THE MILKWOMAN.

She was tall and strong, and she walked along
With a firm, substantial tread,
Like one who knows that wherever she goes
She is earning her daily bread.

Yet she is aware that her face is fair;
But she also understands
That the best of her charms are her stout red arms
And her strong, hard-working hands.

"It's them," says she, "as has work'd for me,
Wherever my work has been;
And as for my face, why, it's no disgrace,
For I reckon it's always clean.

"Well, there's Jack, I know, he bothers me so—
But what do I care for him?
I'll ha' nothing to say to a lad that's gay,
So long as I've life and limb!

"Such chaps may do for a wench like you,
As is fond of an easy life;
But if I get a man, I shall do what I can
For to make him a working wife."

Then she went on her beat through the bustling street
With a step like a martial man's;
A step that suits her iron-shod boots
And the weight of her clanking cans.

There were many who eyed her stately stride
As she moved through the yielding crowd,
With her hands on her hips and a smile on her lips,
And a look both calm and proud.

They could not see what was clear to me—
That the loftiest lady there
Might envy the part in Dame Nature's heart
Which is owned by Kitty Clare.
—A. Mumby, in London Spectator.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Putting this and that together, it was the Griswold of his earlier New York days—the days of the slender patrimony — who presented himself at the counter of the Hotel Marlborough. The clerk was graciously affable.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Griswold. Will you have a room?"

Griswold thought not; not in any case if he could get a late train to his destination. This brought on a question and answer. There was a train, and the clerk did know something of Wahaska; knew much, in fact, since he had lived there.

Griswold pumped the man dry, and at the end of the pumping process knew as much about the Minnesota town as he could have gleaned from a six months' residence therein. Afterward, he went to supper in the cafe, meaning to go thence to the waiting Pullman at the Terminal.

He was scarcely out of sight before the diminutive Irishman who had driven him came to the counter and made cautious inquiries of the clerk, touching the name, address and intentions of his late fare; all this on the pretext that the fare had overpaid him.

The clerk knew his man and indulged him, even going so far as to write Griswold's name and intended address on a card for him. Whereupon, instead of waiting for Griswold's emergence from the cafe, as he promised to, the cabman disappeared.

Griswold had a quarter of an hour of purely philistine contentment while he was waiting for his supper. At last the difficulties were all in the past. He would resume his name and his plans; and these last took on all the roseate hues of their birthday.

He would go to Wahaska, settle down to his work, study the people, be helpful and generous and brotherloving, using the money he had won for the betterment of his kind. And in time he would meet Miss Farnham on her own ground, and she would see the demonstration of his theory —see and be convinced. But just here he remembered that he could never convince her, because she could never know; and from this he passed to many curious questions touching his own feelings for this young woman who had been thrown in his way.

He had been calling her a faultless author's model; was she only that—to him? Assuredly she was much more, and when he had gotten that far, it was only a step to the admission that he was frankly in love with her. The admission opened up a prospect for which there was no word save grievous. For since he could never stoop to win her under false pretenses, she might never be won. He knew well enough that all the good deeds he could ever do with the stolen money would not atone; that in the moment of fruition her conscience would condemn him and cast him out.

Perhaps it was this thought, as much as the threat of coming illness, that made him lose his appetite as soon as his supper appeared. But lose it he did, and nothing the waiter could bring sufficed to tempt him. He forced himself to eat a little in sheer desperation, and afterward went to the great rotunda to smoke a cigar. To his great disgust, the tobacco brought on a return of the vertigo which had assailed him on the levee; whereupon he paid his score and took a cab for the train, meaning to go to bed and try the effect of forgetfulness.

The experiment was a success, temporarily, at least, and he was asleep before the Pullman porter came to adjust the screen in the window at his feet.

The train was made up ready to leave when a hawk-faced man sauntered up to the steps of the Pullman and pecked at the porter.

"Much of a load to-night, George?"

"No, sah; mighty light. Nobody yet but de gen'l'man from the Marlborough."

"A gentleman from the Marlborough? When did he come down?"

The porter knew the hawk-faced one only by intuition; but Griswold's tip was warming in his pocket, and he lied at random and on general principles.

"Been heah all de evenin'; come down right soon after supper and went to baid like he was tarr'd."

"What sort of a looking man' is he?"

