CHAPTER XI.

Everything, the whole order of life at Moor Royal, seemed overstrained. When Mr. Boldero went in on that, to him, eventful day, he found old Mrs. Ray almost unable to comprehend the real object of his visit, so full was she of lamentation for Jack, and of wrath against those who had led Jack to this sudden destruction.

"I can never forgive him, Mr. Boldero. I am a bitterly tried mother; I have lost both my sons in life. Hubert is tired of me, and Jack is separated from me by a dreadful gulf. If it were not for my daughter, I should be a desolate woman."

"Having your daughter, I look upon you as the most richly-gifted and fortunate woman of my acquaintance. Be patient, Mrs. Ray; there are bright days in store for your daughter and you."

"You mean, through you, my generous friend, as you were my husband's trusted friend," she said, more softly. "Mr. Boldero, glad as I am to give my girl to you, I——"

"I must ask you to say no more of this," he interrupted. "It's the brightest hope I have had in my life, this one I've indulged of winning Jenifer for my wife. But I must relinquish it now, at least for a time."

"Relinquish it!" This was confirmation strong of all her dreariest fears. Jenifer was "relinquished" by a man who had only sought her the day before, on account of her brother's marriage.

"I will not even ask you for your reason, Mr. Boldero. I accept your decision, and, on the part of my daughter and myself, thank you for coming to it so speedily."

She spoke with unruffled courtesy. At least, she told herself, he should not see that his insult had the power to move her.

"Mrs. Ray, for some months I must be contented to appear to you as one of the most despicable creatures who ever defaced this earth. When those months are over I shall be justified in Jenifer's eyes at least."

"Miss Ray will not set herself up as either your accuser or judge, rest satisfied of that. I am sorry your letter of yesterday should have compelled me to trouble you to come here to-day, but I won't detain you any longer."

She meant to dismiss him with solemn dignity, but her plan was upset. Jenifer came in, fearing the interview had taken a wrong turn between her mother and Mr. Boldero, and really thinking of him as the family lawyer, and not at all as her own lover. She had come forward confidently, and was holding out her hand to him, when old Mrs. Ray interposed.

"Jenny, dear, Mr. Boldero is as shocked and disgusted at Jack's conduct as any other right-minded person might be. It does not surprise me that he is no longer desirous of allying himself with so painfully disgraced a family."

"Which means that he doesn't want to marry me any longer," Jenifer remarked, with perfect composure. "But, however shocked and disgusted you are," she added, turning to him confidently, "you will persuade my mother to be kind to the poor boy, won't you?"

"That or anything else in the world that I can do that you ask me, Jenifer. Trust me for a short time longer, and then—Jenny, I dare not even hint to you what I shall do then. If I stir an inch out of the rugged path my feet must travel along for a time I commit a breach of confidence and trust."

The girl shook her head sadly, sorrowfully.

"I'm beginning to understand that you're not a free agent."

"I shall be in time, thank heaven," he interrupted.

"Before that time comes we may all be in our graves, Mr. Boldero," old Mrs. Ray remarked, with a natural severity.

"For a time I must submit to be misconstrued," he said, quietly; but his heart was hot within him as he felt her impotent to prevent him at present to throw off the fetters which a dead man's mistaken good intentions had bound about his feet.

Old Mrs. Ray's farewell this day to the man whom she had for a few hours hoped to have for a son-in-law was icy. It seemed to her, for the first time in Jenifer's life, that Jenifer was acting in an undignified way in being frank and cordial toward this man who had solicited her one minute only to reject her the next. But Jenifer had very clear vision. She knew that no man could reject her—or renounce her, rather—unless it was at the bidding of some power within him stronger than life or love. And such a power she felt honor to be with Mr. Boldero.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Jervoise was spending one of her ordinary high-pressure days.

'It was a morning in May, and the sun was shining and the water gleaming, and the young green leaves and fair spring flowers were all looking their freshest and best, as Mrs. Jervoise rode across the park. She had only taken a turn or two in the Row, when the spirit, or a sudden resolve, had moved her to leave it and make her way along long lines of terraces and through some tortuous streets to St. John's Wood, where in one of the prettiest villas that abound there Madame Voglio reposed on her well-earned laurels.

A letter from her sister, Mrs. Ray, had informed her of the facts of the break-up of the Moor Royal establishment, and of Jenifer's intention of studying for twelve months under Madame Voglio.

