barons and courtiers? It was all very well

and yet he was timorous about seeking it eut; he passed and went on-came back again-planced nervously down the long roughtars - and then re-umed his similess stroll, slowly and reluctantly. To these indecisions and hesitations there came the inthe marryrs, something actual to engage our own efforts, if the poor man was not to be to ever ground to the dust, himself and his starving family, by the relentless pluteerat and his convenient (reciom of contract. Let the State, then—that enevitable climax; with ever lowered-but yet seeming to see everything around him and far shead or him-he went down Park et until he came to the smaller thoroughfare named on the card; and there, with still greater shame seedness he paused and ventured to look at the house that he guessed to be the shode of the old man and his granddaughter. Well, it was a sufficiently humble dwelling; but it was next and clean; and in the little bulcony outside the first floor were a number or pots of flow--lobeline, ox-eye daisies and musk. The window was open, but he could hear nothing.
He glanced up and down the small street.
By this time the carriages had all been
driven away to dinner party and theatre; a
perfect silence prevailed everywhere; there
of unequal distribution of prefit that was
not unequal distribution of prefit that was perfect silence prevailed everywhere; there was not a single masser-by. It was a quiet soon to be destroyed. That would speedily be amont to be destroyed. That would speedily be amont to be destroyed. What further, then? The creatures had ound after their varied buffetings about the world. And to this young daylight was the right of the people to the corner, a restful haven, these two lonely ereatures had sound after their varied buffetings about the' world. And to this young man, who had just come away rom the roar of Oxford street and its surging stream of boman life, there seemed something singu-larly fascinating and soothing in the still-ness. He began to think that he, too, would like to escape into this retreat. They would not object to a solitary companion?to a neighbor who would be content exchange o goods, must establish systems to see them from the other side of the way, at the window now and again, or perhaps to may "Good morning !" or "Good evening !" as they passed him on the pavement? He could bring his books; here would be ample opportunity for study; there were far too many distractions and interruptions at his er's house. And then-after weeks and weeks of nationt waiting-then perhapssome still evening—he might be invited to altogether. She asked her nephew to give would take his sent—and—oh! the wonder and entrancement of it—be privileged to sit and listen, and hear what the wanderers, at rest at last, had to say of the far and outer world they had left behind them. Useful and the same them are some more strawberries.

"I say, Vin," she remarked, accidentally, what very beauti ul dessert plates these are. I don't remember them. Where did you get them?" world they had left behind them. He did not know what she was called; but he

Suddenly the silence sprung into life; some one seemed to speak to him; and then he knew that it was a violin-being played in that very room. He glanced up toward the open window; he could just make out that the old man was sitting there, within the shadow; therefore it must be the girl berself who was playing, in the recess of the chamber. And in a sort of dream he stood and listened to the plaintive melody—hard-ly breathing—haunted by the feeling that he was intruding on some sacred privacy. Then, when the beautiful, pathetic notes ceased, he noiselessly withdrew his bowed head. She had been speaking to him, but he was bewildered; he hardly could tell what that trembling, infinitely sad voice had

He walked quickly now; for in place of those vague auticipations and reveries, a more definite purpose was forming in his brain; and there was a certain joyousness in the prospect. The very next morning he would come up to this little thorough are, and see if he could secure lodgings or him self, perhaps opposite the house where the old man and his granddaughter lived. It was time he was devoting himself more vigorously to study; there were too many people calling at the big mansion in Grosvenor place; the trivolities of the fashrounble world were too seductive. But in the seelunion of that quiet little quarter be could give self up to his books; and he would know glimpse of them from time to time; that would lighten his toil. Then when Mary Rethrone-be had come to the conclusion that Mary was her name, and had made not such a bad guess, after all-when Mary Bethune played one of those pathetic Scotch nirs, he would have a better right to listen; nirs, he would have a better right to intent to the property of the would contentedly put down Seaman's "I'm going to the Drawing Room to-mor-window, and all there, till the violin had cessed to speak. It was a most excellent would come down to St. James' Park and the would come down to St. James' Park and the wight brighten all around her—that the scheme; be convinced himself that it would

When he arrived at the great house in Grosvenor Place, he went at once into the dining room, and sound, though not to his surprise, that dinner was just about over, There were only three persons seated at the long table, which was sumptuously turnished with fruit flowers and silver. At the head was Vas Harris' father, Mr. Harland Harris, a tout, square-set, somewhat bourgeois-looking man, with a stiff, pedantic and pompous manner, who nevertheless showed his scorn of conventionalities by wearing a suit of gray tweed; on his right sat his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ellison, a re-markably pretty young widow, tall and elegant of figure, with wavy, brown hair, shrewd blue eves and a most charming smile that she could use with effect; the third member of the group being Mr. Ogden, the great electioneerer of the North, a big and beavy man, with Yorkshire-looking shoulders, a bald head, and small, piggish eyes set in a wide extent of face. Mr. Ogden was resplendent in evening dress, if his shining shirt (root was rather billowy.

'What's this now?" said the pretty Mrs. Ellison to the young man, as he came and 'Haven't you had any dinner?"

sert," said he, as he carclessly helped him-"It's too but to eat lood-unusual for May, isn't it? Beside I had a late luncheon with Musselburgh."

"Lord Musselburgh?" put in Mr. Ogden. "I wonder when his lordship is going to tell u what he is going to be-an owner of race horses or a yachtman or a statesman? It seems to me be can't make up his own mind; and the public don't know whether to take

"Lord Musselburgh," said Muster Vin. firing up in defense of his triend, "is an Euglish gentleman, who thinks he ought to support Eaglish institutions-and I dare may that is why he does not find saving grace in the caucus." Perhaps there was more rudeness than

point in this remark; but Mrs. Ellison's eyes laughed-decorously and unobserved. She said aloud-"For my part, I consider Lord Mussel-

burch a very admirable young man; he has offered me the box-seat on his coach at the next meet of the Four in Hand Cinb. "And are you going, anut?" her nephew

"Yes, certainly," "Hard on Musselburgh, won't it be, rather?" he observed, in a casual sort of way. ... Why?"

"Because if you are on the box-seat, nobody will look at his team."
"None of your impertinence, sir," said she (but she was pleased all the same).

