

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONORE DE BALZAC

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued)

"Nanon, we are alone, you and I?"
"Yes, mademoiselle; if I only knew where he was, the charming young gentleman, I would set off on foot to find him."
"The sea lies between us," said Eugenie.

When the poor lonely hearse, with her faithful old servant for company, was shedding tears in the old, dark house, which was all the world she knew, men talked from Orleans to Nantes of nothing but Mlle Grandet and her seventeen millions. One of her first acts was to settle a pension of twelve hundred francs on Nanon, who, possessing already an income of six hundred francs of her own, at once became a great catch. In less than a month she exchanged her condition of splendor for that of wife, at the instance and through the persuasion of Antoine Cornouiller, who was promoted to the position of bailiff and keeper to Mlle Grandet.

Eugenie was a woman of thirty and as yet had known none of the happiness of life. It seemed hardly probable that she would marry while the still more mourning. Her sincere piety was well known. So the Cruchot family, counseled by the astute old Abbe, was fain to be content with surrounding the heiress with the most affectionate attentions. Her dining room was filled every evening with the warmest and most devoted Cruchotians. M. le President de Bonfonds was the hero of the circle; they lauded his talents, his personal appearance, his learning, his amiability; he was an inexhaustible subject of admiring comment.

"M. le President" had striven to act up to the part he wanted to play. He was 40 years old, his countenance was dark and ill-favored, he had, moreover, the wizened look which is frequently seen in men of his profession; but he affected the air of youth, sported a malacca cane, and went to Mlle Grandet's house arrayed in a white cravat and a shirt with huge frills. He called the fair heiress "our dear Eugenie," and spoke as if he were an intimate friend of the family. The pack was still in pursuit of Eugenie's millions; it was a more numerous pack now; they gave tongue together, and hunted down their prey more systematically.

If Charles had come back from the far-off Indies, he would have found the same motives at work and almost the same people. Mme. de Grassins, for whom Eugenie had nothing but kindness and pity, still remained to vex the Cruchots. Eugenie's face still shone out against the dark background, and Charles, though invisible, reigned there supreme as in other days.

Yet some advance had been made. Eugenie's birthday banquet was never forgotten by the magistrats. Indeed, owing to her bringing the headship of the household, it had become an institution; every evening he brought the heiress a huge and wonderful bouquet. Mme. Cornouiller ostentatiously placed these offerings in a vase, and promptly sang them to a corner of the yard as soon as the visitors had departed.

In the early spring Mme. de Grassins made a move, and sought to throw the heiress into the Cruchots by talking to Eugenie of the Marquis de Froldfond, whose ruined fortunes might be retrieved if the heiress would return his estates to him by a marriage contract. Mme. de Grassins lauded the marquis and his title to the skies; and, taking Eugenie's quiet smile for consent, she went about saying that M. le President Cruchot's marriage was not such a settled thing as some people imagined.

"M. de Froldfond may be fifty years old," she said, "but he looks no older than M. Cruchot; he is a widower, and has a family, it is true; but he is a marquis, he will be a peer of France one of these days. It is not such a bad match as times go. I know of my own certain knowledge that when old Grandet added his own property to the Froldfond estate he meant to graft his family into the Froldfonds. He often told me as much. Oh! he was a shrewd old man, was Grandet."

"Ah! Nanon," Eugenie said one evening, as she went to bed, "why has he not once written to me in seven years?"

CHAPTER XX.

While these events were taking place in Saumur, Charles was making his fortune in the East. His first venture was very successful. He had promptly realized the sum of six thousand dollars. Crossing the line had cured him of many early prejudices; he soon saw very clearly that the best and quickest way of making money was the same in the tropics as in Europe—by buying and selling men. He made a descent on the African coasts and bargained for negroes and other goods in demand in various markets. He threw himself heart and soul into his business, and thought of nothing else. He set one clear aim before him, to reappear in Paris, and to dazzle the world there with his wealth, to attain a position even higher than the one from which he had fallen.

