trial—such a trial! Lounsbury, one's children, be they ours by law or nature, are such a trial—such a trial!

When shall I know of your decision, Sir Henry?" Then with an upward look and clearly affected archness, "You will honor me to-night, will you not, Sir Henry?"

What answer Clinton made I never knew.
He held out his hand to her, the fall of lene from his out almost overing it and

lace from his cuff almost covering it, and with a step as unnatural as that in the minuet escorted her into the hall, closing

minust escorted her into the hall, closing the door behind him.

He was not absent long. I had but time to take in the details of the elegantly furnished apartment, from its carved (steplace behind the table to the carved easing of the window overlooking the Hickor, when he entered rather hastly, his face no longer bearing its genial expression, and with something of a business-like air seated himself at the table, motioning me to take

the chair opposite.

Before speaking he cast quick glances at me, instantly removing his eye from mine as met my gaze, but immediately returning the charge. Finally, he began quite

ply: ire you Capt. Lounsbury?" "Are you Capt. Lounsbury?"
My heart leaped at the question, and I pulled myself together with the firm intention of laying violent hands on him if he had discovered the fraud, but I answered quietly and with an unswerving look:
"Yes, your excellency."
"General Knyphausen has always vouched for you, but you hardly appear the desperado I had been led to expect. Your physique and carriage make you an excel-

physique and carriage make you an excel-lent agent—if—you have subtlety behind."

His manner was unsuspicious, and this elieved me. Bowing, I answered: "I have seen service, your excellency, and have always rendered a good account of myself."

"So I am told," he replied. "You are emarkable man. You look and speak like a gentleman, yet your record is shady, sir; still," he put in hurriedly, "I am not criticising. War has its necessities. You read the order given you yesterday?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Are your record to the state of the s remarkable man. You look and speak like

"Are you prepared to act on its sugges

es, your excellency."

He stopped as if perplexed, and passed his band across his brow.

hand across his brow.

"You were not successful in your mission to Norfolk! Why did you not report?"

"The party was out of reach," I ventured, hazarding the guess that he referred to the kidnaping business. "But I made amends later. I have been ill from a wound,"

I confirmed pointing to my allow which

I continued, pointing to my sling, which through all the excitement in leaving the King's Arms I had not forgotten.

ngs Arms I had not forgotten.
"Will you undertake a similar errand—
re in the city, and in connection with the
p to Newport?" he asked, looking at me

"Yes, your excellency, if it be feasible." "It is feasible; it is easy, and you shall be well rewarded. Have you money?"
"No, your excellency; I have nothing but my promise of prize money. I am living on the credit of that."

"Indeed! Have you the paper with you, properly indorsed

properly indorsed?"
For an answer I took it from my pocket and laid it before him, at the same time realizing with a start that the communication given to me the day before had been left in my room in the hurry of escaping from the tavern. He picked up the document I laid before him, glanced at it, and then, rising, went to a bookcase, which on being opened disclosed a small strong-box. This he unlocked, and taking from it several rouleaux of coin laid them on the table.
"You must have money; you cannot get

"You must have money; you cannot get ready without it. You will have many exready without it. You will have many expenses. Listen! I shall not intrust you with a packet to General Pigot. The venture is too hazardous. Tell him to hold Newport to the last extremity, and I will start to his relief within two weeks. I shall also communicate with him by land." He arose again, and clasping his hands behind him walked up and down the floor. I saw that the man was wishing to come to a point against which just then he was shying, and, as time was an object to me, I

ing, and, as time was an object to me, I hoped to help him over the difficulty by

hoped to help him over the difficulty by remarking:

"The matter of the cruise is plain enough, but your excellency hinted at secret instructions."

"Yes, yes," he answered. "It was that I referred to a moment since." He hesitated, and then pointing to my arm, continued, "Perhaps your wound would cripple you for active service?"

"No, your excellency," I answered burriedly; "it is about healed."

"Will you, then—undertake to—to—in short—to abduct a—a person and—and perhaps deliver her to Pigot?"

