

An Exchange

I HATE everything in the world," asserted the girl, sweeping and defiantly, "everything and everybody except, of course, you, Aunt Hester."

"Kitty, dear, don't talk so wickedly," replied a voice so feeble and tired, though sweet, that there was no need to be told Aunt Hester was ill. "It's quite true," repeated Kitty; "I do hate everything. I hate never having any money and living in these two poky little rooms, and not being able to take you abroad, which the doctor says would very likely make you well again, and having to slave day after day teaching these horrid children who never seem to learn anything. I loathe it all! I can't help not being patient like you, Auntie, and if it is wicked to hate things, why then I must be wicked!"

The girl stopped, completely out of breath, and the elder woman sighed but said nothing. She knew how hard the poverty of their lives was to the pretty girl of eighteen, who had youth's natural desire for pleasure and pretty things. She understood how irksome it was to Kitty to teach three dull children for five hours daily for the meagre sum of \$14 a year, which money, with the addition of a very small annuity of hers, was all they had to live on. She knew, too, better than her niece, better even than the doctor, that so far as she was concerned, it would soon be over; that not even the visit to Switzerland, so easily advised, so impossible to obtain, would make very much difference or very materially lengthen the days before Kitty would be left to fight the battle of life alone.

"Only \$50," she went on bitterly. "I have worked it all out. For \$50 we could both go to Lausanne for ten weeks. You know that pension where Lizbie stayed; they would take the two of us for \$3 a week; that would leave plenty for the journey. Fifty pounds! less than heaps of women spend on one dress! I call it hateful—horrible—unfair. Why should we have nothing and others so much?"

She made for the park, and as she was walking along one of its most deserted paths her foot knocked against a stone, which she kicked impatiently away. The softness of the stone struck her, and she looked down to find she was kicking a purse. She picked it up and examined it carefully. It was nearly new, of green leather, curiously worked with black, and the monogram, "A. K." stamped in gold in one corner.

"It is so light there can be nothing in it," she said to herself, and opened it. A shilling and four pennies fell into her hand, and then some pieces of folded paper, five Bank of England notes for £10 each. There was no one near. Kitty's head swam, her eyes grew misty, she felt sick and faint as the temptation unfolded itself to her. Here was the exact sum needed to restore Aunt Hester to health; there was no name in the purse, no clue to the owner; surely, since it had come to her at that moment when she so much needed £50, it must have been sent by Providence. Surely it would be only right for her to keep it. Thus she reasoned, knowing the weakness of her arguments, realizing, but refusing to consider, that she contemplated committing a theft. And after the theft, lies would be necessary, for if Aunt Hester had the faintest idea of how the money was obtained, she would certainly refuse to even touch it, and would insist on making every effort to find its owner.

If Miss Ormond had not been the most simple-minded and unsuspecting of women she would never have believed that Mrs. Harper, the by no means rich mother of her niece's pupils, would give her a present of £50, for this was the very feeble lie by which Kitty accounted for her possession of the money. Miss Ormond was anxious to write and thank the lady, but Kitty averred that Mrs. Harper had made a condition she should receive no thanks for her gift, and Miss Ormond, into whose guileless mind no shadow of suspicion entered, obeyed, though a little unwillingly. "Such a magnificent, such a princely gift," she kept on murmuring gently, "it seems rude and ungrateful for me not to thank her, but of course we must do as she wishes. I hope, Kitty, you said how deeply grateful we both are."

A week later and the dingy lodgings were left and aunt and niece started for Switzerland. Aunt Hester bore the journey very well, and they were soon installed in a comfortable pension overlooking the azure waters of Lake Lemano, on the other side of which in snow-clad majesty the peaked Alps keep guard.

Then suddenly one day when they had been in Lausanne for six weeks, and Kitty congratulated herself that her aunt was so much better she had not sinned in vain, the end came. Aunt Hester returned from a walk, felt tired, and went to lie down. In two hours the suave little Swiss doctor was assuring the almost frantic Kitty that nothing could save Miss Ormond. "If all your famous London doctors had been here, Mademoiselle, they could have done nothing. Her heart failed suddenly. I sympathize much with you."

