MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER XIX.

or do you mean she committed sui-

"Suicide, ay, that's what they called it-I didn't remember the word until ye mentioned it-'suicide while in a state of trumpery insanity' was the jury's verdick. For nigh on six months afore poor little Helen came into the wurrld her mother was a hopeless fjiot, that ought to have been locked up safe in a 'sylum, as I ought to know

"Great heavens! And this was kept from me-intentionally kept by that wretched old woman who flaunts her religion-

"Charity an' religion begins at home with wan o' her kind. If she had tould you, the chances are ye'd have sloped off an' left on her hands a burthen she hated an' had fretted against sore for the last eighteen year. She saw her chance and didn't let it slip. Who'd be after blamin' her, when

ye come to think of it?" 'The madness was inherited-in the famely, I mean?" I asked, with sullen

"No, it wasn't. Sorry a Casey I ever heard of bein' took that way before or since."

"What was the cause of it?"

"Sorrow, treachery, cruelty, an' wrong, them was the cause of itwrong such as 'ud drive women o' my kind by degrees to the whisky bottle an' the county jail, but which, in wan summer's day, turned poor Nora Casey from a light-hearted sunny lass into, as I've already tould ye, a broodin' hopeless ijiot!"

'Tell me all about it; nothing must be kept back from me now. What was the mother's story? Quick!"

"Aisy, aisy, I'll tell it ye soon enough," remonstrated Molly soothingly, squatting herself on the ground, her hands clasping her knees. "Nora was the ould wan's only daughter, an' the youngest o' the family; when the boys all went their ways she had to remain at home. She was me nursechild, and as purty a girl as ye'd care to meet in a day's walk, and as like her daughter as two peas, only brighter an' more winnin' in her ways, an' never wid that broodin' heavy look Miss Helen often had. She was let to wander about the mountains all day over me when I saw her walkin' too

"He had come in a grand yacht that anchored in the bay. Every day he used to meet her somewhere or other, an' soon won her heart, for he was handsome an' elegant, like no wan she'd never met before. One day he tould her to meet him next night at 11 o'clock in St. Brigid's ruined church beyond the point below, an' that he would have a minister to marry them, making her swear she was to tell no wan, for if it was known he was about to marry a poor girl he'd be ruined for life. But after a few months he said he was to come in for a large fortune and be his own master, an' then he'd bring her to his home in England an' introjuce her to his people.

"Poor Nora believed him and went to the abbey, where sure enough there was a minister all in white ready to make them wan. She kept the saycret safe, poor sowl, an', when the cowld rain and the bleak wind came, he sailed away in his yacht, an' after he'd been a couple of months gone news came wan day from Droomleague that he had been married over in England to some grand lady with a lot of money the week before. But Miss Nora only laughed when she heard it, an' didn't seem in the laist put out, though I watched her close, suspectin' there was somethin' between them, though not

the cruel truth, Heaven knows. "Well, just three days after we heard the rumor, a letter came to Miss Nora enclosin' a check for fifty pounds, and tellin' her that the marriage up at the old church hadn't been a rale one at all, that the minister was only his valet dressed up, as he'd dare say she'd suspected all along. An' he was mortal sorry he had to give her up; but hard necessity obliged him to marry his engaged for the last two years, an' he begged her pardon an' wished her well an' would never forget or cease to was all.

"When she'd read it an' understood too, an' learnt the cruel story for the first time, she just opened her halldoor, an' wid her own hard hands thrust the poor maddened craythure out into the cowld night; an' bade her never cross the doorstep of the house middle of the next day we heard what had been done; an' me ould man an' me, wid our hearts in our mouths, set out to search for her. We didn't find famished and frozen, her poor wits completely gone!

"We brought her home, coaxed an' which I had been born, lived, and suf- Azorea.

nursed her as well as we could, but "Great heavens! Was it an accident, she sat all day long on a stool before the fire shiverin' an' not seeming to hear or understand a word that was goin' on. We thought that perhaps when her poor child came, Heaven would see fit to give her back her sences, but it wasn't so; an' in less than a week after Helen was born her mother one night stole out of her bed and threw herself from the cliffs down to the beach below, where, as I've told ye, her body was picked up next day. That's her story."

