

THE BROKEN VASE

By MARCELLE ENDICOTT.

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Lella Matthews had no present worth mentioning and very little past. She took an intelligent, conscientious view of life and had a rescuing sense of humor. When she left Mt. Hope, Arkansas, to take the place of Latin teacher in one of the unfashionable New York schools everybody had thought her a lucky girl. She bore the fatal reputation of being clever and artistic—that is to say, she had the ability to appreciate things that in the natural course of events she would never have the opportunity to enjoy. Wherever she went she created that sympathetic atmosphere encouraging to the people's vanity, which aided her even in crudely sociable Mt. Hope.

She had always lived with her aunt and cousins, and she sent the nasal-voiced old lady, whom she tenderly loved, a monthly remittance from her earnings.

Ever since she could remember, with the exception of a single year, she had led the deadening life of Mt. Hope. When she was a flower of a girl, 18 or thereabouts, she spent a year in New York and abroad as companion to an old aristocrat, who realized the girl's inborn gentility, and loved her.

Her mother had been a Boston woman, her father a rich mine owner who lost his fortune at a single venture and inconsiderately died before he had a chance to retrieve it. The mother did not survive long, and Lella, then a baby of five, was left destitute. A poor relative, her father's aunt, adopted the orphan, and devoted herself to the child.

When Lella returned from Europe she brought back with her a gold cross that she always wore, a tender letter or so, and the memory of a few blissful hours when her hand had rested in his. There was even a rapture, albeit broken-hearted, that the finely bred New Yorker had cared for her in a negligent, summer fashion, and in unguarded moments had said impetuous things.

She had been thankful since her stay in New York that she had never chanced upon her former lover. She was moderately happy in her work, her sense of fulfilled duty, and her facile talent for absorbing what was healthy in character and comforting in measure and circumstance. She finished each day with the same thanksgiving for the happiness of the past, and the same prayer for the man, alive or dead.

One day, one dark afternoon, when she was at the Lenox library taking notes for her class, she saw him. He was slightly older looking, the chin sorer, the bearing more distinguished than formerly, but the sensitive lips were unchanged. He had the unmistakable poise of a man secure alike of his grandfather and his investments, two unrivaled means of confidence. She had not heard of the man since his marriage, when she sent his fiancée a brooch, a crown of pearls, as a wedding gift. Heaven knows what months she had worked on articles for the Mt. Hope Courier to pay the jeweler; then the faded neckties she had worn and the hats retrimmed three seasons with the same dismal perpetual violets! She had written a short note accompanying her present:

"Will Miss Van Dyck accept a souvenir, a very small souvenir, from me? I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Markham and wish to offer some gift to show how pleasantly I recall his courtesies, etc."—a thoroughly polite note expressed with impersonal formality, as if pearl crowns were an every-day occurrence; as if she were not writing with her heart's blood. The man was rather surprised, and sent it to Helen Van Dyck, his fiancée. She wore it several times and later on gave it to her French maid—Henrietta did her hair so cleverly, and she had a "faible" for pearls.

Markham strolled into the library as Lella was leaving. She attempted to walk away unobserved, but his eyes fastened on her questioningly, then cleared with recognition.

Oh! he had recognized her, was coming toward her! His step, which she had not heard for 12 years, seemed to tread on her heart. She stopped, trying to assume a genial air—if possible, to make him forget that her hair was straight, her skin colorless, her face thin. She thanked God for the dim light in the hall.

"This is indeed fortunate," said his polite voice, with well-bred interest. "Won't you tell me the pleasant things you have been doing since we last saw each other?"

She wished to evince a quiet pleasure at seeing him again, and she was resolved not to be plaintive or voluble. "Faithful to your old acquaintances, as usual," she said, glancing towards the books of the library.

"My old friends, you should say," he responded, with polite meaning. If there had only been in his tone one

shade of real reminiscence, the pity over a sweet trifle dead! In her despair she wanted to save herself by the role of gentle calm, but her voice faltered.

"I am spending the winter in New York for a change—in fact—I am teaching school. It's great fun." She hurried sensitively on: "I enjoy it immensely. May I inquire for Mrs. Markham?"

"Thank you, she is extremely well, and Phil is a fine lad."

