One Working Cirl Solven a Vexing Household Froblem.

COSTS HER \$2 A WEEK TO LIVE

Has Real Cream in Ber Coffee, Does Her Own Housekeeping, and Frequently Entertains Her Friends.

The hundreds of career-seckers, as well as the thousands who have discovered that there is no such thing in store for them, may be glad of a few hints from a working girl who came to New York four years ago with nothing to depend upon except the ten dollars a week which was dignified by the name of "salary." alle varied and the facts which she has gathered with reference to cheap living in a large city apply just as well as to life in other cities as to that in which she

'I have tried all varieties of living since I came to New York," says this young "I was told when I arrived that would be cheaper to live in Brooklyn; that all the men with families did their aleeping in the city beyond the bridge on that account. I thought it best, at first, merely to get a room and not to engage board, as my work was in New York and I knew nothing of my hours. I obtained a room for \$2.50 per week, and soon engaged regular board for \$4, making \$5.50. I walk most of the distance to and from my business, and my car fare costs only id cents a week. My laundry was also about 50 cents, making \$7.50 for unavoidable ex-

bonanza which I discovered after my raise of salary to \$15-and I moved to a regular boarding house. Here, I met a very agreeable young lady, an art student, and we dwelt together in the same room in years. All this time I was getting board

fully a mouth, at which rate it amount of for horself.

The bosself and myself are once established from And yet even the getting three media a day, with every-conviction ought not to lead us to fatal thing we want for \$2 cann per week. The the coal per day war sees than 2 cents.

Adding up the cost of cream, 5 cents, bread 15 cents and butter a cent and a half, and our meal at one-third of a cent, the price of my breakfast was about \$1.5 cents. I soon found that I could make my breakfast was about \$1.5 cents. bunchoon upon what was left from breakfast by adding a few cents worth of eggs canned pean, fruit, tea, or whatever I happened to want, but my luncheon rare

"I have tried this way of living since last January and I have found it so pleas. ant and so economical that nothing would I much higger and nicer than theirs I go . I amon, to converse with him by the hour

induce me to put myself at the mercy of a boarding house landlady again.
"Here is a list of things which I have found I could take mere of in my room, or by setting them on the outer window

"Canned peas at 15 cents, canned beans at 7 cents, apples at varying prices, for apple sauce; potatoes, white and sweet, at low prices, varying from 6 cents a quart upwards; eggs, the very best, varying from 22 to 28 cents a dozen; coffee at 17 cents a half-pound; tea at 25 cents a quarter pound; sugar at from 5 to 7 cents; butter at 12 cents a half pound. Lettu-e and cucumbers in season make nice salada with vinegar and oil dressing, which every girl shold learn to make.

"I fashioned a sort of amateur refrigerator from a square tin box by making a partition of the thin wood butter boxes. which my butter came from the grocer, and filling the compartment all around "I afterwards found, however, that I with sawdust, which I kept constantly could get both board and lodging for \$5-4 moistened. This kept my butter moderately hard. I very soon pooled issues with my next door neighbor, and found that by buying things on shares we lessened the waste of food and hence the exponse, and that in this way we could obtain a much greater variety than by buying separate-

"We very frequently bought lamb chops,

tream, with buttered toner if I wented girl who essure it has some individual will, I hope, agree with me that not only The S-cent package of out meal lastel, but care girl will have to find these out

infryman, who kept a cream and natter two furnished rouns cost us E. but we more a few blocks away, to bring me 5 are going to try to furnish three rhome the architect of his own fortune; it for him to conquer made and turn cents' worth of cream every morning. I this winter, which we can obtain unfur-bought a lin box full of crackers, and used the box to keep my bread- a seem losf, which lasted three days, and served very well for taust on the third day. A doings to his own advantage. Man will proyer will quicken his senses and strengthen his hunds, it will not alter the acts of God, but it will quicken us to pertaif pound of butter lasted a week, so that. New York sets a more windessme table intes the higher and more philosophic contemplation of the divine confiscione

ANNIE LAURIE WOODS.

always pray for what he most want

ceive the opportunities, by which we are siways surrounded. Properly interpreted the work of the weather bureau stimu-

ROBERT BROWNING.

