

## LOVE'S MISSION.

Love is the centre and circumference. The cause and aim of all things; 'tis the key To sorrow and joy, and the recompense For all the ills that have been or may be.

Love is the crown that glorifies, the curse That brands and burdens; it is life and death; It is the great law of the universe; And nothing can exist without its breath.

Love is the impulse which directs the world, And all things know it and obey its power; Man, in the maelstrom of his passions whirled; The bee, that takes the pollen to the flower.

The earth, uplifting her bare pulsing breast To fervent kisses of the wooing sun; Each but obeys creative's love's behest Which everywhere instinctively is done.

Love is the only thing that pays for birth. Or makes death welcome. Oh, dear God, above This beautiful but sad perplexing earth, Pity the souls that know—or know not—love.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

A dapper little man, with a silky yellow mustache which curled up jauntily at the ends, came out and closed the door softly behind him. "Mr. Hardacre says he will see you in a few minutes. Will you be seated?" and the little man turned and began to rustle the papers on his desk as if he were very busy indeed.

Willis Everett dropped down in a chair close to the railing, fussed with his hat and watched for Judson Hardacre's door to open. He thought it was a rather cold reception for an uncle to give his nephew, and yet his mother had warned him what to expect.

"Your uncle Judson," she had said, "is very much devoted to his business. He has never in his life had time to give to his friends, and people say that he is crusty and hard-hearted, but I am sure that my brother Judson has as kind a heart as any man living, if only you can reach it."

Willis had come to his uncle as a last resort. He had just finished his junior year in college, and he knew that the completion of his own course would depend on his earnings during the summer. His father had been able to supply him with money, although not so liberally as he really needed for the first three years of his college life, but hard times had ruined his business, and it was all he could do to pay rent and grocers' bills, not to mention the provision of clothing for the younger children.

"I want to see you finish up with your class," he had said to Willis, "but it is out of the question for me to furnish the money. You will have to get out and see what you can do for yourself."

And Willis had tried his best to get a position. But he found that he was compelled to compete in this struggle with men older and more experienced than himself, who knew better what the employers required. One man said he would take Willis on trial, but he couldn't pay him anything for a few months; another said he had a position, but he wished to give it to a man who intended to remain with him permanently and work up in the business. And so they all put him off, and now he was watching for the door of his uncle's private office to open.

He had not seen his uncle in several years. He remembered the last meeting without any exuberance of pleasure. Uncle Judson had called on his mother one afternoon, and he had come in warm and excited from a tennis game.

"What's that thing you have got in your hand?" his uncle asked, after his mother had presented him.

"Why, a tennis racket."

"Sarah, can't you teach your children to go into better business than dawdling around in white trousers with a toy bat?"

Eren as Willis thought of it now, he felt his cheeks tingle with mingled mortification and anger.

"Mr. Hardacre is ready to see you," said the dapper little man.

Willis slipped quietly into the private office. He saw his uncle sitting at a handsome roll-top desk and glaring at him from under his shaggy gray brows. He had a square, lean face, with a determined chin and his hair was coarse and gray.

"Well, sir."

"I am in search of work," said Willis, somewhat falteringly; "father can't supply me with money for my last year in college and unless I can earn it I can't go."

"That's just what I told your mother before she married Everett. Now that he has got a family of boys he can't educate 'em. But she wouldn't listen to any of my advice."

"The hot blood surged into Willis' face. He couldn't bear this reference to his hard-working, noble-minded father, who had sacrificed everything in order that his boys might have their schooling."

"My father has done the best he could," Willis said, hotly, "and I can't listen to anything against him. If you have nothing I can do"—and Wil-

lis turned and started toward the door with his shoulders thrown back.

"There, there," said his uncle, with the trace of a grim smile curling his lips; "we'll let that drop. You say you want work—what can you do?"

"I'm just out of college," Willis said, "and I'll have to do 'most anything I can get to do."

"I suppose you are well up in tennis and football and leaping the pole, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, sir," responded Willis, tempted again to turn and leave the room.

