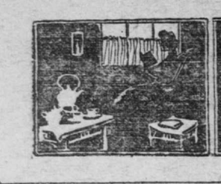


FOR THE FAIR SEX

UGLY MEN HAVE CHANCE

THOSE FORMED LIKE ADONIS ARE NOT ALWAYS WINNERS

Physical Beauty Does Not Seem to Be So Great an Asset for Man as for Woman—Good Looks Are Not Always an Unmixed Blessing.

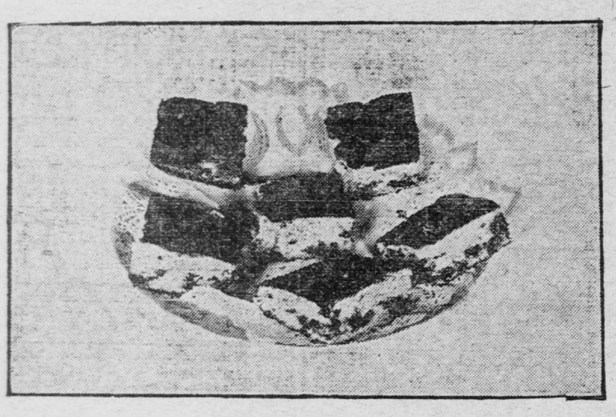
"Ugly as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start, I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman," once remarked a very ugly man.

Naturally the speaker was an Englishman. The Englishman always has the courage to say—so far as self-laudation is concerned—what the American contents himself with merely thinking. But his bald statement is a distressing truth. Indeed, should the ugly man run his race with an Adonis that race need not necessarily be a handicap. And it seems a pity! Not that we have any ill will against the ugly man. On the contrary, indeed. Only it is to be regretted that the ugly woman must forever consider herself hopelessly out of the running. Of course the premium on beauty does not work the greatest harm to the plain sister. Indeed, the burden is thrust upon the shoulders of the sex generally. Beauty, as a possession, entails constant anxiety; its absence, unavailing regret. Age steals beauty. Therefore, beauty means, first of all, youth. Women grow old trying to keep young. Men preserve their youth because it matters very little whether they are young or old, handsome or the reverse.

Recently there was a word of encouragement for the ugly sister. "If you have not been born beautiful," says the beauty doctor, "you can acquire beauty—for a consideration. Youth, also, I can literally thrust upon you."

We do not know whether the beauty doctor willl ever prove the truth of her extravagant claim. It will make very little difference if she does. It will not bestow on his plain sister the privileges of the ugly man. Indeed, merely will it change the ugly woman's resignation to anxious hope and painful effort.

BLUEBERRY MUFFIN.



All through the long season of berries there is nothing more acceptable for breakfast or luncheon than berry muffins or cakes. They may be little more than a baking powder biscuit dough or sweet and rich as a cake. The plain variety is better for breakfast. Berries should be measured and rolled in flour before being put into the dough. Stir them in lightly, for if broken they are apt to make the cake heavy or sink in a streak at the bottom of the cake.

The same mixture can be baked in a sheet in a shallow pan, gem pans, round pop-over pans, or little muffin tins. The cake may be eaten hot or barely cool with butter, or it may be served hot as a berry pudding with a simple lemon sauce.

For the muffin use this foundation formula which is convenient to remember for biscuits, puddings and short cakes: Two cups of sifted pastry flour, one-half level teaspoon of salt and four level teaspoons of baking powder. Rub in four level tablespoons of butter, add one-half cup of sugar, an egg and one and one-half cups of blueberries rolled in flour. Less sugar and butter may be used, and in that case a little less milk is needed. Bake in a hot, quick oven.

—Alice E. Whitaker.

SOCIAL.

Mrs. George Williamson, of Dayton avenue, and Mrs. Johnson, of Merriam Park, will entertain informally this afternoon at cards in honor of Mrs. Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Deming, of Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

Mrs. Peter Reynard, of Iglehart street, will give an informal reception this afternoon.

* * *

Miss Grace Morton, of Lincoln avenue, will entertain informally at luncheon this afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. E. M. Deane and her daughter, Mrs. M. D. Edwards, of Laurel avenue, gave a dinner party last night in honor of Mrs. Weatherbee, of Englewood, N. J.

