

7. Ripport Morgan's \$10,230 Bible contains no more religion than the plain \$1.25 edition.

London is to have a theater in memory of Shakespeare. All theaters are memorials of Shakespeare.

It is significant that no coal dealers or ice men have joined the Cleveland movement to live as Christ would.

There are now 250,000 words in the English language, hence it is strange it takes the ladies so long to say goodbye to one another?

A California woman has been given a divorce because her husband never spoke to her. Probably he never had a fair chance.

Ten years for counterfeiting a \$5 bill is two years for each dollar. It is lucky for the crook that he did not dabble in bad treaties.

A man is charged with stealing an ottoman cap on a train, which will, of course, induce every bright wit to point out that he offer reform.

A college professor thinks Americans of the future will have black eyes. If the habit of calling one another liars isn't stopped he may be right.

A New York woman demands \$50,000 for the loss of her husband's affection. It seems to us that this is bulling the New York love market.

If man really is descended from the hog we expect some fiendish misanthrope to take up the stockyards cry that "There's nothing lost but the squeal."

Prof. Percival Lowell has discovered water vapor on Mars. Many Americans whose wells were dry last summer and are staying dry under the snow will envy the Martians.

Forty magazines of general interest describe themselves as "total abstainers" as far as their advertising pages go. The dryness, fortunately, does not extend to the rest of the contents.

The United States is taking on a few governors these days who try to make themselves believe they are presidential size. They will know more about it when they have governed a while.

The naval board of construction has prepared plans for three 26,000-ton battleships. Ten years ago 12,000-ton battleships were considered enormous. What nation will be the first to launch the 50,000-ton floating fort?

It is explained that grand opera cannot be made to pay because the grand opera singers insist on having salaries that are too high. A sad feature of the case lies in the fact that the pauper grand opera singer of Europe demand even higher salaries than our native singers are able to draw.

On December 21 the exact moment when the sun turned north in its course was flashed over the wires from the United States Naval Observatory in Washington to all telegraph points in Alaska. Summer is so short in the far north that it doubtless comforts the people there to know that it is "comin' in" the moment the solar tide sets in their favor.

Perhaps there would be fewer assassinations if there were a stronger probability that a murderer would be hanged. It might even be sufficient to make a long term in the penitentiary sure. Whatever may be said about the death penalty, the certainty of severe punishment would probably discourage the taking of human life. At any rate, it would be worth while to make a thorough test of this.

Professor Ferrero, the Italian historian, who has been giving lectures in Boston, says that America is a true heir of the Roman Republic than any European nation; that Rome taught the world the principles of commonwealth on a large scale, which only the United States is vast enough to realize. Dr. Ferrero is vast pessimistic enough to press the parallel to uncomfortable conclusions, but he sees in our imperialism, our wealth and our power some resemblance to a grandeur that declined, although it never died.

For a number of years an effort has been made from time to time to increase the President's salary from \$50,000 to \$100,000. The salary has stood at its present figure since the '70s, and the generation that has passed has, as every one knows, witnessed such a change in the requirements for living that old incomes will no longer suffice. In official station, where there is no escaping to a simple life, the pressure is more serious than elsewhere. Of course the President's household is far from being confined to what \$50,000 a year will procure, even as the case now stands. In lieu of increasing his pay many items of expenditure which might have been charged to him have been specially provided for by Congress. In part the Government pays for the presidential stables and in part for the upkeep of the White House. The \$50,000 a year is merely what passes through the President's own private purse. The Senate finance committee has reported favorably a bill for increasing the salary to \$100,000, and it seems probable that the increase will be made in one of the regular appropriation bills at the present session of Congress, so that President-to-be Taft can get the benefit of it. There should be no opposition to legislation so manifestly just and desirable.