"It will be a great relief to me," Effie had candidly written, "when old Mrs. Ray and Jenifer part company with us. My mother-in-law is a skeleton at the feast. I know her position is a hard one, and I don't feel inclined to better it at my own expense. But if Jenifer can only succeed as a concert singer, and make a lot of money, and so be able to make the poor old lady more comfortable, I shall be very glad. Do all you can with Voglio; get the rapacious old cormorant a few good-paying pupils, who'll only want to howl in private, on condition that she really does exert herself to push Jenifer's interests with public concert givers."

"Relinquish it!" ... [no]

It was on this request of her sister's that Mrs. Jervoise was acting now. A season or two ago Flora had herself taken lessons of Madame Voglio; that is to say, she had paid lavishly for singing for a quarter of an hour three times a week under Madame Voglio's auspices, and had spent the rest of the lesson hour in entertaining Madame Voglio at luncheon, and being entertained by that lady's pungent accounts of the way in which the majority of young ladies whom she taught agonized her exquisitely acute ear, and wrung her artistic soul.

Madame Voglio was at home—she generally was at home until two o'clock; the rare exceptions to this rule being when she had pupils who were wealthy and munificent enough to pay for the sacrifice she made in getting herself into a costume in which she would be presentable to the eyes of men at this early hour of the day.

She rose up, adroitly sending the flowing folds of her blue silk robe de chambre over her carelessly attired feet, and greeted Mrs. Jervoise with effusion. Mixture of German and French woman as she was, she spoke English with perfect purity and ease, never betraying by the faintest touch of accent that she was other than one born to the right of speaking it with native perfection.

"My always charming Mrs. Jervoise, you are welcome to me as the breath of spring which you bring into my room," Madame Voglio began; and Flora, laughing, managed to evade the impending embrace.

"I've come to see what you can do for Miss Ray, if she is worth doing anything for," said Mrs. Jervoise.

"Ah, these young, sanguine local amateurs!" madame said, sighing heavily, and shrugging her shoulders, as if the subject were too painful for her to venture to approach it. "They come to me, these enterprising and brave young ladies, and I tell them the truth, that they know nothing—not one single little thing that would fit them to be professional singers—they look upon me as a jealous old woman—jealous of them and their puny pipings."

"You won't find Miss Ray a fool of this order; if you tell her plainly she can do nothing, she'll believe you, and ask you if she can ever hope by hard work to do anything. I think she can, and I want you to do all you can for her, for—for family reasons."

"Then it is that you want to get her comfortably out of the way of somebody. Tell me; the somebody is——"

"My sister!" Mrs. Jervoise interrupted, impatiently. "How tiresome you are with your suggestions and innuendoes! Just listen to a prosaic statement; my sister is married to a man who hasn't half enough money to satisfy her very reasonable requirements, and she doesn't want to have her mother-in-law a fixture in her house for the remainder of her life. If Miss Ray makes an income, she and her mother will clear out of Effie's way without giving any one the chance of reflecting upon Effie. You see, I am quite disinterested. My appeal for your valuable aid in establishing this girl is quite an unselfish one."

"You are always that, my charming Mrs. Jervoise; and we shall see—we shall see."

CHAPTER XIII.

The journey up to London was a doleful and weary one to old Mrs. Ray.

It was not only that she was leaving the home of her whole married life forever, probably, but she was leaving it under circumstances that were peculiarly painful to her. If she had been going forth from it in poverty and disappointment, and still had the right to mourn for it, "as its mistress," it would have been less galling and hard for her.

The widow walked swiftly through the hall, looking neither to the right nor the left, giving her hand to each of the servants as she passed. Without a word she got into the wagonette, and as it turned to take her to the station, she threw back her deep crape veil and took one long, wistful, hungry look back at the old home. Jenifer could hardly tell whether she was glad or sorry when they reached the station to find Mr. Boldero there waiting to see them off. It gave her a sense of support and sympathy to see him settling her mother in the carriage and arranging around her all the comforts and luxuries that were necessary to her on the long journey. It gave her something more, and that was a sense of boundless gratitude, when he said:

"I happened to be in town a day or two ago; and having heard from Mrs. Jervoise that you wanted lodgings within easy distance of the potent Madame Voglio, I ventured to secure some that you can have, if you like, in Upper Hamilton place; at any rate, it will be better for you to go to them to-night than to go to a hotel; and if you don't like them on trial you can still look for others. This is the address."

"They must be cheap, Mr. Boldero," Jenifer said, earnestly. "I am going to be so expensive in the matter of lessons that we must economize in lodgings."

