



### CHAPTER XIX.

Jenifer's parting with her lover this night was characteristic of their engagement, and what would be likely to ensue from it.

"I may come to-morrow," he asked, as he tucked her wraps round her in the brougham.

"Certainly, but not too early; call about five, then my mother will have several hours to think about it."

Old Ann admitted her as she had previously done her mistress, and, imposing silence by laying her finger on her lips, led Jenifer softly into her mistress's sitting room.

"Was anything said about my misdeed at the party when she came away ill to-night, Miss Ray?" Was her name mentioned for the play-acting man to hear it?

"The American actor! Yes; I heard him ask her name and address, and say he should call to inquire for her to-morrow. Free and easy of him, I thought; but Americans are that, and every one makes such a hero of this one just now."

Ann groaned.

"I am as well tell you, Miss Ray—you'll know it all to-morrow; he's no more an American than he is anything else he ever says he is. There's his picture hanging in that dark corner there; he poor misdeed had camp of a husband, who married her, when she was little more than a child, for her fortune, and left her to do for herself the best she could when he had spent it all. He's a brute, that's what he is." Ann added, vigorously, "and there's many a man who breaks his wife's head open with a poker that isn't more cruel to her in reality than Mr. Hatton was to her. While he thought it hurt her to stay away from her, he stayed away; and now, if he thinks 'twill hurt her to come back, he'll come back. Talk of tigers! they're full of loving kindness and tender mercy compared to Mr. Hatton."

"What a picture of married life! Jenifer said, sadly, as she drew her cloak round her, and went on to her mother's room, to tell the story of her engagement should her mother be awake.

Mrs. Ray was asleep. The communication had to be deferred till morning. Then she remembered that Effie was coming to-morrow with her selfish appeal for assistance, and she told herself that it was well her mother should have a man on whom she could fall back upon and rely, now that her sons had ceased to consider and care for her.

She was strengthened in this consideration the following morning by a brief note from Jack.

"My Dear Jenny—Hubert is pressing me hard for the rent, and I've been spending so much in firm buildings, etc., and generally improving the place, that I am not prepared with it. Thurlie has lent me some money; if my mother will let me have fifty pounds it will square me for the present. Do ask her for me, Jenny, dear. I know I don't deserve it at her hands, but I can't forget she's my mother, and I know she doesn't forget I'm her son. I suppose you'll soon be coming out and making a great fortune. My wife united with me in best love. Your affectionate brother, JACK."

Jenifer knew well that so far from her mother having it in her power to lend the fifty pounds, she had little more than fifty shillings in the house at present, and she would not increase till her jointure was paid at quarter day. She was sorry for Jack, still her anger rose against him for his thoughtlessness. "He must have wasted money indeed," she thought, remembering the three thousand pounds which had been lent to him under her father's will; "he hasn't the temptations that Hubert has to be extravagant, since he has chosen to cast his lines in lowly places. Hubert at least has the excuse of being tempted to do and to live as other men of his class live. Jack's marriage cuts him out of that."

Thus she consoled herself with herself as she was dressing. Then, arranging her mental pile of intelligence as well as she could, she betook herself to her mother's room. Mrs. Ray was up and dressed.

Jenifer told her of Mrs. Hatton's affairs, and then she bronched her own.

"I think he is a good man, and will make a good husband; he is desirable in every way. Jenifer, my own dear girl, I've never been a match-making mother; it's been too much the joy of my life to keep you to myself; but I'll give you up to him hopefully," said Mrs. Ray.

"You'll do nothing of the sort; it's not a question of his being a desirable husband. I've no notion what one would do to let I get the notion; but it is a question of his being a desirable son for you. He isn't that he's nothing."

By and by Mrs. Hatton came, avowedly in order to consult Mrs. Ray as to the business which she later wanted to have arranged for Mrs. Hubert Ray and Mrs. Jenifer, who had telegraphed that they

would call that day. The clever little housewife had very soon taken the trouble of catering for them out of Mrs. Ray's hands. And it seemed to them that she fed them on luxuries at the cost of bread and cheese.

It was evident to them both that Mrs. Hatton had sustained a shock with no affection in it. She looked a lesser woman altogether than she had hitherto done, and there was an expression of appeal, almost of supplication, in her eyes and voice as she said:

"The luncheon shall be all right. I've really come to ask if you are comfortable enough here to stay on under altered and perhaps less pleasant conditions. You have heard, I know, from poor old Ann, that I am expecting, dreading, my husband's return."

