

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

"I tell you, Bill looked eight feet high, and his eyes were bloodshot and crazy, and he kind of sobbed when he breathed—and if you ever looked down the wrong end of a frontier Colt you can imagine my feelings for yourself. But I went straight up to him and wrestled his gun away, and stood in front of him, so Pa couldn't shoot him from the house. Fine? I should say it was—no, body was more surprised than me. I'm sure, and Bill wouldn't have hurt me for the world, though looking back on it, I can't see how I didn't choose underneath the bed.

"Well, I led him back to the bunkhouse and made him sit down on the wooden steps. The tears were rolling down his face, and I felt too sorry for him to say a word. They say a girl always loves a bad man—not that Bill was really bad, you know. Only unfortunate that he should have complicated his biennial bust with a quarrel with Jackson. When he saw Pa prancing toward us he begged like mad for the pistol to kill himself with; and I almost felt like giving it to him when he talked about wearing stripes and perhaps being sent up for years. But I felt sure I could handle it, and anyway, Bill was sort of my dog, you know, and I wasn't going to let anybody hurt him. But I had a tough time with Pa. Pa is such a stickler for law and order. Wanted to take him off to the county seat and lay a felony charge against him. He hadn't been deputy sheriff very long, you see, and was doing new ground. Then Bill made it worse by saying it was all about a woman, never mentioning the real cause, the woman and Jackson had said something. . . . Well, Bill was such a gentleman that he wouldn't bring my name into it. Said 'woman' like that, till I wonder Pa didn't burst.

"It was then I felt what training can do for a man—what I mean, and how wise I had been to always keep the upper hand of him. He was determined to settle Bill out of hand—was positively prejudiced against him—and for a time it looked as though I was nowhere in the scrimmage. And I think he was cut up, too, about my liking Bill so well, for, of course, (didn't I tell you?) Bill was just silly about me—always had been since I was a kid. He really liked me, and I liked him. Step—two things next I had ever touched. The whole ranch is a sort of church to Bill, you know. . . . Well, as I said, Pa was awful. He paced up and down like a royal Nubian lion, while I, with my heart in my mouth, did little Spangies in the wild beast pen. He was really a pretty close course, though once Pa quieted down and went off, out mild, to find Mr. Jackson. But he didn't find Mr. Jackson. Nobody ever has. He disappeared like an orange under a conjurer's hat! All that's left of Mr. Jackson is upstairs in two trunks, and I believe he'll be on the payroll. I think he must have changed his name and got the county, if you had ever been up against Bill. I guess you'd have done it, too. Anyway, peace descended like a beautiful dream, and Bill stayed in the store instead of going into the jute business at San Quentin Prison. I dare say he might never really have been there, you know, and he didn't want to try.

"That's all more than a year old now, and Bill has been running out at him and looking down his pistol, but I tell him it was the scare he got from Pa; it wasn't me. He really liked me, and I liked him. I mean, but sometimes he'd come to a hope and he simply couldn't go on, and was so desolate and desperate and miserable that I'd have his last biennial bust, for now, of course, he has got back to his old life and it's all different, and when he gets into his room and he looks at his C. A. They say he's the pinkiest thing in the room all right, but he's a solemn warning, though I think it's rather fine of him to bring me back to the fun of it that he runs a boxing class there, too. Bill's a great boy, and he reads off afterward. Oh, when he gets into his room and he looks at his C. A. Oh, dear, when once I got started talking about Bill, I'd never stop when I was asked, 'Why do you look so grave, Captain?'

"I don't suppose my opinion matters particularly. 'Well, it was enough to bring me from England,' said the Captain. 'What you think or don't think has suddenly become of great importance to many people.' 'Don't you think it is about time to tell me what you think?' he asked, in a delective tone, and I'll tell you sooner than to touch something but you continue it in the next number. 'Well, I'll tell you ever tell you of his first cousin, Lord Trantont?'

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TECHNICAL EXHIBIT.

Pretty and Practical Work by Girls of Hebrew School.

According to their pleasant custom, the trustees of the Hebrew Technical School for Girls gave their annual Lincoln's Birthday exhibition and tea yesterday in the school building, No. 27 Henry street. In the morning the school was open to the public, and a chance was given to see all the classes in operation and to examine some of the work produced in the several departments, but in the afternoon it was more of a social affair, the parents of the pupils and the "old girls" being invited.

