

CHAPTER VII - (Continued.)

tious survey of the room, and then gies to Mr. Gillibrand!" he added, as he carefully secured it between the echoed Evelyn. pages of his pocketbook. "If this is ever, my greatest difficulty will be in has been in here writing, or can it ments.' be that somebody else has been sim-

off somewhat abruptly, and, walking to | bons, and sentimental odes." the window, gazed out dubiously either Miss Luttrell or anybody else, rule.' I should gain for myself some knowlin the pouring rain. I may as well so trifling as a birthday book." start at once, without putting off the shrug of his shoulders-"and to think

girl should be the victim!" Two minutes later the Major, with

of their lives. With some it takes the "So far, so good!" he muttered. He form of collecting all kinds of stamps, turned round to take another cau- crests, and epigraphs, whilst with me' -he spoke in a somewhat apologetic hurriedly tore off the sheet of blot- tone-"the mania is for keeping a recting paper. "With my heartfelt apolo- ord of the birthdays of my friends." "The birthdays of your friends!'

"It is a peculiar taste no doubt, Miss to be of the slightest use to me, how- Luttrell; but still I must acknowledge it; and, if you will condescend to add discovering if it is genuine or not. Is your name to my list of signatures, I it possible that Miss Luttrell herself shall esteem it the highest of compli- trell, as you have been the first to

"But," commented Evelyn, "how ply directing an envelope to her? That very odd! Do you know, I always is the question; and, considering that thought before that the host of birth-I am at present hopelessly in the dark | day books which are constantly being even as to the hand Miss Luttrell published were used principally by girls writes, I hardly see how this blotting at school and certain individuals whose paper affair is to benefit me in any whole existence is one perpetual reminway, unless-" Here the Major broke iscence of pressed flowers, faded rib-

"Oh, yes-I know the persons exthrough the blurred panes. "Nonsense, actly! Your description is most graphthough! I will manage it somehow!" ic!"-and the Major laughed heartily. he exclaimed after a moment's reflec- "But, as I never wrote an ode in my tion. "By the aid of a little diplo- life, pressed even a leaf, or have such macy and a plan which I believe I a thing as a ribbon-faded or othercan carry out, the rest should be easy, wise--in my possession, there must, and, without raising the suspicions of at all events, be one exception to the

edge of considerable value. All the thinking" - contemplating Major account." same, if I intend to go seriously to Brown with an expression of decided work, the sooner I make a beginning gravity-"that you are the very last the better; and, as in this case the person in the world I should have future? If you now have four instead beginning means a walk to the town believed would trouble with anything

Again he laughed-an apparently evil moment any longer. Ah-it is a careless laugh-as he made a futile curious affair"-he gave a significant attempt to balance a paper knife on the edge of the table, but this time that, of all people in the world, that his laugh rather lacked its hitherto culty in finding any one else to place cheerful ring.

"Anyhow, Miss Luttrell, you are not his hat drawn well over his eyes and going to refuse? Tell me-what are



vious astonishment the blankness of their condition, instantly dropped her pen and glanced quickly from the leaves before her to the Major, who stood watching her movements, with the color mounting slowly but surely to his very brow.

"This is a new book." she announcnot only the 15th of August which is empty-every page is the same!"

"Yes, of course-did I not explain?" The Major's face was steadily averted from the inquiring gaze of Evelyn's blue eyes. "You see, books of this kind do get filled up in time. When there are only five lines to each date, they are gone directly-the result of

which is that a new book has to be immediately supplied."

Evelyn looked slightly incredulous. "What a number of friends you must have!'

