

up in a topknot. Each Korean citizen of importance carries a sort of wrist bag, where he keeps what an American would stuff into several dozen pockets.

It is in Corea that a man is a baby until he is married. If he persists in being a bachelor, and thus lives to a toothless dotage, he is still called by pet names, and in token of his inferiority he is compelled to wear his hair down his back in a pigtail. It is only when he weds that he may put up his hair in the topknot and cover it with the transparent hat. Bachelors must go hatless to their graves.

In Corea news and opinions all take the form of memorials. If a husband would tell his wife to visit her relatives he must present her with a memorial. The present King issues a great number of memorials, and one of them, which was on the subject of dress reform among the women, almost drove these peaceful folk to civil war. The King wanted the women to abandon their topknots, so that the men should enjoy this distinction alone. Here is the memorial:

"Laws and edicts proceed from the King. Treaty relations must now be observed with the rest of the world, and changes be introduced into politics. We have, therefore, introduced a new calendar, a title of the reign, and changed the style of dress and cut off the topknot. You should not regard us as loving innovations. Wide sleeves and topknots have become familiar by usage. The topknots and hair bands stand in the way of health, as you know. Nor is it right that in this day of ships and vehicles we should stick to these customs."

But the edict caused such a revulsion of popular feeling that it was finally withdrawn.

In this land of Confucianism the Fourth Commandment of the Christian is more closely obeyed than in many Christian countries. A Korean son does not leave his father when he is twenty-one, or several years earlier, should the opportunity present itself. Instead, he cares for him with as constant attention as if the father was indeed his sweetheart. When a Korean son meets his father on the street he bows almost to the ground and greets him with the most affectionate language. If the father should fall sick the son gives up his business or his own family duties and stays closely by the paternal couch. Should the father be cast into prison the son stands without the door, and if driven into exile the son goes, too.

Divorces are not so common in Corea as in the United States, because husband and wife do not have the same chance to grow tired of each other. The marriage is always arranged by the parents of the bride and bridegroom, and after the wedding the husband and wife see little of each other. He goes his way and associates with his own companions. She lives in her world and busies herself apart with her duties and pleasures. If she is a woman of rank she never goes into the public streets unless behind the curtains of a palanquin. No one can see how gayly she is painted or what gorgeous hairpins adorn her tresses.

MARK TWAIN AND WHISTLER.

Mark Twain described recently his first meeting with James McNeill Whistler.

"I was introduced to Mr. Whistler," he said, "in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker, and I was determined to get the better of him, if possible. So at once I put on my most hopelessly stupid air, and I drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing.

"That ain't bad," I said. "It ain't bad, only here in this corner"—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger. "I'd do away with that cloud if I was you."

"Whistler cried nervously: 'Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?'"

"Oh, that don't matter," said I. "I've got my gloves on."

"We got on well together after that."

"GOVERNOR" WAS A LOBSTER.

Almost without bounds were the chagrin and disgust of the Republicans of Rhode Island at the re-election by the Democrats of Governor Garvin, the present chief executive of the State. The day after a prominent Providence Republican entered a restaurant in that city at the luncheon hour, and, to the astonishment of the lawyers, business men and politicians who were wielding knife and fork, said to the waiter after glancing over the menu card, "Give me a Governor Garvin." Then he whispered something to the waiter.

When, a few minutes later, the waiter approached the politician bearing a covered dish, every one in the room was leaning out of his chair and craning his neck to see what a "Governor Garvin" was. Amid an expectant silence the waiter lifted the cover from the dish, and there was exposed to view a plain lobster.

EASILY GOT SPICE OF DANGER.

William Nelson Cromwell, the representative of the French Panama Canal Commission, recently called on President Roosevelt in Washington. Mr. Cromwell is something of a sportsman, and during the interview he told the President a sporting anecdote.

"Some years ago," he said, "I spent a week in Germany shooting small game. To a German acquaintance one morning I happened to remark that I preferred to shoot in Africa because there was a spice of danger in the sport there.

"Ach," said my friend, 'you like a spice of danger mit your sport, eh? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I go I shoot mine bruder-in-law in de leg.'"

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A Got-up Thing.

BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

Mary lifted her head. Her face was very white, and she clenched her hands to prevent them trembling as she met the old doctor's eyes.

"Yes, I shall marry Captain Tenby now," she said unsteadily. "He—he spoke last night, and I"—

She got up suddenly and turned from Dr. Grey's searching look.

"I said yes," she added abruptly. "I remembered—it breaks my heart to remember how father has wished it and how obstinate I have been, and now—his last wish—oh, I must. It will make him so happy, and I—I shan't have many more chances of making him happy."

Her voice broke, and the doctor got up and going over to her put his hands on her shoulder.

"But this young man, Mary," he said. "You think you will be happy with him?"

Mary hesitated. Then for her father's sake she acted a lie.

"Do you think I shall not?" she cried. "Surely he's all I could wish? Oh, yes; I—I shall be happy."