Mrs. Allen, the lady with whom she lived, was so sorry for the lonely girl

that she always asked her to join any little entertainment that took place. Kitty never accepted these kindly meant invitations. She was so unhappy that she had no heart for anything of the kind. One evening, however, she relented. A small musical party was to be given and one of the pupils, a girl of whom Kitty had become very fond, begged her to accept Mrs. Allen's invitation to join it.

"My brother, who is staying at Lausanne now, is coming," she said proudly. "He sings splendidly, and you play accompaniments so well that I want you to play him. I told Mrs. Allen I would implore you to come. Do, there's a darling. You needn't stay downstairs all the evening if you are tired, only I do want you to hear Arthur sing and see him, too; he is just perfect!" For Janie thought there was no one in the world fit to compare with her eldest brother.

Kitty acceded to the earnest request, though when she found herself in the drawing-room that evening she was almost sorry she had given in. There was no help for it then, however, and she bowed gracefully to the tall, dark young man who was immediately introduced to her by his enthusiastic sister.

"Miss Ormond is going to play your accompaniments, Arthur," she said impudently. "She plays beautifully, and I have told her all about your wonderful singing."

The man smiled. "I am afraid my little sister talks too much," he said. "She is so proud of my singing that she expects every one to be equally enthusiastic!"

During the evening he asked his sister why Miss Ormond looked so unhappy, and she told him that Miss Ormond had brought her aunt out to Lausanne hoping thereby to restore her health, and how she had died suddenly. "The poor thing is quite alone in the world, and very poor," Janie continued, "so Mrs. Allen asked her to live with her. She must have loved that aunt awfully, because it is more than two years since she died, and Miss Ormond always has that sad expression." The young man found that Janie had by no means exaggerated Miss Ormond's playing powers, and although not at all impressionable, he could not help feeling interested in the beautiful, sad, and apparently friendless girl. He stayed in Lausanne for some time, and very often saw his sister, and always managed to see Miss Ormond at the same time.

"Kitty, dear," he said tenderly, "why are you so much astonished? You must have known I loved you. My poor little girl, all alone in the world. Janie has told me all about your troubles, and now I am going to make you happy again. You are too young and pretty to have that sad face always."

But the girl shrank from him. "I can't," she murmured brokenly. "I love you, oh, yes, I love you, but I can never marry you nor any other man!"

The anguish in her voice and face was so intense that the man looked at her in astonishment.

"What is it, my darling? Why do you talk so strangely? Why, if you love me, can't you marry me? You speak as if you had committed a crime!"

"So I have," she answered, and it was his turn to start back and exclaim, "Kitty, what do you mean?"

"Listen," she said miserably, and then she tells her story.

Her eyes were on the ground, and she did not see the curious light in his.

"It is odd there was exactly the £50 you wanted, no more, no less," he observed quietly, to her astonishment.

"There was something else," she answered, "a—"

But he interrupted her: "A shilling and four pennies were in it as well; the purse was green worked with black, and A. K. was stamped in gold in one corner."

"A. K.?" she cried. "Arthur King? It was your purse. Oh, let me go. Let me go, let me never see you again!"

He held her firmly.

"My darling, the money is nothing to me in comparison with what you have suffered. I am glad you had the money, glad that through me you were able to give your aunt a little happiness at the end. And for yourself, Kitty, you must be happy again now. After all, you used my money, and it is only fair you should give me something in exchange."

"I have nothing to give, at least hardly anything. I have only been able to save £10. Oh, Arthur, how you must hate me!"

"I don't want money, Kitty. You can give me the only thing in the world that I want, and that is—"

She looked at him in wonderment. "Yourself," he finished, and she said no more.—New York News.