"It is a woman, then?"

perhaps deliver her to Pigot?"

"It is a woman, then?"

"It is a woman. In fact, my position is delicate—I must not be known in the matter. She is troublesome to— Well, her brother is about to be executed. I wish to save her from this knowledge. Do you follow me? She is to be the victim of an unauthorized outrage; the motive to be your own. No ill treatment, no unnecessary violence, of course. You shall be paid—you shall be well paid. Get the boat ready—be ready within five days. Can I rely on you? Then report for final details. Is there anything more?"

"Yes, your excellency, there is more. I

Is there anything more?"

"Yes, your excellency, there is more. I shall need a pass. Some of my men are without the lines."

"Very good!" he returned, sitting down and pulling paper toward him, on which he wrote rapidly; then pushing the writing away, he began talking with the feather of the quill betwixt his teeth.

"Here is your pass," said he, laying his hand over the paper and looking hard at me, "and there is your gold. There is more to come. No violence—no brute violence.

me, "and there is your gold. There is more to come. No violence—no brute violence. What would you do if necessity demanded your sinking the ship? If—if—if—"

The pen in his mouth gave his voice the character of a snarl; his eyes flashed, and he bent forward eagerly. I caught a glimpse of the villainy of this man, and without winking promptly replied:
"Save myself, your honor!"

As though smitten by a revulsion of feeling, he started back and exclaimed:
"No! no! Not that! Great God! not quite so quick! What a tool you are! Is there no other way! Let me think; let it rest as it is until you report.—Ah! what is

there no other way? Let me think; let it rest as it is until you report.—Ah! what is the meaning of this?"

The last remark was drawn from him by a noise of controversy in the hall without, the sudden opening of the door, and the entry of a female unannounced. She was veiled, but before the door had fairly closed helpind her with a graceful move of her arm. behind her, with a graceful move of her arm she uncovered her face, and I involuntarily came to my feet as I recognized the young girl whose beauty had struck me as I was about leaving the Sprite.

Her eyes were red from weeping, and, indeed the tears on her cheeks were as a new control of the structure.

deed, the tears on her cheeks were as appar deed, the tears on her cheeks were as apparent as the few raindrops on her silken hood, as well as on her plain though elegant costume. Over her white brow and from under the back of her head covering there strayed a few locks of hair, which some might have called red, but red they were not, being the richest of auburn, and of such a nature that the damp of the air had curled them into

the damp of the air had curied them into a mass of crisp waves.

If tears were on her cheeks, there were none in her voice as size advanced before the Englishman. As she came to within a pace of him she halted, and demanded in a low, firm tone, which for all its firmness was

"Sir Henry Clinton, where is my brother?" "Sir Henry Clinton, where is my brother."
Clinton dropped his eyes, while a heavy
frown contracted his smooth forehead. For
an instant he appeared about to give way to
temper, but finally unpuckered his brows
and replied easily, as though patronizing a petulant child

"My dear Miss Gertrude, you must ask

all your Mrs. Badely no aunt of mine, Sir Henry. She may be my guardian, but none of her blood flows in my veins. Be that as it may, sir, she has but this moment gone a week. You have promised each day that I should see him the next. Sir Henry, where is my brother?"

The decidedly defiant tone of the last demand made me wonder at the audacity of the speaker, but instead of arousing the temthe speaker, but instead of arousing the tem-per of the man to whom it was addressed, it made him rather draw into himself, though not without an effort at self-control. Again he arose and paced the floor behind his dosk, but finally stopping in his walk, took a long breath as if he had arrived at a determina

tion, and suddenly turning to me, said: "Capt. Lounsbury, the plan I mentioned ll remain in abeyance.—My dear Ger-ude," he continued, addressing the girl, "I trude," he continued, addressing the giri, have been trying to save you from pain, but, as you will have the truth, I will give it to you. Your brother has been discovered acting in the interests of the enemy. His of-fense was clear, and he has acknowledged it. He was arrested one week ago this day. He was tried fairly, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. Yesterday he perished in the fire at Cruger's Wharf before the sen-

ence could be executed.'

