

VILLAINS IN OTHER LANDS.

Games Played to Separate People from Their Money.

"Don't get it into your mind that all the cunning humbug games played on credulous people to separate them from their bank rolls, are engineered by sharpers of the Anglo-Saxon race," said Mr. George L. Maroney, a New Orleans lawyer.

"Just to the south of us, in the sister republic across the Rio Grande, as smooth specimens of the swindling tribe are to be found as anywhere else. I have myself been done in a small way in the City of Mexico by having purchased birds of the most gorgeous coloring, only to discover later that the vendor had neatly assisted nature by using a paint brush to enhance the splendor of his feathered stock. That is the reason you will see a Mexican bird peddler during a rain take off his coat and cover his legs, preferring to take a wetting himself to having the paint washed off the birds. They even apply paint to the flowers they sell to admiring strangers.

"There are also big scamps down there who operate on a scale of magnitude, as a certain New Orleans capitalist can testify. About a year ago this New Orleans man was approached by a very serene, elegantly dressed and fine-looking Mexican who bore good letters of introduction. In eloquent tones the visitor told of a large tract of land in the State of Coahuila that could be bought for one-fourth its real value. It would be worth some day not less than \$1,000,000 and could now be had for the beggarly amount of \$200,000. All this and much more, and as an evidence of good faith, the New Orleans man was asked to go in person to see the property.

"He listened and listening fell. To be brief, he went, saw the tract, which was finer and bigger than many a principality, and considered it dirt cheap at the price asked. The seller only asked \$25,000 cash and this the other party put up in association with a couple of friends, who were let in on the good thing. It was the grandest speculation of their lives.

"To-day three sorrowing and revengeful New Orleans men are hunting the world over for a wily greaser, tawny of skin and fluent of speech, who, in the absence of the real owner in Europe, sold them one of the richest estates in the land of the Montezumas. The titles, which he delivered to them, as they subsequently found, were forgeries that called for some barren mountainous sections that wouldn't bring 5 cents an acre."—Baltimore American.

HOW TO STILL THE NERVES.

They May Be Calmed by Silence, Solitude and Sleep, Says One Writer.

In an article on "Nerves" published in Harper's Bazaar the story is told of one of our noted scientists who went to Dresden to consult the famous specialist for broken-down nerves. On hearing his symptoms the great physician said indifferently:

"Ach so? It is probable that you have—yes, all the gelehrent (learned) have neurasthenia naturally." The remedy suggested was "Play golf and go to Egypt."

Silence, solitude and sleep are the sovereign remedies suggested for jagged nerves. Slight daily doses of the three "S's" it is claimed, will prevent a nervous breakdown and may be obtained by even the most busy people. But "all the learned have neurasthenia" is at once a warning and a consolation to the brain worker: to "drive the machine" with skill and care is the problem of the successful American.

The writer of this article urges that we ought to thank God that we belong to the most nervous, restless, all pervading race the world has seen since the days of Julius Caesar. It is our "nerves" that make us what we are.

Insomnia and Alarm Clocks.

The patient complained of insomnia. "You must get an alarm clock at once," said the physician. The patient stared.

"I mean it. What time do you waken usually in the night?" "Two o'clock lately."

"Set the alarm for fifteen minutes before 2. As soon as it strikes, get up, dress for the day and take a walk of not less than two miles. Do not go to bed again that day under any circumstances, nor take a nap, even sitting in your chair.

"The next night set the alarm at a quarter past 2. You will sleep until it wakens you. Get up as before and take another two mile walk.

"The third night you can venture to set your alarm at 3. Repeat the walk. If you are not cured by that time, you will be a more difficult case than any I have had heretofore, but if the habit of lying awake is not broken begin back at 2 o'clock again and repeat."—New York Press.

Very Careful.

Consider now the humble hen, Whom oft we spurn, She doesn't act like many men, As you shall learn.

No pardon does she have to beg For guesses made, She never prophesies an egg Until it's laid, —Washington Herald.

The Fierceness of Debate.

Campaign Adviser—You think your next speech will make an impression? Candidate—I do.

Campaign Adviser—Have you any new arguments to place before your opponent? Candidate—No; but I have a lot of new names to call him.

Another Authority.

Mr. Howe—I suppose you have studied all the authorities on social and economic questions? Mr. Wise—Not quite all. My daughter's graduation essay is not out yet.—Life.

