AMERICAN PEERESSES WHO PLAY PART OF SANTA CLAUS TO ENGLAND'S POOR.

LONDON, December 12, 1907. ful this Christmas than in an historic little village on the Tweed to which business happened to take me one

OWHERE in Great Britain, from ladies I am not at all sure that it would bishop promptly replied that he thought is distributed, and the school children Land's End to John o' Groats, not be the Duchess of Roxburghe who this unwise, on the principle that in not have their tree. She will be at Floors as the saying goes, is good would receive the greater allegiance in exercising caution she might be giving through this Yuletide, however, and will cheer likely to be more plenti- this part of the British dominions."

Probably that is just a bit of an exagday last week. Kelso is its name, and geration, but there seems to be uncomwhen I got there I found only one theme monly good reason for the sincere affect ever bad they might be, within measur- the doctors order her to the south of young children. The latter she delights the duchess made up for it by providing secretary of the largest women's hospiof conversation in market place, inn and tion in which the duchess is held in the able distance of me, unhappy during the France or elsewhere for the greater part to dress in serviceable and yet pretty no less than 200 families in the East End tal in London the other day, with instruccottage alike, namely, the charity and district around Floors. If you talk to season of peace and goodwill. I never of the winter. gracious deeds of an American woman any of the peasants and work people of shall be able to make up my mind to who seems to have gained such a hold the vicinity they will assure you in their refuse, or, indeed, to inquire, during that on the affections of the people in the dis- own dour way that this American peer- time." trict surrounding her home as perhaps ess is more Scotch than the Scotch themonly one other of foreign birth, and she selves, that she never is happy out of too an American, ever has succeeded in Floors, where, if her health permitted, she would spend the whole year round.



borough was to the humble folk of Wood- oldest inhabitants was there a chatelaine gest Christmas tree to be found in all her tent, and it has been her duty to stock before the estrangement with her of the historic pile on the brow of the England for this occasion, and when the follow her husband in his official capachusband resulted in her quitting Blen- hill who lived so much among the poor prizes are distributed there is a sumptu- ity to various localities, she invariably heim Palace forever, all this and perhaps and did so much for them. away from this little village stands or comfortless home in the neighborhood spend eleven months of each year looking mas particularly does it thrive, the Amerland, not excepting the queen herself.

a bit more does the Duchess of Rox- Since she has been at Floors, which is sweets galore. The children of the dis- tical work in philanthrophy. There is in burghe (who once was May Goelet) seem four years now, she has made it her busi- trict are as devoted to the Duchess of Dublin, for example, a doll industry which to be to those of Kelso. Hardly a mile ness to see that there is not a cheerless Roxburghe as the older people, and Lady Cheylesmore founded. At Christ-Floors Castle, the great white palace of during Christmas time. Wisely she is not forward to Christmas. The young peer- ican peeress having found numbers of the Innes-Kers, of which the American indiscriminate in her charity for eleven ess, however, is not a believer in spoiling patrons for it among the British aristocduchess is now chatelaine, and for a ra- months of the year. From the first of De- the younger generation. At these festive racy. This year the queen herself has dius of more than twenty miles round cember, however, to the end of the holidays gatherings she distributes prizes for dif- placed an order with the Doll Industry, as about "our Lady Bountiful," as she was she makes no inquiries, but gives lavishly ferent qualifications, the teachers of the it is named, and at least two other memdescribed by a venerable clergyman with in all directions during the period. Once, it schools having drawn up accounts of the bers of the reigning family will include whom I talked, is more generally beloved is said, when the Bishop of London hap- behavior of their pupils, as well as de- its production among their Christmas than perhaps any other woman in Eng- pened to be the guest of the Roxburghes fining the various branches of good con- gifts. The latter, by the way, which are at Floors the subject of indiscriminate duct in which they have excelled. "She is 'Her Majesty of Floors,'" he charity and its results came up, when

question of paying public court to both Christmas time she never questioned. The in Scotland, but, in any case, her charity known folk.

