



CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

With the utmost calmness she began talking of herself in the third person, feigning to be her own maid. As such she behaved, remaining quietly where she was, for politeness is not a characteristic of the servants of Ecks.

"No, sir, I'm sorry, sir, she isn't at home, the fraulein, but if there's anything I can do, sir—"

"The gentleman looked up disappointed. 'I wanted it done at once.' 'Poor Elizabeth! Work to be done at once, and if it should now slip out of her hands!'

"'Couldn't you leave the work with me, sir?' she said. 'The fraulein puts great trust in me, she does.'"

"'Well, it's only a copy, after all,' murmured her visitor, half aloud. 'She may be able to do it, and I must have it. I'd like to have seen her, though. It's hardly a lady's work.'"

"He was going to say something more, when the girl silenced him, saying sharply: 'All right; I'll give it to her, sir. You'll find your way out, I suppose?'

"The German took the hint and went, muttering some remark on this rudest of daunces."

"'Well!' said Elizabeth, indignantly, as she looked after him, 'that's the first time I ever had a gentleman leave me without even raising his hat!' then, amused at herself for so soon forgetting her role, she burst out laughing."

"The work was done by evening and laid by Elizabeth on a table among several other papers which had, she thought, a legal appearance."

"'Here he is!' cried Dorry, as the hall door bell rung. 'I'll let him in.'"

"The gentleman had evidently dressed himself with extreme care, being now in the lightest of kids, in honor, no doubt, of the English lady, who, as he probably gathered from her maid's account, must be still very young. He was himself extremely youthful, as Elizabeth now observed for the first time."

"As he entered the room he smiled, looking at the two sisters, who had both risen; then began talking English: 'Who of the misses is the violinist?'

"'Ah, so, I had left a pepper of judgments with your she-servant this morning, miss—'

"'Yes, here they are,' said Elizabeth, handing him a scroll. 'They are all right, I think.'"

"She then sat down and wrote out an account for 10 marks, saying, as she did so: 'You are the Herr Widmann, I suppose, mentioned in this paper?'

"'No, miss,' was the answer. 'The Mr. Widmann in that paper is an old; but I am but a parent of him, his niece—'

"'Ah, an English concert, you see, Dorry. I should think, now, that would be interesting.'"

"And the gentleman, who happened to know them by sight, had smiled as he soliloquized, 'Funny little girls! I'll go to the concert; by Jove, I will!'

"And who was making the concert dress? Not Nora. The little, dark figure, half hidden in a cloud of muslin, sitting in the window to point by the last daylight, as she runs her needle deftly in and out, holding her work at arm's length—nobody can mistake her."

"'Dorry, you'll hurt your eyes, child. Let me light a lamp.'"

"'No, no, mother; we'll have to sit up late, anyway, and we burn such a lot of oil as it is. I can see quite well still, and I must go on sewing. Think only, to-morrow's the concert night.'"

"The eventful night found Nora a picture; the frail, girlish figure, under middle height, the pretty face, with the great hazel eyes peering out of it; the long, white dress, that made her look almost like a child dressed up as a woman for the nonce; the long, golden-brown hair, fastened back by a white ribbon, and a tiny bunch of pink roses—the only colored thing about her. Beside her stood her mother. None of the Denbigh girls could compare externally with their mother, not even the pretty child in white (for, despite her eighteen years, Nora looked yet a child). Tall, and dark as an Italian, with superb black eyes, even in her shabby black dress Mrs. Denbigh could not fail to attract notice."

"CHAPTER VI. Not far from her stands Elizabeth, looking rather well to-night, with her pale face slightly flushed, her eyes bright with excitement and her long hair hanging down in a great plait. Stooping down to put a finishing touch on Tom stands Dorry. Her face is paler than usual, her lips, as usual, are quite colorless, and there are telltale margins under her black eyes."

"But from underneath the little brown cap her pretty dark curls fall over her face. She has a pink shawl thrown about her shoulders, and Nora whispers to the mother: 'That's Dorry's color; how pretty she looks!'

"At last the family start. Their remarks are characteristic as they reach the green room: 'Where will you sit, mother?'

"'Up in the gallery, behind a pillar. I know a place, where nobody ever sits.'"

"'Cheerful—we are at liberty to choose the grandest numbered seats in the hall. I mean to sit in the first row, number five, which is immediately behind the princess' fauteuil. And you, Dorry?'