The Major gave an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes; when one comes to count them by the lines in a birthday book, it is really astonishing how many one seems to have. However, Miss Lutenter your name in this one"-he turned to her with a smile-"for the future I shall reserve it only for my most particular friends, and label it 'Special!' "

"So you do not mix up all your friends indiscriminately-you have different grades of birthday books?' Evelyn clasped her hands behind her head and laughed amusedly at the bare idea. "A book for the people you like, a book for the people you dislike, and another for those you simply toler-

ate!' "Yes-that is my method," replied the Major, really accepting the suggestion. "As it happens, though, you see you did not come exactly under one of my three headings; therefore I had "Well, certainly. Still I was just to start a new book entirely on your

"It was very kind of you, I am sure; but how will you manage in the of three books, you will have to divide your friends quite differently."

"Well, it would seem so, certainly." The Major possibly detected the touch of cynicism underlying Evelyn's words. "I believe I shall have a diffiunder this new heading. The book has been begun with your name, but went there in the first place, and there, I am pretty well sure, it will since we did, we intended to treat her have to end. Miss Luttrell, please do decently and get her acquainted with not go! I know you think I am stark the young folks round here, and I staring mad, and in the circumstances added that the nicer the girls were to you may be excused if you do; but, believe me, I was never more sane in That settled it. We're all going down my life."

Evelyn, however, had pushed back her chair, and at the sound of steps in the corridor had risen somewhat get Pete round then." hastily to her feet.

"Oh, no-I do not think you are mad! It is not that at all," she returned, putting the writing paper together and closing the blotting book with an unusually calm air, though his words, spoken so earnestly, so much more earnestly than the occaon or subject seemed to demand, has sent all the hot color rushing to her cheeks. "It is Aunt Lydia's book which is troubling me; she will be in despair. But here comes Mr. Falkland! Ask him to write his name in that wonderful birthday book of yours; only remember, whatever you do"-in a tragic aside-"insist upon the year!" And, with a parting nod, Mins Luttrell turned and fled. (To be continued.)

# THE MATCHMAKERS.

"Let's get Peter to take her." Clem jumped from his chair and slapped Tom roundly on the shoulder, so elated was he over his bright idea; then both young men laughed heartily ed in a rather ominous tone. "It is and wondered that they had not sooner thought of so easy a way out of their dilemma

It was a difficult situation. The young men had hotly resented a scolding over some boyish escapade from their "specials," Tom's cousin Lottie and Clem's sister Mary. The girls vowed never to speak to them again and by finding it convenient to visit much away from home, and eschewing evening church and festivities had managed to adhere to their resolution. In the meantime the Kings had moved into the place, and just to show the girls that they were not the only ones in town, both young men had taken to calling on Kittle. She was a lively, pretty girl, and it was a pleasant place to visit, and so it had gone on until they had established quite an intimacy, and without either actually inviting her, they had committed themselves to taking her to the approaching county fair, by talking to her of getting up a party, in which she was included, to go in a large wagon. Then came the reconciliation and now they wanted to go as usual in their buggies with Mame and Lot-

tie, and they had to face the problem of what to do about Kittie. "I suppose you'll tell Pete and get him to take Kittie off our hands," said Tom

"Well, maybe that would do, and then again maybe it wouldn't," said Clem, scornfully. "I'm not anxious for any one to know I've made a goose of myself or the girl either for that matter.

"How are you going to manage, then?"

"Introduce him and get him interested and make him think he thought of it himself." "I promised Mame I'd never go there

again," said Tom, ruefully. "I know you did," was Clem's reply; "she told me and I gave her a talking to and told her it wouldn't do. out. We can't drop Kittie like a hot potato after all the good times we've had down there, just because they have chosen to make up. It's their fault we

her, the less nice we'd have to be. there some night soon and after that Mame is to ask Kittie to spend the evening at our house. We'll have to

They met Peter that afternoon, and Clem took the opportunity to talk much of Kittie and the good times they had with her. "And that reminds me," he said, carelessly, "she thinks you're very handsome." Clem did not think



HENS AND THEIR GOOD FRUIT. he had not ventured to talk with her since. It had been left to Clem or Tom They Are an Important Factor in the to see her home from church, and as

she was usually with Mame or Lottie it was easy for them to walk in that direction, thus politely escorting her without special attention from either young man.