* * *

Miss Taylor, of Summit, gave a luncheon Wednesday afternoon for Miss Anna Castle, of Washington, D. C.

* * *

Miss Lillian Moore, of Holly avenue, will give a dinner party this evening in honor of Harry Robinson, of Dubuque, Iowa.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

Minnehaha Lodge No. 57, Ladies' Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave a card party yesterday afternoon in Central hall. Mrs. W. A. Boink, Mrs. Paul Nedeau and Miss Marion Murray had charge of the arrangements.

A reception was given last evening at the home of Mrs. Rankins, on St. Anthony avenue, for Rev. E. W. Daniel, the new pastor of St. Phillip's mission.

The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church will hold a union meeting this afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. A. Merrill, on Holly avenue.

There will be a union meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the Central Presbyterian Church this afternoon in the parlors of the church.

Mrs. N. O. Ainey, of Iglehart street, entertained the members of the Relief Society of St. Paul Chapter, O. E. S., yesterday afternoon at a thimble bee.

Mrs. Edward Bergstedt, of De Soto street, entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of the St. James' English Evangelical Lutheran church yesterday afternoon.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the National Association of Engineers gave a card party yesterday afternoon in Central hall annex. Those in charge were Mrs. M. J. Howe, Mrs. J. McGeary, Mrs. J. A. Robertson, Mrs. William Jones and Mrs. H. M. Ward.

Mrs. Herbert Harland, of East Fourth street, entertained the members of the Ladies' Co-operative Society of Atlantic Congregational church yesterday afternoon at a business meeting of the society. The women are planning for a reopening reception to be held in September, when the church, which was damaged by fire some time ago, will be opened.

Mrs. Olson, of Phalen Creek, entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Sigfried's church yesterday afternoon. Plans are being made for a lawn social, to be held the last week in August.

PERSONAL.

Col. and Mrs. E. H. Milham left yesterday for San Francisco to attend the supreme lodge convention of the Knights of Pythias.

Warren Upham, of Central Park place, has gone to Kansas and Nebraska for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. D. S. Sperry, of Holly avenue, has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rose, of Carroll street, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Nash, of Oregon City, Or.

The Misses Shannon, of Summit avenue, have gone to New York.

Miss McMichael, of Ashland avenue, has returned from Yellowstone Park.

Miss J. Wirth, of Ashland avenue, has returned from the East, where she has been spending the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Edwards, of Summit avenue, are entertaining Mr. Chamberlain, of Arizona.

Miss Florence Dempsey, of North Exchange street, has returned from Duluth, where she was visiting her cousin, Miss Kathleen McDonell.

Miss Emma Timberlake, of Arundel street, who has been traveling in Europe, has returned home.

Mrs. Judson Wade Bishop, of Mackubin street, will leave next week for a Western trip.

Miss Seet, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has been visiting Miss Josephine Bowlin, of Summit avenue, has returned home.

SOMERSET W. C. T. U. MEETS.

Mrs. Addie Bixby Upham Is Re-elected President for Ensuing Year.

The annual meeting of the Somerset W. C. T. U. was held yesterday afternoon at the home of the president, Mrs. Addie Bixby Upham, on Central Park place. Mrs. Upham was elected again president of the society. Mrs. M. A. Porter was elected secretary; Mrs. W. E. Rogers, treasurer; Mrs. Frank White, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. H. W. Phillips was appointed vice president. Mrs. Phillips was appointed delegate at large to the state convention of W. C. T. U., to be held in Redwood Falls Sept. 16, 17 and 18. Mrs. M. A. Nugent was appointed alternate for Mrs. Phillips.

Mrs. Wescott, superintendent of the Loyal Temperance league department of the society, gave a brief account of the work, stating a need for assistance. Mrs. Upham reported the work of the franchise department in sending out blanks to be filled in with names petitioning congress for presidential voting for Minnesota women.

FRUGAL MARGARET BERGEN.