Then, when they told her that they knew it, and sympathized with and pitied her, she cast all reserve aside, and told them as much of the story of her outraged life as her agitation would allow her to recall.

"Free yourself from the brute!" Jenifer said, impetuously. "I can't imagine any one tamely waiting to be taken into bondage when freedom's to be had."

"He has been too cautious, both in his conduct and his cruelty, for me to get a divorce," Mrs. Hatton sighed. "He never struck me a bodily blow; he never let me find him out in anything more flagrant than a flirtation. True, he deserted me, and left me to perish or do worse. But the law takes no heed of such a minor sin or omission as that; and now he may be here at any time, and if you go, I shall be alone with him!"

The horror in her tone touched Jenifer. "He can't drag you back by the hair of your head; if he goes, you shall come with us, if you will."

Then, having given her invitation, she remembered that she had promised to marry Captain Edgecumbe, and that she would have to consult him in future before she issued them.

It was almost a relief to Jenifer when Effie and Mrs. Jervoise arrived. They came on horseback, accompanied by Hubert, and followed by Mrs. Jervoise's own pad-groom, on the nearest stepping, stoutest built black cob in London. They were both their easiest, driest selves, and criticised the furniture and arrangements of the rooms with candor and affability.

"Jenifer," said Effie, "do you know what Madame Voglio and I have planned? She is to give a concert at my house, and you are to come out at it."

"She has made no arrangements of the kind with me, I mean. I've heard nothing about it," Jenifer replied.

"Dear old Voglio knows that if I take anything in hand, I never rest till I carry it through to a satisfactory conclusion," Mrs. Jervoise said, complacently.

"When is the concert to be?" Jenifer asked, with pardonable curiosity. "I haven't seen Madame Voglio to-day. I am glad she thinks I'm ready to try my wings."

"I can't fix the date yet because of Mr. Jervoise; he's so tiresome, he will stay up in town instead of going to Brighton, as his doctors order; but as soon as I can get him out of the house I'll fix the date, and send out invitations. It will be a tremendous start for you."

"Luncheon is quite ready," Mrs. Ray said. And after a little persuasion Flora consented "just to go in and take a bit standing," and the two sisters hovered round the table, selecting whatever was daintiest, and nibbling morsels of the same to the great disgust of old Ann, who thought it unchristian, not to say vulgar, for ladies and gentlemen to go "spicing round a table in that restless fashion, as if there was nothing on it worth sitting down to."

They were on the point of departing before old Mrs. Ray called up courage to say:

"Jenny, dear, I think you owe it to Hubert—to your eldest brother, the head of the house as he is, to tell him of the change in your circumstances, of the step you have taken."

She said it all very hesitatingly and deprecatingly, and Effie asked sharply:

"What is it, Jenifer? Don't be mysterious, for my sake."

"It's only that I believe I am going to marry Captain Edgecumbe."

Effie looked discontented.

"I hope you'll be happy, Jenny, dear, but Edgecumbe's hardly the stamp of man I would have thought you'd have chosen," Hubert interposed behind to say, as his wife, after an ungracious, but perfectly graceful and self-possessed leave-taking, went out with her sister in the rapid style in which they were wont to whirl through life.

"It seems to me that I'm bereft of the power of choosing anything," Jenifer replied, impatiently; whereat Hubert shrugged his shoulders in a resigned way he had caught from Effie, and remarked:

"that it would have been just as well, perhaps, if she had waited till after Mrs. Jenifer she had introduced her in the splendid style contemplated, before she definitely fixed her future."

### CHAPTER XX.

Of the two visitors whose appearance was looked forward to with anxiety and dread this day in the household of which Jenifer was a part, Mr. Josiah H. Whittier was the first to arrive.

His card, bearing his address at a New York club, but with no London address on it, was taken in grim silence by Ann, whose stern gaze was returned with a frank and open glance of utter unconcern.

"Did he speak to you? Did he ask you any questions?" Mrs. Hatton inquired, shivering as the card was given to her.

"He looked at me as innocent as a newborn babe, and never showed a sign of ever having seen me in his life. If I didn't know there's a trick hid behind everything he does, I should say I'm altered out of his knowledge and memory."