"'I shall sit a little further back, as I think we ought to spread ourselves over the hall, to hear what the people say. We'll sit near people who won't know we're sisters. Now listen. We must agree on a few signs. If I fold my arms, I am satisfied all is going well. If I put my hand up to my right ear, I want to tell you something. You do the same to me. But mind you speak of Nora as 'the artist,' in case any one should overhear. What a blaze of light!' (This as they entered the concert hall.) 'Do you feel nervous, Elizabeth?'

"'Well, yes; I'm quaking in my shoes. And you?'

"'With which eminently comforting confession the sisters part; Elizabeth to sit immediately behind the princess, or, rather, behind the princess' chair, that lady having not yet arrived, Dorry and Tim sitting somewhat further back. Then at last a little white figure enters, looks around, courtesies deep, and sits down before the hall of people. She then begins taking off her gloves, and plays, while she, the piano, and all the crowd of spectators swim before the eyes of three present; the dark figure concealed behind a pillar in the gallery, the girl leaning breathlessly forward in the front row, and the curly-headed child in the middle of the audience. Then a pause; the first piece is over."

"'Won't you clap, Dorry?'

"'I should think I will, Tom.'"

"Up and down went her hands. Buttons broke, seams burst, palms ached; still she clapped. And Elizabeth, behind the princess' chair, followed her example. What were the people laughing at? Why, dear me! yes, every one had ceased clapping, and Tom and Dorry and Elizabeth were alone belaboring their hands."

"It was the singer's turn now. 'Tom,' said Dorry, 'mind you clap for this gentleman as much as for the musician. Keep my place, dear, whilst I take a run over to Lizbeth.'"

"'What is it, Betty?'

"'I was in the grand geraniace standing on the window sill. 'It's a beauty,' said Nora. 'Do you think so? I call it—but, perhaps, I should not acknowledge that' said Mr. Thomson blushed slightly. 'Oh, that's not fair,' exclaimed Nora, laughing. 'You must confess now.' 'Do you order me to, Miss Denbigh?'

"'Yes,' in a decided tone. 'Well, then, I call—that exceedingly pretty geranium 'Miss-Miss Denbigh.' There, now, is a confession! Is it not handsomely rude of me?'

"'Not a bit,' said Nora, her merry eyes dancing; 'I think it is a very pretty idea; but, confess, do you call it 'Miss Denbigh' exactly?'

"'What are you talking about, Tom?' asked Miss Smythe-Smythe. 'Bantony,' was the answer her truthful nephew made. 'Indeed! That reminds me, are the saucers all right?'

"Here Dorry, who had not yet opened her lips, thinking this would be a good occasion to show that she was not 'shy' in company (so stupid for a great girl of fourteen to be shy), replied at the top of her voice: 'Yes, thank you, Miss Smythe. Mine has a crack in it, but nothing goes through.'"

"Mr. Thomson smiled as he explained that his aunt meant the saucers under the flower pots. 'Poor little Dorry could say no more. 'Will you play us something more, Miss Nora?' asked Tom. 'When she had ended his eyes were fixed on her, the great, meaningful, blue eyes she had so often laughed at. They were very kind eyes, as she now noticed for the first time. 'Do you like the opera, Miss Nora?'

"'Yes, very much,' said Nora's eyes sparkled. 'Why, I never see you there, and I go almost every night with my aunt. Though she does not hear, she is found of the opera as a spectacle. Will you go with her sometimes?' asked Tom Thomson suddenly, as if recollecting something. 'She is very kind, and—and might be useful to you, Miss Denbigh. Ladies can be useful to each other sometimes, can they not?'

"Thus it came that Tom Thomson gave up his seat in the 'opera' to the little artist, and the tall Scotchman, with the languishing blue eyes and the invariable flower in his buttonhole, answered all queries as to why he had abandoned one of his favorite pastimes of late with 'The fact is, I am tired of it.'"

"'I say, girls, Tom Thomson is an out-and-out nice man,' said Nora, as she took Dorry's arm going home. 'How did you find that out?' asked Elizabeth, who was skeptical concerning the value of men generally, starting from the man Tom Denbigh. 'From a talk we had at the piano,' and Nora repeated the substance of her conversation with the Scotchman. 'That is nice of him,' said Dorry, enthusiastically, 'for you know, girls, every one says he's not rich, though Miss Smythe is.'"

"(To be continued.)"