For Half a Century a House Maid She Dies Leaving Large Estate.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Margaret Bergen, who for more than half a century was a maid and nurse in the wealthy and prominent family of the late William Shakespeare Caldwell, of New York and Richmond, Va., and who died in Paris recently, bequeathed $14,000 of the $19,000 she had saved to the Baroness von Zedtwitz and the Marquiee Des Monstiers Morinvilla, daughters of Mr. Caldwell, who are said to be worth several millions.

Notice has just been filed in this city objecting to the probating of the will by Charles Katen, of Stamford, Conn. He is joined in the contest over the will by forty-two nephews, nieces and other relatives of the testatrix. It is understood that they believed the deceased to be worth many times the amount stated in the petition to probate and that she should have left it to them, who are poor, rather than leaving it to the rich.

Romantic Marriage in St. Paul.

Miss Alice Shiels, a pretty young woman, about eighteen years old, arrived in St. Paul Wednesday from Essex county, Massachusetts, met and married Frederick Merril yesterday morning, who also arrived in the city Wednesday from some Western state. The young people had been sweethearts when they were children, and have corresponded ever since Mr. Merrill came out West. They were anxious that their marriage should remain a secret for some time. The bride and groom separated, Mrs. Merril returning to her home in the East, and Mr. Merrill going on to his in the West. Rev. Herbert C. Shutt performed their marriage ceremony.

Married in Cyrus.

Married, on Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 11:30 a. m., at the bride's home in Cyrus, Minn., Miss Annie M. Kittleson and Rev. S. W. Squire, of Chokio, Minn., pastor of the M. E. church of that place. Rev. George F. Wells, of St. Paul officiated. The bridal couple took the afternoon train for the Twin Cities, where they will visit relatives and friends for a couple weeks, after which they will return to Chokio, where they will resie for the present.

Rev. Mr. Squires is well known throughout the state as a temperance agitator and singer, and but lately entered the ministry, in which field of labor he has been fairly successful.

Venerable Actress Dying.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Mrs. Eliza Young, ninety-two years of age, the oldest actress in America, is dying at the Actors' Fund home, in West New Brighton. She has been ill for ten days and hopes had been entertained of recovery, but these finally have been abandoned. A fall, which fractured her hip, brought on the decline.

Mrs. Young's stage career in England and America covered a period of seventy years. She came to the United States about 1850 and played with Clara Morris, Edwin Forrest, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth and Mrs. Langtry. Her last appearance before the footlights was in this city in 1889.

Woman Inventor Dead.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 7.—Mrs. Bridget French, a prominent inventor, is dead, aged seventy-two years. She was born in Queens county, Ireland, and came to this country in 1850, settling in Rochester. Mrs. French devised and patented at least thirty articles of utility, and up to the time of her death was busy on others.

Menu For Children's Party.

Creamed Chicken in Fancy Paper Cases
Brown Bread Sandwiches.
Cocoa.
Floating Island. Sponge Cakes.
Home Made Candies.

Entire wheat or graham bread can be used for the sandwiches, and it should be at least one day old. Trim off all crust from the loaves, spread the end, cut off in very thin slices, press together and cut into various fancy shapes. Dice the cold chickens, and for each pint make one cupful of sauce, using one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of milk or milk and chicken broth in equal quantities. Paper cases can be found at caterers in many fancy shapes and are quite inexpensive. With this course serve the cocoa in small cups; make it with water and put in a small teaspoonful of whipped cream in each cup. Small bowls in blue and white ware can be found in many stores for five cents each, and these would be just the thing for the floating island—a plain boiled custard, the "islands" being white of egg whipped to a stiff froth, very slightly sweetened and poached by the spoonful in a saucepan of scalding milk. In serving drop a candied cherry on each "island." The sponge cakes may be baked in tiny patty pans and iced with fondant or a plain water icing; when this has set each may be decorated with dots, initials or other ornaments in chocolate or rose-colored icing. If the candies are bought select cream mints or other harmless varieties.

To Aid Digestion.

