

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER VI.

The news of Mrs. Fraser's sudden increase of weakness and ill health reached Mrs. Thorngate the following afternoon, as the vicar's wife was returning from some of her parochial ministrations.

"What is wrong with her?" she asked Dr. Sentance, anxiously, as she met him riding homeward.

"I confess she puzzles me," he answered. "I sounded the heart this morning, and, except for extremely weak action, I can trace no definite signs of a malady."

"I think I will go on to Dinglewood and see her," Mrs. Thorngate said to herself, as she was alone again. Constance Fraser and she were warm friends. "I want to see how that child is getting on, too."

She was just passing her own gate as she thought of this, and was suddenly astonished by being confronted by a young man, who proceeded to fold his arms about her and kiss her cheek most heartily.

"Well, Aunt Agatha, here I am once again, you see," said a soft, singularly pleasant voice.

"Beverley, my dear boy! How you startled me! Oh, dear!" and poor Mrs. Thorngate fairly gasped for breath.

"Poor Aunt Agatha! What a shame! I am awfully sorry, dear. I thought you saw me. Come in and sit down, you dear old thing. Where's Uncle Gus?"

Mrs. Thorngate allowed herself to be led up to the rectory by the strong arm. Her surprise was vanishing and only pleasure remained. Beverley came home once again! She could scarcely believe it. Beverley, that dear, handsome, scapegrace son of her dead and gone, yet still beloved sister, Margaret! Mrs. Thorngate's child-bereft heart clung to this young man with the tenacity of an ivy plant. He was, after her husband, her dearest and most treasured possession on earth. Once inside the cozy dining room she embraced him warmly.

"Let me look at you, darling," she said, holding him off at arm's length and feasting her eyes on his extremely handsome face, with its dark, olive skin, clear-cut features and short-cropped beard. "Oh, my dear! I am glad to see you once more. You had creature, never to have written me a line all these months! And now you want something to eat, and there is nothing decent in the house."

"You will sit down and take your ease. I have already ransacked the larder, and with very good results. Your cold beef was beyond reproach, my dear aunt."

Mrs. Thorngate laughed. "How good it is to see you in your old chair," she said, tenderly. "How I wish Gus was at home."

"He will be back in a few days, I suppose?" Beverley Rochfort observed casually, after having learned the reason of his uncle being away. To an onlooker it might easily have been perceived that the young man had no very great regret in the rector's absence; but Mrs. Thorngate did not observe it.

"And now you will make up your mind to stay with us, will you not, my dearest? I can assure you we are not very dull down here, now; we have the Duchess of Harborough, with the Marquis of Iverne, and Lord John Glendurwood at Craiglands. The Frasers are at Dinglewood; the Everests settled in Glaston for the hunting; no end of smart people one way and another."

Beverley smiled complacently and stroked his short, silky beard. Since necessity would force him to make the rectory his headquarters for at least some few months, he was not at all averse to hearing his aunt's news.

"I am not surprised they should come here: it is a good country. I don't know a better, and I have traveled through a good many in my time. I suppose I can get a sort of amount in either Glaston or Montberry?"

"No need to go so far," smiled Mrs. Thorngate. "Your uncle has two hunters in the stables, and he will be infinitely obliged to any one who will give them a little exercise, more especially as he cannot be here to use them himself. Would you like to go and have a look at them, my dear boy? You will find Potter still in the stables; in fact, very little is changed in the year and a half you have been away."

"I don't mind if I do. But where are you off to?"

Mrs. Thorngate explained her reasons for going to Dinglewood.

"I think I will leave the horses, and accompany you," he said; "it is just as well to resume acquaintance with the folk around."

And so, chatting languidly in his soft, musical voice, Beverley Rochfort walked through the muddy lanes to Dinglewood. He remembered he had made a distinct impression on Sheila Fraser when he met her before, and, although he had no definite plans in his mind, he felt he should be wise to renew the friendship with this extremely wealthy young woman.

