NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

FOR COOL SEPTEMBER DAYS.

No. 1 white cloth coat, embroidered cream silk; revers of pastel blue cloth; gown of white voile. No. 2, costume of white cloth, stitched and strapped; gilt buttons.

HER SMALL HELPER.

How a Country Sojourner Took a Tenement Child Under Her Wing.

A country sojourner who is living alone and in a more or less lonely place during the summer lately applied to a philanthropic association in this city for a child or young girl as companion and helper. One was rapidly forthcoming, a brown-eyed, straight haired child of fifteen or more, very slender and ill developed for her age, but bright of countenance and gentle of voice. Her mother, it seemed, had once held positions of responsibility, and had been in every way decidedly above the average "day worker" class. But lax habits had led her to neglect her home and work and consequently her small daughter, until the latter was now poorly nourished and clad.

In this state she arrived at what was to be her summer home. An errand or two to some neighbors involving some small money transactions were accomplished with accuracy and judgment. The mistress of the house thought herself rarely blessed. But when dish washing time arrived four hours were consumed in getting some twenty or thirty pieces put away in the china closet. To begin with, Emmeline, as the waif was called, was discovered with the dishpan on the floor, while she herself stood beside it, bending over from the hips to reach the dishes.

"Why, Emmeline," exclaimed her employer, "why do you work in that awkward way? Why don't you put the pan on the table?"

"The bottom of it's dirty, ma'am," was the reply; "it's black off the stove and I wanted to keep the table clean."

Another time she was found carrying cupful after cupful of water from the well bucket outside to the teakettle on the stove.

"Why don't you take the kettle out there?" she was asked.

"I just thought it belonged on the stove," was the reply.

When she dropped anything for which she did not have immediate use, or overturned anything in moving about the house, it never seemed to occur to her to pick it up until there was some special call for that particular displaced article. Yet she could read well and remember what she read, tell a good story and carry on a more than usually intelligent conversation.

"Did you never help your mother about the house, Emmeline?" she was asked one day when she had contrived a particularly awkward way of performing some simple work.

"No'm," was the answer, "she says she'd rather do a thing a dozen times than tell me how."

And so the child had been allowed to grow up, far from robust in health and almost wholly without a knowledge of how to keep herself from starvation or want, even with an abundance of raw materials about her. She could not take half a dozen consecutively even stitches. Washing a handkerchief meant, to her, getting it thoroughly wet in nearly any sort of water, suds, sediment, anything, and spreading it on the ground to dry.

"Does that look clean to you, Emmeline?" she was asked when confronted with a mottled square of once white linen.

"Well, I surely did wash it," was the mystified answer.

"Why didn't you put the new chimney on the lamp?" asked her employer one day, seeing the old, cracked globe still in place.

"It isn't clean," replied this trial of patience incarnate, such a thing as making it clean apparently never having occurred to her. And so it went on from day to day and week to week. Alert and anxious to please when any direct request was made of her, she was yet apparently incapable of taking responsibility or of any independent organizing or managing ability. She replied in a negative of utmost surprise when asked if she did not get her own meals while her mother was out at work.

"I just eat what she's left till she gets back," explained this anomaly of the tenements. Yet she had read a number of Shakespeare's plays, knew well the principal Dickens and Thackeray characters, and could repeat extracts from several standard poems. All of this, however, was tinctured with a cheap glamour of "the street," where, apparently, she had spent the greater part of her time. She semed to enjoy the popular "Bill Bailey" equally with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The plots of certain shows of the "family circle, one dime" variety were recounted with fully as much pleasure as that of "The Merchant of Venice." Alert of appreciation, but utterly without judgment, a keen observer, but apparently lacking all power of mental assimilation, this almost helpless girl of nearly sixteen is thus learning slowly and with small joy the simple lesson of self-dependence which in the event of her mother's death would inevitably be thrust upon her with almost overwhelming force.

Probably most women will be glad to learn that drooping effects will not go out with the coming season. On the contrary, picturesqueness and quaintness will be more and more sought after. Fashion is becoming even more distinctly feminine than it has been, says "The Dry Goods Economist," and the modes of 1830 will soon be in full sway.

Chiffon, crêpe de chine, lace, net and all soft fabrics will be sought after for evening wear, and will be made into full clinging skirts. Parisian models show a clever arrangement of this extra fulness about the hips, but in cloth it is not likely that American women can be persuaded to adopt such a style. For street wear they will probably cling to the garment which shows the hip curves, while having sufficient fulness to give the necessary freedom and grace when walking.

The coming form of the Louis XVI coat for street costumes requires a skirt that is moulded to the hips, yet full and free at the bottom, and loose three-quarters garments will also necessitate a great deal of fulness in the lower part of the skirt.