"Well, I don't happen to have any of those things in my business. You know, I am engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. It's very prosaic—you can't wear white trousers—might get soiled."

Willis kept his temper, although every one of his uncle's words stung him to the quick.

"I understand all that," he said, "and I am willing to do anything from wood-sawing up that will enable me to save a little money."

"Wood-sawing, eh?" said Judson Hardacre, and the grim smile again curled his lips. "Let me see your hands."

Willis held out his hands—they were certainly rather small and white, although tennis playing had worn a few hard callouses on the right palm.

"I thought so," said Uncle Judson; "tennis hands, eh?"

"They may be soft now, but I assure you, Uncle Judson, I am not afraid of any kind of work which will help me finish my course."

At the sound of the unfamiliar words, "Uncle Judson," Judson Hardacre glanced up sharply, and then he said rather more gruffly than before:

"Well, I'll take you at your word. Times are dull, and I haven't much of anything else besides chopping and sawing."

Judson Hardacre pressed a button and a tall, quiet man with a pen thrust behind his ear stepped in to the room.

"Calkins, this is Willis Everett. He will go to work to-morrow morning at the Edwardsburg mill at \$30 a month. He will board at the company's hotel. Have him report to Matthews. Let me know each week how he is doing."

"I'm very much obliged to you," Willis faltered, hardly realizing that at last he had found a job.

"Don't thank me yet," said his uncle, almost gruffly; "you may not want to after you have been working for awhile."

Willis went home in high spirits. "Mother, mother," he called; "I've got a job at last—and a job from Uncle Judson, too."

That afternoon Willis packed his satchel and took the train down the valley for Edwardsburg, where the Hardacre mills were located. It was about twenty-five miles from home, and he had never been in the place except on his bicycle, and he hardly knew where the mills were located. But he found them easily enough, and with them the foreman, Matthews—a big, red-faced, stoop-shouldered giant with a voice like a foghorn, Matthews read the letter, and then glanced at Willis keenly and half contemptuously.

Willis thought, "Well," he said; "be on hand at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll put you to work."

Willis found a place in the company's boarding-house—a single bunk in an attic room with four other men. The walls were dingy, the floor was covered with coarse matting and the bedding did not look any too clean. One little cobwebby window commanded a view of a vast heap of sawdust and slabs. Supper was served on a long table covered with oilcloth, and the tea was brought in by men waiters who laughed and joked one another. The workmen came in with their sleeves rolled up, and ate almost in silence.

In the morning Willis was set to loading slabs from the waste pile into a box car which stood on a siding near at hand. One man handed them down from the pile, a second tossed them into the car and a third corded them up. Willis was given the easiest job—that of piling—but he was compelled to keep up with the other two. The silvers stuck into his soft palms and the jagged bark bruised his arms. Besides that it was a hot June day without a breath of air stirring in the car. For an hour or two he stood it pretty well, but before noon he began to feel that he should drop in his tracks, but he was determined never to give up. He was a cog in the machinery of the big mill, and he proposed to do his duty until he broke down. Never was sweeter music than the sound of the noon whistle. He wearily dropped the last slab and staggered into the dining-room of the boarding house. At first he was too tired to eat, but he managed to swallow a little dinner, and by 1 o'clock he felt better. But he knew he never could last through the long afternoon at the same work, and it was with a deep feeling of relief that he heard Matthews order his crew from the car-loading to the sawdust chutes. Here he was required to stand knee-deep in soft sawdust at the end of the chute, where the waste of the mill came blowing out in a dusty cloud, and shovel for dear life to keep himself from being buried. It was hot, wearing work, and by the time the afternoon was finished Willis was thoroughly discouraged.

But he was naturally vigorous of body, and, although his uncle had made fun of his tennis and football, he knew now how much good strength they had added to his muscles. He awakened the next morning lame in every joint and with his hands almost raw with blisters.

"But I'll stick to it," he said, gritting his teeth; "I've got to get through college next year."

