

A WOMAN'S SONG.

Do you call my face a rose,
With the time of roses gone?
Find a truer name than this
For the brow and lips you kiss.



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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Mammy came close to his arm, uttering a warning, wordless sound, and looking fearfully about her.
"De kerridge come for me in er rush des fo' day an' we took up de doctor at es office on de way yah. When we go in dere, Miss Frances settin' in de big chair shiverin'.

CHAPTER X.

Holbin received the negro woman's report in desperation. Upon the second night after, casting aside all scruples, he went to his mother's room. She had not retired, but was busy with her correspondence, which she put aside as her son entered the door. Without seeking to read them he saw "Washington, D. C.," upon several sealed letters, a fact that he recalled later.

house—into my stepdaughter's room—in the night and entangle us in his plots? Oh, that I were a man! She was now a caged tigress, and giving freedom to long-suppressed fury.
"You forget Frances."
"I forget nothing! I realize, on the contrary, sir, that both Frances and her doctor are at my mercy now. He dare not betray her! And this comes of your shameful dallying with that woman—you!—my son!—the puppet, the plaything, the slave of a—"



"NO," SAID THE WRETCHED GIRL, "YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME."

the floor and hurled him across the room. He fell in a heap against the wall, the knife rolling to the feet of the frantic woman. To snatch it up and throw herself upon the athlete was an instant's action; but she was impotent to harm him then. He seized her wrists and turned the right one slowly but remorselessly. Her pale lips uttered no sound, but the long white fingers relaxed at length under the terrific ordeal and the knife fell to the floor. Kicking it across the room, he pushed the woman away, and stepping outside the door, closed it behind him. He heard the furious ringing of the butler's bell, and soon beheld William running clumsily through the hall. He had opened the front door, but the servant having passed, he changed his mind, and having slammed the door made his way down and back to the wing occupied by Frances. She had retired, but arose at once.

give me—if I have made you unhappy."
"I am sorry for you," said Louise, simply. Frances lifted her head proudly.
"You need not be. I am shocked and mortified; that is all. To-morrow I shall cease to remember him." She was going when Louise called her back.
"Let me see your face again, my child. Ah, how beautiful you are! Good-by, I trust you. Don't grieve about him. He cannot ever be trusted. You were to be the victim of a plot, and your friends are deceiving you. Why, the man is poor; ruined, unless he gets your fortune. He came from Europe to marry you—ah, God, he deserted me, he betrayed his child—for your money. Trust none of them, for they are desperate. They take advantage of your youth—they would persuade you into a hurried marriage—"



WHAT POLITENESS DID.

A Little Comedy of Errors in Which an Ill-Mannered Yellow Pup Played the Star Part.

Frequent meetings at the church guild, at the afternoon card club and a few calls constituted the acquaintanceship of Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Cassell. Nevertheless they were good enough chums.
They knew each other's troubles with servants, their favorite tailors, and, as both were dog lovers, had heard of each other's wonderful canine pets. As Mrs. Cassell swished up the front steps leading to Mrs. Becker's house the other afternoon a miserable, ugly, little yellow dog skipped up beside her and when the door was opened shot inside ahead of her. The animal was an irretrievably commonplace cur, and Mrs. Cassell was appalled.



THE CUR THAT FOLLOWED HER.

ice flower he had abstracted from the body of the curtain her feelings overcame her, politeness or not.
"Mrs. Becker," she said, "don't you think you ought to see to your dog? Look what he is doing."
Her hostess' face flushed, for dog lovers are touchy. "My dog?" she retorted, with the accent on the pronoun. "My dog, I'd have you know, behaves himself. I think if you'll restrain your own pet over there it might be as well."

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Mary A. Livermore, Lecturer and Author, Says Their Influence is Great and Intelligent.

Women are organized to-day as never before in the history of the world. Their clubs, leagues, councils, circles, unions, chapters and associations for all kinds of purposes are in evidence by the thousands, and their memberships run up into the million.



MARY A. LIVERMORE. (Author, Lecturer and Advocate of Woman's Rights.)

Browning, as the mahagners of clubs would have us believe. Every social and public question under heaven is openly discussed in these societies by women appointed beforehand, and who have prepared themselves for the occasion, and reports of the debates are published in their official organs.
Inevitably, this enlarges the education of women and assists them in the formation of opinions concerning the mooted questions of the day in which men are interested. The average woman is as well educated as the average man, perhaps better, and is quite as well informed, and men know it. It is no uncommon thing to hear a man say nowadays: "My wife feels deeply about this Filipino war," or "this cantene question. I have not had time to read and think about it, as she has, but I'm inclined to believe she's right."