"Boys must not say such things to their grandmothers." tune; for Mr. Harris, finding that his sisterin-law had now some one of like mind to slone, and addressed himself exclusively to tion of the os. "Then you are really his bulky friend from the North. And his going to but some of your father's principles word was possible between them; they his bulky friend from the North. And his discourse took the form of pointing out what were the practical and definite aims that socialism had to place before itself. As to going to begin himself. You know how he ing them. And yet it seemed a miraculous general principles, all thinking men were declares it to be monstrous that there should thing that he was allowed to come so close-agreed. Every one who had remarked the be people of your own race, and color, and that he could almost tell the individual general principles, all thinking men were signs of the times knew that the next great religion, whom you would besitate to ask to movement in modern life must be the eman-sit down at the same table as yourselt; but I more than once, too, be had caught a glimpse existed under the fendal system—must be crossing-sweeper or Tom from the stable-yard to come in and dine with him. And if they came in without an invitation—taking him at his word, as it were—I'm about their mere beauty; though to be a super beauty and the super beauty and th cipation of the wage slave. The tyranny of the capitalist-worse than any tyranny that crossing-sweeper or Tom from the stableexisted under the feudal system-must be rants, he; not only robbing and plundering the hapless beings at his mercy, but debas-ing their lives, depriving them of their inthe hapless beings at his mercy, but debasing their lives, depriving them of their individualism, of the self-respect which was
the birthright of the humblest handicrattsman of the middle ages, and making of
them mere machines for the purpose of filing his pockets with useless and inordinate
ing his pockets with useless and inordinate
the hapless beings at his mercy, but debasthere is you want to understand the great
heart of the people—before you lead them
on to anarchy and universal plunder?"
"Aunt," said he, with a smile, "you
mustn't say such beings to me; you mustn't
respect to the read of the re were the immediate steps to be taken in or-der to alter this monstrons and abominable plunder-far more iniquitous than anything that Henry VIII. ever did, when he destroyed the monasteries and stole the public lands from the poor and gave them to his

to make processions to Pere Lachnise, and wave red flags, and wax eloquent over the graves of the Communists; but there was wanted something more than talk, some-

gine of oppression which has been invented by the rich-now see whether it could not do something for all classes under its care; let it consider the proletarist as well as the unscrupulous landlords and the sordid and selfish bourgeoisie. Already it was working the telegraphs, the postoffice, the parcel land; let the State assume possession, and minage it—its mines and minerals, its sgricenters of distribution for the purchase and of credit, must break down monopoly everywhere, and the iron power of commercial ism that was crushing the life out of the masses of the population. The State must organize production, so that each man shall do his share of work demanded by the com-

munity, and no more— But here Mrs. Eilison, who had doubtless heard or read all this be ore, turned away

"They are my father's own design." "Really! I call them very handsome-and so quaint and unusual. He must tell thought of several names; and each one grew beautiful-became possessed of a curime where I can get some of them; when I go back to Brighton I should like to take a ous interest-when he guessed that it might few with me for my small establishment."
"But you can't, aunt," he said.
"Why?"

"Because my father had the molds broken." She looked at him for a moment and then sniggered-yes, sniggered, but discreetly, so that the two perferved politicians should

"That is pretty well," she observed in an undertone, "for a Socialist and a Com-munist—to have the moids broken so that pobody else should have any!" Presently she said, in the same under-

"I'm going to eatch your eye in a minute, Vin. Are you coming upstairs to the draw-ingroom with me?"

"Yes, of course, aunt," said he instantly, 'Get up now and let's be off."

She rose; so did her brother-in-law. Mr. Ogden remained in his chair-perhaps through inuttention, or perhaps he was bewildered by the consciousness that he ought to make, as a relic of his ancient worship of rissez arre, some protest against this wholeter Vin opened the door for the tall and bright-eyed widow; and he and she passed

and went upstairs together. When they entered the spacious and richly-turnished room, the atmosphere of which was heavy with the scent of flowers, Mrs. Edition seated herself in a low lounging chair, while her nephew stood some lit-tle way off, his hands behind his back, his lamp as if he could see pictures there When she spoke, no doubt he heard; but he did not answer or interrupt; he allowed her to ramble on. And she was in a talkative and vivacious mood.

find out our brougham and talk to us while we are waiting. I do so want you to get to be the opening summer, know Miss Drexel well; it would be worth For now they were no your while, I can tell you. You see, good sense. This evening, be ore you came n, your father was treating us to a dissertation on the iniquity of riches-or rather the absurdity of people reveling in wealth, and at the same time professing to be Christians, He asked—and I'm sure I couldn't answer him-how a Bishop can reconcile his enjoy-ment of £10,000 a year with Christ's plain injunction, 'Sell all that then hast and dislistening to the sermon I was thinking of you, Vin. I don't know how far you have accepted your sather's theories-which he himsel takes precious good care not to put into practice. But some day-for young tain-you might suddenly take it into your head to do some wild thing of that kind; and then don't you see how well it would be for you to be married to a sensible American girl; for if you were to sell all that you have and give to the poor, she would make pretty certain you didn't sell all that she had—so long as the married women's property act was in force. There's no mad Quixotism about a girl like thatlevel-headed, isn't that what they call it over there? Then, think what a help such a wife as that would be to you in public life. Think of an election, for examplewhy, Louis Drexel could talk the voters out of their five sense-bamboozie the women, and laugh the men into good humor. I wonder you didn't pick up one o those bright American girls when you were over in the States. I suppose you were too busy examining the political machine and the machinists. But I'm glad you didn't; I

couldn't trust you, and I'm going to do it for you myself. You are my boy; I'm going to provide for you. And I haven't fixed on Louie Drexel yet; but at the same time you might come down to-morrow to St. James' Park and talk to her." He withdrew his eyes from the crimson lamp, and came and took a chair near her. "I am thinking of making a little change

widow, with a smile, "Is that it? The relast—we must have freedom, and wine parties, and cards? Well, who can wender at it? I warned your father years ago of the folly of not sending you to college; you made their way down to the Serpentine, and would have had all that over by this time, like other young men; but no, the future old man proceeded to draw from his pocket squires. Well, and where have the princely aportments been chosen? In Piccadilly, of course—yellow satin and golden goblets." "You are quite mistaken, aunt," be said,

brain was nim le and swift in the construc- all, but infinities of space! would be remarkably warm—they'd be thrown out of the front door in a couple of

What was to be done, then?—what pour reactionary poison into my young mind. No; I am going to retire into that ter this monstrons and abominable —far more iniquitous than anything on with my books; and as I shan't let anybody know where it is, I can't be dis-

