



CHAPTER XVII.

It was the next morning. "A lady for you, miss; Mrs. Flounet, and a servant of the hotel ushered in Miss Smythe's friend."

"My dear girl, what made you come here? I have only just learned of your whereabouts from that terrible German Jew."

"Terrible, Mrs. Flounet?" "Fancy, he was at my house at break of day. Meant well, I dare say, but it would never do to have a Jew seen about the place. I treated him as coldly as possible."

"Oh, Mrs. Flounet, how could you?" "Dear child, West Kensington has its prejudices, and one must conform. Put on your hat and let us drive home quickly. I received Miss Smythe's letter, telling me of you, a week ago. Odd creature, isn't she? Stay, I can't possibly take you back like that. Unlucky about your trunk, is it not? Tell me, does Russian green become you?"

"And he was so kind—"

"Whom are you talking of? Ah, that German Jew. Well, he was kind, no doubt. But we are not stony-hearted either. You should never have accepted his kindness, dear. Why did you not drive straight to me? But, come, no more sarcasm. We're going to welcome you very warmly at Kensington, to cure you of all your prejudices, even in favor of German Jewry. I positively shudder when I remember that man—his pronunciation, his nose. This is my shop, I'm sure. Russian green will become you; but choose just as if you were my daughter."

"So, laughing and chatting, the lady of West Kensington preceded the girl into a large, handsome shop, and before long they were driving away with a large, well-filled box."

One week later Elizabeth wrote a long letter home:

"Dear Mother and Nora—So here I am in Stonemar. You got my letter telling you of my arrival, I suppose. Well, now I will tell you as much of the Stonemarians as I will can after eight days spent in their midst. To begin at the beginning: Mrs. Flounet put me in the train and wished me every happiness."

"Now to the Dossoms. He is a cipher, and acknowledges her superiority, which is, of course, as it ought to be. She is exceedingly clever, but there's one thing about her I don't like, she has crazes."

"One of these is homeopathy. Almost the first thing on my arriving, she asked me: 'Did I believe in homeopathy?'"

"I believe, mother, when I put this Mrs. Dossom into one of my novels, there will not be a reviewer in England but will say she is that impossible thing—an impossible Englishwoman; and to think she is this minute sitting opposite me, with 'Stuart Mill' on her lap, and a box of what Tom would call 'weeny' pills beside her—a real live production of the English town of Stonemar."

"You need not be surprised if my letters by degrees assume a homeopathic, philosophical coloring. Metaphysics, altruism and pills form the themes of our conversations."

"Now, good-by. It's fun studying 'types.' Your own old 'BET.'"

So much for first impressions. Here is a letter written nine months afterward:

"Family—I am weary, Darlings, I am homesick. Comedy, comedy, comedy, and no love. Whilst I write my letters I am dying of homesickness. Whilst I laugh at them, the tears are burning behind my eyes."

"They are not bad. Folks tell me they are very kind. People are never more than 'kind' in England, I believe. Is one so old at eighteen that one should need nothing but 'kindness'? that one should need no love?"

"My darlings, when—"

"Here the letter stopped. It was never sent to Eckes."

Three months afterward the writer, Elizabeth, was in her home again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"My child!" "My own dear Elizabeth!" "Dear ones, yes; crush me. It's lovely to feel your arms about me. Another kiss, my mother! Where's your hand, Nora? Home again! Home! Home!" and in sheer joy the tears ran down the girl's face. "My dear ones, how do you look? I cannot see you. My happiness blinds me. Home! Home!"

Great joy is pitiful to see; as pitiful as great sadness.

"Home! home!" and the tears poured down the girl's face.

Why was she so glad to be home? "And there's work for me, my mother?" "Yes, dear."

"And I shall be no drag on you?" "Drag, child? No, never."

"Mother."

"What, dear?"

"It's dark. Bend down to me."

The mother bent and the girl kissed her passionately on her forehead and cheeks, again and again.

