

A WOMAN NOW

By QUEENIE ROBBINS.

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"You won't marry me, Ida?"
"No, I think not. I'm quite sure not."
added Ida Morny, after a second or two of hesitation. Guy Hardwick looked earnestly at her.
"But why not?"
"You haven't an idea what love means, you young fellow," returned the sixteen-year-old damsel with extreme frankness.
"Ida, you are cruel!"
"No, I am not. At least I don't mean to be cruel. Oh, Guy, what made you fall in love with me? We were having such a nice time out there playing champion croquet games and going on picnics. And now it's all spoilt!"
"Ida," said Guy passionately, setting his teeth together, "you are a mere child. You haven't an idea what love means apart from chocolate creams and new ball dresses," he added bitterly. "What made me fall in love with you? Because I couldn't help it. And now you refuse to give me back so much as a heart throb in return."
"And I can't help that," retorted Ida, naively. "Don't look so cross, Guy. You frighten me."
"Because I am in earnest, Ida. Try to think of this as a woman should. Try for once to put yourself out of the trivial world that surrounds you, and tell me from the very depths of your heart if you do not think you can love me."

Little Ida Morny began to cry.
"I don't want to love you," she sobbed. "I don't know why I should get married. I'm very happy as I am. Mamma says it is time enough for a girl to think of matrimony when she is twenty-five years old. And I am only sixteen."
"There," interrupted Guy, bitterly, "that will do. I looked for an ocean of deep, solemn sweetness in your heart. I find but a shallow pool, reflecting back the shadow of transient events—and that is all, Good-by, Ida. Forget that I have made a fool of myself—if you can."
And he strode away, biting his lips, and tearing at his long, black moustache.
Ida looked after him with quivering lips and tearful, velvet-blue eyes.
"I don't know what he means," said this little, half-blossomed bud of womanhood to herself. "I am sorry I have offended him, but I couldn't help it."
And she went back to the hotel for her hour of guitar practicing, feeling a little bewildered and a little regretful just as she did when her pet greyhound ran away from her.
Just at the entrance to the laurel walk—a wild sylvan spot that overlook-

here this season. I don't quite like Hortensia, but she is very handsome. They will make a splendid couple. Quick, Ida; they are waiting for you to play—it is your turn!"
And Ida gave her ball a thump with the mallet, vitally damaging her partner's play, and not in the least knowing what she was about.
She went home and looked into her mirror.
"Yes," she said to herself. "I thought so. I'm only a little, insignificant creature with pale cheeks, senseless blue eyes and hair like flax. Miss Hortensia Carey has eyes like black stars and the height of a queen. She's worth loving—but I didn't think Guy would have forgotten me so soon!"
And then Ida began to cry, she didn't quite know why.
"I think I am tired of Shackleton-on-Sea," she said to herself. "I mean to write to Uncle Theodore to come and take me home. I suppose they'll be married at once, and Miss Carey won't return to Wortham at all. I won't go to the wedding."

Of course the contemplated nuptials of wealthy Mr. Hardwick and the beauty of the season made plenty of gossip and considerable sensation. It found its way into the newspapers no one knew how (except, perhaps, Miss Hortensia herself). Reporters jotted down the number of Miss Carey's dresses and jewels, the probable number of thousands per annum which constituted the bridegroom's income—and Hortensia's superb face actually appeared on the front page of the illustrated papers of the day as the bride of the season.
Guy was indignant enough—but Hortensia only laughed.
"Never mind, dear Guy," said she, "People will talk—and, after all, they don't mean any harm."
But one beautiful summer morning Miss Carey's seat at the breakfast table was vacant—and carelessly had the fact been observed when someone cried out:
"Why, General Vincent is gone, too!"
Undeniably it was awkward for the bridegroom-elect. Still more so when a note, sent from the nearest postoffice, gave him to understand that the lovely Hortensia had given back her heart to the general, an ancient suitor of hers, who had recently fallen heir to a large fortune.

"The note was prettily worded; it contained sentimental regrets to Mr. Hardwick that the future they had contemplated so sanguinely could never be realized and prayers for pardon in the name of love."
Guy set his teeth together, but he

Mrs. Pell's Decoration Day

By EMILY S. WINDSOR.

