

# Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER III.

Miss Frances Sylverton, only daughter and heiress of Lionel Sylverton, Esq., of Sylverton Park, was the most intimate friend that the Trevanions possessed. She was about Mildred's height, and was not altogether unlike that young lady in respect of features, though differing widely from her both in expression and general demeanor. She had handsome eyes and fair brown hair, a good-humored mouth, and a beautiful manner of holding herself. She was quick-witted, clever and affectionate, could talk a good deal of slang without appearing in the least vulgar, and was rather fast and independent, according to the usual rules laid down for the proper guidance of young women.

She was a staunch friend to all the Trevanions, from Sir George down, except, indeed, Charles, between whom and herself there seemed to exist a perpetual warfare, a guerrilla sort of entertainment that smoldered occasionally only to break out again with redoubled energy. Just now, the contest was at its height, and Charles Trevanion had left home the last time to join his regiment without so much as riding over to Sylverton to touch his enemy's hand before his departure. This was an unheard-of piece of incivility, and proved clearly that something more even than common had occurred between the belligerents, though what that something was history reported not.

Eddie was a prime favorite of Miss Sylverton's; his affected insolence just suited her rather excitable temperament, and so they argued, and quarreled, and abused, and liked each other persistently from year to year.

She had gone, a week before Younges' arrival at King's Abbott, to spend a month with an uncle of her's in an adjoining county and so was not expected back for some time—a great source of regret to the Trevanions.

Said Lady Caroline to her daughter Mildred about a week after the Younges' advent:

"Mildred, my dear, whom shall we ask to meet them the day after tomorrow?"

"You mean Monday," said Mildred—"well, let me see. We have shown them to the Grantleys and the Blounts, so I suppose we had better say the Deverills, and perhaps the Stanleys, and—oh, two or three of those men from the barracks, and that will be enough."

"Yes, quite enough," her mother returned, though rather dejectedly. "The only thing is, Mildred, those Deverill girls are so provokingly stupid. Mary is well enough if her mother would let her alone; but Jane is—Oh, how I do wish Frances Sylverton was at home!"

"So do I," said Mildred, "with all my heart. But where is the use of wishing? We all know Frances is worth half a dozen of them put together; but saying that won't bring her."

"Won't it?" cried Frances Sylverton's own voice gaily; and then the door was pushed farther open, and Frances herself entered joyously, dressed in blue cloth from shoulder to foot, with the daintiest riding-hat imaginable, and proceeded to kiss them both immediately.

"So I am worth half a dozen of them," she exclaimed. "Poor creatures! How I do wonder who they are!"

"Good gracious, Frances," cried Mildred, "who could have expected you?"

"My dear," said Lady Caroline, "I am so very glad to see you. You have come just at the very time we most wanted you, and were beginning to feel your loss most severely. But how is it that you are here? I fancied your uncle had you safely for a month to come."

"Oh, we quarreled, as usual," explained Miss Sylverton, airily—"all but came to blows, you know, and separated by mutual consent, which was a great relief for all parties concerned. I cannot think why he asks me down there to his dusty old Grange—as he persists in doing once a year regularly—as it always ends in the same way. We are at daggers-drawn now, but, bless you, I shall get a long, affectionate invitation from him, if he is alive, this time next year precisely. I suppose he feels that a downright good 'blowing-up,' such as he gets from me, is beneficial to his constitution—something like a tonic, or a douche bath—and that is why he continues his obstinate hospitality."

"I am afraid you are a terrible child," laughed Lady Caroline; "but I am sufficiently interested in your return to make all manner of excuses for you, as I want your help next Monday night to entertain some friends we have staying with us."

"Oh, yes—papa was telling me of them," said Frances; and then she stopped.

"They are cotton merchants, old friends of papa's, and of no family whatever," Mildred explained, calmly; and, though she neither blushed nor looked confused, Miss Sylverton could see plainly that it was a sore subject.

"What a comfort," said she, briskly. "I am sensible of all this cold, good blood that surrounds us. You need not look shocked, Mildred, because I am, and feel quite gay and festive at the mere idea of being in company of anybody who cannot remind me of

what is due to birth and position," as Dame Deverill has it. Being strangers, too, they cannot be up to all my frightful crimes and misdemeanors just yet, you know; and so I dare say they will be gracious to me until I frighten the daughter and young Younges—there is a young Younges, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes," Mildred answered, with a shrug of her pretty, uncivil shoulders, which showed plainly that she wished there was not.