CHAPTER XV.

After a few minutes I looked up to whisper brokenly-

"And her-her daughter, you mean to say she inherited-you mean I-I married a--

"Her daughter," she interrupted eagerly, "grew up in me keepin' like every other child I reared; there was nothin' particular about her, except that she was a bit quieter an' sister to mind than most babies maybe. When she was three year old, her granny took her from me; whether because she was touched with remorse or because of the ill-will and sharp tongues o' the neighbors-some o' the daylers at Droomleague refusin' to buy the praties she sent into market-I can't say; but, at any rate, she took her and kep' her until you came."

"Molly, Molly, you mean to tell me you saw no signs of the mother's disease—that you believe her to be free-free from-Oh, for Heaven's sake hide nothing from me now! I have been used basely enough among you all. You must tell me everything now -everything!" I cried, roughly seizing her hands.

"I saw nothing wrong about hernothing, I tell you, until-until, as bad luck would have it, when she was a slip of a girl of fifteen, she heard her mother's story, an' it certainly-I won't decaive you, sir-preyed on her a sight. She had a bad fever, an' raved a lot, always talkin' about the say and the shore, wishin' she was a mermaid under the water, and a lot like that. She several times tried to get out of her bed and go outside; an' we had some trouble in houldin' her down. An' when she recovered she told me she was sorry she didn't die, as she was grow up jest as yer wife was, with no no use to any wan in the wurld, an' her more eddication or care or lookin' after granny was disappointed she didn't die than if she was thrown on the wurrld | too. Well, for some time afther, I must without a sowl of her own. She used say, a sort of a shiver always came ng, and in course of time met a close to the edge of the cliffs; but by degrees the feelin' wore away, an' she became almost herself again."

"Then, Molly, Molly," I whispered piteously, "you-you have no fear about her now! You feel she is safesafe-only hiding from me in a fit of temper. I-I will be sure to hear from her in a day or two at the farthest; you have no apprehension-no-"

I stopped, for Molly turned her head away, and, with her hands shading her eyes, stared mutely out to sea. I remember feeling the ground surge strangely under me, seeing the stony beach where poor Nora's mangled body lay move slowly out with the receding wave, and a lurid darkness creeping over the clear sunlight; it was only for a moment. I shook off the dizziness, staggered to my feet, to find a ragged boy holding an orange envelope toward me.

"A telegram! She is found!" "She is found-where-where?" gasped Molly, seizing my arm.

"It does not say. The message is from my housekeeper telling me they have news; I am to come at once. That's all."

Twenty-four hours later I was standing in the hall at home, Mrs. Murray's hand resting on my shaking arm.

"Hush, hush!" she said in answer to my incoherent inquiries. "In a moment-in a moment I'll tell you all Come into the study, Master Paul. I've a letter you must read first."

I followed her in; she laid an envelope, directed to me in my wife's writing, in my hand.

"It was found inside your desk a few hours after you left. I-I don't know how you missed seeing it." I broke the seal and read the following slowly twice through-

"Paul, I followed you last night into present wife, to whom he had been the wood when you thought I was sleeping quietly in my bed. I saw in your arms the woman you love, I heard you begging her to give up home, forlove his dear mountain maid. That tune, fame, and fly to the other end of the world with you, for you could not and would not live another day it at last, she went ragin' through the apart from her. And as I listened to house like a madwoman, the letter in | you the curse which had hung over her hands; an' when her mother read it | me even before I came into the world

suddenly fell. "The dark still air became thick with a thousand faces I had never seen before, yet which I seemed to know as well as I knew yours, voices whispered in my ears; lights, red, blue, yellow, she had disgraced. It wasn't until the | danced before my eyes; a breath of rushing buoyant life filled my body; I felt as if I could have flown round the world for ever and know no fat true, all the fever, auguish, struggle und her until the evening after, thirty horror of the past week died in me, miles away, lyin' in a ditch, half- a horrible exultation took their place.