Dr. Grey looked dissatisfied as he turned away. It was prejudice, no doubt, but he did not like the Hon. Arthur Tenby, and in his eyes he was not a fair match for the girl who would soon be the mistress of Treherne Court. He frowned out of the window at the stretch of lawn and the empty beds upon it. A few weeks ago they had been gay with summer flowers, and now a change in the weather had brought all the desolation of winter upon the garden; it reminded him of the change that had come over the house in as short a time. He turned again to Mary. She was staring out of the window, too, seeing ugly things on the patch of grass—she saw Geoffrey Kaye, thrown from his horse, dead or dying on an empty road, and she saw the face of the man she was going to marry and behind it the face of the man she loved.

She shivered a little in spite of her resolve. Her marriage with Arthur Tenby had always been her father's fondest wish. He was of good family, the son of a lord, and marrying with him seemed a wonderfully good thing for the adopted daughter of Geoffrey Kaye, even though she would be rich when he died.

Geoffrey Kaye had adopted her wholly when she was three years old, and for nearly twenty years she had been a daughter indeed to him. Now he had been suddenly thrown from his horse and was dying slowly in the great house, and Mary, remembering his wish to see her married to a title, had accepted Arthur Tenby because in a week or so—perhaps in less—she

would never have another chance of giving happiness to the old man who had been in every way a father to her. She had told him the same night what she had done, and the smile that had flashed into his face had seemed to her reward enough, until next day, and then with the daylight came the memory of another man, and that morning life seemed an ugly outlook to her.

Dr. Grey turned from the flower beds and looked at her.

"Geoffrey would only want it if he thought you would be happy," he said. "You know he loves you as much as if you were his own daughter."

Mary faced around quickly.

"Oh, I know—I know," she cried brokenly. "But I am—I shall be happy."

Dr. Grey pulled his beard. A week ago he had seen Mary and another man—Dick Marlowe—together, and their attitudes told him something that Mary would not have confessed for worlds. He remembered it now, and that Dick was poor; and he frowned again.

A few minutes later some one came from the sickroom to tell him that Mr. Kaye was rousing, and he and Mary went in together.

His keen eyes told him at once that the change he had expected had occurred. Mr. Kaye was sinking fast. His hands travelled restlessly over the counterpane. Mary bent over him.

"The will," he cried feebly, "I want to sign."

He pointed to a table on which were some papers. Dr. Grey brought them, and a pen and ink, and putting them before him held him up while he scratched his name feebly on the parchment.

Dying men have strange fancies sometimes, and it had been Mr. Kaye's fancy during the last few hours to make a fresh will and to do it without a lawyer. No one could understand why, but he had been unaccountably restless until it was done. Now his dying eyes stared dimly at his feeble signature, and his fingers dropped the pen.

"Read it," he said slowly, and Dr. Grey obeyed. It was apparently the same as his other will, which was at the moment in his lawyer's office, and this had only been done in order to humor a dying man.

Dr. Grey read it carefully.

"The last will of me, Geoffrey Kaye," the sick man repeated slowly. "Yes—everything—to my daughter, Mary—everything to my daughter, Mary."

He fell back and stretched out his hand.

"Take it away now," he said. "Put it in my desk yonder. I shan't be long now."

Dr. Grey obeyed, and Mary took her father's hand.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried under her breath.

He looked into her face.

"My good little girl," he said slowly. "My good little girl. You'll always remember, Mary—I want you to be happy? You'll remember that?"

Mary's eyes filled, and she put her head down on the pillow beside him to hide her tears.

A few days later Geoffrey Kaye was dead, and a few days later still Mary sat facing a small group of people in the library in Treherne Court. She looked whiter than ever in her black mourning frock, and her eyes were heavy and red rimmed.

"I suppose it is all right," she said wearily. "If Mr. Guest is satisfied I shall not dispute it. Oh, I couldn't dispute it."

The woman who faced her lifted her head boldly. She was a dark, thickset woman, as unlike the late Geoffrey Kaye as it was possible to be. Yet, nevertheless, there seemed to be not the slightest doubt that she was his daughter. Mr. Guest, the solicitor, and old Dr. Grey had tried to find some flaw in her story, but it seemed right enough.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Kaye's wife had deserted him, taking with her her two-year-old baby. They had been very poor, and Mrs. Kaye hated poverty as fiercely as foolish, empty headed women do sometimes hate it. It was Mrs. Kaye's one strong emotion—hatred of the poverty which kept her from the luxuries of life, and she left it for what she stupidly believed was far better.

When Mr. Kaye got his divorce she married again, only to plunge some years later, when her second husband had run through his fortune, into poverty deeper still. Apparently it broke her heart, for she died leaving her child to the care of her husband—an adventurer, swindler and thief.

How they had lived since her mother's death Claudia Kaye did not care to say, but she had come upon Treherne Court by accident (so she informed them), had probably tried to blackmail Mr. Kaye, and would no doubt have tried again had he not met with the accident. She had seen him and spoken to him, she said, and he had owned her as his daughter.

Now she claimed the estate, and both Mr. Guest and Dr. Grey were disheartened and

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