

**LOST.**

I feel so far from anywhere!  
Perhaps my family  
Has got so many other cares  
They've left forgotten me  
I hope I'll arrive to skin an' bones  
If I stay lost here alone.

My little dog, he found me,  
An' wagged his tail an' whined,  
But he can't lead me home, for he  
Is taught to walk behind.  
And so I'm crying yet, becuz  
I'm just as losted as I was.  
—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

# MISS NORTH'S INDICTMENT.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

The dusk was just falling when Colbridge alighted from his cab and mounted the steps which led to his friend's offices. He found the number and knocked, a little doubtful, for Jimmy Sullivan was not an ordinary business man. A deep voice shouted "Come in!" and he entered forthwith.

A short and stout gentleman who was writing furiously at a paper littered table sprang to his feet as Colbridge came forward.

"Good Lord—it's Dick! Come in, man. I'd no idea that you would be back so soon.

"Sit down. There's a siphon on your left and a box of smokes behind you." Dick dropped into the seat and stretched his long legs luxuriously.

"Jim, you're an oasis in the desert. How's the Missis—Illowise the kiddy? By the way, I've a cabby waiting below with my boxes."

"Splendid, thanks. I'll tell Jenkins to have your things brought up."

Sullivan scribbled a note and touched a bell. A youth appeared from an inner room, received it with murmured instructions, and vanished. Five minutes later Dick's possessions were before him, and the man had departed with the fare.

"I say, don't let me interrupt you," protested the visitor, with the veneration due to a man who could earn nine hundred a year by writing frothy little articles and play cricket like a professional.

"It's all right," his host assured him comfortably. "The stuff needn't be handed in before 7 to-night. 'Some Curious Attempts at Perpetual Motion.' Your own case ought to be included, my son—though it isn't."

"It isn't," said Dick, "because the experiment was a dead failure from the first. I can't stand everlasting hotels and all the other delights of traveling souls. Young Myles is a decent chap, but he was only with me for a day or two. And I'm hanged if I can find another pal."

"How about female society? A wife is occasionally the lesser of two evils."

"Really?" Dick pitched the remainder of his cigar into the fire and flushed oddly. "For a man married a couple of years, you're an obstinate old optimist, Jim." He paused reminiscently. "There was a woman on the Ostend boat with a face like a buffalo. She found out in some miraculous way that I had a banking account and was unattached. ... It was horrible!"

"Poor, unprotected male! I'm afraid you've returned to even greater dangers. You'll stay with us for the night?"

"Well I thought of putting up at Kerridge's."

"My good man, you'll do nothing of the sort. Rose would never forgive me."

"But are you sure—"

"Shouldn't invite you otherwise. It isn't from entirely unselfish motives, either. If the extraordinary scarcity of dancing men continues (see press notices), it will end in our borrowing the fiancés of the cook and the housemaid for tonight. Oh, forget I hadn't told you. We've a little dance on—quite a small affair. Don't go pale—it's nothing agonizing."

"It's awfully good of you, Jimmy, but there are half a dozen people I must see, and—"

"Who are they?"

"My lawyers, and a man about a patent ventilator."

Sullivan grinned un sympathetically. "The lawyers and the ventilator man won't want you at 10 o'clock at night. No good, old man—you're booked. And I'll see you don't run into danger. As a matter of fact, you know a good many of the people who are coming already. The Russells will be there, and some people named North, who own a big factory at Walsall."

"I know a Miss North, of Walsall," said Dick with a little start.

"Possibly the same one. Meet her abroad?"

"Yes, in Belgium."

"That's the girl. She's about the most dangerous young person in Europe. Travels a lot with her cousin and an old governess, and has dark eyes of the unfathomable type. I know about fifteen sane and healthy young men who at one time or another have offered to die for her. She makes hay while the sun shines, and then laughs at 'em. Then there are the Westons, those Jenkins women, and a heap more of your old pals. We'll give you a treat me boy."

Colbridge gave a short laugh.

"Same old Jimmy! All right; I surrender."

