

POVERTY IN GLOVES

From the Quiver.

To a close observer of human nature nothing is sadder than to watch how many people make miserable failures of their lives, for no other reason than that they have put themselves, or been thrust into the wrong place. And, once there, how few have the chance or energy to extricate themselves from a false environment, which cramps their talents and deadens their moral powers.

There were only too many examples of this sort at Claverton boarding house but the most striking, I think, was that of beautiful Maud Melville. She was the daughter of a Scotch county squire, who, having got into money difficulties, feared to face his creditors, and shot himself in his own grounds one fateful Christmas morn. His wife did not long survive the shock, and at 20 Maud Melville had to confront the world—handsome, penniless and equipped only with high spirits and a fearless ignorance of the terrible battle of life.

A poor relation, hitherto ignored, invited Maud at this juncture to come to London, where she would put her in the way of earning her living. Only too thankfully she accepted and arrived one day at Claverton house, creating quite a sensation by her magnificent and healthy physique, her elegant mourning, and the power, vigor and dash she exhibited in every movement.

Her cousin, Mrs. Lattimer, sighed as she looked at her. She herself was a clergyman's widow who for fifteen long years had battled with genteel poverty for the sake of her six children, and having got them into homes and in various foundations, she had subsided into a post at thirty shillings a week waiting for the time when they in their turn could contribute to her support. She had a meek-looking face, its expression marred by the constant necessity of paring down expenses till it had pared the half of a profession, and feverishly worked, breaking her back and wearing out her eyes at an occupation about as unattractive to her as a problem in Euclid to a wild cat.

When tolerably competent, she was lucky enough to get, through advertising, a situation as typewriter in a Fleet street office at fifteen shillings a week. Then her discipline began. She had to rise at 7 a. m. from her three-and-six-penny cubicle, breakfast at eight and tea and bread and butter, walk to her destination, work from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.; spend 6d. on her lunch, and work again till 6 p. m., when she walked home to a fourpenny tea; and had to spend the rest of the evening in a room so dingy that only the few who hadled round the lamp could see to do anything.

Such a life is depressing to those who have passed girlhood and have well-regulated minds. What, then, must it be to girls of the age to have an over-mastering capacity for pleasure, a rebellious desire for comfort, and who learn only too soon that by saying just one word they can obtain all that eager youth demands, forgetful of the bitter ashes into which the fruits of pleasure turn?

Some people acclimate quickly; not so Maud and her kind. Each night she laid her head, with more distaste, on the coarse hard pillow; each day made her turn with more disgust from the cheap, unpalatable food. For the very reason that she was so full of physical vitality did the sedentary life prey on her nerves. Nor had she mental resources to balance this mental restlessness.

I began to fear when, after a time, I noticed fits of brooding, and the almost sullen manner with which she received any overtures to friendship, and when Mrs. Lattimer said cheerily, one day, "Dear Maud was setting down, at last," I only breathed a hope that this was not a calm before a storm.

pidity, Maud yielded to the sudden overpowering desire to take one shilling and get one good dinner at least. The manager entered just as she secreted the money, and poor Maud flushed scarlet as she hurriedly passed him. He looked at her intently and though she mouthed the coveted plate of meat, every mouthful nearly choked her, for she felt she was detected.

It was no surprise therefore on her return to hear that she was wanted by the manager, and hearing herself for the ordeal, she appeared before him. The interview was curt on both sides. When taxed with the theft she admitted it at once, but refused to give any reason for the action, as he phrased it so "extraordinary and unaccountable."

She was told to go, but warned that the matter would not end there; that an example would be made of her for the sake of others. "What he meant I don't know," concluded Maud, who had talked herself into an excited, defiant mood. "and, what is more, I don't care. I have done my best not to show how ill and miserable I have felt. And now I am glad it is all out, and need not try any more."

The situation was painful. Mrs. Lattimer wept copiously and refused to be comforted, while Maud alternately staid and gave way to hysterical long-drawn moans. Presently Mrs. Lattimer went away for a soothing cup of tea, and to find a dreary sort of comfort in detailing this last new trouble to Mrs. Coates in the kitchen. I took advantage of her absence to persuade the agitated girl to lie down in my bed, and only too soon she was tossing about in feverish slumber. And what agony her revelations revealed! How she had fretted for her dead mother, how she had wept for her father, how she had longed for the terrible end of her father had entered into her soul, and how, night after night, she saw him as she had found him, dying under the trees.

And then, as she tossed her arms about in the delirium of fever, came over and again the sad, wild moans—"Oh, mother, I am so hungry! Can't I die, and come to you? It will drive me to do something bad, this craving, craving for real food. Save me, mother—save me against myself!"

It was almost dark when I listened in the darkening twilight to the confession of this high-bred spirit creature, and see how the mere want of food had lowered her to the level of the street thief. How were we to save her? At 20 she was to be marked for life! While she thought of this, a knock came through my brain, a knock came to the door.