By dint of rubbing shoulders with many men, traveling in many lands, coming in contact with various customs, his code had been relaxed. His notions of right and wrong became less rigid when he found that what was looked upon as a crime in one country was held up to admiration in another. He saw that every one was working for himself, that dishonestness was rarely to be met with, and grew selfish and suspicious; the hereditary fallings of the Grandets came out in him—the hardness, the selfishness, and the greed of gain. He sold Chinese coolies, negro slaves, swartworn men, children, artists, anything and everything that brought in money. He became a money lender on a large scale. Long practice in cheating the customs authorities had made him unscrupulous in other ways.

During his first voyage Eugenie's pure and noble face had been with him; he had distributed his first success to a kind of magical attorney possessed by her power; but as time went on, adventures in many lands completely effaced all recollections of his cousin, of the old house, of the bench, and of the line that he had crossed in the passage. He remem-

bered nothing but the little garden shut in by its crumbling walls where he had learned the fate that lay in store for him; but he rejected all connection with the family. His uncle was an old fox who had fleeced his jewels. Eugenie had no place in his heart, he never gave her a thought; but she occupied a page in his ledger as a creditor for six thousand francs.

Such conduct and such ideas explained Charles Grandet's silence. In the East Indies, on the coast of Africa, at Lisbon, in the United States, Charles Grandet the adventurer was known as Carl Shepherd, a pseudonym which he assumed so as not to compromise his real name. Carl Shepherd could be indefatigable, brazen and greedy of gain; could conduct himself, in short, like a man who resolves to make a fortune no matter what way, and makes haste to have done with villainy as soon as possible, in order to live respected for the rest of his days.

With such methods his career of prosperity was rapid and brilliant, and in 1827 he returned to Bordeaux on board a fine brig belonging to a Royalist firm. He had nineteen hundred thousand francs with him in gold dust, carefully secured in three strong trunks; he hoped to sell it to the Paris mint, and to make eight per cent on the transaction. There was also on board the brig a gentleman-in-ordinary to his Majesty Charles X., M. d'Aubron, a worthy old man who had been rash enough to marry a woman of fashion whose money came from estates in the West India Islands. Mme. d'Aubron's reckless extravagance had obliged him to go out to the Indies to sell her property. M. and Mme. d'Aubron were now in straitened circumstances. They had a bare twenty thousand francs of income and a daughter, a very plain girl, whom her mother made up her mind to marry without a dowry. It was an enterprise the success of which might have seemed somewhat problematical to a man of the world, in spite of the cleverness with which a woman of fashion is generally credited. Perhaps even Mme. d'Aubron herself, when she looked at her daughter, was almost ready to despair of getting rid of her to any one, even to the most besotted worshiper of rank and titles.

Mlle. d'Aubron was a tall, spare demoiselle; she had a disdainful mouth, overshadowed by a long nose, thick at the tip, yellow in its normal condition, but very red after a meal. From some points of view she was all that a worldly mother, who was 38 years of age, and had still some pretensions to beauty, could desire. But by way of compensating advantages, the Marquis d'Aubron's distinguished air had been inherited by her daughter. Her mother had taught her how to dress herself. Under the same instructor she had acquired a charming manner, and had learned to assume that pensive expression which interests a man and leads him to imagine that here, surely, is the angel whom he has hitherto sought in vain.

Charles became very intimate with Mme. d'Aubron; the lady had her own reasons for encouraging him. People said that during the time on board she left no stone unturned to secure such a prize for a son-in-law. It is at any rate certain that when they landed at Bordeaux Charles stayed in the same hotel with M. and Mme. d'Aubron, and they all traveled together to Paris. The hotel d'Aubron was hampered with mortgages, and Charles was intended to come to the rescue. The mother had gone so far as to say that it would give her great pleasure to establish a son-in-law on the ground floor. She did not share M. d'Aubron's aristocratic prejudices and promised Charles Grandet to obtain letters patent which should authorize him, Grandet, to bear the name and assume the arms of the d'Aubrons, and to succeed to the property of Aubron, which was worth about thirty-three thousand livres a year, to say nothing of the titles of Capal de Buch and Marquis d'Aubron. They could be very useful to each other, in short; and what with this arrangement of a joint establishment, and one or two posts about the court, the hotel d'Aubron might count upon an income of a hundred thousand francs and more.