"Electric Stamp Cancellers. The first application of electric letter-cancelling machines in the United States was made recently in a new street railway mail car, especially built for the West End railway postoffice service in Boston. 'The idea is new, and will undoubtedly prove a great improvement in the service. Cancellers are in use in the Boston postoffice, where they were first introduced into this country. In the street mail cars all the mail was cancelled when placed aboard the car, except the drop letters, which were cancelled with a hand stamp. Under the new arrangement, however, the mails can be put aboard the cars direct from the collectors, and the extra handling of the matter saved. The new cars are built with new ideas, which were not possible in the old ones, as they were simply made over from the ordinary cars. The cancelling machine is in the corner, and power is received direct from the trolley and generated through a small motor. One clerk, with this machine, can handle, face and stamp six thousand letters an hour. The car was inspected by Postmaster Cotney, who seemed pleased with the new arrangement, and said: 'It is an admirable arrangement, and after it gets into good working order will probably do much to save important time, and thus increase the efficiency of the service. On the all-night circuit car is where the machine can best be put to practical use, as so much mail is handled, and the run is so long as to give plenty of time to work up matter.'"

"He Began Young. The New York Tribune tells the following story of the celebrated Brooklyn sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies: 'When the boy was 7 years old he made one of his first pieces, which his mother now keeps in an honored position in her parlor. It is a miniature likeness of an elephant and is remarkably lifelike in all respects. One morning the boy, with his playmates, went to town to see Barnum's big circus parade. The embryo sculptor took in the whole show from beginning to end, but was especially interested in a certain white elephant, then taking his first starting tour. Before the last notes from the bands in the procession had died away the boy was hurrying home. There he secured some clay, and in an hour or two he had molded the wonderful little image which many curio hunters would doubtless be glad to get at any cost.'"

"Never Touched Him. The stomach of an ostrich that died a few days ago in the menagerie in Central Park, New York, was found to contain a wooden clothespin, two pieces of glass, a mouth harmonica, a piece of umbrella handle four inches long, a metal skate key, a brass door key, a silk, handkerchief, a horn comb, two pieces of coal, and three pebbles. Yet the ostrich did not die of indigestion, but tuberculosis. A man is more apt to notice the approach of old age in others than in himself. 'Yes, I'm very fond of that one you see—'

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THE WIFE'S SHARE.

WE have a poor opinion of the man, we care not how poor or how well-to-do he is, that does not acknowledge that his wife has a share in the income of the farm. The man who acknowledges this in words and does not give by actually passing into the wife's hand some of the share does her a rank injustice. We are aware some men excuse themselves by saying that "it is all in the family, anyway," or "women are no managers." Both are very slim excuses. What man who has worked hard would like it when the few dollars come in that the toil produced should his wife take them and use them all in buying a sewing machine, an extra clock, and half a dozen plated spoons, which are "all in the family" when the husband has set his mind upon having a "good new jackknife" when those hogs are sold? She has the right to do it, as much so as the man has to buy a feed-cutter, an extra rubber coat and a whip when the wife had her heart upon having a pair of kid gloves. That women are "poor managers" is proven false every day. Many a successful man owes his success to his wife's good management, and many more would be successful if they left more of their affairs to the judgment and management of the wife.

It is a burning shame the treatment some women get in the money matters of the copartnership made at marriage. We do not believe in marriages for a money consideration, but hold that many a woman would be happier had the promise to "love, cherish and keep" been carried a little further or made more specific so as to have obligated to a literal sharing of the money, be it little or much.

An extreme case was brought to our attention a few days ago. A farm was to be sold, and after the deed was made out the wife hesitated before signing it. When asked why, she replied: "Before signing that paper, and her voice grew steady and firm, 'I want to know what my share's to be. I've worked as hard as father all these years on the farm, and I've pinched and managed and earned whatever's to be paid for it, as much as he, and I want a set sum that's all mine, and that I can hold in my own hands and have belong to me alone.' The lawyer who made out the paper saw determination in the tone and manner, and acknowledged her right, and asked her how much she considered her share. 'I thought of that, too,' she replied. 'It's been forty years, a good forty years, for we took the farm in the fall, and this is spring, and it seems to me—her voice broke a little at this critical moment—"it seems to me," she replied, "as if I'd ought to have \$20.'"

That is a true statement of a recent happening. Think of it, man. A woman so belittled by forty years' uncompensated servitude that she called \$20 a fair consideration for herself! Man! are you degrading your wife to such a position?—Faru, Field and Firsleide.

