"HOUSEKEEPERS" VS. "HOMEMAKERS"

Women Who Are Victims of the "Housekeeping" Mania Seldom Good Homemakers—Characteristics of the Ideal Home—"Requires Greater Endowment of Soul to Make Ideal Home Than to Carve Venus de Milo."

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D., Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," "The Loom of Life," Etc.

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The two words, "housekeepers" and "homemakers," look alike; but nothing is more deceptive than resemblances. "Housekeeping" is a sort of counterfeit of "homemaking."

Undoubtedly "housekeeping" is an art, and a very fine art, too. In every community you may see it brought to its highest perfection. There are certain famous residences (I cannot call them homes) where a spider would die of fright and a fly would commit suicide from the very weight of solitude. You can see your face in panels of the doors and eat your meals on the hardwood staircase. A lace curtain that should hang awry would blush turkey red, and a chair left out of place would walk solemnly back to where it belonged on its own four shining legs. Everywhere there is a beautiful harmony of color and arrangement. To look at, this interior is perfect. It affords the eye supreme delight.

No wonder the woman who plans and executes this dream of beauty comes under the spell of her own creation. It is the characteristic of art to fascinate her votaries. "Art for art's sake" is the final maxim of her devotees. In this case it is housekeeping for housekeeping's sake. No matter for the man and the children; no matter for the guests; no matter for the domestic life! Let them all be sacrificed on the altar of this Moloch, if need be, for the fires of that grinning god must be kept burning. The women who become the victims of the housekeeping mania do not realize it. Maniacs never do.

Now, there can be no doubt that a beautiful house in and of itself is a thing of beauty, but the trouble is that it is not only not a joy forever—but never! For a beautiful house is not by inner necessity a beautiful home—any more than a beautiful shell is necessarily the abode of a seafish. Poor fellow—he may have been dead a century.

The art of perfect housekeeping may possibly be coincident with that of perfect homemaking. There is no essential contradiction between the two; but there does seem to be a moral contradiction between the two; but there does seem to be a moral antagonism. It is hard to bring both to their highest perfection under the same roof. To do either all alone requires only an average woman consecrated to her task. To accomplish both requires an abnormal genius. And so, we say, give us the homemaker! Give us the woman who knows how to render a home the abode of comort, to fill it with that divine atmosphere that invites repose; to imbue it with a presence that awakens dreams of peace and love! We may not be able to describe an ideal home, but we know one the moment we cross its threshold. No icy blast of perfection blows thru the door. No shrill voice inquires whether we have wiped our shoes, or brushed the dust from our coat, or bids us not to step on the polished floor with the heels of our boot; We hear the sweet voices of children singing in the nursery, or the patter of their scurrying feet as they come romping down the stairs to meet their father returning home from work. A low spoken woman, with smiling face and cordial manner, meets us in the hall and bids us welcome. We catch the sight of a broken toy on the landing of the staircase and perhaps of a boy's hat flung into a corner—the little rascal! He gets a playful pinch of the ear to pay for it, and a quiet command to go back and pick it up and hang it on the hook; and when he comes back from his accomplished errand he is so far from any consciousness of having committed a crime that he actually puts his arm around his mother's waist and gets a kiss.

We enter the living-room. Pictures of brave men, beautiful women and smiling landscapes adorn the walls. The furniture is old-fashioned, and, if the truth must be told, it is not without a few suggestive nicks. But the chairs are so comfortable. And that davenport! It looks as if the children had actually rolled and tumbled on that expensive upholstedy! And the springs are sunken at one end as if John and Mary had sat very close together there, and very often after the children had gone to bed.

Dinner is announced. We pass into the dining-room informally. The food is simple and wholesome; the maid moves quietly about the table. The conversation is all cheerful, the children having a modest little part, and John tells his best story in his big bass voice while Mary draws him out with her bright eyes and shows by her laughter that she admires him profoundly, and by every expression of her countenance that her life is enshrined in his heart.