A Gilmpse of the Poet When lie Was Travelling.

To meet Robert Browning even for a noment's greeting would have been a

plensure, writes Jas. W. Strong, in in Independent, but to be his traveling com

and hear h.m talk of his soul's idel, Ellist both Barrett Browning, in the most in

tense words of an unoving devotion, was an experience never to be forgotten. In September, 1878, I chanced to be or

a steamer at Colico, near the north end of lake Como, where passengers coming by different over the Splugen pass take the boat for more southerly points on either side of that most charming of all

Italian lakes. That day the sole passen

sers by diligence were a gen leman and lady, who barely arrived in time to take our little versel before she turned again

southward. He was of medium height not slender, but broad-shouldered an-muscular, an Englishman manifestly but surely not of the typical unsocial and eveloping.

and exclusive pattern but quick in obser-

vation, energetic in movement, and ve-hement in words. His dress was like

that of a business man, a well-to-do ban-ker or merchant, not showy, but in good taste and, for a traveler, faultlessly neat.

His hair and heavy, full beard were near ly while and with such a tendency to cur

as to be almost bushy. In appearance and bearing he was evidently a courseous

have "a dreamy, far-away look;" bu be seemed a brisk man of affairs, read;

instantly for a hearly dinner, a humor-ous story, a political discussion, or any proposition of business which might be

presented. His lady companion was quite unlike himself, appearing decidedly

younger, rather slight in form, very quiet in manner, gentle in speech, with soft brown hair, and eyes which seemed to

see much more than her tongue expressed. Her devotion to him was unceasing,

DRANK UP THE COW.

An Incident in the Life of a Gilded

Young Woman.

(Chicago Record.)

One of the Mother Goose incidents in the extravaganma, "Jack and the nean-stalk," at the Columbia theatre is the tale of Jack's cow for a ha ful of beans. This sale is no more extraordinary than the that is reported from a suburban re-

She sent for a young man whom she was privileged to address as "Ed" and tried to borrow enough money to pur-

can for her. Don't be alraid. In ha is with papia."

A few minutes later a young man in butterfly clothes was teading the cow away toward the business street of the town. He returned in an hour with eight quart bottles of champagne. The company at dinner drank the cow.

It is hardly necessary to repeat what the gay young w.man's father said when he learned about it.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE AT

LANTIC MONTHLY. Ten of the fourteen authors who made

he principal contributions to the firs number of the Atlantic were Motley Longfellow, Charles Ellot Norton, Em

erson, Holmes, Whittler, Mrs. Stowe, J. T. Trowbridge, Lowell, and Parke Gon-win. Whittier and Longfellow each contributed a poem, Lowell his sonnet "The Maple," the verses in "The origin of

Maple. The verses in "The origin of didactic poerly" and editorial pages of prose Emerson gave, besides the essay "Illustons," four short poems of which two were "Days" and "Brahma," Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Trowbridge each contr-

buted a short story; and, as if this list were not sufficient to make an editor of

to-day envious, there was the first instal-ment of "The Autocrat at the Break-fast-table." All the article were un-

signed, and it is no wonder that every one asked himself and his neighbor was

the Autocrat might be with his easy-go-ing introduction, "I was just going to say when I was interrupted;" for there

could not have been one render in a thou-sand who recalled that in the extinct New

England magazines for 1831 and 1832, there were two papers of an Autocra; as

the breakfast table by a young student of

A Strike in the Nursery.

"I live just across the road from the Belie, and though my house is ever so over there to play, tots and tots of times.

"My name is Marjore, and Elsie Bell calls me her cousin when we are good friends. Then when she gets mad she calls me Sweet Majorum' and says I would be good in sonp. Now, isn't that man?

