DISCOURTESY TO THE CHINESE.

By Secretary of Commerce Strauss.



As the laws are framed it would appear that the purpose was rigidly to exclude persons of the Chinese race in general, and to admit only such persons of the race as fall within certain expressly stated exemptions as if, in other words, exclusion was the rule and admission the exception. I regard this feature of the present laws as unnecessary and fraught with Irritating consequences. In the administration of laws so

framed, notwithstanding the care taken to treat persons of the Chinese race lawfully entitled to admission with the some courtesy and consideration shown to other foreigners, it is impossible that persons who have to endure requirements and formalities peetling to themselves should fall to take offense and to resent as a humiliation the manner in which by law they are distinguished from natives of other countries.

Laws so framed can only be regarded as involving a discrimination on account of race, and it is needless to point out that discriminations on account of race, color, previous condition or religion are alike opposed to the principles of the republic and to the spirit of its insti-

DEATH ROLL OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

By Railroad Commissioner Wood. If I were to tell you that an earthquake had sleuken down San Francisco and killed 100 persons, if I were to read a telegram that yellow fever laid become epidemic in all Southern cities, if I should announce that war had been declared between Spain and the United States and 1,000 men killed in battle, your attention would be instantly attracted. But I am not so sure of persuading your practical interest when I present to you the solemn,

disgraceful fact of the railway death roll. During the eight years from 1897 to 1904, inclusive, there was a steady increase in the number of casualties. The total number of killed during that period was 62,213 -as if a community as large as Sait Lake City had been wiped out by a sudden and terrible catastrophe-while 451.262 were injured-as if every man, woman and child in Buffalo had been maimed or otherwise hurt.

If casualties continue to increase at the same rate for eight succeeding years, from 1905 to 1912, there will be 115,389 killed and 1,431,083 injured.

That is, at this rate there are upward of 100,000 people in the United States under sentence of death, to be executed on the railway before the close of 1912, and a larger number are doomed to be maimed or otherwise

injured than the entire population of the District of Columbia, Delaware, Montana, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada. Alaska, Idaho and the Hawalian islands.-Leslie's

UNITY OF MANKIND IS ATTAINABLE.

By Annie Besant. Intellectual, artistic, spiritual wealth increases in the sharing, each who shares adding to the store. This is the fundamental reason why progress towards peace and contentment must be towards intellectuality, artistic development and spiritual life, and not towards material splender and the vulgarity of outer estentation. These are for the undeveloped; the others for the developed. And, inasmuch as the ignorant will copy the more advanced and the lowly the highly placed, the example must be set by those who lead the social and intellectual world.

The dawn of the sixth race is yet afar in the future, and of that the keynote will be unity, not individualism; brotherhood, not combat; service, not oppression; spirit, not intellect. And the birthmark of the spirit is the longing to pour itself out in sacrifice, never asking what it can take, but only what it can give. The fundamental unity of mankind is the central truth of the coming race, and the nation which first grasps and practices that great conception will lead the future, humanity falling into line behind it. Those who see it, who teach it, may fail for the moment, but in their failure is the seed of inevitable success.

CLEVER WOMEN TO SURFASS BEAUTY.

By Marcel Prevost.

If some antiquarian of a century or two ahead should run through the pages of our present day journals he probably would conclude that we are greatly concerned with feminine beauty. In his investigations he would find many magazines and journals illustrated with pictures of the "most beautiful woman in the world." He would find that continents have been drawn into the search for the most beautiful women.

In Paris, and in all other cities which are under Parisian influence, beauty as such has ceased to be valned. Elegance, culture, rather than plastic beauty, count in present day society. A beautiful woman without other charming and elegant attributes does not count. A cultured, charming and clever woman, even if not beautiful, counts in accordance with her higher attributes. Tell a Parisian woman that she is beautiful, but that she does not know how to dress or to do up her hair, and she will bear you a grudge all her life long.

使用自由自由自由自由自由自由自由自由自由自由自由自由自由 A LEGITIMATE APPLICATION. ************

Miss Estabrook's system of philosophy is so satisfying to her that she likes to acquaint others with it. Seldom, however, does she find so ready and sympathetic an acceptance of her point of view as she encountered the other day in an adherent of a weilknown peripatetle school of philosophers. She was taking her regular four-mile-a-day exercise along a country road, when she met a tramp to whom, earlier in the day, she had given a quarter. The benevolent lady called after him:

"Just a moment, there, my man, if you please!"

