

THOMAS.

A Case in the Course of True Love that Happened to Run Wonderfully Smooth.

By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

The most remarkable thing about this little history is that it is quite true. If I knew how I would make a real story going on from month to month in a magazine. But I could never invent the love-making, and without love a story is nothing. I should never know, for instance, what to make May and the Doctor say to each other. So I had better put down Thomas' story just as it happened, and leave him to himself.



Opposite to us there was a house to be let. For a long time it was quite empty, till in the winter months a real story suddenly one morning, though the bill was not taken down, the windows were cleaned, the steps swept, and a small cart full of shabby furniture came in. Evidently a care-taker had been put in charge, and I was glad of it, for it is never very safe to leave a house absolutely empty.

I used to sit by the window a good deal and knit. I had so much to think about that I could not settle to anything else. Books were never much in my way, and as for going to the theatre, I had never much even as a girl. So I used to sit and knit, seeing through the thick screen of plants on the window-sill all that went on in the street. Sometimes I saw the same woman to London a few years before, and the man, who was a mechanic, had kept his family well till he broke down in health. He was now a patient at Brompton Hospital, and had only the allowance from his club and the few shillings his wife sometimes earned by going out to work.

There was a letter of invitation for the children's dinner the next day. I cut off half-a-dozen good slices, put them between two hot dishes with some vegetables, and sent them to the kitchen. The servant said, when she returned, and the dishes were brought back by the little boy, with "Father's much obliged, and it did him a world of good." One day a box of books came from the country, so I made up a nosegay and sent it across to the poor wretched-looking care-taker. This brought the woman, with tears in her eyes, to thank me.

"My husband he do like to smell a flower, ma'am," she said. "It's many a day now since he has seen them growing in the ground. Then he asked me if I might go and see him sometimes, or perhaps he would like a paper and some books now and then? The woman's face brightened. "He would be pleased, ma'am, indeed," she said. "It's long since anyone went to talk to him, and I often think it's dull for him. I doubt if I have him much longer," she said, sadly, "and it's likely you can feel for me, ma'am."

So I went over to see Mr. Lobb. He was sitting by the fire, warming his long, thin hands. "I'd like to see you, ma'am," he said, with the most perfect manner one sometimes finds among working people who have not lived much in towns. "I would have come to see you, ma'am, but for my kindness, but feared you might think it liberty. I spend most of my time trying to keep warm by a bit of fire."

"He was very simple and kindly. He knew that he was a poor man, and he felt like a man. He spoke of it without fear or affection. "It worries me to think of the wife and children," he said. "A man should not marry, ma'am, with nothing but a bit of bread and butter, and it's kept us from starving, and it'll save me, but that's all I ought to have saved before I married, and so ought every man. One of my boys is now in the workhouse, and he'll feel strong well, going to live when I feel care of them." He added with a sigh, and a month later that it became a question of what was to be done with the widow and children. The woman was delicate; there was the shabby baby, a little girl six called Grace, and Thomas, a little boy, who was then his full old-fashioned name—who was 10 or barely 10.

"I would like to stay in London; there's more going on, and I'd like to see the doctor, and get something," the poor woman said, when a proposal was made to send her back to her native place. "They're very poor in Cornwall, and come from; it would be no good going back; father and mother are dead, and there was only one other of us, my brother Joe, and he went off to Melbourne long ago."

"Come in," I said, and in came Thomas, of course. "Please, ma'am, I'm come to say good-bye," he said, pulling his front hair as usual. "Good-bye, why, where are you going?" "Going to Australia, ma'am."

"I was quite astonished. "Has your uncle sent for you?" "No, ma'am; but there's a gentleman who's been coming on and off to our shop a good deal, and he's Captain of a ship. I always wanted to go about a bit, and he's offered to take me free for my work, and bring me back or drop me in Melbourne, which I like. I think it's a good thing, ma'am," he added, in his old-fashioned way. "I don't see that I can come to much good at a paper-shop."

"And I want to get on and help mother," he said, lifting his face and looking at me proudly. "Perhaps I might come across, ma'am, and see you, and anyhow I'll know more, and have seen more, when I have been there and back, than I do now. The gentleman that's taking me, too, says the soil will make me strong and set me off growing; I shan't be any good if I'm not strong."