"And when a man has a hundred thousand francs a year, a name, a family, and a position at court, the rest is easy. You can be secretary to an embassy." She fairly turned her head with these ambitious schemes. He never doubted but that his uncle had paid his father's creditors. He resolved to strain every nerve to reach those pinnacles of glory which his hypothetical would-be mother-in-law had pointed out to him. His cousin was only a dim speck in the remote past; she had no place in this brilliant future, no part in his dreams, but he went to see Annette. That experienced woman of the world gave counsel to her old friend; he must by no means let slip such an opportunity for an alliance; she promised to aid him in all his schemes of advancement. He had grown very attractive during his stay in the Indies; his complexion had grown darker, he had gained in manliness and self-possession; he spoke in the firm, decided tones of a man who is used to command and to success. Ever since Charles Grandet had discovered that there was a definite part for him to play in Paris, he was himself at once.

Des Grassins, hearing of his return, his approaching marriage, and his large fortune, came to see him, and spoke of the three hundred thousand francs still owing to his father's creditors. He found Charles closeted with a goldsmith, from whom he had ordered jewels for Mlle. d'Aubron's corset, and who was submitting designs. Charles himself had brought magnificent diamonds from the Indies, but the cost of setting them, together with the silver plate and jewelry of the new establishment, amounted to more than two hundred thousand francs. He did not recognize des Grassins at first, and treated him with the cool insolence of a young man of fashion who is conscious that he has killed four men in as many duels in the Indies. As M. de Grassins had already called three or four times, Charles vouchsafed to hear him, but it was with bare politeness, and

he did not pay the slightest attention to what the banker said.
"My father's debts are not mine," he said coolly. "I am obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have been good enough to take, but I am none the better for it that I can see. I have not scraped together a couple of millions, earned with the sweat of my brow, to fling it to my father's creditors."
"But suppose that your father were to be declared a bankrupt in a few days' time?"
"In a few days' time I shall be the Comte d'Aubron, sir; so you can see that it is a matter of entire indifference to me. Besides, you know even better than I do that when a man has a hundred thousand livres a year, his father never has been a bankrupt," and he politely edged the deputy des Grassins to the door.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the early days of the month of August, in that same year, Eugenie was sitting on the little bench in the garden where her cousin had sworn eternal love, and where she often took breakfast in summer mornings. The poor girl was almost happy for a few brief moments; she went over all the great and little events of her life before those catastrophes that followed. The morning was fresh and bright, and the garden was full of sunlight; her eyes wandered over the wall with its moss and flowers; it was full of cracks now, and all but in ruins, but no one was allowed to touch it. The postman knocked at the door, and gave a letter into the hands of Mme. Cornouiller, who hurried into the garden, crying, "Mademoiselle! A letter! Is it the letter?" she added, as she handed it to her mistress.

The words rang through Eugenie's heart as the spoken sounds rang from the ramparts and the old garden wall.

"Paris! It is his writing! Then he has come back."

Eugenie's face grew white; for several seconds she kept the seal unbroken, her heart beat so fast that she could neither move nor see. Big Nanon stood and waited with both hands on her hips; joy seemed to puff like smoke from every wrinkle in her brown face.

"Oh! why does he come back by way of Paris, Nanon, when he went by way of Saumur?"

"Read it; the letter will tell you why." Eugenie's fingers trembled as she opened the envelope; a check fell out of it and fluttered down. Nanon picked it up. Eugenie read the letter through. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Cousin—You will, I am sure, hear with pleasure of the success of my enterprise. You brought me luck; I have come back to France a wealthy man. My dear cousin, the day of illusions is gone by for me. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. You are free, my cousin, and I, too, am free still; there is apparently nothing to hinder the realization of our youthful hopes, but I am too straightforward to hide my present situation from you. I have not for a moment forgotten that I am bound to you. I have always remembered the little wooden bench on which we were sitting on burning coals, and sat down on one of the broken stone steps in the yard.