And Father?

"Yes, children," said the nurse, "the stork has brought you each a little brother." "Oh, good!" cried they, and ceased their play.

"Do let's all run and tell poor mother." —Smart Set.

Beware of the man who is always boasting of his family tree. It's a chestnut.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Papa, dear, you will not go into the study to-night," observed Mabel, in a coaxing tone, as Mr. Merle looked at the door, as though he intended to follow Poppie's example; "please come with us into the drawing room, and I will make you so comfortable."

"Very well," was his good-humored answer, as he got up a little wearily from his chair.

Alison waited a moment before she followed them.

"Are you not coming, too?" she asked, as Roger threw himself down on an easy chair.

"Rudel has got to do his lessons. Missie never admits him into the drawing room of an evening. She says it is not the room for boys. I generally keep Rudel company or go out and amuse myself."

"But not to-night, dear," she returned, gently, and got up at once.

"I have looked up rather wistfully. I have almost a mind to come, too," he muttered, but as Roger said, hastily, "Better not, Rue, we don't want any rows to-night, Alison is tired," he remained.

Alison threw a critical glance around the room as she entered it. No changes had been effected since she had last entered it.

Miss Leigh sat bolt upright by the big round table, with her work-basket and a pile of the boys' socks. Mr. Merle had a little table and a reading lamp to himself, and Missie sat on a stool at his feet with a novel on her lap. Alison guessed at once that this was their ordinary position.

"Oh, is that you, Roger? You don't often come with your company of an evening," observed Missie, with a toss of her pretty head. "This is a compliment to you, Alison, I suppose?"

"We ought to put our books away to-night," said Mr. Merle, observing himself reluctantly, and making Alison feel as if he were treating her like a visitor.

"Mabel, my dear, suppose you give us one of your little songs?"

"No, indeed, papa," returned Alison, eagerly, "I hope you will go on just the same as though I were not here. Of course I should like to hear Mabel sing, but not if it disturbs you."

"Oh, I always sing to papa of an evening," replied Missie, walking to the piano with much dignity. "Roger, I think you might offer to light those candles for me, but you boys have no idea of waiting upon ladies. You will find them dreadfully rough, Alison."

"On the contrary, I am rather fond of waiting upon ladies," was Roger's nonchalant answer, laying a peculiar stress on the last word that brought an angry flush to Missie's face. "I always wait on you, do you not, Miss Leigh?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Roger, I always say you are so kind and thoughtful."

Missie struck a chord sharply. "If you will be good enough to leave off talking I will commence my song," she said, and retired, she began the prelude of a German song.

Alison listened with much pleasure. Among her other natural gifts, Missie certainly possessed a very good voice, and it had been evidently well trained. Her notes were clear and sweet, and if she could only have got rid of a certain affectation in her style, Alison could have praised her still more warmly.

As it was her admiration so sincere, Missie began to thaw for the first time. "I suppose you sing?" she said, a little blantly.

"Not much. I certainly can not compare my voice to yours, was the modest reply, "but I am fond of instrumental music, and play a good deal."

"Then you will be able to play my accompaniments," returned Mabel, brightening still more. "Will you take my place, Alison? Papa will like to hear you, I am sure."

"Not to-night," returned Alison, feeling as though she were not capable of any further effort. "I am rather tired, and if papa would excuse me I think I should like to go to bed."

"By all means, my love," observed Mr. Merle, looking up from his book. "Pussie, dear, I hope everything is comfortable for your sister. Never mind singing to me to-night, if there is anything you can do to help Alison."

"I will come with you and see," returned Missie, a little ungraciously, and though Alison would rather have dispensed with her company, she thought it better to "police" to accept this faint offer of help.

On the landing Missie stopped, and said, rather awkwardly, "I hope you don't mind about the change of rooms, Alison, but as you do not live at home, I thought I could please myself."

"I suppose I have come home to live now," returned her sister, wearily; "but if you do not want to give up, Mabel, I will try to be content with my present one. I only want things to be comfortable, and to do my best for you all."

"Oh, as to that, we have got along very well," returned Mabel, hastily; "you need not put yourself out on our account. As papa says, I am grown up now—nearly seventeen—and able to take care of myself and other people, too. I hope you are not going in to see Poppie; I think it a pity waking up the child, and she is so excitable."