"I felt that the supreme moment of my life had come, the moment for fered until then. I felt that if I could not kill you my brain would burst. I rushed forward blindly, stumbled over the trunk of a tree, and came to the ground, where I lay stunned for a few moments. When I rose, you

"I went back to my bed, slept for some time, and awoke at dawn with the murderous fever on me fiercer than before. I stole into your room, Paul -I, your wife, the nameless daughter of a mad mother, who had deceived you basely, robbed you of peace, happiness, honor and love, yet who had received nothing in return from you but countless benefits, infinite forbearance, noblest patience. I leaned over you as you slept, a razor pressed to your throat. The touch of the steel or the fire of my murderous breath awoke you. You looked at me calmly, and I slunk away cowed, loathing myself, cursing the day that gave life to such a wretch as I. "All that morning I knelt by your

pillow in an agony of shame, of remorse, praying for strength to leave you before you would guess my horrible secret. Strength seemed to come; I rose to go when you were driving up the avenue with her. I went to the window to take my farewell look; you were standing in the porch together whispering eagerly, her hand was clasping yours. I struggled flercely for a moment, but passion overmastered me again. I ran quickly down to your study, unlocked a drawer where I had seen you hide a packet of verminpoison one day, and poured it into the glass of wine you asked for. You took it unsuspiciously; and when it was half way to your lips you turned with a smile and a kind word to me-and, thank Heaven, I was able to dash it from your hands-thank Heaven,

thank Heaven! "And now I go from you, Paul, forever, with a prayer on my lips and in my guilty heart for your peace and welfare. Be happy with her you love, and forget the wretched woman who deceived you. Put her from your memory and your life as if she had never been. Now, I can write no more-my hand shakes; strange lights are burning before my eyes; a torturing thirst consumes me, though I hear the splashing of cool water everywhere around. I must go-oh, love, love, how can I write Farewell?"

The paper fell from my hands. I turned wildly to Mrs. Murray.

"Where is she, where is she? Let me go to her at once. I tell you, she is desperate, maddened; there is not a moment to lose!"

Mrs. Murray, with her hands to her eyes, answered with a weak whimper. rushed toward the door, and then became aware for the first time that the room was full of familiar facesmy Uncle Gerard from Kibton, my two cousins from Leamington, General Stopford, Doctor Finlay, and some others I had not the power to recog-

(To be Continued.)

DAUDET'S CHILDLIKE NATURE. Passionate Desire to Live, Act and Enjoy Without Intermission.

I beg to insist for a moment upon the childlike nature of Daudet's character, says Pall Mall Gazette. It is true that everything seems to have been said in praise of Daudet. All the forms of eulogy have been exhausted in enumerating his great and luminous qualities. But I have not seen noted in art thou?" any of the studies of the novelist this striking feature of his character. Daudet was a child, a marvelous child, exceptionally gifted and possessing all childhood-confidence, generosity, feverish imagination and a passionate desire to live, to act, to enjoy, without intermission or cessation. And to advice, showed us how ardent was his passion for justice and humility, and made us share with him the joy of living by ideas. If I insist upon this childlike nature of Daudet's character it is because I assign to this trait the place of honor; it is to the artless natures, to children and to enthusiasts that we owe all great progress, splendid ideas, marvelous inventions, generous and charitable impulses.

Between Two Fires. He was a passenger on a fast train bound for St. Louis, and when about fifty miles from that village he jumped

from the rear platform. "Why did you do it?" asked the physician at the little way station, when he had recovered his senses.

"It was fate," replied the sufferer, with a faint smile. "I might have gone farther and fared much worse."

Old-Style Politoness.

Polite Old Gentleman-I perceive, madam, that I need not inquire about your health. Nice Old Lady-Thank you, sir; I confess that I feel ten years younger than I am. Polite Old Gentleman-Possibly, madam, but you cannot feel a day younger than you look.

Why He Would.

"Do you think that Boeckle, the tailor, would give me credit for a suit of clothes?" "Does he know you?" "No." "Oh, in that case he would."-Das Kleine Witzblatt.

The Smoketess Variety.

Waggles-This war has shown that powder should be unlike a child. Jaggles-What in the world do you mean? Waggles-It should be heard but not

Prince Albert of Monaco is having a magnetic observatory built in the TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A NEW YEAR'S GREETING" THE SUBJECT.

from Book of Genesis, Chapter zivii., Verse 8, as Follows: "How Old Art Thou?" Some Lessons from Life.