"Oh, well—who knows?—perhaps he will condescend to fall in love with me," chattered on Miss Sylverton; "only I forgot—of course he is head over ears in love with one of you two girls long before this. Which of them is it?"—appealing to Lady Caroline.

"My dear Frances," said her ladyship, "he has been here only a week or so and is it a necessity that he must lose his heart in that space of time? He shoots all day with Eddie, and sees Mildred at dinner time, and talks to Mabel for half an hour before bedtime—and that is the extent of his love-making. So, you see, the field is quite open to you."

"I see," Miss Sylverton rejoined, turning her clear violet eyes first on Lady Caroline and then on Mildred; "he talks to Mabel—which means that Mildred will not look at him, in spite of his unlimited thousands. Well, I thank heaven I was not born with aristocratic tendencies; and I think Mabel is right. Is he handsome?"

"Very," answered Lady Caroline, seeing that Mildred would not open her lips on the subject.

"Rich, handsome and young, in every sense of the word," cried Frances, gaily—"why, what more is wanting? With your permission, Lady Caroline, and without Mabel's, I shall certainly marry this young man," and then the door opened, and Eddie came into the room.

"Frank!" he exclaimed, with undisguised delight; "my dear fellow, is it indeed you? I never anticipated such a happy surprise when I came here to hunt my pipe. Why, what has brought you home so soon? Is it indeed your very self in the flesh?"

"Rather," said Miss Sylverton. "It came to this you see, that, as usual I couldn't see the old boy's line of conduct, and so I bolted, quite as much to his relief as my own."

"I can readily believe that," put in Eddie innocently.

"Besides, the country down there was stupid, and I was getting bored to death," went on Frances.

"Can't you say out boldly and honestly that you couldn't do without me?" said Eddie mischievously; and Miss Sylverton instantly rose to the combat.

"You shall have your ears soundly boxed for that piece of unwarrantable impertinence," she declared, and laid down her little silver mounted riding whip preparatory to commencing operations.

Having chased Eddie successfully into a corner presently, Miss Sylverton laid her pretty hands about his ears with great rapidity, until he had cried peccavi several times, when she desisted, and they both looked up to see Denzil Younges standing in the doorway, laughing heartily at the whole encounter. He looked so extremely handsome, and the entire scene was so out of keeping with all propriety, that for once in her life Miss Sylverton blushed crimson.

"You there—and you never came to my rescue!" said Eddie when he had recovered his breath, looking reproachfully at Denzil as he spoke.

"Well, I would not have believed it of you. However, the longer we live, the more we learn, and I suppose it is the way of the world. Miss Sylverton—Mr. Younges."

"Oh, Mr. Younges, indeed I did not know you were there," Miss Sylverton murmured, demurely, looking as if she could not hurt a fly to save her life; and, besides, Eddie and I are such old friends." Here she made the discovery that she was excusing her conduct to a strange young man—a thing Miss Sylverton had never before been guilty of.

"Well, wonders will never cease. I declare she is actually ashamed of herself," exclaimed Eddie, who was enjoying her unwonted confusion immensely. "I verily believe she is blushing."

"No, I am not," returned Miss Sylverton, promptly, quite ready now for a war of words—*à* la mode.

"If that is how you treat your friends," broke in Danzil, "I should like very much indeed to put my name upon your list, Miss Sylverton."

"Would you?" she said coquettishly. "Are you not frightened? Well if you behave prettily and make up your mind to endure a good deal of ill-treatment, I dare say I shall be able to make room for you. But I must have time to judge of you first."

"Thanks, and for how long am I to be put on trial? Don't make it too long," pleaded Denzil, in his lazy, musical voice. For the life of him he never could refrain from softening his tone when addressing a pretty woman.

"For just one week," answered Frances. "I could understand Machiavelli himself in a week, so next Friday you may come to me for my decision."

"In the meantime, Miss Trevanion, I hope you will put in a good word for

me," Denzil said, turning to where Mildred was standing.

"Certainly. I will even put in two for you on this occasion—it is such an important one," Miss Trevanion returned, smiling on him her sweet cold smile, which somehow had the effect of sending the blood throbbing back into his heart; and then the conversation changed.

"Where is Mabel?" Frances asked presently. "I have seen nothing of either her or Sir George."