"Three hundred and sixty-five nights, mother, and no one to kiss one and say good night. Three hundred and sixty-five mornings, and no one to kiss one and say good morning. Oh, I'm so, so happy! I think my happiness will kill me!"

They had reached their hall door—

"What's that—a letter from Dorry, Nora?"

"Yes."

It was Dorry's remittance, addressed to Nora. Dorry never addressed money to her mother. She begged Nora to spend it.

To "mother" there was only a loving letter:

"Dearest—To think I shall be home in six or seven months. Perhaps Bet is home

now. Never mind! Her happiness will be stale when mine is fresh.

"I kiss my mother on her hand and cheeks, as do the Russians. Good-by."

"DORRY!"

"So you passed the examination all right, Bet?" asked Nora two weeks later. "Yes, and went straight to the court and got sworn, and now the embassy work will be mine, and—I've another idea, family. Listen," and she produced a slip of paper from her pocket, and read its contents aloud, in German and English.

"The English is mine, family. I see German songs are published with English words. I mean to offer mine, mother."

"It can do no harm."

"Harm, mother? It's a magnificent speculation! Stamps in the house?"

The mother smiled.

"I don't think there are."

"Then I'll go straight and buy some, and send off my letters at once."

The speculation answered; and, with teaching, translating for the embassy and for music firms, the second Miss Denbigh was fairly set adrift, when, in the temporary absence of the editor of Liebrecht's "Continental English Weekly," she was appointed editress of that magazine.

"Wasn't it only a few days ago we received Dorry's last remittance?" asked Nora one day.

The words were said lightly. Dorry's remittances were always welcome, but had not been so needed of late that her mother was not able to rejoice in this one being her "last."

"Here's Tom," she added, "coming upstairs with a letter, and shouting 'from Russia!' from Russia! from Russia! Perhaps it's to say she has set out. Fetch it, Lizbeth."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Mother, dear mother, speak! If only a word; oh, mother, speak!"

"Hush, Lizbeth, you'll kill her!"

But the girl, thoughtless of all except her terror, still bent over the pale mother.

"Speak, darling, speak one word. We are here, Nora and I. Mother, you have two children still. Oh, mother, look up!"

But her words fell unheeded. The fatal letter still tightly clasped in her hands, the mother sat, her eyes gazing far away. Was she in thought once more by her child—her last born, as it had lain in its cradle some seventeen summers before?

Little Dorry, who had never known an earthly father's love, had seemed to belong more to her mother than either of the other girls. She had been named Theodora, "Gift of God." But God's gifts are loans; and He had but lent the child Dorry for a time to cheer her widowed mother. Short indeed had been her life; short as that of a flower, which, springing up in the morning, gladdens the heart during the burden and heat of the day, but which ere close of evening folds its bright petals.

And as her life had been, her death was one of self-sacrifice. Her pupil had gone beyond her depth while bathing in the river, and Dorry seeing her danger, though she could not swim, had followed her to try and save her. She reached the child, and caught her in her arms, but the waters would have their prey, and clutched them both. Some hours later the two were found, locked in each other's arms.

The letter which bore the tidings was written by the father. It breathed in every line the affection felt for the brave girl; it dwelt upon her gentle, loving ways, and that noble usefulness and high sense of honor, by which she had awakened feelings of respect seldom inspired by one so young. It concluded with the words: "My wife and I have lost two children; for your Dorry was as dear to us as our own child." And inclosed in it was little Dorry's own last letter, full of fun and merriment.

"Dear wee Parent—Did I not always say we were a jolly family? Nora giving concerts, Lizbeth editress, and I packing up to go home; and so well and strong—prettier, too, than I used to be. How do you like to hear that, Nora? Two bibles in the family, not counting Bet, who would scorn the name of bible, of course—unless we called her Belles-Lettres. (A little touching up might make a really good pun of this.)