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from away, how many burdens he may lift, the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics and wound with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures-their eyes and beaks and pinions glittering with preclous stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flowerbeds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom.

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow-white horses, golden-bitted, and six abreast, dashing at full run. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh where spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts, and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day, and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face and says to the

aged man: "How old art thou?" Last night the gate of Eternity opened to let in, amid the great throng of departed centuries, the soul of the dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of brazen nammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many mile-stones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask today, when I look into your faces, and say, as Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch, "How old

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have the beautiful and adorable qualities of asked. I would put no one under temptation, but I simply want, this morning, to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way the end of his life, although riveted of measuring a door, or a wall, or an to his armchair, Daudet gave the best | arch, or a tower, and so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you this morning with the stupendous question of the text, and ask: "How old are thou?" .

It is not sinful egotism for a Chris-Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits I took a musket in my hand and learnpest to the drill officer." It is not base ever seen a ship." And there is no fighting the battles of the Lord, or, if you will have it, voyaging toward a haven of eternal rest, say, "I know more about spiritual tactics and about voyaging toward heaven than I used

Why, there are those in this presence who have measured lances with many a foe and unhorsed it. There are Christian men here who have become awarthy by hammering at the forge of calamity. They stand on an entirely different plane of character from that which they once occupied They are measuring their life on earth by golden-gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal prayer meeting, by communion tables, by baptismal fonts, by hallelujahs in the temple. They have stood on Sinai, and heard it thunder. They have stood on Pisgah, and looked over are only waiting for the gate to open and the chains to fall off and the glory to begin.

I remark again, There are manyand I wish there were more-who are estimating life by the good they can

John Bradford said he counted that day nothing at all in which he had not, by pen or tongue, done some good. If a man begin right, I cannot tell how many tears he may wipe how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been men who have given their whole life in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity and mental acumen and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain and delved into the mine and crossed the sea and trudged the desert and dropped, at last, into martyr's graves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nakedness, by the miles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill of every nerve, in the motion of every respiration of their lungs, the magnificent truth: "No man liveth unto himself." They went through cold and through heat, foot-blistered, cheek-smitten, back-scourged, tempest-lashed, to do their whole duty. That is the way they measured life-by the amount of good they could do.

Do you want to know how old Luther was: how old Richard Baxter was; how old Philip Doddridge was? Why, you cannot calculate the length of their lives by any human arithmetic. Add to their lives ten thousand times ten thousand years, and you have not expressed it-what they have lived or will live. Oh, what a standard that is to measure a man's life by! There are those in this house who think they have only lived thirty years. They will have lived a thousand—they have lived a thousand. There are those who think they are eighty years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy, for one must become a babe in Christ to begin at all. Now, I do not know what your ad-

vantages or disadvantages are; I do I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them; but I know this; there is for you, my hearer, a field to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them force used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the a voice with which you may call the say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only death-scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death-scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the actor, in his last moments, said, "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbes said in his last moments to the confessor, "Hold your tengue! your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven." Lord Chesterfield in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sick-room, and said, "Give Dayboles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram

of his own monument. Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the seraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson, as he said in his last moment; "The tian man to say, "I am purer than I breezes of heaven fan me. I float in used to be. I am more consecrated to a sea of glory." Or, with Paul the Apostle, who said in his last hour. "I am now ready to be offered up, and in which I used to indulge in. I am a the time of my departure is at hand. great deal better man than I used to I have fought the good fight, I have There is no sinful egotism in kept the faith. Henceforth there is that. It is not base egotism for a laid up for me a crown of righteoussoldier to say, "I know more about ness which the Lord, the righteous military tactics than I used to before Judge, will give me." Or, compare it with the Christian death-bed that you ed to 'present arms,' and when I was a witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god! egotism for a sailor to say, "I know It will consume you with the blaze better how to clew down the mizzen in which it accepts your sacrifice, topsail than I used to before I had while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; and when sinful egotism when a Christian man, the thrones have fallen, and the monuments have crumbled and the world has perished, they shall banquet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year has gone. The new year has come. For what you and I have been launched upon it, God only knows. Now let me ask you all. Have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother; have you made any preparation for eterinto the Promised Land. They have nity? Do you wonder that when that stood on Calvary, and seen the cross | man on the Hudson river, in indignableed. They can, like Paul the Apos- tion, tore up the tract which was tie, write on their heaviest troubles handed him, and just one word landed "light" and "but for a moment," The on his coat-sleeve—the rest of the darkest night their soul is irradiated, tract being pitched into the river- | cles troubled with see-aickness?

