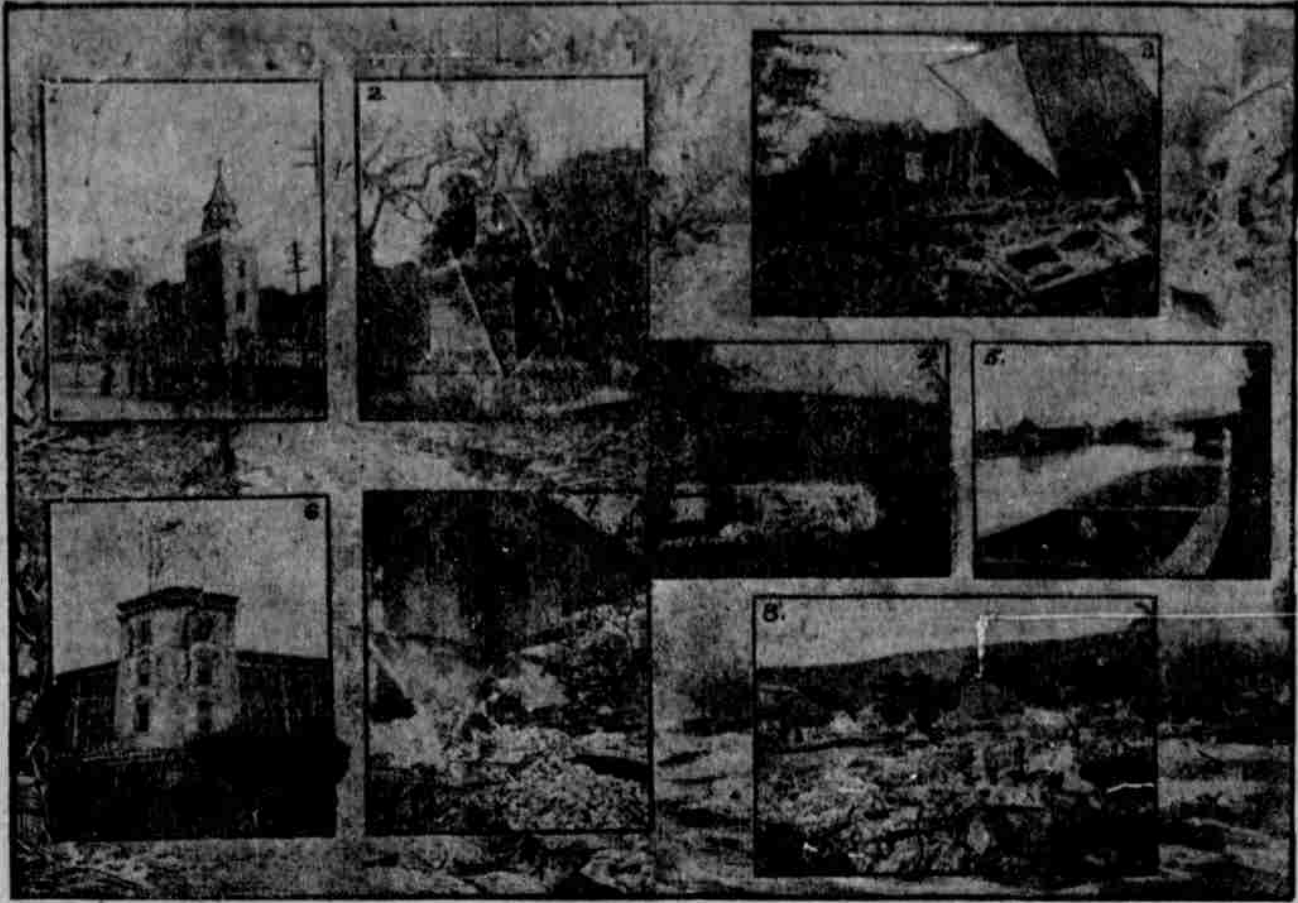


HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE KINGSTON EARTHQUAKE.