Trimmings will be largely in repoussé effects. Last season heavy lace motives were applied to fine lace. Next season heavy laces will be adorned with silk and wool passementeries. Macramé, hand-embroidered lace, Venice, Irish and Cluny will serve as a background for wool embroideries and silk and chiffon flowers, but tint laces will also be fashionable, and the new styles will afford an opportunity for numerous lace ruffles. There will be no room for brocaded silks where there will be such a variety of rich trimmings that give the same effect.

Bits of fringe will be used here and there, and such trimmings will be subjected to all sorts of odd arrangements, a two-inch fringe on a fall model being applied in scroll form. Lace motifs, wreaths and medallions will be seen on evening gowns, but the novelty of the season will be wide bands of lace edged with quaint, old-fashioned ruchings. Gold and silver tinsel and spangles will be a favorite decoration, and gold and silver tissue will be veiled by very sheer fabrics.

Zibelines and velvets, including English velvets and velveteens, have received the approval of leading French dressmakers for the coming winter. Illumined zibelines will be particularly favored, while plain velvets will be much used. Broadtail zibeline will be the novelty for handsome evening and carriage wraps. It has a furry appearance, yet is so soft as to lend itself readily to the correct shape in the bouffant sleeve with the deep cuff.

THE STAGESTRUCK YOUTH.

Mrs. Kendal Describes Some Amateurs She Has Met.

By way of a warning to the stagestruck, Mrs. Kendal draws an interesting comparison between professional and amateur acting in a chapter on "Theatrical Life," which she contributes to "The Woman's Library" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). According to her, the amateur dramatic artist has a distinct advantage over the professional, which he evidently does not realize, since, with plenty of means, he is usually straining every nerve to get upon the professional stage.

"It is my lot," says Mrs. Kendal, "to meet and receive many amateurs. Some of them come to ask for points, some to pour out their artistic longings, some to tell me how they burn with a mission, some to recite long, lugubrious poems, but all of them to speak of their grievances as amateurs.

"Now, I can only perceive the advantages that accrue to amateurs, and if I can but make them perceive likewise, however quaintly, and thereby restrain even a few from adding to the struggles of those whose bread and butter are involved, I shall have done a good deed. Not that I deceive myself for one moment with thinking I shall do so.

TERRIBLY IN EARNEST.

"The kind of amateur I mean is terribly in earnest. A short and rotund lady came to me only last week, and said she was full of 'hidden fires' and wanted to 'fulfil herself.' A scarlet faced and nervous young man talked to me not long ago for one solid hour about his love for Art, and how the whole of his life was to be consecrated to Art. These are random instances of the amateur's extreme seriousness. He is equally serious in his desire to go upon the stage. How to deter these headstrong spirits? How make them content to remain what they are?

"To begin with, long before a professional actress was tolerated, let alone being deemed respectable, amateur actresses were approved of and encouraged by no less a person than Queen Bess. The ladies of her court might indulge freely in private and amateur performances of masques and pageants, whereas on the public stage no woman, even the most shameless and disreputable of her sex, would have ventured to appear. Indeed, a queen once became, with impunity, both actress and manager; yet some years later the women of a French company that visited England were 'deservedly hissed, hooted and pippin pelted off the stage.'

HE IS RICHER SOCIALLY.

"Do not centuries of historical and social traditions count for anything? And to-day, is not the amateur the richer socially for his gracious state? If he be socially eminent already, as an amateur actor he becomes at a bound pre-eminent; and if individually a social nobody, as a member of a prominent dramatic club he becomes at least a somebody. In professional ranks he would be swallowed up and lost sight of.

"'Ah!' he exclaims, 'what is mere social position. Social diddlesticks! I want to lead the real life, to know the real thing, to do the long journeys, the hard work. I should love it all!'

"Whenever I talk with the stage smitten amateur I admire his zeal, his enthusiasm, his disinterestedness in the cause of what he lovingly calls Art, but I never fail to be amazed at his ignorance of professional theatrical life, at his inability to divest it of glamour and tinsel and gloss, and to realize its conditions as they actually are. He tells me with a jaunty air and a superior smile that he knows what long rehearsals mean. In other words, he has voluntarily attended one or two. When I mention obligatory long rehearsals day after day in a draughty theatre, he smiles again.

HARD WORK HAS NO TERRORS.

"He would love to go touring. He knows a Bohemian life would suit him down to the ground. But would he love dirty lodgings and insolent landladies?

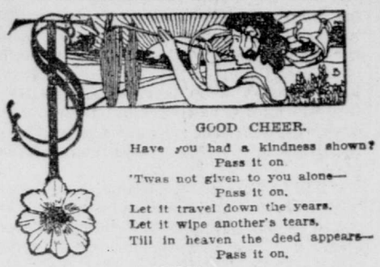
"Hard work would have no terrors for him. He had hard enough work when his club produced 'School for Scandal'; he wished, by Jove, I could have seen his Joseph. But would he welcome hours and hours of waiting to be 'called,' meals snatched anywhere and digested nowhere?