"We never lose track of our girls if we can help it," said Miss Leventritt, who served the tea in the little low celled office, with its white muslin curtains at the window, its framed photographs on the walls, and the cases of books—the gifts, in some cases, of classes of girls who have been graduated from the school.

"We have an employment bureau and a workshop, and it is absolutely necessary we should know the parents and the kind of homes the pupils come from."

Upstairs people were slowly surging through the narrow corridors from classroom to classroom. In one a group of girls were armed with brushes and pastepots, and were making boxes and picture frames.

In another it was a class of little milliners who were twisting and bending wire into hat frames. In another thirty girls were merrily tapping away on the keys of as many typewriters, while in a third, where hand and machine sewing were both going forward, the girls were making petticoats.

Housewives' Exchange.

THE COURTEOUS LIFE.

Women must themselves see the example of courtesy to each other if they wish men to treat them courteously. The fact that some women do not do this has passed into a proverb, and all women, as a class, are judged by the failings of those who are thoughtless, indifferent or heartless.

During the last twenty years thousands of women have entered business life in the United States. By so doing they have virtually said: "I am equal to the men."

The rise of many of opportunities. When she first comes into a club there is probably nothing to distinguish her from the two hundred or three hundred of her fellow members. But soon a chance comes for her to take part in some discussion, and, trembling with nervousness, she gets on her feet. The president recognizes her, and she gives her opinion on the subject under consideration. Probably she says only a few words, which are heard only by her nearest neighbors, but the leap has been taken and she has made her start toward rank with that little band of feminine Chauncy Depews, the women who sit at the president's table at women's club luncheons and make speeches to the assembled multitude, while the woman who falls to grasp her first little opportunity in club life is a silent member.

Mrs. Frederick Nathan, president of the Consumers' League, was at the meeting yesterday and spoke on the aims and methods of work of the league. Miss Glenn Priest, a violinist from Boston, played Miss Nathan's number of songs, with music by Miss Harriet Ware, who accompanied her, and Miss Fanny Jordan recited.

A young woman, who was spending the evening with the family of Lord Coleridge, the eminent English jurist, was about to accompany her. She, with the respect due to his age, and with the fearlessness of youth, due to ignorance of his rank, but I do not want to trouble you. Cannot the maid accompany me? He said: "My dear, the maid is a woman also. If all men were so true to their word, they would not receive the treatment which they do receive from the opposite sex." George Washington said to a friend who was riding with him over his estate and who expressed surprise at his seeing the general's carriage with a woman in it: "Would you have me live in courtship by a servant?"

Mason, Warren County, Ohio.

REASONS FOR BAD MANNERS.

The reasons for our bad public manners are: First, lack of pure patriotism; second, selfishness; third, undeveloped manhood, and fourth, uneducated womanhood.

The man who has his faults, as well as the individual, how can a nation be justly judged when it is made up of every conceivable nationality upon the face of the globe? Strains of sap from that ancestral tree has entered our veins from the remotest twig on its branches.

When our immigrants leave their home country and many also leave their parents, their honor and their manhood, they do not bring with them the best of their own country on this side, if they ever do. Jacob Riis, in his remarkable book, "The Making of an American," says: "A missionary in Castle Garden was getting up a gang of men for Brady's Bend Iron Works, on the Allegheny River, and tickets went along. We started a full score, and tickets paid, but only two of us went to Pittsburgh and went their rest calmly deserted. . . . Not one of them, probably, would have thought of doing it on the other side. They would have carried out their contract as a matter of course. Here they broke it, as a matter of course, the minute it didn't suit them to go."

What is the result upon the other side these so-called Americans? They are not worthy the name of man. There is no love for this country. Patriotism counts for more than we can imagine in manhood—it is necessary to its growth.

America means opportunity to many thousands. In order to seize opportunity by the forelock, one must first have the forelock. The man who has no such thing as the reasoning of a man, and becomes hardened to the rights of tired women. In the country, where people have the time, they are not unkind of others in public. In this country, where the man has no time for State I never once saw rudeness in public and I feel a busy life there for a year.