1. Ruins of Kingston's most cherished relic, the parish church, where Admiral Boscawen is buried. 2. Twisted but not overthrown; the curious plight of Queen Victoria's statue. 3. The ruins of the Woodlins, the house of Mr. DeLeon, whose wife was killed. 4. Myrtle Bank Hotel after the earthquake, compared by Lord Dudley to a shattered doll's house. 5. A lighter conveying the dying. 6. The wreck of the central tower at Constant Spring Hotel. 7. Ruins of Mr. Grinan's house, where one person was killed. 8. Ruins of the Military Hospital, where forty British soldiers perished.

The Parish Church of Kingston, which dated from the late seventeenth century, was the colonists' most cherished antiquity. The main part of the building was original, but the side aisles were of later date. It was first reported that the statue of Queen Victoria had been turned completely round, but the photograph shows that this was not so. It was twisted to an angle of about 45 degrees from its original position and was shaken to the

edge of the pedestal, but not thrown down. The Myrtle Bank Hotel presented, as Lord Dudley remarked, the appearance of a grotesque, shattered doll's house. One wall was shaken down, leaving the rooms open to view. At the hotel Sir Alfred Jones and his party had lunched just before the catastrophe. After the shock, fire broke out at the military hospital, and forty sick soldiers of the West India Regiment lost their lives.

An Irish Idyll

"I don't seem to have an idea left in my head!"

Molly O'Moore's head was a pretty one, however empty she might think it. Her speech was apparently made to about half a dozen cows grazing sleepily in a field under a brilliantly blue sky.

She was surprised, therefore, when a voice suddenly answered her—a young voice with it.

"Can I be of any assistance?" It said, and a laugh was followed by the appearance of a tall, well-built man of thirty or thereabouts.

Miss O'Moore surveyed him somewhat disparagingly—not on account of his aspect, which was beyond reproach—but because she judged his offer of assistance somewhat superfluous.

"I am afraid not," she said at length. He had stood her scrutiny without flinching; "you see it's for a competition!"

He bowed, but his smile still lingered. He did not think it necessary or prudent to inform her that he did not see!

So he waited for further explanations, admiring meanwhile the dainty pose of the girl's dark head, the flash of her bright blue eyes. The slim, girlish figure wore a much wasted muslin with much inimitable grace.

"It is so stupid," she said, apparently sufficiently satisfied with her examination to make a confidant of him. "There is a competition in this paper"—waving the Dublin Duchess with defiant hands—"but it is for 'engaged girls.' Fifty pounds is a lot of money, isn't it?"

He saw she was serious, and altered his mood accordingly.

"It is," he answered, feeling somehow glad that she could not possibly know that his income per week amounted to more than double that sum! "One could do a lot with fifty pounds, of course!"

"I was thinking it would buy dad a book or two he has wanted for years, and a coat—his is so old—and we might be able to afford meat more than twice a week for some time to come. Meat is necessary for a man, I think, don't you—a man who is always working his brain? But there"—her face falling and the flush of excitement dying down—"what is the use of thinking about it at all, at all, when I'm not eligible, nor ever likely to be."

A deep sigh escaped her, and her lips quivered. It certainly was hard! The young man caught also the suspicion of a break in her voice.

"Don't despair," he said; "I think I can help you—that is to say, if you like—if you wouldn't mind, I mean." He paused; the subject was a delicate one, and he was afraid of handling it too roughly.

"You have an idea?" the girl asked quietly. "What is it?" "You promise not to be annoyed?" "Annoyed?" Molly's voice was mischievous. "Why should I be?" "Very well, then; it is this: Will you be engaged to me for as long or as short a time as you like, so that you may be eligible as a competitor in this 'Dublin Duchess' competition?"

At first the girl looked incredulous, then a ripple of laughter broke from her.

"What a funny idea!" she said. "I don't even know your name!" "That is easily remedied," he returned, producing a card, and handing it to her.

Molly read it dubiously. "Sir Robert Dugdale." "You aren't already married, I suppose?" she asked.

He laughed, and she did not notice his embarrassment.