The editor of the Popular Science Monthly asserts that women teachers are the bane of the country's schools. Boys, he says, get but little good from

the teaching of women and turn away from it when they can. The girls, although they "need men teachers even more than the boys," naturally remain longer under feminine tuition. "The ultimate result of letting the celibate female be the usual teacher," he continues, "has been such as to make it a question whether it would not be an advantage to the country if the whole school plant could be scraped." And he ungalantly refers to the woman teacher as "a spinster, devitalized and unsexed." The characterization of the teacher as "a spinster, devitalized and unsexed" is as far from accurate portraiture as anything can be. It is a gross caricature of a body of intelligent, patient, conscientious womanly women who are discharging a function for which they are eminently fitted. To be a spinster, it should hardly be necessary to say, does not imply that a woman is devitalized or unsexed. We do not have to go to any magazine editor for light upon that point. The woman teacher is here and she will stay here. Her right to a place in the schools is based on the possession of special talent for the work. The proper education of children up to 14 or 15 years of age is a task requiring more than mere scholarship and theory. It requires a tact, a patience and a capacity to adapt oneself to the individual bent of the child that are as rare in men as common in women. These qualities make women pre-eminently fitted for the instruction of the younger grades. They will certainly not be found superfluous in the higher ones. Woman's place is further assured by the fact that men in sufficient numbers cannot be got to do the work—particularly with young children. They lack the maternal instinct which makes the task agreeable to women. The fact that men avoid that particular work to so great an extent is as much a result of an instinctive recognition of their unfitness for it as of an objection to the smallness of the compensation. The country has nothing to fear from this recent bugaboo of the "feminization of the schools." "Half of life is conduct," and on the "conduct" side of education the woman's influence is invaluable. On the strictly intellectual side her efforts and influence are judicious and effective. Too many great men have proclaimed their lasting debt to the training of their mothers to permit us to believe that woman loses her characteristic mental aptitudes on merely crossing the threshold of a school.

BRITISH PRINCES.

Very Different from the King in Exemption from Laws. So privileged is the King of England in his exemption from any and every law that one would naturally expect his children might do pretty much as they like. But Englishmen have always been very jealous of royal personages, and the fact is that princes enjoy very few privileges indeed. A prince of the royal blood may be fined, like any ordinary mortal, if his motor car exceeds the legal limit of speed.

The Prince of Wales cannot be sued personally for debt. If the debt is not paid the creditor may take out a summons, but he must summon the treasurer, not the prince. If the case goes against the treasurer the money is paid out of the prince's assets.

No child of the King who is under 25 can marry without the King's consent. Supposing, however, a prince over 25 desired to marry and the King refused his consent, then the prince could give notice of his intention to the privy council. After that he would have to restrain his patience for a whole year. If during that time either the house of lords or the house of commons disapproved of the marriage it could not take place. But if both houses of parliament were satisfied the prince could marry the woman of his choice.

A prince has not even the right to educate his own children, for it was long ago laid down that the king has the care and education of his grandchildren while they are minors.—London Telegraph.

PRETTY WIDOW ACQUITTED.

Her Diplomatic Answer Won the Jury at Once. Mrs. Grace West, a pretty little widow, was acquitted in Mercer Court, in Trenton, the other day after she had told an amusing love story in which the chief hero was Albert Wetzel, a crusty old widower, says the New York World. Mr. Wetzel told the jury, which for the most part was composed of widowers and bachelors, that the widow had been entertaining the butcher, the grocer, the iceman and the coal man in her home, and that the entertainments resulted frequently in disorder.

When Mrs. West had her lining she told the jurors in a sweet, plaintive voice that Wetzel had tried to play it to her Juliet. He would play a violin under her window late at night and then in a loud voice would shout his proposal to her to come down and see with him. On several occasions Mrs. West told him she had an experience in matrimony and that was enough. Wetzel insisted, and when the widow locked the front doors to keep him out, he bored a hole in the fence in the rear, being too good to climb over it.

"Oh dear, won't you wed me? My life is a hell without you," was Wetzel's last proposal to her, Mrs. West said. During the trial she was asked just how handsome she thought Wetzel was. She replied that she did not think him half as handsome as any of the men in the jury box. He acquit-tal followed a few moments later.

All Equipped.

