

The Change.
Before she went to boardin' school she useter romp an' play, she druv the cows from the field an' helped take in the hay, but she don't do that any more, because of this, you see— She went away as Mary Jane an' came back Jeanne Marie.

She useter wear made-over clothes, an' always with a smile, but now her dresses every one must be the latest style. She don't ride bareback any more, nor climb the apple tree— She went away as Mary Jane, but come back Jeanne Marie.

Her hair is all in crinkles now—she calls 'em Marshal waves; She's up in all the etiquette, real stylish she behaves. Her ma and me are mighty proud o' all she's learned—but gee, We sometimes wish for Mary Jane in- stead o' Jeanne Marie!
—Mrs. Elsie Duncan Yale in the Woman's Home Companion.

The Mas- terpiece

"I'm sure you will like Ella, Fred, but you must not fall in love with her. You know what I mean. I want you to like her ever so much. I shan't be the least bit jealous. All the men fall in love with Ella, but she never falls in love. She takes it all as a matter of course and is charming to them all."

"If the peerless Ella falls in love with me, and I with her, whatever we do to do, Bessie? I vote we get married before she appears on the scene, and then I suppose I'll be proof against the charms of this mighty charmer," and Fred Wilkinson looked down at the girl he loved and laughed mockingly.

His sweetheart's relief in the charms of her American cousin and her power to conquer worlds of men amused him, and he could not resist teasing her.

"Don't be absurd, stupid boy! As if I had the least fear of you or you of yourself! I only want you to understand how fascinating Ella is and what a grand time we shall have together after the honeymoon and all the bother of the wedding is over. I expect Ella will stay three months at least. She knows heaps about art and you will find her interesting as well as fascinating. Of course I know you will turn up your nose and say, 'Truly American, superficial, etc.' You know you don't like clever women," Fred.

Fred made a movement which Bessie divined and, jumping up, she upset her chair, a tiny table and a vase of flowers.

"Well, perhaps you've been clever enough this time, young lady, and will keep quiet for a bit. If Ella's tongue is as sharp as yours is sometimes, I should like to postpone the wedding till she returned to Yankee-land. I can travel while you enjoy your fascinating cousin's visit."

"Poor old Fred, did I tease and vex him? Let's kiss and be friends. Ella is the dearest, sweetest, prettiest girl you ever met. If I were a man I should want to marry her, but I'm a woman, and I want to marry you."

And Bessie's arm stole round her lover's neck and Fred stopped and kissed her and the subject of Ella and Ella's charms dropped. The bright, winsome, simple-minded Bessie was Fred's ideal of womanly perfection. She knew nothing of art and the beauty of living for art, or, indeed, the use of living for anything but love. Fred was tolerably well off and so was she. Fred was an artist by profession and Bessie accepted this as she accepted everything else in the universe, as a matter of course. To have afternoon tea in his studio and hear all his funny, clever friends talk was one of Bessie's greatest delights, though often she didn't understand in the very least what they were talking about. The passion of Bessie's life up to the time she met Fred was her cousin Ella. After that her homage was divided. Ella presented womanly perfection and Fred that of the opposite sex.

Ella had arrived. Hazel Lodge was in a state of congestion and suppressed excitement. Bessie's presents and belongings crowded every spare corner. The best bedroom refused admittance to some of Ella's huge boxes and they stood in the hall. Mrs. Bullen, who was housekeeper at Hazel Lodge, and the nearest approach to another Bessie had ever known, was feeling the strain of housekeeping fairly heavy, but her good nature was equal to it. Mr. Mayer went into the city every day. His daughter's marriage concerned him little. It would be a relief when it was over.

Satisfactory settlements had been made. He felt he had done his duty as a father. Bessie was happy. Mrs. Bullen knew how to manage things, and the easy-going man left matters to take their course.

It was the day after Ella Barton's arrival. Fred was due to dine at Hazel Lodge. The bell rang. Bessie sprang to her feet and scampered off to meet her lover.

Ella smiled. There were no subtleties about Bessie. Her devotion was open and hearty. Ella expected to meet a certain type of man—the kind of man who is flattered by a blind devotion. She loved her cousin, but she could not imag-

ine Bessie in love with any but an ordinary man, even though he was an artist. She was not ten minutes in Fred Wilkinson's company until she was wondering, nay, asking herself in amazement, the secret of his devotion to Bessie.