That day he was paired with a big, red-bearded Scotchman, and they were

assigned to the work of trimming up some timbers with a long cross-cut saw. For a few hours Willis bent bravely back and forth. It was fearfully hard work, particularly because he did not understand the science of getting the greatest results from the least effort. Toward noon the big Scotchman, who had been watching him keenly, found that the saw would need filing. Willis never felt more grateful for anything in his life, and in the afternoon he was enough rested to continue the work.

And so it went on, day after day. Before the end of the second week Willis grew somewhat hardened, and although the work was still very hard, he did not grow painfully exhausted. He also found that the other men were good-hearted, kindly fellows and always ready to help him where they could. Before the middle of July Matthews, the big foreman, had given him the place of checker and scaler in the temporary absence of the regular checker. This was much easier work, and Willis did it with a quickness and thoroughness and kept his accounts so accurately that Matthews more than once grunted his satisfaction.

About this time Willis saw his uncle for the first time. Judson Hardacre came around with the superintendent, examining the work of the mill, and he must have seen Willis as he stood with his pad and pencil where the lumber shot from the whirling saws, but he gave no sign of recognition. It hurt Willis' sensitive nature, but he only set his teeth the harder.

"I'm making the money," he said to himself, "and I'm going back to college."

None of the men knew that he was Judson Hardacre's nephew. He had said nothing about it, preferring to stand on his own merits, and his uncle had been equally silent.

About the middle of September Willis resigned his job, much to the regret of the big foreman, who had come to like the clever, prompt young man.

"When you try to get a job somewhere else," he said, "just let me know and I'll give you a good recommendation."

It was said in a blunt, honest way, and no praise that Willis ever had received had sounded so sweet in his ears.

"By the way, Everett," said Matthews, as he paid over the last salary check, "Mr. Hardacre wished me to ask you to call and see him as soon as you get back to town."

Willis wondered why his uncle should care to have anything to do with him, but he called the next afternoon. He had grown brown of face and his hands were calloused and muscular. When he came in Judge Hardacre said, gruffly:

"Well, how much money have you saved this summer?"

"Nearly \$75."

"Is that enough to take you through college?"

"No, sir; but I shall start with it. Father thinks he can help me toward the end of the year."

"How did you like your work?"

"Parts of it I liked very well, Uncle Judson, but it was too hard for me at first."

At the words, "Uncle Judson," Judson Hardacre looked up sharply. It was not at all usual for any one to address him as a relative, and somehow the hard lines of his face softened and his shoulders shook a little, as if he were laughing somewhere inside.

"Well, my boy," he said, "you've showed yourself pretty plucky this summer. You've got the genuine Hardacre blood in you. Let me tell you, I've watched you a good deal more closely than you thought, and I like you, sir. Yes, I like you."

He held out one hand, and Willis, flushing red and then paling again with surprise and pleasure, grasped it warmly.

"Let's be friends," said the old man; "I haven't many of 'em, and I need a good one," and his voice took on a half-pitiful tone. Then he changed the subject.

"Here's a check for \$400. Get your last year of schooling and don't scrimp on the expenses. If you need more let me know. And when you get through come back here. I've got a good place for you in my office, where you will have a chance to work up."

Willis stammered his thanks and stumbled, half-dazed, toward the doorway. His uppermost thought at that moment was:

"How happy my father will be."

As he reached the door his Uncle Judson called after him:

"And, say, just go ahead and play all the tennis and football you want to. Uncle Judson's crust was broken."

## A Hindoo Cricket Expert.

The best cricket batsman in England now is an Indian named Ranjitsinhji. It sounds something like falling downstairs with a scuttle of coal, and it is by no means an index of his ability to wield a cricket bat. In his opening match Ranjitsinhji made 77 not out and 150. There are but few more astonishing feats on the cricket field. He simply distanced his fellow-batsmen. In his first class matches he averaged 57, with an aggregate of 2,780 runs, beating the invincible W. R. Grace's 2,739 made in 1871.