He let Mrs. Thorngate's cheery tongue run on, and was not very communicative about himself.

"Just back from the Cape," he observed, when his aunt pinned him on this point, "and an uncomfortable time I have had of it. Gold mines, indeed! More like treadmills. Never worked so hard in my life, and nothing for it!" He laughed softly. "Aunt Agatha, I have come home with empty pockets!"

A slight shade passed over Mrs. Thorngate's face.

"We must not let that last, Beverley," she replied; "then a little more hurriedly, you still have your small income, of course?"

"I am sorry to say, dear aunt, that my income is a thing of the past. I realized the capital when I was in England before. I had absolute need of the money, and there was nothing else to do. I thought I told you of this."

Mrs. Thorngate uttered a quiet "No, dear, you did not," and somehow the lancid grew misty before her. She recalled how hard her sister had struggled to keep this small amount of money safe for her boy. Beverley's indifferent tone jarred on her a little, but she was too

fond of him to let that last. "You must have a chat with Gus when he comes back, and until then, dear, look upon me as your banker," she said, gently.

"Dear Aunt Agatha!" Beverley murmured, pressing her hand. His gratitude was entirely assumed, since he had settled this arrangement in his mind before he left Port Elizabeth; but Mrs. Thorngate never doubted it for a moment.

"You will be a rich man some day, Beverley, you are so clever. Brains like yours always succeed."

"They certainly have served me very well so far," agreed Mr. Rochfort. There was a curious smile on his face as he recalled how often his brains had carried him through disagreeable and awkward crises. "I must tell you all about my plans to-morrow, Aunt Agatha. Are those the lights of Dinglewood? I had an idea it was much further away. What a fine property it is! Miss Fraser is a lucky young woman. Is she appropriated yet?"

"There is no definite engagement; but I don't think I am far wrong if I say Sheila's fancy leans toward Lord John Glendurwood. I think you met him when you were here before."

A grim look settled on Beverley Rochfort's handsome face; his lips compressed themselves into a tight, ugly line.

"Yes, I know Glendurwood," was all he said; but a keen listener might have detected something hard and strange in his voice. "He is a very decided prig, Aunt Agatha."

Mrs. Thorngate made no reply to this, for, truth to tell, she had a weak spot in her heart for Lord John, and was one of his warmest admirers.

"I hate prigs! I knew one at there"—with a comprehensive nod backward at some unnamed bourne—"to whom I took a fancy." Beverley laughed softly. "He was the surliest chap I ever came across, out what a plucky one! We knocked against each other pretty often. I felt sorry for him, somehow; he seemed always so glum. He gave me a packet to bring home to some lawyers here, and made me swear I would honestly deliver it. He called himself John Marsh, but I am quite sure that was not his name. He must have been a good-looking fellow when he was younger, with eyes as blue as—well, as your large sapphire ring, Aunt Agatha, and coal-black hair. A strange combination! I never saw it before."

"Why, that's just what that child is like!" cried the rector's wife.

"What child?"

"Miss Fraser's maid, and a protegee of Gus! Such a lovely little creature. I wish you could see her, Beverley."

"I never waste my admiration on servants," he said as they reached the low, wide porch-like entrance of Dinglewood House.

Miss Fraser was dispensing tea to her grace the Duchess of Harborough and one or two other people. She received Mrs. Thorngate in the warm, pretty fashion she always assumed before Jack's mother.

"How good of you to come! Dear mamma will be so pleased to see you! Thanks, she is really better this afternoon—at least I hope so. Oh! she frightened me terribly when she fell down in that fainting fit! I did not want her to go, but she would do it. Mr. Rochfort, will you come and sit here? Dear god-mamma, may I introduce Mr. Beverley Rochfort to you? He has just come back from foreign parts, and will entertain you, I am sure!"

The duchess moved her ample skirts so that Beverley might sit down. Lord John was speaking very plainly and earnestly.