"Do you mean to live there altogether?" to view; she watched two small urchins fur-

she asked, glancing quickly at him. "Snall "Oh, un. I shall come home here each

gaged them there and then, paying a fert-night's rent is advance in order to calm the good landlady's mind, for he had not a scrap of luggage with him. The sitting-room was all he really required, to be sure; but he did not wish to be disturbed by having the adjoining bedroom occupied; so be took that too, money not being of much con-sequence to this young man. And then, when the landlady left, he sat down to look at his new possessions. The apartments must have looked poorly furnished to eyes must have looked poorly furnished to eyes familiar with the splender of Gresvener Place; but at all events they seemed clean. Cheap German lithographs adorned the walls; the fireplace was gay with strips of pink paper. But when he approached the window—which he did stealthily—there was more to interest him; the opposite two windows, behind the balcony filled with flowers, were both open; at any moment a figure might

ful eyes. Or perchance he might hear the tender strains of the unseen violin? He re-mained there for some time, rather breathless and nervous, until he recollected that he had come hither for the purposes of study; and then he thought he would go away down to Grosvenor Place and seek out such books and writing materials as he might want, and bring them along forthwith. He went downstairs and was just about to step outside when he caught sight of mething across the way which caused him instantly to shrink back and shelter himseli within the shadow of the door-his heart beating quickly. He had nearly been face-to-face with the pensive-eyed girl, for she had come forth from the opposite house, and was waiting for her grandfather to fol-low. He remained concealed—fearful of being seen, and yet scarcely knowing why. Then, when he heard the door on the other side shut, and when he had allowed them a

few seconds' grace, he stepped forth from

oth open; at any moment a figure might

appear there-perhaps looking out absently and vaguely with those beautiful and wist-

his hiding, and saw that they were just turning the corner into Park street. Why this pertubation that caused his hands to tremble, that caused his eyeballs to throb, as he looked, and yet hardly dared to thook? He was doing no harm—he was thinking no harm. These thoroughfares were open to all; the May morning was warm and fine and clear; why should he not take his way to Hyde Park as well as another? Even in furtively watening whither they went-in keeping a certain distance be tween them and him-there was no sort of sacrilege or outrage. If they had turned and confronted him, they could not have recognized him; it was almost impossible they could have observed the young man who was half concealed by the curtains of the room in Musselburgh House. And yet -yet-there was some kind of tremulous wonder in his being so near his being allowed, without let or hindrance, to gaze upon the long-flowing masses of hair, that caught a sheen o light here and there, and stirred with the stirring of the wind. And then the simple grace and ease of her carriage; she held her head more tle way oil, his hands behind his back, his erect in these quiet thoroughfares; some-eyes absently staring into a rose-shaded times she turned a little to address the old man, and then her refined and sensitive profile became visible, and also the mysterious charm of the long and drooping lashes. He noticed that she never looked at any passers-by; but she did not seem so

> warm airs might be sweet with the blossoms For now they were nearing Hyde Park; and away before them stretched the paie blue vistas of atmosphere under the wide-swaying branches of the maples. They crossed to Grosvenor Gate; they left the dull roar of Park Lane behind them; they passed beneath the trees; and emerged upon the open breadths of verdure, intersected by pale pink roads. Though summer had come prematurely, this was almost an April-like day: there was a southwest wind blowing, and flattening the feathery grasses; there were shafts of misty sunlight striking here and there; while a confusion of clouds, purple and gray and silver, floated heavily through the surebarged sky. The newly-shorn sheep were quite white-lor London, A smart young maidservant idly shoving a perambulator had a glory of spring flowers in her bonnet. The mild air blowing about brought grateful odors—was it from the greensward all around, or from the more distant masses o hawthorn white and red? The old man, marching with head erect, and sometimes swinging the stick that he carried, was singing aloud in the gaiety of his heart, though Vin Harris, carefully

keeping at a certain distance, could not make out either the words or the air. The young girl, on the other hand, was simply looking at the various objects, animate and inanimate, around her—at the birds picking up straws or shreds of wool for the building their nests, at the wind shivering through the gray spikelets of the grass, at the everchanging conformation of the clouds, at the swaying of the branches of the trees; while from time to time there came floating over from Keightsbridge the sound o a military band. No, she did not appear so sad as she had done the day before; and there was something cheerful, too, about her costume -about the simple dress of dark blue and white-striped linen and the sailor's hat o ream-white with a dark blue band. Mary, he made sure her name was-Mary Bethune. Only a name to him; nothing more; a strange, indefinable, immeasurable distance lay between them; not for him was it to draw near to her to breathe the same air with her, to I am thinking of making a little change in my arrangements," said he. "There is too much distraction here; especially at this time of the year, when everybody's in town. I am going to take rooms elsewhere."

I am going to take rooms elsewhere."

I am going to take rooms elsewhere."

I am thinking of making a little change to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the same air with her, to her to be eather the low tones o her veice, to wait for the uplifting of the mysteriously shaded time of the year, when everybody's in town. I am going to take rooms elsewhere." " exclaimed the pretty young of any human being who should be allowed to touch-with trembling fingertips-with straint of home has been found too much at reverent and almost reductant flugertips-

champion of the prolecariat was not to have his mind contaminated by the sons of squires. Well, and where have the princely placidly there and look around her—at the shimmering stretch of water, at the small boys sailing their mimic yachts, at the "You are quite mistaken, aunt," he said, and golden gobiets."
Boys must not say such things to their grandmothers."

Now the advent of Master Vin was opportune; for Mr. Harris, finding that his sisternal whad now some one of like mind to the course—yellow satin and golden gobiets.

"You are quite mistaken, aunt," he said, quacking ducks and yelping dogs, at the ever-rustling and murmuring trees. Vin morrow are in a quiet little street that I dare say you never heard of; if you saw it, you might probably call it slummy."

"On, is the tit?" she said again, for her there between him and her?—not yards at the doys saining their minite yachts, at the quacking ducks and yelping dogs, at the ever-rustling and murmuring trees. Vin morrow are in a quiet little street that I dare say you never heard of; if you saw it, you might probably call it slummy."

"On, is the tit?" she said again, for her there between him and her?—not yards at the course. Vin morrow are in a quiet little street that I dare say you never heard of; if you saw it, you might probably call it slummy."