1. Good digestion is best assured by simplicity in diet.
2. Thorough mastication is essential to perfect nutrition.
3. Dry foods favor mastication, and the flow of saliva and develop digestive power.
4. Drinking with meals prevents mastication and weakens the digestive juices.
5. Relaxation of mind, pleasant thoughts and conversation, forgetfulness of trouble, self and bodily functions, are important aids to digestion.
6. Nitrogenous foods, which form the basis of tissues, should not consist of more than one-fifth of the food eaten.
7. Eggs and meat are largely nitrogenous; legumes (peas, beans and lentils) contain about 25 per cent; nut foods, about 20 per cent; gluten, 20 to 40 per cent; grains, 10 to 15 per cent.
8. Starches, sugars and fats are the energy-producing foods.
9. A large variety of food at the same meal tends to create digestive disturbances.
10. The manner in which we combine our foods will materially affect their digestion.
11. The following are good combinations: Cereals and fruit; cereals and milk; cereals and nut foods; cereals and eggs; cereals and vegetables; cereals, vegetables and eggs; cereals, milk and eggs; fruit and nut foods.

Beautify Your Arms.

Arms are very seldom round and firm upon women who have passed their 35th year, and they very often lose their shape before that.

It is unnecessary for women to lose their beauty so early, and it shows that they have not paid attention to the laws of beauty, nor to the laws of hygiene.

No woman neglects herself purposely, and there are few women who do not improve every beauty aid known to them, but the trouble is that they do not know how. And they permit their lines to fail, and their flesh to fail, without knowing how to remedy it.

You can take a flat, flabby arm, without any shape, and make it round and symmetrical; and you can take an arm that is so thin that it looks almost like a broomstick and make it beautiful, plump and round down to the very wrist.

Arm exercises are necessary, and here the woman who does her own housework has the advantage over her sister who has no work to do. She is compelled to take exercise daily, and that is necessary for the rounding of the arms,

If a woman is not compelled to work—that is, to wash windows, scrub floors—then she must take exercises that take the place of work that can be called manual labor.

Beauty Indispensable.

This is the time of the year that brings to New York the young women filled with the aspiration to become actresses. They come armed with letters of introduction to some persons more or less remotely connected with the profession. They haunt the offices of the theatrical agents. They waylay the dwellers on the outer breastworks of the great managers' offices, and conduct their campaign with great zeal. Few of them ever reach the goal. Some go home, and others stay here to sing in the chorus. Few play Juliet, as they had planned.

The thing of greatest interest to this small army that annually marches on the city is to discover that the one quality that counts most in giving a woman a successful start on the stage. They all believe that they have talent. Of course they do not all believe that they are beautiful. They cannot deceive themselves on that point, whatever their illusions may be as to their inherent dramatic genius.

But it is true that very few of them realize how meagerly they are supplied with good looks. If they had any clear view of the relation between their own looks and what may be taken to constitute a beauty on the stage, they would never attempt to find the kind of employment in which beauty is an indispensable qualification.

Notes of the Shop.

This is the season of the year when the men's hatters are besieged by women. For women like the regular men's hats, which are soft and fine, and good style for traveling. They cost rather less, perhaps, than a trimmed hat of a similar style at the milliner's, and wear quite as well. Then a veil is draped around it, and the woman has a hat that is comfortable, serviceable, and probably becoming.

If one has no prejudices against buying jewelry at the department stores, odds and ends of things which are most attractive, can be found there at moderate prices. One can, for instance, get a set of six small baroque pearl lace pins for $2.25, or one pin a little better in quality will cost $1.

White buckskin shoes are rather attractive in the Priscilla style, with the broad tongue and big buckle of which we are beginning to weary since they have been done to death by wear in the street, and all places appropriate and inappropriate.

Eat More Fruit.

If people ate more fruit they would take less medicine and have much better health. There is an old saying that fruit is gold in the morning and lead at night. As a matter of fact it may be gold at both times, but then it should be eaten on an empty stomach and not as a dessert, when the appetite is satisfied and digestion is already sufficiently taxed. Fruit taken in the morning before the fast of the night has been broken is very refreshing, and it serves as a stimulus to the digestive organs. A ripe apple or an orange may be taken at any time with good effect. Instead of eating a plate of ham or of eggs and bacon for breakfast, more people would do far better if they took some grapes, pears or apples—fresh fruit as long as it is to be had, and after that they can fall back on stewed prunes, figs, etc. If only fruit of some sort formed an important item in their breakfast women would generally feel brighter and stronger, and would have far better complexions than is the rule at present.