"Good! Now, if you'll wait another ten minutes we shall be able to get away."

He flung himself to his work again, and Dick waited, motionless and preoccupied, until it was finished. Jimmy thrust the manuscript into an envelope, hailed a cab and drove furiously to a newspaper office, where they seemed extremely glad to see him. Emerging he gave the man an extra half crown to catch the 6 o'clock train home.

Dick abandoned himself amiably enough to being alternately question-

and hustled, and yielded still more willingly to the almost maternal welcome of Mrs. Sullivan. She had laughed away his apologies, introduced him to the baby and showed him his room almost before he had had time to realize the signs of increased prosperity on every side that marked the rising man. Truly the star of Jimmy Sullivan was in the ascendant.

It was during the long gap that separated dinner from the arrival of the first guests that Colbridge experienced a wave of something akin to loneliness and self-pity. Independence of action and absence of worries seemed an inadequate compensation for the things he had missed. It dawned upon him that the servant question, smoky chimneys and sticky fingered children were not the only and inevitable sequels to the honeymoon. His thoughts wandered persistently to days spent in Belgium when a woman's companionship had filled a gap in his life so naturally and completely that she had seemed but the embodiment of another side of his own nature. And, in his ignorance, he had had visions of a vaguely beautiful possibility becoming a certainty, which the telegram that had called her away had not destroyed.

The prospect of remaining abroad grew suddenly intolerable, and he had left for England within a fortnight of her departure.

And now he knew the truth. Idly and without compunction the woman had played with his heart. So be it. If it were broken she should never know the result of the game.

Colbridge watched the dancers drift into the brilliantly lighted room with almost pitiful anxiety. His dread of an encounter was blended with a sharp, reckless longing. In any case, he would be almost certain to see her, but he feared an actual meeting before his nerves were steady enough to bear the strain of light talk and laughter.

Fate ordained that he should be called away when at last she arrived, and it was nearly an hour later before they came face to face in a set of the lancers.

Miss North was obviously astonished. Colbridge thanked Heaven for the music and the quick movement that had helped him to recover his shaken self-control. Each revelation of her delicate beauty seemed to smite him like a physical blow. Her bright little nod of recognition carried him straight back to those days in Belgium when he had drifted so near to the rapids of utter self-abandonment, to—"To making a fool of himself for her amusement," added Reason.

The dance ended in the usual laughter and flurry. He plotted his partner—a voluble lady of forty—back to her seat, and stood talking aimlessly until Jimmy, who had been lurking in the distance, swooped down as the music struck up a waltz and freed him.

"Look here, old man, you said you knew the Norths of Walsall. Well, why on earth don't you come and speak to the girl over there—the one in the white dress, I mean, sitting in pensive melancholy? Probably her partner's forgotten her! If—as I fancy—he is young Dowson ploughing his way along with that Freeman girl, she's had a lucky escape."

He caught Dick by the sleeve, and the latter, raising his eyes, could see the girl was watching them with amusement. Since there was no escape he crossed to where she was seated alone among half a dozen empty chairs.

"Behold a distressed damsel," she said, gayly, as Dick dropped into the seat beside her, "deserted by both chaperone and partner. Put not your trust in gentlemen who won't write plainly on their programs."

"A young man of the name of Dowson is the criminal, isn't he?" said Colbridge. "In which case his present partner is paying pretty heavily for an honor unto which she was not born.... How long have you been staying in London, Miss North?"

"Only a week or so, with friends. It is odd we should meet again so soon. You have just arrived from the Continent, have you not?"

"Crossed yesterday by the night boat, Jimmy Sullivan is hospitality incarnate, or I should still be languishing in a hotel. And it's something to share the blessings of the table d'hôte in its literal sense again."

Miss North laughed.

"That is so. I remember my first English dinner after returning from Ostend. My aunt, to honor the occasion, made a feature of veal. I suppose she thought it appropriate. And we had had it for three days running at the hotel?"

"You are exceedingly greedy people," said a voice from behind them. "You think of nothing but eating and drinking."