"—the little wooden bench where we vowed to love each other forever; the passage, the gray parlor, my attic room, the night when in your thoughtfulness and tact you made my future easier for me. Yes; these memories have been my support; but I cannot deal unscrupulously with you. Your bringing up, your ways of life, and your tastes have not fitted you for Parisian life, nor would they harmonize with the future which I have marked out for myself. I possess at the time of writing an income of 80,000 francs. With this fortune I am able to marry into the d'Aubron family; I should take their name on my marriage with their only daughter, a girl of nineteen, and secure at the same time a very brilliant position in society. I will assure you that I have not the slightest affection for Mlle. d'Aubron, but by this marriage I shall secure for my children a social rank which will be of inestimable value in the future. When I tell you plainly that my marriage is solely a marriage of suitability, and that I have not forgotten the love of our youthful days, am I not putting myself entirely into your hands, and making you the arbiter of my fate? Is it not implied that if I must renounce my social ambitions, I shall willingly content myself with the simple and pure happiness which is always called up by the thought of you—

"Tra-la-lan-tan-tan!" sang Charles Grandet, as he signed his name. "That is acting handsomely," he said to himself. He looked about him for the check, slipped it in, and added a postscript.
(To be continued.)

Said the Boy Was Dear.

At a leap-year party held recently in Germantown a novel way of raising funds for a charitable object was suggested and carried out in the auctioning off of the young men present, the highest bidder for each being entitled to his attentions for the evening. A bright young girl was chosen for auctioneer, the boys being banished to another room. The sale started with the fair auctioneer naming the meritorious points of the young men. No names were used, but she managed, in a humorous comment on their failings as well as their virtues, to indicate the personality of each one as offered. Bidding started off briskly in dime jumps, but after the dollar point was reached the auctioneer announced that the boys would be so impressed with their value that they would be too conceited to be good company, and bids were reduced to 1 cent. One young man hung fire at 30 cents. "Why, girls, the brass in this article is worth more than that," pleaded the auctioneer, in an effort to secure a higher bid; but to no avail. "Sold, at 30 cents," she announced, as the young man was brought in, adding, "and you are dear at that." And the young man for the life of him can't figure out whether he ought to cut the witty auctioneer's acquaintance or consider himself complimented.—Philadelphia Record.

Nothing makes a man so weary as to have his fool friends say they hope his unfortunate speculations will prove a good lesson.

THE POWER OF GRIT.

To carry on the back a pack weighing a hundred pounds or more means of only strong muscles but a mastery of balance. In "The Forest" Stewart Edward White says that the first time he did any packing he had a hard time stumbling a few hundred feet with just fifty pounds on his back. At the end of that same trip he could carry a hundred pounds and a lot of snipe poles and guns over a long portage without serious inconvenience.

At first packing is as near infernal punishment as merely mundane conditions can compass. Sixteen brand-new muscles ache, at first dully, then harshly, then intolerably, until it seems you cannot bear it another second. At first you rest every time you feel tired. Then you begin to feel very tired every fifty feet. Then you have to do the best you can, and prove the snuck that is in you.

Tom Friant, an old woodsman of wide experience, has often told me with relish of his first try at carrying. He had about sixty pounds, and his companion double that amount. Mr. Friant stood it for what seemed like a few centuries, and then sat down. He could not have moved another step if a gun had been at his ear.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion.

"Del," said Friant, "I'm all in. I can't navigate. Here's where I quit."

"Can't you carry here any farther?"

"Not an inch."

"Well, pile her on. I'll carry her or you."

Friant looked at him a moment in silent amazement.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to carry your pack and mine, too?"

"That's what I mean to say. I'll do it if I have to."

Friant drew a long breath. "Well," said he, at last, "if a little, sawed-off snip like you can wiggle under a hundred and eighty, I guess I can make it under sixty."

"That's right," said Del, imperturbably. "If you think you can, you can."

"And I did," ends Friant, with a chuckle.

Therein lies the whole secret. The work is irksome, painful, but if you think you can do it, you can; for although great is the protest of the human frame against what it considers abuse, greater still is the power of a man's grit.

Did His Best.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Chronicle was detailed to "write up" a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a botch of it." This is what he turned in—omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the audience and the delay in beginning the performance.

Mr. Burnside, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice.

Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

It must be confessed that both Miss Jones and Mr. Burnside were deficient in their lines, and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Jabez Simpson, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance.

"Come on; Let's Go."

While the Spanish-American War was on several volunteer troops were camped in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tenn.

Upon a visit to that city of the late Governor Bushnell of Ohio a grand military review was held in his honor, the several brigades including two negro regiments, also stationed there, taking part.

Among the many spectators crowding the sidewalks was a typical Tennessee farmer accompanied by his buxom wife. He thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of marching troops and suddenly the negro regiments came into view.