"Sheila," he said, as he drew the girl apart from the rest for a moment, "how comes that man here?"

"What man? Oh, Mr. Rochfort? Why, he is dear Mrs. Thorngate's nephew. Stupid Jack, as if you did not know that!"

"I did not know it, or I should not have asked the question. I have never seen him down here before, and I have never heard Mrs. Thorngate speak of him."

"Oh, he is her joy and her beloved. I call him handsome, don't you? But, of course, no man ever admires another; I forgot."

"Whoever he may be, I know him as one of the greatest blackguards it has ever been my lot to meet."

"Good gracious, Jack, how awful! and Mr. Thorngate a clergyman, too!"

"Mr. Thorngate has nothing to do with him. I doubt if he would ever let him inside his house if he knew as much about him as I do."

Beverley was in the best of spirits. He had carefully noted that whispered conference at the fire, just as he had noted that Lord John Glendurwood did not vouchsafe him any greeting. He was much relieved as Sheila came up to him and treated him to a smile. He did not quite understand her expression, but he studied it well and determined to think it over. He was a most amusing man; he could tell an anecdote with just enough disregard for the truth as to print it well and make it more palatable. His voice was so pleasant, his bearing so graceful, and his face so handsome, that he won everybody's heart.

"You must come to Craiglands," cried the duchess, with decision.

Meanwhile Jack Glendurwood was striding through the chill February afternoon; a slight frost and fall of snow had prevented the meet that morning, and he felt a trifle bored.

By this time he was at the stables, and, going in, he examined Sheila's mare Diane and gave a word of praise to the head groom. As he was sauntering across the court yard he ran against a man hurrying in from a side avenue, which was the servant's entrance and exit from Dinglewood and the village.

"What, Downs, you here! Is Lord Iverne ill, or what is the matter?" he exclaimed in surprise, as he recognized his own servant.

Downs stammered out some sort of explanation, about having left something

belonging to him at the house the day before.

Jack looked at the man. He had not had him long, and did not particularly care for him. He felt that Downs was lying at this moment. He whistled to the dogs scattered about, and turned down the avenue from which his servant had hurried. He had not gone many steps before he came to a standstill. There, just in front of him, her hands pressed close to her breast, clothed in the black cloak and veil in which he had first seen her, stood Audrey.

She was perfectly erect, and held her head proud and high. The light was fast growing dim, but he could see how white her face was, and how her eyes were glowing.

"What are you doing here alone?" he exclaimed, almost peremptorily, coming close up to her. As he did so he noticed that her breath was coming in great panting sobs, as from some one who had been mortally frightened. "What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, hurriedly. "Will you not speak to me, little friend?"

"I have no friends," she said in a voice that was hoarse with agitation and excitement; "I am all alone in the world. Even Jack cannot help me now."

Jack Glendurwood moved a step nearer, and his foot kicked against a bag that was on the ground; but he did not notice it. "Something has happened," he said, earnestly and kindly. "Will you tell me what it is?"

Audrey gazed before her in a set, fixed, dazed fashion for another moment or so; then she gave a little cry, and pressed her two hands before her eyes.

"Oh! if I could have only killed him!" she said, fiercely, yet kindly. "How dare he! How dare he!"

Lord John started and his pulses thrilled. He was about to question her, and then, like a flash of lightning, the truth came to him—Downs' stammering awkwardness, the girl's shame and misery. The man had evidently insulted her—perhaps had kissed her! A hot tide of color surged to Jack Glendurwood's face.

"It shall not occur again," he soothed her, and still clasping her hands; "you must not come out here in the dusk alone if you can help it; you are too young, too—too pretty, my child. Now you are going to be brave, you will not cry any more!"

But the tears were fast coursing one another down her fair, white cheeks.