"You're not that, Ann," her mistress answered. Then the poor woman went in to meet the man whom she had once preferred to every relation, friend, and advantage the world offered her.

An instant had made her dress herself and arrange her hair with unattractive sobriety and severity. She had been looking her best the previous night, she knew. Had she been looking her worst, perhaps she would not have sought her.

His first words staggered her.

"I trust, Mrs. Hatton, that you will pardon a perfect stranger to England, its manners and social etiquette, for the liberty he has taken in calling to inquire for the health of a lady who so amiably and flatteringly did him the honor to desire an introduction to him last night."

"Why have you come?" she gasped.

"Why have I come? The reply to such a question is obvious; it can simply be a repetition of my first remarks."

"What fresh wickedness are you planning?" she cried, excitedly; "what mischief are you going to try and work for me?"

"Again I must repeat that this being the first time I have ever set foot upon English soil, I am in ignorance of some of the most subtle forms of its social etiquette. Still, it strikes a stranger as just a little peculiar that he should be charged with wickedness, and accused of desiring to work mischief, when he does himself the honor of calling on a lady who so amiably requested to make his acquaintance the previous night."

"What is it you want?" she asked plainly.

"I want nothing more than to receive the assurance that your health is completely restored."

"She shuddered.

"You will, I trust, allow me to place a box at your disposal on the night of my first appearance on the English boards. It would give me the most profound pleasure to see you there, accompanied by the young lady who was with you last night. I did not have the opportunity of studying the young lady's lineaments, but I presumed she was your sister."

"If I had a sister, probably she would have shared the property with me, and you wouldn't have been able to make jacks and drakes of it. Can you sit there quietly before me and ignore the past connected with that old home and me?"

She flung her hand out in passionate indication of the picture, and he turned and looked at it again with calm interest.

"Now, this is indeed a curious coincidence," he remarked, coolly. "You are indignant with me for not knowing all about you, though this is the first time I have had the pleasure of treading English soil, and I once had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a gentleman of your name, who was supposed to resemble me greatly."

She was startled into silent attention now.

"Yes, so it was," he went on, looking her steadily in the eyes. "Away in 'Frisco, on the occasion of my first adopting the theatrical profession, I had the melancholy satisfaction of burying my friend, Mr. Hatton. He died, and his friend, Josiah H. Whittier, was the solitary mourner at his grave. Before he died he gave me two photographs—one of a beautiful old English house, the other of a most interesting young English lady. As I look at you I see that you are the original of the latter, and that the most interesting oil painting is that of the former. I return the copies to your hands, for I feel that the painful office is laid upon me of informing you that you are a widow."

She knew that he was lying to her, but her horror of being in bondage and doubt again was so great, her yearning of peace and liberty was so strong!

She took the photographs. He rose to leave. She turned her head aside and heaved a sigh to relieve the feelings that she did not care to speak.

"Having made you acquainted with the melancholy fact that you are a widow, I will not put myself to the useless pains of staying to witness your weep. I quite appreciate your suffering; in short, I am certain that I gauge the depth of it with accuracy. You have my best wishes for your future happiness. At the same time I venture to ask for your congratulations on my approaching nuptials, which will be celebrated in a magnificent manner with a wealthy and repossessing woman immediately on my return to New York."

He took his departure shortly after this after uttering a few commonplace that passed by her unheeding ear—took his departure in a cool, untroubled manner that was ghastly in its familiarity to her; and she sat on, half-stunned, knowing that what he had told her was false, yet resolving not to expose the falsity of it, because of the peace, the rest, the liberty it would give her.

Jenifer had gone out for a walk.

"I can't take up the ways of an engaged young woman all at once," she had explained to her mother. "If Captain Edgecumbe comes to dinner I shall see him then, and it will all seem easier and more natural while we are eating and drinking."

She walked away briskly through the many leafy roads and places that abound in this neighborhood, along the canal, through the Bishop's Road, into Queen's Road, and so on to the welcome shade of the avenues in Kensington Garden.

Being under green trees always made her think much of Moor Royal. She was thinking so much of Moor Royal this day that she felt no surprise at finding herself face to face with Mr. Holders.

"I only came to town this afternoon; and, Jenifer, my good genius is in the ascendant. It led me for a stroll before dinner, after which I'm going to Hamilton Place to see you and your mother and Mrs. Hatton."