Then the old farmer, in great distrust, hastily grasped his wife's arm and said: "Come on, Maria; let's go; here come the niggers."

A little street gambler, black as tar, was standing near. Hearing the farmer's slighting remark, his eyes grew large and luminous with indignation as he retorted: "Yas, dat's jes' what dem Spaniels say, when dey seed de niggers comin' up de hill at Santiago; Come on; let's go!"

Lesson in Boston Anatomy.

The following anecdote is being told of a youthful Bostonian who was asked by her school teacher, during a lesson in physiology, to describe the divisions and constitution of the human body.

"The body," she answered confidently. "is divided into three sections: the head, the thorax and the abdomen. The head contains the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and brains—if any; the thorax contains the lungs and the heart; the abdomen contains the stomach and the bowels, which are five, a, e, i, o and l."—Harper's Weekly.

Knowing a Woman.

"Do you know her?"
"No; I am merely acquainted with her—nobody knows a woman!"



Women Are at a Premium.

The deficiency of women in Cape Colony and throughout South Africa presents an inviting field for women who are weary of single blessedness, or there is a great shortage of fair ones in that part of the world. So far as can be learned the excess in number of white males over white females in British South Africa is represented in the following table:

Cape Colony	15,000
Natal	5,000
Orange River Colony	3,000
Transvaal	43,000
Rhodesia	3,000

Total shortage of females.....80,000

"In a population of whites only numbering about 800,000 in all this deficiency of women seems at first sight almost incredible," says a writer, "and it is the more remarkable and deplorable inasmuch as beyond a doubt the greater part of the deficiency exists among the British section of the population." It seems that about one man in every four of the British in South Africa could never hope to find a wife, whether Dutch or English, before the war. The actual disproportion in the immediate future will be far greater.

No scheme of Anglicization in South Africa, the writer points out, can be effective, which neglects the inevitable consequence of a lack of women. The Boer women are gaining upon the British at the rate of about 1,000 a year. If an organization were created which would insure the dispatch of 3,000 women from the United Kingdom in each year 1,000 would be set off against the natural increase of the Boer women and the remaining 2,000 would go toward filling up the shortage which exists, and this would be accomplished in thirty-five years, or one generation.

Silk in Washing.

Washing is an art, and needs to be earned as well as anything else. Everybody can wash after a fashion, but not everybody can so turn out handkerchiefs, silk and lace blouses and ties, and other washable belongings that a professional laundress would not scorn to own them as her work. It is emphatically an accomplishment worth learning, if only for the sake of reducing one's laundry bill.

Dissoled soap is a necessity, and is made by finely shredding a quarter of a pound of yellow soap into one quart of water, and boiling it till dissolved. A quantity can be made at one time and kept for use when required. When washing flannel and woolen goods never rub or twist them. Squeeze them about in a tepid lather, to which (for white flannels) a little ammonia is added. Wash thoroughly on both sides, rinse carefully, shake and dry in the air, not in the sun. Iron when nearly dry with a cool iron.

White silk blouses, ties and handkerchiefs are all washed in the same way. First steep them in cold water, with a little borax added, wash in a lather of warm water and dissolved soap, rinse well, pass through slightly blue water, fold in a clean cloth, pass through the wringer and iron on the wrong side when nearly dry with a cool iron. A little menthaled spirit added to the last rinsing water gives a desirable gloss. A desert sponger to a pint of water is ample. For colored silk, do not steep it in borax water or pass it through blue water. If you fear the color will run, steep it in salt and water for a short time, but be careful to rinse all the salt out before washing.—London Express.

Feminine Fads.

This feminine summer girl who is so fond of odd jewelry and dainty luffs and frills is very frequently seen with a little black court-plaster patch on her face. In fact, such a highly favored fad is this wearing of the dainty mouche that many of the shops carry small boxes of these bits of black court-plaster cut in the shape of stars, crescents, clubs, spades, hearts and diamonds.

The most approved place for wearing the mouche is a trifle to the left of the left eye, and it is generally worn there to attract attention to the beauty of the eyes.

The little powder-puff so necessary to the summer girl is now hidden away in the center of a dainty lace-trimmed pocket-handkerchief. The powder-pocket is a small square patch pocket just large enough to hold the little woolen powder-puff.—Woman's Home Companion.