"Dearies, how happy I am!—too happy, I sometimes think. I ought to be a little sad, for they are so good to me here. Mother, you're not jealous, are you, that, after you and the girls, I love this Russian mother, this Russian father? They have treated me like their own daughter. But I am eldest here, and at home I'm youngest. I've been playing grown-up so long that I want to be a child again, my mother's youngest."

"Dear ones, how I've looked forward to this month, this week; and now I'm, oh, so happy. If you knew how the sun is shining, and the river is shining. Here I must stop writing, for I am off to bathe in the Dnieper, where I shall think of the Danube, and that in a week I shall be sailing up it to my home.

"Darlings, be a jolly family!" "Your own happy, happy DORRY."

"Why don't you read it, Nora?" "I can't, mother."

The mother took it, dried her tears and read it, the merry letter with the girlish laughter running through it. And the child was never more to see the Danube. Buried by the Dnieper, in the far-off steppes, she was never more to see her home. The little worker was laid to rest forever, when her task was just done. Had any one kissed the brave little woman before they laid her to rest? Had any one thought how she came to be so far from home, the young, bright girl—that she had worked when others play, had nobly sacrificed the sweetest part of

life? Had any one stroked the soft, dark curls, and kissed the girl for her mother? Sure; for she had met with love in Russia."

A white marble cross, surmounting a block of rose granite, marks Dorry's resting place—a tribute erected to her memory by the parents of her pupil.

It is very silent in the Russian churchyard, but sometimes a peasant pauses by the grave of the young English girl, and in his simple language mutters a prayer for her, because of her loving ways toward him and his when she used to roam the village; and because he pities the child laid to rest in his home, so far from the home of her people; though the "little father" has said that the dead have all one home, and are equally near to their people, wherever their last earthly resting place may be.

And the "little father" in Russia is the village priest, and what he says is wise and good.

CHAPTER XX.

"It is a miserable condition of human nature, this need of distraction, and even though Providence willed that so man should be, that he might bear death; how often amid these same distractions do we not feel ourselves seized by remorse that we are capable of them, whilst a touching and resigned voice seems to say to us: 'You whom I loved, have you then forgotten me?'"

Those are beautiful words by a woman. None but a woman could, perhaps, write so.

Who are the dead that are so cruel? "Great and pure affections," says another French writer—not a woman, "have always that good, that, after the happiness of having experienced them, there remains the happiness of remembering them."

There is more of poetry in Madame de Staël's words, but more of truth in Alexandre Dumas'.

A year had passed since that terrible day that brought the news of Dorry's death. Her sisters had not changed perceptibly. They were dressing, and had laid aside their mourning for the first time.

Whilst they dressed they talked—as girls talk.

"I wonder is Dorry looking at us now, Nora, and reproaching us?" Elizabeth said, and her lips quivered.

Some women can smile when the heart is bleeding; such are born comforters. Nora was one of these. Tears are for the most part selfish; there is always some one to be gay for. No stern voice whispered here: "You whom I loved, have you then forgotten me?"

The girl in the steppes was not forgotten. The dead must not be forgotten because the living are remembered.

"Sometimes I think she laughs with us," Nora had said.

Perhaps she did. It is sad to think of our dear ones turning into grim, reproachful specters—sweeter to think of them as we knew them in life, a little idealized, perhaps; better still, not idealized at all.

To Nora, Dorry remained the droll, droll child, with her aversion to things looking "poor," with her pet speech that might have been more elegantly worded, had Dorry been in the least an "elegant" young lady, which Dorry was not.

Cheer up, dearies, and be a jolly family.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I have no objection to our leaving Dublin for the Continent, Mrs. O'Brien. All I say is, pay for trunks I will not—not one farthing."

Mr. O'Brien was evidently in earnest. Mrs. O'Brien's trunks on her last trip to the Continent had cost—well, more than Mr. O'Brien was prepared to pay.

"I never meant to take trunks with us," said that lady now; "the expense they were to us last year was terrible."