"They are cheap," he assured her; and then he went on to say that their lodging with the mistress of the house would be a boon to her.

"I happen to know that you will be doing a good woman a great service by taking these lodgings. She is a gentlewoman, and she has had more than her share of suffering and sorrow. She has been a mother, and is now childless."

"I know what it is to lose children," Mrs. Ray said, weepingly.

"No, no, madam, you do not; you have your children left you. Jenny, may I write to you, and will you write to me?"

"As often as you like."

"I knew you would answer in that spirit. Here come the others. Heaven bless you, Jenny! Trust Mrs. Hatton, your landlady. She's a good woman, and she knows how much it is to me that you should be happy under her roof, or wherever you are. Halloo! here's Edgecumb."

His tones were not exactly those of pleased surprise. Captain Edgecumb came up by the side of Mrs. Hubert Ray with an air about him of belonging to the party that gave Mr. Boldero novel sensations. Was it for this—to see a careless, debonnaire young fellow slip into the nearest place by Jenifer—that he, Mr. Boldero, was holding back till he could come forward with honor?

A light, ringing voice roused him from an unpleasant reverie.

"Mr. Boldero, you're the one person I was pining to see before I left, but I find I have to pine in vain for most things; therefore I'm both surprised and glad to see you here. Hugh tells me we can't get rid of Moor Royal altogether yet. Now, can't you manage to accommodate some one with it—some one that will pay a good rent, without telling every one that we're letting the place? I've no sentiment about it, you know. Moor Royal is by way of being a white elephant to me. Do, like a good man, get rid of Moor Royal and put money in our purse."

"Effie, you're talking nonsense," her husband whispered, angrily.

"Jenifer and you always say I am talking nonsense when I tell the truth," she laughed out, dauntlessly; and then she took a graceful leave of those on the platform and got into the carriage unruffled. The railway officials tell to this day the story of how gracefully she went away, and how pluckily she bore the ruin that was partly of her own making.

In the confusion at the last moment Effie had managed easily, and apparently unintentionally, to slip into another carriage than the one in which old Mrs. Ray and Jenifer were already settled. She had invited Captain Edgecumb to follow her—invited him with one of her most artistically rendered, winning smiles; and he had disregarded the invitation, and got himself into the carriage with Jenifer and her mother.

Effie did not want to detach Captain Edgecumb from Jenifer, if he were already attached in ever so slight a way; but it seemed to her that they ought to subordinate their own feelings and attachments to her will and pleasure. Then, if she liked—as she would like—to smile upon them, she would still occupy the graceful and powerful position.

Meanwhile, while she was arranging and rearranging and disarranging fanciful situations, Captain Edgecumb was dealing manfully with realities and facts.

"Miss Ray," he began, when old Mrs. Ray had sunk into a deep slumber from sheer nerve fatigue, "you can't suppose for a moment that I am here by accident to-day."

"I thought your going up with us a very happy accident."

"Not at all; it's a deep-laid plan between my mother, my sisters and myself that I should go up now, and introduce them to you in a few days—if your mother and you will permit me to do so."

"You mustn't make them a social snare to me," poor Jenifer said, feeling, as she spoke, that she already belonged to the great army of working martyrs.

"I hope they may help you," he said, rather nervously. "My eldest sister is a pupil of Madame Voglio's——"

Jenifer listened with intense interest.

"She may be of use to you; she's a good-hearted, strongly prejudiced kind of girl, but she's good to me; and if she can help you she will."

CHAPTER XIV.

There arose a slight confusion when they reached the Paddington terminus. Mrs. Jervoise had sent a carriage and a private omnibus to convey her sister and her sister's luggage in comfort to her (Mrs. Jervoise's) house. Jenifer was quite equal to the task of looking after her mother herself, and all their belongings; but Mrs. Hubert Ray would not let this be done quietly, out of the great fear she had that some mistake should be made, and that old Mrs. Ray should get herself put into the carriage that was intended for Effie herself.

"Hugh, I wish you'd put your mother into a cab at once, and send her to their lodgings. Jenifer, tell Hugh your address; he wants to send your mother on without delay; it's so tiring for her to wait about while you're seeing after your luggage," Effie cried, moving about with bewildering rapidity from one to the other of the family group.

"Hubert couldn't make up his mind to neglect his mother altogether," Mrs. Ray said later. "No doubt that's why Effie asked Captain Edgecumb to go home with them; it was to leave Hubert free to look after us."

And with this pleasant conviction in her mind, Mrs. Ray remained silent until they stopped at the entrance to a good-looking house in a wide road, in which there were a number of trees and a general expression of fresh air and pleasantness.