"What! is there a Phil?"

"There is," he said, laughing boyishly. "Junior is five years old."

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. Something cut her to the quick as the child's image rose before her. "I am distressed," she said, with mock seriousness; "it is a rainy day, and one has a more than ever old-maidish look in a rainy-day gown."

She laughed, trying to make it sound the old, frank note. Markham, being dulled by the happiness in his own life, scarcely heeded her sorry little play. She was an old flirtation, a good girl—well, she had faded, as they always do. The pathetic dowdiness, the undisguised "getting old" that was so evident to herself did not pain or annoy him, because to him it was of such small moment. In her mind his idea of her had been everything. She had sacrificed herself stoically to it. She had had the feeling that their acquaintance was like an unbroken idyl, covered by dust and cobwebs, perchance, but, brush them off, and the idyl, like a fragile vase, would be there

—beautiful as ever. He had known her young, full of blithe grace. He must remember her so. This ideal was broken now irretrievably.

"May I have your address?" he asked, cordially. "We shall doubtless not meet again by accident."

"I know where you live," she answered, with a brightness not intensified, as of old, by her cheeks and eyes, "but my address is so far away, and long distances are such discouragers of good intentions," she answered, evasively. "Au revoir!"—she nodded gracefully and kept her eyes on his face until she had whirled her awkward skirt out of the door. Then she took a cross-town car in an alarmed hurry, lest he might follow her and find out where she lived.

Markham, however, had scarcely remarked the girl. He strolled to the club and dined later at home. His wife, in a pale velvet dinner-gown that became her languid grace, greeted him in the salon. Standing in the chattering light of Venetian lamps, she was very gratifying to any man's pride. Philip Markham bowed to her gallantly.

"How appropriate you are, Helen. You are not a day over 20, my dear. None of us keep spring that way. How do you do it?"

She leaned playfully towards him. "You do it; you make me happy, and I look so—viola tout! What have you done to-day?"

"Nothing much; lounged about the Knickerbocker, bought some horses, and, oh, yes, I dropped into the library—the Lenox. By the way, I ran across a girl I used to know, a teacher; that is, she wasn't a teacher when I knew her; we said 'Hello' to each other." At this instant Junior ran into the room. "Bless the boy! Come to papa, Phil," cried Markham. "Jove, what a lad! He'll soon be sailing the yacht for papa—I say, he's a trim chap—a kiss—there, run back to M. Guillaume. The infant can hardly speak an English word decently. You know, Helen, I'm in favor of sending him to Oxford."

He never remembered afterwards that he had asked Lella to send him her address and that she had not done it. That evening the Markhams engaged a table at Sherry's, where they drove after the opera. Plancou was singing in the "Huguenots."

As for the schoolteacher, she ex-

perienced her silence at dinner under plea of a headache. Indeed, her cheeks were flushed. "If they had but been pink when I met him," she thought, bitterly. "If I had worn my mackintosh—that is stylish, at least—and my best gloves that are darned only on the inside, and, oh, if I had only curled my hair!" She felt childishly disappointed; he had not once mentioned the pearl brooch. It would have been easy for him to have made some allusion to it—at least, he could not have been ashamed of her taste.

Some one knocked at her door. "Yes," she answered, in her worn, gentle voice.

"To-morrow you will rise a little earlier, Miss Matthews, to take the children walking as far as the park."

"Certainly, madam," assented Lella. The principal lumbered down the hall, and the sound of her retreating footsteps irritated Lella absurdly. She whispered the word bitterly to herself, "to-morrow."

The nocturnal clatter was hushed on the streets when she finally slipped off to bed and into a nervous, troubled sleep.

BRAVE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Experiences of the Crew of Wrecked Whaling Vessel.

The story of the crew of a whaling vessel wrecked off Cape Parry in a drifting fog is given in Mr. A. H. Harrison's book, "In Search of a Polar Continent." The Alexander at the time was steaming at full speed, and when first it struck, the crew, not seeing anything in front of them, thought they had collided with a piece of drifting ice; but on striking again, the vessel immediately filled with water, so they hardly had time to rush to the boats, which they had great difficulty in lowering.

