



may rest assured that neither my mother nor I want to drag them into the light for discussion," Jennifer said, coldly; for that her mother should be unjustly made to suffer remorse for that of which she was incapable was a state of things not to be patiently endured by Miss Ray.

Mrs. Hatton gracefully accepted the opportunity of proffering any further information respecting herself, by saying: "It is so much to me to feel that I have friends near to me on whom I can rely—friends of his."

"Who are they?" Jennifer asked, bluntly. "I meant your mother and yourself. Won't you let me claim you as friends? he wishes it," Mrs. Hatton replied, sweetly.

"Who is he? If you mean Mr. Boldero, why don't you say so? there is surely no reason why he should be nameless between us," Jennifer answered, angrily.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Hatton wrote what is called "a very good letter." Her style was lucid, terse, and telling. One morning after Captain Edgewood had accompanied the Rays to the "old masters" Mrs. Hatton penned one of her periodical epistles to Mr. Boldero:

"My Dear John—I have received the check; it is more welcome to me than anything else in the world would have been, always excepting your presence. Good old friend that you are, in befriending these ladies who live with me how nobly you are helping me!

"I can still give you assurance that they are very happy. They have resigned themselves to the new routine in a way that is admirable, and that I can't emulate. I am ungrateful, discontented, to say this, am I not? But it is true. That one little word justifies the utterance.

"As far as I can judge, Miss Ray has improved in singing marvellously. She is indomitably persevering in practicing. Her heart is in her work, I feel sure; otherwise, perhaps, I should shrink from telling you that Captain Edgewood went with her to the old masters yesterday and dined with them afterwards. He is quite a beau sabreur. Still, if she were not so thoroughly absorbed in her studies as to be quite indifferent to him, from what I know of him I should be sorry to have to tell you he visits the Rays.

"About my hidden trouble. It is a hidden one still. Would that I could know for certain that it was a buried one! But this is a sad topic, and I will not enlarge upon it to you who have brooded my life with brightness lately.

"This is all my news. If you think I am wrong in letting the clouds lift themselves around me for a brief period, tell me so, and they shall gather over my head again without a break. Believe me to be, my dear John, yours always sincerely,

MILLY HATTON.

"I have just written to Mr. Boldero, Ann, and I've told him all about knowing Captain Edgewood, and meaning to go to Captain Edgewood's sister's party. Are you satisfied?"

Ann granted a partial assent, which she instantly modified by asking: "Have you told him you've let Captain Edgewood think you're a widow?"

"There's no necessity for me to enter into the subject of other people's surmises about me," Mrs. Hatton said, putting herself into one of her pet postures representing hauteur; "besides, I don't know that Captain Edgewood does think I'm a widow."

"If he thinks you're a wife, more shame to him to go on getting you invitations to party going without getting them for your husband, too," Ann answered, gruffly.

"But again Mrs. Hatton's serene smile disarmed even the servant, who knew her well. "You will go your own way—you always would; and, poor soul, I don't blame you for it now. But I wonder, I do, that you're ready to go to a frolicking at Mrs. Campbell's, considering the way her brother walked by your door as if he hadn't entered it—dozens of times, when he had his Miss Ray with him, only yesterday."

"Her brother won't do that again, and his sister can't help his having done it once," Mrs. Hatton replied, with that broad sense of justice which other people are apt to display when the display of it matches with their own ends. Then she folded and addressed her letter to Mr. Boldero, and laughed to herself while at the thought of the vexed feeling which he could neither conceal nor express whenever she addressed him as "John."

She knew it annoyed him that she should do this, and yet, though she had substantial reasons for not wishing to annoy him, she could not refrain from this small assumption of familiarity. He was too just a man ever to punish her for a trifling, however much she annoyed him; and she knew this and acted on the knowledge, and called him her "childhood's friend" and "John" whenever she had an opportunity, to his infinite distress.

Mrs. Archibald Campbell was very fond of her brother, in an easy, light irresponsible way, that never gave either herself or him any trouble. In the days past, when he had been semi-engaged to Effie—the present Mrs. Hubert Ray—Bell Campbell had, to please him, gone a little out of her way to show attention to the girl, whom she had never liked. It was her pleasure to try and please her brother. She never regarded such attempts as committing herself to anything, and when he had, on an unguarded occasion, told her that he "wished she'd be civil to an awfully nice little woman, a Mrs. Hatton, who lived in the same house as the Rays," she promised to be so.