Fred Wilkinson, on the other hand, thought he had never seen a more handsome girl, and concluded that Bessie had not overstated Ella's personal charms. Her carriage, the poise of her head and its shape, were all alike striking. What a model she would make, he thought, and before the evening was ended he had asked her to sit for him. Bessie was delighted to hear them talk, delighted with Fred's appreciation and admiration of Ella, and it was also arranged before the evening was finished that Fred should take Ella about and show her the sights, as Bessie was much too busy with wedding preparations to spare the time. Together Ella and Fred walked, cycled, visited picture exhibitions and studios, and a part of each day they devoted to the picture for which Ella was model.

Three weeks passed. The weather was not exactly working weather. It was too hot. But Fred worked at his picture as if his life depended upon it. Never had Bessie known him so enthusiastic. It was to be the picture of the Academy next year and his masterpiece. Ella had assisted him with all the details. It was to be a picture, not a portrait. Artist and model talked of it unceasingly. Once or twice Bessie almost wished the sittings had been postponed till after the wedding. She seemed to get so little of Fred's time and thoughts, but the brave little woman called herself stupid and selfish, and ceased to trouble Fred with details, assuring herself that, after all, his picture was the main thing. The naming of the picture puzzled Ella and Fred. Bessie suggested "The Charmer." The suggestion was adopted and the charmer continued to spend most of the day in Fred's studio.

It was Saturday. The wedding was on Tuesday. Ella came downstairs wearing a fairly heavy tailor-made costume. Bessie looked astonished and remarked on the heaviness of the dress for such a hot day. Ella ignored the remark and complained of a headache.

"I do hope you are not going to be out of sorts, Ella, dearest, just at present. It would be so tiresome for both you and me. Don't sit today, Ella. The picture can wait until we return."

"No, I don't intend sitting today," answered Ella, toying with the toast on her plate. "But I must go into the city."

"Must, Ella? Can't you wait till Monday, and perhaps your headache will be gone?"

"Today or never, Bessie. It might be better never, but I have made an appointment."

"Does Fred know you are to be in town?"

"Yes; but he doesn't expect me for a sitting."

Bessie kept up the conversation during the remainder of breakfast. Something in Ella's appearance troubled her, but she attributed this to some slight indisposition.

Confidence she never expected from Ella, and her usual campaign when puzzled was to talk on safe topics.

When Ella had taken her departure for the city Bessie felt restless and low-spirited. If only Fred would come, she said to herself, and we could have a quiet time alone while Ella is in town.

Twelve o'clock came and Fred did not come. Then she remembered he had not mentioned coming, and tortured herself with fears one minute and called herself a silly the next. Lunch passed and Bessie's spirits had gone down to zero. At three o'clock, as miserable as a bride could be, Bessie stood at the window of the drawing-room resting her head against the cool pane.

The sun had gone to the back of the house and she felt glad to be rid of it. It made everything look so bright and she felt so dull. A telegram messenger came along. Her heart went pit-a-pat when he turned and ran up the steps. It would be from Fred to say he was coming to dinner. The servant brought in two messages. She opened one and read:

"Be merciful and pity us. We hate ourselves.—Ella."

Bessie felt dazed. She tore open the second, which ran thus:

"I cannot be present on Tuesday. Forget and forgive an unworthy man.—Fred."

Bessie did not shriek or faint. She tottered to the couch and dropped down on the edge of it, clutching the two buff-colored messages that had taken all the color out of her life. Her breath came slow and her limbs seemed paralyzed. Her eyes fell on the postal mark. It was Newhaven. She understood. They were going abroad beyond the reach of scandal. She must bear all, and alone.

The day that should have been Bessie Mayer's wedding-day was a year old. Bessie was a year older, too, and most people said sweeter and prettier than ever, but the sweetness was tinged with a sadness that those who knew her story understood. Her manner was quiet and subdued. The busy, bustling Martha had largely given place to the dreamer. Her face shone with that sympathetic light which is born of pain and to which the sufferers always turn. The tragedy of a year ago had turned a pretty, thoughtless, light-hearted girl into a large-hearted, noble-minded woman, with eyes and ears sensitive to every cry of humanity. From amid the pile of correspondence which lay at her

plate on this sad anniversary of the end of her love story, one letter had slipped out. The sight of the familiar writing caused her to sit down very quietly and arrange her dress very carefully. When, at last, she stretched out her hand to touch the letter, a thrill ran through her. What could a letter from him mean? She turned it over. It was carefully sealed with Ella's seal. A bitter smile passed over her face. It was a joint affair. A letter from them seemed the perfection of cruelty. She tore open the cover and drew forth the letter. It was in Ella's handwriting. It ran:

"Dear Bessie,
"When you get this I shall be dead. It is not to be posted till after my death. I have been ill ever since leaving England and now I know the end is near. I'm glad for Fred's sake. He never loved me. He loves you yet. I charmed him, but I could not teach him to love me. 'The Charmer' must be finished. It will make him a famous painter. It will be a masterpiece. Without me it would never have been begun. Without you he will never finish it. I love him! Love him so much that I am glad to die, and I write to you, the woman I wronged, to plead that you will come to him and save him from himself, the dark, discontented self that I have created. He has done nothing since leaving England but regret that he ever met me, though without blaming me. Not one word of reproach escaped his lips. His health is precarious. You can save him and save his masterpiece. Even had I lived I could do nothing. You must come to him. He cannot come to you. Bessie, you will never regret coming—believe your dying cousin, Ella."

Tears dropped into Bessie's plate as she finished the reading of this letter. She had shed no tears over the tragedy that darkened her own life, but tears dropped for him who had been and was still the idol of her heart. He was ill and alone.

Her heart whispered, "She must go to him and nurse him. They had all suffered. Poor Ella was gone." Bessie rose, and handing Mrs. Bullen Ella's letter, left the room. She could not trust herself to speak. It was all so strange, this message from the dead, giving Fred back to her. Two days after Bessie was in Versailles and in the house over which the shadow of death still clung.

Fred Wilkinson, pale and worn out, the mere shadow of the man of a year ago, lay on a couch. Content was written on his thin face, for Bessie sat by him, holding his hand.

He had been talking of the masterpiece that was yet to be finished. The sun was setting, the room was filled with a golden glow, and the future stretching from the dark-background of the year that had just ended was, they felt, good to look upon. They were only one year older than when they last sat together hand in hand, yet it seemed as if in that short time they had learned through pain the sum total of human wisdom that man is a creature of circumstance and love the essence of life. Without the circumstance that brought Ella into their lives, one of the greatest masterpieces had never been painted and neither had ever known how much they loved.—New York Week-ly.

A PARIS HORROR.

Cheaper to Starve Cab Horses Than to Feed Them.

Some sensational revelations have been made in the press by Marie Lutgen, who is now a licensed cab driver, notwithstanding the fact that she bears the title of Comtesse Ju Pin de la Guerniere. In the course of her investigations she has made the discovery that all the decent food that cab horses receive is paid for by kind-hearted drivers out of their own meagre earnings. In other words, the proprietors of the cab establishments find that it is cheaper to starve a horse, and when it drops dead buy another, than it is to keep him well fed.

A Paris cab horse, she states, hardly ever tastes hay or oats, but is just kept alive on rotten potatoes, moldy bran and barley, and the refuse that comes from breweries. She declares that one establishment even keeps a poor horse for the purpose of experimenting. It is harnessed into a sort of treadmill, and is fed, among other things, on pounded wood shavings, which are gradually reduced, in order to find out the minimum limit to which a horse could be usefully starved. Among the company's drivers this horse is known as the "Chairman's hobbyhorse."

Mme. Lutgen tells other diabolical stories of cabmen keeping iron-tipped sticks wherewith to prod their worn-out beasts, and driving wounded horses day by day, purposely whipping them on their sores. If such fiendish cruelty as this be practiced, even by half a dozen cabmen, the only thing will be to give up cabs altogether. Every one has pitied Paris horses, half of them lean, weary, heartbroken jades, which, when they are down, wish only to die. Mme. Lutgen's conclusion is that the unfortunate Paris horse will have a better chance of a decent existence with a cabwoman than with a cabman.—Paris correspondence of the New York Times.

Even Such Restrained.

Man of the House—You will get one mark after you have out the wood.
Beggar—Yes, and get fined two marks by the beggars' union, eh? Not much.—Flegende Blaetter.

About 1,200,000 people are always afloat on the seas of the world.

IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOUR UNCLE SAM.



—Week's Cleverest cartoon by Brewster, in the Atlantic Journal.

DAY OF CHEAP MEAT IS OVER

According to Statistics, a Large Part of the Population Will Have to Do Without It—People Eat Less and Less—Only 59.3 as Much Per Capita as in 1840—Many Causes Contribute to This Condition.