"He aspires to play broad comedy. Would his comely be as broad if he were sick with suspense or faint with hunger?

"Or his greatest ambition would be to play Romeo. Would the part attract him as much if he had to play it night after night to a Juliet he instinctively shrank from?

"I could go on multiplying instances of the amateur's ignorance of professional life. He works for two or three weeks in the year. No wonder he feels fresh and fit at the end. But three hundred nights in the year of incessant work is another matter.

"Finally, there are three advantages peculiar to the amateur that strike me more forcibly every time I am privileged to witness an amateur performance. First, how comforting, when for some reason your part has failed dismally, to be able truthfully to say that you accepted it at a moment's notice, as a personal favor to Miss Jones! Secondly, how reassuring to see your friends' unaffected and delighted surprise when you do some bit really well! Thirdly, how stimulating to know beforehand that to succeed at all means unqualified success! Believe me, the amateur is much to be envied, and has solved the question of the pros and cons in theatrical life."



GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given to you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

IN THE "CHEERING UP" BUSINESS.

"I have gone into the cheering up business," replied one to a friend who had inquired what good fortune had befallen him that made him look so happy. "'The cheering up business?' Well, I don't know what sort of business that may be, but, judging from your looks, it must be a paying one. What do you do? How do you run it? Got any capital, eh?" "Capital—ha! ha! ha! Good! I like that idea. Why, my dear fellow, my paid up capital is practically limitless. It cannot be computed in terms of dollars and cents, and the business is so simple that it runs itself. All I have to do is to look cheerful and give a smile and a hearty greeting to every one with whom I am on speaking terms. Along with this I take 'short views of life,' as Sydney Smith recommended. I don't look too far ahead and plan for what may never happen. You have no idea what a saving of energy I find in this method. The fact is, my new business has helped my old business so much that its returns for the last six months are 25 per cent more than they were the previous six months. And as for my health—well, I don't look as if I needed a doctor, do I? I advise every one to go into the cheering up business. I never heard of a failure in it. It is by long odds the best investment I ever made."—(Success.

A SILENT VOICE.

How oft, alas! the sweetest singing bird
Has tuned its voice through all the summer days,
While care dulled ears, accustomed to its lays,
Scarce caught the song, its melody unheard.

But when 'tis silent, ah! how sweetly then
Do love and memory catch the floating strain,
And hold each fragment with regretful pain—
As if lost music might be found again!
—(J. Oliver Smith.

MONEY RECEIVED.

J. W., of Long Island, has sent $50 for Sunshine purposes; F. C. S., $2 for invalid's table; "A Mother" in Elmira, N. Y., $1 for ice; Mrs. McKee, $1 for the homeless invalid who has cancer; Miss C. S. Hunter, $1 wherever needed; a Montclair boy, 10 cents, and King's Daughter, 10 cents for trolley rides.

WANTS.

A widow who is recovering from a long illness will be glad to have a black or white shoulder shawl, as she feels the cold keenly. A crippled boy of fourteen years is in great need of clothing. Any second hand articles will be accepted. A New-Hampshire "shut in" would like some embroidery silks, and a Manhattan member needs black beads to complete some fancy work she is doing for a Sunshine fair. Has any one a leaflet containing the national songs? If so, will he or she please send a copy to the office?

SUNSHINE FAVOR.

A Brooklyn member who sends the Woman's pages regularly to Miss Emily Haskins, of Warwick, N. Y., says she will not be able to do so for the next six weeks, while she is "jaunting around," and would like to have some one take her place during that time. Any one who responds will be doing a favor to the sender as well as the recipient.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mrs. D. S. Carpenter, of Middletown Springs, Vt., makes a request for a birthday party for Mrs. Jane H. Curtiss, of Ira, Vt. R. F. D., who will be seventy-five years old on August 3, would particularly like to have letters from children.

WOOLS RECEIVED.

Miss E. B. Totten, of Somerville, N. J., acknowledges with thanks the receipt of wools for Sunshine work from H. A. E., of Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. J. C. Suydam. Another box will be sent from the office to help on the completion of work begun for cheer.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

The black and white house sack, ready for making, which was contributed by I. A. R., of Brooklyn, has been forwarded to a widow in Maine, who is ill and needy. The box of excellent clothing from Mrs. C. M. Thom, of Orange County, N. Y., will be the means of helping in several directions, while the picture cards will amuse several children. Sweetpeas of unusual size and beauty were brought to the office by a T. S. S. member as a special gift to one who is debarred from country pleasures. Two large express packages from Orange, N. J., without a name, contained reading matter, pictures, articles of clothing, etc.; another package came from Mrs. Erskine.

LIFE.

Morning and noontime, night and peace;
Across the years God's purpose falls,
And that which morning gave shall cease
Not while for strength the moontide calls,
Or while the silent winged night
At evening time shall call for light.
—(Frederick J. Allen.