Each Christmas it is the duchess' cus- young wife of the Duke of Manchester. For what the American Duchess of Mari- and that never in the recollection of the tom to order some hundreds of hampers. With three little ones of her own, the which are filled with the season's fare, former Helen Zimmerman finds particular and these are distributed by her own enjoyment in playing the part of Santa factor (in England he would be called a Claus to the poor children in the neig steward), who is supposed to be acquaint- borhoods of Kylemore Castle and Tandered with the name of every poor family agee, and in no other part of Ireland, it for miles around. He is assisted by a large is declared, do the youngsters of all ages staff who spend all Christmas week in find a more generous patroness. Last one of the cottages on the estate distrib- year, one of her friends tells me, the toys uting the duchess' good things. She makes which the "Children's Duchess," as she mated discussion with these poor Celts, her steward had instructions to spend stands their language, but speaks it un- where they would be most appreciated. commonly well. If the "gillies" had a At Coombe Abbey, Lord Craven's seat sense of humor they could not fail to near Coventry, there is similar thought be tickled by the piquancy of the slight for the needy, but although in this case American accent which is resonant in the the actual benefactor of the poor folk Celtic dialect. It is said to be quite fas- on his lordship's 46,000 acres is the Councinating, and no one appreciates it more tess of Craven (who formerly was Cor-

Floors. go to Floors at this time of the year, on Christmas eve. knowing, as they declare, that "'May' will sweat them in the cause of charity worse than if they were East End seam-

to the unworthy what belonged to the entertain there a big house party. The deserving, but the duchess was unmoved. weather at Christmas in Scotland is arc- residence of Disraeli, Lady Cheylesmore "Then I must make that mistake," she tic, and, though the palace is now heated replied. "The truth is, I should be miser- by the American system, the climate nevable if I thought there was any one, how- ertheless tries the duchess greatly, and

> Another American duchess who delights in spreading Christmas cheer among the needy on her husband's estate is the

an occasional appearance on the scene is called, ordered from Dublin as gifts herself, I am told, and enters into ani- for her small pensioners cost \$500, and whose Scotch dialect it generally takes double that sum for coals and blanke's one bred and born among them to com- and creature comforts in the shape of prehend. To their amazement, however, food and drink to be sent "with her her Lady Bountiful not only under- grace's best wishes' to the humble homes

than the dour and masterful laird of nella Bradley-Martin), the actual dispenser of the Christmas bounty is her There are plenty of American women little son, the future lord of the manor, n English society who boast that they Viscount Uffington. For the last three 'cannot sew a stitch." Not so the Duch- years his small lordship (who is now ss of Roxburghe, who is as clever with nearly eleven) has been intrusted with needles as any of the British princesses the selection of the gifts not only for For weeks before the holidays she and the other little lords and ladies who may her friends at the castle are hard at work be of the holiday party at Coombe Abbey, knitting various garments which are to but for the poor children on the estate find their way to poor homes in Scotland, as well, and by him they are gravely Whether they like it or not, her grace presented-those for the children of the of Roxburghe expects all her visitors at tenantry at the schoolhouse a day or two he castle to assist her at Christmas before Christmas, and the more elaborate ime. There are two of her sisters-in-law, gifts from the Christmas tree which forms I am told, who never can be induced to the center of the festivities at the castle

Lady Cheylesmore, who was Elizabeth French of New York, is another American peeress who does big things in the cause of charity at Christmas time. Of all the fair representatives of her nation According to her custom, the young who go in for good works there is none duchess is this year organizing a great who has a finer capacity for making "treat" for the children of the local people help themselves than this handschools. She invariably provides the big- some New Yorker. Wherever she pitches ous tea, with all sorts of cakes and leaves behind her some trace of her pracmade entirely by women and children, are Unfortunately, the duchess' health does not ordinary dolls, but puppets bearing

as most people know, was formerly the used to provide for old and young alike. plays the part of Lady Bountiful with unfailing regularity. She has a special December an artist in such work hap- the duchess' absence in America instruc- Treloar. pened to be living in the neighborhood tions came from her several weeks ago | The Salvation Army's Christmas fund, as of Hughenden. There he saw the tall, fair that both these donations were to be well as that organized by the Poor Chilwoman on her errands of mercy and, repeated this year. struck by her picturesqueness, made a rough sketch on the spot, and the following year sold the enlarged picture under the title of "The Lady Bountiful."

likely to be felt there a fortnight hence one of them, and she is especially anxious shall Field, Mrs. Adair and Mrs. John elected mayor of Woodstock, will, it is ities, and was told that it was just pos- Christmas cheer for the poor of this land.

some of his older pensioners, but there little "family's" party. will be no such good cheer, without re-Each Christmas at Hughenden, which, gard for cost, as his American duchess