Now at these words I guessed this was the Now at these words I guessed this was the girl whom I had been expected to kidnap and make way with, and my first impulse, quickly controlled, was to blurt out the fact of her own danger. It had become plain, however, that Clinton could not screw his courage to going the length of even indirectly taking her life, much as he wished for some reason to be rid of her. It was strongly forced on me that he was being used as a cat's-paw by the woman who was known to powerfully influence his actions, even to the extent of altering the plans of a campaign. As he finished his statement, I knew he had bed the giri an untruth, or he had been lying told the girl an untruth, or he had been lying to me as he had informed me that the was about to be hanged, no mention been made of his death by fire. In there came to mind my encounter the scorched patriot, and I instinctive-trung the two together.

trung the two together.

I expected to witness the collapse of the girl as the British general completed his sentence, but there came nothing of the sort.

consequence of my act.

"Nay, Sir Henry," I replied, clearly, but without moving, "I shall never arrest her nor see her arrested here; rather would I utter 296 words a minute.

Instead, she stood tall and graceful, with lips apart and eyes widely strained. Her color faded a trifle, but after a breath or two she answered stoutly

answered stoutly:

"Gen. Clinton, that is false! My brother held no communication with anyone beyond the lines at Kingsbridge. You have overshot your mark. It was I, sir, who informed Gen. Washington of your intended movement into the Jerseys, but my poor brother kas hear decord because he in the second second because he in the second second because he in the second second because he is the second se into the Jerseys, but my poor brother kas been doomed because he is in possession of facts which would compromise Sir Henry Clinton were they known abroad. I, too, know them. Work your will on me, a girl —I care not; but if you injure a hair of the head of Beverly, all England shall knowhow head of Beverly, all England shall know how Mr. Henry Clinton obtained his knighthood, together with other matters which would make interesting reading. [Two years be-fore, Gen. Clinton had challenged Lord George Germain, of the British ministry. In fear of his life, Germain promised Clin-ton a title and the command of the army in America, if he would withdraw the shall ton a title and the command of the army in America if he would withdraw the challenge. Clinton did so, obtained leave of absence from America, went to London and was knighted by the king. Returning, he succeeded Gen. Howe, who resigned shortly before the evacuation of Philadelphia. The affair caused great scandal at the time.] Ine attair caused great scandal at the time.] By his appearance, here is doubtless one of your familiars," she went on, indicating me by a fine look of intense scorn. "Order him to apprehend and make way with Gertrude King, who, by the help of God, has been, is now, and always will be, devoted to her own land and its liberties!"

land and its liberties!"

As she uttered these words she was sublime. Her figure swayed slightly, her eyes
sparkled, and her voice rang like a bell.
There was no effect of bravado, but it was
apparent that with her there had come a
crisis, and she had thrown off her mask,
either because it was no longer of use or
for the purpose of sacrificing herself for her
brother. Her great beauty, her youth, her
fearlessness—ay, even the grace of her pose,
set off by her faultless costume—gave weight
to the words which on her listeners produced profound though widely differing duced profound though widely differing emotions

My own first feeling was that of utter in-significance as I marked her great courage and heard the inspiring eloquence of her last sentence; my next that, if necessary, I would risk my life to assist her if my way would risk my life to assist her if my way to do so was made plain. My admiration, my respect was beyond measure. I was al-most moved to defy Clinton to his face there and then when that party exposed the spirit is which he had listened.