Great Men's Wives.

Wives of great men all remind us:
To live is to see. To see is to judge.
To judge, take things at their face value.

Fielding, the novelist, married a maid servant.

Sir Thomas More's wife scolded him on the eve of his execution.

Hazlitt's wife cared nothing for his ability. Her temper was an intensity. And the tragedy of the unsympathetic mind played itself to the bitter end.

Milton had troubles with both of his wives. Nor was his the monopoly of martyrdom.

Moliere, at the age of forty, married an actress aged seventeen summers. She ran away and it snowed and covered her tracks.

Coleridge left his wife and children without apology or farewell, and never would see them again.

Napoleon conquered the world material. But he often swore at Josephine (a woman who was once his wife), and when she cried said, "Hush, it makes your nose red." But he was a great man.

Boxing a Man's Ears.

Ought a woman to box a man's ears when in his presumption he dares to kiss her? What might happen as the consequence of such low boorishness would depend on the country or the lady's immediate surroundings, or the use of a street cane found in the umbrella stand. There is a case tried in English courts as far back as 1837, when Thomas Saverland brought an action against Miss Caroline Newton. Saverland tried to kiss Caroline "by way of a joke," and Caroline bit off a piece of his nose. The defendant was acquitted, and the judge laid down the law that "when a man kisses a woman against her will, she is fully entitled to bite off his nose if she pleases," "and eat it up, if she has a fancy that way," added a jocular barrister, half aloud.

MENU FOR FRIDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Cod Fish Balls. Cream Sauce.
Baked Potatoes.
Rolls. Coffee.

LUNCH.
Corn Pudding. Grilled Tomatoes.
Blackberry Roll. Fruit Sauce.
Iced Cocoa.

DINNER.
Creamed Tomatoe Soup.
Baked White Fish. Browned Potatoes.
Succotash.
Lettuce Salad.
Apple Custard Pudding. Coffee.

Artistic Towels.

The possibilities that towels now offer to the woman who is clever with her needle are many, for embroidery is the new feature of the newest towels.

"It is not only that the best towels show the embroidered initial letter, monogram or interlaced letters more conspicuously than ever, but an embroidered design is now added. Sometimes the fluer-de-lis pattern and then again an embroidered vine is used.

"Comparing the towel of today with the towel of five years ago, it is astonishing to see how the fashions have changed. Towels have grown larger, more expensive and better looking until now they are genuinely worth studying because of their artistic merit.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

This beautiful girl has a brother and sister. Find them.

Solution for Yesterday: Burgoyne is under the dead man's head; Fraser is above the skirts of stooping soldier.

LOVE.

One love there is which has no taint of earth;
Pure as an angel's dream its wishes are;
It ever leadeth, to the heights afar,
The heart it hallows even in its birth.
Peace follows it, though fierce the soul and wild;
Hope enters, where alone abode despair;
Self has no place in all its visions fair—
It is the love we give a little child.

Implication Is Unkind.

The Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson tells the following story, in which the joke was on himself:

When a student he was called to supply the pulpit of a church in a little Western town. Before beginning service the organist, anxious that the choir might sing an appropriate number at the close of the sermon, questioned the young preacher as to the subject on which he was to preach.

After giving a detailed outline, the service began. Mr. Stevenson delivered his discourse, at the close of which the choir struck up, most pathetically:

"Sometime, sometime we'll understand."—New York Times.

Nothing Like Realism.

During a sham fight an old general came unawares upon a soldier who was lying fast asleep in a field among the corn.

"Is this your post?" exclaimed the general, rousing him with the full intention of making an example of him.

The soldier, thus suddenly startled out of his slumber, rubbed his eyes, and on recognizing the officer sprang to his feet, presented arms, and said:

"I beg your pardon, general, but we were going through a sham fight, and in order to make an illusion more complete I was just pretending to be dead."—New York Times.

PLENTY OF COMPANY.

He that dies shall not die lonely,
Many an one hath gone before;
He that lives shall bear no burden
Heavier than the life they bore.
—William Morris.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Truth Belated.

A Tragic Story of Mexico.