Dick turned as Mrs. Sullivan, looking very girlish in a wonderful yellow gown, slipped into the seat beside his companion.

"And talking of food," she continued, "I'm going to treat you abominably, my dear. It's only permissible because you're such an old friend. Jim is your next partner, isn't he, and again later on? Will you forgive me if I bor-

row him to help me at the refreshment buffet? One of the waiters appears to be ill—Jim says the verdict would be 'Drunk from natural causes'—and I'm short-handed. No, Mr. Colbridge," as Dick rose, "I'm not going to allow you to do butler's work. For one thing, I don't believe your program is half full. Let me see."

He surrendered it meekly.

"No—not nearly. Your duty lies before you. And mine is among the eatables, so goodbye."

With a wave of her hand, she rose and departed. Dick dropped into his seat again and for some moments sat watching the dancers with absent, moody intentness. He formulated and abandoned half a dozen excuses for escaping. With Jimmy's warning ringing in his ears he had no excuse for running into danger, but there should be no difficulty in keeping the conversation in safe and easy channels.

And so, indeed, he found it, as the old charm of her personality asserted itself. Mrs. Sullivan, watching unseen from afar, smiled the smile of the successful conspirator at each ripple of laughter from the distant seat. Paris they discussed, Rome and Naples—the reminiscences of two months' travel along the regular tourist routes, hotel life and Continent amusements. Only he made no allusion to Bruges and the little Belgian villages where her holiday and his dream had ended. Once or twice she wandered on dangerous ground, but Dick set his teeth, and found a grim satisfaction in baffling her every reference to those last days. He watched her with hungry, furtive eyes, unwilling to admit the pure delight that her mere presence gave him. Her program slipped to the floor, and as he stooped to recover it he saw that the space between Jimmy's initials was vacant, and was ashamed, and then angered at his own relief.

A fool and his folly! How many men had she sacrificed to her idle amusement? And even now she triumphed in the conquest of a fresh victim.

He was swept by a revulsion of feeling. Her voice at his side precipitated a sudden resolution.

"Have you heard from your friend Mr. Myles, lately, Mr. Colbridge—the one who stayed at Bruges for a day or two? We saw in the papers how splendidly he had done at Oxford."

"Dennis Myles? Yes, I had a letter from him a few days ago. He has left the college, given up his career, and gone to India."

"Given it up!" echoed the girl in astonishment. "I thought he was going to do such splendid things."

"So he might have done—Dick's voice was cold and even—"if a woman had not broken his heart and ruined his life."

She gazed at him curiously.

"How dreadful. Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. He met her and fell utterly and hopelessly in love. She, liking admiration, probably lured him on. And then he learned that she was a woman who played with men's hearts for amusement. The story is as old as Cleopatra."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Beautiful."

At the passion in his voice the girl stole a quick glance at his bowed head.

"Then you met her?" she said, a new softness in her voice.

"I did."

"I remember Mr. Myles well. He was a handsome boy. Tell me what she was like."

"The woman who ruined him was lovely enough to turn the head of any man," he said slowly. "And she was young and clever, and—"

"Tell me what she looked like," insisted the girl.

"Lokked like? I am a poor hand at descriptions, but—"

Colbridge broke off abruptly, and then continued, almost under his breath—

"Her face was a soft oval, pale and clear, and the curve of her cheek would have sent a painter crazy. Her eyes were dark, and set rather wide apart, and her nose was straight, and as dainty as her whole figure.... These trivial things cannot interest you."

"They are not trivial to—a woman Mr. Colbridge."

He lifted his head, and saw that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes very bright.

"Then forgive me if I talk like a penny novelette, for—I knew the girl rather well. I think her mouth was his—Dennis's—final undoing. You see he knew next to nothing about women, and she was like on other on earth. Her hair was dark—though not darker than her eyes—and she wore it gathered in a shimmery coil on her white neck. And she was clear-brained and well read, and yet utterly feminine. So Dennis came a cropper and I have no doubt she laughed at him. That is all."

"And this happened in Belgium?"

"In Belgium," repeated Colbridge, steadily.