He had halted and whirled about as she

He had halted and whirled about as she threw at him the falsity of his statement, and as she progressed, his face turned from white to red and from red to purple. On her finishing, he hung a moment as though to gather the full import of her words, and then banged his fist on the table as he ex-

'You doubly damned rebel wench! You "You doubly damned rebel wench! You spy! How dare you use such language here and to me? So you have taken advantage of your housing with— My God! what a fool your aunt has been! Madam," he suddenly thundered, "you are under arrest—"
"Sir," she said, cutting him short, "if I am, I will be released. You have now an

am, I will be released. You have now an opportunity to confiscate my property as you have my brother's. Doubtless this sum will also go to enric's your paramour. You have taken me for a child, but I am not the helpless girl you think me. I know your motives. They are money, and fear, and Mrs. Badely. And now I have but one demand, Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, and one more statement. Your personal secrets are safe with me conditionally, and my property you are welcome to, as you will but hold it until the right prevails; but this I will have now—a pass beyond your lines at have now—a pass beyond your lines at Kingsbridge. The statement will simply show the extent of your falsity and the ease with which it is overcome. My brother—" At that moment the hall door for a second

At that moment the faul door for a second time was thrown open violently by a female, and now it was Mrs. Badely who reentered. There was no affectation about her as sue hurried in and closed it behind her. With her hand on the knob, her face blanched to an ash color, and her whole figure trem-bling, she pointed to the defiant girl and

binds, she pointed to the definite gir and burst out:

"She is a traitor! she is a traitor! Let her not go hence! O Sir Henry! Sir Henry! he has escaped! He has been back and—taken -all-those-

She got no further, but, tottering slightly. sank to the floor in a real of

CHAPTER X.

THE HEROISM OF GERTRUDE KING. Gen. Clinton stood as if stricken with catalepsy, while I sprang to Mrs. Badely. catalepsy, while I sprang to Mrs. Badely, Discarding the useless disguise, I threw my sling from me and, lifting the lady, bore her to the couch. As her aunt sank to the floor the girl had given a violent start, and, as though taking for granted that the escaped party referred to was her brother, raised her hands and exclaimed fervently:
"Thank God! thank God!" Then the emotion she had bravely suppressed when her misfortune seemed at its height over-came her on the relaxation of the strain, and she broke into a torrent of tears.

Giving no further attention to Mrs. Bade-I turned and looked at Clinton. He had sy, I turned and looked at Clinton. He had sunk into his chair, and was undergoing a strong inward struggle, but the expression of his face boded little good to the girl who still stood before him. In a moment he straightened himself, and pointing to the weeping maiden, sternly said:

"Capt. Lounsbury, call my orderly, and, see that this waman is placed in confine.

see that this woman is placed in confine nent. Report to me when it is done." ment. Report to me when it is done."
It appeared that the moment had arrived
when I must declare myself, for to allow this
heroic girl to suffer the indignity of arrest
while I could prevent it, was not in my
books. I was about to turn on him with my

answer when she lifted her head, and, direct ing her wet eyes toward Clinton, said as firmly as she had before spoken:

"Gen. Clinton, I care little for what you may do to me. The only load I had has been lifted. My brother is free! Listen to me! He was never arrested as a spy, never tried in any court, never condemned to be in any court, never condemned hanged! I knew he was to be secre I knew he was to be secretly re oved from his prison; of that I was moved from his prisqn; of that I was in-formed by one of your own officers, and I came here to demand his whereabouts. Is not my so-called beauty as powerful for my interests as your commands for yours? Look to yourself, Sir Knight! What I know of you will find a ready ear, but, Sir Henry Clinton, you will scarce have the courage to demand an earldom from the one who hears it?"

The utterly fearless way in which she spoke, coupled with sereasm and a taunt the nature of which I then knew nothing, drove the British general into a fury. Springing to his feet and again slamming the table, he

shouted: "Arrest her, sir! Arrest her instantly Stop her vile mouth! Good God! am I to thus bearded by a self-confessed trait