"On, is the tit?" she said again, for her there between him and her?—not yards at the course. Vin morrow are in a quiet little street that I dare say you never heard of; if you saw it, you might probably call it slummy." tan on her complexion; it was rather that they were full o ineffable things—sim-plicity, submission, gratitude, affection, and even, as he rejoiced to think, some measure of mild enjoyment. For the moment there was little of that pensive and resigned look that had struck him in the figure standing with bowed head at Lord Musselburgh's table. She appeared to be pleased with the various life around her and its little incidents; she regarded the sailing of the miniature yachts with interest. When a brace of duck went whirring by overhead she followed their flight until they were lost

tively fishing for minnows with an eye on the distant parkkeeper. There was a uni-versal rustling of leaves in the silence; and sometimes, when the wind blew straight across, the music of the military band be-came more distinct.

How long they remained there the young

"To dinner? But it is no use asking you that; or you never seem to care where you dine, or whether you dine at all. Have you told your father of this scheme?"

"No, not yet," he made answer; and he could say nothing further just then, for at this moment Mr. Harris and his guest came unstairs from the dining room, and Mr. Ogden preceded to engage the young widow in penderous conversation.

sometimes, when the wind blew straight across, the music of the military band became more distinct.

How long they aremained there the young man did not know; it was a golden morning, and all too brief. But when at last they did rise to go he was very nearly caughty for instance of the military band became more distinct.

How long they aremained there the young man did not know; it was a golden morning, and all too brief. But when at last they did rise to go he was very nearly caughty for instance of the military band became more distinct. "No, not yet," he made answer; and he could say nothing 'urther just then, 'or at this moment Mr. Harris and his guest came unstairs from the dining room, and Mr. Ogden proceeded to engage the young widow in penderous conversation.

As good luck would have it, when Vin Harris went up next morning to the little thoroughtare leading from Park street, he found exactly the rooms he wanted, and engaged them there and then, paying a ferturable that the rooms he wanted, and engaged them there and then, paying a ferturable transfer of the paying a ferturable transfer of t then, when he was sure they were some way off, he made bold to raise his eyes again Had she taken any notice of him? He hoped not. He did not wish her to think him a spy; he did not wish to be known to her at all. He should be her constant neighbor, her companion almost, without any consciousness on her part. And again and again he marveled that the landlady in little thoroughfare should have given him those treasures of rooms—should have put such happiness within his reach—for so trivial a sum. Seventeen shillings a week! -when each moment would be a diamond, and each evening hour a string of dia-

But nevertheless there were his studies to be thought of; so now he walked away down to Grosvenor Place, gathered his books together, and took them up in a hansom to his newly-acquired lodgings. That after-noon he loyally stuck to his work—or tried to do so, though, in fact, his ears were alert for any sound coming from the other side of the way. He had let his window open: one of the windows of the opposite house was also left open. Occasionally he would lay down Draper's Civil War in America and get up and stretch his legs, and from a convenient shelter send a swift glance of scrutiny seross the street. There was no sign. Perhaps they had gone out again, shopping, or visiting, or, as likely as not, to look at the people riding and driving in the park. He returned to Draper, and to President Jackson's proclamation—but with less of interest; his annotations became fewer. He was listening as well as reading. Then all of a sudden there flashed into his brain a suggestion—a suggestion that had little to do with Clay's Compromise, or the project to arrest Mr. Calhoun. On the previous evening it had seemed to him as though the unseen violinist were speaking to him; why, then, should be not answer, in the same language? There could be no of fense in that—no impertinence: it would be merely one vague voice responding to the other, the unknown communicating in this fieshless and bloodless way with the un-known. And now he was abundantly grateful to his aunt or having insisted on his including music among his various studies and accomplishments; a use had come for his slight proficiency at last: most modern anguages he knew, but he had never ex pected to be called upon to speak in this one. And yet what more simple, as be-tween neighbors? He was not thrusting his society on any one; he was invading no privacy; he was demanding no concession o riendship or even acquaintance. But at least the dreadful gulf of silence would be bridged over by this mystic means. It was nearly 6 o'clock; London was busy when he went out on this hot evening. He walked along to a music publisher's place in Regent street; and hired a piano on the express stipulation that it was to be in his rooms within one hour. Then, as he had

only had a biscuit for lunch, and wished to leave himself untrammelled later on, he turned into a restaurant and dined there, simply enough, and had a cigarette and a look at the evening papers. Thereafter he strolled back to his lodgings and took to his book, though his thoughts were inclined to Twilight had fallen; but he did not light the gas. Once, for a brief second or two, he had quietly run his fingers over the keys of the piano, to learn it was tolerably in tune; then the room relapsed into allow with the piano. then the room relapsed into slence again And was there to be silence on the other side as well? He waited and listened, and waited and listened, in vain. Perhaps, while be was idling away his time in the Regent street restaurant, they had come out from the house and gone to some theater. The

street was so still now that he could almost have heard anyone speaking in that room on the other side; but there was no sound. Then his heart leapt and his brain grew giddy. Here was that low-breathing and vibrating wall again-and was she alone now?-in the gathering darkness. He recognized the air-it was "Auld Robin Gray"-but never before had he known that it was so beautiful and so ineffably sad as well. Slowly she played and simply; it was almost like a human voice-only that the trembling strings had a penetrating note of their own. And when she ceased, it seemed to him that it would be pro anation to break in upon the hushed and sacred stillness. And yet was he not to answer her, in the only speech that could not offend? to act the coward, when there offered a chance of his establishing some subtle link with her, of sending a message, of declaring his presence in this surely unobtrusive ashon? Quickly he sat down to the piano; and, in rather a nervous and anxious fashion, began. He was not a brilliant performer-anything but that; but he had a light touch and a sensitive ear; and he played with feeling and grace. It was "Kathleen Mayourneen"-and a sort of ap-peal in its way, did she but remember the words. He played the melody over only once—slowly and as sympathetically as he could; then he rose and retired from the piano; and stood in the darkness, listening. Alas! there was no response. What had se done? He waited, wondering; but all was still in the little street. It was as i some bird, some mellow-throated thrush or nightingale, had been warbling to it-elf in the dim security of the leaves, and been suddenly startled and sileuced by an alien

sound, not knowing what that might por-[To be Continued Next Sunday.]