The girl watched the dancers whirl by them in silence, her face hidden by a big white fan.

"Did—did you—like her too?"

The unexpectedness of the question held him mute. She misunderstood his silence.

"Forgive me—I have been impertinent. But—I thought I might know her."

"You do."

Colbridge would deal out his punishment to the bitter end, though it tore his heart to pieces.

"And you are quite right," he added, "I did care."

Miss North rose and moved toward a curtained doorway that led to the deserted conservatory.

"The heat here is stifling," she said. "I am glad you told me. Perhaps I can help you."

"I think not," said Colbridge. The distress in her face was pitiful.

"Have I made a mistake? Were you not speaking of—"

Colbridge played his last card with a sick feeling of cruelty.

"I referred to Miss North," he said, and turned away.

He felt her light touch on his arm.

"I—i thought so, though I had forgotten you met her. Is it possible to smooth matters over? I shall be seeing my cousin tomorrow."

"Your—cousin?"

"My cousin, Dorothy North. She was to have come this evening. We have been a good deal together, and— they say we are somewhat alike. She is thoughtless, I know; but if—"

"I have never met or heard of her," said Colbridge.

The girl stared at him, pale, uncomprehending. Then suddenly a wave of color spread over her face and throat. Colbridge faced her with clenched hands, like a man in physical agony.

"Do you understand," he said. "I have been a fool, a presumptuous fool. I tried to punish a woman. And I lied also. Dennis Myles never met your cousin—he only saw you for one day; and he left Oxford to become a missionary. And I had never heard of her existence until—" Light broke upon him suddenly, blinding and stunning.

"I am afraid we have been talking at cross purposes," said the girl, and her voice was cold and steady. "And now if you will take me to Mrs. Sullivan—"

Colbridge's face was set in an extremity of shame and longing.

"Won't you allow me to explain?"

"I cannot see that—that anything would be gained."

"I have lost what I coveted most in the world through my own madness. Is not that sufficient punishment?"

Her eyes met his pitilessly for an instant, and then fell.

"I came home solely to see you again, and to tell you that you were dearer than anything on earth to me. And then Sullivan spoke of your cousin and, thinking he referred to you, I jumped at a false conclusion. . . . God knows I am paying the penalty. . . . Now let me take you to Mrs. Sullivan."

"Thank you," said the girl, quietly, and slipped her arm in his.

Colbridge looked down at the white hand shining on his black sleeve, at the graceful head so near his own shoulder. Through the curtained doorway came a sudden burst of music. It was the "El Dorado" waltz. They had danced it together at the hotel hall on the evening before she had left for England.

He made no movement. The girl lifted her eyes slowly to his.

"Is there no hope?" he said, hoarsely.

"You were cruel."

"Is there no hope?" he repeated.

Her answer was a little soft, sobbing cry, as he caught her in his arms in a passion of remorse and tenderness.

"Oh, my dearest—to think that you cared, after all! And I hurt you so!"

She smiled up at him.

"It isn't too late—to make amends," she whispered.—The Sketch.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

One physician advocates hot applications and another ice-cold baths for pneumonia.

A contractor in South Africa threw up his job on the ground that the lions were so numerous and aggressive that the men would not work.

It is proposed to substitute solitary confinement during six years for the death penalty in France. The death sentence has not been carried out for some time.

Oliver Cromwell is the name of the incoming tenant of the Red Lion Hotel, High Wycombe, England, and it is said that he claims the Protector as an ancestor.

In Germany it is still customary to plant fruit trees along highways. In the province of Hanover there are 176 miles of such roads, along which there are 175,784 fruit trees.

A lucrative business, it seems, is done in Japan in the exportation of frogskins for purses. The works controlled by a Tokio merchant have exported as many as 130,000 skins in less than a year.

The most torrid section in the world is the Great African desert, where, in the hottest days of summer, the mercury rises to 150 degrees F. Yet a day when the thermometer has recorded such a feat is often followed by a night that is uncomfortably cool.