By this I had gotten to a pitch of spirits that ripened me for any deed insuring the safety of the gallant girl, and yet my head was left clear enough to see the possible call the sentry, and that for me it was now the whole pace or the scaffold, in an instant I was ahead of him, and, quickly locking the door, threw the key through the open win-I was none too soon. Through the heavy

was none too soon. Inrough the neavy mahogany I heard the approach of hurried footsteps, and the knob twisted while yet my hand was on it. With an oath Clinton turned toward the table and grasped his sword; but again I anticipated his action and was before him. Laying my left hand on the weapon, I pressed it down, while with my right I pushed him into his chair and held him there. He paled as though fearing immediate assassination, and gasped, then after a fruitless effort at freeing himself, he shouted:
"What! Cant Louisbury would you mur." "What! Capt. Lounsbury, would you mur

"What! Capt. Lounsbury, would you murder your commander?"
I rapidly shifted my grip, and to prevent his further clamoring placed my hand over his mouth, pinning his head fast to the back of the chair.
"Call me not Lounsbury!" I exclaimed in "Call me not Lounsbury!" I exclaimed in my excitement. "I have been damned by that name weeks enough! Know me as Donald Thorndyke, an enemy to the king.

—Quick, now!" said I turning to the girl. "Here is a pass ready written. Get away—out of the window! I will cover your going." And with that I snatched the writing from the table and held it toward her.

By this time there was a vicinity leading.

By this time there was a violent knocking at the door and some shouting in the hall, but, taking no notice of the shortness of time allowed for her escape, the girl stepped close to me, and, peering into my face with un disguised surprise upon her own counten e, said:

'Are you from Washington?" "Nay, miss," I answered, "I am but a free-lance; not from him, but for him to the end. Hurry your leaving, and God bless you for a brave lass!" "But you-but you! Must I take the sacrifice?"

"I am already known and outlawed. Hurry! Heaven help the first man who en-ters this room now! If you would prevent bloodshed, leave at once. I will follow be-

bloodshed, leave at once. I will follow be-times. Live for your brother's sake! Get gone—get gone!"

Taking the paper I had pushed into her hand, she gave me a smile that was a bene-diction, the memory of which comes to me as I write. Turning, she hastened to the bal-cony. I saw her gather her skirts, climb over the light iron rail and drop—a matter easily accomplished, as the window sill was a scarce six feet from the soil of the gar-den below.

And then I turned attention to myself and my own desperate situation.

There was nothing to do but follow her

immediately if I hoped to escape, but, knowing that every second's delay helped the maiden, I still held the general so that he could neither cry out nor prove aggressive, and so continued holding him for perhaps

the space of a minute.

In the meantime the attacks on the door ower becoming more violent, and even the one through which Clinton had entered was now being tried. Mrs. Badely, who had been unattended through the episode, suddenly recovered her senses and lifted herself upright to the country had been appeared to the country of the countr right on the couch, when, seeing me appar ently strangling her lover, she set up a shrieking that must have driven to despera tion those without.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STUCK TO HIM.

The Annoying Experience of an English Bishop with a Horsy Station Master.

A certain bishop, in traveling through his diocese had occasion to change at a wayside junction. While waiting for his train, he seized the opportunity of making friends with the station-master. One of the kindest-hearted men he was very fond of trying to enter into the varied interests of those with whom he came in contact. However, on this occasion he did not find it easy to dis over the exact topic in which his new friend was interested. So rejuctantly he fell back on his particular "shop," i. e., the traffic. "I suppose, with the race meeting taking place to-day, there has been some very heavy traffic on your line?" Inadvertently, the bishop had indeed struck the station-master's weakest point—not the traffic, but rac-ing. So for the next quarter of an hour he listened in his kindly way to the vari ous merits of the horses engaged in the St. Leger, and the chances of success At last, to the bishop's great relief, it must admitted, the and, shaking hands with his racing friend, he got into a carriage. He had not traveled very far, however, when the train having pulled up, he heard th station-master's voice, asking if the bishop of — was in the train. Hastily the bishop declared his presence. Of course, his fellow-passengers in the third-class carriage (it was the bishop's boast that he always traveled third were on the qui vive to know what the station-master wanted with the bishop while quite a little knot of spectator gathered around the carriage window Up comes the official, making a prodi-gious salute to the great ecclesiastical dignity. "I've just received a wire, my lord, from the station master at asking me to tell your lordship that Donovan won the Leger." — Corahill Magazine.