Altogether the batting of Ranjitsinhji amounts to genius. Ordinary players who attempted to turn good length balls off the middle stump invariably came to grief, but he did it with such skill and certainty that the best bowlers were driven to despair.

Ranjitsinhji is tall and dark, and has an eye like an eagle. If his fellow-Indians will but fight England with half the desperation with which Ranjitsinhji bats, her sovereignty in the East is as good as lost.—New York Journal.

## MAIDENS WITH MUSTACHES.

An Explorer Depicts the Quaint Ainos Race.

The world of science has just been roused to unusual interest by a report of the Commercial Geographical Society of France, giving details concerning a race of mustached white women who inhabit the island of Yeso, one of the northwest of the Japanese group. The facts which the report furnishes are those learned by A. M. Klubukowski, an explorer and delegate of the society who has recently returned from a visit to the strange people described.

The existence of the Ainos, as the race to which these women belong is called, has long been known to ethnologists, but M. Klubukowski has the honor of being the first explorer of modern times to penetrate the country and look upon it and its people with the keen eye of the ethnologist. He is believed to be the only white man who has gained full information concerning the women, whose mustaches are equal to those ever worn by any member of their race.

The explorer reports that these women are massive in appearance, and, in fact, appear to better physical advantage than the men. They have high cheek bones and are distinctly Caucasian. They do not have that ghastly yellowish complexion characteristic of the Chinese and Japanese, but rather bear every appearance of white women who have lived much in the open air. Their mustaches, when natural, are always black and silky and are invariably turned up at both ends.

It seems that not everyone can grow a mustache. What is the cause of this fact no one apparently knows. There is not even a native explanation, except the one found in the statement that the mustache is an indication of the caste or rank of the owner thereof.

The peculiarity is all the more strange for the reason that the Ainos are a decidedly hairy race, their whole bodies being generally covered with hair that is naturally soft and silky. If, however, one of the women passes the age of 14 with no trace of a mustache appearing, her parents take it for granted that nature has tabooed her so far as mustaches are concerned and proceed to supply the defect, in appearance, at least, by the aid of tattooing. The skill which these people possess of imitating the mustache by these means is remarkable. Indeed, at a distance it is almost impossible to tell whether or not the mustache is genuine or imitation.

Woman among the Ainos is an inferior being. All heavy work, including that of the field, is reserved for her. In childhood between 8 and 10 her countenance possesses a certain charm. After that time the burden of life becomes of such a nature that in a measure it unsexes what should be the fair sex.

Once married, the mustached woman is more than ever the slave of the bearded man. She has not even the right to pray. Notwithstanding, the portion of the woman in the house is not so hard as might be imagined. She possesses, in fact, a means of defence which is special to herself. She can, when she is angered, transform her countenance into a horrible mask, having as a maker of grimaces an imitable talent.

Her husband cannot ignore the fact that this perverse and mustached creature without honor or religion will hesitate at nothing; that, if she is too badly treated, can do him an ill turn; that she may, for example, serve him in the guise of venison several pieces of dead bodies or, when she is very serious, burn his amulets.

The Ainos, however, as she becomes old, succeeds little by little in inspiring a sort of reverential fear.

## Capacity of a Steamer.

Few persons looking at an ordinary ocean steamer, loaded or unloaded, as it lies in a dock, have any conception of its enormous carrying capacity, says the Philadelphia Record. The boat looks big, of course, but gives no idea of the tremendous amount of freight that can be stowed away in its capacious hold without overloading it.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad loaded a steamer the other day, and this is what it took to fill her: Sixty-six cars of lumber, four of starch, nineteen of oil cake, six of provisions, one of grain, one of flour, twenty-two of tobacco, two of wire, three of sugar, thirteen of fresh meat, twenty of sheep, or 1,250 head; forty-five of cattle, or 888 head; three of lard, one of copper, four of merchandise and 161 of grain, making a total of 371 carloads. This is equal to ten long freight trains, which, if placed in a row, would cover a distance of about two miles. And all their freight went into one tramp steamer.