The books in the hotel and boarding house libraries of Florence and Venice are the books of the first 60 years of the last century. Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and G. P. R. James rule the shelves—all in early editions. Longfellow is plentiful in Florence.

There was a time when dogs did the roasting—at least they kept the meat turning, so it would not burn. "Spit dogs" they were called, and we call their descendants "spitz" to this day. Spit dogs were trained to turn the spits on which roasted chickens, beef, ducks and turkeys. The little fellows did their work well. They were never known to let a fowl burn or to snatch a mouthful or two from it. As late as 1816 spit dogs were employed.

## Her Special Realm

### Two Sides of the Case.

When I urge our women readers to acquaint themselves with the questions of the day in governmental as well as in other affairs, I appeal as a last resource to their self-interest— that it would be to their personal advantage to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the news of the times and form and express opinions thereon. And then I point to the selfishness of people in general and appeal against it.

No selfish life, no thoughtless life, no idle life can be honest. All those who are making no return to the country for the benefits received—protection, education, opportunity—are defrauding the land.

### As to Proper Breathing.

If you want to be fully developed, with an easy grace of motion that tells of the perfect control of every muscle, then take to rhythmic breathing. It will make a new woman of you. The hollows in your cheeks and your neck will fill up as if by magic. The increasing heaviness of your walk will disappear. You will acquire a complete command of your body.

Any flabbiness or angularity comes from breathing with only the upper part of one's lungs. Double chin and other deformities are due to the same cause.

A clever lady doctor advocates the corset, though she deprecates tight lacing, says Woman's Life. She believes the support helps to educate the muscles. Support where it is needed, no restriction, good food, plenty of fresh air and a complete understanding of how to breathe properly would result in something very nearly approaching absolute physical perfection.

### What Parents Should Guard Against.

Love, faith and confidence should be developed and made permanent in every home. It is a sad day when a child loses faith and confidence in father or mother, and when he can point to the time when he was disappointed and deceived by those in whom, above all others, he trusted.

Children naturally believe that what father and mother say and do are right and true, and no parent can afford to forfeit such implicit trust. Parents should zealously guard their words and actions in this respect, and by so doing they will be able to exert a healthy moral influence which will be to their children in after years a safeguard against impending disaster, says an exchange.

As early as a child can understand anything, his first impressions of his parents should be a trustful confidence. This is the secret of his future self-control and the power by which parents can exert an influence which shall determine very largely the physical, mental, moral and spiritual character of their child.—Indianapolis News.

### Blue Tulle Screens Beauty's Face.

Veils are in a transition state, certain hues rapidly going under the ban, while others are coming into favor. Of one thing be certain—black is doomed. So are white and rose color. Beauty is studying lights and shades more assiduously than ever. Paris, as usual, is in the lead, and all good New Yorkers who hope to go to Paris when they die are following it closely. The dames of the gay capital wear in velling hardly anything save pale blue tulle, and French women living here are paying the new idea the sincerest compliment. Madame Jusserand, for example, wears tulle of that hue entirely, and one of her veils is a work of art. It is cut in circular fashion, with a frill of the same shade, giving that bunched effect so much desired. Over the whole a golden spider web has been woven so delicately as to look more a shadow than a reality. Other veils of the witty French woman's show silver threads and are fully as effective. The shaded red veil and the hideous greens and purples are making way for the daintiest fashion in blue, at least among the wearers of imported goods.—New York Press.

### To Read Aloud Easily.

The demands on the mother in the way of reading aloud to the children often become quite a serious tax on the strength, and especially if she has not learned the methods that best economize effort in this direction. Yet it is possible, with a little care, to minimize the effort of reading, so that the entertainer can proceed for a long time without weariness.

The public singers, speakers and actors have, for self-protection, to understand and practice the art of using their powers with the least wear and tear; otherwise their work would be impossible. Those who are expert in their line utilize every artifice for their labors. For this reason they can endure public entertaining that would speedily weaken or kill those who are untrained in the methods of saving themselves.