The tramp paused doubtfully. "I merely wished to state that in granting your request just now I am wholly free from the common delusion that any real harm could result to you, even supposing that you are actually in want and unable, by your own conscious effort, to extricate yourself from apparent deprivation of good. knowing, as I do know, that an absolute justice, insuring the individual's welfare, reigns throughout the cosmos,"

mouthed.

The tramp stared, round-eyed, open-"Nor do I cherish any obsolete notion of myself as a 'Lady Bountiful.' My actual motive in giving the quarter should properly be classed as 'selfish.' Not having as yet quite fully overcome a foolishly sympathetic temperament I should undoubtedly-If I had not given the money-have been annoyed for some time afterward by mental picshort, I did what I did simply to make myself slightly more comfortable.

"That is all. I merely wished to explain my motive," added Miss Esta- the first image, the slide then being drawn brook; for the tramp lingered, gazing with glistening eyes at the countenance of his benefactress, where the lines, with merciless accuracy, reflected her

habitual painstakingness. "Yes, ma'am, an' I ketch on all right -now," he said, eagerly, in his eye no such absent expression as Miss Estabrook is becoming accustomed to see in the eyes of relatives and friends to whom she conscientiously expounds her philosophy. "An' I'm interested in them inside workin's o' your mind! But say, ma'am, you'd sure oughter think little mite more about them feelin's o' yourn. I bet you'd feel downright comflable all through, for oncet in yer life, of you'd jest make this quarter

a dollar. Not Certain About That.

Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various allments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influency awful had. The next thing was the rheumatiz. Since then I've had neuralgy, nervous headache. sore throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other pesky little troubles that I can't remember."

"It would be an interesting list, said her sympathizing neighbor. "Why didn't you take an inventory?"

"I'm not certain but what I did." answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever so many things. I'll try it if you think if'd belp me, but unless it's very mild I just know it won't stay on my stummick."-Youth's Companion.

Why He Was Smooth. "That convict I was talking to," said the visitor at the prison, "seems to be a smooth kind of man."

"Doubtless," replied the warden, here."-Baltimore American.

THE URCHIN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST 1908.



Small Boy (to youthful year)-Say, kid, wot you mean by puttin' all the main hollerdays at der end of the weeks, where they won't do a feller no good? 'N' with Christmas on a Friday, we won't have but one week out o' school.

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS.

Some Details of the Making of the Andes Photographs.

The Andes photographs of Mars were made with a large planetary camera which carries with it an amplifying stretched, the right palm upward to lens, says E. C. Slipher in the Century. The camera was fastened to the lower end of the large telescope of eighteeninch lens and each of the many little images shown on the plates was taken separately. The telescope was adtures of you as suffering for food. In justed so that the planet was in the enter of the camera field; then the plate holder was placed in the carrier of the planetary camera and set in position for from the plate holder. A bulb in the right hand opened the shutter of the camera, allowing the light from the planet to fall on the sensitive plate. Then a bulb in the left hand shifted the plate a quarter of an inch for the succeeding image and so on through the entire series of images taken on one plate. Sometimes the plate was arranged to shift from right to left and sometimes in a vertical direction.

Inasmuch as the photographs were made at night, virtually no light except the latter was not incapacitated by one exposure from receiving other sensitive consumed in taking the sixty images on some of the plates and eight or ten plates were exposed in one night's work. In all about 10,000 negative images were taken.

As the best "seeing" occurs in "flashes," the successive Images on the same negative may differ somewhat in wealth of finer detail; to the skilled eye all show the larger canals with remarkable clearness, though the more deficate details are lost in reproduction. Of the 10,000 separate images of the planet none is destitute of canals and in some cases as many as twenty five or thirty canals have been counted in a single image. Several of the previously observed double canals show their duality on the plates taken during the intervals of best atmospheric conditions;

The Whirling Beryishes.