American Cigarettes in India. It is now said that the cigarette trade of India—an enormous and growing one, for every native smoke—has been captured by America. It is the old story over again—surplus stock sold at ruinous prices. Ten American cigarettes, done up in a box, can be bought to-day in any Indian bazaar for half a penny.

Natural headaches are not in it with the acquired kind.

NURSES OF THE ARMY.

Women Are Regularly Employed, Usually with Marked Success.

A brief account by Dr. McGee of the nurse corps of the army as it exists now has recently been published in the Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States. A previous article described the conditions attending the appointment of trained women nurses for army duty, which began in May, 1898, and culminated in September, when about 1,200 were employed. Between then and the present time they have served in the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, and even in the Chinese campaign, according to American Medicine. The number is now fixed at 100 on active duty, with a small body of "reserves" who have seen active service and are ready to answer future calls.

Trained nurses are permanently stationed at the army hospital at San Francisco, at the one for tuberculosis at Fort Bayard, N. M., and at the largest hospitals in the Philippines. They are temporarily sent to any post where they may be needed. They serve under a section of the army reorganization law framed in 1900, which provided that the medical department should consist of specified medical officers, of the enlisted men of the hospital corps, and of the nurse corps (female).

A superintendent is stationed in the Surgeon General's office and a chief nurse is at each of the hospitals where nurses are serving. Recent regulations provide for an examination in nursing, cooking and allied subjects before promotion from the grade of nurse to that of chief nurse. Women are employed with marked success as teachers of nursing and cooking in the two schools maintained to give brief preliminary instruction to the hospital corps recruits. Dr. McGee urges that in the future the nurse corps be more largely utilized in giving systematic ward training to fit the hospital corps men for their duties in the smaller hospitals where they have no trained supervision. She also recommends the gradual formation of a large corps of reserves who have received some post-graduate military training.

TWAIN'S ROAST CHICKENS.

Cooked in a Peculiar Way that Made Them Delicious.

Recently Major John B. Downing, of Middleport, Ohio, was discussing army chicken stealing and the various ways the boys had of preparing them to be served. The Major was a Mississippi river pilot in his young days, and stood at the wheel as a cub under the watchful eye of "Sam" Clemens, the Mark Twain of the present day.

"Speaking of chicken stealing," said the Major, who is now gray and reminiscent, "we had great times on the Mississippi when Mark Twain, Jake Estep and myself were together. Jake would have made a typical soldier. He could locate a fat pullet in a whole coop of half-breeds."

"In those days we carried a great deal of freight from points along the Mississippi river to New Orleans, particularly during the holiday season. At many places the coops were four and five deep on the levee when we landed. Estep always had an eye out for a particularly promising coop, and usually kept in mind the place where it had been stored away."

"Shortly before midnight he would go on deck and extract several plump fowls from the coops he had 'pre-empted.' The chickens were dispatched without a protesting squawk, the entrails removed, but the feathers left intact. Seasonings were then inserted, and the fowls inclosed in a heavy casing of soft clay to the thickness of two inches. They were then cast among the hot embers in the ash pan and permitted to roast to the queen's taste. When thoroughly cooked, they were removed, and the clay casing broken from about them. The feathers came away with the clay, leaving clean, smoking hot fowls ready for the dish of hot butter awaiting them upstairs. Estep with a fork stripped the flesh from the bones into the melted butter, while the rest of us stood about and smacked our lips in anticipation. Dear, dear, but they were good! In cooking them in that way all the rich flavors were retained—I can almost taste them now, and I wish I could as a matter of fact."

According to His Folly.

A young Japanese compositor employed on a Japanese journal hardly a stone's throw from the Mail and Express building was riding downtown in a City Hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper and paid little attention to the other passengers. But a fresh-looking young man who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly said:

"What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway? A Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied:

"What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway? A monkey, a donkey or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man had no more to say, and left the train quickly when City Hall station was reached.—New York Mail and Express.

She Can't Do It.

Mamma—Johnny, I shall have to tell your father what a naughty boy you have been.

Johnny—I guess dad's right when he says a woman can't keep a thing to herself.—Boston Transcript.