A Few Facts About Garlic.

About three-quarters of the garlic used in this country is imported from Italy. It comes in hampers containing about 110 pounds each. Garlic is raised in this country in Connecticut, in Louisiana, in Texas and in New Mexico. All garlic, both imported and American, is put up in strings or bunches, something like the bunches in which onions were once commonly sold in this country, but much longer. American garlic is shipped in crates and barrels; some from the far Southwest comes in long cylindrical baskets.

Garlic is sold by the pound, or by the single bulb, which is sold for a penny. In its commercial form, whole or dry, garlic does not yield the strong smell for which it is famous. In a wholesale produce establishment, where garlic was stacked up in quantities, there was no noticeable odor from it. But if one of the several smaller bulbs of which each root is composed, and which are called cloves of garlic, were

broken off and broken in two, the powerful odor becomes perceptible.

The aggregate consumption of garlic in this country is large, and our exports of it to South American countries, which include American garlic and imported garlic reshipped, amount to enough to be reckoned in tons.—New York Sun.

## In 'a Mighty Empire.

In view of the question raised by recent events as to the ability of India to withstand the attacks of the Afridis and other tribes on its northwestern frontier, it is of interest to note that the population last February was 205,500,000. The area of India is equal to that of all Europe, without Russia. Excluding European languages, there are seventy-eight languages spoken and twenty languages are spoken by as many as 1,000,000 persons each. As respects religion, 207,730,000 are Hindus, 57,320,000 Mohammedans, 7,665,000 Buddhists and 1,491,000 Christians.

The differences of race, language and religion make co-operation against the English practically impossible, so that the difficulty in controlling the country is not so great as it looks. The army by which it is kept in order and defended consists of 224,252 men, of whom 74,290 are British and 129,963 are natives. To maintain internal order there are 170,000 native police, officered mainly by Europeans. There are besides the regular army some 85,000 volunteers and native troops, reserves, etc., for military service in an emergency. Back of all is the British army, which numbers, including the 74,000 now in India, some 207,000, with large resources of volunteers from Australia, South Africa, Canada, etc., available in time of need.—Baltimore Sun.

## Bumblebees and Clover.

Many years ago the farmers of Australia imported bumblebees from England and set them free in their clover fields. Before the arrival of the bees clover did not flourish in Australia, but after their coming the farmers had no more difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar possessing a proboscis sufficiently long to reach the bottom of the long, tubular flowers, and, at the same time, a body heavy enough to bend down the clover head so that the pollen would fall on the insect's back, and thus be carried off to fertilize other flowers of the same species. According to the Popular Science News the bumblebees sent to Australia cost the farmers there about half a dollar apiece by the time they reached there, but they have proved to be worth the price.

## Where Life is Longest.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 140, Ireland 578 and in Scotland 40. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 people over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Serbia, 575 people have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proven is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio de Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.

## The World's Bibles.

A very interesting estimate of the number of Bibles in the world is given in the Church at Home and Abroad. At the beginning of the present century, it is stated, the Bibles in existence did not number more than 6,000,000. Now more than that number of Bibles are printed every year. From the rooms of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London alone are sent forth daily from 5,000 to 7,000 copies, to which must be added the copies issued from all their subordinate depots in various lands, and the issues of the American Bible Society, and of several other lesser bodies; so that the recent statement is quite credible which puts the whole number of copies of the Scriptures issued since the century began as over 404,000,000.

## Ball-Bearing Oars.

The introduction of a new oarlock for boats is recorded by the Chicago Tribune as involving an additional extension of the ball-bearing system in minimizing friction. As described the rowlocks in this case are of brass, with three points ball-bearing case-hardened steel working parts; they are furnished in either polished brass or nickel plated as may be desired. These materials will not bend or spread, and so the oars move in them always the same. Thus there can be no liability to uneven rowing on account of the locks being of different shapes and angles, as is not unfrequently the case with compositions of a softer character. Great ease in rowing is claimed for this device.