"Little, smooth-faced, narr'-chisted gen'l'man; looks like he might be—"

But the wheels began to move, and the hawk-faced one had turned away. Whereupon the porter cut his similitude in the midst, picked up his carpet-covered step, and climbed aboard.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the day of its beginnings, Wahaska was a trading post on the Indian frontier. Later it became the market town of a wheat growing region, and it was of the wheat growing era that Jasper Grierson was a product. He was a young man when he went overland to Colorado in the wake of the Pike's Peak excitement, and his townsmen saw him no more till he returned in the vigorous prime of age, wealthy, and the father of a daughter who presently began to reconstruct the social fabric of Wahaska upon a model of her own devising.

In this charitable undertaking Jasper Grierson abetted his daughter as the magnate of a small town may. He built a mansion at the lake-edge and called it Mereside; and when it was done gave a house-warming to which the biddings were in a certain sense mandatory, since by that time he had a fiduciary finger in nearly every industrial pie in Wahaska.

After the house-warming, Margery Grierson's leadership was tacitly acknowledged, though the women still discussed her with more or less frankness in the sewing circles. Crystallized into accusation, there was little to be said against her, save that she was pretty and rich, and that her leaning toward modernity was sometimes a trifle startling. But the charitable seamstresses made the most of these drawbacks, edging them now and then with curious speculations about Margery's mother, whom neither Jasper Grierson nor his daughter ever mentioned.

None the less, the big house by the lake continued to set the social pace. Afternoon teas began to supersede the sewing circles; not a few of the farmers' wives attained to the formal dignity of visiting cards with "Wednesdays" or "Thursdays" printed in neat script in the lower left-hand corner; and in some of the less conservative households the principal meal of the day drifted from its noontime anchorage to unwonted moorings among the evening hours.

For these innovations Miss Grierson was responsible. She had ambitions, but she was wise enough to make the most of present opportunities. It was better to be a leader in Wahaska than to be an humble fol-

HE WROTE GRISWOLD'S NAME AND INTENDED ADDRESS ON A CARD FOR HIM.

lower in a great city; but she admitted this without prejudice to a fixed determination to revolve in the larger orbit when the time should come. She was content to wait, but she aimed high. Unquestioned social recognition, won or compelled; that and nothing else would atone for the obtrusively unlovely past tholed in privation and squalor in the Colorado mining camps. Miss Grierson was barely 22, but she had lived much.

But there were obstacles to be surmounted even in Wahaska. From the first there was a perverse minority which refused to bow the head in the house of Rimmon. The Farnhams were of it, and the Raymers, with a following of a few of the families called old, as age is reckoned in the newer west. They were loath to admit the omnipotence of Jasper Grierson's wealth, and at the housewarming they had been represented by variously worded regrets. Miss Margery laughed defiantly and set her white teeth on a dauntless resolution to reduce this inner citadel of conservatism. Accordingly she opened the campaign the next morning at the breakfast table.

"Poppa, who is the treasurer of St. John's?" she asked.

The magnate did not know, and said so.

"But you ought to know," said Margery, with conviction. "Isn't it Mr. Raymer?"

"Why, yes; he is the man, come to think. What do you want of him?"

"Nothing of him. I want a check payable to his order. A hundred will be enough, I think."

Jasper Grierson laughed. "Going in for respectability right, ain't you?" he said, but wrote the check on the spot.

Two hours later Miss Grierson's trap, tooled by herself, paraded in Main street to the delight of the esthetic. The big English trap horse, the high-swung, stylish vehicle and the faultlessly-gowned young woman on the box were three parts of a harmonious whole, and more than one pair of eyes looked, and turned to look again.

Miss Margery drove daily in good weather, but on this occasion the outing had an objective other than the spectacular. Wherefore, when the high-stepping English horse had measured the length of Main street he was sent on across the railway track and was finally brought to a stand before the office of the Wahaska iron works.

Raymer was at his desk when the trap drew up before his door. A moment later he was at the fore wheel, bareheaded, and offering to help Miss Margery down.

"No, thank you, I'll not come down," she said. "Duke doesn't stand well. Can I see Mr. Edward Raymer a moment?"

Raymer bowed and blushed a little. He knew her so well, by eye intimacy, at least, that he thought she must know him. But he was a fair man, fair to redness, as his hair and beard attested, and he blushed easily.

"That is my name. What can I do for you, Miss Grierson?"

"Oh, thank you," she rejoined, impulsively. "I was afraid I might have to introduce myself. I—"

The interruption was of Raymer's making. One of his employes appeared opportunely, and he sent the man to the horse's head with a gesture and once more held up his hands to the perched one.

She let him lift her to the sidewalk, and the ease with which he did it gave her a pleasant little thrill, of the sort that comes with the realization of a thing hoped for. Next to social triumphs, strength, strength in a man, was a thing to be admired.