"I shall not wake her, but I promised to go and see her," returned Alison, with gentle firmness, as she bade Missie good-night. Missie need not have troubled herself about her little sister's wakefulness. Poppie was sitting bolt upright in the darkness, waiting for Alison.

"Now for a good cuddle and a talk," she said, stretching out her arms to Alison; "you are a nice old thing to keep your promise." And as Alison sat down on the little bed she forgot her weariness, as Poppie laid her warm cheek against hers, and called her dear, nice Allie.

CHAPTER VI.

Alison was too tired to lie awake a moment after her head touched the pillow, and she woke so late the next morning that breakfast was already over, and Miss Leigh sent up a message by Poppie, begging her to lie still and rest herself, as her father and Roger had already gone to the mill, and she would send her up some breakfast.

"Aunt Diana would call this a bad beginning," thought Alison. Nevertheless, as her head still ached, she yielded to the temptation. The sun was shining into her room, making her feel hot and restless, and she heaved Poppie to lower the blind, so that the huge crane might not fret her eyes by its hideous ugliness. If she could only have shut out, too, its incessant whir and grind! But that was

impossible. As she drank her tea she looked round the shabby room with a strange sinking of heart and spirits. "I wish I were ever morning to this," she thought, "unless I make an enemy of Missie from the beginning by forcing her to resign my room. Will it not be better to endure any amount of discomfort than to do that? I will ask Aunt Diana what I shall do about it. No, no," recalling herself, "I must act now on my own responsibility. Aunt Diana will think me a poor, helpless sort of a thing if I always wait her as a moral crutch to support me."

And with this wise resolution, Alison dressed herself quickly and finished her unpacking, after which she unlocked herself in the deserted dining room and wrote her first letter to Mabel.

A sweet, little letter it was. Alison touched very little on her own feelings; she did not even speak of her changed room. Somehow, she had a notion that it would vex Aunt Diana. She talked of Roger's warm welcome and Miss Leigh's kindness, and tried to make Aunt Di interested in Rudel's and Poppie's droll ways. Missie she barely mentioned, except to say how pretty she had grown and how she sang, and then went on to speak of her father's changed looks. A great many loving messages, a few long expressions for Aunt Di herself, completed the letter.

The early luncheon hour brought all the family together, but Alison's sense of orderliness and propriety was shocked by Rudel's rough appearance. He came in straight from school with unbrushed hair and unwashed face, and sat down at the table, until Missie's loudly uttered injunctions, and at last his father's curt command to make himself presentable before he ate his dinner, obliged him to leave the room grumbling; and his return a few minutes later led to a most undignified scene of recrimination between him and Missie, carried on below their breaths with the utmost bitterness, with Poppie listening with both her ears, in spite of Miss Leigh's gentle reminders to go on with her dinner.

But this was not the only source of discomfort to Alison; her father was evidently in one of his gloomiest humors; something had evidently gone wrong at the mills, and, as usual, Roger was bearing the brunt of the annoyance. Alison's heart was sick with every glance she cast at the angry words that were launched at his unlucky head; in her own mind she was secretly marveling at Roger's patience.

Alison—who was on the verge of tears with suppressed pity, and longing to speak a word in his defense—was moved almost to anger by the unconcern on Missie's face. Evidently she was too used to hear Roger's faults with every occasion to take any notice of it. She had finished her contest with Rudel, and now sat with her usual self-satisfied look, playing with her rings and humming a little French air to herself.

"Papa, dear," she said, at last, placidly, "do let those stupid sawmills alone; you are only exciting yourself and making yourself ill. Come out into the garden with me, and let me see your new and shady tree." And as Mr. Merle did not at once answer this appeal, she came round to him and touched his arm.

"Come, papa," she repeated still more placidly; "you have scolded Roger enough, and it only puts you out. Come with me; I want you."

And actually Mr. Merle suffered himself to be coaxed out of the room, and in a few minutes Alison saw them sitting together under the lime trees, with Poppie playing on the lawn.

Alison turned round to seek Roger, but he had left the room, and Rudel had followed him; only Miss Leigh was looking up the cellars, and jingling her key basket.

"What does this mean?" faltered Alison. "Why does papa speak to Roger in this way? It is not right, is it?"