"We do have heaps of fun together, for there are so many children in their family that my mamma calls them a 'chime of belis,' and when they get crying or quarrelling on the lawn mammia says, Dear me, how those bells are janging

They're all out of tune.' thought that was very funny, so I told Marian about it. She never laughed one ldt. You see Marian is bigger than me and she is always calling Eisle and me 'little children.' Last win er Mrs. Bell took Bertie and Marian out of the nur-sery, she gave them each a room to themselves and since then, dear me, how stuck up Marian has been. Elsie can never make her listen when she is in trouble and sometimes poor Elsie has a

"There are four children left in the nursery now, Eisle, Flossy, Harry and Allie. Eisle is the biggest and she tries awful hard to make the children be good. "Last month they got a new nurse. She was always tying her apron strings and urling her front bair, and poor Elsie had to do lots for the children. I know, 'cause I helped. Then they had a new cook and it was a dreadful shame what bread she sent to the nursery for supper, for Mrs. Bell only gives her children bread and milk for supper. "Tisn't very much, but Elsie says she don't mind if it's only

"Well, the bread kept getting harder every night. First Elsie prayed about it had it did seem a little softer the next night. Then she complained to nurse and though unobtrusive. There was little or no personal resemblance, yet sie ap-peared more like a sis er than a wife, and it seemed quite natural that her unishe said, 'Why, M'ss E'sie, I never thought you could be so disagreeable. When she form address should be "Brother," or complained to Marian she only turned up Robert." her nose and said, "That's like children always in trouble."

"Elsie d'dn't like to go to her mamm because Aunt Ellie was visiting there, and she guessed they didn't want to be bothered, so she up and to d Bertie. He said: G actius you'd be ter strike."

"Well, it took Elsie two days to get up her spe ch, and teach those children to march properly, in an eyen has a fewer there.

march proverly, in an even line. At las ore levely Sep ember evening, when mam-ma and Aunt Ellie were chatting quietly together, in wa k d four if the white night-gowned figures. Each held in stretched out palm a rough slice of stale bread, Elsie headed the line. She walked up to her mamma, and handed her the bread,



BACHELOR GIRLS HOUSEKEEPING AT TWO DOLLARS A WEEK

owing to a change of location my car which we cooked on a round, tin pieplate, week, and we won't not eat such missa fare was more than three times as much and took our dinners at home, though we the stuff any more. The procession hower as formerly, my luncheons averaged 25 made no special point of doing so while cents a day, and I very frequently bought we remained in the small rooms. my dinner in New York for the reason that at the end of the day I was too much

day. Men stand this better than women They are not usually so finely strung. Young women, however, no matter how brave and independent they may appear, do instinctively rebel at the noise and jostle of the inevitable crowd which makes life almost unendurable for the young girls whose occupations lead them over the same course, and when possible I be-Heve it is best to live within walking dis- on the dinners.

tance of one's business.
"Just for an experiment I took a little room on the top floor of a very nice lodg-ing house on a quiet strest within five guid spoons cup, saucer, plate, small coffee malls from my business. The pot and a small granite saucepan for out could get board for \$5, making \$8 in all, a sum which was actually less than I had been paying for board, lodging and the car fate, and extra luncheons made neces-sary by living at a distance; and I also saved the money formerly paid for dinners when I was detained late in New York, because I was near enough to my board ing place to go home for my dinner and

I had waited too long, however, and inevitable sick spell came. To be fit in a lodging house, a stranger, with no one to take care of you is a sorrowful sit-uation, the pathos of which no one appreclates so theroughly as the victim. It was an ill wind which brought with it the usual good, for it taught me the use of a gas stove and a breakfast in my own of a gas stove and a breaking in my own from. It was my neighbor next door, who had the gas stove, and who prepared my breakfasts while I was ill; but the first day I was able to be out, I invested in a

'My gas stove cost 25 cents, the tubing for which was 18 cents, my catmeal dish with its cover took another quarter, and my coffee pot was 30 cents, the whole amounting to 85 cents. I also purchased the means to propare a cup of escoa for a friend who drops in cf an evening, and to cents each, which raised my bill for cooking utensits to \$1.18. Then, with a can of condensed milk on hand—though in package of cat meal at 9 cents, a half general; pound of the best coffee at 12 cents, a mik, if pound of sugar at 7 cents, a 5-cent leaf keep it. of bread with a half pound of butter at 12 "After having tried keeping house in the regular course of nature as estable cents and a cents' worth of cream, I went this delightful independent, bachelor-girl lished by Him. But now that my follow-

"We were so well pleased with this method of doing things that we have without eating something beforehand.