Those spirits on the hunt for "sen sations" in Constantinople will wish to "take in" the dervishes. The whirling clan have a convenient convent on Charity. the Grand Rue, where their circumnav-Igations may be witnessed at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening for the ad-"You see, he was ironed when he got mission of 10 cents. This weird performance personifies the solar system or garage?-New York Sun.

and is exactly ordered in all its phases. After preliminary circuits of the ring in single file to the discordant accompaniment of flute and tambourine the robed and turbaned dervishes commence their turning. With arms outbeseech blessings, the left depressed to signify mercy bestowed, the head is bent upon the right shoulder. The rapid revolving upon the right heel is effected by employing the left toes as motive power. As the circling accelerates, the long white skirts dilate until they stand out stiff after the manner of the attenuated garment of the premiere dansense. Very little space is allotted to each priest, and it seems strange that there are no collisions. The dance ceases in an hour or so with the men exhausted,-Travel Magazine.

Ginnts Not Long Lived. Giants are not long lived, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine. "Of nearly 100 names recorded I have been able to find the ages at death of only eighteen, as fol-

lows: Lewis Wilkins28 Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant 22 The Norfolk Giant......43

> s a thing unheard of." What Dropped.

"I heard you let something drop in be kitchen, just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being

orved. "Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently .--

An Index. Knicker-What is their social stand-

Bocker-Do they call it a barn, stable

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN.

The smile of a woman-it brings back the sun When shadows drift down and the daylight is done! The smile of a woman-it lifts and it leads The heart that is heavy, the spirit that bleeds; The smile of a woman in worlds that are dight With garments of winter, wind-driven, and white, Dawns down the dark valleys and over the hills Till spring laughs again on the lips of the rids, And summer's soft morning comes back to the land With a rose in its hair and a bloom in its hand! The smile of a worban-it brings to the earth The music of mora on the red lips of mirth, The hope and the joy and the dreaming of rest Where Love holds a little one's face on his breast! -Batimore Sun.

Weekeekeekeekeekeekeek THE TRESPASSERS

cottage and stared at it in surprise. father is going is quite remote from It was a pretty cottage with a well- postoffice facilities. We knew we might kept lawn, and roses climbing on the not hear from him for several months porch, and white curtains at the win- and we haven't heard from him since dows. There was a red rug on the he left the steamer. When our money porch floor that gave a pleasing touch | was exhausted our landlord told us to of color to the pale green tint that move. Of course we didn't know where dominated the paint on porch and to go. I looked around and found this house. There were potted plants on place. It was shabby and unkempt. the porch and a hanging basket filled It had not been for rent for many with creeping things swayed from months, they told me. I went home

The young man took in all these pleasing features with a quick glance chaser could be found for it-the conand the faint lines in his forehead dition being that we put it in good suddenly deepened. Then he went up order. Of course I was a little desthe walk and ascended the porch perate. The neighbors told me they

who suddenly came around the house. The young woman wore a Mg sunbonnet and a simple frock and long

"How do you do?" she said. Her voice was very pleasant.

"I'm reasonably well, thank you," he answered as he removed his hat. "May I ask If you represent Mr.

"Yes," he replied, "I represent Mr. Griscom."

She looked past him at the door. "Would you mind sitting out here

There was a bench under the apple tree, a stout bench painted the same shade of green as the house. There was a light rocking chair near the bench. The young woman motioned the young man to the bench and took the chair herself. Then she removed her sunbonnet and laid it on the grass beside her. She was a pretty young place." even prettier with it off.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do with us?"

"Do with you?" he exclaimed.

"Let me know the worst. It's trespass, of course, but I don't think it's forcible entry because the door was unlocked. You can't make it destroying property, because there's nothing destroyed. On the contrary, the place looks 200 per cent better than it did. You must admit that,"

"It looks very attractive," he said. "That's what I think. It seems to me that in its present shape it should you a lawyer?"

"I know something about law." "Then perhaps you know whether the crime of trespass carries with it

a jail sentence or not-or is it simply a fine?" "I would have to look that up," said

frequently, you know." "Of course it doesn't make any dif ference," said the girl. "If it's a fine

suddenly stooped and picked up her sunbonnet and gently shook three predatory grasshoppers from the crown, then laid it beside him on the bench. "Perhaps it would be well to tell

me the story," he said.

she asked. "I'll have to tell it in court, of course, You may find it monotonous."

be well to hear it now." breath.

"I suppose I'd better tell my rea name. Otherwise you'd have to call me Jane Doe in the legal papers, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," he gravely answered. "It would have to be either Jane Doe or

"I am Helen Deerling. My mother is Mrs. John Deering. We are trespass ers, one of us being deliberately guilty and the other entirely innocent, Please keep this distinction in your wind. I nlone am guilty." He nodded.