It is to be regretted that a mongrel breed is making our fair name infamous. Without doubt the swine will be disposed of, but the dogs, the cats, and the other animals. The same law will hold true to swinish men.

Our very atmosphere tends to breed a kind of rudeness and aggressiveness in that kind of manhood which is the reasoning of a man, and becomes hardened to the rights of tired women. In the country, where people have the time, they are not unkind of others in public. In this country, where the man has no time for State I never once saw rudeness in public and I feel a busy life there for a year.

Things that spring up too quickly are not mature when they reach the top. In a country where it is possible for wealth to accumulate so quickly that a man may walk in the morning to find himself rich we must take much into consideration.

Did it never occur to you that we are a young nation? When you see childish acts and read discouraging accounts as to our progress toward the right, think of the reason yourself by thinking that in time a reaction will set in. A reaction for the best!

TOP AND ABOUT WOMEN



TWO CHARMING LOUNGING GOWNS. No. 1. Of rose colored soft silk, trimmed with guipure. No. 2. Of silver gray crepe de chine and spangled chiffon, edged with sable.

—(The Ladies' Field.)

INTESTATE INHERITANCE

Women to Go to Albany to Plead for Revision of Law.

A large delegation of women will go up to Albany next Tuesday morning, to present their views on the equalization of the laws of intestate inheritance, as they affect widows and widowers, to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. The New-York Legislative League and the State Federation of Women's Clubs have asked the legislature to revise these laws, and the hearing is the result of their joint petition.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, president of the Intestate League, will head the delegation, and it will include Mrs. Charlotte Willour, president of the Mothers' Club; Miss Emilie Bulwara, and probably many others.

The present is thought to be an auspicious moment for the consideration of such a subject, because one of the more or less regular attempts to deprive widows of the right of dower is under way. This is such an inconvenient rule of the common law that it is thought that the legislators will be willing to consent to anything for the sake of getting rid of it.

"We are perfectly willing to give up the right of dower," Mrs. Blake said yesterday before the Mothers' Club, "but we want something in its place. The present laws regarding the distribution of the property of married persons dying intestate are not fair to women. In one case they are unfair to men, and we don't want that to continue, either. Men have oppressed us for many centuries, but we don't want to oppress them. It is not right that a woman should be able to cut her husband off without a cent. Neither is it right that when she dies intestate and having no children the husband should take practically all her property, a life interest in her realty and her personality absolutely. A case which recently came to my notice was that of a young woman who died shortly after her marriage. The whole of her personal estate became the absolute property of her husband, and when, in about a year's time, he bestowed his first wife's jewels upon the second one."

"The laws of intestate inheritance are supposed to be based on common sense," Miss Emilie Bulwara said. "They aim at carrying out the intention of the deceased person in the absence of a will; but while a man dying intestate is supposed to have intended to leave his wife only a fraction of his estate, the intention of a woman is assumed to be that her husband should take everything. Common sense would seem to indicate a similar intention in both cases, and if the present bill making the wife partly responsible for household expenses becomes a law the principles of fair play will require that she have the same rights in her husband's property after his death that either party should be allowed to take all that is left by the other, but I believe men would rather see the women get all than give up anything themselves."

As a result of a paper on "The Use and Abuse of Opportunity," read by Mrs. John F. Yawcer at the meeting of Minerva yesterday at the Waldorf-Astoria, the club women who listened to the discourse will be busy for the rest of the week at attempting to find opportunities, big or little. They realize the value of grasping them quickly when they come. "For," said Mrs. Yawcer, "opportunity quickly fades away or some other woman snatches it. The woman who quickly improves her opportunity is a woman who appreciates them rises to top in clubdom."

HER OPPORTUNITIES.

Woman Who Appreciates Them Rises to Top in Clubdom.

Simpson's—London.

IN THE STRAND.

The Historic Old English Tavern

Real Old English Jarc.

She cut off the joint. The open roasting fires. Travelling joint wagons.

Prime Sirloins of Beef. Saddles of Southdown Mutton. Scotch Salmon.

Sine Stiltons. Old Ports and Burgundies, and all the famous features of the OLD SIMPSON'S have been

reproduced in the new SIMPSON'S

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