At 11 o'clock we part for the night, reluctant to lose a moment of their sweet home life. On the table of the guestroom are little books to give us a word of wisdom and good cheer before we go to sleep. Repose, calm, quiet, rest are everywhere. We sit long by the open fire, reflecting on the beauty of it all and wondering at the divine art of the woman. Certainly, the materials with which she has wrought this miracle are not lavish. There is not a sign of wealth. There are even evidences to be seen by sharp glances of very strenuous economies. But if she had possessed only half these materials—or even a tenth—she would have made a home that would have still tasted of heaven. What she has put into this work of art was herself! Other artists have had as fine canvas and as fine paint as the great masters! A masterpiece is not a question of material, but soul! Mary has made this paradise as they made those pictures—by consecration, devotion, genius—the sublimest genius of the world, the genius of the homemaker.

I maintain against all comers that it requires a greater endowment of soul to make an ideal home than to carve the Venus de Milo, to paint the Last Supper or to build St. Peter's.

Daniel A. Sell of Gettysburg is the smallest active member of a fire company in the United States. He is only three feet eight inches in height, and for years has been one of the most vigilant and energetic members of the local fire company. It is believed he has "got the growth," as he is 63 years old.

HEARST AND HIS CABINET

—Brooklyn Eagle.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Warmer and probably snow to-night and Friday.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, 2 degrees; a year ago, 5 degrees.

Minnesota—Snow to-night or Friday; warmer to-night and in east portion Friday; increasing southeast winds.

Wisconsin—Fair to-night; Friday, probably snow flurries and warmer; variable winds, shifting to southerly.

Upper Michigan—Threatening, with snow in northwestern portion to-night and in west portion Friday; colder in west portion to-night; variable winds.

Iowa—Partly cloudy to-night and Friday; warmer in east and central portions; southerly winds.

North Dakota—Fair to-night, probably becoming unsettled and colder Friday; fresh southwest winds, shifting to northwest Friday.

South Dakota—Fair to-night, with warmer in northeast portion; Friday, probably unsettled and colder; southwest winds.

Montana—Partly cloudy to-night and Friday, with rain or snow in northwest portion; probably colder Friday, and in north portion to-night; brisk southwest winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Light snow has been falling during the past twenty-four hours in the Red River valley and Minnesota and thence eastward to New England and southeastward to the middle Atlantic coast. It is colder than it was yesterday morning in the Lake region and from there southward to the east gulf and south Atlantic coast, the greatest falls being on the South Carolina and Florida coast, where this morning's temperatures are from 30 degrees to 34 degrees. It is warmer in the British possessions, North Dakota and the Missouri valley. This morning's temperatures in Alberta and northwestern Montana are from 40 degrees to 48 degrees.

—T. S. OUTRAM, Section Director.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES

Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours.

Minneapolis	2	Moorhead	—6
St. Louis	14	Bismarck	4
Buffalo	24	New York	30
Chicago	6	Washington	24
Duluth	—2	Jacksonville	34
Calgary, Alberta	22	New Orleans	38
Edmonton, Alberta	6	Helena	30
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan	6	Miles City	24
Swift Current, Assiniboia	26	Denver	30
Winnipeg, Man	—16	El Paso	28
Kansas City	20	Portland	50
Omaha	20	San Francisco	46
Huron	2	Los Angeles	52

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

THAT—

The national forest reserve of this country amounts to 63,000,000 acres and there are nearly 700,000 acres more of private forest land under the charge of the bureau of forestry.

To-day there are 17,000,000 acres of land in this country given up to spring wheat and they produce 238,000,000 bushels; 32,510,000 acres given up to winter wheat that produced 400,000,000 bushels; 88,092,000 acres of corn yielding 2,241,780,000 bushels; 276,382,000 acres to oats and yielding 785,000,000 bushels, while barley claims 5,000,000 acres yielding 132,000,000 bushels. The total value of these crops for the last year is estimated at $1,800,000,000.