"You mean you want me to invite her to my house, I suppose, don't you?" she asked. "Well, I don't mind doing that a bit; but will she care to come? Won't she be out of it?"

"Not at all. She's clever, and amusing, and interesting. She always gives me the idea of having tried two or three ways of life before she settled down to this one," Captain Edgewood explained.

"And she's a great friend and ally of your Miss Ray's. That's reason enough for me, my dear boy," his sister said, heartily; and Captain Edgewood did not think it needful to enter into laborious explanations.

Now, it so happened that at this present juncture Mrs. Archibald Campbell was organizing one of her monster meetings. She was quite sure of the presence at it of a vast majority of her own set, but, as usual, it was unavoidable that there should be a good sprinkling of outsiders. Her intimate asked her for invitations for their intimates, and she was very good-natured, knowing the capabilities of her house to be great.

"I've sent cards to the Rays, and to their friend, Mrs. Hatton," she said, pleasantly, to her brother; and he, knowing that Jennifer had not a particle of inquisitiveness in her, felt that the intimacy

between Mrs. Hatton and himself would now come about, and be accounted for in the easiest and most natural way. Mrs. Hatton, he felt sure, would glide into his sister's house, and take up her position there with a graceful readiness that would never suggest a doubt as to the length and strength of her acquaintanceship with Mrs. Campbell; and as Jennifer would ask no questions, Mrs. Hatton would offer no explanations. As for Bell, she would be too much engaged in her duties as hostess to be innocently awkward.

The perfect fact of the woman on whom he relied, and the perfect integrity of the woman he half unconsciously honored above her, came to his aid here. When Jennifer, seeing Mrs. Hatton in their own drawing room one evening, said to her: "My mother is tormenting herself about getting me up fifty an 'at home' I'm going to on Saturday at a Mrs. Archibald Campbell's. She has ideas about floral decorations that don't coincide with mine. If she consults you, please don't approve of wreaths of white roses round a black tulle dress."

Mrs. Hatton replied: "I thought white roses had ceased to grow on black tulle ages ago. You're going to Mrs. Archibald Campbell's; so an I—that is, I mean to go to-day; but society has few charms for me now, and perhaps by next Saturday I shall have chosen the better part, and decided on avoiding it."

"Oh, you know Mrs. Campbell, do you? We only know her brother, Captain Edgewood. It's through him the courteous invitation has filtered to us," Jennifer said, carelessly; and Mrs. Hatton intimated that she knew Captain Edgewood also; but did it so airily that Jennifer did not feel the slightest suspicion of surprise, or curiosity on the subject.

This was the way in which the coincidences of their both being invited by Mrs. Archibald Campbell, and knowing Captain Edgewood, were treated by the two women whose futures Captain Edgewood was managing to mix up with his own. Jennifer was not at all curious, and Mrs. Hatton was extremely careful.

However, when the time came, either the anticipated access of nervous timidity did not set in, or Mrs. Hatton made gallant efforts, and overcame it. Whatever the cause, the effect was that she went to Mrs. Archibald Campbell's "at home," and Jennifer went with her.

(To be continued.)

A Cat Story.

Many strange anecdotes have been related which seem to show almost human intelligence and reasoning power in animals; but the following true incident, furnished by a correspondent of the Companion, suggests the possession of even higher qualities:

On a farm in Indiana there were two cats, and in the barn each had a nest of kittens of about the same age, on opposite sides of the haymow. One of the cats fell sick; she had a little cough, and wasted away till it became apparent that she would not long be able to care for her family.

One day the two old cats were noticed sitting on a beam in the barn, and the observer was impressed by something unusual in their actions. They seemed to be absorbed in the consideration of some important question.

After this had lasted for some time the well and strong cat got down from the beam, and going to the nest of her afflicted friend proceeded to carry the kittens from it one by one to her own nest on the other side of the haymow.

The dying mother watched every motion of her sympathetic friend until the last kitten had been safely transferred to the home of the other family, and then she dragged herself from the beam, went out of the barn, and was never seen again.

The other cat brought up both families as one, treating all alike, until they were old enough to shift for themselves.

Woman the Wage-Earner.

