

At Least a Martyr

She had a kissing-crust complexion and a kind of poliogetic scramble of a walk. Her eyes were ready and her voice was unpleasant to the ear; her wrists were flat and had little bones like knitting needles in them, and her big head continually trembled, but kindness spread around about her ungainly little body, and loving kindness wrapped her like a garment. Her kinheartedness was like a well-regulated carriage lamp—however much was spent, there was always more pressing on behind.

But yet they called her ugly names—the little boys in the streets and the gossiping servants, and even the women who went and drank tea and conversed with her of Shakespeare and the musical glasses; and especially the butcher, for she would not so much as look upon a piece of meat, and used to go and harangue him in his busiest moments on his hideous crime of taking the lives of his fellow-creatures. When she met him driving the fatted sheep to the shambles she became breathless with indignation and horror. So that he always escaped a lecture then.

In her calmer moments she used to say: "My dear, perhaps it's silly of me to be more grieved about one than another, but I do feel sorrier for the lamb. You see, the sheep have had a little time to enjoy themselves."

Her furniture was all moth-eaten; mice paraded themselves in the daytime, and she had dismissed more than one maid for suddenly and slaughterously descending at dead of night to pour boiling water on a horful of black beetles.

She said to me once: "Children and cats and dogs and rabbits and canaries have plenty of people to love them, so I try to put the balance right by loving those things that other people despise and kill and call unclean. Why, my dear, I do believe the very worms in my garden know me, and last year I had a dear rat that followed me about and heaved like a dog."

"Wasn't that the historic rat, father of the family that devoured Farmer Goodson's corn?" I asked in the hardness of my heart.

She looked a little disconcerted and took up her knitting.

"Well, my dear, perhaps it was," she owned, "though it may just as well have been any other, and it's rather unfair to condemn a thing unheard right off like that. But it was a very good year," she added triumphantly next minute, "and she could easily spare it! Think how they enjoyed it. And one reason why I love all these he-called creatures is that it must be so nice for them to feel that one person out of the great contemptuous human race doesn't despise them."

"But they can't know it," I objected, "for I did not know her very well then."

"Don't you think so?" she asked deep down in her queer guttural way; "don't you think so?"

I had stated the case, so I only shook my head. She had apparently also stated hers, for she passed on.

"Oh, yes," she said, with a far-away look in the beads, "people stand up on platforms and scream out that woman wants this and woman wants that. I tell you, my dear, that all a woman wants is something to love!"

"They sometimes called her 'I-tell-you-my-dear'."

"Oh, yes," she went on again, "they all it cranks, and call it fails, and old maids' whims to love anything but husbands and babies and things one hasn't got; but I tell you, my dear, it saves a woman's soul."

And thereupon she scrambled across the room and fetched and opened the Contemporary at a marked passage in an article on the Armenians, and read aloud to me with ineffable scorn:

"First their movable wealth was seized, then their property was confiscated, next the absolute necessities of life were wrested from them and finally honor, liberty and life were taken with as little ado as if these Christian men and women were wasps or mosquitoes."

"Now, my dear," she said, pushing her spectacles up her forehead and looking piercingly at me, "I say the day will come when the honor and liberty of life of wasps and mosquitoes will be no more infringed than those of the so-called Christians who now destroy them without a thought."

She clasped her hands together and gazed into space in an ecstasy, while the Contemporary sailed to the floor and burst its back. I could have kissed her, she was so dear and mad. And yet when, that same day, I heard somebody call her the mad old maid, I turned on him in a rage of indignation.

She was terribly hurt and shocked when the curate and I combined to prevent her from getting up a Zoo Depopulating Society had calculated that for \$15,000 all the animals could be safely returned to their native countries. She said to him that she wondered especially at him "Don't you remember," she asked him, "how you Master said, 'Other sheep I have?' How do you know it wasn't the dear patient animals on this planet? And how you, and men like you, who profess to serve that Master can face them hereafter?" Her emotion was too much for her. She ended in gesture laughing.

So that I was quite used to startling ideas from her. But one day, in a brief instant, she took all my breath away and caused me to sit unthinkingly down upon a basket of deserted young bats that she was bringing up on a drawing-room chair.

She had a xiphoid orange paper book in her hand and she greeted me with an abstracted air.

"My dear," she said, "will you join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Germs?"

I merely gasped, and she laid down the orange book and produced a note book to enroll me and enter my subscription.