Bobby (at the break ast table)-Clara, did Mr. Spooner take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night? Clara-Why, of course not; why should Bobby-That's what I'd like to know. thought he did, 'cos I heard him say when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just

> THE BROOK. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) Thet thar little brook!—well, Tell you how it is: Kinder soothes my speret Jest to hear it fizz

Mongst the rocks an' pebbles When the water's riz. When the spring floods swell it, Gee! it does me good Jest to see it hustle Thro' old Adkin's wood, Whoopin' like a free lick In a free land should.

Ain't no Gover'mental Bossin' keeps it down! It manerfacters water 'Nough to flush a town,

Sassy, small moonshiner Of a stream!—well, I Am't demandin' Bourbon When its tides is high. They hev power to caim me When my heart is dry. 'N'en, I git to thinkin'-

When the banks gits green, An' the wild flowers brighten 'Mongst the reeds that lean Down upon the ripples— 'Bout a gyrl I've seen— Been in church o' Sundays, Singm' in the choir, Workin' in the kitchen, Sewin' by the fire; Adkin's darter, Looly, She's what I admire!

Always think I'll ask her
When the spring crawls 'round;
'N'en—the crick gits shaller,
An' my head gits—sound!
Tell ye! bachelor life's whar
Bolid comfort's found!
EVA WILDER MOGLASSO X.

LAND OF MISERY

of Bolivia, S. A. CHURCHES FILLED WITH GOLD

While the Worshipers Scarcely Ever Enjoy a fquare Meal.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL CELEBRATION

CHULUMANI, BOLIVIA, June 2 .- To have visited the capital and one or two mining regions and to have made a tour of observation into any interior valley is equivalent to having seen every rod of Bolivia; for throughout its vast extent there are few variations, except those caused by altitude, in changes of climate and different industries pursued by the people. So very cold is the atmosphere of La Pas, at an elevation of over 13,000 feet, that the traveler finds it difficult to believe himself really within the semi-tropics and to realize that were i not for these mountain ranges topped with eternal snow the whole country would be like the Yungas Valley, filled with sunshine

and luxuriant vegetation. Chulumani, Capital of the Province of Yungas, is a typical town of interior Bolivia. With a population of only about 2,500, in overs nearly as much space as the city of Chicago. Having been built haphazard up and down the hillsides, a bird'seye view nakes its roots of ancient and clumsy tiles, which were long since turned by time from dull red to mossy green and gray, appear to be piled directly on top of one another. Except the huts of the Indians all are enornous structures, sometimes rambling around two or three inner courts; and though many f them contain several shops and shelter number of families one finds nowhere thos neat little houses, which can be furnished without much cost and easily kept in order so much in demand at the North. Though the Spanish is said to be the richest of al anguages, it has no such word as home, no invthing nearer it than hogas (hearth) which eally signifies nothing in that direction all South America there is not hearth to sit by, nor a stove, grate or other contrivance in which a fire may be built for warmth and cheerfulness.

PAYING BOARD IN GIFTS. Though the capital of an important prov nce. Chulumani contains neither hotel no ambo; therefore all travelers must depend upou private hospitality, and one's gener ous entertainers would feel grievously in suited if offered money in return for their hospitality. Gits are received, however, and one needs to carry about the country regular Yankee peddler's stock of notions distribute in payment for his board. The arrival of strangers and especially o Americans creates an immense sensation in these small communities and in our walks abroad, though escorted by the Jefe Polit-ico, whose office corresponds to that of mayor in the United States; the local doctor and the cure, we were sollowed by a gaping crowd which increased at every turn. The only manufactory, if so it may be called, is an establishment where cocoa leaves are pressed into bales each weighing 25 pounds, by a primitive machine in the hands or four Indians. There is but one sign-board in city, and that where it is least needed-on the "Institute" or Catholic college; a blue painted strip, whose golden letters are in the form o books, with an Inkstand stuck full of pens for a period. The girls occupy

The Institute being across the narrow street directly opposite our bedroom window we were awakened every morning by child-ish voices piping a Catholic hymn; and all day long we had the benefit of the lessons, as according to universal custom in these countries, the children study aloud, this one shouting out his arithmetic, that one his grammar, and a third his spelling lesson The scholars are of all classes, from the well-dressed sons of the Jeie Politico to bare-footed Indian children. That the path was somewhat thorny was evidenced by the frequent sound of blows and the howlings of

ome poor little urchin. Then there is the market plaza. Fronting one side of this is the village church. To kneel among a throng of Indians, on a floor whose bricks have been worn thin by the knees of centuries o worshipers, while mass s chanted and incense burned, is not an uncommon experience; but lew churchgoers in any land were treated to finer music on that bright Sunday morning than we in this tar country. One of our party, a type of the best class of Spanish Americans, is a musical composer of unusual genius; and having the cure, he ascended the rickety organ lor and made the long-silent and decrepitold in-strument speak as never in the palmiest days of its youth. I am afraid that the music mostly improvised, now solemn, now joy-ous, was hardly in accord with the mass; but that it reached the dullest heart was shown by the tears that fell from many eyes.

A NOTABLE CHARACTER.

The care of Chulumani is a character no to be passed without mention. Barely 24 years of age, remarkably handsome in a dark, sharp-leatured way, educated far be-yond the ken of his associates, and with almost unlimited power in his little world, his outlook upon li e is certainly not a somber one. After mass his vouthful excellency called upon us, in long black gown and silky wide-brimmed hat, tied up at the sides, shovel fashion, with black cords and tassels, and in course of conversation in-formed us that a kind of musical reunion was held at his house on Sunday evenings, in which his friends participated, and inwited us to join the company.

Well, we went. The well-furnished draw-

ing room contained a fine piano, a cabine organ, guitars, violins and other musical instruments. Our Spanish American genius rendered some operatic selections, the house servants were called in to give us a specimen of native music and the call was concluded with the most pleasant impressions on all sides. It came out afterward, however, that we did not see anything of the real entertainment of the evening, for our musical riend, understanding the ways of his countrymen better than we, slipped over beforehand and posted the priest as to what is not customary among los Americanos, and then judiciously hurried us away b fore many of the guests arrived and the dancing and wine drinking began. I mention this not to detame the boy cure, who, no doubt, lives up to his lights; but beg my readers to remember that in many lands there are other ways than ours of regarding the Sabbath and its obligations.

QUITE A LITERARY MAN.