The terrible holocaust in the Iroquois theater fire, and the unnecessary loss of life and millions of property in many other fires are beginning to open people's eyes to the necessity of fireproofing their buildings. Little by little they will get away from the silly notions called "slow-burning," "mill-construction," "monolithic concrete" and the hundred other fads and will build only of protected steel and tested brick and hollow tile, materials that neither burn nor give way under fire and water. But it will take many more sad lessons before people will grow sensible enough to use metal furniture, asbestos draperies and carpets, and in other ways minimize the dangers of fire even within fireproof structures.

Of every 850 people in the United States, one person is in jail.

Some idea may be had of the enormous business done by the insurance companies from the figures of the New York Life Insurance company's report. Applications for new insurance in that company amount to $475,000,000; the new paid for business for 1903 amounted to $325,000,000, or $23,000,000 more than last years. There are 810,000 policies representing a total of paid for insurance outstanding of $1,745,000,000. The income of the company was over $87,000,000.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS . . . . .

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not to elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

TUCKED BLOUSE, 4626.

Blouse, or shirt waists made with tucks arranged in groups are among the designs shown for the advance season and are admirable for the new cotton and linen waistings of spring as well as for the wool ones of intermediate wear. This one is made of mercerized cotton showing lines of blue on white and is unlined, but can be used either with or without the fitted lining, and is available for all materials in vogue. The full length tucks, at each side of the center, with those at the shoulders which extend to

4626 Tucked Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

yoke depth only, make a most desirable combination while those at the back give the tapering lines that always are becoming.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, fronts and back. At the center front is a regulation shirt waist plait that meets the groups of tucks at each side. The sleeves are tucked to be snug from the shoulders to the elbows, but are full below, and are gathered into straight cuffs. At the neck is worn a fancy stock of silk, with a turnover collar of white lawn.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 4626, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

PATTERN NO.....

Size .....

Name .....

Address .....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

Leslie Cahill, 11 years old, of Waltham, Mass., has been appointed soprano soloist at Grace church, the most aristocratic house of worship in New York. The lad is said to possess a voice of remarkable sweetness and range.

The crystal palace tower at the St. Louis fair will be 1,050 feet high.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Golda Rosenstein and husband to Charlotte Y. Voegeli, part lot 29, block 15, Forest Heights, $350.

Minnesota Debenture company to Frank S. Beach, lot 23, block 1, Elwell's addition, $150.

Jacob Horsch and wife to Henry A. Courtney, in section 14, town 118, range 24, $5,400.

Mary L. Daniels to Enoch Karlson and wife, lot 10, block 18, Forest Heights, $1,500.

Chute Realty company to Elmena Langlais, lot 4, block 2, Town of St. Anthony, $700.

Seven minor and unpublished deeds, $226.

Total, twelve deeds, $8,326.

BUILDING PERMITS.

A. W. Peck, 4354 Nicollet avenue, dwelling, $2,000.

E. L. Mix, 2900 Fifth avenue S, brick factory, $8,000.

Four minor permits, $780.

Total, six permits, $10,780.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Gershen, Mr. and Mrs. A. I., 616 Hoag avenue N, boy.

Dalekie, Mr. and Mrs. S., 625 Sibley street NE, boy.

Schulsvik, Mr. and Mrs. E., 2512 Buchanan street NE, boy.

Sanberg, Mr. and Mrs. A., 311 Twentieth avenue S, boy.

Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. J., 4027 Thirty-eighth avenue S, boy.

Rhymers, Mr. and Mrs. W. G., 2616 Twenty-seventh avenue S, girl.

Garrity, Mr. and Mrs. John, 824 Eighth street S, girl.

Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. J., 2407 Pleasant avenue, boy.

Alquist, Mr. and Mrs. Gust, 1522 E Twenty-second street, girl.

Rich, Mr. and Mrs. A. J., 1512 Second avenue S, boy.

Keller, Mr. and Mrs. John, 2027 Washington avenue N, boy.

Thorkelsen, Mr. and Mrs. T., 400 Fourth street NE, boy and girl.

Beckman, Mr. and Mrs. H. L., 2522 Thirteenth avenue S, boy.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Malvin E. Selberg and Fannie Frey.
George E. Vivian and Mae Bardnell.
Charley Johnson and Mary Olson.
Oscar R. Clouter and Agnes B. Dargawel.
Neil M. Lien and Nora Nelson.