"Papa went to Pinchley Common an hour ago," Mildred answered; "but I cannot imagine where Mabel has hidden herself so effectually."

"I think she went with Rachael into the garden," Denzil said, "at least they were talking of examining some flowers when I last saw them."

She came in a few moments later with Rachael Younges, and, seeing Frances, dropped all her flowers upon the floor.

"Frances!" she exclaimed, and ran forward and kissed her friend with honest, undisguised delight; after which Miss Younges was introduced, and made the faintest, stiffest little inclination in return for Frances, careless, graceful bow.

"She is unbearable," Miss Sylverton assured herself upon the spot, and then told Mabel all about her unexpected return. "And now that I have succeeded so fortunately," she added, "in getting out of the lion's clutches without suffering any severe damage, I think the county ought to celebrate my escape by some public rejoicing. Don't you think so, Mildred? And don't you think it is high time old Dick Blount gave us a ball?"

"It does seem a long time since last he gave one," Miss Trevanion answered, assentingly.

"A dreadful time," declared Frances, who was in the habit of adorning her conversation with innumerable notes of admiration, mingled with startling adjectives—"so long a time that I have quite forgotten what I wore at the last! I say, Eddie, have you finished the ruin of that desk? Because, if so, I should like you to get a horse and ride over with me to the Grange, when we will find old Dick, and make him give us a dance before next week is ended. What do you say to my plan?"

"I am willing," Eddie said, and left the room to order his horse.

"I vote that we all go," exclaimed Mabel. Why not order the pony phaeton and accompany them? It is a charming drive."

"Charming—and so is your idea," Mildred said; "only I don't think I will go, Mab, my dear."

"Oh, why not, Mildred, when there will be plenty of room?" cried Mabel. "You and Mr. Younges can sit in front, and Rachael and I behind. Do come, my dearest."

"Not today, thank you," Miss Trevanion returned, blushing faintly.

"An' if she won't she won't," quoted Mabel. "Mr. Younges, I have failed, so I leave you to try the power of your persuasions while we go and dress—I dare say you will be more successful. Come Rachael!—and then she and Miss Younges went out of the room."

Mildred prepared to follow.

"Miss Trevanion, I wish you would come with us," Denzil said, softly, eagerly, as he held the door open for her. "The drive will not be the same thing without you. Will you come?"

"It is very good of you to wish it," she answered, bestowing upon him for the second time that morning, his beautiful, indifferent smile, "but I do not think I will—thanks."

"Why not?" he asked, impatiently, still standing before her, and gazing almost angrily down into her calm, unutterably lovely face. "Why not? Tell me."

Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and looked full at him.

(To be continued.)

### "Waterfalls" Are Threatened.

A few attempts are being made to lower the chignon, to bring the back hair into a low coil. In full evening toilette certain types of women, those who are tall, wide of shoulder, and having well formed, but small heads, look their best coiffed in this manner. And with a single large rose worn low on the left, this style of hair dressing is fairly ideal in grace. But folly would it be for every woman to follow this lead, as the majority of them lose all cachet with their hair worn low on the neck. Surely for day wear nothing could be devised so unbecoming, as it is not difficult to recall the Langtry days, and the untidy coils of hair resting upon the necks of bodices.—Vogue.

### Fresh Air for Consumptives.

The fresh air cure for consumption is to be tried in Scotland. A specially built house has been opened at Banchory, on Deeside, for the treatment of consumption and other diseases of the lungs. The institution is to be conducted on the same principle as the Nordach institution in Germany, and months were spent in selecting a site that will give the best air all the year round. Banchory has a fine, dry, bracing air, and its winters are mild compared with the rest of the country. The house is constructed to hold forty patients, and it has thirty already. The cost has been £21,000.

### Air the Closets.

Closets should be aired the same as bedrooms, and the coming architect, if a woman, will see to it that closets in which clothes are hung are provided with a window, be it ever so small, going out to the yard. This window will be so protected that in nearly all weathers it may remain open and supply the closet with fresh air and light.

Empty compliments and senseless abuse are on equal footing.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PRINTER'S INK THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

Good Influence of Newspapers and Books — The Public Conscience Is Easily Awakened — Letter-Writing a Good Habit for the Young.

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Washington, March 17.—In a new way and from a peculiar text Dr. Talmage discourses of good influences brought to bear for the world's improvement. The text is Ezekiel ix, 2, "And one man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side."