This interesting cure has a wonderful pile of books, and among the Catholic Brevari-ums and ponderous tomes in Greek and Latin were many specimems of modern literature in other languages, including Eugene Sue, Ouida and M. Zola's latest and nastiest. How out of place the handsome cure must look amid such surroundings, and what an example he affords or the effect of education, of having eaten of "the fruit of the tree of good and evil," or perhaps of the phrase, "A little learning is a danger-ous thing." His mother, whom we natur-ally mistook for a servant, in a dirty black dress and manta, with a man's hat on her head, did not speak during our stay, but sat on a rude bench absorbed in a cigarette. Chirca is the most picturesque village I have yet seen. The main church has some remarkable images. The one which seems to receive most attention is a figure of Christ, to receive most attention is a nigure of Christ, about four feet high, attired in a white "Mother Hubbard" with one foot protruding, the great toe of which has actually been nearly worn off by the kisses of worshipers. As a country, Bolivia is very poor, and the majority of her people enjoy few of the com-

forts of life; yet the tumble-down sanctuar of this deserted village contains enough gold and silver in its altar facings, lamps, cruck-fixes, vestments, etc., to restore the fortunes Scenes in Adobe Cities of the Interior of Chirca, build school houses, and render all its inhabitants comfortable for life.

> A DINNER WITH THE MAYOR. We arrived at the village of Chupe an hour after nightfall, and learned to our dis-tress that the hamlet contained no tambo hour after nightfall, and learned to our distress that the hamlet contained no tambo nor a spare room in any of the poor cagas; the only place of refuge being the empty schoolhouse. Hungry and tired, we hastened to make chocolate over an alcoholism, spread our canned supplies upon the deaks, and were about to enjoy the plenic meal, when a delegation of 'leading citizens' appeared at the door to exert us to the house of the jefe, or local magistrate, where dinner had been expressly prepared. To have refused would have looked like base ingratitude; so with a regretful glance at our own little spread, we dragged our weary limbs down the steep street to a one-room cass, where most of the population was assembled with open-mouthed curiosity. There was chupe of course, and nothing else except a huge pile of hoiled bananas to be eaten in place of bread, followed by bitter coffee without milk or sugar. When the banquet was concluded (and paid for at the rate of 50 cents per capita) we hastened back to the schoolhouse and topped off with what the prowling dogs and boys had left of what the prowling dogs and boys had left of

our repast.

Another interesting village in the Yungas department is named Yanacachi. The odddepartment is named Yanneacht. The odd-est church I ever saw, though by no means the oldest, is here. The entire front of the high altar is faced with massive plates of silver—quare yards of it—curiously wrought with faces and figures and quaint inscriptions. Besides the altar troot, there are hundreds of dollars worth of pure silver in bars and railings, lamps and crucifixes— while most of the half-naked wretches who kneel before them never knew in their lives what it is to have hunger completely satis-fied. Along each side runs an adobe bench, much too high and damp for comfort, but quite good enough for its purpose, as here the men sit at ease while their mothers wives, sisters kneel on the dirty floor pray ing for their ungrateful lords, as women will the wide world over.

SOME ODD IMAGES. In grotesque incongruity with the massive chness of the silver altar are the tawdr images upon it. Among others equally peculiar is a figure of Christ mounted on a gaily caparisoned wooden donkey, dresse as a Spanish cavalier—sombrero, top-boots, rapiers and all—about to make his entry into Jerusalem. On Palm Sunday this image is carried in procession through the streets of the town and the people cast their palms before it, in full belief of some mysterious blessing. Notwithstanding its store of solid silver, of which everybody appears to have forgotten the value, the church yard gate stands open night and day, and the door of the sanctuary has no lock at all.

One early morning a sound of wailing in the rear of the church attracted us to the spot. We found a group of Indians, 30 or more, about to lower a corpse into a grave they had dug close up to the foundation walls. The body, that of a young man, was rolled up in his poneno with bare feet pro-truding and bushy black hair falling over his shoulders. When laid, coffinless, in the grave, a corner of the blanket was spread over his face and the dirt shoveled on, while the bystanders howled and shricked in excess of sorrow. When the cavity was nearly filled the shoveler jumped in and stamped the earth down with his feet to make all snug; then two or three Indians brought their ponchos full of loose stones which were loosely piled on top, and a poor little cross of wild cane, the arms tied on with a bit of string, was set up between the stones.

THE LUXURY OF GRIEF.

This completed the interment, but the performance had hardly begun. It there is such a thing as "the luxury of griet," these lowly people enjoy it to the full and it is the only luxury that enters into their wretched lives. Buch sobs and cries and ing and streaming with tears. To be sure they were all more or less under the influ-ence of native alcohol and probably had been for 24 hours or more, but that is the been for 24 hours or more, but that is the was the way he regarded it. And he needed regular funeral custom among the Quichuas almost a martyr's courage to kneel and say and their way of showing respect to the

It is also their custom, when a person is believed to be dying, to tie a cord tightly around his neck, with a stick in it, and then to twist the latter, a la garotte, until the last breath is forced out of the body. The explanation is that the devil stands by, ready to grab the departing soul and carry it down to purgatory; but by this choking process the soul is kept in for swhile and his Satanic Majesty outwitted. That mistakes sometimes occur and a man is made to die who otherwise wouldn't, seems probable. The mother of the deceased, an old crone in short dress or blue fiannel, bare feet and gray hair braided down her back, was the object of universal condolence, together with the brothers and sisters. One after another would rush up and embrace them and relate some aucciote or incident in the life of him they mourned; whereupon the sobs and wails would break out afresh.

WORSHIPING THE STRANGERS. Suddenly it seemed to dawn upon them that two white women, with compassionate looks, were standing among them. For a moment they appeared half dazed, and then most of them threw themselves on their knees at our feet, with outstretched arms and imploring words (in Quichus, which of course we did not understand), addressing course we did not understand), addressing
us as "Ma-Ma," their highest term of reverence, it having been the name of the Sungod's wife, whom their ancestors adored.
What ideas were flitting through their darkened minds I do not know; but the sigh was too pitiful, and being unable to say a word for their consolution we scattered among them every piece of coin we possessed

and beat a hasty retreat. An hour later I returned to the churchyard to see how our dusky friends were get-ting on with their funeral. They had le t the grave and se ted themselves under the shadow of the rose bushes in a circle on the ground. In the center was spread a small cloth covered with boiled potatoes; but no one seem disposed to eat and one after ancontinued to relate something he or she had known of the dead man in li e, after the manner of an "experience meeting" among our Methodist brethren, or showed among our Methodist brethren, or showed some garment he had worn, or implement of labor he flad used, while the tears and sobs went on unabated and the bottle of alcohol circulated freely. Of course they would get gloriously intoxicated, mother and all, and remain so while the supply leaded. FANNIE B. WARD.