"Yes, my dear" (softening a little), "more than terrible, it was scandalous!"

"It really was, Maria" (teasing himself). "I mean to say, it was infamous—perfectly infamous!"

"When were you thinking we should go, my dear?" By this time Mr. O'Brien's mood had become quite placid. He was a passionate man, but Mrs. O'Brien knew how to avoid a storm. After an act of extravagance her custom was to outdo him in the matter of inveighing. It is not a bad system.

"As soon as ever you are ready, Mr. O'Brien. As we are to take trunks with us, there will be no packing."

Four days afterward an Irish family, consisting of Mr. O'Brien, their three daughters and their son, stood on the Flushing platform, each member of the party, excepting Mr. O'Brien, senior, being equipped with two large carpet bags, or, as an Irish porter had called them, "carpet trunks."

"Margaret, my dear," said Mrs. O'Brien, addressing her eldest daughter, a tall, angular girl, who was literally bowed beneath the weight suspended from her arms: "You carry them as if they were haws. Shortlet, you are not giggling, I hope."

Shortlet, otherwise Charlotte, was the second Miss O'Brien. Something in her mother's remark to her sister had evidently tickled her sense of the comical. She was giggling.

"Where's Geraldine?" continued Mrs. O'Brien. "Geraldine! Geraldine!"

Alas, Geraldine had found her burden more than she could bear, and, dropping a bag on each side of her, had herself dropped between them, and there remained a pitiful representation of sorrow, aged eight.

"Horry, go and rouse her up!" In another minute the young man was beside her.

"But, Horry, you can't carry four!" said Geraldine.

"Yes, I can, Gerry; come along." Meanwhile a porter had walked up to the ladies, and asked in German: "What class?"

"Swy, so Eckes," said Mrs. O'Brien, holding up two fingers to emphasize her words, and majestically surveying the train.

"Swoity clossy," added Mrs. O'Brien, who piqued himself on knowing some German.

"Here we are, mother," cried the girls, who had meanwhile found out the carriage; whereupon the whole party got in, excepting Harry, who remained outside to hand in the bags.

"One, two, three, four," said Mrs. O'Brien, as she took them from him, and hoisted them up on the shelf provided for this purpose.

"Well!"

"Hm!"

The exclamation came from a lady and gentleman seated opposite. Whether it was the size of the bags, or the muscular strength of the lady who lifted them, that

elicited the interjections, the writer knows not.

"Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," continued Mrs. O'Brien calmly, as she took up four more. "That's all," she added when she had distributed them among her family. "How glad I am we're comfortably settled, dears."

They looked a comfortable party. Mr. O'Brien, a chronic sufferer from gout, was practicing what Diderot calls the "grimace pathetic" under a bag laid across his knees. Charlotte, never remarkable for steadiness, and now really enraptured, was indulging in the delight of sweet sixteen and giggling, for which her elder sister, Margaret, was frowning severely at her, whilst little Geraldine was sobbing her heart out behind and under an enormous bag which was crushing her small, fat person.

"Nobody spoke."

It was the first and last time Mr. O'Brien insisted on his wife traveling without luggage. She had carried the day.

This is what the second Miss O'Brien, with the astuteness of sixteen, fully recognized, and most anxious was she to impart the fact to her younger sister.

"I say, Gerry—"

"Lea' me lone, Shortlet!" came the indignant answer. Gerry was not in a mood for conversation.

CHAPTER XXII.

The O'Brien family were at their destination.

"Ah, Miss Denbigh, how charming of you now to come and meet us!"

The speaker was Mr. O'Brien, as he grasped Nora's hand, then turned to her sister:

"And how are you, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. O—"

"Dorlings, how o'er you?" sounded the voice of Mrs. O'Brien at this moment, as she rushed up and embraced both girls rapturously, adding, "Shortlet and Margaret, ret, come here, and kiss the Miss Denbighs. You can't have forgotten the little girls you used to gool with?"