"Moreover, I discovered that I was runroom of it. The small room, we use for
blue down physically from the strain of gas stove with two burners, upon which we now prepare all our meals.

"Of course, one has to make a special arrangement to use a room for cooking purposes. I paid 25 cents a week for the use of gas for my small stove in the top floor room, and no objection was raised against preparing breakfasts and lunchcons, but the landlord didn't exactly smile

Girls who are coming from home to

han six inches in diameter, can easily be hought in a large department store or in a bardware establishment that makes a specialty of gas ranges. It will be found fully large enough for cooking breakfasts and luncheons, and as it, together with a as above stated, it is worth having in one's room for emergencies, to heat water in a hurry, or some such case, whether used for regular cooking or not. The tubing can always be flitted over any gas jet. hough for 10 cents one can have another fixture added at one side, so as to have light at the same time that the cooking

is being done.
"In any case it costs very little to make the experiment, and I should advise any girl in any large city to try taking breakfast, at least, in her own room. Takes too much time? Nonsense! My breakfast cooks while I'm dressing Besides it My breakfast coffee pot. will get from having little luncheons in her room, after she has begun to earn enough to warrant them, will repay her general I should rather recommend fresh milk, if the weather is cool enough to

their curly tumbled heads and laid their hard bread in their mamma's lap. "Mamma caugh, up two little strikers, Aunt Elsie picked up the other two, and Elsie told me they all had a lovely time. Elst's mamma scolded the cook and or-dered hot biscuits 'at once.' They played

dered hot biscuits 'at once.' They played games till the biscuits came in all buttery and crisp; they were ever so good, but Allie had to fall asieep and nearly choke himself with a bit of crust.

"When they went to the nursery they said the Lord's prayer together, and Eliste sighed big when they came to the line 'Give us this day our daily bread.' She told me she was 'fraid maybe the Lord wouldn't like strikers, though it did stem as if that was the only way."

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE. Montreal, Canada.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS. They Have Had Much to Do With Educating the People,

I cannot but be reminded, writes Cleve-land Abbe in the Independent, of a little incident when I was doing the predic-tions under the administration of Gen. A. J. Myer; it was in the summer of 1871, and a severe drouth pre-ailed in a certain section of the country; prayers for rain were offered up in churches, but no rain came; none was in sight on the weather maps, and there was no reason why l should predict any-at least so far as the regular operation of the laws of nature was concerned; and so for several weeks the daily papers published side by side the prayers for rain and the official prediction of "no rain" until finally the murmurs of serious grumble were heard, charging the weather bureau with h sacrifege, materialism and athe iam. It became a serious question whether it was not our duly to omit entirely the "no rain" prediction until we should be able to announce that rain was coming. Of course, eventually, rain did come in connection with the ordinary movements of storms on the northwes: Pacific coast, and I; was properly pre-dicted in the daily "probabilities." This little incident is one of many that show lit le incident is one of many that show how important a place the weather bu-reau has occupied as an educator. The people, with very few exceptions, have long slumbered in the belief that the weather is too complex a matter to be understood by man, and that it is per-fectly possible and proper for the Creator to occasionally stir things up contrary to the resular course of gature as estabto bed happy at the prospect of getting fashion, one soon makes discoveries of new foods, and new methods of using the in it and a nice dish of our meal and conveniences at hand. Doubtless every not yet all, about the atmosphere, they red chips once more."