"No," he said; "I am not married, and if you like to say the word, and tell me your name, too, we will be engaged for the next month, if it pleases you, and you can go in for your competition and win the fifty pounds!"

"If only I could," she said. Then she looked at him a little comically.

"My name is quite a common one—

Mary O'Moore," she said, "and I am usually called Molly."

Bob Dugdale thought it the sweetest name he had heard. After all, there is "something in a name!"

"Common," he echoed; "oh, no, I don't think so. We had better begin our roles at once, hadn't we? You must have experience, of course, and I will teach you!"

He proved so apt an exponent that Molly O'Moore went to bed that night and dreamt that her prince was come, and nothing else in the whole wide world mattered.

And all through the exquisite summer weeks that followed Dugdale lingered in the little Irish fishing village, whither he had gone for salmon fishing, playing his part to perfection, and losing his heart ere he was aware of it to the lovely young daughter of the bookworm old clergyman, who was so absorbed in his "ologies" that he left the girl to take care of herself.

But the day came at last when the idyll was brought to an abrupt termination. Dugdale received letters from his solicitors which necessitated his immediate presence in England, and he communicated the fact of his impending early departure to Molly as they sat together on the ruins of the old castle, at whose feet the sea of the Atlantic swept in broad rollers in the summer sunshine.

Just for a second the girl's cheek blanched, but she pulled herself together again with all the inborn pride of her race. Sorry that he was going away, was she? Had she expected him to stay forever? Don't the swallows flee before the winter weather? Are the roses always in bloom?

But in that moment she realized what his coming and his going meant to her. She knew that what had begun in play had ripened into earnest. She loved. Not for an hour, or a day, or a week—or even a year—but for her lifetime, and beyond that into an endless eternity.

She loved.

The man at her side was selfish enough to want to hear it from her lips, though he knew that it was futile. "Molly," he cried, possessing himself of her hand. "Is it possible you are sorry—that you will miss me when I am gone?"

Molly blushed hard.

"I shall miss you, of course," she said, slowly, "but I knew all along that we should have to say good-by some day; that it was all just make-believe."

"Was it? Is it all make-believe on your part?" he broke in. "Oh, Molly—Molly!"

He stretched out his hands, big and brown, and they closed over her slim fingers.

Then he bent a little nearer, intoxicated at the sight of the soft sweet color sweeping her pure cheeks. He was close to her, very close, his heart almost beating against hers, when suddenly, sharply, he drew back.

"Forgive me, Molly," he cried passionately; "forgive me! I am a cad—worse than a cad, and I am not—free—forgive!"

Without a backward look he rose and strode away, and Molly sat long till the sun set into the sea, its rosy colors mingling with the blue waters. She loved—ah! how she loved him. Woe to her broken heart!

"First prize, Miss Molly O'Moore. Daddy!" The slim figure, grown a little slimmer during the past three months, knelt by the old vicar's chair.

"Daddy, I've won fifty pounds! Aren't you glad, mavourneen?"

Only the sound of her own voice broke the deathly stillness of the poorly furnished room.

Molly drew back from the figure bowed over the writing table with a cry of fear. Her cheek grew pale. What was the matter?

"Daddy—oh, daddy! I have just heard," she cried. "Rejoice with me, darling; I'm longing to buy you all the things that you love—the books and the coat, and, oh, you know you ought to rejoice, for you have wept with me, too!"

Suddenly she bent down and touched his shoulder. Then with an exceeding bitter cry, which reached the faithful Biddy in the kitchen, she sank on to her knees.

Patrick O'Moore had gone where the

writing of many books and much study have an end.

Molly O'Moore picked up the threads of her life, and went to London as governess to a family of ignorant, noisy children, who nearly killed her between them.

But it seemed there was one person they stood in awe of—an uncle, whose name she never heard without a start. "Uncle Bob!" It brought back many unpleasant memories of a summer long since dead, though by no means forgotten.

That other Bob—Sir Robert Dugdale. She had never seen him, though she had read of his approaching marriage some weeks after his departure from Ireland to a lady of title—a cousin. This same paper informed her that it was a family arrangement, which would be the means of uniting two estates as well as two hearts! And she had understood why her love dream had ended so disastrously, and why her lover had branded himself as worse than a cad!