This Christmas, as last, the Duchess of duchess' little guests number forty-two porter of the last-named charity, which Mariborough's charitable activities will be at present, and the matron tells me that borrowed the idea of "Name Trees" from confined to London. Year after year, at they are to have a magnificent Christ- America and introduced it over here three the Yuletide season, the former Consuelo mas tree, with a "real" Santa Claus (un- years ago. One of its vice presidents, by Vanderbilt drove from cottage to cottage less that part is played by the duchess the way, is Lady Naylor-Leyland, whose in the neighborhood of Blenheim Palace, herself), and that each child will have a native place is Cleveland, Ohio. the duke's Oxfordshire seat, seeing to it present which "her grace" herself has se- Another Yuletide charity, the "Santa that her "people," as she called them, lected. She is said to know the charac- Claus Fund," of which Lady St. Helier wanted for nothing, and her absence is teristics and the personal history of every is the chief organizer, numbers Mrs. Marno less keenly than it was a twelvemonth to make this Christmas at her "Fold" a Mackay among its patrons; in fact, the ago, when, for the first Christmas in memorable one, as it is the first since the name of hardly one of the more promieleven years, there were empty cupboards place was started. When I called there nent American women in English society and stockings in Woodstock village. The the other day I found the entire house is absent from the list of those who de-Duke of Marlborough, who has just been being redecorated for the coming festiv- vote a tithe of their plenty to providing

added, quite simply, "and if there was a the duchess frankly admitted that at not permit her to spend every Christmas ridiculous resemblance to different well- true, spend Christmas at the palace, and sible that the duchess would come back there may be "Christmas hampers" for to London in order to be present at her

> Lady Paget, who formerly was Miss Paran Stevens, is another American woman of title who is to the fore in London Last year, deprived of her role of St. with good works at Christmas time.
>
> Mindful of her own recent sufferings, concern for the old people and the very Nicholas to this corner of Oxfordshire, perhaps, she sent a goodly check to the frocks, and she is one of the few people of London with a Christmas dinner, tions that it was to be devoted entirely who have the art of combining these two through the agency of her favorite char- to providing dainties for the poorer pacharacteristics. One year-although she itable organization, the Church Army. Not tients, and her name is also to be found herself may be unaware of the fact-Lady content with this, however, she sent also among the subscribers to the famous Cheylesmore furnished the subject of the a goodly check to provide clothing and "Hamper Fund for Crippled Children." Christmas supplement to a well-known fuel for some hundreds more of London's which was founded several years ago by sixpenny weekly. During the previous slum folk, and I am told that in spite of the late lord mayor of London, W. P.

dren's Yuletide Association, is among the Meanwhile, the duchess has not for- many London charities to which the Duchgotten "The Fold," as she calls her ess of Roxburghe is a generous contribucreche in Endsleigh street, for the chil- tor, though neither her name nor the dren of men who are "serving time," and amount of her donation ever is allowed to active preparations are being made there be made public. The duchess' sister-in-law, for elaborate Christmas festivities. The Lady Aldstair Innes-Ker, is another sup-



A CHRISTMAN TREAT FOR THE POOR OF LONDON
GIVEN BY THE DUCKESS OF MARLBOROUGH

HILL RISE.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

in Bridge strekt. The dome of Selkirk was seen by these strangers from the railway carriage ere they alighted; the plate-glass facility of Selkirk arrested their attention as they drove from the their attention as they drove from the station; the covered carts of Selkirk flashed his name before their eyes, printed it on their memories; their first exploration of the town was to find the nearest way to Schirk. They had been in Medford for months, perhaps; were the chained slaves of Selkirk, before they turned down a side street and happened to see, under an architect's office, the quaint little shop that called itself Modes et Robes.

to blame for this lack of No one, probably-unless one might accuse Destiny or the Spirit of the Age. But Miss Walsh said it was all Miss Barter's fault, and Miss Barter said Miss Walsh had swindled her. With insufficient business to occupy their minds, and without customers to soften their manners and silence their tongues, the partners were continually quarreling. An acrimonious wrangle filled their enforced leisure day after day. Mr. Dowling's clerks could hear day. Mr. Dowling's clerks could hear them, and sometimes stamped upon the floor to beg for peace. Then Miss Walsh used to come out into the passage and call up to the clerks most acrimoniously: "If you shake the plaster off our ceiling I'll make you pay for it. I shall write to Mr. Rogers this minute and tell him it's you and not us he must look with his architect and advisor the stamped upon the floor to called to try on. Mrs. Dowling, however, required further explanation from the husband. Thus miss Barter became a source of ever-increasing trouble to Mr. Dowling.