"Are you aware that what fon say

"This makes an average longevity of John Deering. He has been in IIIbarely twenty-eight years, or only a health for some time and not able to third as many years as they had inch- work. He had when he left the unles. A giant living to a good old age sulting me, she loaned to an irrespon-

and fold my mother that I had found a place we could live in until a purhadn't seen Mr. Griscom, the owner, for a long, long time. I simply took my chances, hoping every day to hear good news from father." She looked at him suddenly. "That's all."

"May I ask how you live?" he pres-

ome?"

monthly at the bank in town."

"Nicely. But we can't pay the rent." "I understand."

"I can't promise you we'll move, be-

"What will you say to the owner?" "The owner?"

"Mr. Griscom." "Oh, yes, Mr. Griscom isn't-well.

That's the reason I came down in his "Lo you look after all his places?"

"To some extent." "Doesn't it harden you?"

"I hope not."

my hands,"

She held them out to him. He looked at them critically. There certainly were callouses in the little palms. "I'm afraid this would be of no

avall with Mr. Griscom," he said. "He's very near-sighted." She looked hurt.

lieve my story made very little impression on you. Rent collecting certainly has hardened your sense of sympathy."

ing I am doing here," he said. "There is nothing hardening about this." She looked at him reprovingly.

"You will leave us a notice to quit, f course?"

"How long will that give us?" "Three days." "And then?" "If you are not ont, a suit of eject-

nent will be brought against you." "Thank you. You didn't notice any desirable-looking empty houses as you ame along, dld you?"

a few lines on a slip of paper. Then he arose, "There is your notice," he said.

Read it carefully."

idewalk on a rainy day," she said.

"That will depend largely on the venther," he answered. He bowed poitely and turned away. The girl watched him until he disappeared. Then something seemed to

"He was a gentleman," she murnured. "What will be think of me? He joesn't dream that I wanted to cry all the time I was talking that non-

"Who was that man, Helen?" came

portunity to open the notice and read unobserved. This is what she read:

You will hereby take notice that I desire possession of the premises now secupled by you, to wit, the story and half cottage with a lot of land upon which it is situated, in the town of East Meredith. Your prompt compliance with this notice will prevent further legal proceedings being taken -always providing and excepting you take no action in this matter until further notification ' is personally served by the duly qualified agent of the owner of said property."

"He wants an excuse for coming again," she said and laughed again. walted until the postman went by. Four days later the young man came again. She met him with a little nod. "Not out yet?" he said in affected

"Nowhere to go," she answered, "All the empty houses seem to be filled. How is Mr. Griscom?"

"No better. He has turned this place

over to me. It will be in my charge until he gets well." "Did you tell him about the tres-

Dassers?" "Certainly not. That's my guilty

"What is your name?" she asked. "My name?" "Yes, that's not a guilty secret, too,

a 1t?" He finshed. "My name is Arthur Evans."

"Well, Mr. Arthur Evans, will you accept a seat on our porch-I mean your porch-or rather, Mr. Griscom's perch?"

"Thank you. It will give me pleasnre."

"But don't let any false hopes buoy you up," said the girl. "We have heard nothing from father."

So the young agent became a regular visitor at the home of the Deerings. He came professedly to see if the premises were in order, really to see Helen. And still no letter same from the ab sent father. She had warned the young man that

them. He had laughed and said there was no risk. The house was not suffering from their occupancy. It was only a case of non-payment of rent. Then one day she met him at te

he might get into trouble in protecting

Then oneday she met him at the gate. He saw that her usually good spirits were depressed. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"We had a letter from father this morning. It is very discouraging. He sn't coming home for some time. And he says nothing about money." He looked away across the pretty

garden. "I think it is time for you to move." "VOR."

"Don't think I'm a brute. I-I have nother house in view for you." "But you know our circumstances. We can't go into another house as we have come into this one. You-you



THEY PAUSED WHERE A VIEW COULD BY SECURED OF THE VALLEY.

have been very kind, but you have no right to burden yourself with our trou-

"Wait," he said. "Te house I refer tried to improve the place. Look at to can be occupied by you on one condition. I am empowered to make the arrangements. You would only have

to deal with me." "But the owner?"