By the aid of the calendar hanging on her wall, Mrs. Pell found that there were fourteen weeks before Decoration day. She was not an adept at mental arithmetic, so that it was quite a lengthy and laborious piece of work for her to calculate that if she saved 12 cents each of those fourteen weeks, she would have \$1.68.

She had just finished counting it up a second time in order to be sure that it was correct, when her neighbor, Mrs. Wilkes, from the next room below in the big tenement house, came in for their usual evening chat. She was a thin, nervous looking little woman of middle age. Neither her faded gray hair nor her dress was tidy. She was a strong contrast to Mrs. Pell, who was always neat and clean; Mrs. Wilkes was much older than Mrs. Pell, too.

Most of Mrs. Pell's days were spent in office cleaning, while Mrs. Wilkes' time was well filled with washing and ironing.
After they had exchanged their news of the day, Mrs. Pell said: "Would you think that a body could get a nice lot of flowers for one dollar and sixty-eight cents?"
"Sure and I'd think that a lot of money to be spendin' in such a way," answered Mrs. Wilkes, with a look of surprise on her weather-beaten face.

"I'd like it to me more," returned Mrs. Pell, "but not a cent more than 12 cents a week can I spare."
"You're talkin' about," said Mrs. Wilkes, the surprise in her face increasing.
"I'll be tellin' you. It's for the graves on Decoration day. I've just set my heart on coverrin' 'em with flowers this year. I've been wantin' to do it every year, but somethin' always happened to prevent. But this year, they're goin' to be there."
"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkes.
"Yes," went on Mrs. Pell, "I'm feelin' sure there'll be nothin' to prevent this year. And it's white roses I want. Teddy was crazy after 'em."

She rocked her chair, and hid her face in her blue gingham apron.
Mrs. Wilkes could not enter very deeply into her friend's feelings. She had never had any children, and her husband had been lost at sea so many years before she was twenty that she had no memory; besides, he had never in life given her any reason to mourn his loss.
But she kept respectfully silent until Mrs. Pell's burst of grief was over. Then she said: "White roses is nice. You ought to be gettin' a lot for so much money."
Mrs. Pell shook her head. "I don't know. Flowers is dear."
Mrs. Pell carefully put aside 12 cents each week from her meager earnings.

Every time that she passed a florist's shop, she would stop and look at the flowers displayed, and try to decide which window contained the most beautiful white roses. "For I must get the finest to be had," she would think.
The prospect of buying those flowers often formed the subject of her chats with Mrs. Wilkes.
To the latter \$1.68 seemed an enormous sum to spend in any such a way.
"Be sure that you get the worth of your money," she would say.
"The roses got to be fine ones," Mrs. Pell would answer.

Spring had been long in coming that year, and it was late in May before the garden roses began to show their colors. Mrs. Pell had few opportunities of seeing any of these, the tenement in which she lived being in a district where there was not enough earth room for a blade of grass to grow. Mrs. Pell, like many of her neighbors, had a few pots of geraniums on her window sills, but they were not luxuriant in growth. The air, close and sunless, was not conducive to their culture. Mrs. Pell had once tried to raise a white rose, but it had died an early death.

Then her walks to and from her work were not in the resident part of the city. But on Sundays, when she was not too tired to go to church, her way thither led past many beautiful gardens. One of them she particularly admired. It was a large, old-fashioned garden surrounding a beautiful old house. There were roses and roses. Roses climbing over trellises, and clambering about the brick veranda which ran along the side of the house.
They were just such roses as had grown about the little country home to which she had gone as a bride, says the Chicago Advance. The sight of them took her back to the days when she had been so happy.

"Then had come the dark time when her husband had returned from the war with broken health. To mend their fortunes they had come to the city. But things had gotten worse. Her husband had died, and she and Teddy had struggled along. She had looked forward to the day when Teddy would be taking care of her, for he was a good boy. But he had been laid beside his father eight years ago. How he had loved those roses! He had often said that he would have a garden full of them when he was a man. He would be a man now if he were living."
The Sunday before Decoration Day Mrs. Pell went to church and returned by way of her favorite garden. She stopped to look at the white roses. There were such quantities of them. The air was filled with their fragrance. How she wished that she could have enough of them to cover her graves! Somehow, they seemed sweeter than the flowers at the florist's.