Raymer held the office door open for her and placed a chair at the desk end.

"Now we can be comfortable at shorter range," he said. "Will you pardon the interruption, and tell me what I can do for you?"

"Oh, it's only a little thing. I came to see you about renting a pew in St. John's; that is our church, you know."

Raymer did not know it, but he was politic enough not to say so.

"I am quite at your service. Shall I show you a plan of the sittings?"

She protested that it wasn't at all necessary; that any assignment he chose to make would do. But he got out the plan and dusted it, and in the putting together of heads over it many miles of the gap of unacquaintance were swiftly and safely overpassed.

When the sittings were finally chosen she found her purse.

"It's so good of you to take the time from your business to wait on me," she said. "I—I asked poppa to make out a check, but I don't know whether it's for enough."

Raymer took the order to pay and glanced at the amount.

"It is twice as much as we get for the best locations," he demurred.

"Wait a moment and I will write you a check for the difference and give you a receipt."

But at the word she was in a flutter of protest.

"Oh, please don't!" she pleaded. "If it is too much, put the difference in the missionary box, or in the—the rector's salary, as a little donation from poppa, you know."

Thus the small matter of business was concluded, and Miss Grierson rose to go.

"I am so glad I had the courage to come and see you this morning. We have been dreadfully remiss in church matters, but I am going to try to make up for it now that we are comfortably settled in our own house. I'm sorry you couldn't come to us last evening to help us christen Mereside. Please tell your mother and Miss Raymer that I hope we'll meet some time. I should so dearly love to know them. Thank you, so much. Good-by."

Raymer went out with her, put her on the box and watched her drive away. His smile was meant to be satirical, but it became openly approbative.

"She is a shrewd little strategist," was his comment; "but, all the same, she's a mighty pretty girl. I wonder why mother and Gerty haven't called on her?"

He carried the query home with him in the evening, but when he had given an account of Miss Grierson's visit it seemed injudicious to put it. Mrs. Raymer's comment left something to be desired, but her glance across the table in Gertrude's direction was significant.

"The 'regrets' did that," she said; and Gertrude nodded.

Having thus mined the Raymer outworks, Miss Grierson next turned her batteries upon the Farnhams. They were Methodists, and she soon learned that the doctor's hobby was a struggling mission in Norsk Hollow. Accordingly, the paternal check book was again called into requisition, and the stylish trap made an excursion to the doctor's office in Main street.

"Good morning, doctor," she chirped, bursting in upon the elderly hobbyist as a charming embodiment of youthful enthusiasm. "I'm running errands for poppa this morning. Mr. Rodney was telling us about that little mission in Norsk Hollow, and poppa is very anxious to be allowed to help. But we are not Methodists, you know, and he was afraid —that is, he didn't know how you might—"

It was an exceedingly clever bit of acting, and the good doctor capitulated at once, discrediting for the first time in his life the intuition of his womankind.

"It was very thoughtful and good-hearted of you, Miss Margery," he said; "the more so as you must have a great many calls upon your charity. We have been wanting to put a trained worker in charge of the mission, and this good deed of yours makes it possible."

"It is a kindness to us to be allowed to help, I'm sure," murmured the little lady. "You will let me know when more is needed? Promise me that, doctor."

"I shouldn't be a good Methodist if I didn't," laughed the doctor. Then he remembered the housewarming, and was moved to make amends for the regrets. "I'm sorry we couldn't be neighborly the other evening, but my sister is very frail, and Charlotte doesn't go out much. But they will call before they go south for the winter."

But for some reason the doctor's vicarious promise was not kept, and the Farnhams held aloof, notwithstanding Margery's praiseworthy activity in St. John's; and the Oswalds relinquished the public library project when it became noised about that Jasper Grierson and his daughter were moving in it. Margery possessed her soul in patience, and was placably persistent; but when the winter wore away and spring came and found the conservative opposition increasing rather than diminishing, she grew vindictive, as who would not.

"They think I'm a jay!" she said to herself one day, when the Raymers, mother and daughter, had apparently taken pains to avoid her at the counters in Thornwalden's. "They need a lesson, and they're in a fair way to get it. I'm not going to sing small all the time!"

The next afternoon she met Raymer as he was coming out of the First national bank. They were fairly good friends by this time, and the young man stopped willingly enough to exchange commonplaces with the president's daughter. In the midst of them she astonished him.

"Mr. Raymer, please tell me what I have done to offend your mother and sister," she said, abruptly; and half of the deferred payment of triumph was discharged on the spot by Raymer's blundering attempts at disavowal.