"The owner is a little eccentric. Come, I think I can point out the house to you." She followed him, wondering. He was not quite like himself, this rent collector. They went down the roadway a short distance and paused where a view could be secured of the valley in which lay the town, and of the hills beyond that formed the back-

ground. "The air is hazy," he said, "but can't you see across there on the west hill the house with the tall white pillars?" "Why, yes," she answered; "that is

the beautiful Everett home. Is the house near there?" "Yes," he answered, "very near." He looked around with a sudden smile.

"You will be surprised to learn that the house you now occupy is a part of the Everett estate." "Why, I thought Mr. Griscom-"Griscom is merely the agent."

"Come," he said, "let us go back to the porch. It is beginning to rain. This is a very sudden shower." The drops were falling fast when they reached the house. There they found a boy awaiting their coming.

He had a wellow envelope in his hand. "A telegram," said the girl, "From father." It was not until the boy had hurried away that she had the courage to open

the envelope. Then she handed the message to the man. He read aloud:

"Mine worthless. Scheme a swindle. Am coming home. J. D." The girl was looking up at the coming storm. There were tears in her

the man. "Where is your mother?" "At a neighbor's. They'll take good care of her." A sudden boom of thunder came ecross the valley. The rain fell faster.

"There is only one thing I fear," said the girl. "It is lightning." And then a white glare filled the room and a terrific crash seemed to

rive the roof above them. "Arthur!" screamed the girl, and flung herself against the man and plllowed her head on his breast. He held her close and soothed her

with gentle words. And then she suddenly drew away from him and burst into tears, and her pale face reddened with shame,

"Oh, oh," she said, "what have lone?"

He laughed joyously. "You have saved me that difficult ask of asking you to be my wife," he cried. "And now you can move into that new home without delay." She looked at him through a mist of

ears. The sky was clearing. The thunder faintly muttered in the dis-"Would you take advantage of my

silly terror?" she asked him. "Yes, yes," he answered. "And you will marry the rent collector."

"Yes," she murmured. Then her manner suddenly returned. "Anything to avoid paying the rent," she laugh

ed hysterically. "Well, he said, "the first thing for the rent collector to do is to eject you from this house. Then you will have to move into the house he pointed out before that blessed storm came up.

The house with the white pillars." "The Everett house?" He laughed merrily.

"Yes," he answered. "The rent will be the same."

She stared at him dumbly. She could not comprehend. "I haven't been guite frank with

you," he said. "I told you my name was Arthur Evans. That's true as far as it goes. But it is also Everett-Arthur Evans Everett, If you want the whole mouthful. And the Everett house-and some other things-happen to be mine."

He strode to the window and pushed up the shade. A patch of blue sky showed above the western hills. A ray of sunshine touched the girl's brown hair .- W. F. Rose, in Cleveland Plain. Dealer.

WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Know Their Rights and Insist on

Having Them. sat at a formal dinner in the city of Osaka, Japan, not long since I asked a Japanese gentleman beside me -a highly educated and polished man of the world, who is adviser to the Chinese government-if, with the great advancement in Japan in so many respects, the status of woman is advancing, says Henry George, Jr., in The

Circle. "Which woman?" he asked. "The laboring woman? Yes. The woman bred abroad or of necessity part of the diplomatic world? Yes, And it is to be doubted if their advancement to the state of woman in Europe and America will add to their attractiveness or their happiness, since conditions here are and must be so different. As for the women of the domestic circle-the wife, the mother, the sister, the daughter in the great middle class of Japan -her status is not changing. Nor should it. Any change that will bring her out of domestic retirement will expose her in a field for which nature unfits her. The wife is the home minister, with full jurisdiction in the home circle. Her husband is premier. He. besides, attends to all things outside the household. This is as it should be, for in this way there is, and only in this way can there be, perfect domestic happiness."

At another time I sat at luncheon with a fascinating Japanese lady of high standing in Tokyo. She had gradnated from Vassar College, of which New Yorkers are so proud-I shall not say how many years ago. Suffice It that she possessed the ease of speech and frankness of manner of an American girl. I repeated to her the substance of the Osaka gentleman's statement and asked her opinion.

"Bosh!" she exclaimed, with smiling vivacity. "We Japanese women are coming to know our rights and the men are afraid of us."

Here are two viewpoints or, rather, two attitudes-that of a conservative man and that of a radical or progressive woman. Which is right may at first puzzle the newcomer to determine, But we reach clear ground when we study the pew Japanese code, which certainly indicates a very decided advance for woman.

