

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER VII.

One the following morning, as Shell is carefully folding in tissue-paper the superfluous tea-spoons brought into use on the previous evening, Ruby once more bursts in upon her solitude.

"I have brought over one of Meg's dresses as a guide; and I think this merino ought to make up prettily," she says, unfolding a parcel which she carries, and displaying with some triumph a tiny cotton frock and a piece of some light blue material.

Shell pauses in the act of rubbing an imaginary spot from one of the spoons and stares at the articles produced with wondering eyes.

"What are you talking about?" she asks, with bewildered stress on the word "are."

"Why, I am going to make a dress for poor little Meg," explains Ruby in a rather impatient and injured tone. "You must have noticed how badly the poor child's things fit her?"

Shell turns perfectly crimson. "You can't mean what you say, Ruby?" she cries in a voice of horror. "You have surely not been offering to make clothes for Robert Champley's children?"

"Why not?" demands Ruby, with a faint flush. "I consider it only a common act of charity to help the poor man when he is in such dire need of help."

"Oh, then, he asked you to see about it?" queries Shell, looking relieved.

"Well, not exactly. We were talking about the children, and I remarked that the nurse seemed to have no idea how to dress them properly. Of course he objected to my taking any trouble in the matter, but I could see that he was distressed by what I told him. So this morning I went over and caught the nurse just about to cut out another monstrosity, so I just marched off her stuff, and one of Meg's dresses for a pattern."

"Wasn't the nurse a trifle surprised?" asks Shell, in dry sarcastic tone.

"She did seem a little put out," admits Ruby, with a quick flush. "I shall warn Robert Champley against that woman. I think he must be mistaken in her—she has most shocking manners."

"Do you set up as being a judge of manners?" asks Shell, still sneering. "I set up for knowing when people are rude and disagreeable," answers Ruby shortly.

Shell, having carefully disposed of her last spoon, is turning silently from the room, when Ruby calls her back.

"Where are you going?" she asks crossly.

"I am going to lock up the silver," replies Shell, without retracing her steps.

"When you have done that I wish you would help me to cut out Meg's dress—you are so much more used to that kind of thing than I am," says Ruby, gazing despondently at the little dress, which she has been turning inside out to see how it is fashioned.

"I am really very sorry," answers Shell coldly; "but I can't possibly help you. I never cut out a child's dress in my life."

"Nonsense—don't be so cross—you must do it for me!" cries Ruby, beginning to look alarmed. "Of course I quite reckoned on you, or I should never have undertaken such a task."

"I am very sorry," repeats Shell, in a hard, unfeeling voice; "but I don't in the least understand children's things. I should advise you to send for patterns or put it out—you will get no help from me." And then she hurries from the room, nearly upsetting Violet, whom she meets in the passage.

"Would you believe it, Vi?—that wretch of a Shell has turned sulky," grumbles Ruby, as her cousin enters the room. "She vows she won't help me with Meg's dress, or even cut it out. Isn't it disagreeable of her?"

"What on earth will you do? I know you can't manage it yourself," laughs Violet—instead of sympathizing she seems only amused at her cousin's dilemma.

"I am sure I don't know. Do you think you could cut one out?" asks Ruby hopefully.

Violet turns the little dress all round about, then holds it out at arm's length by both sleeves.

"Not if hanging were the alternative," she laughs; "it is quite beyond me."

But for Ruby it is no laughing matter—tears of mortification and vexation force themselves into her eyes.

"Bah! Don't take it to heart," cries Violet lightly—"we'll send for some patterns, and then make an ostentatious show of cutting it out in Shell's presence. She won't be able to withstand that, I know, for she hates to see good stuff wasted."

And Violet's ruse proves successful. For when, a few days later, having obtained some patterns from London, Ruby deliberately begins to arrange them the wrong way of the stuff, Shell impatiently comes to the rescue, and, having once taken possession of the scissors, wields them to the end. Having cut out the dress, she soon decides to make it; she is a good work-woman, and never before has such a

dainty, enticing bit of work come in her way. She feels perfectly safe in her undertaking. Ruby is scarcely likely to blazon forth her own incompetence.

One afternoon, as she sits at the open window smiling over her work, Robert Champley comes sauntering thoughtfully up the short avenue of the Wilderness. Suddenly Shell, all unconscious of his close proximity, breaks into song. It is a bright, cheery little ditty that bursts from her lips, and her unseen listener pauses amidst the shrubs and waits for the end. Leaning idly against a strong young lilac, he not only listens to the words with an amused smile, but watches the busy needle flashing in and out of her work. She makes a vivid picture seen between the breaks of greenery, with her brilliant hair, snow-white skin, and the patch of blue on her lap. This is the second time he has come upon Shell unawares, and somehow he takes keen delight in so surprising her—her quick change of manner when she is discovered, although he cannot understand it, amuses him.