Shipping California Oranges.

A commercial agent of the Japanese government is in California to make an experiment of shipping California oranges to Japan.

WOMAN'S REALM

Ideals of a Woman.

During her engagement the woman of a certain type spends her waking and sleeping moments building a pedestal upon which she places her beloved. Before the honeymoon is over she decides that she built the pedestal too high, and proceeds to remove a few of the foundation blocks labeled "maidenhood's ideals."

About the third year of their married life she becomes possessed of the idea that she belongs on that pedestal, and calmly climbs up. A year or so later she reads that Helen of Troy played ping-pong with her nation's history at 40, and that Cleopatra had reached the same mature age when she captivated Caesar, Anthony and a few other notables of her day. Whereupon Miss Matrimony drops a hint to her matter-of-fact spouse that he ought to be proud of the right to delve after money for the purpose of adorning and embellishing the figure of one who is so marked a credit to his good taste.

Five years later she thinks her husband is something of a brute because he cannot figure out how to send two athletic-looking boys through college and give daughter a few finishing touches in French and music—all on \$3,000 a year. Then, when the storm has blown over and the boys have settled into business without the college education, and daughter is head stenographer for Kim, Burrell & Co., at 20 per cent, she one day discovers that the gray hairs are coming in thick above father's temples, and that there are lines in his face which she had never noticed before.

Then comes to her a moment of reflection. Backward rolls the panorama of their married life, and she sees it through a gentle mist. Then, oddly enough, the man finds himself just where they started out together—on the pedestal.



Give the baby and each child a bed to himself. Have the sleeping-room cool and clean and as bare of furniture as a cell. See that the clothing of the little sleeper is loose at the neck, waist and arms, and keep his head uncovered. If there is anything young animals cannot do without it is fresh air, and babies get less than any other class. Through the pores of the skin the body is continually throwing off poisonous vapors. If the head is covered with the bed clothing, the unfortunate infant will be breathing bad air. Fashion or no fashion, it is a cruel shame to trim or starch babies' clothing. The average child suffers from over-feeding and over-dressing. Let him learn to be a trifle hungry. Half the time the child cries he wants air or fresh water. Wiping the lips of a crying baby with cool water will often soothe and refresh him.

Two Careers.

What has she done that men should stay The jostling hurry of their way To seek with wonder-eager eyes The darkened mansion where she lies? What has she done that, far and wide, Has flashed the word that she has died? That folk in distant land have said To one another: "She is dead"? Why should the lips of strangers raise To her a monument of praise? Ah, it was hers to conquer fame, She made a Name.

And she who lies so whitely still, Untouched of joy, unwept of ill, Has she done aught? Why, surely, no; The records of her living show No laurels won, no glory gained; No effort crowned, no height attained; In life she championed no cause; Why should the passing people pause? One little household's narrow scope Held all her heart and all her hope, Too lowly she for fame's high dome.

She made a Home.

—Jennie Betts Hartwick in Harper's Bazar.

The Unpopular Woman.

The keep-your-distance forbidding attitude taken by so many women has a terrible effect on the expression of the face. There is seldom any need for them to speak. Expression does that as plainly as the tongue, or even more plainly sometimes.

The popular woman is she who has a bright word and cheery smile for all, and who does not allow herself to be drawn into cliques. There is such a thing as miserable happiness. It sounds contradictory, but it is a matter of fact that such a state of things exists, chiefly in women—not all women, of course, but just those who are always on the lookout for troubles ahead, and if they enjoy themselves, their dismal way of doing so effectively prevents enjoyment on the part of those who are with them.

A grievance is an absolute necessity to them, and they are not happy without they are worrying themselves or others, quite forgetting that "sufficient or the days is the evil thereof."

There are so many real troubles for one of us to bear that it is natural that we should shun the society of those gloomy people who have every-

thing they wish for, and yet are not satisfied, but whose happiness seems to consist in reciting their real or imaginary woes to all with whom they come in contact, particularly those living with them, and if people will gloat over their miseries and insist on being wet blankets, they fully deserve unpopularity and loneliness.—New York Daily News.