Thus pleasantly reminded of the bygone times they had spent together, the Denbigh and O'Brien girls kissed each other affectionately. Margaret then introduced "me brother," with whom Nora shook hands cordially, Elizabeth favoring him with a distant bow.

"And where is your luggage, Mrs. O'Brien?"

"There, at some distance, darling—Gurdine's minding it. We brought no trunks with us. Mr. O'Brien declared he would not move a step out of Orland if we did. So I packed all we needed into ten carpet bags. Me dear, they almost killed us. Gurdine was smothered twice. But what were these disagreeables compared to the knowledge that Mr. O'Brien's gony lez was under one of them all the way?"

Were it possible to give the reader an idea of the manner in which Mrs. O'Brien delivered herself of this speech, he would probably admit he had never seen a better bit of comedy; but therein lies the "disagreeable" of writing, that what is best in life loses in being penned.

"Sit down, dear, and I'll call Tom. You must make each other's acquaintance."

The speaker was Nora, as she led Miss Geraldine O'Brien into the drawing room, then went in pursuit of Tom.

"Tom! Tom!" sounded her voice in the garden.

Meanwhile Tom was not there, but in the next room to Miss O'Brien. In another moment, passing the drawing room, he saw that young lady. With much gravity he approached the sofa.

"Who are you, little girl?"

"No young man of eight could have put the question more politely; no young lady of eight could have bounded more indignantly from her seat.

"Little! I'm not littler than you! Measure!"

To place back to back was the work of a moment, and proved that Miss O'Brien's calculation was correct.

"What is your name?" asked Tom.

"Me name is Gurdine."

"Geraldine what?"

"Me entoyer name is Gurdine Durfy O'Brien."

Miss O'Brien curtained the last name into a dissyllable, and gave the French prefix "D'Urte," an equally Hibernian pronunciation.

"What's Durfy?" asked Tom, dryly.

"Durfy? Don't ye know Frinck?" asked the owner of the unique nose.

"No. Do you?"

"I've never learnt. But ye 'magined yourself so big, I thought maybe ye knew more than me."

Was it possible Miss "O'Brien's" nose was rising?

"Is Durfy Frinck?" calmly continued Tom, his inquisitiveness by no means lessened by this satirical outburst.

"It is."

"And why is your name French, Geraldine?"

"Me name is Gurdine, and me name's O'Brien; that's Orlish, isn't it?"

"But Durfy?"

"That's Frinck—'cause we're of Frinck distracktion. An' now I hope ye're satisfied."

Tom Denbigh wasn't; but there was something in his companion's tone that made him deem it wise to drop further inquiry.

"Ar-ent ye satisfied?" asked the little girl.

This was encouragement.

"How do you spell Durfy, Geraldine?" "May be ye'll understand if ye see it written," and Miss O'Brien dived into her pocket, and produced a small, soiled note-book, on a leaf of which she wrote, in a clear, boyish hand, "Geraldine d'Urte O'Brien."

"Do ye understand now? Did ye ever see a name like that?"

"Yes; at home, in Ireland. I knew a little boy named O'Brien; but he had no French distracktion about him, if that's what Durfy means."

"Frinck distracktion, I said. A common child, eh?"

"He wasn't a grand child. I knew lots of O'Briens in Ireland. O'Brien's a very common Irish name, my aunt says."

"If it's low she means, O'Brien's not low; and if ye mean to say we're low— Tom wince."

"Indeed I don't, Geraldine. Are you going to play with me?"

"I am. I like ye, Tom."

With this astounding announcement the young lady jumped up and kissed Mr. Denbigh, who, "en homme gallant," returned the embrace nothing loath. Thus was an acquaintance struck up between Mr. Tom Denbigh and Miss Geraldine O'Brien.

(To be continued.)

How He Found Them.—Jimmy the Con—"How are you finding things these hard times?" Mike, the Porch-climber—"Easy. Been usin' de X ray."



Snow Shoes.