The day before Decoration day came. Mrs. Pell had gone much further than usual to her work, and by hurrying a great deal, had been able to return home at 4 instead of 6, her usual hour.
It was her plan to put on her best clothes and then go to the florist's and select and order her flowers. She would call for them early the next morning, and take them to the cemetery. The day was to be a holiday.
She had just unlocked her door, and entered her room, when Mrs. Wilkes came in. Her eyes were swollen from crying.
"Gee, and what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Pell.
"It's Sall. She's sick, and going to die. The woman that's been takin' care of her wrote to tell me. And she wants to see me once more."
"Well, sure and you'll be agoin'," said Mrs. Pell.
Mrs. Wilkes burst into tears. "It's that I'm feelin' so bad about. It costs \$3 to go, and me with nothin' but \$1.50 to my name. You see, I paid the rent two days ago. And not one of the neighbors with a cent to lend me."
"It's no bad, it is," ejaculated Mrs. Pell, feigning.
"Yes, and there's a train at seven," said Mrs. Wilkes, with fresh tears. "Unless—" she went on hesitatingly, "you could lend me enough."
"You had it," exclaimed Mrs. Pell. "Sure and I paid my rent last week, too." She looked distressed. She was always anxious to help anyone in trouble.
"I know—but," Mrs. Wilkes hesitated more than before. "I—I—thought perhaps you'd let me have that money you saved for the flowers. Poor Sallie! I'd like to see her once more. She's my own sister, sure."

"Lend you that money? Oh! Mrs. Wilkes, I can't! I've had my heart set so long on coverrin' the graves this Decoration day."
"I thought likely you wouldn't want to. Poor Sallie! And I'll never see her again." Mrs. Wilkes turned away with a hopeless air, and went slowly back to her room.
Mrs. Pell hastily prepared to go to the florist's to select and order her flowers. She was very sorry for Mrs. Wilkes, but of course she could not lend her that money. If she had saved it for any other purpose but that! She had tried for so many years to be able to cover those graves with roses, and now when she had the money—to give it all up!
She hoped Mrs. Wilkes did not think her mean. She would have been glad to do anything else for her.
And it was a pity that she could not see her sister before she died. She was the only relative she had, too.
If it had only not been that money! And if it were not for that! She wanted to put flowers on their graves at the time that other people were remembering their dead.
Mrs. Pell's steps became slower and slower, and the florist's shop, she stood still, and remained in deep thought for some minutes. Then she turned suddenly and walked back to the tenement, and into Mrs. Wilkes' room. She found the latter sitting with her face in her hands and crying.
Mrs. Pell put her precious \$1.68 in her hand.
"There," she said, "just take it. Hurry and get ready, and I'll go to the train with you. I do hope you'll find Sallie alive."
"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilkes, "sure and I always knew you were a good woman. Poor Sallie! I'll be agoin' her again."
Mrs. Pell did not sleep well that night. It hurt her to think of those two graves being flowerless another Decoration day. They were in such a remote part of the cemetery that they never shared in the general decoration of graves. She decided that she would not go to the cemetery at all. She could not bear to think of seeing others carrying their flowers while her hands must be empty.
But in the morning she changed her mind. It seemed unkind to leave her graves unvisited. She would go in the afternoon when the service was over and the cemetery would be comparatively deserted. It was such a lovely day. The ride in the cars would do her good.
Mr. Graham, his wife and Bert and Tom drove out to the cemetery, their carriage filled with baskets of roses. They had almost stripped the many bushes in their garden.
After their grandfather's and grandmother's and Aunt Edith's graves had been piled high with odorous blossoms there were left only a large basket of beautiful white roses left.
"Let us drive around and see if there are any graves without any flowers," said Bert.
"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I like that thought."
But there did not seem to be any graves undecorated until they reached a more distant part of the cemetery. There two sunken graves, with weather-worn wood markers at the head, were flowerless.
"How lonely they look!" said Tom.
"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I think that you must empty this basket on them."
"Let Tom and me do it," said Bert. So she and her brother jumped out of the carriage and went over to the two graves. There were enough roses to completely cover them both.
"Now they don't look so lonely," said Bert, with a backward glance, as she drove away.
And so it was that when late in the afternoon Mrs. Pell came to the lonely spot where lay her husband and son, she found the two mounds a mass of exquisite roses. And they looked like the roses she had had in her little country home in those long past days—the white roses that Teddy had so loved.