## NOT RICH ENOUGH.

Stranger (after an examination)—Well, doctor, what do you think? Have I got the gout?  
Great Physician—Hem! Er—what is your income?  
Stranger—Twelve hundred a year.  
Great Physician—No, you've got a sore foot.

## WHY NAPOLEON DIDN'T CRY.

"Don't cry, Buster," said Jimmie-boy, after the catastrophe. "Napoleon didn't cry every time his brother hit him accidentally on the eye."  
"I know that," retorted Buster. "Napoleon did all the hittin' on the eye hisself."

## WHERE KNOWLEDGE MEANT POWER.

"What a lovely bouquet!"  
"Yes; I'm taking it to Mrs. Wells, as this is her birthday."  
"But I thought you were not on very good terms with her now."  
"Neither I am, but this is her fortieth birthday, and she knows that I am the only one who knows it."

## THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

### THE BEST PROOF.

Your daughter, I fancy, plays as a master.  
Mother—She became engaged at the piano.

### BIKE DEFINITION.

"What is a labor of love?"  
"Walking a damaged wheel back over ten miles of desolate and rocky road."

### HER VIEW OF IT.

"She has gained some rather unpleasant notoriety, hasn't she?"  
"Oh, I don't think she regards any notoriety as unpleasant."

### KISSING ETIQUETTE.

Miss Spinstor—"I think it very impolite for a gentleman to throw a kiss to a lady."  
Miss Flippant—"So do I. He should deliver it in person."

### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us—and then his voice was drowned by the applause."

### A CAREFUL JUDGE.

Wilton—Do you agree with David that all men are liars?  
Wilby—How can I tell? Just think of the number of men that I never saw!

### A CYCLE LACONIC.

Blonde—Oh, I guess one wheel is as good as another.  
Brunette (proudly and with emphasis, after a glance from wheel to wheel)—Better.

### LITTLE FITCHERS.

"Daddy, can whiskey talk?"  
"No, of course not."  
"Then why did Aunt Maria say it was telling on you more and more?"

### THE UTILITY OF ATHLETICS.

Benton—What's the use of all this athletic business in college life, anyhow?  
Fenton—It makes the graduates who can pass the mental examination eligible for the police force.

### PARADOXICAL.

Mrs. Swellington—Are you sure this is the fashion?  
Modiste—Oui, madame! Ze ver' latest.

Mrs. Swellington (still doubtful)—Dinner! It looks well and feels comfortable.

### THREE DAYS NEEDED.

"It takes my wife three days to go to a picnic."  
"How's that?"  
"She takes a day to get ready, a day to go and a day to get over it."

### THE REAL TEST.

A New York girl is receiving compliments galore for having killed one of the biggest bears ever slain in the Dead River region of Maine. The true test of a woman's courage is not a bear, but a mouse.

### NO NEWS.

Mrs. Gabb—"Yes, my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family."  
Mrs. Gadd—"Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children."

### HIS ENGLISH.

"I thought you told me your English cousin was such a plain spoken man—that he always called a spade a spade."  
"Well?"  
"Well, I find he doesn't. He calls it a spyde."

### A RANK OFFENSE.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, Colonel?" she asked.  
The Colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied with every evidence of offended dignity:  
"Madam, I command a regiment."

### A LOVER OF BOOKS.

Philanthropist—"What brought you to this place, my man?"  
Convict—"It was all along of a fondness for books."  
Philanthropist—"Ah, literary character."  
Convict—"Pocketbooks, for instance."

### ANOTHER BICYCLE SYMPTOM.

Bloomer—Bicycle eyes are the latest. Sprocket—Hadn't heard of them. Indeed? The eyes bulge out from the head and are owned by people who never ride bicycles, but who dodge them.

### GENTLE REPROOF.

"Just think of how fond the old lady is of going to a funeral, and how few there have been."  
"I know it. It's gotten so now that whenever she meets a man over seventy she looks at him reproachfully."

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