DEATHS.

Swedberg, Marilda, 2113 Fifth street S.
Blomberg, August, 2827 Thirtieth avenue S.
Carlson, Hedda, 2020 Third street S.
Fleming, Mrs. John, city hospital.
Harris, Georgia A., 2716 Twenty-seven-and-a-half street S.
Kruger, Louis, city hospital.

PROMINENT DIVINE BECOMES A JUGGLER

The Author of "In His Steps" Shows His Congregation How to Juggle Balls and Knives.

New York Sun Special Service.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 14.—The Rev. Charles E. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," surprised his congregation last night by swinging clubs and performing other acts of jugglery. The minister announced that he had been practicing with clubs, balls and knives for about a year and he wanted to impress on them the value of this kind of exercise.

Mr. Sheldon swung two clubs cleverly and accomplished a more difficult stunt by keeping three balls and a butcher knife flying thru the air.

It was an entertainment at which Rev. Mr. Sheldon was announced to do some "specialties."

FLOODS INSIDE OF BODY WITH SUNLIGHT

New York Physician Cures Disease with Light Secured from Radium—Experiments Highly Successful.

New York, Jan. 14.—Radium from minerals found in Colorado has been exhibited here at a meeting of the Technology club, before which the latest developments in the treatment of disease by the use of liquids charged with radio-activity was described by Dr. William J. Morton of the New York post graduate hospital, who said he had effected three complete cures of cancer with radium. Remarkable results, also, were said to have been achieved in cases of malaria and other diseases due to bacteria. Said Dr. Morton:

I have experimented for six months with solutions which become radio—active when exposed to radium for twenty-four hours. To give these solutions in very large doses would probably kill a human being, and great care must be exercised in these experiments. Sunlight is a great curative agent, and liquids charged with violet rays have practically the same effect.

A later method is to employ solutions like quinine sulphate that have the property of fluorescence. A patient may be given some of this solution, and then when radium is held near the body or the X-ray used the liquid becomes luminous and sunlight may be said to flood the interior of the body.

In chronic malaria, cancer of the liver and many other ailments, this treatment has shown good results.

Up to the present I have treated cancer with radium by suspending the latter at a certain distance from the mouth of a goblet-shaped glass, applying the mouth over the affected part and holding it there.

TO WAGE WAR AGAINST GRASS WIDOWS

Catholic Organization Formed in New York Will Bar Socially Divorcees and Women Who Play "Bridge" or Drink.

New York, Jan. 14.—Social ostracism for divorcees, wearers of decollete gowns, gamblers, including players of bridge whist, and users of liquors, is the object of a society which has been organized here under the name "Daughters of the Faith." Its purpose is declared to be to "discountenance these usages and customs that are the evident cause of the spread of immorality in society." Women of the best familes and from among most distinguished Roman Catholics in New York city are among the charter members.

The most severe strictures are contained in the manual, which contains a foreword by Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. D. Falconio and Archbishop Farley. Members of the society are pledged not to accept or extend invitations to a divorced person who has married during the life of the person from whom he or she has been divorced; not to be present at any entertainment at which any form of gambling, including bridge whist, is carried on; not to drink in public cocktails or any other alcoholic beverage, and to abstain from all such drinking unless of wine in moderation at private dinners.

The society is to be governed by an executive board under the supervision of the archbishop of New York.

QUEER FREAK OF A BOLT OF LIGHTNING

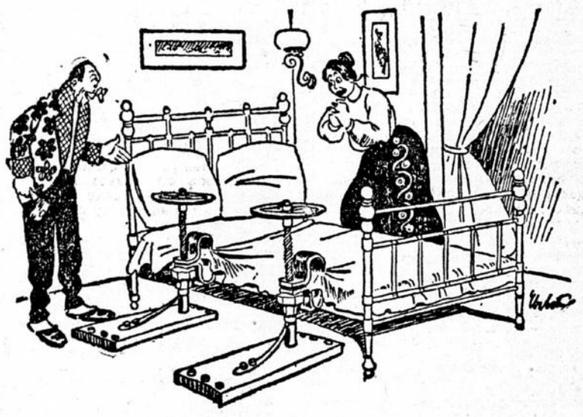
It Knocks Down Two Miners Working 500 Feet Underground—Followed Rails of Underground Track.