ELUSIVE GEORGIA PIG.

A Disobedience of Orders Against "Humers" Ended Happily.

"When Sherman's army left Raleigh on the march north to Richmond," said a lank New Hampshire comrade during a recent G. A. R. encampment, "we had very strict orders about foraging, and to enforce these orders General Sherman had patrols out on both sides of his column to enforce obedience. This became very troublesome at times. I remember that on one occasion myself and ten others were detailed for six days' duty along certain lines of about four days' rotations. Well, along woods, we lay, became very hungry and starved out, and you can imagine my joy better than I can describe it when on the evening of the sixth day my messmate came in and whispered to me that he had found a fat pig about half a mile off in the woods, proposing that we go and capture him."
"So off we posted and soon arrived at a small garden surrounded by a picket fence, in which Mr. Pig was roaming about quite at his own ease and liberty. We aimed our rifles, and undertook to run the pig down, but this trouble was that he ran about twice as fast as we did, and we soon gave up trying to capture him by this means."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said my messmate. "We will run him down by turns. You run him awhile, as I run up, and when you get tired I'll try him for a few paces." So we started in to run Mr. Pig down by turns. It was about my third turn at trying to capture the animal when, on seeing a fence corner, I happened to look up and saw, to my utter dismay, two commissioned officers leaning over the fence watching my movements.
"What are you doing over there?" one of them asked.
"I saw that I was caught red handed, so I replied, 'Oh, nothing; just trying to see how fast this pig can run.'"
"The officers laughed at this, and, doubtless realizing that we needed something to fill our stomachs, turned and walked away, and the result was that we got our pig."

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.

Not Allowed to Serve When Their Sex Was Discovered.
Fired with a desire for martial glory, it happened occasionally that a woman could conceal her sex and be accepted by the mustering officers. Whenever discovered these female soldiers were discharged.
Company D of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment had on its rolls one Charles D. Fuller, who was discovered to be a female and discharged. There was another more conspicuous instance of the same character in Company F of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment.
A woman whose real name proved to be Frances Day enlisted under the name of Frank Mayne and was promoted to sergeant of her company. The terrors of war or fear of detection caused her to desert on August 24, 1862, but she was subsequently killed in battle in another regiment. A Miss Seelye, who served in Company F, Second Michigan, under the name of Frank Thompson, deserted after she had fought her way in several battles. In charge of desertion against her was removed in 1887 by congress because of her previous good record.

CHICAGO IN THROES OF A RAGE WAR

Serious Trouble Likely to Grow Out of the Teamsters' Strike.

FEELING IS VERY BITTER Following Murder of Eight-Year-Old Boy by Negroes Residents Have Armed Themselves and Hunt for the Strikebreakers.

Chicago, May 23.—The strike of the teamsters, instead of being declared off, will be spread to greater proportions. This was decided Saturday night by the members of the teamsters' joint council, which was in session until midnight.

The council met at 8 o'clock to hear the propositions that had been in progress with the employers throughout the day. They agreed to all the stipulations of the employers with the exception of that which declared that the drivers of the express companies should not be taken back. This was the rock upon which the peace program was wrecked, and after several hours of debate it was decided that the teamsters' union could not leave the express drivers to make a lone fight, but must stand by them. It was decided to call off all the negotiations and prepare for a further fight.

The sense of the meeting was expressed in the following resolution, which was passed and given out as defining the position of the teamsters: "We believe that the railroad express companies are not justified in their refusal to reinstate any of their former employees, and believe that the best interests of all would have been served had they agreed to the same proposition or a somewhat similar one to that which the Employers' association suggested."