All thoughts of Captain Edgecumbe fled from Jenifer's mind and memory.

Then she began to tell him about Hubert's and Jack's necessities, and of her own indignation at their applying to her mother for help from her pittance.

"This weary three years! Never mind, Jenifer, they will soon pass, and then—"

"Stay," she said, stopping and facing him, with the whole revelation in her glowing face and kind, truthful eyes. "I ought to have told you before, but I forgot it. Captain Edgecumbe will be here. I've promised to marry him. I did it only last night."

### CHAPTER XXI.

Captain Edgecumbe had had his talk out with Mrs. Ray, and the talk had been as perfectly satisfactory to both of them as such a discussion can ever be between the mother and the man.

But just as their amiable interview was drawing to a close, when he and she had become respectively as maternal and filial toward one another as was natural, Mrs. Ray sprang a mine unintentionally by saying, in reference to where to take a home:

"Why not think of a house at Richmond or near Richmond—one of those sweet places with gardens? Jenifer does so love a garden, and it would be such a pleasure to have her plants and flowers to attend while you're away at your office."

"She won't have much time for that sort of thing when once she has appeared, if she's moderately lucky. With her studying and fulfilling engagements, it would take her much out of her to be constantly running up to London, and of course her principal engagements will be in London. Just in the autumn or the off-season she may sing a little in the country. But her career will have to be followed up in London, you see, so in London for her sake, we must live."

Mrs. Ray was too much aghast to make any reply, and Captain Edgecumbe, in supreme ignorance of her consternation, went on:

"I'm naturally very anxious on the subject—have you any idea when she contemplates coming out? Our future arrangements must be regulated in a great measure by that important event—her departure. I'm afraid she'll insist on my being patient and waiting for the wedding to come off after it."

"I am getting old and obtuse. I can't have understood you right," Mrs. Ray was saying, when Jenifer and Mr. Holders came in, the former looking anything but elated at the sight of her lover, the family lawyer and friend looking more bewildered and depressed than he had ever looked before in all Mrs. Ray's experience of him.

They went down to dinner, and Jenifer had so many questions to ask about Moor Royal, and the region round it, that the time passed agreeably and quickly—for her.

(To be continued.)

### WEALTH OF THE WORLD.

Some Facts and Figures Which Will Be Read with Interest.

The reported valuation of all property in the United States by the census of 1890 was \$65,637,091,197, or \$1,030 per capita for the entire population.

This enumeration, however, dealt with property located in the United States, and did not go into the question where it was owned. If the estimate of Mr. Robert Giffen is correct, that \$5,000,000,000 in foreign capital was invested in this country in 1880, probably an even larger amount is so invested at the present time. Deduction should be made for the high value put upon waste public lands in the census, with the net result that the per capita valuation of the United States would be reduced to about \$650, or \$475 for a family of five. Estimates made by careful economists, who come pretty near agreement among themselves, put the valuation of Great Britain about nine years ago at \$50,000,000,000, and that of France at \$40,000,000,000. This would afford a per capita valuation of \$1,238 for Great Britain, and \$1,081 for France, making the valuation for a family of five \$6,190 in Great Britain, and \$5,405 in France. The figures of France are placed somewhat higher by some authors, and the total in both countries includes careful estimates of the large holdings of foreign securities, some of them covering property located in the United States.

The great holdings of foreign securities, estimated to amount in Great Britain to about \$8,000,000,000, explain to a large extent the adverse balance of foreign trade constantly shown by the British statistics. Great Britain would long ago have been denuded of her gold and become bankrupt if excess of imports over exports shown by her trade statistics were a true measure of her financial condition. The fact that over \$400,000,000 is due her annually in interest charges upon British capital abroad, explains how she can afford to import several hundred million pounds sterling of foreign merchandise which she exports. France is estimated to hold \$4,000,000,000 of foreign securities, largely Italian and Spanish, and she also has been able to show a large balance of imports over the last two decades, while piling up in the vaults of the Bank of France, and distributing a larger mass of coin than any other commercial country.

### Exercise a Necessity.

Beyond the age of 40—at a period when so many are physically lazy—the superior value of exercise is apparent, but ordinarily this is just the time when the hygiene of athletics is neglected, aptly observed the Rev. F. S. Root. There is no reason why a punching bag, rowing machine, pulley weights and other apparatus should be relegated to college boys and clerks. But, having done a good deal of work in his time, it is almost impossible to persuade a business or professional man turning 40 to give any sort of attention to physical culture if such training has been previously neglected. It is an inexorable physiological law that we can only retain our bodily or mental powers by properly using them. Exercise is not a matter of choice, but of necessity.

We all expect too much help from others.



### To Make Better Roads.

At a meeting of the Flint (Mich.) Common Council a resolution was passed authorizing the city to buy a stone crushing machine and a five-ton horse roller, with a view to making crushed stone to improve the streets of the city. The Street Committee was instructed to set a day when a competitive test would be made in the city of the various road-making machines, with a view of purchasing the best make.

### Connecticut's Good Work.

Last year thirty-seven towns in Connecticut began the work of macadamizing their roads, and this year it is estimated that more than eighty towns will be engaged upon such improvements. The towns begin in a small way, the average length of road reconstructed last year in each town being from half to three-quarters of a mile. The State, the county and the town each pay one-third of the cost of the work, and the State Commissioner's supervise the work. The proof of the popular satisfaction with the system is the increase this year in the number of towns adopting it.

### What the Country Needs.

The falling off in rural population, as shown in the last census, is mostly within the first half of the decade. There has long been a tendency from the farm to the cities, but it is at last checked, and we believe that the population of country towns is now smaller than it is ever likely to be again. All that is needed is to secure better roads, thus connecting these rural towns with their neighboring cities and with the world at large. There is already the beginning of a movement of the wealthy toward the country. With better means of communication between town and city, this movement will be sure to increase and give to farm lands in Massachusetts a greater value than they have had for many years.

### In the Far South.

The "good road" brigade, under the leadership of Col. Harry Hodgson, is preparing its line of battle. Yesterday scores of canvas placards ornamented scores of horses about this city. "I want good roads" was the mystic legend which covered the placard, and this is the slogan which will ring out upon the air for a goodly number of months unless the efforts of the gentlemen who are interested in the movement avail naught. It is the desire to enroll under this banner all the men in the State who own horses or teams, and by a mutual co-operation induce a beneficial action in the matter of the permanent improvement of the thoroughfares of the city and country. It is expected that in the course of the next few weeks, through the good offices of the League of American Wheelmen, there will be held in this city a monster mass meeting, by means of which it is expected there will be a good general hue and cry for good roads.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Napoleon's Growth.

Napoleon ordered Marmont, in case Blucher should resume the offensive, to abandon Paris and hasten to Chalons. This was not a sudden decision; the contingency had been mentioned in a letter of Feb. 8 to Joseph, and again from Rheims emphatic injunctions to keep the Emperor and the King of Rome from falling into Austrian hands were issued to the same correspondent.

"Do not abandon my son," the Emperor pleaded; "and remember that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner to the Greeks, has always seemed to me the unhappiest in history." In this ultimate decision Napoleon showed how cosmopolitan he had grown; he had forgotten, if he ever understood, the extreme centralization of France; he should have known that, Paris lost, the head of the country was gone, and that the dwarfed limbs could develop little or no national vitality.—Century.

### Bullet Makes a Hailstone.

Colonel Clark R. Westcott, of London, England, who has been spending a couple of months in Chicago and the West in the interests of a syndicate who own considerable mining property in this country, is responsible for the following account of a singular natural phenomenon. His story is as follows:

"One hot day a couple of weeks since I was riding along a mountain road in Colorado on my way to a mine in which I am interested, when I noticed, high above me, soaring in majestic circle, an eagle. I had a 45-90 Winchester slung across my back and it was but the work of a moment to unslung the gun and fire at the bird, which appeared to be directly above me. As I fired I noticed that the bird was directly between myself and a dense black cloud, which hung above me. The shot was a clear miss and not caring to waste any more cartridges, I was about to ride on when I was startled to hear what I took to be the dull 'clung' of a stone thrown by an unseen hand, which fell into a little gully filled with leaves, within twenty feet of me. I looked carefully about me in all directions, but could see no sign of a human

being, and then dismounted and scrambling back the leaves was astonished to find a piece of ice as large as a goose egg and about the same shape. Upon close examination I was further astonished to discover my rifle ball firmly imbedded in its center. I have speculated a deal over this phenomenon since that time and the only solution I can see is that the ball in passing through the cloud gathered the moisture and held it by whirling motion, so that it was frozen at a higher altitude and fell to the earth as I have described."