They are worn to prevent the traveler from sinking into the soft surface of the snow. If teamsters could prevent the sinking of their wagons by wide tires, and thus haul double the load in all cases, they would at once adopt the broad tread. The trouble is, however, that most roads will hold up the narrow tire for a time, and as the road doesn't belong to the drivers, the evil is perpetuated until the wheelmen come along and institute legislation.

The Way to Vote.

The Good Roads Club, of Atlanta, Ga., has instructed its secretary to write to all candidates for the position of county commissioners, asking that they forward the club a written statement of their views in regard to roads. And why not? What are commissioners for? The position is not a particularly ornate one and hence it should be of some practical use to the public.

A good system of highways throughout a county would be of more real benefit than anything else commissioners could propose.

Voters have a right to know a man's ideas concerning this important question before putting him into an office he is not calculated to properly fill.

Don't buy a pig in a poke. Don't vote for anyone who isn't willing to do all he can, within reason, to lift his community out of the mud.

Ballots make good ballast when properly utilized.

Just Think!



Oh, think of the farmers who come and
Through a sorry road like this!
And think of the grief they needs must know,
And the good roads' joys they miss!
And think of the poor dumb brutes that reel
Through the mud till they faint and fall!
And think of the cyclists who cannot wheel,
On a road like this, at all!

Secretary of State's Salary.

In June, 1782, Mr. Livingston (our first Secretary of State, known then as Secretary of Foreign Affairs), resigned to accept the office of Chancellor of the State of New York. He did not wonder that with a salary of only \$4,000 he should have said he was compelled to draw upon his private fortune to support the office. That has been the fate of all, or practically all, of his successors; for, while the salary of the office has been for many years just twice that received by Mr. Livingston, \$8,000, the expenditures necessary to maintain the social position which custom has assigned to the office are greatly more than the salary. A Secretary of State, who maintains an establishment and entertains the foreign Ministers and the general public with the generous hospitality now expected of him, will owe much gratitude to his major-domo, if at the end of a four years' term he has not contributed from his private fortune to the support of his office a sum greater than the salary he has received. This is an evil, for it may happen that the man best fitted for the office may refuse to leave it as Livingston did—rather than sacrifice a small private fortune to social demands. Dinners were, in Livingston's time, as now, diplomatic necessities, as well as imperative social events.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Rat's Fondness for Sparrows.

A rat that catches and eats birds is the latest novelty on the West Side. Under a sidewalk at 12th and Loomis streets lives a rat. From the size of the rodent and his gray hair whiskers it is evidently an old resident in the neighborhood. Unlike some other rats, it does not depend on cheese and bread for his living, but prefers a nice, juicy sparrow.

On the corner stands a building occupied as a saloon, and in front of the saloon is a watering trough, where teamsters allow their horses to slake their thirst. The teamsters also find the place a very convenient one to feed their horses while they sample the proprietor's free lunch and lager beer. As a result the pavement is thickly strewn with oats pushed out of the feeding sacks by the hungry horses.

An army of sparrows has been attracted to the place, and each morning the pavement is covered with the little fellows eating their breakfast.

The rat, having cultivated a taste for sparrows, now has one for breakfast every day. Hangers-on around the place have come to watch the maneuvers of the rat every morning. Soon

after daylight the sparrows make their appearance, and the rat slyly crawls out of his hole. After looking around to see that the coast is clear, the rat selects a plump sparrow, and while the little bird is busy filling its crop the rat makes a spring and secures its prey.

The bird is dragged under the sidewalk, and nothing more is seen of the rat until the following morning, when he comes out for a fresh victim. So expert has the rat become that those who have seen it say it can catch and kill a bird as cleverly as a cat.—Chicago Chronicle.

Went Out for a Rest.

"Did you mail that letter to mother?" asked Mrs. Junius, as she poured the tea.

Mr. Junius laid down his knife and fork and slowly drew an envelope from his inner pocket.