

LOVE IN THE WILDS



HERE, said Juliet Garland, impatiently, "I can't wear these gloves again by any possibility. They've been once to the cleaner's and I have done them myself twice with bread crumbs."

She sat in the deep window-seat, her bright hair streaked with morning sunshine, her bright eyes full of vexation, while a pair of very much demoralized kid gloves of the palest primrose tint lay in her lap. And Dora, her youngest sister, glanced up from a pile of music she was turning over—another of the bright bland blossoms of humanity.

"Why don't you get yourself a new pair?" said she. "Oh dear! there isn't a song here that is not a hundred years old. Juanita, Her Bright Smile, and all that sort of thing. Rosie must get something that isn't coeval with the ark. How is a girl to—"

"Why don't you get another pair?" sharply cross-questioned Juliet. "Because I haven't any money—that is the reason."

"It is dreadful to be impecunious," sighed plump Dora, contemplating her pink finger-tips; and at the same moment Mrs. Temple, the fair blonde of the family, came in with a tired look on her face.

"More bills," said she. "Oh, girls, what will Frank say? Stefani has actually charged \$75 for that little lunch we gave, and Madam Cherimont's account is \$89, and I am really afraid to open the florist's bill."

"Then it's no use asking for more gloves at present," said Juliet. "No music," added Dora, with a shrug of her shoulders.

Mrs. Temple burst into tears. "I declare," said she, "I'm discouraged. And you girls are always teasing for something or other, and Frank is so cross when we exceed the regular allowance."

"Crying will not mend matters," said Dora, who was evidently the philosopher of the family. "But what is that letter in your lap, Rosie?"

"It is from Uncle Paul; the bills upset me so I forgot all about it. He wants one of you girls to come up to the Maine camp and keep house for him. It's somewhere on the line of the Rangeley lakes. Come, girls, which of you will volunteer?"

Juliet gave a little shriek of dismay. Dora elevated her pink cushiony hands, but the third sister who had been silently mending the founces of a pink silk skirt, glanced up.

"Is Uncle Paul really in earnest?" said she. "I will go then."

"Gladys!" cried all the others in different accents. Gladys rose up, hung aside the dress that lay in her lap, and came out of

her corner. Of all the sisters she was the loveliest—and the most determined as well.

"Why not?" said she. "Do you think I like this kind of life? I declare, there have been times within the last month when I've felt inclined to hire out as a servant. Just think, the dress I wear isn't yet paid for; the milliner is always sending her bills; I can't go out for fear of meeting a creditor. Rosie keeps giving parties and luncheons to try and get us married, and Frank is working beyond his strength to give his wife's sisters a chance but it's no use. I don't know about Julie and Dora, but I, for one, am tired of being put up for sale in the world's window, and I'm going to Uncle Paul."

"But what will society say?" gasped Mrs. Temple.

"Society won't settle my bills and keep me in pin money. It may say what it pleases."

"Gladys, I think you are crazy," remonstrated Juliet.

"Because I am emancipating myself from slavery? I can not see where this is to end, Julie."

Do you suppose there are as many in the wilderness?"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Temple. "And besides," asked Gladys, the laughter fading from her eyes. "Is it the end and aim of girls to marry? Why shouldn't I be an old maid as well as another? Do you think I shouldn't survive it? You will see."

She had made up her mind. Within three days she had purchased thick boots, a flannel suit, and a rough straw bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbons and had gone to Lake Molechunkamunk.

Her uncle was glad to see her. He didn't live in a wigwag, as she fancied, but in a pretty little cottage, shaded with forest trees and embowered with morning glories. He did no ill to the queen's English, like the hunters in the dime novels, and he provided a pretty boudoir for her, whose pink netting set gnat and flies at defiance.

"I think I shall be quite happy here," said Gladys, as she sat in a boat and read while her uncle fished. "Don't regret the New York beaux, eh?" said her uncle.

Gladys stoutly answered: "No."

But afterward she asked herself had she told the truth.

"If Darrell Mandeville wishes to marry Miss Dorrance, let him," she thought. "I shall never pursue any man."

That very day, however, when she returned from a ramble in the forest, with her hat full of berries a stranger was within.

"I am sorry to take you by storm," said a handsome, middle-aged man, who appeared to be what he was, a Wall street broker, spending the summer in the wilderness; "but my friend has fallen over a cliff and broken his leg, and this was the nearest shelter within seven miles. Perhaps your husband will—"

"But he isn't my husband," said Gladys composedly, depositing the berries on the table; "he's my uncle, and if he were here he would say as I do, that you are very welcome. Where is your friend? I am not much of a surgeon, but—"

She stopped abruptly. There, lying on a chintz-covered lounge, his pallid face supported by cushions, lay Darrell Mandeville.

"Miss Garland!" he exclaimed. "I am very glad!"

"Mr. Mandeville!" she uttered in the same tone. "I am so very sorry!"

"Because I have drifted here, of all places?" he pleaded.

"Because you are hurt," faltered Gladys, with tears in her eyes.

"I knew you were somewhere in this region," he said. "In faith, I was searching for you, Gladys. I did not expect to find you yet a while, and thus I—I thought—"

He closed his eyes, and a deadly pallor crossed his face.

"I think he has fainted," said his friend.

And then Uncle Paul came in, who was born a chirographer, and who knew all the healing secrets of the green and forest—and Gladys heaved a sigh of relief.

A broken leg is no joke, especially in the wilderness, where splints have to be manufactured out of the most incongruous materials, and arnica is twelve miles away.

Mr. Mandeville made but slow convalescence, yet he did not appear to regard the detention as unpleasant. The Wall street broker went back to his business.

O volumn uv ten thousand leaves, With covers big an' clasps uv gold; Whar time hez heaped his yaller sheaves

An' all the fates uv men are told. Thar' leavin' o'er the opened book, Stands Time without a smile or tear An' with a sad an' patient look He slowly turns a leaf each year.

The child impatient urges haste An' longs the unread page tew see, An' eager some new joy tew taste



"Stanzas Time Without a Smile or Fear."

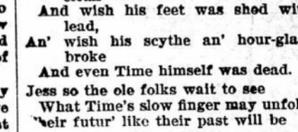
Scolds Time for movin' tardly. Whar fairy picters will he see If Time will make his waitin' brief; He spurns the present foolishly An' waits the turnin' uv the leaf.

The lover thinks the year tew long That robs him uv expected bliss; He thinks the world's timed tew a song Drawn in its orbit by a kiss. Whar sighs, whar groans are upward rolled: "Whar kin old Time naow be about?"



"The Lover Thinks the Year Too Long."

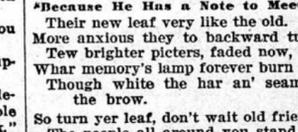
No wonder Time is pictered bald, Lovers hev pulled his forelocks out. Net so the chap with eager face Who rushes madly down the street Outrunnin' scandal and disgrace Becoz hez a note to meet. Ah, he would pull Time's tattered cloak And wish his feet was shed with lead, An' wish his scythe an' hour-glass broke And even Time himself was dead. Jess so the ole folks wait to see Whar Time's slow finger may unfold, "Seir futur" like their past will be



"Because He Has a Note to Meet."

Their new leaf very like the old. More anxious they to backward turn Tew brighter picters, faded now, Whar memory's lamp forever burn Though white the har an' seamed the brow.

So turn yer leaf, don't wait old friend, The people all around you stand, We'll write yer leaf plum tew the end "Though some may tew a damn poor hand."



"Now Anxious to Backward Turn."

Beggared Herself for Charity.

The Duchess of Santonna who died recently in the deepest of poverty at Madrid spent a fortune in charity, her gifts for half a century back being of the most generous description. On one occasion hearing that a noble Spanish lady was about to sell her jewels to pay a debt, the duchess sent her a check for \$200,000. She died in want and none of those to whom she had given abundantly thought enough of her to see that her days were ended in comfort.—Montreal Gazette.

His Own Affairs.

Filkins—Strange that Himan, who runs a matrimonial agency, the very man who should know better, has made himself liable to prosecution for Bigamy.

Wilkins—So I told him, but his answer was: "Business is business."—Puck.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF NOTED PEOPLE.

The Queen of Portugal—John A. Stewart, the Head of the Great Syndicate—Sultan Abdul Hamid II.—Samuel C. Seely.

A melancholy interest attaches itself to the young Queen of Portugal. She was the eldest and favorite child of the late Comte de Paris, and it was owing more or less directly to her marriage to the then Duke of Braganza, that the French government passed the Expulsion Bill against the direct heirs of families who had once reigned in France. Amelia Louise Helene D'Orleans was born at Twickenham, 29 years ago. She married when quite young and is the mother of two handsome sturdy boys. The Duke of Braganza succeeded his father five years ago, and since that time both he and Queen Amelia have won golden opinions from their subjects and foreign critics. Queen Amelia is devoted to her children, takes an active interest in the condition of her husband's people, and is greatly beloved by them.

Sultan Abdul Hamid II.

Just as the present time the Sultan of Turkey is attracting universal interest from all parts of the world owing to the massacre, by his sanction, of 6,000 to 10,000 Christians in Armenia. In 1876 he succeeded his brother Murad V., who was deposed because of insanity. Abdul Hamid is an absolute autocrat and when he nods assent to any measure proposed, it is equivalent to the promulgation of the trade, which allows no discussion or criticism and is never recalled. While he does not hesitate to have thousands of men, women and children butchered to ensure his own comfort and safety, and the collections of taxes, he lives in constant fear of secret assassination.

John A. Stewart.

John A. Stewart, sponsor of a great syndicate, who organized the purchase of the recent bond issue of \$50,000,000, is 72 years of age. His early education he received in the public schools of New York and he was graduated from Columbia College when he was 18 years old. For ten years he was clerk of the New York Board of Education. Then he accepted a position as actuary of the United States Life Insurance Association, with which he remained eleven years. In 1864 when Assistant United States Treasurer Cisco vacated his office, Mr. Stewart was chosen by President Lincoln to fill it, which he did, discharging his duties with skill and ability. He has for many years been president of the United States Trust Company, and under his care the business of the company has grown to its present great proportions.

General Cabezas.

The sensational reports from Bluefields and the Mosquito coast of Nicaragua makes General Cabezas a person of interest. The Mosquito reservation is incorporated with Nicaragua and General Cabezas is supreme authority. The reservation will hereafter appear on the maps as the Zelaya. It is named so by Gen. Cabezas and the Indians in honor of the president of the Republic. There are reports that the United States is on the verge of a war with England, because the latter will not recognize the new government on the Mosquito coast, but these are unfounded. Though trouble is not expected the United States, will, if necessary take action.

Samuel C. Seely.

The robbing of the National Shoe and Leather Bank, of New York, of \$354,000 by Samuel C. Seely, for 14 years a bookkeeper in the bank, in whom unbounded confidence was placed, is one of the greatest sensations in financial circles in recent years. Samuel C. Seely was a prominent Brooklyn church member, has a wife and two children and enjoyed the respect of all who knew him. He is a weak minded man, however, and in an evil hour, either intentionally or unintentionally allowed his friend, a lawyer named Baker, who has committed suicide since the exposure, to overdraw his account. From that time on he was completely in Baker's power, not daring to expose him for fear of prosecution, and for nine years Baker drew money weekly until it has amounted to \$354,000. The swindle was only discovered when a new system of bookkeeping was introduced in the bank. Seely was captured in Chicago recently and taken back to New York.

Charles Hobson.

One of the most noted Socialists in England is Charles Hobson. English

to obtain for the complete ownership and control of the means of transport the means of manufacture, the mines of the land. Thus they hope to put an end forever to the wage system, to sweep away all distinction of class, and eventually to establish national and international communism on a sound basis." Mr. Hobson is an officer of the Labor Electoral Association, and was chairman of the British section at the Zurich Socialist Congress in August last. He is a man of genial disposition and scrupulous fairness, who has worked long and arduously in the cause of the international organization of labor.

George Du Maurier.

George Du Maurier, who for nearly 30 years has been famous as an artist is now known the world over as a novelist. His latest serial, "Trilby," has placed him in the front rank of great fiction writers. Du Maurier was born in Paris in 1834, and educated in the French capital, in London, Belgium and the Netherlands. Early in life he passed six years in New York city, returning to London in 1855. For many years he has been a regular contributor to "Punch," and in that paper some of his most famous caricatures have appeared. Mr. Du Maurier turned his attention to literature only a few years ago. His first novel was entitled "Peter Ibbetson." The artist never is happily married and has several pretty daughters, who are models for many of his pictures.

Prince Yoshihito.

A most important young gentleman in Japan is Prince Yoshihito, the heir apparent to the throne. He is 16 years of age last September. He is a very bright boy, dark-faced and almond eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese type. He is as straight as an arrow, is fond of military pursuits and is an officer in the army. He has been educated in the nobles' schools and is learning French and English. He has an establishment of his own inside the palace grounds, with his own servants, guards and attendants. His ancestry, it is claimed, can be traced back in unbroken succession from Jimmu Tenno, who, according to tradition, swayed the destinies of Japan about 600 B. C. and is supposed to have been the first of human monarchs.

Duncan Karns.

Duncan Karns, who is so deeply interested in the founding of a colony at Belthoover, Pa., on the Bellamy theory of nationalism, was born in Butler county, Pa., 51 years ago. He was boring for oil in West Virginia before the war, entered the United States army at the age of 17, fought throughout the rebellion and left the service a first lieutenant. After the war he returned to the oil business and at one time he had an income of \$5,000 a day from a single oil well. He was at one time considered worth \$3,000,000 but lost all his money in fighting the Standard Oil Company. In oil regions he is almost as celebrated a character as Coal Oil Jimm, and is known as "Dunc" Karns.

John M. Ward.

John M. Ward who recently retired from the base ball field, was one of the best known players in the country. He resigned his position as manager and captain of the New York base ball club, and in the future will devote his time to the practice of law. Ward was born in Pellerette, Pa., 34 years ago. After a few years in the district school he attended the Pennsylvania State College. On the college team he played third base. In 1876 he mastered the art of curve pitching and became famous as a pitcher. He has held positions of note in some of the leading clubs of the United States. He was captain of the All-American team which with the Chicago nine made the famous tour of the world in 1880. The ex-manager is a graduate of the Columbia Law School.

Not Good Enough Form for America.

It is reported that ultra fashionable persons in New York are now trying to enforce the French conventionalities regulating the meeting of boys and girls before their formal introduction into society. They do not approve mixed dancing classes for youths of both sexes. The boys must dance by themselves and the girls in separate classes. It is not good form, they say, the old American notion of putting boys and girls on an footing of natural equality and frank, unconscious comradeship. On the other hand, most sensible Americans will say, we think that this is the best possible "form," and that to abandon it would be to exchange one of the most wholesome characteristics of American social life and training for an artificial French way of regarding the relations of the sexes during the youthful years.—Buffalo Express.

Society of Cincinnati.

There is preserved by a private family in Baltimore Major Robert Kirkwood's certificate as a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. The certificate bears the signature of Washington. The parchment is framed under glass and is worn through in places as though it had been kept folded. The major was a revolutionary hero of Delaware, and a village of that state bears his name.

Lighthouse Lens.

A lighthouse lens of the first order is six feet in diameter and costs \$4,250 to \$8,400; second order, four feet seven inches and costs \$2,760 to \$5,560, and the third order, three feet three inches and costs from \$1,475 to \$3,650. There are three other sizes.

GIRLS THAT SKATE.

THEY BELONG TO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

and They Have Peculiarities According to Their Nationality—The Canadian Girl Bold and Fearless—The Dutch Are Quick.

Some women on skates are somewhat like the little girl who sported a curl right in the middle of her forehead. They look either "very, very good," or else they approximate quite closely to "horrid," says the Montreal News. It really must be confessed that the skate, as she is now worn by the New York girl, is not always a success. But there are extenuating circumstances. The New York girl is, in fact, a composite cosmopolitan, says the New York Journal. Her right foot may skate as her grandmother, a market woman of Holland, did, while her left foot may take the stroke of her Scandinavian grandfather. Skating has been one of the rights of women ever since they used to strap long bones to their feet and push themselves over the ice with a pointed stick, and particularly has been the inalienable privilege of a Dutch housewife.

Skating in Holland, however, is not of a highly ornate order. This is because a prudent woman is not disposed to attempt the evolution of spirals and other figures when she has a basket of fragile eggs upon her arm. But the Holland girl goes in for speed, in proof of which statement there is a story that once upon a time two neighboring souls had a difference over the question of their respective skating abilities. Even the Dutch temper sometimes gets stirred, and the argument finally waxed exceedingly warm—far warmer, in fact, than the weather, which was clutching all the canals in a grip of ice. The two James continued the dispute until a race was arranged. They were to skate thirty miles, and to the one covering the distance in the shorter time a prize was promised of the finest pair of skates in Amsterdam.

The match came off, with great eclat and a large attendance. The winning time was two hours, and if any girl in New Amsterdam can do better, let her show her record. Is it not quite likely that the familiar phrase, "It beats the Dutch," originated in this little episode?

Now, as has been said, the Dutch women skate because it is the quickest means of locomotion between their kitchens and the market. The Scandinavian women skate because it is the most rapid way of paying calls, and the Russian women rarely skate at all. The rivers in Russia flow so swiftly that they seldom freeze, and even in the cities most of the skating is done by the English and German. When a Russian woman does skate, however, she can discount every other nationality in the beauty of her costume. She is not afraid of brilliant color effects, and she and her furs are inseparable.

In England skating is an art, not an industry. The English girl is as addicted to open air exercise as her American cousin is to ice cream. She skates conscientiously, if not always with marvelous grace, and with her sisters may be seen by the thousands on the Serpentine and in Regent park. The Canadian girl improves each shining hour of ice, but she often has to have her skating area dug out of the snow. A Canadian girl is a bold and fearless skater. She is not so stiff as an English girl nor so luxurious as a Russian. She wraps up in the warmest of woolen suits, and pulls a festive toboggan cap over her ears. There is a streak of French in her blood, which makes her don bright colors and which puts verve and dash into her style.

There is the girl who knows that she can't skate, and also knows that every one else knows it, but doesn't care a continental. She is going to learn. She has no manly arm to lean upon, so she embraces large sections of atmosphere as she plunges boldly forward. One cannot help murmuring, "What are the wild waves saying?" as one watches the circles her arms describe. But, never mind, she will learn.

And, speaking of the manly arm, there are only two desirable positions with regard to a girl on skates. One is very close to her escort—very close. A woman's respect for a man never reaches a higher altitude than it does when she is perched on a pair of wobbly skates. She is not only ready to fall on his neck, but she actually does it. She falls all over him, in fact. And the timid dependence with which the haughtiest girl clings to a man's strong right arm is ample reward for having that same arm pinched black and blue in the process.

The other position is one of remoteness. One which absolutely removes her escort from the reach of her clutches and kicks resulting from her lost equilibrium.

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