

# MAGGIE'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

By Helen Marion Burnside.

**S**TEADY there. Hold up, I say," shouted an omnibus conductor as the forward plunger of the horse nearly jerked a young woman, who was alighting from the vehicle, off the step. "Hope you aren't hurt, miss?" he added civilly to her, while a tall young man, who had previously descended, stepped back again into the muddy road, and half extended his arm.

"Thank you, all right," replied the girl, in a cheery, businesslike tone, as she jumped lightly on to the pavement, and, raising his hat with a slight smile, the tall man withdrew his arm, and went his way.

"Girls in the old country seem as well able to take care of themselves as those over yonder," he soliloquized as he swung up Exhibition road; he was well and carefully dressed, but the deep red brown hue of his close shaven, well-cut face, and his light swinging tread and broad shoulders betrayed an open air life, while the dark gray eyes, as they glanced quietly from side to side, were keenly observant. He did not, however, appear to notice that the way of his late omnibus companion was the same as his own, and that she had followed him down the road till glancing at an opposite building his quick eye caught sight of her entering an open gateway. "Humph! an art student—I might have guessed as much. She was carrying painting tools I noted," he said to himself, again awakened to momentary interest in the girl, but the next moment he turned into the Natural History museum and forgot all about her.

"Whose is this face, Maggie?" asked a fellow student as she turned over the pages of her friend's notebook during the luncheon hour. "What a good face it is—a strong, reliable face I call it, and such a fine poised head. Do you know the man?"

Maggie Monckton glanced at the open book. There were sketches of heads and faces, figures and limbs, all over every page of it, belonging to all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children in every conceivable position, but the one indicated by her friend's fingers differed from them all. It was the head and face of a young man, by no means ordinary looking. "Know him?" she asked, returned, gazing thoughtfully at the sketch. "But you are right, it is a good face. I wonder where I saw it!"

"Don't you remember? Well, Maggie, you are a queer girl, to meet a man of this type, draw his likeness, for it is a likeness I am sure, and then forget where you saw him," laughed the other.

"I don't see anything queer about the matter," returned Maggie, in a matter of fact tone. "You know my habit of sketching any face that strikes me wherever I may see it. It has become mechanical, I think. I don't seem to notice the personality of the people I draw. They just get snap-shotted on to my mind, so to speak, and my fingers seem to reproduce them. I seldom remember anything about it afterwards."

"Well, I should have remembered him, anyway!" laughed Miss Acton, as she closed the dumpy, little, canvas-covered book.

Maggie opened her notebook again that evening as she sat by the fire in the pretty home-like living room which she shared with her mother, and after a few moments' consideration took a sheet of paper, and rapidly made a copy and more finished drawing of the head her friend had noticed.

"It is worth preserving," she thought as she placed it in a portfolio among some others, and then dismissed the student from her mind.

It was for Maggie's sake that Mrs. Monckton had let her pretty cottage in the country and lived in three rooms in London. The two were alone in the world and had but each other to live for. Maggie's artistic talent must be trained and the tiny income left to them was not sufficient to meet the expenses of a residence in town, to pay art school fees, and at the same time keep the little home in the country. "Any place will be home to me where we can be together, my child," said the brave little mother, and a cozy and pretty home she had contrived to make on the airy third floor of an old house in a West End square. Country friends kept them supplied with flowers, and the small domain was as fresh and daintily kept as had been the Devonshire cottage. Maggie looked forward to becoming an efficient bread winner and going back to Devonshire before long. She had already worked for a year in the Kensington training school, and was contemplating some classes at the Slade. She worked hard, and had already begun to feel confidence in her growing powers. She was quite aware that she had talent of a marketable value, and her love for her art grew with the power of execution.

"You'll make your mark and your fortune, too, at no distant day, Missy," said Miss Acton, as she watched her friend's strong and rapid fingers. "The way in which you sketched those children by the round pond with a few strokes of your pencil was masterly. They are just life-like, black and white editors would go wild over them. Have you tried to sell any of your work yet?"

Maggie shook her head. "I am in no hurry," she said. "I want to learn, I am not about it. I am not ready to start my money making yet."

"Perhaps you are right. You know the power is there when you want it," returned her friend with a little sigh, for she had learned enough to feel that her own talent was of an inferior and less marketable quality, whilst the necessity of earning a livelihood was in her case more imperative.

"Maggie, dear, I have had a letter from your Uncle Walter today," began Mrs. Monckton, as soon as the cozy meal which always awaited her daughter's return was concluded, and the tray placed outside for the maid to carry down. "He writes from his town house in Melbourn. He seems to have made a letter this time. I don't know where your poor father ever did at home. I rather from what he says that he must be quite a wealthy man by this time."