And she set herself to forget him, as much as it was possible, for she had forgiven him long ago. Love knows no limit to its forgiveness; it is not of the earth—it is from heaven above!

But forgetfulness is another matter altogether—one's memory is apt to be so long—so dreadfully hard to kill!

"Uncle Bob is coming to-day," one of her charges announced one afternoon in late December, as they sat at tea in the schoolroom at the top of the house. "He's been over in Ireland, and he comes back to-night!"

Molly poured out the tea with a steady hand.

"I am glad for your sakes he is coming," she said; "you are all so fond of him."

"Oh, he comes here lots and lots, really," they told her; "but just lately he's been awfully down on his luck, mother says, and so he's kept away. He is very fond of coming up to this room, which he says is the nicest in the house."

But Molly, thinking of other things, did not attend, and the children dropped the subject.

She was sitting alone in the schoolroom after 9 o'clock tea, when a man's tread sounded on the stairs outside, and the door was flung open.

"Molly!" cried a well-known voice; "at last, my darling!"

"Don't!" she implored. "Please—please, go away!"

"Go away?" he echoed, striding across the room, and standing in front of her, tall and commanding, and twice as handsome as even her memory had pictured him. "What nonsense! At least, I will go away if you like, but I mean to take you with me, if you will go. Molly—Molly!"

Molly pushed him from her with all her might.

"Do you forget?" she said imperiously. "Do you forget Lady Clementine?"

"Lady Clementine, blessing on her heart, ran away with her groom a month before we were to have been married, and I have searched for you ever since, little dreaming I should find you here. Molly, before you ask me another question, answer me. Tell me, will you marry me? Will you love me, and be engaged to me in earnest this time, darling? You owe me that fifty pounds, but I'll take your heart instead. May I, darling?"

Molly looked up, her smiles fighting with her tears.

"You took that—long ago," she said shyly.

And then and there he gathered her into his arms, and the schoolroom became an Elysium.

People when they heard the news said that it was the end of a charming Irish idyll, but the two people who were most concerned in the affair declare that it is only just the beginning!—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Bachelor Maid.
One day I asked a Bachelor Maid:
"What is the reason you won't wed?"
"I wish to live a freer life,
And fight for woman's rights," she said,
But soon I learned that she had wed,
"Your fight for rights is over," I sighed,
"To change one's mind's a woman's right,
And so I've gained my point," she cried,
—Princeton Tiger.

'WAY DOWN SOUTH.

Cum along, niggahs, an' a-keep yo' feet a-movin',
Bring 'em down a-clatt'rin' on de ol' cabin flo',
Jes' lissen tuh de banjo a-buzzin' an' a-ringin',
We're a-habbin' sich a time tuh-nite we nobbah hed befo'.
An' a-tin-tang, twing-tang (wheah de gals a-hidin'),
An' a-zip-zip-shugh-shugh (heah de feet a-slidin').
Dey ain't no odduh niggah kin beat ol' Bill a-playin'
Disheah's de music 'at mek de 'tatehs grov.
(Dat niggah yandeh holleh lak a ol' Jackass a-brayin',
An' de 'il pickaninnies stan' a-grimin' en de do)—
Bow 'o' yo' podnehs—ting-a-tang-ting-ting—
Swing yo' cawnehs—ting-a-tang-whing-tang.
Heah! Yo' niggahs—balance all!
(Golly! Dat yalleh gal got uh fall!)
An' a-zook-zook-shugh-shugh, lively ez a June bug—TWANG!!
"He-e-ah! Yuh fool niggahs, 'tink I'se gwine pick de banjo all nite? Let disheah ol' niggah git out thah an' show yo' howteh shuffel yo' feet! Disheah's mo'n dis niggah kin stan'!"—H. L. Marriner.



The girl had an impetuous way of emphasizing her remarks. When she said a thing that she meant should carry weight she threw a peculiar stress on her words, at the same time tapping the floor sharply with her foot and nodding vigorously.