New York Sun Special Service.

Salt Lake, Jan. 14.—It has just become known that an extraordinary accident attended the electric storm of last Sunday night, in the Scottish Chief mine, Park City. James Malone and Harvey Roberts, miners, were at work 500 feet underground. At the height of the storm a thunderbolt struck the underground track at the mouth of the tunnel and followed the rails into the depths of the mine. Malone and Roberts were knocked down and were badly burned.

They had no idea of what had occurred and thought that an explosion had taken place. They managed to make their way to the mouth of the mine and found snow falling, accompanied by lightning and thunder.

A steel-like grass from the volcanic slopes of Oran, Algeria, is so elastic that it can be used instead of springs in the manufacture of furniture.



FOR HIS RIGHTS.

Mrs. Scrooge—Why, Henry, what are those appliances?

Scrooge—Those appliances, Maria, are clamps. I'm determined to keep my share of the bedclothes on my side of the bed.

THE MAIN CHANCE

A THOROLY WESTERN STORY OF REAL PEOPLE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

Old Photographs.

On his way home—he still lived at the club—John reviewed, sentence by sentence, his talk with Evelyn. He had not expected her to speak so frankly of Warry; but, he told himself, it was like her. He touched the photograph she had given him, and held it up as he passed under an arc lamp to be sure of it. He was surprised that she had given it to him; He did not think a girl would give away a rare picture of a dead lover, which must have a peculiar sacredness to her. Then he was angry with himself for a thought that criticized her. She had given it to him because he was Warry's friend!

When he reached his room he put the photograph of Warry on his table and took another similar card from a drawer. It was the little picture of Evelyn which he had often seen on Warry's dressing table. It showed her standing by a tall chair; her hair hung in long braids. It was very girlish and quaint, but it was unmistakably Evelyn.

Warry in his will had directed that John should have such of his personal effects as he might choose; the remainder he was to destroy or sell. John chose a few of the books that Warry had liked best, and the picture. He put it down now beside the photograph of Warry. They bore the name of the same photographer, and had probably been taken in the same year. He lighted his pipe and tramped back and forth across the floor, occasionally stopping at his desk to look at the cards carefully. He had no right to Evelyn Porter's picture, he told himself. He was taking advantage of his dead friend's kindness to appropriate it. He would not destroy it. He would give it to some one—to Mrs. Whipple, to Evelyn herself! Yes, it should be Evelyn; and having reached this conclusion, he put the two pictures away together and went to bed.

The next day he was called away unexpectedly to Colorado to close a sale of the Neponset Trust company's interest in the irrigation company. The call came inopportunely, as the plans for the reorganization of the Traction company were not yet perfected; but the matter was urgent, and Fenton told him to go. There was not time, he assured himself, to return the photograph before leaving, so he carried both the little cards with him, with a half-formed intention of sending Evelyn's to her from Denver; but when he returned to Clarkson he still carried the photographs in his pocket.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"It Is Cruel."

"It is cruel of them to say it!"

Evelyn was at the Whipples'. It was morning in May. Spring possessed the valley. The long vistas across the hills were closing as the leaves crept into the trees again. The windows were open, and the snowy curtains swayed to the wind. Lilacs again in the Whipples' dooryard bloomed, and the general's young cherry trees were white with blossoms. It was not well that any one should be heavy of heart on such a morning, but Evelyn Porter was not happy. She sat leaning forward both hands resting on the ivory ball of her parasol. A querulous note crept into her voice. It is strange how the heartache to which the face never yields finds a ready prey in the voice.

"It is cruel of them to say it!"

"But it is natural too, dear," said Mrs. Whipple. "Many people must have wondered about you and Warry. If it will help any, I will confess that I wondered a good deal myself. Now you won't mind, will you? It seems hard, now that he has gone—but before—before, it was not unreasonable!"