Washington, D. C.—That a time is rapidly coming when a large part of the population of this country must go without meat, just as many of the poor do in other countries, is the fact pointed to in a report on meat supply and surplus, which has recently been published by direction of Secretary Wilson, and which was written by George K. Holmes, chief of the division of foreign markets of the Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Holmes does not assert that the day is near when many Americans must go hungry for meat. The facts he has set forth, however, have attracted much notice among high officials of the Department of Agriculture. They admit that his statistics tend to show a growing meat scarcity with higher meat prices.

Nothing is more common in these days of prosperity than the remark that every one is eating more meat. This is not the case, according to Mr. Holmes. He has made a searching analysis of the census and other figures on meat supply, surplus and the like, and finds the stock of meat animals in the country diminishing relative to the population and the consumption per capita declining.

Instead of considering cattle, sheep and swine the principal food animals, separately, Mr. Holmes, for comparative purposes, has considered them as merged into a composite animal. He finds that there was 1.042 of a composite meat animal per capita of population in 1840. The ratio declined to .869 of a composite animal in 1869, to .838 in 1880, rose to .909 in 1890, but fell more decidedly to .703 of a composite animal per individual of population in 1900. In other words, by the late enumeration there was in the country about .7 of a composite animal per capita and nearly 50 per cent. more than that in 1840.

But the consumption per capita is much below the stock per capita. It is shown that exports of meat and its products, especially since 1880, have increased enormously. With a lower supply of meat animals in the country per capita than formerly and with exports of more growing, the tendency is for the consumption of meat at home to grow less and less.

Taking 1840 for comparison and placing the ratio of the consumption of meat animals to population then at 100, the ratio falls to 72.4 in 1880, followed by a rise to 79.4 in 1890, and by a great fall, to 59.3 in 1900. In other words, compared with 1840, each individual in the country is, on the average, eating about three-fifths as much meat.

From 1890 to 1900 the domestic consumption stock of meat animals declined almost exactly one-fourth per capita of the population. At the Department of Agriculture there is going on a good deal of study of Mr. Holmes' report, with a view to ascertaining how his facts bear on the present high prices of meat. One of the foremost officials of the department, who has been looking into the meat situation with care, said that the inevitable conclusion was that this country had seen the last of low meat prices; that the tendency of the future would be for meat prices to rise even higher than they were now; that the amount of meat per capita in the country would keep growing lower as the population increased, and consequently that prices would tend upward, and that more and more the family of small means would have to go without meat, using it much more seldom than at present.

This official also pointed out that the difficulty of getting farm help was constantly growing, but that the population of the country was constantly enlarging. This means a less number of live stock relatively and more people to make a demand on the supply. In addition, high meat prices abroad are drawing an increasing export of meat and meat products away from the country.

WOMAN POSED AS MAN FOR 60 YEARS

Once Lived as a Husband, and Only Revealed Secret Just Before Death—Ranchman and Bank Clerk—Coming to America From France, She Found She Could Get Work Best in Male Attire.

Trinidad, Col.—Charles Vauhaugh, alias Katherine Vauhaugh, a woman who for sixty years passed as a married man, and was a bank clerk and sheep herder, died at San Rafael Hospital from old age.

She was born in France eighty-three years ago, and came to America when eighteen years of age, relying upon her own energies to make her living. She found that she was greatly handicapped because of her sex. After wandering around the country for two years as a woman she adopted male garb and applied for a man's position. She obtained employment in Joplin, Mo., and worked there as a bookkeeper for several years.

All this time she kept her secret, and no one doubted that she was a man. She possessed an excellent education, and while she was in Joplin she was offered a position in a St. Joseph (Mo.) banking house. She accepted this, going to St. Joseph before she was thirty years of age.

A few months later a young woman of that town was deserted by the man who had promised to marry her. Miss Vauhaugh sought her out, proposed marriage and was accepted. To this girl Miss Vauhaugh divulged her sex on a Bible pledge that she would never reveal the secret.

After their marriage they came to Trinidad and opened a restaurant. A year or two afterward the "wife" disappeared. The "husband" declared he had been deserted and refused to make any effort to find her. Miss Vauhaugh received more or less sympathy at the time, but the incident was soon forgotten.