Maggie stretched out her hand for the closely written pages of this paper, for she and her mother had no resources from each other. "It is well I am going on this trip with Mary Acton—exercise and fresh scenes will, I hope, drive this nonsense out of my head."

The long summer vacation was approaching, and in August Maggie and her mother were to pay a long promised visit to a Devonshire friend, but to begin with, Miss Acton had revealed upon Maggie to become her companion on a cycling tour along the Sussex coast for a week or two. At first Maggie demurred—she could not leave her mother alone, she said, but Mrs. Monckton herself overruled this objection. The weather was warm, she insisted, Maggie was looking pale and run down, and both girls needed a holiday after their hard work. She would make herself perfectly happy. So their plans were arranged.



too much, I am sure," she returned, with a glance of admiring satisfaction at her daughter.

The months slipped by, and Maggie had been for some time a student at the Slade school, when an unaccountable thing happened to her; she began to be haunted by a face—a face not a real, flesh and blood individual, but a "dream face," as she termed it to herself—and more than this, "Matter of Fact Maggie," as Miss Acton was wont to call her, took to day dreaming. It was the strong, clean cut face of a young man that so persistently presented itself to her mind. She could not remember that she had ever really seen such a one, or any photograph or picture in the least resembling it, but quite involuntarily all her waking and sleeping dreams centered round this face, and at length she grew quite worried and secretly ashamed; not even to her mother could she speak of this odd fancy of hers.

"What was my twin brother like, mother?" she asked one day. "The baby brother who died when we were two years old—what do you think he might have been like now had he lived?"

"He was small and dark like me. He never could have grown to be in the least like your father or like you, Missy. He had neat little features, and dark brown eyes—nearly black. Why, my dear, I have told you this often before."

"Yes, but I am curious, I like to hear about him. Then you do not think that he would ever have had a strong, square face that looks as if it belonged to a big man?"

"Certainly not. What an idea. I never saw twins less alike than you two were."

"There is no help for me in that direction," said Maggie to herself. "It is well I am going on this trip with Mary Acton—exercise and fresh scenes will, I hope, drive this nonsense out of my head."

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"We met on the road an hour or two ago. Mr. Wilton did us a kind service, that's all, Mr. Aston," said Maggie, in her staid manner, and David, whose acquaintance she had made in London, was immediately on his best behavior.

Maggie, by this time had herself well in hand, and it was a matter of little gravity of manner that her surprise and dismay showed themselves, but she could never afterwards recall the hours she spent in the pretty Sussex parsonage without wondering how she had managed to get through them, and all the time speak and move and behave in so natural a manner so that only Mary detected that she was not quite her blithe self.

The bags had arrived and had been placed in their rooms, so that the girls were able to appear smart and trim.

"How is it you did not recognize your cousin's friend, Mary?" Maggie asked when they were alone for a moment.

"How should I know him, my dear, when I have never seen him before. I only know David had a friend, Jack Wilton, to whom he is absolutely devoted—but at the same time I seem to have a vague remembrance of his face."

Maggie was more successful than she had hoped in shaking off her uncomfortable associations with her fellow guest during the evening, and was to all appearances her bright, natural self. Nevertheless, she was never for a moment unconscious of Mr. Wilton's presence, and she had a strange conviction that in a measure, shared her feelings. She knew that, even when talking to others, not a word or movement of hers escaped him.

Mary was at the piano at the further end of the room, and Maggie, seated at the window near her hostess, was turning over a book of photographic views, when the gentleman entered. David and his father joined Mary, but Mr. Wilton came straight to Maggie's corner, and took possession of the broad, low window seat at her side.

"Miss Monckton," he began in a low tone, "I have a confession to make to you, one that concerns us both. Have I your permission to do so?"

"Certainly," returned the girl, wonderingly, "but I cannot imagine what you can have to tell me, considering we have never met until today."

"I dare say not, but to begin with, when Acton introduced us he only told you half my name. You see he has known me as Jack Wilton for so long, but by the desire of an uncle in Australia who has adopted me, I now add the surname of Monckton to my own. Walter is my second name."

Maggie started, but she was beyond being affected by surprise now.

"Then you are Walter Monckton?" she exclaimed.

"And your cousin, if you are good enough to admit the relationship, which is not perhaps a real one; but we are closely connected through our mutual Uncle Walter. You will perhaps have heard of me from him."

"Yes, indeed. My mother had a letter from him lately in which he spoke of you as being in England. You are at Oxford then with Mr. Acton? How is it we have seen nothing of you?"