Thirteen years after the death of Maxmilian, Queretaro still held factions. Imperialists, proud, half-ruined, hated Republicans; reconciliation was slow. Mauricio Noriega, hurried on to his marriage with Paula, made a mistake. His people were Imperialists, hers had followed Juarez; so his friends despised her. She, unable to live without social position in Queretaro, grew bitter; and they ceased to love.

Mauricio entered his big street door, whereon the iron knockers were dolphins. The house was cool, and he passed through it to the patio. Three sides of that court were walled; the fourth was open, where the land fell away to the valley; and near the patio's foot the aqueduct, that world's wonder, reached the earth after its long flight. The water, sweeping into a tunnel, laughed with the last of its sun. Paula came and sat on the aqueduct.

"Then we shall separate," said he. He was twenty years old.

"We are children," she answered. "I was a fool to love you. Rather than live on, tied and grating——" She shuddered. The lines which curved down from her mouth meant discontent and envy.

"I shall leave you today," he said, and stared at the distant arches of the aqueduct. "We do not love each other."

She rested her head on her hand, twisting her fingers in her hair. "It is better," was her answer, "if you leave me Felipa."

He walked a step or two away. "The mother should keep the child. The father should have nothing—nothing."

She brought out the baby, which lay in her arms, pink and asleep. He stared at it, then turned; but came back and stared at it again. After that, looking haggard, he went out; and the street door, with the iron dolphins, clanged.

In Mexico, sunshine seems time, and as you look back over the years it is sunshine that you see. Diaz won his enemies, and, in Mexico City, Noriega fell under the wizard's power and partook of it. He served Diaz for years, and grew weary of life. So, after the manner of the dreary, he came back, Don Porfirio having made him secretary of the state of Queretaro.

A girl of fifteen years old, played sylph-like along the aqueduct. An alley led thither from the street, and Mauricio came walking. At the spot where the freedom of the valley burst on him, he paused.

"What are you doing, little girl?" said he, hoping that it was she, for something in him cried for her. She looked up, laughing, where she stood on top of the aqueduct, with her hair flying.

"I put my hair in it sometimes," she said. She liked him.

"Let me see," said he.

She knelt down and dabbled her hair; then got up with it hanging all over her face, dripping. It was dark red. She laughed, and put a piece of it away from her eyes, which shone at him. Water dripped on her lips. "See?" she said.

"What is your name?" he inquired, as one who asks mercy.

"Felipa Morales," she said.

He bought a house beyond the plaza, next that of old Don Ildefonso and his sister Gertrudis.

"Mauricio," cried fat Ildefonso, "the past is dead. We remnants of imperialism are bitter no longer. Make it up with her. We thought you had died, and I swear I wanted to marry your widow myself!" He made inflated jokes of his cheeks.

His sister, a doleful body, wiped her eye. "She is very mild, Mauricio," she said.

But Noriega, going into his court, said simply: "The past is not dead."

A year Mauricio lived retired, save for the business of state. In his garden with books—Calderon, Sampoamor, Peres Galdos—there was he nearest to happiness. But he knew that he only put off the search for Felipa. He saw her sylph-like figure in dreams; wandered by the adobe wall, and longed for her. In his life there had been one spot of beauty, one ony, and that was Felipa, with the dark red hair, dripping water in the aqueduct.

There is a church, whose tower is mossy and damp. In the court before it you walk over brick-paved graves. Here one tree dies, a limb at a time; one limb for every year. It is a century of death. He walked there on New Years Day, and Felipa, with the servant, came out. Behind her, lingering, prayer-book in hand, came Paula. Felipa's face was full of that power which holds, and resurrects. Her finger was on her lips when she saw him, for she knew him, and her eyes smiled. She went away; and she was a woman.

Noriega stopped before Paula. "We should look at one another," said he, "to understand ourselves."

They looked, and she hated him.

"Ah—now we understand," he sighed. "We do not love each other. Have you told Felipa who I am?"

"I can not." She wrapped the silk rebozo round her.

He cried out in pain: "But she is sure to learn. You must!"

She shut her eyes; he saw her go away, with her eyes shut. To him, thereafter, everything was Felipa as she walked over the graves. O thou God, beautiful she was!

Don Ildenfonso swore that Noriega should know his daughter; and arose one morning and went to solve this thing. He walked under those tremendous arches, and the aqueduct seemed striding today with giant strides. Later, he entered Paula's house.

"Let them be thrown together," cried he, walking about over the glazed tiles, "to see if they care for one another. Mauricio will be a madman yet, if you don't. What—can't you give him that little pleasure? She shall take embroidery lessons of Gertrudis. In my garden Mauricio shall find her. To hold her away from him is crime."

"Do what you will, cried Paula, bitterly. "I know that fate will steal her yet."

Every Sunday afternoon Felipa came to Don Ildenfonso's. She did not know who lived next door; nor did Ildefonso tell to Noriega that Felipa sat in the garden.

"Mauricio," he once said, "come through the wall at 4 o'clock. We shall have a little party."

At 3 entered Felipa, dressed in fleecy yellow. Soon Mauricio walked through the rent in the wall.

"I think you have forgotten me," she said.

He held his finger in a book. "That is not possible," replied he.

She started up; it was strange for him to say that. His face was full of power, and she sat down, the sun in the rumpled folds of her yellow dress making skeins of light.

"Who are you?" she asked.

That which broke forth to tell her was crushed by him. It would scare her; she would lose her naturalness, perhaps flee. To keep just this he would have died.

"A friend of Don Ildefonso," he said. "I live in there."

Like a child, she seemed to feel that she must say something. "Do you remember when I put my hair in it?" she faltered, with blushes.

"It is stranger that you remembered me," he answered. "No one does."

She turned quick eyes of pity on him. "Oh," she said, with the tender impulse to heal, "you are lonely."

"You see," he replied, after a pause, "I have to live by myself."

She smiled with dainty jest. "You'd better get married," she said.

"I have more need of a daughter," answered he, "that a wife."

She said no more; he had made her solemn.

"Do your read," he asked; and when she nodded he handed her the book. "Read this."

He went away. The adobe wall hid him, and she stared at it. He had gone before she wanted him to. She started up, and slipped to the wall, and peeped into his garden. There the white zapotes hung down like apples, and the garden was empty. Everything else was empty. She came back and sighed. Having sat down she opened the book and read:

"O weird and mighty solace thou hast come,
O voice, too sweetly laden to be dread."

Sometimes for weeks he could not bear to see her, and was always afraid to tell her who he was. That might make her hate him; whereas now she seemed to love him as he wished his daughter to love him. The days were sweet; he would drink them; Felipa must soon learn—it was but a chance that many tongues had not already told her. Paula's life was cut away, Ildefonso left it to Mauricio, and fortune kept putting the chance off. And as things were, he had her; as things might be, he might have her no more. She would not have missed a Sunday in the garden for all the world. She dreamed of him; and when Paula turned her hardening face to her daughter, the girl shut herself up and cried. No thought of danger; Felipa herself knew only that she loved, that she wept all night and longed for him all day.

Once, he came into the garden bringing some books. She, in white, had watched for him. When he saw her the books fell, for he had almost cried his secret. That deed must come; like a gambler, he would some day risk it all. Because he looked agitated, she paled and became agitated, too. She yearned over him, trembled, and dropped her head to the back of the bench. She wanted to be taken. He could almost have believed she knew.

"Felipa!" She started up; then, for a long time, he said nothing, for her face gave back to him all that his life had lost. On the top of life's lone pinnacle, her love stood. "Felipa—I have now the strength to tell you."

But she was too fragile to take it all in at once. She believed she would have died to hear love spoken. That was why she ran away a white fugitive, out of the garden, down the street. There was only one thing she longed to do—to return to him. So she fled the faster. He stood by the red vine and the books. His daughter—how beautiful she was!

On Saturday night he came to the governor's house, where many people gathered. Imperialists and Republicans were brothers at last, and here met. Mauricio walked in the patio, where azucenas thrust up green broadswords. Dim corridors stretched on either hand and women moved in them. Felipa came by, saw him, and could go no farther. She had barely begun to be seen at places like this. She turned away, and drooped her head, longing to flee.

"You would not hear me," he said. "But tomorrow you must. I can bear it no more."

She put her head against a pillar.

When the town was asleep he strode the streets. At length he came to the house whose door had clanged with iron dolphins. At Paula's dindow, as lovers knock at railed balconies, he knocked. Having allayed her fright by his voice, he got her to open the wooden leaf, and her face stared out of the blackness.

"Paula, we can never love each other, but God has drawn me near to my daughter. Now that we shall meet out in the world, the secret can be kept no more. Nor should it. I have conquered my fears. If it cuts her away from me—yet she must be told. Paula, it is the mother who should do it."

"I can not," she said. "Rather, I have thought of taking her away."

"Then I myself shall tell her," he answered, holding to the irons.

She thought a long time. "You were right," was her response. "I shall tell her. When she comes to you tomorrow she will know," But as she saw him depart she knew that she had lied. Felipa should be taken away.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, the remnant of the moon came up and shone through Felipa's window. Not having slept, she arose and sat looking out at the aqueduct, whose mighty masonry glimmered like a supernatural thing. The water laughed in moonshine; she was blown upon by breezes. Felipa was burning up with love. Tomorrow; tomorrow. It is tomorrow who transforms the earth. What is he?—invisible spirit who flees.

Sunday is a day of bells. The morning saw her go under the tower, kneel upon the floor, and walk out over the flat graves. Another limb on the tree was dead. The noon was warm and bright, and the earth rested. She could not eat. She was pale, and rubbed her forehead, standing at the window. Near 3 o'clock, she felt so weak. When she walked out with the servant she trembled already.

At Don Ildefonso's door the servant left her, and she entered, like a fugitive. The mozo dozed in the passageway. Don Ildefonso and Gertrudis were nowhere to be seen. She was in white again, and when she came into the garden her rebozo fell down on the ground. She was, to him who stood by the rent in the wall, the white light of truth.

Of course her manner was different. She was changed and agitated. She could not lift her eyes, and stumbled. He had never seen her like this, so he thought that she knew. They stood apart, but his eyes must draw her.

"Come," said he.

She covered her face with her hands and came two steps.

"Felipa—Felipa," he said, and he, too, came a little closer.

Now she flung herself down to the bench, and in his arms he took her up; for somehow she seemed his baby daughter again; a woman no more, but a child.

"Everything shall be made whole again, by your loving me," he said.

Not her lips said yes—to live was saying it. But after a time she murmured: "By yourself you were lonely. But when we are married you shall not be lonely any more."

He looked at her. His cheeks slowly became drawn; and that which she saw on his face was horror. Chilled, she arose, and stood dumb. He, too, arose. His lids, drooping over his strange eyes, were blue. He could not speak. His mind went tottering back; and now he was old. She cried to him; and, having put her away, he said: "Didn't your mother tell you?"

"Nothing!"

He put his hand over his eyes. "Felipa," he said, "I am your father."

At length she sank down under the vine, and he sat on the bench. After some time the heart of each rose up. That which was greatness in him, lived in her. So, with that purity which can make even tragedy beautiful, they looked at one another a long time. That was the only reward; and she went away.

She came to her home and did not think any more; nor could she cease loving. In her room she stared out at the valley. The arches strode yonder. After all the earth was beautiful, and there are many kinds of happiness, of which rest is the chief.

Having done her part, and lived her life, the end was fitting. She knew where the slim knife hung; went into her mother's room, and took it down. It had a pearl in the handle.

Returning, closed the door. She would leave the window open; because out there she had dabbled her hair. On the table was a book which he gave her. She took it up, lay on the bed, and read:

"O change more mighty still, of solace ended.
O doom, too heavy weighted to be borne."

Fear for her hastened Mauricio to action. All his impulse was the father's, to help. He came to his old house and passed in by the dolphins. Paula had gone out, the mozo said. He searched the house, and came to Felipa's door, and called. There being no answer, he opened it and went in.

It was strange that a little color had come back to her face. How beautiful she was! There was scarce more than a spot upon her dress; and even that which stained it, that, too, was her heart, that, too, was her love for him.

Charles Fleming Embree.

San Francisco, July, 1902.