"Come with me into the school room," was Miss Leigh's sensible answer to this; "as Sarah will be in directly to clear the luncheon, and we can not talk before her. I must speak to you, Alison; I must indeed, and lead you to the old room Alison remembered so well, she closed the door in her quick, nervous fashion, and begged Alison to take the only easy chair that the room boasted. "No, indeed," returned Alison, quickly; "Poppie's little stool will do for me. What does it matter where I sit, or whether one is comfortable or not?" she continued, impatiently, as Miss Leigh stood hesitating. "Please re-entire yourself in that big chair, for you look quite fagged and tired, and I have had a nice rest."

"I think I am nearly always tired," returned Miss Leigh, plaintively. "Is it not dreadful, Alison—about poor Mr. Roger, I mean? If it were not for my poor blind mother, whom I pretty nearly support, I should not care to be blind. I could endure this much longer. My dear," with the tears starting to her gentle eyes, "when one gets to my age one values peace and kind words above everything, and that is just what one can not get at The Holms."

"Do you mean that this sort of thing goes on daily?" exclaimed Alison, turning her eyes from her mother's face to the old room Alison remembered so well, she closed the door in her quick, nervous fashion, and begged Alison to take the only easy chair that the room boasted. "No, indeed," returned Alison, quickly; "Poppie's little stool will do for me. What does it matter where I sit, or whether one is comfortable or not?" she continued, impatiently, as Miss Leigh stood hesitating. "Please re-entire yourself in that big chair, for you look quite fagged and tired, and I have had a nice rest."

"Well, my dear, one must not exaggerate. Things are not always going wrong at the mills, of course; and sometimes we can eat our meals in peace; but your poor dear father—no hardly likes to blame him on his own child—in a very old-fashioned way, Mr. Roger seems to me as though nothing Mr. Roger can do pleases your father, and as if Mabel can do no wrong in his eyes. You can see for yourself, Alison, the influence she has over him."

"Yes, I see; but I can not understand it. When I was last at home Missie was only a child, and yet, though she is not seventeen and ought to be in the school room and under your care, she seems completely mistress."

"She is never in the school room now," returned Miss Leigh, leaning back wearily in the armchair. "Sometimes she comes in to interfere with my arrangements. But she has coaxed your father into giving her French and singing lessons with her friends, the Hardwicks, and for months she has refused to open even a history; and yet you have no idea how ignorant she is. Nothing but mischief has resulted from her intimacy with Eva Hardwick. I have spoken to your father over and over again about it, but he listens to Mabel's version of her friend's character, and the only other day he told me I must be mistaken, for Eva was a bright, high-spirited girl, and it was all nonsense what Mr. Roger and I said about her."

"Roger dislikes her, then?"

"Oh, yes; he never speaks to her if he can help it. She is a fine-looking girl, older than Mabel, but vain and empty-headed, thinking of nothing but balls and flirtations; and you know how dangerous a friend of that sort is to a girl of Mabel's age. To do Mabel justice, she was not half so vain and fond of dress and finer things as she used to be when she was a child. They have completely ruined her head, and worst of all, Eva has taken a dislike to Roger because he refuses to pay her any attention and laughs

at all their nonsense; and that sets Mabel against her brother. Mabel always had a temper of her own," went on Miss Leigh, forcing a sort of relief in pouring out her feelings into Alison's ear, "but she was never so aggravating as she is now. You see, my dear, if a girl does not hold her own home as sacred, if she chooses a giddy young companion for her confidante, and retails to her all that passes in her own household, finding fault with her own people, and listening to her friend's estimate of them, she may end as Mabel does, in thinking her brothers rough and unmanly, and Poppie a disagreeable little girl."

"Do you mean Missie is so dishonorable as to repeat to Miss Hardwick all that passes at The Holms?" asked Alison, indignantly.

"They do not think it dishonorable," returned Miss Leigh, with a quiet good sense which Alison had never credited her. "You see, Mabel calls Eva her bosom friend, and refuses to have any secrets from her. If Eva comes this afternoon, all that passed at the luncheon table between your father and Mr. Roger will be related, as a matter of course."

"Even if Mabel were disposed to be reticent for once, Eva, who is of an inquisitive nature, and who completely dominates her, would soon worm the whole thing from her. She has a grudge against Mr. Roger, and nothing would please her more than to hear of this humiliation. I have reason to know, Alison, that it is by Eva's advice that Mabel intends to keep your room. I have heard her say many times that, of course, as your home is with Miss Carrington, you have resigned your privilege here as the eldest daughter, and that there is no need for Mabel to knock under completely. Those were her very words."