LETTERS OF AN OLD MAID.

II.—TO A MARRIED WOMAN.

Dear Edith: I am writing to you for my own satisfaction rather than for yours, and I hope you will not fall into despair at being placed in my debt again so soon. You know I never wait for replies. I write when I long to do so, and so avoid the pinch of the give-and-take system. What is a debt between friends? If I can't turn around and speak to you when I want to express myself, then the barrier between us is greater than one of distance.

I know you don't feel so about writing. Unfortunately, most of my friends hate to write, and tell me so, regardless of the fact that they thus freeze the genial current of my inkwell (I don't think a well has a current; I should have called it simply a bottle; but let that pass. We used to agree that in correspondence we might ignore the mixing of metaphors). As I said, you insist upon telling me that you don't like to write, though you do like to receive letters. Oh, of course! But how am I to believe the latter phrase in connection with the former. They don't hang together. It is correspondence that we love or hate, not your letters or my letters, and correspondence is communication, without which friendship is dead. Let us have an argument!

John always says the same thing, about hating to write letters, but I can't remonstrate with him about it, because he wouldn't understand. Neither would Madge. They're so young that you have to exercise various forms of restraint in approaching their minds. Young minds, especially young masculine minds, have to be approached with care. You have to coax them, but they mustn't hear you say, "Poor pussy!" You have to double around a corner, and meet them face to face, quite unexpectedly. "Why, it's you! We'll go on together a little way, if you like!" That's the process, or something like it; you'll find it out when your son is a little older, if you haven't already.

But I've interrupted myself, and I hate to be interrupted. Where were we? Oh, having an argument about letter writing. Don't forget to carry it on when you write; it's your move. I have other things to say just now.

I was speaking the other day of being an old maid—speaking to married people, of course. I can call myself an old maid, when I speak to you, as you are not an old maid, but the phrase isn't always a safe one. I shouldn't dare to use it in writing to Grace, for example, sensible woman though she is, and, although she owns to being older than I. For she has never told me how much older! If she didn't care, she would have given me the date of her birth, down to the hour. When they don't give the date, they do care—always. They say they don't care, but that it's nobody's business—people don't want to hear it—they'll think you silly—you know all the arguments a woman uses when she wants to hide her age. I know what they mean, because I never hide mine. If I wanted to hide it, I would talk just as they do. Well, as I said before, I was speaking of old maids, and some one said, "My dear, don't call yourself an old maid! No woman is that until she's fifty." When I was young I was called an old maid at twenty-five. Don't you remember? We thought we were both hors de combat, and talked of keeping bachelors' hall together; and you said, "We'll be very comfortable, and—not very happy!" Save the mark! Which of us is really the happier, I wonder?

No argument, please, on that point! You needn't make the countermove; it's not in the game. I was only wondering at the difference in the general point of view, within the last quarter century. The notion as to when a woman may call herself an old maid has shifted so that I have never been sure of what I really was until lately. Now, I believe, at last, I can rest upon the good old phrase, and frankly be an old maid!

In one sense, you and I were never old maids, never would be, and never could be. Alice, for instance, is an old maid. She was born one. She may marry, but it will not change her.

This letter is far too long, and I have told you no news. Pardon it; I have none to tell. If you want to know how we are, I can assure you that we are about as usual. Please distribute my love to every one—or forget to do so—in the customary fashion. Yours, as ever,

PRISCILLA.

The Chameleon.

By JAMES WEBER LINN, Author of "The Second Generation."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Francis Bradford, a young man returning from Europe to Carfax, his home, to begin life as a lawyer, meets on the train Murdoch, the millionaire pickle maker, of the same town. Their talk delays the hero in reading a letter left for him by his mother at her death. It warns him against being insincere and untruthful. Just as he finishes reading it the train is wrecked. He distinguishes himself by singing on the scene, at Murdoch's suggestion, thereby steadying everybody's nerves. The pickle maker takes to him, talks of serving him, and when they reach Carfax introduces him to his niece, Amy. Then Bradford is seized by some old college mates of his. After picking up old Carfax threads with them, he unburdens himself in solitude in a letter addressed "To my mother in heaven." Again he meets Murdoch and Amy, and the pickle manufacturer proves his good will by securing him a place in an important law office. He tells his comrades of his quaint reception there, and then goes to call on Murdoch, where he meets Father Clarges, a friend of the family. Soon after, with Amy, he witnesses the football game of the year. In the course of a bonfire celebration in the evening he takes advantage of being called upon to speak to rebuke his college for a violation of football rules. Amy attends service at St. Hilda's and dines with her uncle and his lawyer. After dinner she has an interview with Clarges, who is jealous of her interest in Bradford. Meanwhile Murdoch and the lawyer arrange a $10,000,000 endowment for Carfax College, which the pickle maker intends shall "lead Harvard or Columbia." Bradford and Shedsy attend service at St. Hilda's, meet Clarges at the door in leaving, and accept an invitation to his rooms. They visit his rooms often thereafter. Bradford fascinated with a sense of being judged by Clarges, who, in fact, thinks him an unfortunate choice for Amy, and Shedsy attracted to Episcopalianism by the discovery that the rector was a football player at Yale, '89. Bradford makes Shedsy feel unhappy and lonely by confiding in him about Amy. Clarges warns Amy against marrying Bradford. She is also twitted on the subject by Marion Craven, daughter of the president of Carfax College, who at the same time drops a hint that Mr. Craven, an old man, would probably have to give way to younger blood if the college were made wealthy. Amy persuades Murdoch to delay his gift a year. Bradford continues to interest her. He saves a child from drowning. On the same day he and Amy are engaged. Before their marriage she tells him of the pending gift to the college, and why it is to be delayed. Their wedding soon follows. Their honeymoon is cloudless, until Bradford has to confess to a deceit, but they drift on happily enough. Unfortunately, he betrays the secret of Murdoch's gift to Shedsy, and the latter tells it to Kate, who engages himself to Miss Craven. Of course the news leaks out, and the gift is made.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INEVITABLE.