Clem was thinking it over moodily one Sunday afternoon while Mame sat writing at the table.

"Here, Clem," she said, handing him an envelope, "this is for Kittie. If you'll put it in your pocket now we'll be sure to take it with us tonight."

Clem did as requested, but a halfhour later, when he saw Peter driving past, it flashed upon him that here was an excellent opportunity to make that young man call on Kittie, and rushing out he hailed him.

Peter was going home, but would call on the way at Miss King's and leave the letter to oblige Clem. He looked at it wonderingly as he drove

"Must have something mighty important to say," he thought. "Saw her this morning, and expects to see her again tonight, but has to write a letter in the meantime and send it by another fellow. What's he up to, anyway? One girl doesn't seem to be enough for him. He doesn't give any one else a chance to talk to either Lottie or Miss King."

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, aloud, as a new idea came to him. "I'll get ahead of him this time. I'll speak for myself before I hand in his letter. It's fair enough. How did he know but I was going right there? Perhaps that's what hurried him so."

Peter never doubted that he was carrying an invitation from Clem for the pleasure of Miss King's company home from church that evening, and Kittie made no explanation, supposing that Peter knew the contents of the envelope and was on his way to her when Clem met him.

Clem and Tom chuckled with glee to see Kittie and Peter appear at church together, but would ne ask her to the fair, now only a few days off? That was still undecided, and the boys drove down to Peter's the next evening, determined, if possible, to find

"See here, Pete," said Clem, "what do you say to joining teams and getting up a load of young folks to go to the fair?"

Peter looked surprised. "Thought you two were so dreadfully fond of going in buggies," he said, suspiciously. "Well, buggies are nicer for some reasons," admitted Tom, "but we can't be so unsociable always. Clem will have his team, and with my horse and yours we could take a jolly party." "We thought it would be pleasanter

for fellows like you with no special girl to take," hazarded Clem.

Peter coughed significantly. He remembered a special girl he had taken the night before. "Well, I don't know," he said, slowly; "it's a big pull with a heavy wagon. Whom are you going to ask?"

"Oh, our set, you know, and Miss King---

From the Richmond Dispatch: The hen of the present day is a most important factor in the commercial world not only on account of her vernal offspring, but because civilized people are daily growing fonder of her eggs. Statisticians say it is practically impossible to gain an idea as to the exact number of eggs consumed, though the export and import figures give a partial conception of its enormousness. Indeed, the statistics indicate that our

Commercial Life of the Country.

feathered friend has all she can attend to and barely can spare the time to assume the responsibilities of rearing a family. During the year ending July 30, 1899, the United States exported 3,693,611 dozen eggs, valued at \$641,385. During this period they imported 225,180 dozen, valued at \$21,-300, the increased duty on this food

supply having checked their importation. Of course, these figures are but fragments of the almost inconceivable large total which indicates the actual consumption of eggs in America. In 1898 Chicago alone handled 2,147,950 cases of thirty dozen each, of which only 1,223,356 were shipped out. The commission houses are generally the distributing points for eggs in the large cities, but in the country almost every local store deals in them. Many merchants accept them in exchange for goods, while a few receive orders from the towns and dispose of the eggs to hotels or other large concerns. The egg enters into our domestic life not

only as a substantial food staple, but as an ingredient of almost every conceivable article of diet. There is practically no limit to its usefulness in this line and when one reflects it seems almost impossible that the land could hold enough hens to meet the public demand. The secret, perhaps, lies in the fact that poultry can be found in every rural barnyard and on the premises of scores of urban and suburban habitations. Every hen knows her duty and does it. While some of them apparently rejoice in their labors accomplished, as a whole they are modest and never "let on" that they realize the world could not comfortably move without them. The probabilities are that as civilization increases and the facilities for transportation become faster and better, our feathered friend with the crimson trimmings will have more and more to do. Her output in decades to come will be the grandest statistical puzzle of the age, and no mathematician will be able to make ealculations as to the exact amount of her "fruit." When our neighbor's hens get in our flower beds we should recall these facts and permit only our wives and daughters to throw stones at them.