medicine, and the whimsicality of going on after an interruption of twenty-five years would have puzzled even the know-ing ones of a genera ion which had no yet learned an uniocrat's habit of thought CRUELTY TO AFRICANS IN AFRICA The current numeer of one of the well known magazines has a long article about the cruelty of the whites in Africa to Africans. The race is indeed a dark one but it has long been known that Caucaslans living in the dark continent are not overly nice to the original occupants, There seems to be only one way for the

black to live at all alongside the whites and that is to bribe the officials. In the French Congo white men often go to the native villages, and take all the goats, ducks and chickens, simply because one man owes them a few shillings. Some-times even the villages are burned. A case of this kind was reported to the government, and investigation was made. The offender was taken to Gaboon and imprisoned. The chief judge of the colony came with the prisoner to Nyanza for the trial, and on the way there continually complained about his small salary and the hard times. The hint was taken. The accused trader was set free, and at least 1,000 frances found their way into the purse of the officiating judge. In

the French Congo almost any white ras-cal or petty tyrant can buy protection for money. HIS LAST CHANCE.

(Washington Post.) He was a broken-down gambler, a relic of a bygone era. After watching the men who were at work with axes for some time, he went up to one and inquired: "Aren't those cedar logs over there?"

"Are you going to cut into them pretty

"Not till tomorrow."

"You can't carry any of the wood away."
"I don't wish to. I merely wanted the

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We Have a Process of Laundering

That now enables us, for the first time, to

Guarantee not to fade the most delicate colors.

Clarkson Laundry Co.

Doug Rock and cultured gentleman, without the slightest suggestion of the poet. He was neither pale nor pensive, nor did his eyes

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

The girl had never been to Lake contrary. She had money enough for George before, and it was hardly her two. He saw his opportunity and fault that she irretrievably injured her social standing before she had been at gaged.

Everybody at Horicon Ferry goes to
the landing to inquire for mail and to
see what manner of people are going
up the lake. The morning and evenup the lake. The morning and evening steamer arrivals are the two incidents of the day, and John Treadwell Landing consisted in making life unen-

The millionaire's daughter was left in charge of the beautiful summer home. Immediately she livited all the brisk young men of the summer settlement to come and dine with her.

The servants were directed to prepare an elaborate dinner. After the invitations were out the young woman found that she had no Lquid refreshments to offer her guests. There was some table claret, to be sure, but her soul revolted at anything but champagne—champagne beginning with the fish and continuing until desert.

chase the wine.

He threw up his hands.

"I was in a poker game last night," he sa.d. "I haven't enough money to buy a pint."

"Can't you buy it on eredit?"

"I could if I were in town."

"Haven't you anything at hand that you can pawn or sell?"

"Why, I wouldn't pawn anything—thave it! The cow! We'll sell the cow. I know the butcher wants to buy her. You take her over there and get all you can for her, Don't be afraid. I'll fix it with papa."

"Weil," replied the young man, nervously twisting his mustacne, "a fellow who is a reporter on a New York newspaper, as I am, is bound to meet a few persons who are not eligible to the hamlet set at Horicon Ferry."

"I trust, hephew," said Miss Pettingill, "that you will remember that it is decidedly improper to mingle your business and social acquaintances. She is rather handsome, too. Has her mother with her. Evidently makes some pretense to respectability."

Horicon Ferry two nours. Grace Wright saw him once or twice Wright was an actress who had entered the theatrical profession as a casy for him to tell her that he could chorus girl. She had now reached the rank of an ingenue in one of the popu- | who are under the beek and call of a

was as curious as the rest of the little Furable to the majority of those who colony which dwelt on the point of land came there. There were three distinct which juts out into the upper lake. He was holding a flaring, red parasol over the head of his richest aunt, when he tither owned or rented a cottage for the head of his richest aunt, when he saw Grace Wright hastening over the gang-plank. Before he could beat a retreat the girl had nodded to him, and he was compelled to acknowledge her salutation with a perfunctory dip of his hat.