Women are the stronger as well as the better half of France. They do everything but build houses. The best inspector in the French customs is a woman.

She is in the Havre office, and she has a nose that can detect durable goods without opening a lock. She is naturally amiable and slow to anger, but wise to the foreigner or countryman who provokes her ire.

There is, perhaps, no sadder spectacle in the republic of France than the woman shoe polishers who deuce under the sheds of the markets and quay, one eye cut and the other fixed on the boot box over the way, patiently waiting for trade. They are quite content when they receive a penny for their unwomanly work.

At Thiers, the blackest town in France, the women sit outside of the grimy little machine shops making scissor blades and polishing knives and scissor handles.

The steam that turns the 10,000 little mill wheels nearly approaches the hue of ink, and as the furnaces never burn without the blackest smoke, the toilers and their devoted life-long apprentices are sometimes Malay and sometimes Mongolian, but seldom Caucasian in color.

A New Air Brick.

An air brick which acts as a ventilator without causing a draught from outside has been invented. The brick, which is built into the wall, is made hollow, and its air passages are so contrived that warm air is drawn out of the room when the wind blows on the outside of the brick. When there is no wind the air-current through the chimney of the room will draw in fresh air through the brick without causing a draught.

Orderly Audiences in Leipzig. At the Stadt Theater in Leipzig no person is permitted to go to his seat after the performance has begun, unless during the intermission between the acts.

Brown—Jack was noted for his memory when he was at college. Smith—Was he? Brown—Yes, he carried all the athletic records in his head.—Brooklyn Life.

If we were a boy 10 or 18 years old we wouldn't care whether we knew anything or not.

WIDE AT THE WAIST.

FASHION THIS SEASON SHOWS BIGGER BELT MEASURE.

A Risky Innovation Which Seems to Signify the Twelfth Century Cut of Gown—Puffs at the Shoulders Are to Be Retained.

Dame Fashion's Fancies.

New York correspondence:



AN HONORABLE waists will be bigger this year than ever before since the empire style of dress, and seems to signify the twelfth century cut of gown. No fashion is more beautiful, but the woman who adds two inches to her waist and does not change the modernity of her gown is going to look queer. So most of us are going to look queer, for models of dresses are not being altered and dress-makers and tailors are merely increasing the waist measure. This will be enlarged, so they say, till women conform to the "rule of thumb," at least as to waist. This is the rule established after an exhaustive study of the proportions of Greek statues of the perfect female form, and is, twice the thumb, once the wrist; twice the wrist, once the neck; twice the neck, once the waist. Most women are too big as to

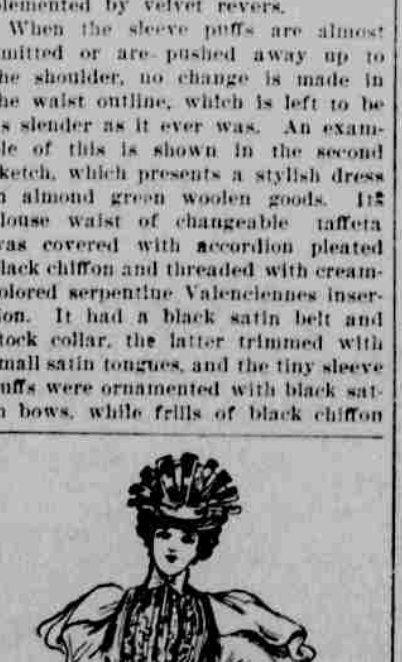


IGNORING THE "RULE OF THUMB."

wrist, again too big as to neck, and then too small as to waist.

In the dinner gown sketched beside the initial, the dress being the work of the same designer that put forth the gown just described, the waist was left frankly large. Devices for making it seem more like slenderness were not employed, though considerable fullness was permitted in the sleeves. The bodice was of silver gray bengaline; it had a surplus vest of the same material, and its jacket fronts were finished with large revers of royal blue velvet. This velvet also gave the girdle, which fastened with a large silver buckle. Stiffened cuffs were put on the sleeves, and the cut-out was bordered with lace that at the back was wired into a Medici collar. At each side of the front of the skirt was a small panel of lace supplemented by velvet revers.