"Perhaps you are right," he said with a little gasp. "But they've been on my going, because she thinks I might meet uncle, but I don't like leaving of her, and ever marry. But we did not know a soul in the city, and indeed, from a marrying point of view, we were going back to England, now that was Nina, the youngest girl, was growing, to settle down in a pretty house, and about a dozen of the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to run."

Then my sister Elizabeth, who is unmarried, and about a dozen of the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to run. Then my sister Elizabeth, who is unmarried, and about a dozen of the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to run.

"I don't like leaving the two little 'uns," the tears came into his clear eyes, but he struggled manfully to keep them back; and then he added: "And I don't like leaving my mother, but she wouldn't let me go if she hadn't been content."

"And when do you start?" "Tomorrow, ma'am; it's very sudden-like, but they say chances always is. I came to say good-bye, ma'am, and go up to the young ladies'." I took him up to the nursery myself. He looked at the children with the face of one who had suddenly grown older and knew much, and was going to know more. He explained all about his journey to them, and why he was going, just as if they had been old enough to understand, and then he gravely and sorrowfully shook hands with them all three and with nurse.

"I don't want you to go," May said. "I want you to stay here. When will you come back?" "I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you." He picked it up and looked at it with a little smile, with a hole nearly through at the toe.

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardeners will look after it a bit now. They follow with the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend. "Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the opening on the stairs beneath, touching him as he fell. "It's a good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you."

"Please, ma'am, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it, ma'am. I'm going to the ship. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, ma'am," he said, and pulled his hair, and said, "I thank you for all your kindness. You're always been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

LI HUNG CHANG'S SUCCESSOR.

Geopolitical Chang Chih Tung, the Grand Old Man of China. (Argonaut.)

Since the death of Li Hung Chang, the most interesting man in China is undoubtedly Chang Chih Tung, founder of the place, his fame is probably due to the fact that he has in his gift such a large number of silk-lined positions. Power always commands enthusiasm, energy and respect. But, further, his individual character forces attention because it is "strenuous"—a rare happening among Chinese officials—and in respect, or comparatively so. He has three qualities, active, energy and perseverance—which, if he were a commercial traveler, would make him of incalculable value to enterprising firms.

More than 20 years ago, Chang Chih Tung, a rare happening among Chinese officials—and in respect, or comparatively so. He has three qualities, active, energy and perseverance—which, if he were a commercial traveler, would make him of incalculable value to enterprising firms.

During the night before the biggest parade was to take place a heavy fall of snow made the ground almost impassable. The following morning the thermometer still stood below freezing point. Chang Chih Tung, however, was not deterred by the weather, he would be satisfied to change the review into an indoor examination. However, at the same time, he gave the order to undress, as the cold was healthy. Naturally, the review went on. A tent had been erected for Chang Chih Tung, but he refused to go under shelter, saying that he was fit for his students was fit for him. From 9 a. m. till 4 p. m. the old man trudged over the wet, cold ground, directing, criticizing, superintending. His wiry, alert figure, dressed in a simple, sensible coat, which a Chinese nobleman invariably wears in winter, was to be seen everywhere. Nothing was taken for granted, or on the ground of his superordinates.

Chang Chih Tung knows his own countrymen too well to know. Whether this exceeding earnestness of purpose finds favor in Court circles is doubtful. In fact, high officials declare that the Pekin party has for some time been patiently waiting an excuse to remove its too zealous colleague from his post, and at last the excuse has appeared. When Yuan Shih Kai, the famous General, who poses for the progressive and popular man with the powers, and privately keeps a spare ace up his sleeve, passed through the city, he gave a splendid banquet by the Viceroy Chang. In the middle of dinner, just rumor says, as Yuan was about to open up an important dynastic discussion, which was the real object of his visit, old Chang Chih Tung fell asleep. Yuan purpled with fury at what he was pleased to regard as an insult, and ordered the old gentleman to get up. But nobody would disturb him, though his officials made profuse apologies. Their master, they said, had been much worried by public business, and his responsibilities often prevented him from attending to matters. He was accustomed frequently to work until daylight and to snatch rest when he could. Therefore they might not wake him. Whereupon Chang Chih Tung, in a pet, stalked out of the hall, the banquet broken up, and poor Chang finished his untimely nap in comfort. Yuan poured into the susceptible ear of the Empress Dowager the story of the incident, and she, therefore, the fate of the venerable Viceroy hangs in the balance.