"But the gossip! I don't care for myself, but it is cruel to him, to his memory, that this should be said. If it had been true; if—if we had been engaged, it would not be so wretched; but this—oh, it hurts me!" She lay back in her chair. Her eyes were over-bright; her words ended in a wail.

Mrs. Whipple felt that Evelyn's view of the matter was absurd. If the people of Clarkson were trying to read an element of romance into Warry Raridan's death, they were certainly working no injury to his memory. Such a view of the matter was fantastic. Evelyn did not know that another current story coupled her name with that of James Wheaton, who was spoken of in some quarters, and even guardedly in newspapers outside of Clarkson, as Raridan's rival for the affections of William Porter's daughter. Mrs. Whipple had shuddered hourly since the tragedy at Poindexter's when she remembered how much Wheaton had been about with Evelyn. He had been with her almost as much as Warry. Mrs. Whipple recalled the carnival of two years ago with shame. Her heart smote her as she watched the girl. It was a hideous thing that evil should have crept so near her life. Wheaton had been a strange species of reptile among them all.

"Poor dear! You must not take it so!" The silence had grown oppressive. It was incumbent upon her to comfort the girl if she could.

"It isn't a thing that you can help, child. There's no way of stopping gossip; and if they persist in saying such things, they will have to say them, that's all. If you wish—if it will help you any, I will refute it when I can—I mean among our friends only."

"Oh, no! That would make it worse. Please don't say anything!"

Mrs. Whipple did not accept solicitude for Warry's memory as a sufficient explanation of Evelyn's troubles; nor was it like Evelyn to complain of gossip about herself. The girl had naturally felt Warry's death deeply; she made no secret of her great fondness for him. But if Evelyn had really cared for Warry with more than a friendly regard, she would never have come to her in this way. She assumed this hypothesis as she made irrelevant talk with the girl. Then she thought of Wheaton; if Wheaton had been the one Evelyn had cared for—if Warry had been the friend and he the lover! She gave rein for a moment to this idea. Perhaps Evelyn followed the man now with sympathy—the thought was repulsive; she rejected it instantly with self-loathing for having harbored an idea that wronged Evelyn so miserably.

"What father feels is that his mistake in Wheaton argues a great weakness in himself," Evelyn was saying. She was more tranquil now. Mrs. Whipple noticed that she spoke Wheaton's name without hesitation; she had dropped the prefix of respect, as every one had. We have a way of eliminating it in speaking of men who are markedly good or bad.

"Father takes it very hard. He isn't naturally morbid, but he seems to feel as if he had been responsible—Grant being back of it all. But we didn't know those men were going out there—we knew nothing until it was all over!" The girl spoke as if she, too, felt the responsibility. "And he thinks he ought to have known about Wheaton—ought to have seen what kind of man he was!"

Evelyn's blue foulard was beyond criticism and it matched her parasol perfectly; the girl had never been prettier. Mrs. Whipple inwardly apologized for having admitted the thought of Wheaton to her mind.

"We can all accuse ourselves in the same way. To think of it—that he has actually passed tea in this very room!" Her shrug of loathing was so real that Evelyn shuddered.

Then Mrs. Whipple laughed, so suddenly that it startled Evelyn.

"It's dreadful! horrible!" Mrs. Whipple continued, "to find that a person you have really looked upon with liking—perhaps with admiration—has been all along eaten with a moral leprosy. If it weren't for poor Warry we should be able to look upon it as a profitable experience. There aren't many like Wheaton. The bishop thinks we ought to be lenient in dealing with him—that he was not really so bad; that he was simply weak—that his weakness was a kind of disease of his moral nature. But I can't see it that way myself. The man ought not to go scot-free. He ought to be punished. But it's too intangible and subtle for the law to take hold of."

Evelyn had picked up her card case. It was a pretty trifle of silver and leather; she tapped the handle of her parasol with it. Something had occurred to Mrs. Whipple when she laughed a moment before, and seeing that Evelyn was about to rise, she said casually:

"Mr. Saxton doesn't share the bishop's gentle charity toward Wheaton." She watched Evelyn as she applied the test. The girl did not raise her eyes at once. She bent over the parasol meditatively, still tapping the handle with the card case.