When the sleeve puffs are almost omitted or are pushed away up to the shoulder, no change is made in the waist outline, which is left to be as slender as it ever was. An example of this is shown in the second sketch, which presents a stylish dress in almond green woolen goods. It has blouse waist of changeable taffeta was covered with accordion pleated black chiffon and threaded with cream-colored serpentine Valenciennes insertion. It had a black satin belt and stock collar, the latter trimmed with small satin tongues, and the tiny sleeve puffs were ornamented with black satin bows, while frills of black chiffon



BOWS THAT ARE RIGHTLY PLACED.

were put at the wrists. Long sash ends floated from the belt.

In side view this hat would be sure to attract attention because of its pronounced forward tilt. It is not showy, however, being of almond green felt, trimmed with black satin ribbon, an algrete and several ostrich plumes. This forward tilt is to be popular the

coming winter, the hair being done up high at the back and the hat necessarily tipping down over the nose. The same effect is seen from the front in the third illustration, a view-point from which the tilt does not seem so striking. This hat was black felt, with a series of changeable taffeta bows in green and blue placed between the upturned brim and the crown. The dress with it in the picture was maize pongee, its waist having a front of maize satin covered with thread lace. A thoroughly up-to-date touch came in the bow of the white satin stock collar, being put be-

neath the chin, and in the belt bows of the same satin coming at the side. Draped puffs of the pongee masked arms that were tightly clad.

A new thing is by no means the only new thing about headwear. It is promised for the winter that we are to put headresses on our pretty, or otherwise, heads and either look lovely or frights, as may be, but fashionable we will be. We are soon to get ourselves, for full-dress occasion, under regular turbans of delicate silk, with pearls wound among the folds, feathers waving and so on. For many seasons a head dress has meant merely a little bow, a twist of ribbon, or a single glitter of algrete, but now head ornaments will be more elaborate. All sorts of queer little head "pieces," as they are called, are being shown to match the rulle ball gowns to be worn this winter. Many of these look like little bonnets, and as women generally wear them to the season's dances, the ball rooms will look more than ever like "a flock of birds," as they say Li Hung Chang described one. Many of these affairs are made with a comb attachment, or rather are built on a comb, and the price of the head piece is brought up a great deal by the value of the comb. Some of the more elaborate of them are made on two combs, that are really no more nor less than side combs put to a new use.

Such fancies are for elaborate dressers' evenings, but if the fad should extend to gowns of the sort shown in



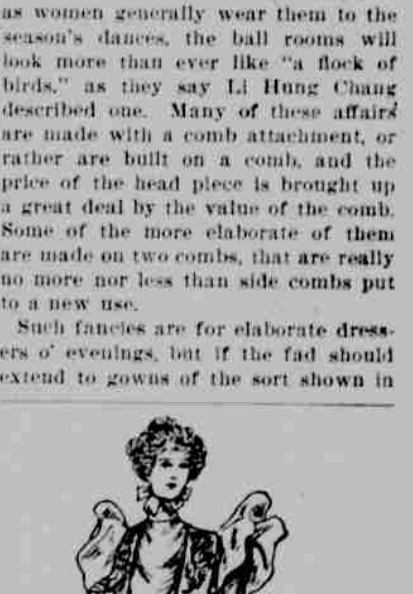
BLUE VOILE AND RUFFLES.

the concluding two illustrations, it would furnish a good new way to use a big stock of side combs. Each of these dresses is pretty and each has its points of novelty, though neither is in the class with which head pieces are as yet demanded. The first was in blue voile, its skirt trimmed with three-pleated ruffles of a darker shade of taffeta. Its blouse waist looked invisibly beneath the wide box pleat, which was adorned with small gold buttons and edged with very narrow ruffles. The sleeves were small puffs and terminated at the elbows, where they were finished with taffeta frills. Dark blue velvet ribbon bordered the cut-out and was used for the belt. Rose pink corded silk draped with the same shade of silk muslin was used in the final pictured costume. Lace tabs appeared on the skirt and similar bretelles crossed the shoulders. The bodice was draped across the front, fastening at the side. The wide corselet belt was mauve satin trimmed with velvet ribbon.

A good many tissues are this winter to be sold under the general name of "chiffon," and the weaves will differ much. A really good chiffon will wash. You must, of course, wash it carefully, and naturally after washing it will not serve for all the uses that new chiffon would, but washed chiffon will lie in pleats over bodices or sleeves, will frill up to reinforce a bon, or it will make bows. Never throw away a scrap of chiffon and always select a sort that is worth keeping.