"Under these conditions it is incumbent on the members of the teamsters' organization to continue the strike until such time as the express companies will agree to reinstate all of the men whose names were offered by the Employers' association."

The methods of the unions will not differ from those which they have pursued thus far in the strike. They will continue the boycott of all express houses where the strikes have been held during the last month, and if any of their members are discharged for refusing to make deliveries all of the drivers employed by the house will be called on strike at once.

Chicago, May 23.—Chicago is threatened with a race war of serious proportions. Embittered by the shooting of Enoch Grady, an eight-year-old boy last week by two negroes, the residents in the vicinity of Twenty-ninth and Dearborn streets have armed themselves and clashes between white and black men have become so frequent since the Carlson murder that it has been found necessary to detail scores of policemen to the district to preserve peace. Even this precaution has been unsuccessful in keeping the opposing factions apart.

In a riot which broke out in this district between the whites and the blacks James Gray, colored, was killed, Harry Bernstein was mortally wounded, and a building in which Bernstein was being held captive, suffering from four bullet wounds, was stoned and partially wrecked by a mob of 1,000 persons.

Trouble with Negroes.

The trouble started when James K. Gray accused Bernstein and a white companion of being troublemakers. Since the teamsters' strike Gray has been employed by a coal company as a driver. The merits of the strike and the shooting of Young Carlson were the subjects of discussion. Angry words soon led to blows, and in the flight that followed Gray drew a knife and attacked both men. Bernstein, who is a bartender in the vicinity, drew a revolver and fired four shots. Two of the bullets took effect in Gray's body and he fell unconscious to the sidewalk. He died while being removed to a hospital.

As Bernstein and his companion were leaving the scene of the shooting two colored men who had been attracted by the noise seized the bartender and a scuffle for possession of a revolver followed. While the struggle was in progress Special Policeman Tinsley, colored, came running up. Seeing the colored policeman approaching Bernstein swung the revolver toward him, and according to Tinsley, discharged his weapon twice. Tinsley drew his own revolver and fired four shots, each of the bullets taking effect in Bernstein's body.

Desperate Fight Ensued.

As Bernstein fell unconscious a crowd which had been attracted by the first shots hurried to the scene and the wounded man. With the assistance of another negro Tinsley picked Bernstein up and ran into a nearby saloon. Tinsley stood in the doorway of the saloon with drawn revolver, but the crowd, which was composed of negroes, was trying for vengeance for the killing of Gray, and Tinsley, seeing that he, unassisted, would not be able to keep them back, shut and barred the door. The crowd, which had now grown to a mob, rushed at the building and its entrance, finding all the doors locked and being unsuccessful in their efforts to force them open, large stones and other missiles were thrown at the building and every window and fixture in the place was shattered and demolished.

While the disturbance was going on three negroes, who had followed Tinsley into the saloon, dragged Bernstein into the basement and with clubs in their hands stood ready to defend him. In the meantime the police at the central station had been notified of the trouble, and two patrol wagons and an ambulance filled with policemen were hurried to the scene, but it was only after a desperate fight in which several of the rioters were badly bruised by the patrolmen's clubs that the mob was forced back from the saloon, shouting for Bernstein, the slayer of Gray. The police told them that Bernstein had been killed and to make good the remark the bartender, who was unconscious, was placed on a stretcher, a cover thrown over his face and brought to the door of the saloon. This had a quieting effect on the crowd and they soon disappeared.

After he had been revived in the hospital Bernstein declared that Gray had started the trouble and he had killed the negro in self defense.

FINES PAID BY PARENTS.

Four Are Punished for Permitting Children to Join in School Strike.

Chicago, May 22.—The sympathy of four parents for the striking teamsters cost them \$20 each in fines last night. Their friends and relatives had tied the strings of their pocketbooks and paid the

fines imposed by Justice Hurley for the four parents each and severally resolved that sympathy was an expensive luxury when it entails the violation of the compulsory education law.
The parents were charged with keeping their children home because "unfair" coal had been delivered at the Harrison school, 2500 West 12th street, and Twenty-third place. The children, who were between 6 and 12 years of age, were given the extreme penalty provided for violation of the compulsory education law.
Those fined were:
Amodeo, Joseph, 267 Twenty-first street.
Christian, Joseph, 183 Clark street.
Lacora, Mrs. Camilla, 45 Twenty-third place.
Smith, Mrs. George, 35 Alexander street.