The poem from which my text is taken is epic, lyric, dramatic, weird and overpowering. It is more than Homeric or Dantesque. No one ever had such divine dreams as Ezekiel. In a vision this prophet had seen wrathful angels, destroying angels, each with a sword, but in my text he sees a merciful angel with an inkhorn. The receptacle for the ink in olden time was made out of the horn of a cow or a ram or a roebuck, as now it is made out of metal or glass, and therefore was called the inkhorn, as now we say inkstand. We have all spoken of the power of the sword, of the power of wealth, of the power of office, of the power of social influence, but today I speak of the power for good or evil in the inkstand. It is upon your tables, holding a black or blue or red liquid. It is a fortress, an armory, a gateway, a ransom or a demoltion. "You mistake," says some one; "it is the pen that has the power." No, my friend, what is the influence of a dry pen? Pass it up and down a sheet of paper, and it leaves no mark. It expresses no opinion. It gives no warning. It spreads no intelligence. It is the liquid which the pen dips out of the inkstand that does the work. Here and there a celebrated pen, with which a Declaration of Independence or a Magna Charta or a treaty was signed has been kept in literary museum or national archives, but for the most part the pens, whether, as of old, made out of reed or later of wing of bird or still later of metallic substance, have disappeared, while the liquid which the pens took from the inkstand remains in scrolls which, if put together, would be large enough to envelop the round world. For practical, for moral, for religious, for eternal purposes, I speak of the mission of "the writer's inkhorn."

Writing to Old Folks at Home. O ye who have with recent years set up homes of your own, out of the new home inkstand write often to the old folks, if they be still living! A letter means more to them than to us, who are amid the activities of life and to whom postal correspondence is more than we can manage. They await the coming of the letter. Undertake no great thing in life without their advice. Old people for counsel; young people for action. Even though through decadence they may be incompetent to give valuable opinions on important affairs, compliment them by asking their counsel. It will do them good. It will make their last days exhilarant. Make that home inkstand a source of rejuvenescence to those who are near the terminus of the earthly journey. Domestic correspondence is not attended to at once. The newspaper, joining with the telegraph, bears the tidings of all the neighborhood, but swiftest revolving wheel of modern printing press and quickest flash along the electric wires can never do the sympathetic work of the home inkstand. As the merciful angel of my text appeared before the brazen altar with the inkhorn at his side in Ezekiel's vision, so let the angel of filial kindness appear at the altars of the old homestead.

The Author's Responsibilities. Furthermore, the inkstand of the business man has its mission. Between now and the hour of your demise, O commercial man, O professional man, there will not be a day when you can not dip from the inkhorn a message that will influence temporal and eternal destiny. There is a rash young man running into wild speculation, and with as much ink as you can put on the pen at one time you may save him from the Niagara rapids of a ruined life. On the next street there is a young man started in business who, through lack of patronage or mistake in purchase of goods or want of adaptation, is on the brink of collapse. One line of ink from your pen will save him from being an underling all his life and start him on a career that will win him a fortune which will enable him to become an endower of libraries, an opener of art galleries and builder of churches.

Furthermore, great are the responsibilities of the author's inkhorn. All the people, or nearly all the people, read, and that which they read decides their morals or immorals, their prosperity or failure, their faith or their unbelief, their purity or corruption, their heaven or hell. Show me any man's library, great or small, and after examining the books, finding those with leaves uncut, but displayed for sake of the binding, and those worn with frequent perusal, and without ever seeing the man or knowing his name, I will tell you his likes and his dislikes; his qualifications for business or artistic or professional or mechanical life. The best index to any man's character is the book he prefers above all others. Oh, the power of a book for good or evil!