The guesses of the newspapers were confirmed in a few days. Dr. Craven handed in his resignation to the board of trustees, at the meeting which was called to accept the gift of the Murdoch Fund; and the board accepted the resignation likewise, and made him speeches of sorrow, and sent him a framed memorial, which cited one by one his services to Carfax College, and said many complimentary things of him such as ought to console any old man who was not too full of repining. And moreover, the board, at Murdoch's suggestion, made him president emeritus, and allowed him two-thirds of his former salary, which had been $4,000 a year. Dr. Craven accepted the memorial with calmness and the honor with dignity; but he declined to remain in the president's house until his successor should be elected. His wife, however, used force of a sort, and he reconsidered his determination, reluctantly. And all Carfax buzzed with commendation of the proprietor of the Shakespeare Brand, or if it did not commend it abused him roundly, which was just as satisfactory in the end. Meanwhile Amy said nothing, and Bradford waited for her to speak; and when she did not, concluded, at first doubtfully, then more and more surely, that she knew nothing of his own part in the disclosure of Murdoch's intentions. Indeed, who was to tell her if he did not? Shedsy she never saw; Kate she never saw, and Kate was not the man to mention such a matter, any way. So Bradford grew less and less afraid, and presently the matter dropped gradually from his mind, as the matter of the scar had done, and he was only now and then conscious of any restraint in Amy's tenderness for him. He was the more and more tender with her as her hour came on.

On Thursday, two months after the announcement of the Murdoch Fund, there was a rumor in the afternoon papers that Dr. Craven was stricken—one said with paralysis, one said with some affection of the heart. The morning papers of Friday denied both; the afternoon papers of the same day reaffirmed the rumor, and this time with authority. On the following Sunday afternoon Carfax College was without a president of any sort, and Providence had courteously removed an old obstacle to progress.

He died very quietly. "I am sorry to leave the Commentaries unfinished. Perhaps, my dear boy, you will try"—— Kate bent closer, but the doctor left the sentence, like the Commentaries, unfinished. A moment later, however:

"Why, Isabelle!" he murmured.

"Yes, dear," his wife answered. But he did not hear her. "Why, my little Isabelle!" The newspapers announced his death the next day: George Mark Craven, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; for eleven years professor of the Greek language and literature in Carfax College, and president for twenty-seven.

Then Amy spoke.

. . . . . .

"Francis, why did you tell Dr. Craven about the money?"

"I didn't, dear."

"You told Mr. Barnes."

"Not even that, Amy. I suggested the possibility of it to him—but I never thought he would mention it."

"Why did you tell him?"

"I tell you I didn't tell him, Amy. I said there was a possibility of a change for Carfax, and Shedsy imagined the rest."

"Didn't you say to him that Uncle Jack was going to give a million a year to Carfax?"

"No, Amy, I did not. Why do you cross-examine me like this? Don't you trust me? If you do not, you ought to say so."

Her next sentence came after a hesitation, brief indeed, but very long to Bradford. "Francis, I do say so."

"Amy!"

"Do you know what I have done?" she went on, with a calmness terrible to Bradford. "I have lied to you, Francis."

"You are talking wildly, Amy. You ought not to excite yourself, dear. Think of the baby, Amy."

"I am not excited, Francis. But I must tell you what I feel. I cannot go on longer as I have done. Marion Craven told me, one day, that you had told Mr. Barnes, who had told Mr. Strong. She asked me to thank you for letting them know; she implied that Uncle Jack meant to surprise them all, to let them know suddenly, without warning. I—I let her think so. I did not tell her that he had kept this secret for a year, and that he would have kept it as long as was necessary. You know that I would have died to make you happy, Francis; but I did not think—when I told you I loved you—that you would ever ask me—to lie for you."