"Why, Miss Margery! I don't know—that is—er—you really must be mistaken!"

"I'm not, and I'd like to know," she persisted, looking him hardily in the eyes. "I am sure it must be something I have been doing, and if I can find out what it is I'll reform."

Raymer got away as quickly as he could; and when the opportunity offered was besotted enough to repeat the question to his mother and Gertrude.

[To Be Continued.]

A NICE DISTINCTION.

The Old Captain Furnished His Guest with Money to Pay His Regular Bill.

The bronzed and blue-eyed "cap'n" who takes summer visitors on long and delightful sails in his pretty boat, the Phoebe Lou, has never grown rich, although his native town on "the Cape" is full of well-to-do people for nearly four months every year. A newcomer to the place thinks he may have found the key to the captain's moderate circumstances, says Youth's Companion.

One day this young man had invited a party of a dozen to go as his guests for an "all-day cruise" with the captain. At the end of the excursion he found that in the hurry of the early start he had left his money at home.

"I'll be down to-morrow the first thing, to pay you, captain," he said, regretfully, "and I'm sorry I was so careless as to come off without my money to-day."

"See here," said the captain, gravely tendering the young man a bulging wallet which he extracted from an inside pocket, "if you'd feel any easier to settle your bill to-night I can lend ye the money well as not, and you can give it back whenever it's convenient, or let her run over till another spring —it's pretty near the end of the season, anyway. I know how you feel about a regular bill. I always want to get 'em paid up soon as they're due."

A Cruel Threat.

At a crowded theatrical performance in the provinces recently, a very strong-minded lady, annoyed at the hugeness of the hats in front which spoilt her enjoyment, left her seat and took up her position in the gangway. The attendant followed and told her it was forbidden to stand in the gangway. The lady took not the slightest notice, upon which the officer went on to say:

"Madam, if you don't go I shall have to remove you."

"Touch me if you dare," replied the intrepid lady, glaring at him. "Just put a finger on me and I'll call out 'Fire!'"

The attendant looked round at the crowded house and left the lady mistress of the situation.—London Tit-Bits.

No Interviewing Him.

The great man shook his head when the wise medical experts requested the privilege of examining him with the X-rays.

"But why not?" they insisted.

"Because I always did object to being interviewed," he chuckled.—Chicago Daily News.

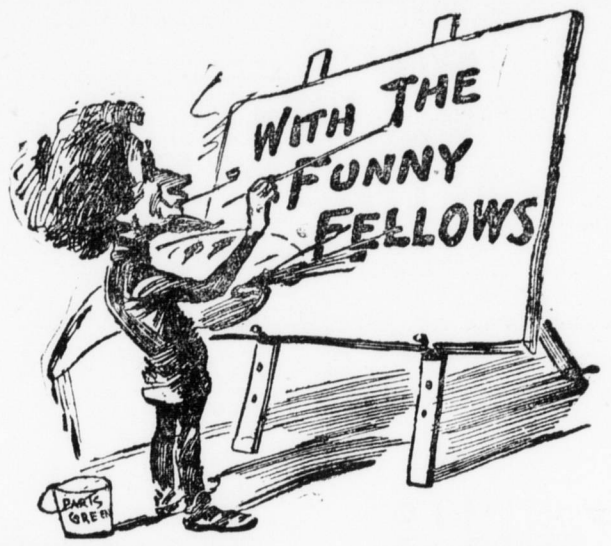
Exchange of Views.

He—I wouldn't think of marrying a girl who didn't love me.

She—And I wouldn's think of loving a man who didn't marry me.—Chicago Daily News.

Advice.

Man has very little use for advice that doesn't confirm his own opinion. —Chicago Daily News.



Might Have Been Sure of It.

"Somehow," said the girl in blue, "I can't help wishing I had accepted him."

"Why, dear?" asked the girl in gray.

"Why, he swore that he'd never be happy again, and I'm afraid he is."

"Ah, yes," commented the girl in gray reflectively. "As matters are now you can't be sure that he isn't, but if you'd married him you could make sure of it."—Chicago Post.

Ear-Marks.

"Strange that the jury should give a verdict against him in his suit for damages."

"Oh! They had very strong evidence that he was a hypocrite."

"Why, no one testified to that effect."

"Perhaps not; but he wears flowing side-whiskers and a smooth lip and chin."—Catholic Standard and Times.

In a Tight Place.

"Yes," he said, regretfully, "I seem to be up against it good and plenty. My fiancee is wild on the subject of germs and microbes, and she insists that I must choose between her and my mustache. I'm due to lose one or the other."