Revenue Officer in Skirts. Miss Lucy E. Hall has just been appointed chief of the spirits department by Collector Kelly of the Brooklyn internal revenue office. There is only one other woman in the United States holding a similar position. The new chief is a pretty girl with dark hair and blue eyes, and a face that is full of intelligence. She lives with her parents at 1062 Dean street, Brooklyn. Four or five years ago she entered the service of the internal revenue department in Greensboro, N. C., the heart of the moonshining district. In 1894 Collector Healey appointed her as a deputy in the Brooklyn office. She was afterward in charge of the income tax department while that law was in operation. Lately she has been keeping accounts of brewers and cigar manufacturers. Her new duties will be in relation to the distilleries of the district.

The Loveliest Woman. Very lovely and lovable is the woman who has cultivated a disposition angelic enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature, who can be severe with her own failings, and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull, uninteresting creature, and if we take the trouble to look into the matter we find that she does

not laugh at her neighbor's pet weakness; she does not enjoy sitting out right and left at the world at large, and is always ready with a plea for unseen and unsuspected reasons, which, if they could be revealed, would go a long way toward modifying harsh judgment. Our lovable woman may not be witty, she may be a little prosy, but she it is to whom we go when in trouble for sympathy and confide with a feeling that our secret will not be torn to shreds as soon as our back is turned.

Curls and Crimps in Profusion. If nature has been niggardly in the matter of curls, woman must lie her to the hairdressers this season to entreat him to make good the deficiency. For curls of all sorts and conditions are all to be popular. The only thing which is tabooed is the smoothly drawn Madonna-like coiffure which has been the solace of the indolent woman for a season or two. Pompadour combs help to give the roll its stability. They are fastened in the hair in such a way as to press the fluffy puff out toward the face instead of in from it. When the hair is worn a la pompadour, as far as

the facially decorative part is concerned, the back hair is generally gathered up on the top of the head. There it is coiled loosely and roundly instead of in the pertly erect and narrow fashion recently prevailing. In deference to the rage for curls the ends of the coils are oftentimes free. Simultaneously with the announcement from the hairdressers that the hair must be curled comes the declaration from hygienists that the curling iron must go. It is branded as the deadliest foe to softness and fineness of the locks. This would be a particularly discouraging conflict but for the fact that the makers of kid curlers have devised an almost picture-like method of curling the hair. The little, inoffensive kid curlers are all provided with narrow ribbons which tie in dainty little bows all over the head.

Louisiana Bachelors in Peril. The palladium of the Louisiana bachelor's liberty has been ruthlessly swept away by a recent decision in the United States Circuit Court, and, if he has not taken to the woods, he is at least as circumspect in his dealings with the fair sex as a Quaker. The civil law in that State has always frowned on breach of promise suits, and refused to recognize them. A certain Mrs. Cheek, however, finding that her venerable suitor, Herman Pilger, would not fulfill his promise to marry her, brought suit against him in the Federal courts and recovered heavy damages against him. The decision may bring to light many hundred breach of promise suits which have lain dormant for years because the State law recognized no damages for a bruised heart.

Equality of Sexes. The new woman should take her way to Burmah. There, travelers say, is the only place on earth where true equality between the sexes exists. In spite of this, it is claimed, no women are more womanly than the Burmese women, whose good sense enables them to perceive the line where they ought to stop. In the higher classes a woman has property of her own and manages it herself. In the lower classes she always has a trade, and runs her business on her own responsibility. The sexes choose their own occupations, and it is curious to see the men sometimes sewing and embroidering, while the women have nearly all the retail trade of the island on their hands.—Exchange.

Make It Yourself. Lanoline cream, which is considered excellent as an emollient for the skin, may be made as follows: Obtain half a pint of lanoline and half a pint of pure oil of sweet almonds. Then put a tablespoonful on a china plate, add an equal quantity of almond oil; mix thoroughly, and add from half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin, until the paste drips from the knife—a steel caseknife is best for the mixing process—in about the consistency of thick cream. All three of these ingredients are absolutely harmless. It should be rubbed in at night.

American Girl Who Surprised Paris. The fete recently given by the Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, was one of the most elaborate ever seen in Paris. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the cost of the fete was not far from \$100,000. The event was planned to reproduce the fifth day of the fetes celebrated at Versailles on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Austria.

What is as dissipated as whifky, and less fun.

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