Goldsmith's Extinguisher

Goldsmith read much after he had retired, and at other times when not disposed to read and was unable to sleep, he would lie in bed thinking The candle was kept burning at such times, and his original mode of extinguishing it was characteristic of the careless and ease-loving genius. He flung his slipper at it, which, in consequence, was found in the morning be meared with grease .- Detroit Free Press.

An Infant Philosopher.

Friend-He is a bright child, isn't he? Papa-Bright? Why he has learned already that perseverance overcomes obstacles, and he makes himself a nuisance until he gets what he wants

The human voice can in a few cases



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

Its Passing Away, Cleverly Argues This Woman Writer, Is a Sign of True Equality.

When we sigh over what we are pleased to call the "decadence of manand long for the return 'chivalry," do we, as women, realize what such a state of affairs would mean for us? It would mean no more clubs, no gymnasiums, no education higher than housekeeping, fine needle work and dancing. It would mean weakness, both mental and physical dependence, loss of personal liberty in every form.

The conditions governing society in years gone by were vastly different from those of to-day, and, perhaps, made the almost slavish attentions

men to women a necessity.

Whether chivalry was the cause of the weakness and dependence of women, or vice versa, it is impossible to say. It is always difficult to judge be tween cause and effect in such matters; but the fact remains that weakness and chivalry existed at one and the same time, and both ceased to exist simultaneously.

No, this is not an age of chivalry; but never before in the history of th world have women had so much liberty-liberty in thought, in action, in everything—or been such an influence in public affairs. True chivalry does not consist in knowing how to pick up a lady's kerchief gracefully—and doing it—nor in guiding the steps of a healthy woman as though she were a wooden doll. Nor does it consist in ordering "coffee and pistols for two" in the gay dawn of early morning because of some implied insult. But rather does it consist of a recognition, an appreciation and—what is more to the point -an acknowledgment of our moral and mental qualifications. What we call a "decadence of man-

ners" is only an avowed recognition of



THIS WAS PRETTY, BUT ALL SUR FACE.

woman on the part of man as his equal. We defer to our superiors and patronize our inferiors; but those whom we consider our equals, hose whom we meet on the same social and intellectual plane we treat with a "bon homie," a good fellowship which has in it a re freshing sincerity.

In the days when "chivalry" flour-ished with all its benefits and harmfulness, physical delicacy was considered "good form," and women resorted to all kinds of villainous devices and cosmetics to produce an "in teresting pallor." Firm rose-tinted flesh was frowned upon as "vulgarly healthful" in any but housemaids. Nowadays not to have good health is almost criminal, and is usually an ac knowledgment of the, at least practical

ignorance of sanitary laws.

In the rush and whirl of the busines of to-day, would it not be foolish for us strong women to exact the slavish attentions which the leisure of 50 years ago made possible to our sisters? The wife of to-day is a com panion to her husband, and often in business her timely advice saves him

thousands of dollars.

We do not now have men for our knights errant, expending life and blood for our sake while we sit idly by and drop flowers on half-dead victors. but a man will fight with "nature" weapons," as a rule, just as quickly to-day as in "ye olden time" for the fair

Of course there are men-specimens not types—in every profession and in every grade of society who cannot see a woman enter a public office or pass along the street without expressing the sneer of baseness. These "specimens," however, existed half a century ago just the same as to-day, the only dif ference being that women never ven-turing outside their own doors without a protector, they feared the ready out a protector, they teared the ready sword thrust, considered "discretion the better part of valor," looked wise and said—nothing. Women, then, were dressed up dolls,

pretty playthings, to be petted or caressed, or flung out of the window, according to the temper of their several lords and masters. To-day we are neither goddesses nor slaves; men are neither heroes nor semidemons. We just plod along life's road together, men and women alike, and the favors most cases, reciprocal.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Missed His Vocation. Patient-You should have gone into

the army, doctor. Doctor-Why so?