"No, my daughter, I will not consent to your engagement to a book peddler who doesn't know what he is going to do for a success in life."

"Oh, father, you are mistaken. His career is all mapped out."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, doesn't he sell school atlases?" —Baltimore American.

First Doctor—This is a most mysterious case. I can't make anything out of it. Second Doctor—Hasn't the patient any money?

KING IN THE BACK WOODS.

How a New York Reporter Was Regarded by a Village Arbiter.

One of the local reporters was sent up State not long ago to get a murder story, says the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent. While prowling around after facts in one of the little backwoods villages he became acquainted with the arbiter elegantiarum of the town—an old maid, full of curiosity and scandal. He played her along, for she oozed the very information he had been sent to get. The day that she was ready to start back to New York she called him into her little front parlor. "I'm so embarrassed, Mr. Boster," she slurred.

Mr. Boster breezily favored her cheer up.

"I have such a favor to ask you," said she, twisting in her shoes.

Mr. Boster began to fear a touch but he was game. "Anything I can do my dearest lady," he said.

"Well," said she, looking into his eyes coquettishly. "This town has never before been honored by the presence of a real New York newspaper man. The nearest was a low-downing young man who said he was a reporter, and who beat mother out of a week's board. I feel that your visit here marks a real epoch in Shadwell's history. In my album I have the autographs of Admiral Sampson, Admiral Schley, and Gov. Hughes and Senator Platt. Would you be so kind as to let me have your signature—with an appropriate sentiment?"

The newspaper man signed, right under Tom Platt's name. As a kind of two-edged sentiment, a sentiment that would cut both ways and leave all hands in discreet doubt as to the writer's meaning, he wrote:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

LATE PHOTO OF EMPEROR.

Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary Shown in Costume of Hunter.

Here is the latest picture of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. It portrays him in hunting costume. Al-



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH. COPYRIGHT BY KATZ & ANGELER, VIENNA

though born in 1830 and the oldest reigning monarch of Europe, having been on the throne since 1848, the emperor is vigorous and ardently devoted to the chase. In fact, hunting has been his only diversion since his consort, Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated at Bernese.

Eating the Pie.

"I remember one man from my home town," a Western Senator said recently, "in the good old days before civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the fourth of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town wherever I went I would see him, striving for or just after an audience with some department official. By June he was seedy and broken looking, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the Senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time."

"Well, have you given it up? I asked, trying to be sympathetic.

"Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now!" —Success Magazine.

He Had Been There.

Rodrick—Howdy, old man. We are going on a camping trip soon. Did you ever enjoy a camping trip where you had to do your own cooking and sleep beneath the stars?

Van Albert—None.

Rodrick—What? Do you mean to say you have never been on a camping trip?

Van Albert—No. I mean to say that I never enjoyed one. —Chicago News.

Learning Early.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class the story of the good Samaritan. When she asked them what the story meant a little boy said: "It means that when I am in trouble my neighbors must help me." —Universal Leader.

What She Loved.

He—If you don't love me, and if you will not listen to me, why do you always take my boxes of chocolates?

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth About a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Elbe Ebenezer Sprout of Revolutionary fame was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sprout, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sprout set on the table some bread and cheese with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more honorably supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers and, taking from the barroom till 3 shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sprout soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner.

In apparent amazement he exclaimed: "Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bony, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone."

Mrs. Sprout could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this misinterpretation of her words, and then she, too, loved a joke, and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right.



Prospective Suitor—Sir, I love your daughter. Her father—Well, don't come to me with your troubles.

Maud—Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying him.—Boston Transcript.

Suitor—Do you think, Edith, your father will accept me for a son-in-law? She—I wouldn't be at all surprised. Papa always goes contrary to my wishes.

Smith—I declare, Brown, your wife is the most charming conversationalist I have ever known. I could listen to her talk all night! Brown—I have to, very often.

Braiden Tapes—Yes, I'm fired; discharged without any reason! Silkson Throdd—Well, you didn't have any when you took the job, did you?—Syracuse Herald.