It was then that Capt. Tilton nearly lost his life. He was the last man to leave the ship, and just as the boats were being pushed off, he jumped from the vessel, but missed the stern of the boat, and fell into the sea. Luckily, however, he managed to catch a rope that was thrown to him, but it was not without difficulty that he was pulled into the boat when he had been dragged alongside.

The mist was so dense that they had no idea of their locality, but on reaching the shore they saw the rocky headland of Cape Parry looming over them, and then they knew that they had at least 400 miles to travel before reaching Herschel Island, this, too, along a barren and deserted coast line in open boats, and probably in a raging sea.

This wreck occurred on August 16, yet on August 26 they arrived at Herschel Island, every one of them strong and well, and no whit the worse for his adventure. They made the whole journey through rough seas and through gales of wind. Every stitch on their backs was constantly drenched.

Of supplies they carried only that scanty portion which a whale boat always has on hand for an emergency; nor are the emergencies contemplated of such duration.

Every now and then they had to put ashore to find fresh water and to snatch a few winks of sleep, and I can answer for it that putting ashore here is no easy matter, for there are many miles of coast line along which it is almost impossible to find a place for landing in a strong wind.

These men doggedly held on their course, crossing two large bays, Franklin bay and Liverpool bay, until at last they reached the Mackenzie delta, and keeping well to seaward of this, they arrived in a storm which prevented ships from putting to sea.

They had made a fine, heroic effort. It had been a case of do or die with every one of them, and they had carried on a desperate and unceasing struggle, and had accomplished an average daily journey of 40 miles in an open boat.

Portugal in Hard Straits.

It is just a year ago that the double fatality in the royal house of Portugal occurred, when the king and prince were assassinated. The anarchical factions in Lisbon have been "celebrating" the event. For the royal house the anniversary is particularly sad under the circumstances, for the palace has never known a moment's real peace since the day of the tragedy. The efforts which have been made by King Alfonso to promote a union with Spain may be said to be the brightest sign in the political sky of Portugal just now, though it is not certain that the Spanish monarch will be able to win over the corrupt office-seekers of Lisbon, whose greatest achievement of late years has been to grab all the spoils offering and deplete the national treasury of everything not actually demanded by the supporters of the present regime for the expenses of the king's household.

Words to Read and Heed.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun to be to you as its close; then let everyone of these short lives have its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself.—Ruskin.

NEW BELLE OF WHITE HOUSE.

Helen Herron Taft Will Be Popular in Washington.

Helen Herron Taft has followed in her father's footsteps in choosing her most intimate friends in Washington from the "army set." What Gen. Bell and Gen. Clarence Edwards are to the new president, young ladies like Miss Ayleshire and Miss Webster are to his only daughter.

At the same time she has formed many close friendships at school, and these ties are bringing Miss Taft an ever-increasing number of invitations to devote her vacations to house parties, and will result in the presence of many youthful residents of many different cities when the time comes for Miss Taft to make her debut in the White House—something for which Mrs. Taft has as yet planned but tentatively.

The newly chosen first lady of the land expects her only daughter to become a White House debutante, of course, but she has also expressed the hope that this social inaugural can be deferred for a year or two, principally because the new president, who is vastly proud of his brilliant and studious daughter, will be disappointed if she does not fulfill the promise made at her entry, when, as mentioned, she won the prize for highest honors in the entrance examinations.

She was confirmed by the late Bishop Satterlee in a class that also included Miss Ethel Roosevelt and the Misses Julia and Alice von Meyer, daughters of the present postmaster general. At Murray Bay, Miss Taft attended the Union church—representing fusing of all the denominations in the little Canadian church, and now she and her mother will become occupants of the presidential pew, vacated by Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel in St. John's, the quaint, old-fashioned and exclusive "court church" which rears its red tower directly across the park from the White House.

HISTORIC TREES ARE PASSING.

Little Care Taken to Preserve National Mementoes at Washington.

Old inhabitants of Washington were saddened the other day when the high wind overturned the famous silver spruce which stood guard near the north gate of the White House ever since Old Hickory planted it in the latter days of his administration. The tree has been slowly dying for years and in the hollow trunk gray squirrels had made a perfect tenement. At least six families were evicted by the fall of the silver spruce, but they have found homes in some boxes which Mrs. Roosevelt had fastened to some nearby trees. It is doubtful whether this tree could have been saved, though Jackson enthusiasts now express great indignation that it was permitted to languish.