METAL TIES WON'T DO. xperiments Show That They Are Unsafe

When Trains Go at High Speed. A Belgian official report upon metal railway ties as compared with wooden ones does not speak in a wholly satis actory manner of the former. "So far as tests in that country, which were begun in 1866, have been carried on," says an exchange, "the metal tie does not appear to be well adapted to roads over which trains are run at a high rate of speed, the chief difficulty being a tendency to crack and break away from the rails. This view, it is said, is held by Belgian Government officials, who have found that, while there is less cost attached to the use of metallic ties, they are feasible only on lines over which trains are run at an average rate of 25 miles an hour, and where traffic is not to heavy. Since a sound oak tie, well conted with creosote, will last from 18 to 25 years, a steel tie costing two or three

in order to be as enconomical." Positively Delicious. So delightful to the taste are Hamburg Figs that they could be placed upon the table for dessert, and no one would suspect that they were more than very superior crystalized fruit. This property is what makes them so popular with ladies and children for the cure of constipation, piles, indigestion and sick headache. 25 cents. Dose one fig. At all druggists. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

times as much must last that much longer

UNKNOWN TO

Courageous Men and Women of Whom the World Never Hears.

SOLDIER'S BRAVERY IN CAMP The Expression That One Doesn't Know What Fear is Means Naught.

LIPE WORK OF A PITTSBURG WOMAN

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCHAL How many heroes contribute to the ecord of fame? How many don't? The don'ts have it, several to one. Fame edits her record with ruthless rigor. It is to be read aloud with magic lantern illustrations or it is to be recited behind the footlights Therefore, whatever heroic story comes to her, she judges by these standards. If it has no place for colored slides; it it will not 'stage" well, away it goes into her waste

basket. Undoubtedly the literature she gives is the most interesting; but the literature she don't give has much greater volume. And much of this is more valuable and instructive than the other; for the most interesting matter is not always the most precious. Heroic biography, if the best were given, would crowd the library with names of which same never even made a memorandum. For the most heroic heroism is that which never comes to a climax at all. There is nothing dramatic in it. Therefore the trumpet does not sound in it. There-ore, also, it is harder to enact, and implies greater courage. For the switdash of dar-ing, and the ringing shout of defiance, are things we all enjoy. They stir the hero's blood as well as the spectator's. Under their exhilarating impulse his achievement has for him a certain wild delight,

Even cravens can do magnificent deeds it they have to. And they can cower with terror at the thought or them arterward. Doubtless the deeds we have all applauded were such deeds as those. Fame did not tell us of the terrified afterthought. In the rapid rush of life the multitude has not much time to gaze. A quick, sharp glance it can spare. And it can take time to cheer for what it sees in that flash. It would gain such profit is it could stand still now and then, and patiently watch a heroic life. But after all, the heroic life is not wasted. Per-haps, when all is told, there is a better record even than fame's!

Courage of a Country Boy.

In the summer of 1861 a stalwart young farmer enlisted in a Western regiment. He was a common country boy, out and out. He was not glib of speech. He was somewhat slow of movement. His wit was not keen, although he was intelligent enough. He was rather shy, and was far more sensitive than are many poets. But he was not a poet. Indeed he had not a single brilliant quality about him. But he had the quality of courage. The boys discovered that the first night he was with them. Not through any warlike achievement was the quality revealed. "The rout" was hundreds of miles away from this raw regiment. Neither he nor his new comrades could win bloody laurels yet a while. Yet there on the outskirts of a peace ul city, on his first night of barrack lice, this new recruit did a braver deed than many that were told of

afterward in the dispatches.
When the bugle sounded "lights out," he knelt down at the loot of his blankets and prayed. He always did that at home before going to bed. If it was a good thing to do there it was a still better thing to do here. So he said his bea-time prayer as

themselves on the ground in frenzy and the large of the men were convulsed with feeling and streaming with tears. To be sure they were all more or less under the influence of native alcohol and probably had his prayer among a barracks full or strange men. For soldiers in the mass are not devotional; and they are given to plain speak-

ing.
The next night he prayed sgain. And every night, I think, so long as he lived. Soon no man scoffed at him, for every man respected him. Courage tells among gun his comrades knew that this young fel-low had courage. He dared not only to pray, but to live the daily life of a Christian in camp and barracks. He never preached. Nobody could call him Pharisee. He man-nily did all soldier work. And he took his share of all wholesome soldierly fun. He was a downright man, doing whatever he held to be right because it was right. And when it came to fighting, his faith and his conscience made him more fearless than

When Missionary Ridge was stormed and carried, this young farmer was one of the fore-most up the bloody steep. He was the first over the breastwork where he iell. No man who knew him was surprised that "Praying Tom" had gained that fatal honor. His death was heroic and dramatic; and that gave him a line in one day's newspapers. But his life, which was heroic and undramatic-no word has ever been written about that until now.

The Quality of Bravery. "He don't know what fear is." People who say that think they have described a brave man. They have not. They might as well say he don't know what temptation is and then boast of his honesty. Until he has been tried no man can tell if he have the virtue of honesty. So no man can be called brave until he has been frightened. If he goes steadily onward and does what he is atraid to do, then he is courageous. If he does it because it is right or noble, then he is heroic. There are such men. I know one of them. We all know one or more of them; for they are more numerous than is commonly supposed. This man I speak of has the courage to live when he wants to die. Every moment he is afraid of life; and with good reason. He suffers constantly and hopelessly. But that is not the worst of it. His mailedy is such that any moment may bring him unimaginable agony. The agony is sure to come, and when it does me it will not cease for any long interval. And compared with it the pain he now endures will be only a trifle. He knows all this, and he quakes with terror at the thought of what he must endure. He would gladly flee from it by the path through the