"Mr. Chairman," began the man who is unaccustomed to public speaking. "I—er—I—er—I—er—" "Well," interrupted the chairman, kindly, "to err is human." —Washington Herald.

Curate—And so, Mrs. Howard, you come to church every Sunday? Mrs. Howard—Yes, Mr. Priestley, we're such strangers in town yet that we have no other engagements.—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Highbrow—it was Michelet, I believe, who observed that "woman is the salt of a man's life." Miss Keen—Quite true! Young men aren't half so fresh after they get married.—Boston Transcript.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work." "So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Minister—Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh? The Deacon—No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' ye hevna resigned yet.—Exchange.

"That man who was here just now seemed to move you a great deal?" "He did." "By a touching story?" "No; by three leads in two wagons, and he broke nearly every piece."—Baltimore American.

Miss Dudley—She was braggin' about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclat." What's "eclat" anyway? Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was the dessert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclat?

"Which do you think affords greater pleasure, pursuit or possession?" "I don't know," answered the man with a motor car. "Possession is a fine thing. But I have sometimes suspected that the police get more fun out of my machine than I do."—Washington Star.

Playwright (describing play)—Then you have a very strong scene when you trample on all the ties of home affection and— Well-known Actor—Cut that out. Playwright—But it's a very strong scene. Well-known Actor—Maybe so, but I don't propose to tramp on any ties.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brakeman's Advice.

Down in Maine is a town called Burham, situated on a small branch railroad that joins the main line at Burham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through his regular signaller when a station and junction are reached.

"Burham Junction!" he shouted. "Burham Junction! Change cars for Burham! Leave no articles in the car! Bur'am, Bur'am!" —Lippincott's.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FUTURE.

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The industrial conditions of the modern home are such as to delay and often prevent marriage. Since the "home" is supposed to arise only from marriage, it looks as though the situation were frankly suicidal. So far, not seeing these things, we have merely followed our world-old habits of blaming the woman. She used to be content with these conditions, we say; she ought to be now. Back to nature! The woman refuses to go back. She refuses to go forward, and marriage waits. The initial condition of ownership, even without serfdom, reacts unfavorably upon the kind of marriage most desired. A woman slave is not a wife. The more absolutely a woman is her own mistress, in accepting her husband and her life with him, the higher is the grade of love and companionship open to them. Again, the economic dependence of the woman militates against a true marriage. In that the element of the economic profit degrades and commercializes love and so injures the family. The higher marriage toward which we are tending requires a full-grown woman, no one's property or servant, self-supporting and proudly independent. Such marriage will find expression in a very different home.—Leslie's.

SCHOOL ETHICS UNRECOGNIZED IN BUSINESS.

By J. A. Howland. I am familiar with an unpleasant tangle in a great business organization where in the beginning just one man was to blame for a slight indiscretion. His intent was of the best in the matter, but his judgment was bad. He exceeded his authority in a certain circumstance and became responsible for involving a large portion of a department in a piece of unauthorized work. The result is that a dozen men in the establishment are under the fire of unpleasant questioning. Recognizing that the real heart of the mistake lies with a man, who in doing his best merely failed in his best judgment, this man has been shunted from his share in the middle. But as the situation rests, the whole smooth running machinery of a perfected organization has been thrown out of balance and harmony. The distinctly practical thing which the young man may do is to forget the logic of his school days in subterfuge and covering up of his fellows' misdeeds. Let him refuse to have his own errors covered by anyone. Let him prepare to take the consequences of his own acts without fear or favor. Let him determine to leave an open record behind him. When he shall have proved to his fellows that he has no interest in having his own mistakes kept covered—that he is willing to assume all responsibility for his own acts, clearing him of any obligation as to sharing the mistakes of

others—he cannot be criticised if he takes the stand that his own shortcomings are quite numerous enough for him to carry on a pair of shoulders. Organization and results in business are synonymous. Organization is crippled in its purpose if that organization becomes a secondary machine bent to the covering up of its own organic inefficiency.