"You are hurting me very cruelly, my wife."

"I do not mean to hurt you. But we must understand things, Francis. I must know what you intend to do. Are we to go on—like this—always?"

"What do you mean?"

"Am I to feel that I cannot believe a word you say?"

"Amy," he said, collecting himself, "do you know that you are talking to your husband? I think you do not quite realize all that you are saying. I cannot, I ought not, listen to you any longer. To-morrow you will feel differently."

"Will Dr. Craven be alive to-morrow?" she asked, coldly.

"Do you mean that you consider me responsible," he demanded, with the sensitive quickness of perception that was always his, "for Dr. Craven's death? Why, it is absurd." He tried to laugh. "He has been sick for years, dear. Go to sleep, now; to-morrow"——

"It is not that," she said, wearily. "Perhaps you are right; perhaps this shock did not hasten his death. I do not know." Bradford could not help noticing the steadiness of her sense of justice. "But all the other things you have told me—you have not seemed to care what you have said. Once, before we were married, some one warned me that you did not care. I did not believe him; I hated him. I hate him now, but I believe him. No, don't try to stop me. It is better for both of us that there should be no deceit between us. I have tried, ever since we were married—ever since the very day after we were married—to disbelieve him, but how can I? There was that story you told me the first time you came to see me. Afterward I found that—it was not true. I thought mine was a bitter sorrow that night—but I did not know what sorrow was. Then, while I was putting that story from me, fighting it off, there were other things. You told people, at dinner, of things that I knew had not happened; but I should not have minded much—they were only stories—if it had not been for the idea I was fighting. And there were times when I had almost fought it down. When I knew the baby was coming I thought—I was sure that I had been all wrong to mistrust you in the least. I don't know why I was sure, but I was. Then—this. You promised Uncle Jack that you would never speak of it. It was not your secret, any more than it was mine; we had no right to speak of it. But you did. And Uncle Jack asked you if you had. And you let him think that you had not." Her voice, monotonous and sad as the ticking of a metronome, ceased.

Bradford suddenly surrendered. Surrendered his dignity, surrendered his self-respect, surrendered his pride. "It is true, Amy," he said, under his breath. "It is true. I told Shedsy, and I did not tell your uncle. It is all true. But can't you forgive? Don't you know, dear, that you are speaking to me like a judge—not like a wife? I am not as bad as that, dear. I have not forfeited forgiveness? Amy, Amy, my Amy, don't you see that I am begging for it—Francis, who has lied to you, but who loves you, loves you!"

"How am I to know?" she cried, quickly. "You say so; but how am I to know?"

"You mean"——

"I mean that I do not know whether or not you love me!" she repeated, sadly. "What have I to assure me but your word?"

"Love knows love," he answered, brokenly.

"Can there be love where there is not truth?"

"I do not think," he said, humbly, "that I have deserved this, but perhaps I have."

It was as if they had changed places. He was the quiet one now; while Amy—Bradford hardly knew that tense, passionate voice for hers. "Oh, I have loved you, loved you!" she cried. She broke down; her tears came in a flood, as if her heart was broke. He took a step toward her, and, as if she divined it, she sprang to her feet.

"Don't touch me," she panted. "Don't touch me! How do I know you love me? You have cheated me before—why not in this? What am I—your mistress, or your wife? My baby!—Have you ever told me the truth? Are you in earnest now? You say you suffer. I do not want you to suffer. But do you think I have not suffered at all? But you need not believe me, either, now! I have lied, too! You have taught me all that I know—first to feel, and then to lie! We are alike now; we can neither of us be trusted!" He stood, quite incapable of movement, and she slipped by him, without looking at him again, into her own room, and he heard the key turn in the lock.

. . . . . .

How odd these little domestic tragedies are, which play themselves out quite unnoticed underneath our noses! Smith and Mrs. Smith are a well matched couple, are they not? Mutual respect, say the wise ones who are watching them—cool, gray admiration, not the fiery red of love, makes the best background for the picture of comfortable married life. They do not salute each other rapturously on railway platforms, they are not miserable out of each other's sight; but, then, their duties to society are admirably performed! She is a careful hostess; and how excellent are the cigars and claret of Smith! Really, the situation is one fortunate in all respects. Meanwhile, after the guests are gone, what dull ghosts of misery and pain haunt those rooms wherein sit separately and in shadow the admirable hostess and the excellent host!