She was troublesome also to Mr. Crunden. When he came for a business talk with his architect and advisor the stamped upon the floor to beg for peace. Then Miss was trouble to me, and the stamped upon the floor to beg for peace. Then Miss was trouble to me, and the floor to beg for peace. Then Miss was trouble to me, and the floor to beg for peace. Then Miss was trouble to me, and the floor to be floor to be for a business the floor to be floor to b tell him it's you and not us he must look to. There's cracks you've made already that are big enough to put your float that are big enough to put your fingers passage.
in," etc. And then the angry senior "Oh, Martner would return to the shop and your su pick up the thread of the squabble with Miss Jessie. "Give you back your money and let you go?" Oh, that s a good one, that is. You never wanted for cheek, Jessie. Give me back my money—that you've lost for me by your laziness and your carelessness and your under—thand ways. Let me see my money again grateful, Mr. Crunden, to think of your rest ways to talk about yours. It is induced—"" and we'll begin to talk about yours. I carned my money, I did-scraped and

fact much uneasiness and annoyance beeath Mr. Dowling.
And Miss Jessie in her troubles troubled other people. Too often she brought the discomfort and worry out of the shop and took them upstairs to the first floor. Passing the open door of the clerks' room she approached the closed door of Mr. Dowling's sanctum and tapped with her pencil-tappings. At the sound of take me. And you did as good as promise these light pencil-tappings Mr. Dowling, seated in his big chair before his pigeon"Well, you know, essie, we are so busy seated in his big chair before his pigeon-hole desk, used to start guiltily. He knew what the pencil signal meant; his little neighbor craved admittance, and he was on tap on his desk, once if she might theater. come in and three times if he was occupied and did not wish to see her. H dreaded such visits; he disliked the notion of a secret understanding implied by signals; he never wished to see Barter. But, whether he tapped Miss Barter. But, whether he tapped once or twice Miss Barter now always

Only me. Well, you are mean to pretend you were busy. I knew you were And then Miss Barter began troubling lady who had complimented him on look-

"Oh, that odious woman has said the cruelest things to me today. It believes she goes about backbitting and slandering me all over the town. It's her tongue that is ruining the business and putting every one off. And if you'll believe me, the way she goes on with Mr. Lloyd—you know who I mean—White & Burreil's trayeler. Well, if I was to take a leaf out of her book and go blackening any one's character, I could tell tales of Katie Walsh that would surprise you."

Mr Dowling, listening to this sort of thing, deeply regretted that he had not himself taken the empty shop when French the hatter became bankrupt; or that a cheesemonger, a fried fish seller, a bird-and-dog fancier had not taken it instead of a fashionable dressmaker.

"And with the thinness, Jack, you've grown so handsome—so thoroughbred, too."

Miss Jessie was always lavish of compliments, but Jack now extracted from her soft words no more gratification than had Mr. Crunden, He, with Mr. Crunden had Mr. Dowling, found her most trouble-some.

The fact was that, so far as Jack was concerned, Jessie was necessarily troublesome. Jack had a place—a large place—in her future plans. It seemed to Jessie obvious that although Jack might still look an aristocrat, he had certainly cased to be one; the Medford upheaval had swept away all those social barriers which once had separated them; socially they stood now side on the same Oh, that odious woman has said the

. .

up therefrom.
"Why, there's no harm in it."

said Mr. Dowling hastily, "no But suppose any one came in-they might draw wrong conclu-

'Well, you are particular." "One cannot be too particular. Sit down over there, please, and tell me what

It was the rent for the quarter to be made up. Could Mr. Dowling, just for this once, help his struggling neighbors?" "Fifteen pounds to make up. To you who are so rich, it may seem nothing at all, but we don't know where to get it-

and when she visited the shop she always came upstairs to the office to see her husband. The most loyal husband does not want his wife at his business ad-

dress, and Mr. Dowling, when conducting a professional interview, was often flustered and confused by hearing a wellknown heavy footsteps on the stairs. One day it chanced that Mrs. Dowling, coming up, met Miss Barter going down.
Miss Barter explained that she was
expecting Mrs. Dowling, and she had
run up to inquire why Mrs. Dowling had

"Oh, Mr. Crunden, I am so delighted at your success. One likes the persons one respects to be great and famous. You are a Croesus now, aren't you, Mr. Crunden-

kindness-Mr. Crunden grunted, an. his answers saved it by honest earning. I didn't go to these compliments were both short and out and cadge it. • • " There was in surly; he found Miss Barter's flattering attentions very troublesome

But most of all was Miss Jessie trouble-some to Jack Vincent. "Jack, I came up to the cottage three evenings last week and you were never in. ook them upstairs to the first floor. If you went out on purpose to avoid me, I think it very mean of you. Yes, I do, she approached the closed door Jack. Here was I sitting alone, and pining to go to the theater-and no one to just now; and after work I really am so tired—that I should go to sleep at the

> "Oh, I don't mind about the theater, though you used to take me, Jack, when-ever I asked you. I don't mind if we

only go for a quiet walk."