Whisky and Coffins.

Capt. Slocum, who is telling in the Century of his voyage around the world alone in a little sloop, the Spray, was familiar with most of the ports in Thich he found himself on his journev of 46,000 miles. One of these wa Buenos Aires. There he looked in vain for the man who once sold whisky being invited to help it along. Clem's wand coffins in Buenos Aires; the march reference to fellows with no special of civilization had crushed him-memory only clung to his name. "Enterprising man that he was, I fain would have looked him up. I remember the tiers of whisky barrels, ranged on end, one one side of the store, while on the other side, and divided by a thin partition, were the coffins in the same order, of all sizes and in great numbers. The unique arrangement seemed in order, for as a cask was emptied, a coffin might be filled. Besides cheap whisky and many other liquors, he sold 'cider,' which he manufactured from damaged Malaga raisins. Within the scope of his enterprise was also the sale of mineral waters, not entirely blameless of the germs of disease. This man surely catered to all the tastes, wants, and conditions of his customers."

ANYHOW, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO REFUSE.

\_\_\_\_\_ the collar of his mackintosh turned up | the day and month of your birth?" closely round his throat, set out at a pedition.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

and taken up his position before the know. fire more than a couple of minutes, Luttrell entered the room.

"Oh, please do not move!" she exyou."

"Oh, do not mention such a thing! Perhaps I can help you to find the book for Lady Howard."

smile. "It is a thick green- Ah, that Major Brown-will that satisfy you?" ume. "Aunt Lydia will have plenty ly. to occupy her for the rest of the day | Her words seemed to recall him to if she reads this through."

"Yes, from its appearance, I should ly enough. She will need two or three | me a great service, Miss Luttrell." more of the same statup. But I am "No, indeed-I have done nothing, I particularly neighborly frame of mind look through the book?" know, Miss Lutirell, I have rather a only-"

"The day and month?" repeated swinging pace upon his unpleasant ex- Evelyn, raising her eyebrows. "Oh, the 15th of August! I suppose you do not insist upon the year as well!"

"No-I do not insist; but anybody Notwithstanding that the rain nev- who is particularly anxious to give it

er ceased during the Major's walk into is quite at liberty to do so. There, Saltcliffe and back, and that he re- Miss Luttrell-the 15th of August!" turned with his gaiters splashed to He had pulled out of his pocket a his knees and with the water run- small rather fantastically bound book. ning in a thin but steady stream from | and, opening it at a certain page, he the brim of his hat, fortune certainly now laid it down before her. "There favored him that afternoon. In other is a verse of poetry for you, and a circumstances he might have waited line of Shakespeare; but whether eithin vain for hours, but, as it happened, | er the poetry or the Shakespearean line he had scarcely returned to the library is in the least appropriate I do not

"But how strange-nobody clse has when the door opened and Evelyn written on this page at all! Am I to have it quite to myself?"

"Yes-it seems as if you are to reign claimed, as the Major pushed back his supreme. It is all the better, though, chair and, glancing round to discov- for, with five lines at your disposal" er who the intruder might be, imme- - and the Major glanced at her signidigtely started to his feet. "I have ficantly-"you can add as many paronly come for a book which my aunt | ticulars as you like. Want of space wanted, so do not let me disturb cannot be made an excuse for omitting the all-important year."

"Well, at any rate, let me have a good pen!" She drow the ink stand towards her, took up a quill, and in "Well, most likely you can." was the clear legible characters wrote "Evereply, accompanied by a bewitching lyn C. Luttrell." "There, Major is the one! Thank you very much !" -looking up, to find the Major, who she broke off as the Major handed had come close to her side, ataring her the rather ponderous looking vot- down at her signature most attentive-

himself.