But he does not flee. He lives and waits. That is hard, but it is all that he can do, if he will not escape. For he cannot live and work, which might be easy to do. He can-not work. His ambition is strong as ever, but he cannot gratify it. Not one blow of usefulness can he ever strike again. He can only suffer, and wait for still greater suffer-ing, and then die at last. Why not die now? It is not that death has greater terrors for him than life? He does not fear it at all. He longs for it. He has no dread of the dreams which Hamlet turned from. He does not even shrink from the prospect of disgrace for his wife and children. For he has studied out ways in which he could die without raising a suspicion of suicide. There are two reasons why he turns from the hope of death and lives on in the fear of

lite. Those he loves love him, and every moment of his life is precious to them. So he hides the present pain and plans to hide the coming torture from them. For them he would endure the worst life has to give, so long as life may last. But even that is so long as life may last. But even that is not the strongest reason he has for living. God laid the responsibility of life upon him. God alone may lift the responsibility of life from his shrinking body. He, the creature, has no right to interfere with the infinite plans. While he is bidden to live he must live. When he is bidden to die ne will die. Not before. That is the way he understands his duty. And he will not run from | tainly not the person you came to see.

the post of duty, even to accept that which turns his heart cold with terror. I think there is some heroism in all that. The man does not suspect himself of being a hero; but monuments have been reared t

nemories less worthy than his. The Courage of Woman's Sacrifices. It is no uncommon thing for a woman to make a cheerful sacrifice of her lite. Men often say that sacrifice is a part of woman's enjoyment. It is a mean thing to say. It is a denial of praise where praise is due; and that is always mean. And the worst of it is that the men who are the readiest to say this are the men for whom the sacrifice is made. The fact that the sacrifice goes on while acknowledgment of it is denied, is proof of the high courage that prompts it. It is not that a woman finds it any easier to give up cherished hopes or to face dreaded

pains that she is so ready with her brave

endeavor. Men acknowledge that in their

poems and their romances. Let them acknowledge in every-day life, where their own women-kind are concerned. Then there will be less need for the sacrifice they talk about so complacently.

A man—he lived where he could hear every stroke of the big bell on Municipal Hall—has a wife who could give interesting testimony if she would. But she won't. Women seldom do in such cases. Still, for a good many years her life has given testimony which a few had the clue to. It is a pitiful and sordid story, but there may be a little profit from the telling of it. It began score of years ago, and the first chapter of it was rather sensutional. The rest of it has been quiet enough, but wofully interesting to the woman in the case. This woman, after she had married this man, had a revelation which almost crushed the life out f her. Why such revelations never come before marriage, in time to save a victim from the pains of martyrdom, is a mystery past finding out; but they seldom do. She was high spirited, proud, a little spoiled by

much home-petting, and possessed of many worthy ambitions. She was ambitious for herself and still more ambitions for her Less than a week after the brilliant wedding she learned that her husband was an habitual criminal. He was not a profes-sional criminal, that would have been bad enough, but he practiced crime as a habit, induced by some streak of depravity running through his nature. In plain terms, the man was a thief; not because it profited him, but because he liked it. A horrible discovery this was for a wife to make. Here was this woman's chance or sacrifice. The sacrifice was made, but not becaus she

ound pleasure in it. We may be sure of She might have spared herself by not sparing the rascal she was bound to. She might have renounced him and gone back to her parents. The brief scandal would have been easier to endure than the long years of pain and humiliation which lay in the other path. But she chose the hardest way. Here, again, the troublesome element of responsibility asserted itself. It con-trolled her now and shaped her life for the future. She was responsible for the full value of her influence over this man, and for the full weight of her efforts in his be-

A Story of Seif-Sacrifice.

If she could not reform him she might at least save him from becoming worse. If she could not do that, she might save him from public exposure and punishment. The scandal of a separation would release her, but it would put him beyond the reach of hope. Probably it would put him in the penitentlary. This sacrifice she could make. And she made it on the slender chance of doing some moral service to the man who had made shipwreck of her happiness. She quelied her spirit. She humbled her pride. She relinquished every ambition. She parted with the happiness of Accustomed to luxury, she invisted that they should live poorly. Accustomed to gay society, she chose henceforth obscure solitude. Why? It it were kept away solitude. Why? It it were kept away from the temptations o rich houses he might steal less frequently. She watched him in-cessantly; and it she discovered him in a their she took the stolen thing from him and put it back secretly, before the loss was dis-covered. At least that is what she thought. Sometimes it was so. Sometimes it was not. But always her part in the transaction was recognized and held sacred. More people than she suspected knew of the state of affairs, but or her sake the fiction of ignorance was invariably maintained,

these years of her lie have been passed. And with this much of good result: Some saving shame has been roused in the man, and he has made his life more decent. He may die an houest death when his time comes. If she had lett him he would have gone from bad to worse instead of from ba They are living now far enough away

from Pittsburg; away from the scenes of all this hideous struggle. He is better and she is more hopeful amid the later surroundings. She hopes that he may be fully saved. And that will repay her sacrifice to the full. Without that result she would ever think her ruined life wasted. What she did seemed right; and that was reason enough for the doing of it. Perhaps that is reuson enough for doing anything, if we could only get the proper point of view.

JAMES C. PURDY.

KIPLING'S OPINION OF OUR GIRLS. Breezy Little Skeich He sent to a Pape in Far-Off India.

Here is what Rudvard Kipling wrote to a paper in India about American girls: "The American girls are pretty-very much so-with a piquancy, all of their own, impossible to describe as to resist. They are clever, they can talk; yea, it is said they can think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing, which is delight ully deceptive. They are original, and regard you with unabashed eyes, as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed, too, in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with boys from babyhood, and can discerningly minister to both vices or pleasantly soub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a lite among themselves, independent of any masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea fights, where all the guesta are girls. They are self-possessed without parting with any tenderness that is their sex right. They understand. They can take care of them-

selves. They are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say: It is because we are better educated than your girls and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all around, but aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he

calls on regularly.
Yes, they have good times. Their freedom is large and they do not abuse it. They can go driving with young men and receive nods from young men to an extent that would make an English mother wink with horror; and neither driver nor drivee have a thought beyond the enjoyment of a good

time.

But this freedom of the young girl has its drawbacks. She is-I say it with all re-luctance-irreverent from her \$40 bonnet to the buckles on her \$18 shoes. She talks flippantly to her parents. She has a pre-scriptive right to the society of the man who arrives. The parents admit it. This is sometimes embarrassing, especially when you call on a man and his wife for the sake of information; the one being a merchant o varied knowledge, the other a woman of the world. In five minutes your host has vanished. In another five his wife has tollowed him, and you are left alone with a very charming maiden doubtless, but cor-