The next moment the girl had given her baggage to a porter, thereby proplaiming her intention of becoming a guest of Horicon Ferry's one hotel.

and the Hamlet set. Anybody who had dither owned or rented a cottage for three years in succession, was entitled to the rank of "Hamleteer." He had to the rank of the little cluster of colleges at the end of the point. There was also an overgrown country farm house, not far from the Hamlet, kept had solved to the rank of "Hamleteer." He had to the rank of "Hamleteer." He her baggage to a porter, therefore the baggage to a porter, the baggage to be baggage to a porter, the baggage to be baggage to a porter, the baggage to be baggage to be a porter to be baggage to be baggage to a porter to be baggage to a porter, the baggage to be baggage to a porter to be baggage to a porter, the baggage to be ba

darkened her threshhold. By right of seniority, she was the social law giver of Horicon Ferry; and Grace Wright had not been at the hotel more than three days before she was obliged to assert her authority. One of the Ham-leteers, who had once seen the young voman in a minor Shakespearian rote,

tin's you might have treated me with ordinary civility."

In her heart, she said: I can hardly blame him. He has a career before him. If I had loved him less, I would have married him when he asked me

have married him when he asked me-two years ago.

There was one day in the calendar when all differences of social standing were forgotten. That was Dove Rock Day. On that day the great rock which rose from the middle of the bay near Horicon Ferry was piled high with drift wood; it was the funeral pyre of the season which was gone. The material for the confineration was The material for the conflagration was gathered from the Islands and from the wooded shore. The Hamleteers, the boarders at Justins, and the guests at the hetel all joined in transporting the supplies for the last spectacle of the

John Treadwell that year was master of ceremonies, directing the movements of the navy of transports, which all day long was busy conveying logs and packing boxes to the rock. In the centre of the pile were trunks of giant trees, placed on end and held in place by smaller logs. In the centre was a pocket filled with light kimiling wood, wered with pitch and tar. This was the mine from which was to ascend a tongue of flame. Hamlet and hotel viewed Dove Rock with pride when the work of the bonfire builders was done-

The night was failing when from the the rock. There was a clanking of rowlock chains, and the oars rattled against cedar sheathed hulls. Craft waich for weeks had been dodging each other, were moored side by side. The slow beating of the oars kept the

had any acquaintance among the hotel people."

"Well," replied the young man, nervously twisting his mustache, "a fellow who is a reporter on a New York newspaper, as I am, is bound to meet a few persons who are not eligible to the late George no hotel guest had ever the selection of the giant tinder-box.

"Bever came to Horicon Ferry for more than a learn tinance from beneath the sheller of a cap; then the flame from a torca flight in the air. John Treadword, his face illumined by the jet of fire above his head, turned to the crescent of boats and bowel. He hurled the torcing for the persons who are not eligible to the and turnd to go. But his foot caught upon a root and he lurened forward in trying to save himself, he haif turned, then fell upon the rock. From that top of the pile of timbers burst a blinding flood of light. Beneath its glare, those who sat in the half lune of boats could see that a thin stream of blood was trickling from the right temple of the man who lay stretched upon

The pile of timbers began to settle. The pile of timbers began to settle. A blistering heat compelled the spectators to pull back from the nest of flames. A pine log rolled from the side of the volcano of wood and fell, snapping and snaring, within six inches of Treadwell's feet.

"Why doesn't somebody pull out to the work?"

the rock?" yelled a voice for back in the semi-circle.

the semi-circle.
"Why don't you do it yourself?"
came the response in half a dozen

A light shallop shot out from the landing near the hotel. Some one, closely wrapped in a closek, dragged the prostrate form into the boat and slowly rowed out of the zone of blistering heat.

"It seems strange to me," remarked the dramatic critic of the Daily Har-binger to the night editor of the Mornbinger to the right contor in the stori-ing Reinbow, who had joined him at a late supper in a restaurant, "that news-paper men have such a predilection for marrying actresses. I suppose that we shall be hearing of Treadwell's seeking a divorce sometime within the next six months. He was married this evening to Grace Wright, who used to be

at Payson's. said the night editor, "from what I know about it that divorce won't come very soon. She saved his life at Lake George last summer." Copyright, 1897.