"Thank you. I cannot tell you how say that one wet day would be hard- much obliged 1 am. You have done

just wondering." he proceeded, regard- am honored that you should care for ing her with a slight air of perplex. my signature at all. But have you tty, "whether you happen to be in a a great many names down? May 1

this afternoon. The fact is- Do you "Certainly, if you care to do so.

actly strange for dozens of people have |yn, who had turned over a couple of a watch upon my son!-Jewelers' it seemed likely to end. Peter's bash- dropped the subject. The measure in Ohio was really admitted to the union such fancies at one period or another pages and was contemplating in ob- Weekly,

# CONDITIONS IN ALGERIA.

The Idea of Assimilating the Native Is Absurd.

The present constitution, based on assimilation of Algeria to France, was framed with the chimerical idea that the native element would shrink and the French increase, says the National Review. The contrary has happened. The Mohammedans increased between 1856 and 1876 by 155,000; between 1876 and 1896 by 1,300,000. During the former period famine and typhus and the insurrection of 1871 kept down their numbers; also the oriental dread of being counted led to some falsification of the records. The idea of assimilating the native is absurd. Mixed marriages between them and Christians are practically unheard of, and they do not take up French citizenship, preferring to live under their own law. Nor do they aspire to be represented directly in the French chamber, and any idea of the sort is as extravagant as that of directly representing Hindoos at Westminster. Machinery in a long time." must, however, be provided by which the natives may make themselves felt, and secure respect for their interest in the local councils. The result of the laws in force during the last twenty or thirty years, whether laws of property, justice or taxation, has been the impoverishment and discouragement of the Arabs. Yet Algeria will never be prosperous till they are rich, nor secure till they are contented. In par- could not help remembering the reticular, the local functionaries should | mark and trying to live up to Peter's be able to talk their language, as our civil servants are required to do in | tiest the night she was to meet him at India. When at Biskra, the chief cen- Norton's. ter of the Constantine Sahara and in the local postoffice there was not a single clerk who understood Arabic, gesticulating shelk wanted him to do. it was merely a matter of telegraphhis son in Algiers. Such ignorance in the language of the people is incx. could talk heat, cusable,

#### Somewhat Different.

wish to bequeath a thousand-dollar tance." watch to your son? Dying Man (feestrange fancy-at least, it is not ex. Why did he suddenly hesitate? Eve- hly)-No, no! To my-friend far-for each other, but to Clem's dismay there the "old man" to have a drink, and have their state buildings and exhibits

I'LL GET AHEAD OF HIM THIS TIME.

it necessary to add that he had asked the question, and Kittie had merely replied: "Yes, but I like a man with more animation." He repeated the bit of flattery with such assurance of truth that Peter said with a bashful laugh: "Miss King is certainly a perron of excellent taste.'

"You can see he's pleased," said Clem when Peter had gone, "a fellow's thinks he's handsome. Let him think of that awhile and he'll be ready for the introduction."

Two weeks passed before Kittle's visit to the Norton's could be arranged. "Tom and Lottie are to be there, too," said Mame.

"And I'm going to ask Pete Layton," put in Clem; he hasn't been to see us

"Who is he?" inquired Kittle,

"Why, that dark fellow who sings tenor in the choir, the one you thought looked too quiet, explained Clem, "I thing he'd like to meet you, Mias Kittle; he was speaking of you the other day and said you were a girl of excellent taste."