as was the night over Bethlehem, by that one word aroused his soul? It the faces of those who have come to was that one word, so long, so broad, proclaim glory and good cheer. They so high, so deep-"eternity!" A dying woman, in her last moments, said, "Call it back." They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said, "call it back!" Oh, it cannot be called back; we might lose our health, and, perhaps, recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back; but time gone is gone forever. * * *

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordnance, the city trembled, and the hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a most glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence, when the trumpets shall sound and the Last Day has come. At the signal given, the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouses, and of the cities, will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by all the cathedral towers of heaven—the harmonies of earth and the symphonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal march, fit to celebrate the ascent of the redeemed to where they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

GREAT SPANISH ACTRESS.

The Daughter of a Rich Merchant of Madrid.

One must love Madrid and be familiar with its history to know how representative is the Spanish theater of its glory, its genius and its beauty, says the New York Herald. It arose phoenixlike from the very ashes of the not know what your tact or talent is; famous Coliseum of the Cross, whose performers, toward the close of last century, created that atmosphere of abandon and fantasy which is the very breath of life to the modern Spanish culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to stage. For twenty years the famous Rafael Calvo made the Spanish theater the representative of the choicest drato Christ. If you have eloquence, use | matic art of his people. His death left it on the side that Paul and Wilber- a vacancy which was not filled until the appearance of Maria Guerrero. The season in Madrid lasts barely six world's suffering. But if you have months. During the rest of the year none of these-neither wealth, nor elo- the company makes tours to the provquence, nor learning-you, at any rate, inces or abroad. In 1897, for example, have a smile with which you can en- it scored brilliant successes throughcourage the disheartened; a frown out the countries of Spanish America. with which you may blast injustice; This year a tour of Europe is contemplated, with a first appearance at wanderer back to God, "Oh," you Paris. The choicest classic and modern drama will form its repertory. The company, which the Figaro has happily called a "company of hidalgos," bright view of death. Contrast the is managed by Mme. Guerrero and her husband, Senor Fernando Diaz of Mendoza, a fellow-actor, and by title the marquis of Fontanar.

> The daughter of a rich merchant of Madrid and carefully educated in a convent, an irresistible vocation attracted her to the stage. She made her debut at the Spanish theater in 1890. In 1892, at the Comedia, she made her first great success. She has ever since retained her place at the head of her art in Spain.

Eucalyptus Pavements.

Germany is about to make a radical departure in paving some of the streets in its big cities with the wood of the eucalyptus tree. The substance has been tested thoroughly in the Antipodes, and the German authorities are satisfied that it is better than stone for the purpose. Eucalyptus wood has been in use in Sydney, N. S. W., as street paving material for the past ten years. It has proved to be so serviceable and durable that all the principal streets of that city have been paved with it. The great density, hardness and elasticity of the wood of certain kinds of eucalyptus trees, rich in pitch and fatty oils make the wood more adaptable for the purpose than that of any other tree. It is said to be proof against rapid deterioration and does not absorb the moisture of city streets. For hygienic as well as economical reasons Germany is now experimenting with it. In Leipsic a street in the busiest section of the city has been paved half with eucalyptus wood and half ordinary material under equal circumstances and conditions. Despite its hardness, the wood surface does not get slippery and it seems to be superior to asphalt in many ways. Dresden and several other German cities are making similar experiments.

A new anecdote to show the evils of intemperance is found in Modern Society. A Russian peasant returning from town, where he had bought a new pair of boots and drunk a few glasses of spirits, fell asleep by the roadside, and was stripped of his boots by a light-fingered tramp. The fellow's sleep remained unbroken until a passing wagoner, seeing him lying half across the track, shouted to him to "take his legs out of the way." "My legs?" echoed the half-aroused sleeper, rubbing his eyes, "those legs ain't mine-mine had boots on!"

Why fan't a man who wears specta-