Tiring of city life and always fearing her secret would be discovered, Miss Vauhaugh forty years ago sought employment at the San Brown ranch, near Trinchera. She asked for work as a sheep herder, and this was given to her. Later, when she knew that her sex could not be discovered except by the greatest of accidents, she accepted work as a camp cook. She remained at the San Brown ranch until two years ago, when she was brought to San Rafael Hospital here to spend her last days. Even here she protected her secret, refusing to take a bath until she was assured by the sisters at the hospital that she could do so without the presence of attendants.

Some time later she contracted a severe cold that threatened to develop into pneumonia. Dr. T. J. Forhan said it would be necessary to remove her clothing for an examination. "Mr. Vauhaugh" partially removed his clothing at last reluctantly consented, and then, with tears welling in her eyes and cursing down her wrinkled cheeks, she called for the sister in charge and parted with her secret for the second time in sixty years.

Viceroy Lord Minto Says It Is Impossible to Ignore India's Unrest.

Simla, India.—The Legislative Council adopted a bill designed to prevent seditious gatherings. It empowers the provincial authorities to prohibit public meetings.

Lord Minto, the Viceroy, in a speech in support of the bill, said it was impossible to ignore the "warfare" of recent months—the riots, the insults to Europeans, and the attempts to inflame racial feeling.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES



EXPURGATED.

"Maud Muller on a Summer's day Raked the meadows Sweet with hay;"
Maud's feet were bare, And bare each shin;
Maud's gown was Calico and thin;
And fitted Maud— 'Twas such a fit That Maud seemed Moulded into it. She had some Ruching at her throat, And wore short sleeves;
Please make a note Of all these things— Tight dress, bare skin And thinnish gown 'O'er tender skin— Here Maud steps in A hornet's nest And I just can't Describe the rest.
—Judd Mortimer Lewis in Houston Post.

COMPLIMENTARY.

"Gracious! my dear," said the first society belle, "I do hope you are not ill; you look so much older tonight."
"I'm quite well, thank you, dear," replied the other, "and you—how wonderful improved you are! You look positively young."—Washington Herald.

A HEAVY LOAD.

Irate Wife (to blubbery husband).—Where have you been until this hour?
B. H.—Been out shoppin', m'dear.
Irate Wife—Then why didn't you have your purchases sent home instead of trying to carry such a load yourself?—Detroit Free Press.

THE CAT.

Mistress—Did you remember to feed the cat every day during my absence?
Servant—Every day but one, ma'am.
Mistress—And didn't the poor thing have anything to eat all day?
Servant—Oh, yes; ma'am, she ate the canary.—Chicago Daily News.

UNSAFE.

Yacht Owner—So the commodore let his skipper go, did he?
His Captain—Yes; he was too blame reckless. He'd think nothin' of goin' out with only ten cases of champagne aboard, an' the commodore says as how twenty is the limit of safety.—Puck.

THE MONEY.

"An artist," said the man with pointed whiskers, "must not think about money."
"I suppose not," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Every time I buy a picture the artist wants enough to keep him from thinking about money for the rest of his life."—Washington Star.

TO BE SEARCHED.

"Policeman, that ruffian took my wife's arm!"
"All right, sir. We'll search 'im at the station."—Puck.

A VOLUPTUARY.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "Mr. Harkins would have been better off if he had never inherited that money from his aunt. He is rapidly becoming a voluptuary."
"Do you think so?" replied her hostess. "But maybe he'd got that way anyhow. Most men begin to fatten up when they get along about his age."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PLEASURE.

Yankee Jingo: "I'm afraid we're going to have trouble with you Japs."
Suave Jap: "Oh! no trouble at all, my friend. It will be a pleasure."—Life.

THE ZEBRA.

A teacher showed his small pupils a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?"
"A horse, in a bathing suit," was the prompt reply.—La Caricaturista.

THE TERMS.

"The parments ain't so hard."
"What terms?"
"A dollar down and a dollar when- ever the collector ketches me."—Washington Herald.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portion of his toast at breakfast and piled the crusts on his plate. "When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."
"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring, cheerfully.
"Yes," replied the parent.
"You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.—Harper's Weekly.

GOOD JUDGE.

"You're a good judge of horseflesh, aren't you, sir?"
"I ought to be. I ate in Paris restaurants all summer."—Cleveland Leader.

THE CORRECT TIME.

"Speaking of myself," said the eligible bachelor, "I do not believe in early marriages."
"Nor do I," replied the fair maid. "High noon is the correct time."—Chicago News.