The first thing to recognize in preparing to read aloud, for prolonged periods, is the necessity of breathing correctly and easily. This means deep breathing, so-called; that is, from the diaphragm. It is well to practice this for a few moments daily in pure air, either sitting or standing. One should persevere until conscious of using the whole lungs. By correct and deep breathing, the strain of reading aloud for long periods will be

greatly reduced. The voice should be placed against the roof of the mouth, which is the natural sounding board. —New Haven Register.

**Woman Jury Quits.**

Christiania newspapers are much excited over the recent strike of three women jurors, for in Norway, it seems, women are admitted to almost all public offices. At the beginning of the proceedings one day these women surprised the presiding judge with the declaration that under no circumstances could they take part in the examination of the witnesses, alleging as a reason that among the cases on the calendar was one calculated to offend their modesty. After conferring with the public prosecutor the judge adjourned the session and ordered that the three vacant seats be filled by men. The daily press has severely criticized this method of settlement, on the ground that the judge had no right to exempt from duty regularly elected members of the jury because of any such reasons as those alleged, and it is further noted that at the time the question of admitting women to the judiciary arose the leaders of the woman movement laid particular stress on the advantage to the female judge or juror of her feminine delicacy in moral questions. The organs of feminism do not admit the soundness of this reasoning. They say that the sensational strike of the three jury women was due solely to the ungentlemanly conduct of their male colleagues, and that, instead of filling their places with men, the judge should have discharged the men and filled their places with women. They even go further and say that the judge and public prosecutor should have declared themselves incompetent and transferred the case to a court composed exclusively of women. —New York Tribune.

**Mayor Weaver's Secretary.**

A precedent in the history of Philadelphia has been created by Mayor Weaver in appointing Miss Margaret Forderer to be his private secretary at a salary of \$3000 a year. Miss Forderer had been Mr. Weaver's stenographer for six years, and her familiarity with the work of his office led to her appointment upon the resignation of George A. Welsh, who gave up the secretaryship to become assistant district attorney.

Although Miss Forderer has held her present position for only a few days, she has already, it is said, proved her entire fitness for it. She knows just how to soothe the ruffled feelings of the fuming, fretting citizens who have to await their turn to see the chief executive and how to lighten their regret if they fail to see him.

"You see," she said, in an interview, "I feel quite familiar with my new duties because I have known Mr. Weaver so long and have been in the office here since the beginning of his administration. I know pretty nearly everybody here, and I can tell instinctively just who should be permitted to see the mayor and others who could come just as well some other day. So many who call really have no need to see him at all, and I can readily direct them properly. I appreciate the responsibilities of the position, and I shall try to fill it acceptably to the mayor and to all others."

Miss Forderer is said to be only 22 years old. She is an attractive young woman, with golden brown hair and gray eyes, and on her first day in office she wore a blue broadcloth skirt with a short sleeved white shirtwaist.

**Fashion Notes.**

Black and white is as charming a combination for winter as for summer wear.

Dressy bodices are made almost invariably with very full elbow or three quarter sleeves.

The chemisette is now a necessary part of the hand-embroidered set of accessories for the colored waist.

The fluffy arrangement of the hair about the brow now in vogue is much prettier than the stiff high pompadour of a few seasons ago.

Most delightful combinations for long coats for daytime wear are those of dark cloth, green, blue or brown, with linings of soft, dark fur.

The novelty above all others modish, are the ribbon bands for wear about the top of the collar, studded in rhinestone designs, set in silver.

Groups of embroidered grapes, leaves and tendrils, highly conventionalized, form the heading for a deep graduated flounce upon a dainty gown.

A narrow graduated, ruffle attached to the bodice at the line made by the edge of the square chemisette is a new note on some of the late bodices.

Slender girls welcome the dainty plisse bodices, for they are extremely becoming and develop beautifully in the soft thin materials now so much in vogue.

Nothing more charming can be imagined for the decoration of a supple cloth gown than an arrangement of spangles or paillettes above a velvet hem.

Turbans trimmed so lavishly with ribbon as to appear like animated plaif bows when a side view of the wearer's head is obtained, are among the most stylish as well as appropriate hats for tailored costumes.