> It Was On Foley's Bent. (Chicago Record.)

(Chicago Record)

A young fellow with a dismal suit of summer cothes and a faded sweater was leaning against a corner hubbing when the policeman stroked along and suid, giving his club a little firling motion. "Come on-get away."

"Why get away?"

"Never you mind. That man don't need anyone to hold up his buildin' for him. Step lively, or I'll bounce the stick off of you.

Well, I wasn't dots' nottin'," Y're a fine boy. Y're a fine, indus-

cloue boy."
The 'boy" grumbled and edged six feet round the corner, leaning against the buth wall instead of the cast wall. The oliceman passet in in ten minutes the policeman sauntered

hack.
A man came out of the corner store and said: "That fellow didn't go away."
"Where is he?"
"Right here by the window, When you spoke to him he just stepped around "Well, he's in Twenty-six'h street now, and that's off my beet. Speak to Folsy when he comes along."

SOMETHING ABOUT TRUSTS. (American Economist.)

Under protection, when business thrives and confidence reigns, men do not wait long to compete with, and break down, a trust which charges exerbitant prices. Under free trade, when business is paralyzed and confidence lilasted, men do not put their money into new enterprises, and consequently those who are already exablished in any business have things John Treadwell saw the two occasionally and greeted them by touching the rim of his hat. It is the unwritten law, at Horicon Ferry, that a Hamletter must be greeted by removing the hat and describing with it a considerable are; one the Justin set may be greeted by raising set and a guest of the hotel is to be ignored and snubbed. Treadwell's salute was a feeble compromise.

"You needu't trouble yourself to York. That is how he met Agnes Sheiton. She thought that his life was "so interesting" and "so fascinating;" and he, who had almost forgotten the days when he was a drudge and a pack horse, never told her anything to the 'I suppose that if I had gone to Justine to the lates are designed them—that is never any reason for a free trader to drop a charge—but herause the facts are getting too well known to lot the lie go longer undetected by the people at large.



DRAGGED THE PROSTRATE FORM INTO THE BOAT.

"Aunt Jemimah," said the young insisted upon inviting the girl to give man, "the young woman is a member an open air r of Mr. Payson's company. She is a girl of sterling character. She has been was abandoned. on the stage almost from childhood."

From that day John Treadwell had primited to go their own way. They no peace of mind at Lake George. He was at Horizon landing principally because his aunt had told him to come. and incidentally because the family of his flancee. Agncs Shelton, had a cot-tage there. He thought rather guilfily of the evenings when he had called on Grace Wright, and or the talks they had had upon literature and the uplift-ing of the stage from its present sor-rowful plight. They had read the same book, and had sport many an after-noon at the picture galleries. That was noon at the partial pa payday arrived, and brought with it the blessed assurance that he might have breast of yeal, with green peas for at least one dinner of the week.

for at least one dinner of the week.

Then somebody discovered that he could write, and he found himself upon a paper where his weekly space bills ran above the three figure _____rk, and he was halled by that proudes, of Park Row titles, "a good man." Then he fell into the good graces of his aunt Jemimah. That meant receptions and atternoon teas, and an introduction into one of the "smart" sets of New York. That is how he met Agnes Shelton. She thought that his life was "so interesting" and "so fascinating," and he, who had almost forgotten the days when he was a drudge and a pack

an open air readin. There was a brief, sharp struggle, and the projec-

did not seem even to be aware of the fact that they had been socially ostracised. They cared not either for Hamletters, the Justin set, or the guests at the hotel, A young dry goods clerk, who was spending a week's va-cation at the Ferry, smiled upon the young woman, but received a look which was a Siberian winter. Grace Wright spent her days in rowing her mother about among the Islands of the lake. There is an amiable tradition that in this body of water there are three hundred and slaty-five islands, one for every day in the year. In leap year, so the story goes, an additional year, so the story goes, an automata island appears, which is again lost to view on the last day of December. There were islands enough for every-body, and the mother and daugater managed to steer clear of the aristoc-