The Influence of Books. Through books we sit down and talk with the mightiest spirits of all the ages. We accompany Tennyson on his spring-time walk as he falls upon his

knees in the meadows, crying to his companion: "Violets, man, violets! Smell them." Or we ride with Trajan in his triumphal march, or stand with Godfrey at the taking of Jerusalem, or with arctic explorer hear the crash of the icebergs, or are received with Hernando Cortes in the halls of Montezuma, or watch in the observatory as Herschel with his telescope captures another star, or the ink in the inkhorn turns red as blood, and we are at Marengo and Arbelia, and Eylau and Borodino and Leipsic; or we sail with Hamilcar from Carthage to Palermo, or we see Galilei fighting for the solar system, and around us gather for conversation Aristotle and Plato and Robert South and Sydney Smith and Locke and Samuel Rogers and Chaucer and Paul Richter and Swift and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt and Talleyrand and Burke and Edward Irving, while, to make music for us, Handel and Mozart and Mendelssohn come in, and we watch Columbus landing, and see John Harvard's legacy of £300 paid over for the founding of Harvard university, and Joshua Reynolds and David Wilkie and Rembrandt tell us of their pictures. Oh, the books! Thank God for the books, and thanks be to all the authors! May the inkhorn ever be under divine inspiration!

When a bad book is printed you do well to blame the publisher, but most of all blame the author. The malaria rose from his inkstand. The poison that caused the moral or spiritual death dropped in the fluid from the tip of his pen. The manufacturer of that ink could tell you that it is made of tannin and salt of iron and nutgalls and green vitriol, but many an author has dipped from his inkstand hypercriticism and malevolence and slander and salaciousness as from a fountain of death. But blessed be God for the author's inkstand in 10,000 studies which are dedicated to pure intelligence, highest inspiration and grandest purpose. They are the inkstands out of which will be dipped the redemption of the world. The destroying angels with their swords seen in Ezekiel's vision will be finally overcome by the merciful angel with the writer's inkhorn.

Newspaper Impressions. A wrong theory is abroad that the newspaper impression is ephemeral. Because we read and cast it aside in an hour and never see it again we are not to judge that we are parted from its influence. No volume of 500 pages makes such impression upon the people as the daily newspaper. It is not what we put away carefully upon the shelf and once in awhile refer to that has close relation to our welfare as the story of what the world is now doing or has recently done. Yesterday has more to do with today than something occurring a century previous. The engineers who now guide the rail trains, the captains who now command the ships, the architects who now design the buildings, the batons that now control the orchestras, the legislators who now make the laws, the generals who now march the hosts, the rulers who now govern the nations, the inkhorns that now flood the world with intelligence—these are what we have most to do with.

You have all seen what is called indelible ink, which is a weak solution of silver nitrate, and that ink you can not rub out or wash out. Put it there, and it stays. Well, the liquid of the editorial and reportorial inkstands is an indelible ink. It puts upon the souls of the passing generations characters of light or darkness that time cannot wash out and eternity cannot efface. Forever indelible. Be careful how you use it. The impression made with it will be resplendent or repulsive on the day for which all other days were made.

But how shall I speak of the inkhorn of the world's evangelization? Oh, how many loving and brilliant and glorious pens have been dipped into it! Thomas a Kempis dipped into it and brought up his "Imitation of Christ." Horace Bushnell dipped into it and brought up "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." Thomas Binney dipped into it and brought up his "Weigh House Chapel Discourses." Conybeare dipped into it and brought up the "Life and Epistles of Paul." Archbishop Trench dipped into it and brought up the "Epistles to the Seven Churches." Stuart Robinson dipped into it and brought up "Discourses of Redemption." Austin Phelps dipped into it and brought up "The Still Hour." Mark Hopkins dipped into it and brought up "Evidence of Christianity." Thomas Guthrie dipped into it and brought up "The Gospel in Ezekiel." John Cumming dipped into it and brought up "The Apocalypse." Oh, the opulence of Christian literature! Oh, the mighty streams of evangelistic power that have poured from the writer's inkhorn that appeared in Ezekiel's vision!

The Mothers' Letters. While you recognize the distinguished ones who have dipped into the inkstand of the world's evangelization do not forget that there are hundreds of thousands of unknown men and women who are engaged in inconspicuous ways doing the same thing! How many anxious mothers writing to the boys in town! How many sisters writing encouragement to brothers far away! How many invalids bolstered up in bed, the inkhorn on the stand at their side, writing letters of condolence to those worse off than themselves! They are flying all the time kind words, gospel words, helpful words, saving words. Call the evangelistic inkhorn into service in the early morning, when you feel well and you are grateful for the protection during your sleeping hours, and write before you retire at close of day to those who all night long will be saying, "Would to God it were morning!" How many bruised and disappointed and wronged souls of earth would be glad to get a

letter from you! Stir up that consolatory inkhorn.