"SURE TO FILL," SAYS DEBS.

Declarer Teamsters Never Had Chance to Win.
Terre Haute, Ind., May 22.—Eugene Debs, leader of the A. R. U. strike in 1894, said today:

"The Chicago strike was sure to fail, as all strikes of any consequence in the last two years failed, showing that the power of the capitalists is organized and is used against the working class by defeating them and breaking up their trade unions. It proves that the old form of unionism is inadequate, with the workers divided into many distinct unions.
Intelligent workers have decided to follow the example set by capitalists and combine their forces into one great industrial union, so that all may at all times work together in harmony for the good of all. The old unions were organized to promote harmony with the employer, that is to harmonize the interests of the employer and the employee. The new national organization which we are to bring into existence in Chicago on June 27 will be based on an absolute antagonism of the two classes. It will recognize the class struggle and will use all its power to overthrow the capitalist class and abolish the wage system."

Tenth Strike Victim Dies.

Chicago, May 23.—Policeman Patrick E. Blackwell died today, making the tenth death ascribed to the teamsters' strike. Blackwell was injured while guarding express wagons.

BEWILDER RUSSIANS.

Big Engagement is Imminent, but the Jap Plans Are Kept in the Dark.
Gunshu Pass, May 23.—A general engagement is imminent. Oyama is employing heavy forces against Linevitch's left and is contracting his troops along the center, but his base is opposite the Russian right. It is not yet clear which wing will deliver the main blow. It is evident from Linevitch's preparations that he intends to accept a decisive battle.

St. Petersburg, May 20.—The war office confirms the report from Gunshu pass that Oyama is on the eve of taking a general offensive. No doubt is entertained here that Linevitch will accept battle in his present positions. The naval staff believes Oyama's advance to be precipitated by doubt regarding the issue of the coming naval battle between Rojstevsky and Togo. With an unbeaten army in front of him, Oyama's position might be critical if his communications with Japan were interrupted even temporarily.

RUSSIA ENTERS PROTEST.

Report Japanese Intend to Remove Emperor of Korea.
St. Petersburg, May 23.—The Russian charge d'affaires at Peking has informed the Chinese government that according to reports the Japanese intend removing the emperor of Korea to Japan, in contravention of the treaty of Shimomoseki, guaranteeing the independence of Korea. The Russian government has protested against such action to all the powers.

Washington, May 20.—The treaty of Shimomoseki, which brought to a close the Japanese-Chinese war, guaranteed the independence of Korea. Japan will not violate the terms of that treaty. Statements that the Japanese government contemplates removing the emperor of Korea to Japan in contravention of that treaty are incorrect and are circulated with a mischievous purpose in view.
This was the comment on the St. Petersburg dispatch that Japan intended to remove the Korean emperor to Japan, made by Minister Takahira at a Japanese luncheon. As between the governments of Japan and China it is realized that so long as interests of the United States are not menaced there is no ground for this government to interfere. It is, perhaps, to exert its good influences for the continuation of friendly relations between them.

Some Sharp Skirmishing.

Tokio, May 23.—It was announced, this evening from headquarters that the Japanese armies in the field and three Russian columns had mixed forces and advanced southward May 18, to the vicinity of the railroad. The Japanese engaged them and drove the Russians northward.
Simultaneously 5,000 Russian cavalry attack the Japanese field hospital at Kanpin, on the right bank of the Liao river. The Russian cavalry and infantry dispersed them, attacking the cavalrymen and inflicting heavy loss upon them.

French Regard Neutrality.

Saigon, May 23.—Admiral de Jonquières, the French naval commander, sailed from here today on the Cruiser Guichen. The destination is not announced, but it is understood that he is going to make another inspection of the coast to see if French neutrality is being infringed.

Supplies for Rojstevsky.