"It's a society that I am going to try to form. This"—she proudly fingered that orange pamphlet—"is the prospectus, so to speak. I shall send it all around, and I am sure that in this enlightened England, in this nineteenth century, there must be hundreds of people waiting only for a word of this kind to realize the enormities are every day perpetrated under the name of modern science and progress and joyfully to perceive this duty and do it!" I could tell she was quoting from the pamphlet. "And then the great question of justice. People are very ready, nay, quite prettily anxious to be just to anything that delights their eye, or when the injustice offends their artistic sensibilities; but I say true justice is justice to things that are ugly, things that are harmful to you, things that you hate!

at them with a microscope; and then, at last, it seemed such a shame to keep them shut up. They must have had it so, you know, my dear. So I let them loose in the garden." She said it so roekitically that I seemed to see a litter of puppies tumbled all anyhow out of a basket. "I thought, perhaps, my dear, down in the country they might change their habits and live on vegetables."

She smiled at me, a deprecatory, trembling little smile.

"You know you haven't found yet that vegetables have consciousness," she added.

"What kind of germs were there?" I asked sternly.

"Diphtheritic," she answered in a faint voice and looking down.

I said nothing. What could one say? "I don't know how they got at her," she said, despairingly. "But it proves one thing—that humanity is their enemy, even as they must have it!" she added reflectively.

"I suppose you have a doctor?" I asked, hardly knowing what to say, while she stood there with her head thoughtfully on one side, abstractedly pulling at her gloves which were half an inch longer than her fingers.

"I think it was very clever of them," she murmured in a kind of subduedly-reckless triumph—"in all that garden!"

I asked again.

"Oh, yes, Rudolf got some one from London. And he's not only doing something to her," she said, vaguely, "but to the garden! I think he might have saved her and spared them. I wanted to prevent him, but Rudolf wouldn't let me speak to him."

And she went away in a dazed state, I believed she realized for were that the germs were being destroyed that that Daisy was in danger. She always felt that human beings must be all right, there were so many people to look after them.

I went often to inquire after Daisy who never did anything wrong and began to get well at once; but one day when I arrived there was nobody around. Nobody answered the bell, so I walked in at the open door and went to the dining-room and drawing-room. They were empty. In the passage I met an alarmed maid.

"Oh, please, m," she gasped, "the mistress has got it!"

I turned straight up the stairs to her room. She was alone, a queer little bony body in a queer little uncomfortable box of a bed. She smiled unconsciously at me.

"Isn't it odd?" she said in a husky, difficult voice, "I can get over the oddness of it."

"It's much more important for you to get over it," I said stupidly.

"We'll see about that," she answered with an indecipherably wise, roguish look.

"What do you mean?" I stood at the bottom of her bed and looked at her as severely as I could.

She chuckled. There was something about that hoarse, painful little chuckle that made me turn away and gulp.

"Well," she said, a word or two at a time, "I don't mind telling you. They injected serum, of course. I couldn't prevent that anyway, but I take and go only half of what the doctor tells me. It gives them and me equal chances, you see. That's only fair, isn't it?"

I nodded. I couldn't speak. I wanted to kiss her or slap her, I didn't know which.

"At first I thought I'd not do anything to hurt them, and then I remembered what you said about good germs and remembered there was a great deal more work I wanted to do in the world, and so I thought I'd take half! And nurse is so angry."

It took her a long time to say all that, and brought tears into her eyes with the pain of it. I found out from the nurse afterward that the doctor had also ideas, and ordered her to "take and do," as she called it, exactly twice as much as was necessary.

"And," she struggled on after a little, with that magnificent illogicalness of hers which might have been such a solace to her if she had only appreciated it, "I should like to die for my faith. Every new cause demands at least a martyr, you know."

The next day she grew much weaker.

"I wonder," she croaked at great intervals almost inaudibly with a faint flicker of a smile. "I wonder if all the germs will die when I die, or how long it will take to kill them. It seems rather a shabby sort of thing to do, to go and die and kill them all, doesn't it?"

I had my hand on hers and the only answer I could make was to squeeze it in a dumb, stupid way.

All at once she feebly snatched it back.

"Go there to the window," she said; "go as far away as you can, but listen. I want to tell you something."

I listened and by and by came the hoarse, whirring, distressing speech.

"It's this," she said, and her discolored little face worked about the anguish of effort around those shining beads of eyes. "If it hadn't been for all those dear, despised things to love, I should have gone mad—mad I tell you, my dear!"

I murmured something.

And then all at once in heart-breaking haste she made shift to cry: "Oh, my dear, love something. If it kills you, it is better than not to have loved!"