"You are much too young for a guardian," she said to the young man, and voice and foot and head added emphasis to the statement.

The young man smiled.

"My youthfulness is an offense that I cannot immediately correct," he said. "Give me time, I'll try to live it down."

"You seem to delight in treating the subject flippantly," she said.

"What would you have me do? Be-moon my lack of gray hairs and wrinkles? Sit down and fold my hands and wait for rheumatic twinges to seize me?"

The girl tapped the floor sharply with her eloquent foot.

"Don't you think I'm old enough to choose my own guardian?" she cried.

He smiled. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of good nature.

"I would prefer not to answer that question," he said. "In the eye of the law you are still an infant."

"An infant?" she echoed. "Well, I fancy I'm a pretty lively infant. I'm the sort of infant that knows enough to claim its rights. That's just the kind of infant I am."

"I fully agree with you," said the young man. "But infants often clamor for what they do not need—usually for

things that are not good for them. This must explain why their clamoring goes unheeded."

"Well, it's money I'm clamoring for just now."

"Yes. At the same time I think you are well aware that I consider your allowance quite large enough. It is the amount fixed upon by your father and I do not feel justified in raising it."

"The girl pouted.

"Well, I can't make it go around."

"But do you try?"

"Of course I do."

"You mean you think you do." His quick eyes rested on the girl's hat lying on the table. "How's a little object lesson," he said as he picked up the hat. "You bought this hat at Mme. Filbert's last Tuesday. You paid \$46 for it."

The girl stared at him.

"How do you know?" she cried.

"A guardian must know many things. Very indiscreetly you told who you were as soon as you entered the shop. You are known to be an heiress. This immediately advanced the price of any hat you might select."

"I don't believe it!"

"It is quite true. You finally picked out this hat. Madame condescended to let you have it for \$46. The real price was \$25."

"Impossible! How can you know this?"

"One of the saleswomen in the place is the sister of one of the young men in my office. She told him how the girls laughed over madame's cleverness after you left the shop. The young man thought I would be interested in the story."

"It's a shame!" cried the girl. "I'll never go there again!"

"Certainly not," said the young man. He eyed her hat critically. "Besides, it isn't the style of hat that becomes you. There's too much drape to the brim here. It hides your face too much and gives you a rakish air."

She stared at him again.

"Are guardians expected to know all that, too?" she asked.

"This guardian is simply trying to do his duty," the young man replied. "But then he takes little credit for his knowledge of millinery. When his mother was a girl she was a milliner and for several years after she married she had a shop of her own. It was money she saved that put me through college and gave me a legal education and a start in the world."

He paused with the hat in his hand and looked at the girl smilingly.

"And it was your mother's money that started my father on the road to a fortune," said the girl softly.

far as I know the boy has a good reputation. He is a little too boyish for his years, perhaps, but that isn't a serious fault."

"And you would interpose no objection?"

"Not if you love him."

She was silent a moment. Then she smiled.

"You mustn't forget that Wednesday is my birthday, and you are to take supper with me here. There is to be an exchange of surprises, you know."

"I remember," he said. "I will come. Good-by."

As he went down the front steps the girl called to him.

"George," she cried, "will you get Douglas at the office when you get there?"

"He is usually there at this time."

"Tell him I'd like to see him, please."

"I will tell him."

As he walked away the young man's face clouded.

"Poor George," she murmured. "But he's too silly to deserve any pity. As if I couldn't see that he loves me so much that he's actually afraid of me. And all that pretense about lecturing me for my extravagance! Why, he's as transparent as glass. Poor George!"

That afternoon Ethel Lambert had a caller, a chubby faced youth with clothes of extreme cut and a hat with a parti-colored band. It was young Douglas Gaines, and young Douglas Gaines looked a little worried.

"Hello, Ethel," he said.

"How do you do, Douglas? I'm glad to see you."

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"Ver' ywell. Mr. Edgar gave me my message?"

"Yes." He looked at her anxiously. "It was kind to come so promptly."

"Yes—I was afraid it might be something serious."