Kittie was not a whit more susceptible to flattery than most girls, but she good opinion by appearing her pret-

They spent a very pleasant evening mainly an Arab city, I ascertained that and Clem managed, with careful tact, to hold Kittle and Peter up to each other's admiration without seeming to and on one occasion I was able myself do so. He talked much with Kittle, to explain to one of them what an old drawing forth the girl's sprightliest sallies, making Peter wish that he could make her laugh and chat like ing a remittance of 50 france or so to that, and he asked for Peter's aweetest solos, and kept the conversation on the chief postoffice of the Sahara of topics upon which the young man

It was Peter who saw Kittle home. "My horse is all ready," he urged, Lawyer-Do I understand that you walking, even if it is but a short dia- you. I've made up my mind to get that All of these states have appointed com

fulness had got the better of him and | question became a law in due course.

Now Peter thought he understood. The boys were anxious to have Miss King go with them, and his horse was girls to take rankled and he grew momentarily more anxious to prevent them taking the girl, yet he dared not refuse outright, for if Kittie had already promised them he would wish to make one of the party.

"Let us know first thing in the morning, old fellow," said Clem, and they drove off, leaving Peter to do just as they hoped and expected he would. make a hasty toilet and call on Miss King.

He gave his refusal to the boys in the morning with the air of a man who had come out ahead.

Even after the fair it was fun to urge Peter along, and so they kept it up, talking continually in praise of Kittie, and by way of hints taking him into their confidence about little attentions they intended to bestow on Mame and Lottie, suggestions that the young man was not slow in acting

upon. They even included him and Kittle in the special good times which bound to be interested in a girl who they were clever in planning and carrying out, and of which Peter would never have thought, and before they realized it he was madly in love.

> When the affair had reached that crisis it was simply their duty, so Clem said, to see that it came out all right; so gently, tactfully, the urging went on, and by the next fair Peter and Miss King were engaged. "He came to tell me the day was set," Clem reported. "and he wonders if you and I will

assist at his marriage." "Will we? Well, I should say so." said To 1. "We haven't assisted all along to go back on him now. We'll be there, swallow-tails and all." And they were.

## The Prime Minister Won.

A former governor of the Australian colonies tells of a curious experience he once had with a long-headed prime minister. The latter brought in a certain measure, calculated to make the government popular with the working classes, although it affected a foreign power so much that representations the bill. He sent for the premier. "I'm | on the hay shore which will cost \$300, as far as the thing is concerned, and the others being Indiana. Illinois and riding will be pleasanter than what's more, I don't care a hang about Michigan. Wisconsin and Minnesota They were evidently interested in The governor, who was politic, caked sented in the exposition, and they will

#### Rothschild Among Kings.

Among the anecdotes related by the Hon. John Bigelow in the October Century, in a series of extracts from his conversations with Von Bunsen, is this about the famous banker Rothschild: During the famous Congress of

Vienna, already referred to, each of the several monarchs present was the guest of some nobleman. On one festive occasion Baron Rothschild was invited par exception. He modestly went to take his place, not among the more exalted guests. When they discovered Rothschild, however, they all rose, one after the other, and saluted him, except the King of Prussia, Some one asked the king why he did not salute the great European banker. "Did 1 not?" he replied, "Well, 1 suppose it was because I was the only one who did not owe him anything." This reminds one of a line in one of Pope'i satires:

I never answered: I was not in debt

#### Obio Exposition for Her Centennial,

Director General Ryan of the Ohic centennial estimates that \$5,000,000 will be placed in the enterprise. Congress appropriated \$500,000 on the con dition that Toledo, where the exposi were made to the imperial authorities | tion is to be held, would give a like on the subject. A dispatch was accord- amount. This has been done, and the ingly sent out to the governor to veto | city is also preparing a beautiful site sorry, old man," said his excellency, 000 more. The legal title of the cen "but I've just got orders from home, I tennial is "The Ohio Centennial and and I shall have to block that bill." Northwest Territory Exposition," and The premier replied, "Look here, gov- it will be held in 1962. Ohio was the ernor, I don't care a hang about the first of the six important states to be Imperial guv'ment or about the queens, | carved out of the Northwest territory bill through, and I'll bring it through." missioners to see that they are repro In 1803.