"Because I lost your mother's address which I brought home with me, and have only just obtained it again. Do you know your face gave me the clue when we met this morning. My father has a photograph of you which is lifelike, and I have so looked forward to meeting and claiming you as one of the family. Will you accept me as a cousin?"

The young man's face was so earnest and cordial as he stretched his hand towards her that Maggie could not refuse to place her hand within it.

"Indeed, I will, and gladly," returned Maggie, feeling her heart warm towards this simple, manly, stalwart young colonial. "It will be a real delight to me to have a cousin. I have never had a brother ever since I can remember."

"Then I may come and see Aunt Maggie? Your mother has always been 'Aunt Maggie' to me!"

"Yes, of course, she'll be so happy to receive you, Mr. —"

"Not 'Mr.' anything, please," interrupted the young man. "I am only Jack."

"Well then Jack, and I am Maggie, you know."

"Nay, you are Margaret to me. I have always thought of you as Margaret, and it suits you best. You are stately, you see, my cousin, and 'Maggie' is not dignified enough."

"So be it," replied Maggie, rising as the music stopped.

"I must tell our friends, you know," she whispered.

"There was a chorus of surprised exclamations and congratulations during the few minutes before good night were exchanged. "It is quite a little romance," said Mrs. Acton, giving Maggie a motherly kiss.

"And it is one which will not end here," nodded wise Mary to herself as she ascended the stairs.

Maggie was conscious of a warm glow at her heart as she still felt the close lingering pressure of Jack's hand on her own, and recalled the happy shining of his gray eyes as they had hidden each other good night. "I am sure I shall like him," she thought, "and how pleased mother will be!"

Jack always insisted that he and Maggie had fallen in love with each other at first sight—he was still unaware of her fancy about her dream face, but this little mystery was shortly to be solved in quite a natural manner.

A few months before their wedding she was looking over a portfolio of her own sketches, with Jack as usual at her elbow, when she came upon a life-like sketch of Jack himself, with her own initials and a date of nearly two years ago in the corner. Jack saw it at the same moment as she did.

"How on earth did you get hold of this?" he exclaimed, holding up the picture and staring at it in a bewildered manner.

Maggie did not reply at once. Like a flash the incident came back to her mind, and she remembered, too, where she had first seen him.

"Wait, wait a moment and I will explain it all, Jack!" she said breathlessly, and then laughing and blushing a little she told him how it was her habit to make rough sketches of any face that struck her fancy, and how as she had sat opposite to him in an omnibus one morning she had surreptitiously transferred him to her sketch book, and how it had unconsciously become impressed on her memory by the drawing she had made from it.

"I remember that morning, too," exclaimed Jack; "and you were the girl who nearly fell off the omnibus step. O, Margaret! you looked so demure as you bent over your book that I could not get a fair look at you, but there was something about you that brought back a memory of home even then, and I've often thought of that girl since. Darling, if I was half in love with your photograph before I saw you, you were half in love with your sketch of me, so we are still quite, and do you know, I'm sure my father sent me to England as much to marry you as to take my degree at Oxford!"

## Servants Become Duchesses

**C**UPID, one may imagine, is never happier than when linking lives and bridging social gulfs. Columbia could be filled with stories of maidens of low degree whom Cupid has raised to coronets and wealth; indeed, in his daring moods he has more than once offered a crown in exchange for a lowly maiden's hand, as when he made Peter the Great fall a victim to the brighter eyes of Martha Skarvovska, the peasant's daughter, and placed her by his side on the throne of Russia as Catherine the Empress.

Sir Henry Parkes, three times premier of New South Wales, married his cook, John Crossley, founder of the millionaire family of Halifax carpet weavers, had for wife (and an excellent spouse, too) Martha Turner, maid of all work; Thomas Coates, the millionaire banker, married his brother's servant; and Cobbe and Robert Phillips (brother of the poet) both mated with servants, the latter after waiting sixty years for her.

Nearly seventy years ago George, fifth earl of Sussex, made a countess of Catherine Stephens, daughter of a carrier and gilder, who as dowager Countess long survived her husband.

The first earl of Craven offered a coronet to Miss Louise Brunton, daughter of a provincial actor and manager, one of eight children, who was brought up amid the poverty and hardships inseparable from a strolling actor's life a century ago; Miss Farrow, who became countess of Derby, was the daughter of a poor Cork apothecary and spent her early years, after her father's death, in extreme poverty; Miss Mary Holton, the daughter of obscure parents who lived in Long Acre, found a husband in the second Lord Thurlow, son of the famous lord chancellor, and became the mother of the third lord, while, to give but one more out of many similar romances, Aurora de Livry, who first made Voltaire's acquaintance as a "poor girl, as a meanly clad as a beggar," wore a coronet as Marchioness de Clugnet for many years before she died.