"What does Mr. Saxton say?" Evelyn asked, dropping the trinket into her lap and looking at her friend vaguely, as people do who ask questions out of courtesy rather than from honest curiosity.

"Mr. Saxton says that Wheaton's a scoundrel—a damned scoundrel, to be literal. He told the general so, here, a few nights ago. He seemed very bitter. You know what close friends he and Warry were!"

"Yes, it was an ideal kind of friendship. They were devoted to each other," said Evelyn very earnestly; there was a little cry in her voice as she spoke. It was as tho happiness, struggling against sorrow, had almost gained the mastery.

"It's fine to see that in men. I sometimes think that friendships among them have a quality that ours lack. I think Mr. Saxton is very lonely. I wasn't here when he called, but the general saw him. You know the general likes him particularly."

"Yes."

"You and he both knew and appreciated Warry."

Evelyn had grasped her parasol, and she took up the card case again. Mrs. Whipple was half ashamed of herself; but she was also convinced. She took another step.

"Of course you see him; he must be reaching out to all Warry's friends in his loneliness."

Mrs. Whipple's powers of analysis were keen, but there were times when they failed her. She did not know that her question hurt Evelyn Porter, and she did not know that Evelyn had seen John Saxton but once since the day they all stood by Warry's grave.

Mrs. Whipple disapproved of herself as she followed Evelyn to the door. She had no business to pry into the girl's secrets in this way; the sweep of the foulard touched her, and she sought to placate her conscience by burying her new-found knowledge under less guilty information.

Evelyn spoke of the place which her father had bought at Orchard Lane, on the north shore, and told Mrs. Whipple that she and the general were expected to spend a month there.

"You will be away all summer, I suppose. It's fine that your father has taken the course he has. He might have felt that he must stay at home closer than ever to look after his interests."

"It's more for Grant than for himself," said Evelyn; "but he realizes, too, that he must take care of himself."

"That's a good deal gained for a western business man. It's been a terrible year for you, dear,—your father's illness and these other things. You need rest."

She took the girl's cheeks in her hands and kissed her, and Evelyn went out into the spring afternoon and walked homeward over the sloping streets.

Mrs. Whipple pondered long after Evelyn left. Evelyn was not happy. She was not mourning a dead lover, nor one whose life was eclipsed in shame; but another man disturbed her peace, and Mrs. Whipple wondered why. She was still pondering when the general came in. He had been out to take the air, and after he had brought his syphon from the ice box he was ready to talk.

"Evelyn has been here," said Mrs. Whipple. "She asked us to come to them for a visit. You know Mr. Porter has bought a place on the North Shore."

"It sounds like a miracle. Jim Wheaton didn't live in vain if he's responsible for that."

They debated their invitation, which Mrs. Whipple had already accepted, she explained, from a sense of duty to Evelyn. The general said he supposed he would have to go, with a show of reluctance that was wholly insincere and to which Mrs. Whipple gave no heed. They were asked for July. They discussed the old friends whom they would probably see while they were east, until the summer loomed pleasant before them, and then the talk came back to Evelyn

"The child doesn't look well," said Mrs. Whipple.

"I shouldn't think she would, with all the row and rumpus they've been having in their family. Abductions and murders and absconding at one's door are not conducive to lightheartedness."

"She's annoyed by all this gossip about her and Warry. She doesn't know that Wheaton is supposed to have taken more than a friendly interest in her."

"Well, I wouldn't tell her that, if I were you—if Wheaton didn't."

"Of course he didn't!"

"Well, he didn't then." The syphon hissed into the glass.

"Evelyn and Warry weren't engaged," said Mrs. Whipple. The general held up the glass and watched the gas bubbling to the top.

"It's just as well that way," he said. "It saves her a lot of heartache."

"That's what I think," said Mrs. Whipple promptly. In such conversations as this she usually combated the general's opinions. An exception to the rule was so noteworthy that he began to pay serious attention.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

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