Yet, whatever reward the Court makes out of the whim of the Empress Dowager, the man who in his turn must make a target for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," or whether by his past excellences he assumes office, or whether he is a public man (though some people say his accounts could never be taken over by another man). He and his colleague, Lin Kun Yih, together with other officials, obstinate one after that. They stood firm against him, and they were not bullied, which is more than any other two men who came to the office of Viceroy. When every other argument failed, when violation or decision threatened, Chang Chih Tung quietly went to sleep. The bursting of a soda-siphon would not have caused more indignation than this. He was a man great, but some great men force opportunity. Who can deny that the old Viceroy is great?

The Shrinking of Great Salt Lake.

During the past few years there has been such a rapid decline in the water level of Great Salt Lake that the people of Northern Utah, and especially of Salt Lake City, have begun to be afraid lest this remarkable body of water should soon be a thing of the past. The reading of the gauge at Garfield Beach on Dec. 1, 1902, was 3 feet 5 inches below the zero of the gauge. It shows that the lake has shrunk since the close of 1886, by the inch the last rise terminated. Mr. L. H. Murdoch, Section Director of the United States Weather Bureau in Salt Lake City, has given his opinion on the matter, and he especially denies that irrigation works are draining off the lake. In a recent note Science thus epitomizes a paper of Mr. Murdoch in the National Geographic Magazine:

"The fall in the lake level has been much more rapid during the past three years than for any like period during the preceding 15 years. The cause of this is mainly due to the fact that the deficiency in precipitation has been greater during this period than during any similar period in the history of the lake. The lake for the last three years alone was over 13 inches. The lake is not alone in showing the effects of the drought. Streams, springs and artesian wells are drying up, and those which remain are containing and charging much less water than a few years ago. It seems to the writer that the large deficiency of 23,000 inches in precipitation during the past 16 years, as shown by the Salt Lake City records, may be far more of a factor than any possible loss of water resulting from irrigating 600 square miles of land. With precipitation at the normal rate of 15 inches, no further fall in the lake will occur, and if the annual precipitation is as much as 15 inches for the next three years, a slight rise may be expected."

No Strength in Stimulants.

The idea that alcohol or any other stimulant can ever impart strength must be abandoned, says a writer in The Hospital. It is a common mistake to suppose that the circulation, and this may enable the person who takes it to exert more strength temporarily; but the energy that he uses comes not from the stimulant, but from his own blood tissue. A similar mistake is made in the administration of a stimulant to relieve a feeling of depression or sinking. An injurious reaction always follows. Alcohol is harmful also in diseases of the kidneys or of the liver, but it seems to be good for diseases of the lungs, and its effect on appetite and digestion may be good when properly employed. When "stimulants" put one to sleep and quiet agitation, they are doing good; when, on the contrary, they are doing harm, and cause excitement and wakefulness, and are doing harm.—Success.

TO BE A COLLECTOR IN ONE DAY. Take a dollar and a half. Buy an All-Drummers' brand money if it falls or 25c. E. W. Wren's signature on each box.

Horace Greeley's Broken Heart.

(Literary Digest.)

Senator Depew introduced an account of the disconsolate old man's life into his history of the late Representative Amos Cummings, of New York, in the Senate recently. He said:

"I have seen many a deathbed in my life, but I have never seen one so desolate as that of Horace Greeley, just before his close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to die. We went to his room, and he was seated upon the train and at the depot when he arrived. We went into his study, which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life. Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then said:

"I have seen many a deathbed in my life, but I have never seen one so desolate as that of Horace Greeley, just before his close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to die. We went to his room, and he was seated upon the train and at the depot when he arrived. We went into his study, which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life. Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then said:

"I have seen many a deathbed in my life, but I have never seen one so desolate as that of Horace Greeley, just before his close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to die. We went to his room, and he was seated upon the train and at the depot when he arrived. We went into his study, which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life. Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then said:

"I have seen many a deathbed in my life, but I have never seen one so desolate as that of Horace Greeley, just before his close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to die. We went to his room, and he was seated upon the train and at the depot when he arrived. We went into his study, which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life. Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then said: