

BRICE.

He came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean moustard forward wearily, and coughing now and then a heavy, hollow cough that told its own story.

There were only two houses on the mesa, stretching shaggy and somber with grease-wood from the base of the mountains to the valley below—two unpainted redwood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper trees and tattered bananas, mere specks of civilization against a stern background of mountain side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkwardly as the master of the house came out.

"Mr. Brandt, I reckon?"

Joel Brandt looked keenly into the stranger's face. Not a bad face certainly; sallow and drawn with suffering, one of those hopelessly pathetic faces, barely saved from the grotesque by a pair of dull, wistful eyes.

Not that Joel Brandt saw anything grotesque or pathetic about the man.

"Another sickly-looking stranger outside, Barbara, wants to try the air up here. Can you keep him? Or may be the Fox's 'll give him a berth."

Mrs. Brandt shook her head in housewifely meditation.

"No, Mrs. Fox can't, that's certain. She has an asthma and two bronchitides there now. What is the matter with him, Joel?"

The stranger's harsh, resonant cough answered.

"Keep him? To be sure. You might know I'd keep him, Joel; the night air's no place for a man with a cough like that. Bring him into the kitchen right away."

The new-comer spread his bony hands over Mrs. Brandt's cheery face, and the soft, dull eyes followed her movements wistfully.

"The fire feels kind 'o honey, ma'am; Californy ain't much of a place for fires, it hears."

"Been long on the coast, stranger?"

Joel squared himself interrogatively.

"Bout a week. I'm from Indiana, Brice's my name—Pesey Brice the boys in the glass mill called me. I was blowed up in a glass once." The speaker turned to show an ugly scar on his neck.

"Didn't know where I was for six weeks—thought I hadn't lit. When I come to there was Loisly potterin' over me; but I ain't been hugged since."

"Married?"

The man's answer broke through the patient homeliness of his face at once. He fumbled in his pocket silently like one who had no common disclosure to make.

"What d'ye think of 'em, stranger?"

Joel took the little black case in his hand reverently. A woman's face—not grand or fair even—some bits of tawdry finery making its plainness plainer—and beside it a round-eyed boy plumped into a high chair, and two little feet sticking sturdily out in Joel's face.

Mrs. Brandt looked over her husband's shoulder with kindly curiosity.

"The boy favors you amazingly about the mouth, but he's got his mother's eyes, and they are sharp knowin' eyes too. He's a bright one I'll be bound."

"Yours, I reckon."

"Yes, that's Loisly and the boy," fighting the conscious pride in his voice like one who tried to do his honors meekly.

He took the well-worn case again, gazing into the two faces an instant with helpless yearning and returning it to its place. The very way he handled it was a caress, fastening the little brass hook with scrupulous care.

"I'll be sendin' fur 'em when I get red of this pesterin' cough."

A very quiet, unobtrusive guest Mrs. Brandt found the man Brice; talking little save in a sudden gush of confidence, and always of his wife and child; choosing a quiet corner of the kitchen in the chill California nights, where he watched his hostess' deft movements with wistful admiration.

"Try hunting, Brice; the doctors mostly say it's healthy."

And Brice tried hunting as Joel advised. Taking the gun from its crotch over the door after breakfast, and wandering for hours in the yellow wine-like air of the mesa, he came in at noon and at nightfall always empty handed; yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered derision.

And so the hunting came to an end without bloodshed. Whether the doctors were right or whether it was the mingled resin and honey of the sage and chaparral, no one cared to ask. Certain it is that the "pesterin' cough" yielded a little and the bent form grew a trifle more erect.

"I think likely it's the lookin' up, ma'am. Mountains seem to straighten a fellow some way. 'Pears to me somebody wuz once up litten' his eyes to the hills for help. Nebbe not, though. I ain't much at recollectin' verses. Loisly's a powerful hand that way."

Perhaps the man was right. It was the looking up.

He followed Joel from the table one morning, stopping outside, his face full of patient eagerness.

work by strong arms and rough kindliness. And so, ere long, another rude dwelling went up on the mesa, the smoke from its firestack curling slowly toward the pine-plumed mountain tops.

The building fund, scanty enough at best, was unexpectedly swelled by a sudden and obstinate attack of forgetfulness which seized good Mrs. Brandt.

"No, Brice, you haven't made me a spark o' trouble, not a spark. I'm sure you have paid your way twice over bringin' in wood, and grinding coffee, and the like. Many a man'd ask wages for the half you've done, so I'm getting off easy to call it square." And the good lady stood her ground unflinchingly.

"You've been powerful good to me, ma'am. We'll be watchin' our chance to make it up to you—Loisly an' me. I'll be sendin' fur Loisly directly now."

"Yes, yes, man, and there'll be the bits o' furniture and things to get. Spread your money thin, and Mrs. Fox and me'll come in and put you to rights when you're looking for her."

He brought the money to Joel at last, a motly collection of silver pieces.

"Ef you'll be so kind as to send it to 'er, neighbor—Mrs. Loisly Brice, Plattsville, Indiana—I've writ the letter telling her how to come. There's enough for her tucket and a trifle to spare. The boy's a master hand at scuffin' out shoes and things. You'll not make any mistake sendin' it, will you?"

"No, no, Brice, it'll go straight as a rocket. Let me see now. This letter'll be a week, then 'lowin' 'em a week to get started—"

"Never you mind, man. Lowin' 'em a week to get off, that's two weeks; then them emigrant trains is slow, say thirtee. Days on the road that's about another fortnight—four weeks; this is the fifth, ain't it? Twenty-eight and five's thirty-three; that'll be 'bout the third of next month, say. Now mind what I tell you, Brice—don't look for 'em a minute before the third—not one minute."

"Pears like a longspell to wait, neighbor."

"I know it, man; but it'll seem a sight longer after you begin to look for 'em."

"I reckon you're right. Say four weeks from to-day, then. Like enough you'll be goin' in."

"Yes, we'll hitch up and meet 'em at the train—you and me. The woman 'll have things kind o' saug 'gin we get home. Your week'll soon slide along, man."

The southern winter blossomed royally. Bees held high carnival in the nodding spikes of the white sage, and now and then a breath of perfume from the orange groves in the valley came up to mingle with the mountain odors. Brice worked every moment with feverish earnestness, and the pile of gnarled logs in the clearing grew steadily larger. With all her loveliness nature failed to woo him.

What was the exquisite languor of those days to him but so many hours of patient waiting? The dull hungry eyes saw nothing of the lavish beauty around them, looking through it all with restless yearning to where an immigrant train, with its dust and dirt, noisome breath, crawled over miles of alkali, or hung from dizzy heights.

"To-morrow's the third, neighbor. I reckon she'll be 'long now directly."

"That's a fact; what a rattler time is. The days had not been long to Joel. 'We'll go in to-morrow; and if they don't come you can stay and watch the trains awhile. She won't know you, Brice; you've picked up amazingly."

"I think likely Loisly'll know me if she comes."

But she did not come. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodgings near the station. Numberless passers-by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely paths of his face deepening day by day. The dull eyes grew a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on the mesa, walking wearily like a man under a load.

"I reckon there's something wrong, ma'am. I come out to see of yer man 'ud write me a letter. I hadn't been long in Plattville, but I worked a spell for a man named Yarnell; like enough he'd look 'ud up a little. I ain't much at writin', an' I'd want all writ out careful like, you know." The man's voice had the old, uncomplaining monotony.

Joel wrote the letter at once, making the most minute inquiries regarding Mrs. Brice, and giving every possible direction concerning her residence. Then Brice fell back into the old groove, working feverishly in spite of Mrs. Brandt's kindly warnings.

"I can't stop ma'am; the sittin' round 'ud kill me."

The answer came at last, a business-like epistle, addressed to Joel. Mrs. Brice had left Plattville about the time designated. Several of her neighbors remembered that a stranger, a well-dressed man, had been at the house for nearly a week before her departure, and the two had gone away together, taking the western train.

The writer regretted his inability to give further information, and closed with kindly inquiries concerning his former employer's health, and earnest commendation of him to Mr. Brandt.

Joel read the letter aloud, something—some sturdy uprightness of his own, no doubt—blinding him to its significance.

"Will you read it again, neighbor, for I'm not over quick."

The man's voice was a revelation full of an unutterable hurt like the cry of some dumb wounded thing.

And Joel read it again, choking with indignation at every word.

"Thank ye, neighbor. I'll trouble you to write a line thankin' him; that's all."

He got up heavily, staggering a little as he crossed the floor, and went out into the yellow sunlight. There was the long, sun-kissed slope, the huge pile of twisted roots, the rude shanty with its clambering vines. The humming of bees in the sage went on drowsily. Life, infinitely shrunken, was life still. A more cultured grief might have swooned or died out. This man knew no such refuge; even the relief of indignation was denied him.

None of the thousand wild impulses that come to men smitten like him fitted across his clouded brain. He only went on to take up his burden dumbly and he knew of many to whom he was a true and faithful friend.

Mr. W. T. Hathaway stated out in life with more advantages than fell to Mr.

Orton. He was not the son of rich parents, but he had influential connections. He went to Fall River, and speedily became known as the smartest young business man of the place. Fortune strewed his way with flowers. She smoothed the path for him. She gave him a helping hand whenever he needed it. He became interested in some of the great manufacturing concerns of the town, and at last he undertook to raise the capital to start a mill of his own. He found not the least difficulty. Everybody liked the young fellow, the capitalists looked on him with favor, and the laboring men with confidence. He established his mill, and shortly afterward was sent to England as the chosen representative of the Fall River interests.

What young man ever started out in life with brighter prospects? But he was not pure gold. He didn't have the honesty Mr. Orton had. Lacking that he fell and all the ability and smartness he had could not save him. Whether his story is taken, or that of his cousin, S. A. Chase, matters little. In the one case he was a weak tool. In the other he was a crafty betrayer. In either the result is the same, the ruin of kindred, friends and acquaintances, the loss of reputation, honor, family, home and freedom. It is a sad ending to what might have been a brilliant life, and to what, according to all human seeing, would have been a brilliant life, if the young man had only possessed honesty in addition to ability.

The contrast between these two lives need not be dwelt upon. It only has to be stated to be realized. Hathaway could have had money enough for all his needs if he had kept his integrity. His dishonesty was the very poorest investment he could have made. Perhaps there are some who will heed the lesson of these two lives. It is a very old one, but it cannot be too often repeated in these days of trial and temptation.

Grandma's Invitation.

"Come, children, come!" cries old Grandmother Nature.

"I've swept the cobwebs all out of the sky; Polished the sun till it shines like a mirror; Hung my white snow-blankets all out to dry;

Dusted the trees, until no speck or blemish Remains on their delicate garments of green; Washed up the floor and put down my new carpet— Loveliest carpet that ever was seen.

"Caused my best handmaid, the wind, to move swiftly; Clearing out rubbish, so long stowed away, Airing the chambers and shaking the curtains, Scouting the air with the odor of May;

Shook up my moss-beds till softer than eider; Wait the coming of tired little feet; Down to the grove where the wild flowers are thick; Fashioned for you a delightful retreat;

Loosened the brooklets from fetters that bound them; Chains of the Frost Kings that prisoned them down; Leaping and dancing with joy at their free-

Haste they my message to bear to the town, "Come, then, my children, away with your school-books;

Leave now the town, with its turmoil and heat. Frolic with glee in my wine-spraying meadows. Wearied at night your repose shall be sweet."

A Concert in New York in 1844.

This was the season in which the Vocal Society came into being. It was a sort of little sister of the new Philharmonic, then in its third or fourth season, and had the same conductor, Mr. George Loder, an Englishman, who long held the baton of the Philharmonic and all chief concerts.

In this small and pleasant Vocal Society the best singers of New York were enrolled. Such artists as Mrs. Edward Loder and her sisters, Henry C. Watson, Miss De Luce, the Misses Cumming, Austin Phillips (sweetest of ballad-singers) and his sister, Joseph and Stephen C. Masset, etc., etc.

Some gentlemen who loved and fostered music were warmly interested in the Vocal Society, particularly Major Fanning G. Tucker, who by gifts of music, personal influence, and constant attendance, aided and encouraged it. The room in which we met for weekly rehearsal was somewhere near the junction of Houston and Crosby streets—a large upper room probably near a restaurant, for many odors permeated it, not suggestive of Arabia. Once in early spring, when the voice of the shad horn was loud in the land, in the very midst of our practice of a charming madrigal, Mr. Loder dropped his baton, and with an expression of intense disapproval on his handsome face, hurried to the door: "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but I can't stand that fried shad," he said. "Not shad, oysters!" growled a basso profundo; but the point was not mooted, and the door being closed, our singing went on in peace.

After much careful drilling and many rehearsals, it was decided that we might hazard a concert—a very important affair to the little society and to little New York. The Washington Hotel then occupied the site of Stewart's down-town store, and the hall-room of this hotel was chosen as being most fit for the debut of the Vocal Society. It was a square room, very lofty, gay, and handsome.

A solemn rehearsal on the morning before the concert left us young and inexperienced members with a greater degree of confidence than we had yet felt. Still, we were sufficiently nervous when evening came. It was so tremendous a thing to sing, even in chorus, in public. The hour of eight found the members all assembled, the ladies in white "party" dresses, the gentlemen as elaborately if more soberly attired. The room was filling. Major Tucker strode on his abnormally long limbs from hall to dressing-rooms, encouraging and complimenting the singers, assiduously receiving and seating his numerous friends.

At last the signal was given. The soprano and alto filed into their places on the platform; tenors and basses followed. Mr. Loder stood at the desk—his baton was lifted—we were singing!

"Down in a flowery vale" was the opening number. The fresh sweet voices, without accompaniment, were admirably trained; the harmony was perfect, the time like Fate itself, and, best of all, the pronunciation was heavenly, ravishing!

It was a revelation, an utter surprise, to the audience. We had a double, triple encore. Major Tucker's kind face was

radiant. I think he must have wiped away a furtive tear or two, so great was his delight.

The other numbers of the concert were no less pleasing. "The silver swan," "Since first I saw your face," "When smiling meadows," among other madrigals, and, finest of all, Wilbye's "Sweet honey-sucking bees," with its florid counterpoint, its fugue-like snatches of imitation, its quaint and delicate harmonies, made up a rare musical treat.

This pleasant Vocal Society, like most pleasant things here below, had but a brief life, but in its two or three seasons there was a great deal of fine music done; many of the smaller works of German composers, also, although the great oratorios were beyond the strength of the society. The best of the old madrigals were sung, the dainty poetry, the pure and exquisite music, combined as few poets and composers have been able to do since those old English and Italian madrigalists of the sixteenth century.—*Motilla Despaird, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

FOUR HOURS OF MORTAL TERROR.

Slept Overboard in a Storm at Night Out of Sight of Land.

The schooner Louis Walsh, from Baracoa, made fast to the pier next south of Fulton Ferry on Saturday evening, and the first thing that Captain McDade did was to call for a coach. A helpless sailor was then taken to his home. This was First-Mate O'Donnell, whose father owns the schooner, and whose brother-in-law is her Captain.

The Louis Walsh sailed from Baracoa, Cuba, on the 27th of April with a cargo of bananas and coconuts. She is a trim little vessel, and rides a rough sea like a nauticus. The weather was fine until the third day out, but just after they had passed Castle Island it began to blow up from the southwest rather fresh. When Mate O'Donnell made his appearance on deck that morning he was rather gloomy, and his old friend, Patrick Downey, the Steward, who had been around the world with him, asked him what was the matter.

"Something is going to happen," he replied. "I had a terrible dream last night."

Downey tried to cheer him up, but ten minutes later, he saw two sharks swimming southeast of the schooner, unprepared. O'Donnell had said, and began himself to feel apprehensive. The wind stiffened and became a gale, but the little schooner being fixed for it, scudded along at twelve knots an hour. In the early evening the wind abated a little, and there was some rain, but shortly before midnight a gust from the southeast caught the schooner unprepared. Then the wind seemed to blow from all points of the compass, the sea ran very high, and the darkness was so intense that it looked like a black wall, illuminated now and then by flashes of lightning. The crew could not sleep, and made their way to the deck, and when O'Donnell stepped on deck for his watch at midnight, he felt so nervous, his dream and the storm being associated in his mind, that he asked Downey to keep him company during his watch.

At one o'clock the storm was at its height. The captain tried to jibe, so as to get out of the trough of the sea, but a gust of wind whipped the main boom around, and a piece of the tackling snapped one of the spokes of the pilot-wheel and whistled by Captain McDade's head with the force of a cannon ball. The men could not see an arm's length in front of them, and could hardly hear the captain's orders. Another blow on the sail belled it out and strained the tackling. Something had got to give or the schooner was over, and the iron "traveler," an inch boom was adrift.

Mate O'Donnell knew what had happened, and, crawling along the deck with the second mate, John Peterson, they caught some of the main boom tackling. O'Donnell threw it around a belaying pin near the main throat halyards, hoping thereby to hold the main boom. Every instant they expected to go over.

"Lower sail, John," the mate said to Peterson, as he tried to secure the bight to the belaying-pin.

Peterson felt for the main throat halyards. If he could only lower sail and ease her off the danger would be lessened. Just then there came a gust that made the timbers creak and sounded on the sails like a cannon. Peterson heard a sharp snapping noise and knew that the belaying pin to which O'Donnell had fastened to tackling had broken.

The cordage turned around one of O'Donnell's legs so tight that he was lifted clean from his feet as the wind slapped the main-boom around and threw him against the guavale. He struck on the small of the back, and was thus drawn along to the stern. There the rope uncoiled, and he dropped into the sea.

"Cap'n, I'm overboard." Captain McDade heard his brother-in-law scream. It was a trying moment for the Captain. His wife's brother in the sea, and his main boom whipping back and forth, his vessel careening, and his control over her almost gone. If he tried to save the mate his craft was gone sure.

"He's dead; it's no use, Cap'n," Peterson shouted.

Captain McDade did not answer, for just then, as the vessel lurched, the binnacle light went out, and an instant afterward a flash of light shone from the cabin windows. Steward Downey saw that flash. "My God," he cried to the captain, "the ship's afire."

He leaped into the cabin. The three oil lamps were on the floor and the fire was well under way. Downey sprang through the flame to the captain's state-room, seized the blankets from the bunk, and throwing them on the fire stamped it out.

Meanwhile the crew had got the mainmast lowered, and the schooner was eased. Mate Peterson, however, had heard O'Donnell shout, and without waiting for orders, groped his way forward and lowered the yawl into the water, and then Captain McDade heard him shouting away behind in the schooner's wake. Adrift in the boat, without an oar, and the schooner making ten knots an hour! He could not even see the schooner's torch; the waves ran so high. Suddenly he heard faintly, away off in the darkness—

"Look sharp!"

It was poor O'Donnell, whom Peterson supposed to be at the bottom of the sea. Just then he saw the schooner's light. She had tacked and was almost sweeping over him. He made fast to her as she scudded along, and shouted to the captain that he was safe. Just then they all again heard a voice out in the darkness. Downey seized the oars, jumped into the yawl, and with Peterson rowed toward the voice.

When O'Donnell struck the water he sank only a few feet, and on rising to the surface shouted to the captain, and then tried to swim. He could not use his legs. Then he remembered the blow that he had received in the small of the back. He thought his back was broken and that he might as well die. He paddled a little with his hands, and saw that it kept him afloat, although his legs hung like lead in the water. Almost in de-

spair, he was about to cease paddling. Then he saw the light of the vessel, and that kindled hope. The light disappeared, and he feared that the captain would not stop to pick him up, but he kept up a gentle paddling. Thus he kept his head above the water and rode out the great waves. He was able to keep himself afloat with little exertion, but the pain in his back was excruciating. Now and then he shouted, and tried to catch an answer. None came. He gave up all hope, but paddled instinctively. Then he remembered the sharks that followed the schooner in the morning. This thought filled him with terror. Still he paddled, half unconsciously. Then he thought of his wife and children, now in Europe, and that nerved him, and, putting his hands together reverently, just using motion enough to keep himself afloat, he prayed to Heaven to spare him and his wife and children. As he opened his eyes after this prayer he saw that dawn was just breaking, and far away a gentle breeze was just blowing, and far away a gentle breeze was just blowing. It was the boat. The men did not see him, but fortunately they pulled in his direction, and when they heard him shout they pulled with all their might toward him.

Downey said afterward that they were just about giving him up as they heard his call. O'Donnell sank to the bottom of the yawl unconscious, and the two sailors pulled to the schooner, which lay to six miles away. He had been four hours in the water.

An hour later the sailors saw the two sharks following the schooner again.

An Old Man's Melancholy.

We were impressed not long since with a brief experience of a good old man who was slightly intoxicated for one night only, as related by himself. "I went home angry and ashamed," he said, "and had great horror in anticipation of what my wife and I would say about it. I took off my shoes and hung them on the gate-post in the excess of my caution and timidity. I got into the house with marvelous dexterity, and into the bed-room without making the slightest noise. Sarah always slept in front. The foot-board was unusually high, and I was never much of a gymnast, but my success thus far had impressed me so that I felt equal to almost anything."

His sadness was such that his hearers were sad, too, and one young person was so much agitated at his long pause and his deep sighs that he burst forth. "I see how it is; you probably fell and broke your neck."

"No, my young friend," replied the old man, "it wasn't that. I fell, but I got out backward slowly, painfully, and with the utmost caution and secrecy. You have heard, perhaps, how excessively large and threatening every noise is in the stillness of a dark night, particularly when you are trying to keep still yourself and occasionally straining your ears in fear of some sound that is nevertheless expected and pretty sure to come. That was what ailed me. My heart beat like a drum, and the clock in the room ticked as if it would like to arouse the entire neighborhood. I got safely down into that bed and under the clothes. I laughed to myself till the bed shook. My fear had given place to an unnatural hilarity. I grinned and chuckled, and was exceedingly absurd. I can never think of that time without shuddering and wishing that somebody would hand me a sponge with which to wipe it out. It struck me suddenly that Sarah was unnaturally still. I put my hand over her side of the bed and, merciful heavens!"

"Was she dead?" inquired the young person, his jaw falling and his eyes standing out with intense anxiety.

"No, young fellow," replied the good old man, "she was not dead. She had gone to a neighbor's to pass the night, and, in my foolishness, I had forgotten all about it." He bowed his head in his trembling hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers, and ran down his long gray beard.

Old Sir in France—He Has Trouble With French Money.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"I've gwine ter git bankrupt if I stay heah much longer!" said Old Sir, after one of his morning excursions.

"What makes you think so?"

"Kase I've bin heah two weeks now, an' I kaint tell how much ten cents is in dis French money, no way dat I kin fix it!"

"What is the difficulty?" said Old Sir, after one of his morning excursions.

"Dat's his—of de day's only print dere 'rith-meticks in Nuinted States talk so dat I could git er grip on hit, I mought sorter keep books wid dese folks, but dey don't."

"Oh, you will learn by and by."

"Jess 'bout de time dat I've bustid I'll kount 'bout hit—dat is, I'll know 'er row count what I haint got, an' de vil' kin' how ter keep what I've got 'em. Dat's jess de nine hole dat I've tryin' to keep open."

"Well, what is it that bothers you about the money?"

"W'y, I goes out wid dis silver piece dat looks like er quarter git chance; de man in de store gibs me er hundred centimes, ez he says. Den I tink he's done cheated his ez, but dat ain't my fault. I goes in next do' an' buys somethin' dat's mark'd twenty-five sous, which I kin's fix. New Orleans means cents, an' fore de Lord, de man takes dat hundred centimes dat I calls er dollar an' makes me gib him five cents' mo' ter buy boot! Dat's what I call highway and low frug robbery!"

"But that silver piece was only twenty cents! and one hundred centimes make one franc, or twenty cents, you see?"

"I heah yer, but I've studiy' 'dem."

"De'y say er heah ob dem Nuinted States bonds is helt ober dis way, don't dey?"

"So they are."

"Well, all I've got ter say is dis, dat I ain't no repudiashtioner of I wuz fer de silver bill, but when I gets home agin I've fer payin' de ferrin bond-holders er hundred centimes de dollar. I've bond ter get eben sum-ho!"

Then he counted his money again and went out after a pair of "galluses."

What Washington Lacks.

There are some very elegant and accomplished young men in Washington—some who could be classified with the Count d'Orsay and Beau Brummells of history—but, as a general thing, the Washington beau is a churlish and selfish cub. In most places young men take a pride in rendering their cities entertaining and attractive to young ladies visiting them; but here, if a poor girl has a few acquaintances, she not only has a chance of making more, but those she knows avoid her, for fear, as they say of "never-changing partners." Girls in remote cities think, "If I could only get to Washington, what a dash I would cut; in no time I would catch a rich husband."

Poor, deluded children! Do you know there is more real fun, more genuine enjoyment, at any provincial Virginia reel, any old-fashioned New England candy-pulling, or Western house-warming, than at a baker's dozen of these official receptions. There the old adage, "No goose so gray but soon or late finds some honest gander for a mate," is true. Here old maidism stares every girl in the face.