"Here's the other cab and here's Captain Edgecumb!" Jenifer cried, as she sprang out, and though she had previously avowed her satisfaction at his having refrained from offering to escort them, she felt glad and grateful now that he had taken thought for her mother.

They were soon sitting down in their own room, resting and trying to recover from their wonderment at finding "lodgings" so utterly different to what they had expected. A quiet, middle-aged woman, with the manners of a parlor maid and the strength of a porter, aided in transporting the luggage up to their bedrooms, and presently, while they were murmuring to one another that all this would be far beyond the power of their purse, Mrs. Hatton, the landlady, came in, and Captain Edgecumb took a lingering leave.

"May I call to-morrow?" he asked, trying to hold Jenifer's hand in his while she answered him; but she wriggled it away and crossed her arms behind her waist as she leaned back against the table.

"Ask mother if she can see you to-morrow."

"I want to know if I can see you."

"Then I can tell you I'm afraid not; I shall be out, and I shall be busy."

"Then the day after?"

"The day after I shall be busier, and the day after that busier still. Don't you see how it is with me? I will do what I came up to London to do, or at least I will try unswervingly. Little things, trifles in themselves, even a call from you, would hinder me, and I won't be hindered."

"But I may come here and see Mrs. Ray? Won't you say good-night?" he asked, holding out his hand again.

"We shook hands just now—don't you remember it?" Jenifer laughed. "It's mother you have to shake hands with now."

The landlady, Mrs. Hatton, had come in to bid them welcome, and she had done so in the fewest words, and in the briefest period of time compatible with civility.

"I hope you will find your rooms comfortable, and that Ann will please you and wait upon you as you like," she had said, coming softly in, and standing, a perfectly peaceful, restful figure, in a long, dark-gray, noiseless-textured dress before them. And then almost, as it seemed, as they were answering her, and assuring her of their perfect satisfaction—nay, more, their delight—at finding their lodgings so superior to anything they had anticipated, she had quietly murmured another little "hope that they would be happy there," and had quietly vanished.

(To be continued.)

The Good Old Times.

It is quite natural for elderly people to think that the times which are gone by, and which they alone remember, were more interesting and notable than the times which are passing now. The passage of years tends to efface (from the mind the merely commonplace occurrences of every day, and leave only the salient ones; so that past years are really the more remarkable in our memories.

This is one reason why people speak of severe weather as "old-fashioned." On the whole, the weather does not vary much from one decade to another; but people remember the severe weather and forget the ordinary, so that to the mind weather of the past is extreme weather.

But the valuation placed on old things may be excessive—as, for instance, in the case of a remark made by an old gentleman to his nephew.

"Twenty degrees below zero!" he said. "What does that amount to? Why, I can remember a day, when I was 20 years old, when the mercury was forty degrees below zero; and you must remember that one degree then was as good as two nowadays!"

This reminds one of the philosophy of the Irishman regarding the difference between the days in Ireland and America.

"Ah," said he, "the days is twice as long in the ould counthry as here—and there's twice as many of them!"

One of Houssaye's Maxims.

One of the favorite maxims of the late Arsene Houssaye, the famous French critic, was a quotation from Pythagoras: "Hold thy peace, or say something which is better than silence." This he had inscribed over the door of his house. Without drawing any comparisons or making any insinuations, it may be said that Houssaye wrote more than eighty volumes of prose and poetry. At Mount Beaujon his entertainments were almost unrivaled in their magnificence. At one of his kirmesses the program included "the simultaneous popping of a thousand champagne corks."

The Discoverer of X Rays.

Prof. Roentgen is fond of Italy and goes to Florence every year to enjoy rest. He tried hard on his present trip to avoid notoriety, but the students made a great demonstration in his honor. One of them delivered a German address to the distinguished visitor and the Professor responded in choice Italian. Prof. Roentgen is a tall, handsome man with fair beard and hair.

A Big Building Scheme.

James E. Dingee, of Pennsylvania, a millionaire who owns and conducts an extensive brickyard in that city, is going into the building business to an extent never before attempted by one man. He will build 7,500 three-story houses near his brick-making plant, putting the entire number under way at one time. The houses will be of the same general style. And yet they call Philadelphia slow.

The indications are that men will be so scarce in heaven that women will have to act as janitors.

DIMPLES AND WRINKLES.

The deepest of dimples to wrinkles have run
Since Mary was twenty and I twenty-one;
But, dimpled or wrinkled, my sweetheart's the same,
From the sunburst of life to its last little flame.

The cheeks that were roses are shrunken and pale,
But their velvety purity never will fail;
And lips that were flushed with the red blood of youth
Are warm with a love as undying as truth.

The blue of her eyes is fading to gray,
And the gold of her hair is silver to-day;
But the soul is the same that was orbed in the blue,
And silvern is golden when love lights the view.

And, dimpled or wrinkled, a blush will confess
The happiness born of a lover's caress,
For the heart of a woman is tender as true
And the passion it cherishes ever is new.

With Mary at twenty and me twenty-one,
Than dimples naught sweeter was under the sun;
With Mary at sixty and me sixty-one,
Why, dimples were made so that wrinkles might run.

—Texas Siftings.

A TRAMP OPERATOR.

There were probably 700 passengers on No. 1. That was her fair average, and Conductor Hubbard afterward said he thought that on the night of Sept. 4 she had carried her full quota. If he had realized what was back of the innocent query of the trampish-looking substitute operator at Hogarth he would have been a pretty badly frightened man, even though the event was three days in the past. Only Kenneth and the second trick train dispatcher knew how close 700 persons had come to death on the night of Sept. 4. True, a certain boy may have had a remote idea of it, but that is only a hazard, for he was a very stupid boy.

Kenneth was on the hog train. It was habitual with him. His shoes were bunches of frayed leather; his trousers were greasy and torn; his coat was seedy, and although he had washed his shirt regularly thrice a week in the waters of whatever pond or creek he chanced to discover in his line of transit, still, it was an evil-looking shirt which did not beget confidence. He was unshaved and in general appearance was similar to the accepted idea of a hobo. The time had passed many years back when he felt that it was worth while to appeal to station agents or operators along the line of his travel for assistance. His garb and guise were not such as to prompt self-respecting telegraphers to talk in his behalf to the conductors of freight trains, and so what progress westward he made was a tribute to his own vigilance and agility—vigilance in detecting just when the brakeman's back was turned and agility in swinging under the cars and upon the trucks. And he was perfectly and trampily satisfied.

Kenneth sauntered up the platform at Hogarth and took a seat on a box just outside the station window. He would have been ordered away had the agent been in the office, but the agent was not there. The agent, having been overcome by heat at 3 o'clock—September heat is the most potent heat in that desert land—had been carried up to his house to rage in delirium, and die, perhaps, for all the medical attendance a Wyoming settlement could afford. It was his student who sat in flushed importance at the telegraph table when Kenneth roved up to the window and anchored on the box. Kenneth had toured the road until he had a first-rate knowledge of the time card, and he knew that if 602 was on time she would draw her serpentine length of freight cars up to the Hogarth station about an hour after No. 1 had gone whizzing eastward with her fast mail and her sleepers. It was his purpose to annex himself to 602 and proceed eastward.

Idly, through the open window, he studied the boy. He was a very stupid-looking boy, and at this time of his superior's disability a very important boy. Kenneth estimated his age at 14 or 15, and tried to think how stupendous an opinion he himself had had of himself when he was a boy of 15 and was left for the first time in charge of an office. He listened in a passively interested sort of way as the boy fought on the second wire for fifteen minutes in his vigorous purpose to ask the time of a far-away telegrapher, even though the heavens might fall. It was like old times. All plug operators, he remembered, do that sort of thing—fighting, fighting, fighting in their determination to take the wire from any one else who may desire to use it—the train dispatcher alone excepted from the list to be held in contempt.

The tramp operator wearied at last of the boy's "smartness" on the line, and leaned back against the side of the station listening to the clamor of the dispatcher circuit—listening to orders, reports and other minutiæ of running trains by telegraph. In the course of time he learned a thing which caused him to curse his luck and look upon himself as one outraged, for by attending the racket of the dispatcher's line he found that No. 1, the passenger train, was late, and instead of meeting her at Rosalie, the station east of Hogarth, where the tramp operator was waiting, 602, the fast freight, had been given permission to go as far as Williamson, the station next west of Hogarth, for the meeting. No. 1 had been warned in due time of the change.