Jack in these days walked by himself very quietly and warlly when he knew that there was a probability of meeting Miss Barter. At the sight of her largely picturesque hat and severely trim walst he had more than once dodged round a corner and runs a little way in true grey. corner and run a little way in true grey-hound fashion. Miss Barter was the 'And with the thinness, Jack, you've

In thing, deeply regretted that he had not the had not taken the hatter became bankrupt: or that a cheesemonger, a fried fish seller, a bird-and-dog fancier had not taken it instead of a fashionable dressmaker.

"Mr. Dowling, do be nice to me this of the seller, and no one could think it strange afternoon. I am that down—and I hoped to easted you in the best and kindest;" and then perhaps Miss Barter would sit upon the arm of Mr. Dowling's long union be the best thing for her?

In fer future plans. It seemed to Jessie advantage of it. She would believe that a bashful "Yes," bins, she that had not slow him, as prophesied by Councilor Hope, the nast funder of a sashful "Yes," bins, she that had no sale with the ceased to be one; the Medford upheaval about his person, and he felt that he had not taken it inset and of a fashionable dressmaker.

"Mr. Dowling, do be nice to me this of the councilor Hope, the nast funder's would and swept away all those social barriers about his person, and he felt that he had not taken it had swept away all those social barriers about his person, and he felt that he had not taken it had swept away all those social barriers about his person, and he felt that he had not taken it had swept away all those social barriers about his person, and he felt that he had not taken it had swept away all those social barriers about his person, and he felt that he choleest napery, and the support of the cupbcards where bright, cold eyes would penetrate to his inner breast pocket and read the secret. He felt that if she knew how Griggs were now offering an open hand, gave him explicit assurance of the cupbcards where the cupbcards where bright, cold eyes would penetrate to his inner breast pocket and read the secret. He felt that if she knew how Griggs were now offering an open hand, gave him explicit assurance of the cupbcards where the cupbc

big chair, and be promptly asked to get She was quite sure it would be the best ter occurred on a Saturday afternoon in up therefrom. thing for Jack—although he might not at midwinter. And this was the day when first believe this; she was fond of Jack and wished him well; finally, after careful consideration, extending over two or three dark in Hill Rise. Jessie had demanded years, she made up her mind as to the future of Jack and herself. Henceforth to lengthy debate and a full exin all that she said, she was trying to position of Jack's arguments—which bring Jack round to her way of thinking; to entangle him in such a thought-maze that he should eventually unink that what she wished him to think was what he himself had thought originally. She used to speak with emotion of the dear old past when they were first drawn to one another-omitting, of course, all

reference to the drawing power of such ugly magnets as the White Hart bar and ugly magnets as the White Hart bar and its high stools, etc.
"Those were the happy times, Jack—when we had nothing to worry us. And why shouldn't such times come again?"

a man's eyes than his lips. And then tested you, Jack, didn't I? And that And that came forward so nobly-proving it by giving me all that capital-"

"Oh, don't go back to that, Jessie. You were quite welcome to it. I only wish you had done better with your business. "If it had been the success I hoped, you should have had your share, Jack. Yes, you should. I'd have paid you good percentage out of all profits. But that odious woman has swindled me—yes, robbed me of all you trusted to me."

"All right Lessie: if the money is gone

"All right, Jessie; if the money is gone. it isn't worth talking about, and I'm sor-

ry I can't offer you any more."

It became apparent to Jessie, after many conversations, that little was to be done with Jack by appeals to sentiment rather than to reason. His thoughts had become so prosaic that the poetry of life could not entangle them; instead of turning and twisting bewildered in her maze, they broke fence and got out the nearest

Finally, therefore, she talked to Mr. Vincent in a thoroughly practical and busi-"Jack, I'm sick to death of Medford, I'm not doing any good here—and the longer I stay I do believe the worse it will be."

I stay I do believe the worse it will be."
"Oh, don't say that, Jessie."
"And I can't see that you are doing any
good either. What's the use of slaving
for a stingy old hedgehog, like Mr. Crunden? He's imposing on you all the time.
He'll work you till you drop, without
ever giving you your fair share. No matter how rich he grows, he won't give you
a percentage out of his riches. Why
shouldn't you and I just up stick together
and go to London?"

for him to go to London and there seek work; he was staggered by the proposal that he should take a companion with him.

"We could be married before the registrar. No larks, Jack. I'm not going

without the ring."
Mr. Vincent was greatly embarrassed It was an occasion on which it is exceed-in his employ; they were merely saluting ingly difficult to say "No" courteously, yet a famous citizen. Then, day after day, firmly, and without giving offense. With apologetic murmurs, vague gestures and stammering expressions of regret, Mr. Vincent explained that Jessie's slowly ma-Vincent explained that Jessie's slowly matured decision must be reversed. Her plan for his future welfare was impossible.

"Why not? I can get my two pounds a week in London—and later on I can try to shop there. Meantime you'll be earning money—more money than you'll get here. I believe I could do grand in a londor shop of my own—without any here. I believe I could do grand in a long level—solid citizens like Mr. Brown London shop of my own—without any odious woman to interfere with me. And I can trust you for a worker—not one who'd let your wife slave for you wille not spoken for years insisted on speaking you went about ide. Do let's do it. And as though they were resuming a conversation of the property of the property of the nat-touch-here. I believe I could do grand in a ling level—solid citizens like Mr. Brown and Mr. Rogers—began to cross the road and accost him. People who stood above the nat-touch-here. I believe I could do grand in a ling level—solid citizens like Mr. Brown and Mr. Rogers—began to cross the road and accost him. People to whom he had not spoken for years insisted on speaking to the national property of the national property in a long to the national property of the nation if ever we make our fortune—you being a tion interrupted by accident yesterday, gentleman can put me into society and we No reference was made by townsmen to can forget the shop, and swagger with the mud-throwing past; no apologies were the best of them."

It was painfully difficult to thank Jessie but if Mr. Crundon studied the demeanfor her confidence while refusing to take or of the town, he must judge by very advantage of it. She would believe that a many signs that Medford wished to show polite "No" really meant a bashful "Yes." him, as prophesied by Councilor Hope, When she reopened the matter, Jack had the change wrought by the years in public

Lizzie Crunden, returnng from her thoughtful tramp, came upon them after

position of Jack's arguments—which still appeared to her inconclusive. "You do owe me that, at least, Jack—to tell me the reason why." It was a most distressing walk and talk. They were walking and talking still when the dusk fell; they had stopped walking, but were still talking in the lamplight when Lizzie, unobserved fitted past in the shadows. served, flitted past in the shadows.
"Then I think," Miss Barter was say-

ing, "you've treated me very cruel-yes,

and very mean, too."
"Oh, don't say that, Jessie."
"But I do say it. If you never meant why shouldn't such times come again:
"Oh," said Jack cheerfully, "the times aren't bad now, as times go."
"I knew you liked me," said Jessle, with much feeling, "almost directly. More by your eyes than by what you said. I beany girl. And it isn't fair, either. You've as a Pioneer of Progress and a Resolute spoilt my chances. Charlie Padfield would Foe to Torpor and Stagnation. Succesother men wouldn't come forward while they saw you about with me—and now my best years are gone. I shall be passy— like that odious woman—before I can look

"Jessie, I'm awfully sorry. Really, I've always tried to be a good pal to you. I wouldn't have stood in your light for

worlds. "Oh, I know what it means," said Jessie bitterly. "I'm not good enough. You're out helress-hunting. You've thought of a better way of getting old Crunden's money than by any percentages. I'm not such a fool as I can't see the meaning of it. It's that Crunden girl has come between you and me, Jack."
"Jessie, I've been a good pal to you.

Don't turn nasty. "Yes, and haven't you turned nasty to me? If I'm nasty I've a right to be-

and show it, too."

That was Jack's last promenade with
Miss Barter. When it was over he felt clear in conscience and yet pricked by remorse. He was innocent. There was nothing in the indictment; the charge should never have been preferred, and yet, somehow, he had an uneasy sense that he could not blame his accuser for having brought him into the dock,

CHAPTER XXII

The tide was turning. . Mr. Crunden was in danger of losing the old prefix to his name. Perhaps for six months no one but Miss Barter had called him Hedgehog. One day walking thoughtfully he stopped short, turned, and "To London?" said Jack, blankly. This looked back at three men standing by was at the very time when he himself was considering if it would not be well they had done something very unusual. each of the three had touched his hat. Preoccupied by his thoughts Mr. Crunden had, nevertheless, noticed the unexpected action of the three hands, and now he stared in reflective surprise. He da not even know the men; they had never been in his employ; they were merely saluting he observed that this new custom was spreading-was becoming universal. One copied another; the policeman saw the omnibus driver raise his wanp before his

'And the wish of all. Mr. Crunden, is to let bygones be bygones. We were talking of you after the council meeting on Monday night. A full meeting-a representative meeting-and after done, we spoke free among ourselves, without 'umbug. The old feeling has gone, Mr. Crunden. We do not begrudge you your wealth nor your success, Mr. Crunden. We see now that, in helping yourself, you have helped others * * * That," said Mr. Hopkins, "is what I felt I should like to make myself the mouth-piece to say-and to shake you by the hand, Mr Crunden,

The tide had turned-was flowing fast the other way It almost seemed as though, if nothing checked the flood, old Crunden would soon be absolutely popu-

He had been described in the Advertiser sive on-dits in Mees' Bulletin contained quotations from Jack's pamphlet lavishly praising the beauties of the Hill Rise estate. When newspapers begin to give one free advertisements one may safely accept them as echoes of the public voice

As the springtime brought life to the sleeping woods, as the sunlight sparkled and flashed again on Selkirk's dome and Valentine's day came round once more to set the shy birds building, Mr. Hope well advanced in his series of articles, was doing Mr. Crunden rather more than justice. Mr. Hope's pen had a trick of running away with him. When it had started to eulogize it plunged on, and was now careering wildly. If one might be-lieve all that was said in these later installments of Mr. Hope's series, thanks were que to Mr. Crunden for all good thinks in and about Medford-the creasing warmth of the sun, the violets on the moss-carpet beneath the beeches, the song of the birds, the rising of the sap, the quickening and gladdening of the human heart after the dull

winter.

But while Mr. Hope sang this vernal and on all sides one could see and hear movement, activity, progress, there was an ominous restful silence over the Hill Rise land. No shy birds were building there; the tender young grass was tinting unused roads; violets had wandered to the second of the power of enjoying life. That the power of enjoying life. That is unhappily the case with our poor old coustin—M.ss Vincent—at Bournemouth."

The tide was flowing strong.

The tide was flowing strong. paean, while the earth was coming to life there; the tender young grass was tint-ing unused roads; violets had wandered from the woods and bashfully, stupidly planted themselves by the side of granite curbstones, to tell one that no footsteps as yet had passed along the new pathways. On all the land, when St. Valentine's feast slipped by in the calendar, no builder this year was busy—except Mr. Crunden, slowly, desperately slowly, fine ishing the last of his decoy houses. On February afternoons visitors several times stood waiting at the door of cere-mony at King's Cottage. The spirit that impelled Mr. Hopkins and such prominent town fathers from one pavement to antown fathers from one pavement to another at sight of Crunden now brought the vicar of St. Barnabas and nis lady to call upon Miss Crunden. Dr. Blake, whose visits in the past had been of a professional character solely, now called without being sent for, and left not only his own card, but the card of Mrs. Blake. Miss Irene Hope did not call—although her papa had promised that she would do Lizzie this honor-but she wrote some-what incoherently to explain that she still intended to call. Miss Hope was full of engagements—dreadfully rushed just now -too uncertain in her plans to name a specific date for the call; Lizzie must, therefore, excuse delay and not attribute Miss Hope's absence to willful neglect. "Life is a riddle to all of us," said Miss Hope incoherently. "The intention has always seemed to me everything, if one means well in what one does no one should blame one whatever one does." As Lizzie had never asked Irene to call she more than forgave her for calling; but she thought Irene's letter, with its life riddles and general incoherence, a most ridiculous, affected com-

Among February visitors was Lady Vincent. Her ladyship, calling, drank tea one afternoon in the parlor. Mrs. Price and Jane hastily produced the best

stands."

The visitor, at first listening attentively, soon permitted her mind to wander from this historical information, and presently overwhelmed Mr. Crunden by the steadily bly he had blundered headlong to ruin. reflective and yet unconscious scrutiny He had succeeded in small things; he that had always produced nervousness in must, therefore, succeed in big. There was

"A very old house," said Mr. Crunden, abruptly concluding, and rubbing his hands together nervously.

"We are all of us growing older," said Lady Vincent. "My husband, Mr. Crunden, no longer deplores all the changes in the town. He has no unkind memory of your opposition to his wishes—and I hope you, Mr. Crunden, think more kindly of us, now that you have had your own

street, and all the world was greeting him. Tradesmen on the thresholds of their shops tarried to salute him, would most dismally failing. not let him pass without compliments and bows. They all thought him rich and everything had gone wrong; if you compliments and bows.

smiles seemed to welcome him; but he months Jack Vincent and he had been could take no pleasure in the sunlight or the friendly faces. He walked as a man the figures, however you tested them, told the friendly faces. He walked as a man dreaming, a man haunted by doubt and disaster. The looked at his untrodden roads, at his untenanted houses, at the wide, empty spaces on his land, it appeared to him incredible that all the stupid world did not read his secret and recognize his defeat. The ugly truth stared at them—surely they could see for themselves. He was beaten and they hailed him as victorious

him as victorious. He suffered now, almost without respite. Awake or asleep, he could not shake off the intolerable sense of failure. He was a man living in a dream—a horrible nightmare composed of solid facts, not of wild fancles. The dead weight of his forty acres was full upon him each light as he lay down to rest, was crushing him as he cottages.

(To be concluded next Sunday.) acres was full upon him each night as he

daylight hours.
It tortured him to think of the past—of his garnered hoard, of the slowly amassed fortune that used to give him strength and pride and courage. He had considered himself rich, had been staggered by his own success. As a young man he had never ventured to hope that he would one day have put by £27,000. It was nothing perhaps, if you measured the fortune by London standards, but for a small provin-

many of us were led astray. But we can see clear now."

Solicited affability and condescension, drank his tea with a gulp, refused all cial operations. "You see, sir, a sentite-Often he thought of what he had said food, modestly withdrew from the table man like your father soon gets addift in to the hearth, and at a respectful disto the hearth, and at a respectful distance told the visitor all about the age of the house.

"Mr. Dowling and I both put that woodwork in the hall at Charles Two or James of the hearth, and at a respectful distance in the hearth, and at a respectful distance in the hearth, and at a respectful distance in the hearth, and at a respectful distance in the hearth, and a respectful distance in the hearth, and a respectful distance in the hearth and a respe Two-and what is more, I believe the paneling was removed bodily out of a church. If you ask me what church, my lady, I say the same church that is indisorder. lady, I say the same church that is indicated by a cross on the ancient maps of Oxford, with no other learning than a lif-Medford, close to where St. Barnabas now the Latin and Greek, he could not have stands."

those who were not familiar friends of the ruinous fallacy in all his laborious her ladyship.

The ruinous fallacy in all his laborious reasoning. It was as if a man should say

He could understand now. In the past, when successfully developing one of his us, now that you have had your own way-in everything."

"I would like to say"—and Mr. Crunden cleared his throat and coughed—"I have a very-sincere respect for Sir John—and his family. Any words of mine on the subject of Hill Rise, which might seem disrespectful to Sir John, were spoken foolishly—and regretted ever afterward."

"Oh," said Jack, "that's all right. Sir John understood."

"Quite so," said Lady Vincent graciouster and lord, of money, time, everything:

John understood."

"Quite so," said Lady Vincent graciously; "but it is kind of Mr. Crunden to tell us that he was not really hostile to your ather. • • • My husband," and she turned to Mr. Crunden very graciously, "is in great anxiety just now;" and she turned again to her son. "Jack, dear, we have grave news from Bournemouth."

"What—is the old lady better again?"

"No; worse. Poor dear, she has caused Dr. Lacy serious alarm in the last few days. • • It is sad, Mr. Crunden, to be given length of years but to be de-The tide was flowing strong.

"Fine morning, si::" "Good-day, Mr.
Crunden;" I hope I see you well, sir:"—
Mr. Crunden was walking through High
much land and a hundred times as much land and and a hundred times as much land and hundr

From the very first he had failed: prosperous, and they bowed to the success and the power that, after all, had done them no injury.

The sun shone; wherever he glanced plainly disclosed itself. During the last containing the last respect to respect to respect to the work into separate jobs and considered each part in detail, failure plainly disclosed itself. During the last respect to respect to respect to the work into separate jobs and considered each part in detail, failure plainly disclosed itself. During the last the cheapest had run away with £1,700. You could account for the increase of cost over estimate easily enough; this was the difference in result between taking discounts and paying for credit; between working at leisure and working as if driven by demons. But the difference meant a loss instead of a profit on all the building so far done—except his first

Appropriate Bathing Places. From Life.

Lame man-A limpid lake. Deaf man-A sound. Blind man-A sea. Sick man-A well. Base ball crank-A run. Fireman-A stream. Inebriate-A tank (or the falls). A crook-A strait. Gambler-A pool. Pawnbroker-A pond. Shoemaker-A creek. Burglar-The breakers. An athlete—A spring.

Messenger boy—The r

The czar—The surf.