Why She Is Not Promoted.

Mrs. Juliet Shumaker, principal of the Lancaster school, in an address before the Minnesota State Teachers' convention in St. Paul, used these words:

"The stenographer who in the midst and most harmless way flirts with her employer, her fellow clerks, or callers at the office, who is called to the telephone on an average of five times a day by some one to whom she talks in a honeyed voice, and whose giggle is a well known sound in the office, need not be surprised if she is pushed to one side and a man preferred when a responsible duty is to be performed."

"Feminine graces will be rewarded with candy and compliments, never with promotion or confidence."
"The stenographer who goes into an office expecting to win recognition and compensation on an equality with men must remember first and distinct-

ly that she is not a woman, but a stenographer.

"It is all well to talk about a woman's presence inculcating gentleness and courtesy in an office, but a busy man has no time for an extra word he has no time for the effort to make that word a pleasant one when he does not feel pleasant, and an employe whose presence causes him to depart from his habits of speech and conduct wastes his time and lessens her own value to him."



Mrs. W. H. Beauchamp has been appointed treasurer for Montague County, Tex., to succeed her dead husband.

Mrs. Sylvia Dunham celebrated her 104th birthday at Hartford, Conn., the other day in the house to which she went as a bride eighty years ago.

Mme. de Navarro (Mary Anderson) sat to the painter Watts for five years before her portrait was finished. She loved to hear him talk, and he talked most of the time.

Lady Durand, wife of the British ambassador to the United States, thinks Washington society is not sufficiently dignified.

The earrings worn by Italian engraving women indicate the part of Italy the wearers come from. The longer the earrings the farther south the original homes of the women. In the far north the ornaments are quite short.

When a native woman enters a Japanese railway carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car and not as Europeans do.

Of the 5,500,000 feminine workers over 10 years of age who were engaged in wage-earning occupation in the United States in 1900, 3,373 were ministers of religion, 11,021 artists and teachers of art, 1,910 lawyers, 2,193 journalists, 7,387 physicians and surgeons, 74,153 bookkeepers and accountants, 34,345 merchants and dealers, 1,271 officials of banks and companies, 86,118 stenographers and typewriters and 22,556 telegraphists and telephone operators.

Husbands, Note This.

There are few right-thinking persons who would deny that business men ought to confide in their wives.

First of all, a woman cannot feel that her husband has given her his whole heart when he keeps from her the whole course of his business life. No doubt it is generally done from a good motive. The husband thinks he is saving his wife worry and trouble, but in most cases he is doing the exact opposite, for every wife with right feeling would gladly lessen her husband's burdens by sharing them.

Nor does a sensible woman care for the left-handed compliment that her pretty head was not meant to bother with figures. True marriage is a true union in everything where all is open, and the griefs and sorrows of each are shared by both, and comfort drawn from the mutual sympathy. A man who does not confide in his wife deliberately shuts himself out from his chief consolation.

Going Wrong.

Some days things seem to go wrong. The soap slips out of our hands and goes skating about the room, the cat gets under our feet and gets stepped on, the dog's tail is caught in the crack of the door causing him to yelp and disturb the family, the waterworks leak, the bricks in the back of the stove give out and must be replaced, the cow kicks over the milk-pail, the old roan horse has the colic, everything goes wrong. When such days as these appear the best thing to do is to assume that something is wrong with yourself. You have eaten too much and your stomach is disordered, you have overworked or some one has irritated you with a thoughtless remark. I advise you on such days to shoulder your gun or fishing rod or make some excuse for getting out into the fields or the woodland or to wander by the stream studying nature, and get all the exercise possible in the fresh air.

Home's Enemy.

The greatest foe to home peace and happiness is worry. The habit of worry keeps us crossing bridges before we have reached them. The evils that fret us most are those which threaten us but have not yet arrived. Stop thinking about the bread you are afraid will not rise in the morning, the new dress you are sure the dressmaker will spoil, and next month's gas bills. If you will firmly resolve to worry only about the evils or special hardship that confronts you this hour or minute, and cannot be avoided, so times out of 100 you will find there is no such evil or hardship.—Celia F. Woolley in the Pioneer.