KING OF THE MOSCOES.

His Power in Keeping White Men Off Part of Caribbean Coast. Dr. L. E. Flansgan, a former citizen of Charlottesville, Va., but who has for the last five years been living at Cape Gracia, an important town on the east coast of Nicaragua, is at the Belvedere. The doctor is a friend of Gen. Zelaya, President of the republic of Nicaragua, and has been benered by him with several important effices, according to

the Baltimore American.

"There is probably no richer coun try in the world than Nicaragua," said Dr. Flanagan. "It is, however, almost in a virgin state, as there has be'n scarcely any development of its great resources. President Zelaya, the able and energetic chief executive, is giving the country a most excellent administration and enjoys the absolute confidence of the people. The natives of the Mosquito coast, as my section is called, are known as Mosco, or Sambo Indians, and are a queer mixture of Indian, negre and Caucasian elements, with the native Indian type predominating, though most of them show their strain of African blood by a kink iness of the hair, while others are fairhaired and light of skin, as a remainder of Scotch buccaneer progenitors. Not one in fifty of these Sambos ever slept in a bed and not more than one in five ever handled a piece of money. The older members of the family sleep in hammocks woven from the fibers of the hennequin or the banana stalk. while the juveniles curl up on the "We are in for a lively blow," said floor. They are about as near to nature as any people under the sun, for nature supplies them with everything necessary to sustain life.

"These Sambos are nominally under the Nicaragua government, it is true, but they pay direct allegiance to a king, a monarch of their own tribe. His authority extends over many vallages and settlements, embracing a coast line of 150 miles, and he is by no means a figurehead, for in periodical revolutions he often holds the balance of power and dictates terms to the contending leaders. The Mosquito coast is the most backward, commercially and industrially, of all the regions bordering on the Caribbean, and for this the Sambo king is directly responsible. He is shrewd enough to know that wherever the white man gets a footing the native soon vanishes, and therefore has he refused the granting of copeessions for the exploitation of the valuable forests of his kingdom, nor will be allow his subjects to sell their lands. Thus this wily Indian ruler, who can't write his name, has managed to hold his territory in its primal state against the avaricious schemes of the white men. His people obey him unquestioningly and the general government is content to let him alone.

eeeeeeeee The young man paused before the | sible relative. The place where my

above. But before he could ring the bell he

was confronted by a young woman gloves and she carried a pair of shears.

Griscom?"

under the apple tree?" "Why, no," he answered,

woman with her sunbonnet on, and

She nodded.

sell for quite a little more than it would in its former condition. Are

the young man. "The laws change

I couldn't pay it-so it will be imprisonment either way." The young man, who had been looking at the girl in a somewhat surprised and altogether admiring way,

"Do you think you care to hear It?

"At the same time I think it would She nodded and drew a quick

"I don't like either name," she said.

may be used against you?" "Yes. And I realize, too, that I am acting without advice of countel. But now for my story. My father is Prof. versity several thousands of dollars. Most of this he put into an Alaska mining scheme, by the advice of a friend. There were others who invested at the same time, and when returns failed to come they held a meeting and decided to send my father to the min-Ing district to Investigate. When my father started for the far Nerthwest my mother and I moved into this suburb because it was cheaper. We had a small house about a mile from here. My father left with my mother five hundred dollars for current expenses. Four hundred of this, without con-

ently inquired. "You haven't any designs on our in

"No. no." "It amounts to just twenty dollars a month. It comes from my grandmother Stark. She was a great-granddaughter of General Stark, of Bennington. She invested a sum of money in bonds for me and I draw interest "And can you live on that?"

muse we have nowhere to go." "I understand that, too."

"They say he owns half the town. But that wouldn't prevent him from missing even so small a cottage as bles." this, I wish you'd tell him that I have

"Do you know," she said, "that I be-

"You can't mean the sort of collect-

"I will leave you a notice," he said.

"No," he answered. He scribbled

The girl looked at him with a little unfle. "I hope you won't set us out on the

ise in her throat. She half sobbed.

voice from the porch. "Somebody to look at the house, mother." A little later the girl found the op-

"Jane Doe, alias Helen Deering-

And beneath this somewhat remarkable legal document was the signature: "PETER GRISCOM, by A. E." The girl laughed hysterically,

tance. Then she went down to the gate and