It seems strange that with the millions of dollars which the government spends on trees and forestry problems so little success is discernible in saving the historic trees of the capital. Some of the most beautiful as well as historic trees have died within the past five years right under the nose, so to speak, of Gifford Pinchot, tree specialist. Other countries save their historic trees, as witness the venerable cypress under which Tasso meditated during his exile to Rome. It has been tenderly nurtured and guarded by the Italian government and iron props and all manner of stays are between it and the fury of the winds on the Janiculum hill. It is now so hoary and so visibly old that it is really one of the most touching sights in Rome. In Washington trees planted by Jefferson, by Alexander Hamilton, by John Marshall and Daniel Webster have been uprooted or have fallen the prey to plant enemy. For theories the government is probably in the lead of all other governments on forestry questions, but as judged from results seen in saving historic trees of Washington, that is another story.

The Capital and Its Memories.

Musty memories hang thick about Washington. Every other house has been dignified by close contact with famous men and women. One built on a magnificent scale for Zack Chandler is now used as a boarding house or hotel. On the walls of its lofty parlors hang four great tapestries as soft in tone as some of the famous Gobelins. The mistress of the house has seen every inauguration since Lincoln's. The tapestries, worked by her sister, were exhibited at the World's Columbian exposition. One depicts an Illinois soldier who for 12 years boarded in the house. The eyes of the lady of the house brighten into youthfulness as she tells how this wonderful tapestry portrait worked by her dead sister's hand from the living model, was taken to the rotunda of the capitol in which the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic convened. The wife of the man stood as the tapestry was slowly unrolled before the eyes of the grizzled men who patiently wondered what it meant until suddenly with one acclaim they cried: "Black Jack! Black Jack on horseback!"

HARDSHIPS OF ARMY LIFE.

Left Thousands of Veterans with Kidney Trouble.

The experience of David W. Martin, a retired merchant of Bolivar, Mo., is just like thousands of others.



Mr. Martin says: "I think I have had kidney disease ever since the war. During an engagement my horse fell on me, straining my back and injuring the kidneys. I have been told I had a floating kidney. I had intense pain in the back, headaches and dizzy spells, and the action of the bladder very irregular. About three years ago I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and inside of a comparatively short time was entirely rid of kidney trouble." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Great Water Power at Charlotte.

Charlotte is the center of the greatest electrical power development in the South, or in the United States, except at Niagara Falls. The Southern Power company has a capital of \$10,000,000, with general offices in Charlotte.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drug-gists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Extremes.

"What did Gladys do when George insisted on a positive answer?" "She sent him a decided negative."

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c.

relieves tired, overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Giving a hungry man advice is about as charitable as feeding ice cream to a wax doll.

Happy smiles! White teeth! What a delicious perfume! WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT!

A Business Letter.

It is supposed that business letters are deficient in humor. Still, there have been exceptions, and the latest, sent by a member of the well known wholesale soap making firm of (let us say) Cake & Son, is one of the most brilliant. A retail dealer in a small way had sent for a consignment of their goods: "Gentlemen" (he writes), "wherefore have you not sent me the soap? Is it because you think my money is not so good as nobody else's? Dam you, Cake & Son; wherefore have you not sent the soap? Please send soap at once, and oblige, your respectfully, Richard Jones, P. S.—Since writing the above my wife has found the soap under the counter."

A Winter's Tale.

Mme. De Navarro praised at a luncheon in New York American wit. "It was horribly cold the other afternoon," she said. "A bitter wind whirled the dry snow through the air. The policemen had red, swollen faces, and all the teamsters, as they drove, kept slapping their poor frostbitten hands against their breasts."

"Getting into my hansom I said to the driver:

"This is real winter weather, isn't it?"

The driver nodded and smiled grimly.

"I give you my word, ma'am," said he. "I ain't seen a butterfly all day."

SICK DOCTOR

Proper Food Put Him Right.

The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover.

"I began to take four tablespoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food; it tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment."

Absolutely the most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts 10 days proves. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