The Inkhorn of God's Mercy. The other angels spoken of in my text were destroying angels, and each had what the Bible calls a "slaughter weapon" in his hand. It was a lance or a battle-axe or a sword. God hasten the time when the last lance shall be shivered and the last battle-axe dulled and the last sword sheathed, never again to leave the scabbard, and the angel of the text, who, Matthew Henry says, was the Lord Jesus Christ, shall, from the full inkhorn of his mercy, give a saving call to all nations. That day may be far off, but it is helpful to think of its coming. As Dr. Raleigh declared, that when 50 miles at sea off the coast of New England the cattle on board the ship, as well as himself, scented the clover on the New England hills, so we, amid all the tossing waves of the world's controversies, inhale the redolence of the white lilies of universal peace. Is it not time that the boasted invention of new and more explosive and more widely devastating weapons of death be stopped forever, and the gospel have a chance and the question be not asked, How many shots can be fired in a minute? but, How many souls may be ransomed in a day? The world needs less powder and more grace, fewer fortresses and more churches, less power to destroy and more power to save. Oh, I am sick of the war cries and the extinguished eyesight and the splintered bones and the grave trenches and the widowhood and orphanage and childlessness which sob and groan and die in the wake of the armies on both sides of the sea! Oh, for less of the slaughter weapon and more of the evangelizing inkhorn! Oh, for the stopping of the science of assassination, that crime of crimes, that woe of woes, that horror of horrors, that hell of hells—war, which this moment stands reeking with blood and washing itself in tears and blaspheming the heavens and pushing off the edge of this life men who have as much right to live as you and I have, and blasting homes in which their dwells as much loveliness as in our own! Would that the merciful angel of my text take the last weapon of war and fling it off and fling it down with such force that it shall clang on the lowest round of the perdition where the first keen edge of human strife was sharpened! War! In the name of Almighty God and of all the homesteads it has destroyed and is now destroying, I hate it, I denounce it, I curse it!

Slocum's Spray. England, it seems, has something to learn from America, even in the matter of boat building. Capt. Joshua Slocum, author of "Sailing Alone Around the World," has just received a letter from a stranger, bearing an East Indian stamp, and postmarked Berbera (Africa), London, and New York, in which his correspondent expresses a desire to possess a boat built on the lines of the famous sloop Spray. "I have an island in the Indian ocean," the Englishman writes, "separated by some 40 miles from the main group at which steamers call. Its produce has to be ferried twice a month to the steamer station. Often, in the monsoons, the seas run high, and a stout boat is necessary, as well as one that can sail well to windward, and do something in light airs. A boat like the Spray would just do, and would also be a great pleasure, for there are numbers of neighboring islands one would like to visit, and sometimes a run to Bombay, or Ceylon, or Mombasa, or Martius, would be possible." Needless to say, the gallant captain lost no time in forwarding the Spray's specifications, in answer to this flattering request.

New Kind of Phonograph. At the last meeting of the Berlin Polytechnic society an engineer named Leisner explained a new kind of phonograph for service at sea, writes a Berlin correspondent. By coupling together membranes, between each of which a microphone is fixed, he has succeeded in so strengthening the tone emitted by all sound that any noise can be heard for a distance of three sea miles. It is suggested that by means of this invention a commander at sea will be able to issue his orders to all the ships in his fleet, and that in the same manner ships will be able to communicate with each other in the densest fog. Of course, it would be equally useful on land, and railway accidents, it is thought, may be also greatly diminished, as warnings could be given at long distances apart.

Tenniel's Successor. Of Linley Sambourne, Sir John Tenniel's successor on Punch, it is said that he is short and stout and would easily be taken for a prosperous gentleman farmer, whose only thought was crops and horses. He lives in a charming and artistic home in Kensington, one of whose features is a vast collection of photographs to be used in his works as a cartoonist. They are assorted, we are told, into scores of departments. Kings, queens, soldiers, sailors, judges, members of parliament, actors, actresses, celebrities, notoriety, animals—there are thousands of them in these drawers. There are also photographs of the uniforms of the armies and courts of all European countries.

From Judge to Constable. Daniel R. Magruder, former judge of the Maryland Court of Appeals, is a constable at Annapolis. To the protest of the citizens that constables had not been appointed the board in charge of the matter replied that men could not be found to accept the office. When Judge Magruder stated that plenty of good men could be found it was suggested in banter that the judge should accept, and he did.