It was Mrs. Coates, in tears. "Oh, please, miss," she said, "my husband declares Miss Melville must go tonight. He 'burrows no thieves in 'is house.'"

"Send Mr. Coats to me," I replied quietly, "and for my sake do try to keep your tongue quiet."

When she had gone I locked the door. Mr. Coats I knew for a drunken bully, but he had to be managed somehow. He came and rapped, "What do you want?" I inquired. "Miss Melville is to come out of this," he growled. "I keep a respectable house."

"Need your left hand know what your right hand does?" was my reply; and I knew by the way he smiled my cause was won.

In due course a check came; and when Maud was better we went to Dover for the sea air. As she revived, she felt acutely what she had done, and one day, when I had treated her to a ride and she had come back glowing and animated, a bright idea came into my head.

"Maud," I said that afternoon as we sat on the beach, "I have set your heart on always typewriting."

She shuddered, and the large eyes darkened with pain. "I hate it," she said vehemently; "but what else can I do? I know so little. If I could would only let me earn my living by the most respectable means. I would be perfectly happy."

"If you dare to be as conventional as that," I said, laughing, "I think you have something very happy in store. I have noticed what a splendid rider you are for the ordinary, she appeared before him. The interview was curt on both sides. When taxed with the theft she admitted it at once, but refused to give any reason for the action, as he phrased it so "extraordinary and unaccountable."

The idea was rapturously received, and acted upon without loss of time. At a salary of thirty shillings a week, Maud was installed as riding mistress, and thoroughly enjoyed taking out her riding party daily.

She is married and set up for herself now, and it is with her express permission that I have been allowed to tell how nearly her life was wrecked by a temptation for which more respectable people suffer than the world wots of.

Riches of the Philippines. Vast Possibilities of the Islands Called by Dewey an Empire. Manila Letter in the Sun.



Paine's Celery Compound Makes People Well. The one true specific for diseases arising from a debilitated nervous system is Paine's celery compound, so generally prescribed by physicians.

How to Tell a Horse's Age. Much Experience Required and Many Things to Be Considered. To distinguish merely between the young horse and the old, it is only necessary to remember a few salient facts.

Women's Kid Gloves, 50c Pair. Our buyer met with a fortunate purchase in gloves—took all a prominent manufacturer had in stock.

Honeycomb Towels, 20x50, 9c Each. Think of the size and you'll realize what we're giving you. Unbleached Honeycomb Towels that no house in the city CAN sell under 15 cents; nicely bordered and fringed.

Fine Box Stationery, 5c Box. A quality of writing paper that you'll not be ashamed to use; 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes to match, nicely put up in boxes.

Maslin Kettles, 5c Each. Full 3-quart size, and positively never known to have been sold under 10c. Friday only we offer them at above price.

Black Beaver Jackets, \$1.65. Women's Black Beaver Jackets with high storm collars, fly front and stretched seam back.

Women's Cambric Wrappers, 89c. A good quality of Cambric Wrapper, rounded yoke, braided, trimmed, full ruffles over shoulders, wide skirt, body lined.

Nottingham Lace Curtains, 98c Pair. Three and one-half yards long, full width, very choice quality and never offered by any house under \$1.75.

Boys' Knee Pants, 41c Pair. All wool and extra desirable quality. They come in eight patterns, of fine colors; non-ripping; all seams taped; extra strong bands, and worth by all fair standards 75c.

Oxford Teachers' Bibles, 89c. An extraordinary purchase brought us a quantity of the genuine Oxford S. S. Teachers' Bibles, containing 1000 pages of Bible proper, and 400 pages of Helps.

Nothing Short of Ease and Comfort. Will do our customers, and if combined with this, they can find style and wear at a nominal price.

Standard Shoe Store. HANDIEST STORE IN THE CITY. 217 LACKA AVE.

Lackawanna Lumber Co., Manufacturers of Gang Sawed Penna. White Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber.

Every Woman. Sometimes needs a reliable, monthly, regulating medicine.

Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills. They are prompt, safe and certain in result.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR LIPTON'S CEYLON-INDIA TEAS.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR SALADA Ceylon Tea. REFRESHING. 50c. lb. DELICIOUS. Sold only in Lead Packets.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR LIPTON'S CEYLON-INDIA TEAS. Keep cool, cardinal the rule is. Surely then the man a fool is.

Large advertisement for Jonas Long's Sons, featuring Mammoth Bargains For Friday, Women's Kid Gloves, Honeycomb Towels, Fine Box Stationery, Maslin Kettles, Black Beaver Jackets, Women's Cambric Wrappers, Nottingham Lace Curtains, Boys' Knee Pants, Oxford Teachers' Bibles, and various shoe and clothing items.