Hong Kong, May 23.—According to information received here today 150 deeply laden junks, presumably loaded with provisions for the Russian fleet, have left the vicinity of Cape St. John, and probably are seeking to effect a junction with Rojstevsky's fleet.

He Talked Too Much.

St. Petersburg, May 23.—It is now understood that Captain Clado, who was Rojstevsky's chief tactician and who testified before the North sea commission at the navy, has been dismissed from the navy by imperial order for repeated and persistent disobedience of an order to refrain from publication of his views on naval reform.

To Limit Legislative Powers.

St. Petersburg, May 22.—The Boulgan rescript commission has practically completed its labors and the Associated Press is in position to announce it will recommend establishment of a representative assembly with limited legislative powers. The project will go to the council of empire for final action.



Hortensia had heard every word of the declaration of love.

the blue gleam of the sea—Hortensia Carey met Mr. Hardwick. A tall, Juno-like woman of thirty, with soft, swimming, oriental eyes and a face that was a dream of beauty in itself.

Hortensia Carey had come to Shackleton-on-Sea to get a rich husband. Hortensia liked Mr. Hardwick and she didn't like that insignificant little wife of an Ida Morny, and Hortensia, snugly shielded behind the trees and bushes, had heard every word of the declaration of love and its refusal.

"Strike while the iron is hot!" said Hortensia to herself. "There's many a heart caught in the rebound, and why not Guy Hardwick's?"

So she glided forward with upturned eyes shining softly beneath their long lashes.
"Mr. Hardwick, you are sad! You look troubled!" she murmured sympathetically.

"Troubled!" he echoed, moodily. "There's not much in the world but trouble."
"And you say that!" cried Hortensia. "You! Now, I who am only a woman, might utter it with reason!"
Guy looked into her Cleopatra-like face. Strange that he never before knew how beautiful it was.

"Will you take my arm down this steep hill?" said he. "And tell me what you mean by these last words."
Hortensia knew how to avail herself of the golden tide of opportunity. Guy Hardwick was just in the mood when a man wants relief from himself. And the upshot of it was that he invited her to go out for a row after sunset.

"Don't ask me if there is anyone else you prefer," sighed Hortensia. "I am accustomed to place myself in a secondary position."
"There's no one I should prefer to you," said Guy, slowly. "No one at least now."

"Engaged?" cried Ida Morny, dropping her croquet mallet. "Guy Hardwick engaged! I don't believe it!"
"I saw the ring myself on Hortensia Carey's finger," said Mrs. Openwell. She told me. She's proud of it, and well she may be, for Mr. Hardwick is by all odds the finest young fellow

made no comment. He took his fate as it was dealt out to him. Nay, perhaps, in his inmost heart he felt some thrills of relief that he was forever separated from Hortensia Carey. For he had some time since made the discovery that he did not love her; as a man should love the woman whom he means to marry.

He sat thinking of these things his head resting on his hands, his eyes fixed with infinite mournfulness on the blue sea.
"Oh, Guy! I'm so sorry! So sorry!" And Ida Morny burst out crying.
"Sorry, Ida? Nay, keep your kindly sympathy for those that need it more," he answered, somewhat bitterly. "Am I not better off, by far, than if she had married me? She did not love me, you see. Nobody loves me."
"Guy, that is not true!"
"It is pretty well proven." She came nearer to him, with burning cheeks and glittering eyes. "I love you, Guy."

"Love, little one? Love? You do not know the meaning of the word."
She drew back, trembling and sobbing.
"You give me my heart back then, Guy? You do not care for me?" she uttered.

"Gods knows, darling, that you are the only person in the world for whom I really ever cared."
"Then won't you let me comfort you now? Won't you let me take her place?"
And looking into Ida's eyes Guy read the truth.

"When I wooed you before, darling, you said 'no,' he whispered and his gaze grew more intense.
"But I have grown into a woman since then, dearest."
So they were married. And I suppose, I might add that they "lived happily ever afterwards." For love is the key to all happiness—and love folded his silver wings above their nuptial altar. As for Hortensia; she was rich—and that was all she cared for.

One Advantage.

Washington Post: The beef trust has one advantage of the fight with the government. It makes the consumers bear the expense of the defense.