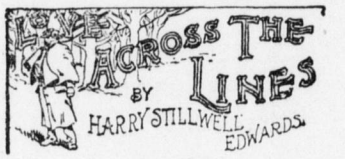


A WOMAN'S SONG.

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 hyah. 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 u. 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."

MORDANT JESTINGS.

Characteristic Witticisms of Certain Celebrities in the Old Times in France.

Montesquieu boldly defined a lord as "a man who sees the king, speaks to the minister, has ancestors, debts and pensions."
Pudhomme chose in 1798 as his motto for his new "Journal des Revolutions de Paris": "The great only seem great because we are on our knees; let us get up."
When the Bien Aime himself complacently said of the farmers general—those wicked tax gatherers, the grasping publicans of old France—that they sustained the state, Duc d'Ayen had the courage to answer: "Yes, sire, as the rope sustains the criminal." The anecdote is, after all, but a preface to the familiar one of Voltaire, who, at the party when everyone was telling robber stories, had nothing to say but "Once, gentlemen, there was a farmer general," to receive the honors of the evening, says Cornhill Magazine.

The Emperor's Portrait.

When Mr. Charles Denby was minister to China a publisher wrote to him asking him to procure a photograph of the emperor of China. His reply, printed in a New York exchange, shows that the pictures published as likenesses of the emperor cannot be trusted. Mr. Denby wrote as follows:
"It would afford me great pleasure to send you a photograph of the emperor if one could be procured. After making inquiries I find that his photograph, or portrait of any kind, has never been taken.
"The Son of Heaven is not visible to any foreign eye except when foreign ministers are received in audience. On such occasions all cameras or sketch-books are absolutely forbidden.
"Whenever the emperor goes out in his sedan-chair all the cross streets are barricaded with mats, and every door and window by which he passes is closed. Should anyone be caught spying, death follows immediately."

That Lovely Gorge.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson held an "at home" at their house in Manchester on the occasion of their return from a winter tour on the continent. They were very proud of the trip, and Mrs. Dawson was continually asking her husband if he remembered this, that, or the other glorious bit of scenery.
"Ah, oh, the gorge at Andermatt!" she exclaimed. "You haven't forgotten that lovely gorge, have you, Fred?"
"The gorge at the Grand hotel?" drawled Fred, wearily. "By no means! I'll remember that gorge to my dying day. Why, bless me, it was the only square meal we got in Switzerland!"—London Answers.

When the Children Snore.

Snoring is a symptom that should not be neglected in children. It shows that there is some obstruction to the free passage of air from the nose to the throat. The tonsils may be enlarged, and partially close the passage at its lower opening. There may be polypus or some small tumor in the nasal passage itself, or catarrh of the throat or nose, or both. A physician should be consulted. — Ladies' Home Journal.

Ice in the Sick Room.

One way to keep ice in the sick room is to fasten a piece of flannel in a deep tin pan or pail so that it will sag in the middle, but will not touch the bottom of the pail. In this flannel a piece of ice can be put and so wrapped in its enveloping folds that no air can reach it. When small pieces need to be broken off a pin, preferably a hat pin, can be used.

Print Covers for Furniture.

Covers should always be provided for furniture, to be used when sweeping. Heavy print will last for years, or a fine, close checkcloth makes good dusting sheets. If different colors are used for the different heavy pieces of furniture and the covers are made in varying size to fit the pictures and furniture much time will be saved. Calico bags for the ends of the curtains will also keep them from becoming soiled during the sweeping.