"Lose the mustache, my boy."

"That's just the trouble. If you ever saw me without it you'd have my haunting fear that, when it's gone, I'll lose the girl, too."—Brooklyn Post.

Could Be of Assistance.

Jim—Say, Fred, old boy, I'm looking for some friend who will loan me ten dollars. Come, now—can't you be of assistance?

Fred—Certainly.

"Thank you ever so much."

"Yes, it's going to rain, and if you'll step over to my office I'll lend you one of your umbrellas so you won't get wet while you're looking.—N. Y. Weekly.

Might.

The pen is mightier than the sword,
But in the large affairs of men
This fact we may likewise record:
The dollar's mightier than the pen.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

HER DEAREST FRIEND.

Miss Rosebud—I'm afraid I've caught cold. I have such a terrible headache.

Miss Lotus—Yes, dear, a cold always flies to the weakest spot, doesn't it?—Moonshine.

The Usual Thing.

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth—I knew not where—
Until a neighbor set up a howl
Because I'd killed a favorite fowl.
—Chicago Daily News.

Hope Springs Eternal.

Landlord—In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?

Hard-Up Author—I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration.—Tit-Bits.

When to Eat Pie.

"I see Boston people eat pie in the morning, and New Yorkers have it at night. Which do you think the better way, doctor?"

"Well, I should say the New York style. The longer a man puts off eating pie the better it is for him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Chicago Wealth.

"Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, eh?"

"Yes; favored his mother. His father, you know, is a Chicago man."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, if he had taken after his father, it would have been a silver knife." —Philadelphia Press.

The Sweeper.

"I shall sweep everything before me in this campaign," said the unscrupulous politician.

"I see," said his wife; "that explains what that rude person meant by saying you were out for the dust."—Washington Star.

A Poor Object Lesson

"My! My! My!" said the little girl's grandmother, "you mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl I had my hear combed three or four times every day."

"Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Taking a Drink.

Some men can drink and stop before
They've gone too far, they think;
And then they walk a few blocks more
And then they stop and drink.
—Philadelphia Press.

PRACTICAL DIFFICULTY.

He—I'd go to the end of the world with you, darling.

She—Yes, but have you the car fare?—N. Y. Journal.

Suburban Woes.

The girl said "No" to all his pleadings,
And every joy his heart forsook,
For that morn his wife had told him
To hustle out and hire a cook.
—Chicago Daily News.

The Thwarting of David.

"I see that the cartoons represent us as Goliath," said the first magnate, "and the law as David coming to do us battle."

"Yes," laughed the second magnate; "but we have fixed all that."

"How?"

"The leather trust won't sell David enough material to make his sling." —N. Y. Times.

It Was Old.

"Confound it!" growls the testy husband, "I'd like to know what has become of that bottle of whisky I kept in my wardrobe."

"Why, Henry," says the patient wife, "I heard you tell Mr. Gooph that it was 15 years old; so when I was collecting all our old things for the charity rummage sale I sent that along, too." —Judge.

Genuine Philosopher.

"Craps all burnt to flinders?"

"Yes."

"No rain in sight?"

"Not a drap."

"Totally ruint, ain't you?"

"Tetotally!"

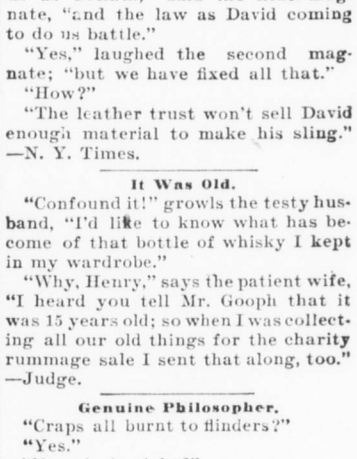
"Well, what air you a-smilin' over?"

"I'm smilin' at the prospect of the sheriff comin' to levy on nothin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

How a Maiden's Won.

Just a man and just a maid,
Just a hammock in the shade,
Just a pair of laughing eyes
Tinted like the summer skies,
Just a little argument
Savoring of sentiment.
Just the theme of love begun,
And just this—the maiden's won!
—Leslie's Weekly.

VERY PARTICULAR.



Caller—Is Mrs. Maltrooney in?

Bridget—She is that, sor.

Caller—Is she engaged?

Bridget—Engaged, indeed—she's married, sor.—Ally Sloper.

Household Economy.

Bramble—Why do you always agree with your wife in everything she says?

Thorne—I find it cheaper to do that than to quarrel with her and then buy diamonds to square myself.—Judge.