## Beder the Toy-maker.

**A** COCK crew, and in the east, far over the desert, a faint streak of silver, like a gleaming sword, cut through the darkness. Beder the toy-maker rose from the roof covered floor, rolled up his sleeping mat, put it away with his straw pillow, and, stooping, crept through the door of his clay hovel.

Turning his face toward the silver streak the old man knelt on the bare ground, prostrated himself with forehead to earth, and murmured the daybreak prayer of the pious Moslem.

When he arose Beder's cry heard and the tip of his long nose were ornamented with white woolly Egyptian dust. There was dust, too, on his faded blue cotton gown and his yellow turban. But it was holy dust—evidence to all whom it might concern that the true believer had said the daybreak prayer, and Beder carefully forebore to wipe it off.

A solitary old man, Beder the toy-maker. He had buried his wife, and had no desire for another. His children, too, lay in the cemetery over there in the dusty desert beyond the cultivated fields, all his children except Hassan, the youngest son, who was a dragoonman in Cairo, and, alas, Hassan had proved a serpent's tooth.

He had sworn by the prophet that never would he marry until he had earned for his father's graves enough to enable Beder to make the pilgrimage to Mecca—the one absorbing hope and desire of the old man's life. But youth is wayward, and with despicable turpitude Hassan had taken a wife.

So all Hassan could do for his parent was to carry his toys to the dealers in Cairo—the little camels, and elephants, and pelicans, and buffaloes, and other

## Mixed Marriages in Japan.

**I**N her pleasant little book, "An English Girl in Japan," Mrs. Ella M. Hart Bennett remarks that mixed marriages in Japan are on rare occasions a success, but this is not generally the case, especially if the wife be the foreigner. She proceeds:

"I was much interested in a European woman I knew who had married a Japanese officer. They were a well matched couple, and had it not been for the husband's mother all might have been well. But in Japan a wife is still entirely in subjection to her mother-in-law, who makes the most of this authority, in some cases reducing her son's wife to a sort of upper servant. In the present instance, as long as her husband remained at home his wife was able to do much as she pleased. When, however, the war broke out and he joined his regiment in China, the mother-in-law entirely regained the upper hand. The unfortunate daughter had to abandon her European customs, adopt Japanese dress for herself and her children, sit on the floor, and live principally on Japanese food. Nor was this all, for in the absence of the elder woman absolutely forbade her victim to accept any invitation or to receive any visitors except her Japanese relations and a few of her friends.

"I managed, however, to gain admittance one day, and found my friend miserable, shivering over a wretched charcoal 'bath-tub,' and without a single book or paper to distract her thoughts from her anxiety as to her husband's safety. So great was the mother-in-law's power and influence that the western woman did not dare to disobey, but had to submit in silence until her husband's return home, when, I am glad to say, life once more became bearable to her.

"The case is different when it is the wife who is the Japanese. To begin with, no Japanese woman of gentle birth would ever think of marrying a foreigner. She would consider it a misalliance of the worst description."

## By F. Raymond Coulson.

The sun was up, and naked Arab children were running about, and women with full pitchers poised on their heads were coming from the well as Beder sallied out, past the dense green acres of sugarcane and the fields of maize, to bid good morning to his friend Glafar.

Glafar, a brown faced Nilot, was plowing, turning the furrow with the primitive wooden implement drawn by oxen that was employed in the days of the Pharaohs. A true believer, Glafar, wearing, like Beder, dust on his forehead from the daybreak prayer, he looked at Beder with the impassioned dreams of Mecca. But the poverty of the fellahen is extreme, and for poor Glafar the pilgrimage could only be a fond vision.

"Shik Mustapha pulled my tooth out this morning," said Glafar. "It is hung on the door of the mosque, so the evil genie that gave me toothache will curse me no more."

"Allah be praised," said Beder, "I am 70 years old, and have never suffered toothache."

"Allah! then you sleep well?" observed Glafar.

"Alas! no. My slumbers are troubled with ill dreams, and for many nights I have heard the screaming of kites."

Glafar looked sorry—in fact, almost annoyed.

After some further talk, Glafar resumed his plowing, while Beder went away, down to the inundation hollows, and, gathering some wet clay, sat down on a sand bank and began to mold his toys.

The sun rose higher and higher, and at noon, when Glafar prepared to go up to the village to his dinner, Beder was still