SICKNESS HAS A FUNNY SIDE.

By Elbert Hubbard. Sickness is a selfish thing. If you are well, you are expected to work, and give your time and talent to helping other people. If you are sick, you are supposed to be immune from many unpleasant tasks and duties. Mark Twain says he was never wholly happy excepting on two occasions. One was when he was given that Oxford degree and wore a marvelous red cloak and mortarboard hat; and the other was when he had the measles and expected to die, writes Elbert Hubbard in Lippincott's Magazine. The joy of holding the center of the stage and having the whole family in tears just on his account was worth all the paags. Mark is a humorist, and a humorist is a man who has the sense of values, and to have the sense of values is wisdom. Mark is a great philosopher as well as a humorist. Not only has he testified that paags and pains are the attributes of life, not death, and that there is not pain in death, but he also gives testimony that sickness is an acute form of selfishness. The sick man rearranges the entire scheme of housekeeping wherever he is, unless he is in a hospital. To have his meals served to him in bed he regards as natural and right. For once he holds the center of the stage—all dance attendance. Doctors come, nurses run for this or that, neighbors call and inquire. He is it.

HOW THE POWER OF MAN GROWS.

By Edward Everett Hale. The first living statistical authority said to me not long ago that every man who is living in any such center of life as you and I live in, controls on the average 1,000 times as much power as his ancestor did in the year 1800. To speak of such a trifle as steam power, in the year 1800 all the steam engines of the United States represented thirty horse power. The last trolley car that passed this church represented more horse power. There is a little illustration of the increase of human power which the wit of a few men like James Watt and Robert Hare and Joseph Henry have made possible in only one of the ingredients of human life. Try to carry out a little illustration like that, and you get some idea of what follows on a much larger scale where man, the child, takes for use the physical power entrusted to him by God, his Father.

NOW. I want no pledge of joys to be— No false, uncertain vow; That friend, alone, is kind to me Who proves his friendship now. Life's changing year is brief, so brief, And I shall slumber long. When autumn binds the yellow sheaf, And winter ends the song. Then, sweetheart, come to-day and bring Love's flower in perfect bloom; I shall not care who wreaths you fling To-morrow on my tomb. —Andrew Downing.

A Surprise Visit

"Oh, dear!" said a voice with a suggestion of tears in it. The young man paused—and let it be recorded to his credit that he did not see her face. She was a charming, though obviously distressed, little lady, as she stood at the half-open gate. She seemed for a moment taken aback as the light of the lamp fell on the young man's face. He had been walking deep in thought, and thought is a sign of age, and sits, perhaps, awkwardly upon the unaccustomed shoulders of youth. Observing her confusion, he sought to reassure her with a low—a how suggestive of white hair, even whiskers, unfortunately mislaid on this particular night. "Can I be of any assistance?" he murmured. "I don't know what to do," she declared piteously. The young man endeavored to smile intelligently. It was the least, and for the moment the most, he could do.

"I've been ringing for nearly twenty minutes," she complained, "and they won't answer." Her tone created the impression that the inmates were sitting within, wondering what spiritual phenomenon was affecting the bell. "You are sure it's the right house?" "Of course—53. This is 53, isn't it?" Investigation proved that it was. "I don't often make mistakes," said the young lady; she did not say it contentedly—she merely mentioned it as a fact. "You are not, perhaps, expected," suggested the young man, resting his hand on the gate. "Not until to-morrow. I thought I would pay—my sister—a surprise visit to-night." "That's the worst of surprises," he began; then it occurred to him that, though true enough, it was not under the circumstances, particularly consoling. He paused. "They must come home sooner or later," she said. "Thank you." The young man received her bow of dismissal with dismay. "But I can't leave you," he protested. "I—I was releasing you," she said. "I refuse to be released," he declared stubbornly. Her smile now partook less of the nature of an effort. "Thank you," she said. "I was so afraid you would go." "What we have to do," he said bliskly, concealing his gratification under a great show of energy, "is to get into the house." He eyed it as Agamemnon might have regarded Troy. "You can't wait here in the cold"—the atmosphere was almost suggestive of a thunder storm, but the dramatic instinct recks little of such—"until your sister or the servants—I suppose they must be out, too—choose to come home."