Murdoch had no knowledge of any break between Bradford and Amy. Bradford was too clever, Amy too strong, to be detected by such a straightforward, unsuspecting man as the pickle maker. Had he known of the trouble and its cause, Murdoch would have been indignant—with Amy. Bradford pleased Murdoch's love of show. Besides, he was not sorry that his gift had been made public, though by no fault of his. He was not yet forty; he was barely thirty-nine. Carfax College called the first man on the list of eligibles, and he came, stipulating for dictatorial power, and promptly began to turn the wheels of progress. He was almost as young as Murdoch—forty-one; he looked, as much as Murdoch did, the business man; he spoke with the sharp decisiveness that finds no time for formal courtesy; and his first act was to reduce the salaries of most of his staff. Some, Kate among them, resigned; others were married, and dared not. The name of the new president was Robinson—Horace Robinson. His "line" was paleontology—or was it petrology? Well, it makes no difference; and his salary was three times what Craven's had been.

(To be continued.)

CRIPPLES GUESTS OF CRIPPLES.

Those from New-York State Hospital at Robin's Nest Party.

The cripples of the New-York State Hospital, in Van Wort-ave., Tarrytown, were the guests of the little cripples of the Robin's Nest yesterday at a party arranged by the little "Robins." Twenty little tots from the hospital attended, including Allen Black, who was treated by Dr. Lorenz. The children from this hospital arrived in stages.

The home of the Nest is among large trees and surrounded by a well kept lawn. First there was a musical programme on the phonograph, which the little tots, nearly fifty in number, enjoyed greatly. Then they had a donkey party. The greatest pleasure and surprise was the Jack Horner pie. This was something new. Each child received a string, on which was his name. He pulled the string and out came a present. The children received all kinds of toys. Then supper was served, and the way these little unfortunates ate and drank was a sight to see. The hospital children returned at 6 o'clock.

The Robin's Nest is a home for the cripples from the New-York Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled. It is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions, and its list of managers contains the names of many well known people. There were a great many visitors present who enjoyed the children's party and helped to make it successful. Among those interested in the Nest are Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. William Rockefeller, Mrs. C. C. Worthington, Mrs. J. H. Whitehouse, Mrs. John D. Archbold, Mrs. Virginia Orton, Miss Helen M. Gould, Mrs. Reginald H. Jaffray, Mrs. W. Lanman Bull and others.

ITEMS OF SOCIAL INTEREST.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weber, of Mount Vernon, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Henrietta Weber, to Albert E. Arnold, of that city, on Wednesday evening, August 12, at 7 o'clock, in St. Paul's Lutheran Church. The ceremony is to be followed by a large reception in the Mount Vernon Turn Verein Hall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Jacobson, of Mount Vernon, to Dr. H. Finkelstone, of Harlem. Dr. Finkelstone was an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy in the Spanish and Philippine wars. The wedding will take place this fall.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

How has woman kept pace in the world's progress, handicapped as she is by the things she wears? asks "Good Housekeeping." Put a sane minded, sound bodied man of fortitude and controlled impulses into high heeled shoes, long skirts, "done up" hair, a picture hat with veil and pins, start him down a boulevard, and he will be in a frenzy of impatience and discomfort before covering the first block, ready to fight the fellow being who might by accident step on his draperies. Add to his impedimenta a fitted in corset, and he would collapse in Promethean helplessness.

Chopped watercress and delicate lettuce leaves make delicious sandwiches for a garden party luncheon, also very thin, waferlike slices of thoroughly pared lemon on bread and butter. Boston brown bread and homemade white bread, both cut very thin and spread thickly with peanut butter, make a variety pleasing to both eye and taste, says "Harper's Bazar." The two kinds of bread should be laid evenly together, put under a heavy weight in piles of not more than four sandwiches in depth, and when the weight is removed, cut out in figures, round, diamond shaped, etc., with sharp tin moulds. This adds greatly to their daintiness and attractiveness. If hot Russian tea be served at a garden party it should be accompanied with thin strips of bread and butter, spread with caviar mixed with lemon juice. In the matter of cakes served at such affairs, nut wafers, almond strips, almost anything that is not sticky or too crumbly is desirable. In serving creams and ices a pretty fancy is to have the former in tall glasses, with a generous supply of whipped cream on the top of each, a rose or some single attractive blossom on the plate beneath, or, in the case of ices, a slice may be served on a plate with the blossom laid gracefully beside it. When the frappé is to be home made, vanilla parfait is one of the daintiest and most convenient things to have, as it does not require to be put into the freezer. To make it beat the whites of six eggs very stiff; cook a cup of water and a cup of sugar till it forms a ball in your fingers, and slowly beat this syrup into the egg; add flavoring and beat till cold; then lightly add a quart of cream whipped stiff, put this in square moulds, which close tightly, and bury in ice and salt for five hours. This quantity will serve fourteen persons.