I turned and saw the light of her face.

"I have been happy," she croaked in agony; "such a happy life—so full—"

And then she choked horribly and the nurse came flying and sent me from her. And I never heard her speak again.

The next day when I went she was dead. Three days afterward her funeral went by, I stood behind the blinds drawn down over the open window and listened to the slow wheels.

"The mad old maid!" I heard a contemptuous voice say in the road below.

—Constance Cotterell in Temple Bar.

and there are about forty buildings, large and small, on the premises. The entrance gateway and the large fountain in the center are excellent examples of Indian architecture. The native cotton and grain merchants and mill owners of Bombay have organized a system of voluntary taxation upon the import and export of grain and seeds, and on the sale of cotton to the local spinning and weaving mills, by which the sum of 46,000 rupees year is collected for the maintenance of the institution. There is also a large endowment, the interest of which is devoted to the current expenses of the hospital.

There are five cattle wards, two horse wards, one dog ward, a consultation ward, a forge shop, a dispensary, post-mortem and dissecting room, a chemical laboratory, a pathological and bacteriological laboratory and a veterinary college is connected with the hospital. The college is maintained at the expense of the government. At the hospital there is accommodation for 200 head of cattle, sixty horses and twenty dogs.

The hospital is the most unique of its kind in the world and animals belonging to poor owners of the public carts and conveyances plying for hire are treated free of charge. A nominal fee is levied for feeding the inpatients. The splendid manner in which the whole hospital is arranged and run is an object lesson to the countries of the west.

NIAGARA'S NEW BRIDGE.

A Structure to Be Erected at Historic Queenston Heights.

From the Philadelphia Record.

From the materials which comprised the old suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, which has recently given way to larger and more modern span structure, another bridge will be reared over the same stream some distance below.

The towers and approaches of the new bridge have been completed and all is ready for the stringing of the cables and the erecting of the towers. The site will be on the site near the village of Lewiston, N. Y., and the quiet old town of Queenston, Ont., where in 1859-'61 a suspension bridge was built to connect the Lewiston mountain with the historic Queenston Heights, into the soil of which the blood of the brave Canadian, General Brock, soaked when he fell mortally wounded. The old bridge was many years ahead of the profitable demands of the times and when it was destroyed it was never afterwards rebuilt.

In the matter of location the new bridge will be on the same line as the old bridge. From tower to tower the span will be a little over 1,000 feet, while the span of the suspended portion of the bridge will be about 200 feet. The outside width of the bridge will be 28 feet, and the roadway will have a width of 20 feet. The width of floor will afford room for single trolley car track laid through the center, with space on either side for teams to pass abreast. In the construction of the bridge about 800 tons of metal will be used, and the cables will weigh all of 200 tons. The new bridge will be great enough to afford safe passage for the heaviest of electric cars in addition to a uniformly distributed load of 40 pounds to the square foot over the whole structure.

The height of the new bridge above the water will be about 100 feet and will be familiar with the former suspension bridges at the falls will recognize that this is quite a different condition from the bridges that made the Niagara gorge famous for its display of engineering talent. The old bridges were built on the top of the steep cliffs, whereas the new bridge will swing midway between the tops of the banks and the waters of the river. This has necessitated the construction of long approaches on either side to afford facilities for trolley cars and cars. The electric lines now operating at the water's edge on the New York side and on top of the bluff on the Canadian side will make connection with the bridge. An electric road now runs across the upper level arch of the gorge, and the bridge before it will be possible to provide the trip about the gorge in a trolley car, and thus still more effectively relegate the Niagara hackman to a rear seat. The bridge will be completed and opened for next summer's travel to the falls.

WE MAKE NO PROMISES that we cannot fulfill; we make no exaggerations concerning values, nor over-statements concerning qualities, at

OUR GREAT ALL DAY
FRIDAY
SALES

BEGIN
AT 10
O'CLOCK

CLOSE
AT 6
O'CLOCK

WE GIVE YOU the actual every-day selling price of every item and the special selling price for Friday. We tell you candidly and honestly that in no other store on any day can goods of equal value be bought for the same money. All we ask is that you come and see for yourself. Friday from 10 until 6 o'clock.