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Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.



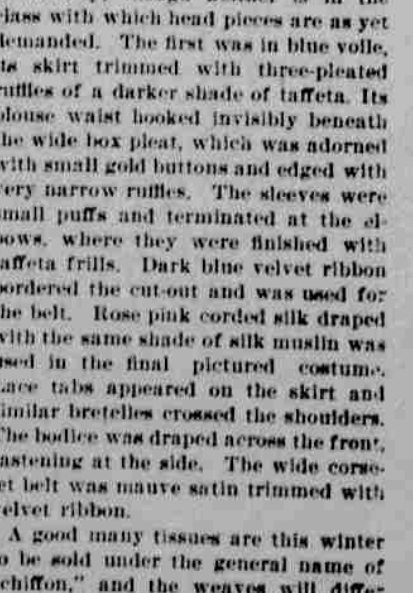
SILK DRAPED WITH SILK MUSLIN.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

A delicately ordered little supper was served to them presently by the deft-handed Ann, served in another room, which they were told was to be their dining-room—a large, well-furnished room, opening under a veranda, from which a flight of steps led down to a shady garden. This room communicated with the drawing room, into which they had first been ushered, by a door in a corner leading into a tiny passage about a yard square. Even as they congratulated themselves on the rooms not being united in the conventional manner by folding doors they shook their heads, and so silently expressed their fear and conviction that either these lodgings would be too expensive for them, or that some at present unknown cause would compel them to leave.

"Are there any other lodgers in the house?" Mrs. Ray asked, rather timidly, of Ann, who was motionlessly awaiting their orders, and at the same time sedulously refraining from looking either of them in the face.

"None, ma'am."

"What a large house for Mrs. Hatton to have lived alone in; she must have felt quite lost in it," Mrs. Ray went on; but there was no speculation, far less any vulgar curiosity, in her tone. Nevertheless, Jennifer saw that Ann's rigid face grew a dark red, as if she felt resentment at the remark, and a feeling that both mistress and maid were a little out of the every-day order of things took possession of Jennifer.

But conjectures on this subject gave way to solid, complacent enjoyment, when by and by, on going up to their bedrooms, Jennifer found her mother's chamber appointed as perfectly as if they had been in a home of their own, with the old Moorish furniture about them. Jennifer was not at all superior to the influence of good surroundings. To have seen her mother in so richly furnished rooms (however clean they might have been) would have taxed the girl's strength, and sorely tried her determination. But here everything was good, handsome, comfortable to a degree, and Jennifer felt very happy, in spite of the occasionally obtruding thought, "How shall we pay for it?"

In a little chamber far apart Mrs. Hatton was sitting up wakefully.

She had retreated thither as soon as she had been assured that her new guests or lodgers were being satisfactorily served at supper; and there she had sat almost motionless in a big chair by the side of her bed till now, when Ann came to her with the information that it was long past midnight.

"And you ought to have been resting hours ago, ma'am," the servant added, compassionately, as she lifted the dressing gown of her mistress's shoulders and helped her into bed.

"Ah, for once I may be forgiven for having been rash," the mistress cried, with a little ring of appeal in her voice that was very pathetic, as being addressed by the servant; "but I wanted to see these friends of Mr. Boldero's so much."

"Well, now you've seen them, and don't you trouble yourself any more about them," Ann said, stolidly, tucking the bed clothes comfortably round her mistress as she spoke.

"He has sent them here for a purpose, Ann."

"And if he has, it's a good purpose; he wants to make you happier and more independent-like; and what they pay will help to do it," Ann said, respectfully, but with an evident determination to take up her candlestick and depart.

"Do stay a minute, Ann," the gentle voice from the bed pleaded. "He meant all you say, I'm sure; but don't you think he means me to understand that Miss Ray is his idea of perfection—his idea of what his wife should be?"

"There you go with your remaining again! I do wish you'd stop that romantic and take things as they are, and let what isn't go," Ann said, incoherently and impudently. "What's what Mr. Boldero thinks about 'em to you? What's what they are to you, so long as they pay their way? Directly Mr. Boldero draws away from you, you go repenting, and apologizing, and bemoaning yourself; and as soon as you've got him to be his own kind, generous self again you go romancing."