Alison looked grave. "Is Miss Hardwick often here?" she asked at last.

"They are together every day, either here or at Broadlands—the Hardwicks' house. But as your father objects to strangers, or, indeed, to visitors of any kind, Eva very rarely spends the evenings here. They were practicing in the drawing room this morning, and afterward they went out together. There is another sister, Anna, a nice little thing, rather pale and delicate looking, but they both snub her. I suppose that makes Mr. Roger kind to her when she comes, for her sister certainly snubs her, and Mr. Roger always stands up for every one but himself."

"It seems odd, my saying all this to you, Alison," observed Miss Leigh, after a pause; "for you are young yourself; but you were never flighty and easily led, as Mabel is. I believe she has her good points; she is really very much attached to your father, and will leave Eva sometimes, if he wants her; and in her own way she is fond of Poppie, though she tyrannizes over her. There! Poppie is crying as usual; that is generally the end when she is long with Mabel. I suppose, by that, your father has gone back to the mill. I had better go to her, Alison, if you will excuse me."

Alison had plenty of food for meditation when she was left alone; a very different problem was before her to solve. How was she to gain an influence over her faulty young sister?

(To be continued.)

THE BADGE OF TRUST.

Return of a Parloined Article Is Repaid by Evidence of Faith.

"I can't find it anywhere!" said Beulah Lane, disconsolately. "I believe I would rather have parted with anything I have than that little fraternity badge of father's—the one piece of jewelry he ever cared about wearing. You know how it was always pinned on his waistcoat, and it has seemed a part of father to me ever since I was a tiny girl, and now it's lost. Her eyes overflowed as the vision of her dearly loved father came to her mind. "I'm afraid I'm not very brave to-day. Forgive me, mother," she said, brushing away the tears.

"It's hard to be brave all the time, dear," answered Mrs. Lane, with the sweet security that always touched Beulah, whose tempestuous grief was so different from the gentle resignation of her mother's deep sorrow.

A few minutes after this conversation Beulah, writing at her desk, was interrupted by the little colored maid, who had recently come to assist in the household work.

"Miss Beulah," she said, timidly, "I'm mighty sorry you-all be grievin' for this little broostpin. I thought 'twan't no 'count till I done hear you cryin' 'bout it."

"She laid the badge on the desk. "Why, Susie!" exclaimed Beulah. "How could you take it?"

"I reckon I's been tempted, Miss Beulah. You done hab so many pretty pins 'bout your neck, I kind of thought you'd nether miss jes' one, and I picked out the ole-lookin' pin, 'cause I thought 'twan't no 'count. Dem little bits of jewels is all turned yellow and gray like."

"The pin's very old, but it's precious to me, Susie. It belonged to my dear, dead father."

"Yes, I know. I done hear yo' tell yo' mammy, and I said to myself, 'I'll gib dat pin back to Miss Beulah, though she nether trust me 'gain.'"

For a moment Beulah did not answer the anxiously questioning note in Susie's voice; then she said, with sudden decision, "I shall trust you, for it was courageous of you to return my pin. It was wrong of me to leave so many trinkets about, for I am a girl myself, and I know how all girls like pretty ornaments. This pin is a badge of a sacrament. This pin is a badge of a sacrament, and all those to whom it is given are believed to give you one of my pins I'm going to give you one of my pins for a badge to remind you that I think you're true and worthy of trust. I want you to wear it all the time and remember that I believe in you."

Susie's eyes widened with happy astonishment as Beulah selected from the brooches on her dressing-table a cretlet of tiny turquoises. "Blue stands for truth, Susie," she said, as she fastened it at the girl's collar.

"O Miss Beulah," said Susie, with a break in her voice, "you done been pow'ful good to me, and I's goin' to deserve the badge, 'deed I is, miss."

"I know you are," responded Beulah; and her trust was not betrayed, for Susie's long service to her beloved Miss Beulah was marked by a sturdy honest devotion.—Youth's Companion.

The deepening and lengthening of the Antisquum River have made an island out of Cape Cod.

Figures seem to show that we are dying younger.

THE GLORY OF WORK.

There the workman saw his labor taking form and bearing fruit, Like a tree with splendid branches rising from an humble root.

Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes and towers, Felix cried in exultation: "All the mighty work is ours."

"Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore, Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsmen at the oar,

"Heaving wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod— All the busy ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,

"March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare, Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer."

—Henry Van Dyke.

JIM'S SISTER

CHAPTER I.

The doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient—a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving. It was a private "contagious" ward; a room that was always like a ship's deck, stripped for action, with its metal bed of white enamel, its metal table and its gray green wall, decorated only with "colored supplement" prints because these could be changed frequently and burned easily. It was a room of dim light and a tempered shadow—one of those bare hospital rooms where you feel that the flame of life, though it burns low, burns without a flicker, being protected and watched in its feebleness with no sentiment of love, but with the skilled care and the cool eye of unimpassioned science.

The nurse sat at the bedside, her hands folded in her lap, like a nun at meditation. There was something nun-like in her face, in her placidity beside such suffering, in the almost melancholy sweetness of the face of a woman who had looked many times on death alone at midnight and who had lived for a long year in the constant companionship of pain.

But, indeed, the expression belied her. She was watching her patient for the signs of a hemorrhage, listening intently to his breathing, with the subconscious alertness of the engineer who will sit musing with an eye on the steam gauge and an ear strained for the slightest change of note in the regular swing and cadence of the machinery. The poor fellow in the bed tossed and muttered fretfully. She soothed him with her voice—with a murmur of "Yes, yes. Go to sleep, then. Go to sleep," as if she were talking to a child. There was no sign of nervousness or anxiety about her. Only once, when she rose to take his pulse, she stood a moment to smooth down the stiff gingham of her uniform with a slow palm in an endeavor to loosen the starch in it so that it would not rustle. The patient was making a dry clutching in his mouth. She took a piece of ice from a bowl among the medicine bottles and glasses on the table and put it under his tongue. He sighed a breath of grateful weakness.

She stood looking down at him, smiling with a motherly pity. His eyes were closed.

He has been a self-willed in his illness as a spoiled child. He had been almost convalescent when, against all warning—while the day nurse was chatting with the doctor outside the door—he had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now, struggling against death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him—or a sweetheart—who had been sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand.

Another she was not aware of it he had changed for her; from being a "case" he became a human being with a claim of interest on her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interests, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way, futilely! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled, panting, through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate. Another time he had been writing on an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father drowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—as soon as she was graduated from the hospital—she would be not only self-supporting but an aid to the others. There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip.

The muttering run and babble of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile that seemed almost rational. It was only momentary; he called her "Auntie," and began a childish prattle.

"I'm not sleepy," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, auntie," and tried to raise his head from the pillow.

She took her cue from him. "Yes you are," she cooed. "Go sleepy. Auntie'll tuck you in."

She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and smoothing them down.

"Night-night," he said contentedly. "Kiss me good-night."

She touched his forehead with her finger tips.

"Sh," she said, and bent down to him. The line screen at the foot of the bed, hid her from anyone who might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered.

He looked at her with childish smile putting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pursed mouth of perplexity.

She turned her back on him from the window.

"Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say. "Do you know," he said, "I've been puzzling over it ever since. It was just before I fell asleep and woke up to my senses again. At first I thought it was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, your names are the same. Was Jim Blawie a relative of yours?" He was drowned—

"She turned on him with a cry of 'Jim—Jim was my—my dearest brother.'"

"Good Lord," he gasped, and tried to rise. He sank back weakly in his chair and sat there staring at her. "What a chump I am," he said at last. "So you're little Marjorie." He remembered Jim's picture of her in his den, "How proud he was of you." The thought of her position there came to him in a shameful contrast. "What a brute I've been," he said, "and you wait on me hand and foot like that. What a brute, Jim's sister."

Her back was to him. She stood looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach, and he took it.

"Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—?" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand—"forgive me? Could you?" It was his old teasing tone with a new note of seriousness in it. She tried to free her fingers. "Take care now," he warned. "The doctor said I was to be humored."

She laughed and that weakened her defenses. He caught her other hand. "You're a brick, Marjorie," he said. "Let me go," she said, sobbing. "I—I want to wipe my eyes, you silly."

Her tone was itself a surrender. He lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.—Pennsylvania Brit.

JOHN DREW NEXT TO A SCRAP.

Broadway Street Car Episode Called Forth the Actor's Protest.