### MINNESOTA MOUND BUILDERS.

Evidences of Their Work in the Valley of the Zumbro River.

On the north side of the Zumbro valley, in section 10, Glasgow town, are hundreds of mounds built by the mound builders in prehistoric ages. Some are in perfect condition, while others are partially or entirely destroyed. They extend from the point of a terrace formation or beach back over a half mile toward the west, and from the south side of the terrace toward the north nearly the same distance, forming a sort of circle. This terrace seems to have been at one time the bank of the river.

The largest mounds are along the brow of the terrace and on the outskirts of the village or group of mounds. Back of the group of large mounds is one which is of the usual round shape, but having a curved arm or wing on either side, suggesting the form of a bird. Next back of these runs a long embankment broken at intervals, formerly three or four feet high, but now partially destroyed. This is now covered by a grove of oak. Scattered on the concave side of the circle of mounds, especially near the point of the terrace, are hundreds of smaller mounds arranged more or less regularly and thirty to fifty feet apart. A large part of the site is now occupied by growing crops and the smaller mounds have nearly all been leveled by cultivation. Many are of entirely different material from the soil around them. The soil of the terrace is a very sandy loam, while many of the mounds are made of a stiff clay which is not found in the neighborhood.

The original use of these mounds was probably for dwellings. This theory is advanced by the fact that not long ago, while excavating a mound for the cellar of the store of Dunfries, charred limestone was found six feet below the surface, evidently the remains of a fireplace, and suggesting the theory that these were partly subterranean dwellings and the comparatively small size of the remains above ground strengthens the conclusion.—Minneapolis Journal.

### A Delicious Spanish Drink.

And at this hour the town belched forth beggars, and every boy demanded to be our guide. But it was unaided we found our way, now to the beautiful doorway of a plain, yellow-washed house standing in some silent, remote little square, and now to an old Moorish courtyard, its graceful arches disarranged and dishonored; now to an angle in the street overlooked by a high balcony gay with Moorish tiles; to a church hot and sweltering, as if it had never had time to cool, the silks and jewels of Christ and the Virgin gleaming from half seen altars; or to hanging gardens of palms as luxuriant as they should be in the town where was planted the first palm that ever grew from Spanish soil; or to whatever chance loveliness there was in the monotonous perspective of low, white houses. Nor did we need a guide to show us the way to the cafe, where we drank the most delicious cooling drink that was ever yet made. It is worth while to be thirsty in Spain; for its helada, or crushed ice flavored with lemon or orange or banana, is the daintiest device with which this thirst could be quenched, and there is no town in Spain where it is to be found in such perfection as at Cordova. But you must be fairly boiling to appreciate it.—Century.

### Speak Intelligently and Correctly.

The American girl is rich as far as ideas are concerned, is quick-witted, and ought to be sufficiently eager, because she is an American girl, to speak correctly," writes Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal in an article to girls on speaking correctly and avoiding the use of slang. "She need not be a prig, she need not suggest the schoolroom, but she should speak intelligently and correctly. There are two books to which my girls may always turn for English undefiled: first, the Bible; second, the works of Shakespeare. Vulgar language suggests a vulgar mind, therefore, my Dorothy, be careful about your speech. Let your words mirror beautiful thoughts, and when Prince Charming is strolling through that wood in which the grammar tree grows he will know that you surely are the princess, for in your answer to him there will be diamonds and pearls, in the form of pure English, coming from your lips, and he will learn to reverence all women for 'your sweet sake.'"

### Singular.

The late Lord Lilford, in his recently published work on the birds of Northamptonshire, England, tells this story of a singular incident which occurred in one of his frequent visits to Spain: "I first learned," he says, "the news of President Abraham Lincoln's murder from a scrap of the Spanish newspaper found in a nest of the Kite by my climber, Agapo, near Aranjuez."

### Good Care of Horses.

Farriers in Saxony are compelled to pass a public examination ere they are permitted to work at the business. They must understand the care and treatment of horses or they will not be licensed to shoe the animals.

If we were a woman, we would rather have our sweetheart steal than have him chew tobacco.