For country dwellers, who may desire the blossoms of a favorite rose for some "special occasion," a homely but effective method of keeping the buds at that particular degree of "half blowness" that gives a chalicelike beauty of outline, with more than a hint of the deep heart color, is as follows: When the bud reaches the stage which betokens a bursting on the morrow, take strips of old linen a little wider than the blossoms are deep, and wind "gently, but firmly," about each, to the number desired in reservation, and pin together lightly at tip and base. The linen should be two or three thicknesses deep about each bud to exclude the coaxing rays of the morning sun. Late evening, when the bud is cool and perhaps dew moistened, is the best time for its imprisonment. In this condition buds will "stand still" for two or more days, thereby greatly increasing the available supply of desirable blossoms when their slower sisters have caught up with them and the fête day arrives.

The "child cure" is a new departure in the treatment of neuropathy. Like most good things, it was discovered by accident. A woman who suffered from a complication of complaints was suddenly thrown, by an unforeseen circumstance, into the society of several young children for a short time daily. Her attendant physician soon noticed a marked improvement in her circulation, her sleeping and the steadiness of her nerves. He tried the same treatment on another nervous patient, but let it come about naturally, as might any change of circumstance, and not at all as a medicine.

In hanging pictures, says an authority on the subject, the general effect should be considered rather than the desire to show a great number. It proves most advantageous in many rooms to have the picture frames like the woodwork and considered a part of the decoration. Pictures are too often hung without any thought of their relation to the places they fill. In a wide, heavily carved fireplace an oil painting was substituted for the ordinary mirror. The deep sunk, elaborately treated frame formed a part of the mantel, and the rich, warm colors in the painting itself gave a substantial unity to the whole end of the room that no mirror or suspended picture could ever have effected. The best rule for framing and hanging pictures is perhaps, after all, to throw tradition to the dogs and use your individual taste.

A woman renowned for her share of the "grace of hospitality" makes a point of having her luncheon or dinner flowers harmonize with her toilets. At "second breakfast" she appears, for instance, in a trailing gown of yellow, and the table reflects a glory of tea roses, heavy and dewy and sweet. At dinner, perhaps, there will be a profusion of the graceful, richly colored fuchsia, and the hostess's gown, of soft crêpe, running the gamut from palest mauve to deepest purple, emphasizes the unique effect. Incidentally, the fuchsia is a flower rarely used in table decoration, but especially adapted, nevertheless, to an artistic pyramidal effect, and unsurpassed in grace of spray point and bud arrangement.

Instead of hot water bottles, some authorities recommend to those who suffer from cold feet a little constitutional in the bathtub before retiring. The cold water should be allowed to run to ankle depth, and the patient should wade in it for about two minutes, finishing with a brisk rub. Cold hands may be treated in the same way, but have to be kept longer in the water.

MAYER URGES JEWISH PROTECTORY.

Declares Reformatory Institution for Hebrew Children Necesary for This City.

Justice Julius M. Mayer, in an address to the Jewish Chautauqua at Atlantic City yesterday on the subject of "The Children's Court in New-York," strongly advocated the building of a Jewish protectory in this city. The increase of the Jewish population, carrying with it an increased number of delinquent children, he declared, made a reformatory institution for these children a necessity, but, as it is now, all Hebrew children committed in the Children's Court must be sent either to the Juvenile Asylum or to the House of Refuge.

He also told of the splendid results which have come from the parole system in dealing with delinquent children, giving figures to show that of all the children who had been convicted and placed on parole, it had been necessary to commit only 15 per cent for violation of the conditions of their release.

As to the needs for a reformatory for Jewish children, Justice Mayer said:

The policy of the State of New-York, as expressed in statutory enactments, is the commitment of children to institutions conducted by persons of like faith with that of the child committed. A Jewish child subjected to discipline in an institution presided over by persons of its own faith ordinarily would be much more amenable to such discipline. The increase of Jewish population makes a Jewish protectory a necessity, but in event that such a protectory is finally organized its Jewish feature should be solely religious and not racial. While the observances of the religious faith should be adhered to, the fundamental doctrine of American government and of the American spirit should always be taught, and the Jewish protectory will be successful only to the extent to which it teaches the Jewish religious faith in connection with the reformatory and the correctional features; and at the same time inculcates into the minds of the Jewish delinquent, neglected or unfortunate child, intensely and unremittingly, the doctrines and principles of American government.

Of the parole system he said:

It is a system having for its object the saving of a child to its home and to the State. Every child who is kept out of an institution and made a good citizen is a producer, while every child committed to an institution is a consumer, and thus every child who is rescued by the parole system means one less burden for the State to support.

Sometimes children are paroled where the hope of reform is not encouraging, but the judges of the Court of Special Sessions feel that they would rather err in this direction than by committing the child to an institution without giving it a chance to reform. The following figures seem to be most encouraging: From September 3, 1902, to June 27, 1903, a period of almost ten months, 616 boys and 23 girls were placed on parole. Of these only 88 boys and 7 girls violated their parole, and of those who violated the parole the greater number were children under twelve years of age. This there has been a loss of 15 per cent out of about 650 placed on parole.

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