The Tired Business Woman.

You do not have to be a business woman to get tired. But the woman of the office and the shop has more cause than the housekeeper to wear out in days like these. The housekeeper can find time for a nap or she can get into looser clothing, but the business woman must fight it out as she is until the end of the day's work.

It is the wear and tear on the nervous energy that is the most trying on summer days. The tired woman comes home from the office completely fagged out. She has been tired out all day, but she feels that she must keep up her work to do justice to her employer. This very effort to keep up her end wears her out more than any hard work would do. She comes home often with nerves alert, with every faculty pitched to the highest strain. She finds she cannot rest. Through the long hours of the night she rolls and tosses, a victim of insomnia, and she wakes up after she does fall asleep, tired and worn out.

The woman who is employed must get a good night's sleep. And for this a London physician advises a tepid bath and a cup of cocoa. He also advises very light calisthenics. And he advises the business woman not to go to bed early, but to stay up until she is sleepy, be it 11 o'clock or later. Going to bed too early is very bad.

Very often the tired woman will fall asleep right after her dinner, only to awaken at midnight and pass the rest of the night in agony. This is worry. She should fight off this desire to sleep until she is so tired that when she does fall asleep she will not awaken until early morning. The worn-out woman should be very careful about her diet. This is such an important topic that it must be left to another time for discussion.

In the best sanitariums in Germany they rub nervous patients with coconut butter, so as to give them back some of their natural oils. They rub skin foods into the body and make the invalid strong by alcohol, by oils and by simple medicines which are taken into the system through the cuticle and not into the stomach.

The tired-out office woman, or the business woman, or the professional woman—for all come under the same class of worn-out brain workers—should take a very mild sedative. It need not be anything stronger than catnip tea or a very light dose of some soothing bromide powder, or something that could be given to any baby. But it will act upon the nerves, quieting them and soothing them into that first sweet slumber which leads to a long, restful sleep.—Exchange.

Men Are Vain, She Says.

Masculine vanity is a mighty thing here in Philadelphia. A girl who comes from the sunny South shocked a crowd of women at an afternoon tea the other day by complaining that no man in Philadelphia had "ever told her he loved her."

"Why—why, my dear," said the hostess, "you've only been here two weeks."

The Southern girl opened her brown eyes very wide at that.

"But," she protested, "they tell me they love me every day down home. It's awfully complimentary to be afraid to tell a girl you love her, for fear she will take you seriously, don't you think? The trouble with the men up here is that they all set such a high market value on the girls that they are continually paralyzed with fear lest you take them seriously and get your heart broken. Now, down home a man wouldn't presume to think you were going to take him seriously, even if he knew it," and with this logical conclusion she flaunted out of the room amidst a chorus of exclamations.

"I wish I had that girl's conceit," said one woman as she looked after her.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Horror of Dishwashing.

And yet it is a fact that dishwashing is the one great irksome fact of housework. It makes the wife determined that she will have a servant, and makes the servant hate to be one. Dishes and knives and forks are the great curse of our modern civilization. Without them there would be no servant girl question; there never was one before they were introduced. A Society for the Abolition of Dishes might do a good deal to abolish the servant girl question.

Servants Again.

Mrs. Housekeeper—it's almost impossible to get a servant girl these days. You've got to keep telling them what they must do, and even then they won't stay.

Mrs. Takt—Gracious, no! I only manage to keep them by constantly telling them what they are respectfully requested to do.—Philadelphia Press.

Chile sells Germany \$18,000,000 worth of nitrate of soda annually, for use in fertilizers.

FEWER CHILDREN BORN NOW.

Small but Steady Decrease in the Size of American Families.