"It may prove serious," said the girl. He looked at her helplessly.

"You haven't seen dad, have you?"

"No."

"Maybe you know what he wants?"

"Maybe I do."

"Then you know he wants me to marry you?"

"Are you pleased?" he stammered.

"That isn't fair," said the girl. "I must not show my feelings until—well, until you make yourself more definite. Are you pleased?"

"No," he blurted out. Then he mastered all his courage. "I like you first rate, Ethel. You're a jolly girl all right. But I don't like you in the way—well, in the way father wants me to like you."

The girl frowned.

"That isn't flattering, Douglas. Your father—"

He interrupted her.

"You know why father wants you in the family? It's your money he wants. How much are you worth, Ethel?"

"That sounds dreadfully unromantic and calculating."

"I don't want any of it," he hastily cried. "I'm just asking out of curiosity. How much—a million?"

"Perhaps."

The young man drew a long breath.

"I wish some one I know had a little money. Enough at least to impress father."

"Then I have a hated rival?"

"N—Not a rival, Ethel. She is very fond of you. She thinks you're a wonderful girl."

"Peace, fatterer. Then I know her?"

"Yes."

"Is it Helen Dumont?"

"No!"

"How emphatic you are. Is it Mabel Critchley?"

"No."

"You'll jar the globes from the chandelier. Is it Emily Robbins?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Never mind. And you prefer Emily Robbins to me?"

"Yes. You don't care very much, do you?"

"Don't I look as if I cared?"

He studied her face.

"I think you are pretending to care. Don't you like Emily?"

"Yes. She is a charming girl."

"She's a peach all right. I wish father thought so, too. But Emily's folks are not rich. That's what influences dad."

"And you want to marry Emily?"

"Of course."

"Does Emily know?"

"She knows. It's all right—except for dad."

"Suppose I bring a little influence to bear on your father?"

"Can you—will you?"

"Would it do any good to have George Edgar talk to him?"

"Of course it would. He's the very man. Whatever George Edgar says always goes with dad. There isn't a finer fellow on earth than George. You ought to hear what he still says about I'm in college. He was the great half-back of his year, you know. But he wouldn't speak to dad, would he?"

The girl smiled.

"I am quite sure he will if I ask him."

The young man arose. His ruddy face wore a broad smile.

"Ethel," he said, "you're an eighteen-karat brick all right!"

It was a dainty little birthday dinner to which the girl invited her guardian, and the guardian looked at the arrangement of the table with surprise as well as appreciation.

"Am I the only guest?" he asked.

"The one and only," she answered.

"We couldn't expose our little surprise to outsiders, you know."

She had never looked more charming. The womanly side to her character seemed to him suddenly developed. She was no longer a child.

He had never enjoyed a dinner as he enjoyed that one. Yet he knew it must be the last.

And when it was ended and they had gone back to the little reception room, he felt that the time had come for him to tell her of his resolve, and so take himself out of her life forever.

"That was a mistake about Douglas," she said.

"A mistake?"

"Yes. Perhaps you thought he would be here to-night?"

"Yes. What was the mistake?"

"I sent for him, you know, and when he came he very calmly told me he didn't care for me."

'Doughlass told you he didn't care for you?"

"Yes. He likes someone else much better. It's Emily Robbins. You know who she is. And you are to speak to Doughlass' father about her and use your best influence to help them."

He drew himself up a little stiffly.

"I'd rather not," he said.

"I promised you would," murmured the girl.

He drew a quick breath.

"Doughlass will be very grateful," said the girl, "and so will Emily—and so will I."

He fumbled in an inner pocket and brought forth an envelope, from which he drew a letter.

"Here is my resignation, Ethel," he said. "It's my resignation as your guardian. Your father made this optional with me. If on your twentieth birthday I deemed it wise to give you full possession of your property I could do so. This was the finest birthday remembrance I could bring you—your freedom."

The girl slowly smiled.

"I don't notice that this sudden accession of liberty makes any difference in my feelings," she said. "But you meant it well, of course, and I thank you." Her clear gray eyes regarded him steadily.