The fast freight had been out of Rosalie ten minutes and was fast approaching Hogarth when Kenneth heard the man at Humboldt telling the dispatcher that No. 1, having made up fifteen minute of her time, and being but now forty-five minutes late, desired to proceed on eastward to Hogarth for the meeting, rather than risk having to wait at Williamston. The order was promptly given, for express trains are things which must be humored by train dispatchers. This, of course, made it peremptory to stop 602 at Hogarth and give her a revised order in conformity with that now held by the conductor of No. 1. It was easy enough. All that was needed was to call up the operator at Hogarth and tell him to display his red signal and stop the approaching freight train. Kenneth understood what was to follow. You cannot tramp over a transcontinental line for a month without acquiring a thorough knowledge of its telegraphic secrets, if you be an operator. Kenneth was acquainted with the significance of the various numeral signals which the dispatchers used so as to economize on time—"38" was the warning to make ready to receive a train order, "11" meant for the operator to repeat what he had received, and so on. And so when the anxious dispatcher called upon the boy at Hogarth and said, "36 No. 602," the shabby man of the Morse was aware that what was wanted was the display of the red signal and the consequent holding of No. 602 for revised orders. But, to his surprise, the boy did not make the customary response, "37 No. 602," which would be the short way of saying, "I have hung out my red signal and will hold No. 602 for orders." Instead, he scratched his head in a puzzled way, and after a moment telegraphed back to the man who was directing him, "How's that? What do you mean?"

It is very likely that the dispatcher had an attack of vertigo at that moment when he realized that a fast freight train and a heavy passenger train were approaching one another on a curving, twisting track, each going at highest speed and each seeking to make a different station for passing, and when he realized at the same time that a lout of a student did not understand what was wanted of him. Painstakingly and slowly the dispatcher ticked back, "I m-e-a-n t-o p-u-t o-u-t y-o-u-r r-e-d l-a-n-t-e-r-n f-o-r N-o. 6-0-2." Slowly it came, indeed, but if the ticking was slow the beating of the heart of the dispatcher must have been rapid enough.

The boy's face lighted up. In a tangle of enthusiasm he rattled off this answer, jumbling his words together in a way unintelligible to any but a waiting ear: "Allright, Iwillputit out."

With a smile at the change of events which had arranged it so that No. 602 would stop after all and give him a chance to mount an end sill or climb under a car, Kenneth rose and walked up the platform. It was not a long platform, for the town was small, but by the time he had reached the end he saw the light of No. 602 swinging into the only five miles of straight track on the road, and he realized that in a few minutes, obeying the command of the red lantern on the target, she would stop and give him a chance to get on board. He turned to look back at the signal light and his face took on a stony mask of dismay. He was to be disappointed again. The light was not shining. Doubtless the order had again been changed. The language he used was inelegant and outspoken. The train drew nearer. He could hear the rapid sound of the locomotive's exhaust and there was no hope of her stopping.

Suddenly a fearful thought came to him. He remembered that he had not seen the boy put out the lamp at all. What if——

He rushed back to the window like a fury. "Where's your red signal for this train?" he shrieked. "Stop this train! Stop her! The dispatcher has orders for her."

Very likely the boy would have told the ragged and dirty tramp to mind his own business but for that allusion to the dispatcher. Heaven permitted the fool to have a thought at the right time, and in an expostulating, mumbling way he said: "No, he ain't. He told me to put the light out and I've been five minutes tryin' to put it out. Had to take it apart before I could blow it out, and now it smokes like all the ——"

There was no time for him to complete his simile, for Kenneth was through the window now and had the red office flag in his hand. He seized the hall lamp from the telegraph table, and with the flag folded about the chimney to give the crimson hue of danger he rushed to the platform, the improvised red signal sending its dim message of warning weakly down the track toward the thundering engine of No. 602, now scarcely fifty yards away.

Weakly but it answered its purpose, for, although the train's momentum carried it far past the office, she came back in response to that well-known signal. "The kid's red light blew out and I had to help him fake one up," said Kenneth to the conductor, and then he sat down to take the order, pushing the boy aside as though he were not to be considered.—Chicago Record.

The Schoolboy and the Emperor.

The organ of the schoolmasters, the Allgemeine Deutsche Lehrerzeitung, relates an episode of Kaiser Wilhelm's visit to Wiesbaden. When he was riding along the Taunus-strasse at the head of his suite on Monday a small boy ran after him and cried out, as he frantically waved his cap, "Herr Kaiser! Herr Kaiser! get us a holiday to-morrow!" The emperor laughed, and, with a friendly wink to the lad, called out, "We shall manage it." Accordingly on the next day all the lads and lasses of the town were informed that the day was "schulfrei," and wherever the kaiser appeared he was naturally greeted as a liberator with the full power of youthful lungs.

When the wolf is at your door, you will be surprised how easily you can chase him away, if you make an effort.