Not the old-fashioned board, at the head of which sat the father and at the foot of which sat the mother, with the sugar bowl in her lap to prevent nervousness from childish fingers, lanked on either side by a row of children with shining faces and eager appetites; not the family table from which the children took turns in "waiting" when the grandparents came to occupy seats temporarily at the board or when other "company" came; not the table at which "a blessing" was asked three times daily for 65 days in each year, at which children were taught to mind their manners and wait until their elders were served.

The family table, popular at this time, is one of figures compiled by the careful statistician. It concerns the alleged decreasing size of families and is spread in this wise:

	Average size of family 1880.	1900.
New England	4.8	4.0
New York	4.9	4.4
Pennsylvania	5.1	4.5
South Atlantic States	5.2	5.0
Ohio	5.0	4.4
Indiana	5.1	4.4
Illinois	5.2	4.7
Michigan	4.9	4.4
Wisconsin	5.2	4.9
Minnesota	5.2	5.1
Iowa	5.2	4.6
Missouri	5.4	4.7
North Dakota	4.3	4.9
South Dakota	4.3	4.8
Nebraska	5.1	4.8
Kansas	5.0	4.6

There is a scanting of average in this, it is true, but it is not very serious. Not so serious, indeed, but that anyone holding this table in his hand and watching the children pour out of any one of a number of school-houses in any city in the land is able to subdue his apprehension that the race, from lack of recruiting agencies, is likely to run out. According to this table, New England does not show either the largest decrease in ten years nor the smallest average size of families. In point of fact, this decrease in New England is but two-thirds of 1 per cent—a decrease in quantity that, if it is not made up in quality, much educational effort has been wasted in the past decade. In New York the decrease is five-tenths of 1 per cent; in Pennsylvania, three-tenths; in Ohio, six-tenths; in Indiana, seven-tenths; in Michigan, five-tenths; in Wisconsin, three-tenths; in Iowa, six-tenths; in Missouri, seven-tenths; in Kansas, four-tenths.

That is to say, the average size of families in New England is larger than in New York, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and equal to that in Iowa and Kansas. This reckoning represents a labored process, but it is relatively valueless. It includes all races and conditions, and has no bearing upon the relative size of families of long establishment in the country, and those of later immigration. It is a modern family table, nothing more. Anyone good at figures and diligent in delving into census returns can spread it, and all who are curious or apprehensive in the matter can come to it and go away satisfied that the American family is not rapidly dying out.—Portland Oregonian.

Discovered the Secret.

He is a young man with a blase air, who would not let anything surprise him for the world. As a matter of fact, he has traveled enough about the States to be impervious to surprise. The other night was the exception, for when the young man boarded the train which was to take him to New York he found himself on a compartment sleeper.

The young man knows about bucking bronchos and how to eat asparagus vinaigrette, and what is the proper thing to say when you tread on a woman's gown, but he didn't know about compartment sleepers, for he had never been in one before.

He was very much attracted by the prospect, however, and he looked over the ground with great satisfaction before getting ready to retire.

"This beats an upper berth all hollow," he muttered to himself.

Then, the porter passing near, he called to that functionary. "Come here," said he, "and tell me how to turn this on," pointing to a handle in the wall near the wash stand. "I have entirely forgotten how to screw the thing, and I'll be sure to want it in the morning."

The porter came as near smiling as a porter ever does. "Yessir," said he; "yessir, yo' turn hit on dis way. Hit's not a water spicket, yo' know; hit's a place to heat curling irons."

And after this the sophisticated young man went straight to bed, but he tells the joke on himself with much glee.—Baltimore News.

Must Be Eaten.

A gentleman who was visiting some friends in New York noticed that the little girl in the family was eating some new sort of cereal preparation. According to the New York Times, she seemed to eat, as Americans are said to take their pleasures, sadly.

"Don't you like that, my dear?" inquired the friend.

"Not perty," replied the little maid.

"Why do you eat it, then?" persisted the inquirer.

The little girl paused with her spoon on the edge of the bowl.

"It's got to be eaten," she answered, gravely. "The 'roceryman gives mamma a rag doll for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning."

Some men take what is in sight and hustle for more.