"A very good song, and very well sung! Bravo, Miss Shell—and please forgive me for listening!" he says, stepping up to the window hat in hand, when the last note has died away.

"Oh!" cries Shell, becoming furiously red; and then she throws her work upon the floor and conceals it with her dress.

The sudden disappearance of the patch of blue attracts his attention far more than if she had left it on her knee, and a somewhat contemptuous look steals into his eyes as he comes to the conclusion that Shell is ashamed of being caught dressmaking. It sets him into a teasing mood.

"Miss Shell, if you ever get an offer of jewelry, I advise you to choose turquoises," he says, with his keen eyes fixed steadily upon the girl's burning cheeks.

"Turquoises—why? I am not going to get any jewelry!" stammers Shell, too confused and surprised to find a ready answer.

"Because pale blue suits you to perfection," answers Mr. Champley with a meaning nod; and then, intensely amused at her bewildered look, he proceeds on his way.

"Could he have seen my work?" muses Shell, as she withdraws it from its hiding place and carefully shakes out the delicate lace trimming, which has become a little crushed from her summary treatment. "I don't imagine he could—and yet what made him talk about pale blue?"

In the meantime Mr. Champley has proceeded round to the hall door, and been shown by the trim housemaid into the cool and airy drawing-room, where he finds Violet Flower buried in the depths of a low, cozy chair and engrossed with a novel.

"Tell Miss Wilden that Mr. Champley is here," she says to the maid, as she half rises from her chair and stretches out a lazy white hand in greeting.

"Pray don't trouble to rise," laughs Robert, as he hastens to her side. "You looked so exquisitely happy when I came in that I should be sorry to disturb you."

"I am always happy when I am doing nothing," answers Violet naively. "This hot weather is so frightfully enervating that no one in the house has a spark of energy left—excepting Shell."

"You are not altogether lazy—you were reading," says Mr. Champley politely.

"Yes—I have just life enough left to take in ideas as they are put before me," responds Vi, with a lazy little yawn, "though I find it a great exertion holding up a book."

"You should get one of those wonderful literary machines which one sees advertised," laughs Robert Champley, turning to greet Ruby, who has just entered the room. "I came over, Miss Wilden, expressly to thank you for all your kindness to my children," he begins in a formal tone as he reseats himself.

"Oh, please don't mention it!" answers Ruby, casting down her eyes. "I assure you their coming over so frequently has been a great pleasure to me."

"It is very good of you to say so," returns Robert, in a tone which does not convey any great amount of belief in her statement; "and I intend to send over the little ones tomorrow morning to thank you themselves."

"I am sure I feel thanked more than enough already," murmurs Ruby.

"I have been fortunate enough to secure very comfortable rooms in a farm house on Oakmoor," pursues Robert Champley, with his eyes fixed persistently upon the carpet. "The air seems pure and bracing, and I hope that a couple of months spent there will benefit them wonderfully."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Are you going with them?" asks Ruby sweetly.

"Yes—oh, yes!" assents the gentleman with gusto. He cannot conceal his feeling of delight at the coming change; indeed, of late Ruby's inter-

ference respecting his children has become almost unbearable—and change which takes him from her immediate neighborhood cannot fail to be greeted with enthusiasm.

"It seems such a pity to leave Champley House just when the flowers are so beautiful," sighs Ruby sentimentally.

"I will tell the gardener to send over a basketful twice a week," returns Robert quickly.

"Thanks; you are too—too kind," gushes Ruby; whilst Vi, leaning back in her chair, smiles lazily at the little comedy being enacted before her.

"Oakmoor," muses Ruby aloud, after a short pause. "It sounds so rural and nice, only just a little vague. What part of Oakmoor are you going to?"

"Our farm house is about a quarter of a mile from the village of Oakford," "Oakford—Oakford?" repeats Ruby. "I suppose it is a very healthy spot?"

"I should think so. Oakford stands nearly eight hundred feet above the sea, and there is remarkably good fishing in the neighborhood."

"Oh, how I wish I could induce mamma to go there for a time—I am sure the change would do her good!" sighs Ruby.

"I am really afraid you wouldn't like it," cries Robert, looking alarmed. "There is only the most primitive accommodations to be had, and—and ladies are not used to roughing it."

"That is just like you—always so thoughtful," says Ruby in rather an absent tone; "but I don't think we should mind roughing it a little, since the air is so invigorating."

"I know I should mind!" interposes Violet quickly. "I hate invigorating air—it gives one no excuse for being lazy; as for out-of-the-way places, I abominate them—no society, no library, perhaps even no piano!"

"I don't imagine that there is any hope of our going," says Ruby, looking blankly at her cousin.

"There is no need to regret that fact—you would be tired of the place in less than a week," laughs Robert confidentially; "as for Ted and me, it is otherwise—we shall have our fishing."

"Yes, of course. Well, I am sure I wish you may enjoy it," says Ruby, trying to look in earnest; and then, when their visitor has taken his departure, she falls into a meditative mood, from which Vi's bantering remarks are powerless to rouse her.

On the following morning Bob and Meg arrive with the nurse in their little donkey-trap, looking very important and well pleased with themselves.

"Please, Miss Wilden, we have come to wish you good-by; and please take this with our love," says Bob, striding first into the room and repeating the words that have been drilled into him with a slight frown.

"How handsome—how lovely! Oh, how kind!" she cries; then, unfolding a small scrap of paper contained in the case, she reads the somewhat stiffly-worded note enclosed:

"Dear Miss Wilden.—Please accept the watch from Bob and Meg as a small token of their regard and gratitude. Yours truly,

"ROBERT CHAMPLEY."

Whilst Mrs. Wilden and Violet are admiring the watch, and Ruby is perusing the note with a feeling of disappointment, notwithstanding the costliness of her present, Meg makes her way to Shell, and, thrusting a parcel into her lap, cries triumphantly—

"Dat is for oo, dear Sell!" "Dear Sell" looks anything but delighted at the information.

"Nonsense, Meg—you have made a mistake!" she says, so coldly that Meg begins to pout her under lip preparatory to a cry.

"Me haven't!" she says stoutly. "Dat is for oo—pa said so."

Hearing that her parcel is of no intrinsic value, Shell condescends to open it. Having done so, a handsome bound copy of Tennyson's poems lies exposed to view.

(To be Continued.)

MEN ARE NOT THE MOTIVE.

Women Do Not Don Their Prettiest Frocks to Win Masculine Smiles.

There is a fallacy—confined, though, to the masculine half of society—and that is that women dress for men. Of course all women know better than that and laugh at it in their sleeves as the most ridiculous of ideas. Most of them would like, though, to let men go on thinking so, but I don't care, so I'm going to tell, says a woman in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I think any creature who belongs to such a stupid sex ought not to be allowed—if there is any way of enlightening him—to go on thinking that any woman would throw away time and material to dress for him. Let me tell you, please, what I heard once. It was this: A woman of my acquaintance was clothed in a new and most beautiful dinner suit, which had cost hundreds of dollars. She wore it for the first time with an air of a queen—ah, me, who couldn't have worn it so?—and looked as if she had just stepped down out of the latest Parisian fashion sheet. A man looked at her—a man who had reached an age when he ought to have had discretion and who was still not in his dotage—looked at her and said: "That's your last winter's suit, is it not?" I don't think I need to tell you more, but I will. Another human adult of the same sex told me once that my gown was very beautiful. It was a ten-cent lawn that I myself had made. So, of course, all women save up their best clothes for people who can appreciate them, and those people are not men.

Why isn't a wedding in the drawing-room a parlor match?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ENOUGH BETTER THAN TOO MUCH," THE SUBJECT.

The Text is I. Chron., 20 G-7, as Follows: "A Man of Great Stature, Whose Fingers and Toes Were Four and Twenty, Six on Each Hand," etc.

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put into the Bible as the verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or, "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text today because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, 11 feet 4½ inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny declares that at Crete, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant 46 cubits long, or 69 feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling.

David had smashed the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidean wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet, where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Volcatus, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupertuis, in his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the stripling warrior, has dispatched one giant, the nephew of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendices of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body and mind and estate and opportunity that you cannot use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrible hindrance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the right, are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand, and they have just five—no more and no less. One Doctor Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the civil war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary caliber and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "Peacemaker," a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off, and it explodes, and leaves cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time, all up and down our coasts, were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians, who have made all the noise, go home hoarse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people, with the silent ballots, will settle everything, and settle it right, a million of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple-blossom.

Clear back in the country today there are mothers in plain apron, and shoes fashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers and the Faradays and the Effrons and the Bismarcks and the Gladstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces to-

morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for ten thousand common doctors! The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farm-house, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle-bags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say, "Thank God, I have mastered the case; he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want six. Instead of usual endowment of twenty manual and pedal addenda, they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood, and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life, is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel; but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxieties and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses, and you have all those rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night, you rush upstairs to look out of the window, to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes, and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached, you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand.

I am glad for the benevolent institutions that get a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of heaven and let it out at ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at two per cent a month, and got a "corner" on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty or sixty years in the presence of appalling sufferings and want, and made no efforts for their relief. The charities of such people are in the "Paulo-post future" tense; they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his lifetime close-fistedness, the heirs-at-law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible Society. O ye over-weighted, successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eyes, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad-tasting water at Saratoga, Homberg or Carlsbad: Give to God, humanity, and the Bible ten per cent of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours' sleep, without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait for your regular meals, and your work will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have been appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text, and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made—

the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle, or through machinery, has lost them knows anything adequately about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are. * * *

The malformation of this fallen giant's foot glorifies the ordinary foot, for which I fear you have never once thanked God. The twenty-six bones of the foot are the admiration of the anatomist. The arch of the foot fashioned with a grace and a poise that Trajan's arch, or Constantine's arch, or any other arch could not equal. Those arches stand where they were planted, but this arch of the foot is an adjustable arch, a yielding arch, a flying arch, and ready for movements innumerable. The human foot so fashioned as to enable a man to stand upright as no other creature, and leave the hand, that would otherwise have to help in balancing the body, free for anything it chooses. The foot of the camel fashioned for the sand, the foot of the bird fashioned for the tree-branch, the foot of the hind fashioned for the slippery rock, the foot of the lion fashioned to rend its prey, the foot of the horse fashioned for the solid earth, but the foot of man made to cross the desert, or climb the tree, or scale the cliff, or walk the earth, or go anywhere he needs to go.

With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession where do you walk? In what path of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down? Where have you left the mark of your footsteps? Amid the petrifications in the rocks have been found the marks of the feet of birds and beasts of thousands of years ago. And God can trace out all the footsteps of your lifetime, and those you made fifty years ago are as plain as those made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the Judgment Day.

That there might be no doubt about the fact that both these pieces of Divine mechanism, hand and foot, belong to Christ's service, both hands of Christ and both feet of Christ were spiked on the cross. Right through the arch of both his feet to the hollow of his instep went the iron of torture, and from the palm of his hand to the back of it, and there is not a muscle or nerve or bone among the twenty-seven bones of hand and wrist, or among the twenty-six bones of the foot, but it belongs to him now and forever.

That is the most beautiful foot that goes about paths of greatest usefulness, and that the most beautiful hand that does the most help to others. I was reading of three women in rivalry about the appearance of the hand. And the one reddened her hand with berries, and said the beautiful tinge made hers the most beautiful. And another put her hand in the mountain brook, and said, as the waters dripped off, that her hand was the most beautiful. And another plucked flowers off the bank, and under the bloom contended that her hand was the most attractive. Then a poor old woman appeared, and looking up in her decrepitude asked for alms. And a woman who had not taken part in the rivalry gave her alms. And all the women resolved to leave to this beggar the question as to which of all the hands present was the most attractive, and she said: "The most beautiful of them all is the one that gave relief to my necessities," and as she so said her wrinkles and rags and her decrepitude and her body disappeared, and in place thereof stood the Christ, who long ago said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth had his own hand and foot lacerated.

A Newspaper "Beat."

Walter Russell contributes an article entitled "Incidents of the Cuban Blockade" to the September Century. Mr. Russell says: My time while on the blockade, serving as a special artist, was about equally divided between the various warships and a small steam-yacht the duty of which was to divine intuitively when and where something was to occur, and be there to witness it. Our little crew of four constituted a strategy board in itself. We were, indeed, war prophets. More than once wisdom in our reasoning brought us our reward. More than once we were alone in our glory, the only dispatch-boat on the spot. A sailor boy had asked me to bring him from Key West fifty boxes of cigarettes for some of the crew; and one morning I threw the bundle upon the deck of his ship. Tearing off the cover, he scrawled the words, "Thanks! Hope to meet you twenty-two miles to the eastward at noon," and sealed the bit of paper-board to me. A correspondent who by common consent was chairman of our strategy board was on board the ship at that time, and obtained another slight clue. So we headed eastward from Havana, while the blockading fleet lay hawking serenely in the sun. So also did many dispatch boats. At noon my sailor friend and his ship were there. Shortly after noon there was an engagement—the first of the war—and there was no other dispatch boat near. Next morning New York were informed that dispatch boats were as numerous there as pickets in a fence. Every newspaper had a dozen. The incident was witnessed by only one artist besides the writer; yet I have since seen a double-page color supplement of that battle in a weekly periodical, where, under the artist's name, was printed the claim that it was sketched from our yacht.

Nothing humiliates a woman more than to have a man see her naked feet. Usually they are out of shoe, from wearing shoes too small for her. This is the reason the women scream so when a man appears.

In some parts of Norway corn is still used as a substitute for coin.