"But he doesn't know it, Ann. Oh, Ann, you know I never show a bit of the gratitude I feel to him," Mrs. Hatton cried, raising herself on her elbow, and fixing eyes that were suffused with tears of self-pity on Ann.

She was rather an attractive woman, this mistress whom Ann served; not a pretty woman, as Jennifer had half suspected her of being at their first interview, but a pleasant-faced, plump, soft-skinned little woman, with nothing sug-

lar about her, either in form or manner; gentle-faced, never neglectful of appearance, gifted with the power of acting sufficiently to be able to portray any feeling or emotion which she deemed it desirable to portray in private life; good natured, sensitively alive to physical discomfort of any kind, and jealous—jealous to an extraordinary degree—jealous of her own position, of her house and its appointments, of her old servant Ann and of Mr. Boldero's friendship. Of this last feeling she was so much possessed, that she was unconsciously of this sentiment concerning him which she nursed, and so acted in unbecoming accordance with or defiance of it; jealous, above all, of Jennifer Ray.

CHAPTER XV.

Jennifer was an apt pupil; quick to understand, utterly devoid of vanity or self-consciousness, indomitably persevering, and desperately anxious to justify the resolution she had formed, and the effort she was making. At the end of the first lesson, though Madame Voglio spoke no word of hope or discouragement, though she did not even express satisfaction at the evident earnestness of her pupil, Jennifer felt sure that she had gained this much ground—namely, that her mistress would teach and work her to the utmost of their respective abilities.

It had been understood that Jennifer was to have three lessons a week; but when she was going away this day Madame said:

"Time is an object to you, I know; I will take you every day if you can come; and all the time you have at home must be given to practice, practice, practice! Nothing must come in the way of it, everything must give place to it. Have you a good piano?"

"I haven't had time to hire one yet; I thought perhaps you would—"

"Yes, yes, I will choose one for you; see! Give me your address again, I've lost your card. I shall be in Rogot street to-day, and I will choose an instrument and send it down to you. Now, goodbye; every minute of my day is disposed of; paid for, in fact, and I am rigorous in giving a full and fair equivalent." Then she shook Jennifer warmly by the hand, and sent the aspirant away feeling that her little bark was fairly launched now on the great, wide, stormy sea of professional life.

Jennifer was compelled to acknowledge that the presence of the pleasant-looking little mistress of the house in their room made the evening hours brighter and briefer.

"I find you know Mr. Boldero as well or better than I do," she said to Jennifer; "he's a capital business man, I thought myself clever, and a good manager; but if it hadn't been for him I should have come to dreadful grief when our affairs became involved—he was so good to me; it's his nature to be good to every one. Don't you like him, Miss Ray?"

"I do," Jennifer said, curtly.

"You find very little to say about him," "I like my mother, but I don't care to pull her good qualities, and my appreciation of them, to bits for the benefit of strangers."

"Ah, you mean you regard him as a father," Mrs. Hatton responded brightly; "yes, I can quite imagine your looking up to him in that way; and it must be so charming for him to feel that, however kind he is, you don't make sentimental mistakes; that is one reason why he is a good enough to stand fast by poor little me always. He knows that I don't twist and distort every little bit of gallantry into an offer of marriage. He has, I know, had one or two awkward experiences of over-ready girls."

"And he has confided these experiences to you?" Jennifer asked, feeling furious with Mr. Boldero and Mrs. Hatton, and more furious still with herself for being discomfited.

"Well, he has sometimes allowed me to penetrate to the root of his troubles," Mrs. Hatton replied, complacently. "I have had so many troubles of my own that it has made me a very reader of the cares and worries of others."

"Ah! Mrs. Ray said, with tearful sympathy. "I, too, know what it is to lose a husband! None but a widow can rightly sympathize with a widow."

At these words Mrs. Hatton's face became suddenly suffused with a cruel scarlet scalding blush that evidently caused smarting sensations, for her eyes filled with tears.

"Whatever my griefs may be, I never obtrude them on any one, I am content to go on my quiet, harmless way, always working and striving to do my best, without asking for aid or pity from the cruel world," she said, resignedly, making poor old Mrs. Ray feel guilty of having betrayed vulgar curiosity.

"And whatever your sorrows may be, you