"No," she agreed, placing her fate in his hands with simple confidence, "of course not."

"The point is, how to get in."

"Yes," she assented, "I've been trying for ever so long."

"We—that is to say, I—must break in."

"It's not as if it were a stranger's house," he said soothingly, in response to her gasp.

"But can you break in?"

"Modern window-fastenings," explained the young man, who had recently read a newspaper paragraph on the subject, "are simply invitations to burglars."

He clambered on to the low balcony in front of the window, involving himself in a catastrophe of flower-pots as he did so.

The girl, with half-frightened admiration, observed him extract his knee, and by his means slip back the catch of the window. She watched him with whole-hearted admiration—such is the effect of success on the onlooker—

as he raised the window, and, with a parting smile of encouragement, disappeared into the house.

"Do be careful," she called out, as a noise suggestive of an overturned table reached her ear.

Her warning, if heard, was unheeded, for the disturbance assumed cataclysmic proportions. Her feeling of alarm gave way to curiosity, and by the aid of a small Gladstone, which she dragged from the doorstep, she, in her turn, mounted the balcony.

"It's all right," gasped the voice of her deliverer, as she peered in at the window, "don't be"—his voice broke off suddenly, and a subdued struggle appeared to be taking place—"arrested."

He resumed presently, somewhat more breathlessly, "I've got him all right."

"Got whom?" she asked in bewilderment.

"If you could manage to climb in and light a match we could see."

"Climb in? Oh, I couldn't! Yes, all right, if you . . . all right."

A moment later she was by his side, and saw that he was kneeling on a prostrate and gasping man.

"It's a burglar," explained the young man; "we must tie him up. Have you a piece of rope?"

Her lack of the necessary article made the girl realize yet more vividly her helplessness in the crisis.

"Wait a moment," she darted out of the room, and the sound of a minor quackestrom in the next room gave promise of speedy assistance.

"Here you are," she said, running

back; "up's a tablecloth. I'm afraid I've upset a lot of things, but it was so dark."

By the aid of this they partly bound, partly swathed, their captive into a condition of helplessness.

He lit the gas, and gazed at the floor with puckered brows.

"I say, you have made a mess here. I suppose it was their supper."

The girl turned to him with a despairing smile.

"I didn't know there was anything on the table," she said, "until I pulled the cloth off. It is awful, isn't it! One thing, Ethel, is very good-tempered."

"Well, that's a good—What's the matter?"

The girl was staring around the room with bewilderment and alarm on her face.

"I—I," she began, and then paused. She took a candlestick from the sideboard and lit the candle at the gas. "Do you mind just coming to the foot of the stairs," she asked in embelling tones, "in case—"

When she came downstairs again she was very white, with two red patches on her cheeks.

"There's a workroom up there," she said, sinking into a chair. "That man was probably working there; that's why he didn't hear the bell."

"Working?" queried her companion. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. You saw the number was '53,' didn't you?"

"It's not the wrong house?"

She nodded dimly.

"53, Claremont road, I'm sure was the address, though," she added in self-exculpation.

"Claremont?" He gazed round the room, and his eye fell on an envelope on the sideboard. "I thought so—I wasn't sure. This is Benares road, Claremont is the next turning."

The girl stared at him helplessly.

"Whatever shall I do?" she said in a frightened whisper. "That idiot of a cabman," she added viciously.

"Under the circumstances," mused the young man, "to explain would be—well, an unthankful task."

Her fellow housebreaker looked at her from the corner of his eye.

"But we must."

"Do you mean 'must' morally? Because, if not—the man in the next room is not likely to know us again."

The girl looked at him, mawing the knuckle of her forefinger hesitatingly; then she rose steadily to her feet.

"I hope," murmured the young man, as they let themselves out by the front door, "for the sake of our—er—host, the others won't be late getting