Patient-Judging by the way you charge your friends you would be able to completely arnihilate an enemy.

Chicago Daily News.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Mrs. Martha Darrow, of Martha's Vineyard, Gets All Her Meals at Ninety-Five.

Imagine, ladies, doing one's own housework at the age of 95! Martha's Vineyard boasts such a feminine prodi-gy. She is Mrs. Martha Darrow, and she has the further distinction of being the oldest inhabitant. She is one of the objects of interest to the summer visitors at Edgartown, and is never too busy or too tired to receive her callers and chat with them about her life and old times in the old town.

She was born in Nantucket in 1804 and was taken to "the Vineyard, where she has since uninterruptedly lived, some 90 years ago. She was married when she was 16 and and has been



widow nearly a quarter of a century. Her husband was captain of a packet in the palmy days of New Bedford. She Itas had six children, and one of her

daughters now lives opposite to her.

At 95 Mrs. Darrow does her own work, attending to the household duties as she might at 50—a fact worthy of a little more than passing comment. She lives alone in the large white house

on the road skirting the harbor.

Perhaps one of the most striking characteristics of the aged woman is the keenness and accuracy of her eye sight. Without the aid of any artificial agency she still reads her favorite passages from the Scriptures and her beloved hymns from the Methodist song

For Mrs. Darrow is a Methodist, and one of the old-fashioned school, too, doesn't mind a little noise now and then. She is one of the original members of the Vineyard Methodist church, and one of the very oldest livng Methodists in Massachusetts.-N Y. Herald.

GOOD MANAGMENT.

Haste Makes Waste in Housekeeping as in Every Other Pursuit or Undertaking.

The best managers in household affairs are not those who never sit down from early morn until night closes about them. Ah, no! the best managers are those who secure for themelves an hour of that healthful tranquillity so necessary to every human heart, says Portland Transcript. The habit of rush and haste takes posse sion of some housewives and their life is a burden to them as well as to those

who love them. Every woman loves to be thought a good manager. You are, if every device known to make your work lighter is used. For instance, the washing of dishes three times a day and clean ing up the cooking vessels is a business in itself. So make it easier, and to do it in half the time let me tell you the New England way.

Always have plenty of hot water, as hot as you can bear your hands in, in fact, it's best to use mops with china and glass, so as to use very hot water and to have a nice lather instead of using soap. Use washing powder in the hot water and wash quickly and have plenty of nice tea towels to wipe You can get through a large pile with of dishes directly. Clean the cooking vessels the same way. You will gain an hour by this process of washing. Then, if you have a dining room where you use, it saves many steps to have a waiter ready to put your dishes in, and to place them on the table after washing them. The morning hours should be the busy ones, but manage to have the afternoons and evenings for agreeable work. It is a beautiful sight to see a wellbalanced, well-poised woman, who is a true homemaker, elevating every phase of life, making it subservient to her good and those around her. This is good management. We all feel its power.

Disinfecting the Sick Room.

For the sick room a pleasant disin-fectant is made by putting in a saucer some freshly-ground coffee and lighting a piece of camphor gum on top of it. As this gum burns it emits the odor of As this gum ourns it can sine out of our roasting coffee, an aroma that is agreeable to most people. This perfume has the advantage of being healthful, and is to be preferred to the pastiles and incense powders, which to some are very sickening. The odor of the coffee will counteract any bad aroma in the room and the fumes of the camphor will kill ordinary disease germs that may be

floating around. To Clean Chamoise Gloves.

Make a strong suds with white Cas-tile scap, or any other kind of good white soap, and to two quarts of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When the cold, put the gloves on the hands and wash them slowly and gently, as if washing the hands. Rinse in the same manner in clear water; then draw off gently and hang in a shady place on genty and lang in a snady prace to dry, drawing them into shape when they are almost dry. When perfectly dry, rub them between the hands to soften them.-Ladies' Home Journal.