Friday Sale Strictly All-Wool Carpets 49¢

Double extra super and strictly all-wool Ingrain Carpets, in a beautiful range of patterns and colors. Not a yard of similar carpet has ever sold under 60c. On Friday only

500 Baskets of Groceries, worth \$1.61; on Friday only 1.00

Each basket contains one pound coffee, worth 25c; one-half pound mixed tea, 25c; 4 pounds oat meal, 12c; one-half pound pepper, 8c; one can corn, 9c; one tomato, 9c; one can peas, 9c; 3 pounds starch, 15c; one can baking powder, 10c; 1 package Prosperity Washing Powder, 5c; 2 pounds prunes, 10c; 1 package corn starch, 8c; 1 basket, 10c. See them in the window. Friday only.....

Tremendous Offerings of White Nainsooks for Friday 3¢

The chance of the season. 3,500 yards of white nainsooks, in small and medium checks. These are mill ends direct from the manufacturer, and in full pieces would be worth 8 cents a yard. Friday.....

High Class Wash Goods Unusually Cheap for Friday 7½¢

Right now, when you need it. And Friday, too, when you can surely come. Your choice of all our fine 12½c dress ginghams in newest effects; also our entire stock of 12½c and 15c dimities. All this season's goods, remember. Friday only.....

8c Cup and Saucer for 5c 5c

Large white granite cup and saucer, that always sells for 8c set. Take them on Friday only.....

Castile Soap and Wash Cloth 7c 7c

Full size cake of Castile Soap, purest kind, wrapped in Turkish wash cloth, worth 12c. Friday.....

Another Fabulously Low Priced Sale of Fine Ribbons 15¢

Miles and miles of pretty ribbons. All of the finest silk taffeta. All colors, including black and white. Newest season's shades. Widths 4½ and 5 inches. At any ordinary time you'd pay anybody from 25c to 35c. On Friday only.....

Friday Sale of Men's and Women's \$1.00 Umbrellas 73¢

Full 26 inch in size. Covered in finest quality of English Gloria, solid paragon frames with steel rods. Fancy curled wood handles—some with silver tips. Worth \$1.00 each—never sold here under 99c and 98c. Take them away Friday at.....

Ladies' Fine Silk Gloves—An Offering Extraordinary 41¢

The "Kayser" brand, known the world over as the very best Silk Gloves. All colors, also black and white. The three button kind. Patent finger tips. Not a pair has ever been sold in any store under 50c. Any shade you want Friday for.....

Handsome White Bureau Scarfs as a Friday Bargain 12½¢

Marseilles pattern. The very newest. Full two yards long and handsome fringed. Just the thing for light summer bureau coverings. Worth 18c. Take them Friday only at.....

Ladies' White Muslin Gowns, Empire Style—Very Cheap 33¢

Made of the very choicest muslin. Cut full. Empire style. Trimmed with ruffles of embroidery. Some have embroidered inserting corsage. Worth 49c any day. On Friday only.....

White Cotton Ribbed Vests for Ladies—Newest Goods 9¢

Cotton ribbed vests. Not the ordinary kind but very choice. Intervening rows; wide and narrow. Silk tape and lace at neck and sleeves. Never sold under 12½c. Friday only.....

Basement Things That Ought to Crowd the Department 9¢

See window. You'll come then. A car load of goods for this Friday. Rockingham Teapots, 1, 2 and 3 quart size, worth 19c to 24c; Yellow Mixing Bowls, 2 to 8 quart size, worth 19c; also a large assortment of 2 quart Pitchers, oval and round Potato Dishes, Platters, etc., worth 19c. Your choice on Friday.....

Great Sale of Ladies' Fine Oxford Ties 1.00

See them in window. 400 pairs of fine vicid kid Oxford Ties in black and dark russet. Every new style of toe—English, Lenox, Broadway and Paris Opera last. Kid and vesting tops. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths D, E and EE. Also Common Sense toe. None ever sold under \$1.45. Many were \$2. Your choice Friday

THE MINISTER PLAYS GOLF.

"It's a public game, an elegant game!" The Minister said to me. As he took his stand with his club in hand. While he smiled most cheerfully.

"Just watch me drive. It's an easy five!" And he mounded a two-inch tee; But he missed it clean—"That's awfully near!"

The Minister said to me.

The greatest thing is an easy swing. Then he slammed the ground— "Well, I'll be bound!"

The Minister said to me.

"This turf is soft, so I think I'll lift." The Minister said to me; But he struck the wall and he lost his ball— "That's very hard luck!" said he.

He reached the green in about sixteen. "But it might be worse," said he; Then he hit his foot in a six-inch put—"Frovoiking!" said he to me.

Now, I've heard strange talk in that three-mile walk. And I've heard men fuzzle and miss; But not in years has there reached my ears A collection that equaled this.

—From Puck.

Jonas Long's Sons