"I am going away," she said, as well as she could speak. "Miss Fraser won't keep me any longer. She said I was to go at once. I—I know I am stupid, but if she would only give me a chance I should do better—but she won't, and now I must go back to the home and they will send me, and—"

"Sent you away like this—at this time of night? Oh, there must be some mistake!" Jack's voice was full of just indignation.

Audrey assured him it was only too true, and eased her sorrowful little heart by peering into his disappointment and misery, until suddenly she remembered, with a start, that she was presuming dreadfully on his kindness, and came to a premature stop.

"I shall never, never forget all you have done for me!" she said in low, broken notes, and then she had loosened her hold and was out of sight.

He stood gazing after her, and then, as though urged by some wild, unquenchable impulse, he lifted his hand and kissed the spot her lips had touched.

"I love her!" he said to himself, vaguely, yet with a rush of joy filling his heart. "I love her! My darling! My darling!" (To be continued.)

THE REAL LINCOLN.

He Was Neither Ungraceful, Nor Awkward, Nor Ugly.

For many years it has been the fashion to call Abraham Lincoln homely, says a writer. He was very tall and very thin. His eyes were deep-sunken, his skin of a sallow pallor, his hair coarse, black and unruly. Yet he was neither ungraceful, nor awkward, nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches.

His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone or absorbed in thought the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men, and the shoulders stoop, as though they too were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash, or twinkle merrily with humor, or look out from under overhanging brows, as they did upon the Five Points children, in kindest gentleness.

So, too, in public speaking. When his tall body rose to its full height, with head thrown back and his face suffused with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer Douglas in the high, clear tenor that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over listening crowds.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slovenly and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man, but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed and in the fashion of the time and place.

In the same way he cared little for the pleasures of the table. He ate most sparingly. He was thankful that food was good and wholesome and enough for daily needs, but he could no more enter into the mood of the epicure for whose palate it is a matter of importance whether he eats roast goose or golden pheasant than he could have counted the grains of sand under the sea.

Their Brand.

"Did you know that politicians have a particular kind of sweets to which they are partial?"

"I didn't know it about politicians especially. What is the kind?"

"Candied dates, of course."—Baltimore American.

BLUE EYES AND BROWN.

Which Are Truthful and Honest and Which Cruel and Treacherous?

Northerners have an invincible tendency to assign virtue or goodness to the fair complexion, wickedness or falseness to the dark. If one could rely upon the test of novels it might be argued that this prejudice is weakening—for the villain, whether male or female, is sometimes blonde nowadays, and the heroine brunette. One might almost venture to say that it was never so formerly. Perhaps there is no sound reason for thinking that the blue-eyed are truthful, honest and loving—in the sense of affection and constancy—rather than the brown.

But the striking reports on the association of complexion and disease in hospitals which Dr. Beddoes suggested long ago, and Dr. Shruballs, foremost among many, now is carrying out, have a certain bearing on the point, says the Pall Mall Gazette. They prove that dark hair and eyes are supplanting the light in this country—a fact which all thoughtful persons have observed. But also they demonstrate the reason—which is, shortly, that the blonde are constitutionally unfitted to endure the conditions of town life, and actually perish in the foul atmosphere and the barbarism of the slums. Adults enter the hospital in proportions far too great and children die. They must have fresh air, wholesome exercise and decent surroundings to keep in health. But these are the conditions of rustic life, which, as universal experience in all ages, agrees, preserves, if it does not generate, such virtues as simplicity, truthfulness and honesty, which town life, favored by the dark, corrupts.

Upon the other hand, the brown-eyed peoples assert that the fair are treacherous and cruel. This is a common belief in Italy, where it might be traced to a popular reminiscence of the blonde northerners who ravaged that hapless country from generation to generation. But it is much older. Plutarch cites a contemporary epigram passed upon Cato the Censor, who was red-haired and gray-eyed, which shows that it was current even then. And it is an article of faith all through the east.

Sir Edward Malet tells in his biography how he once called at Alexandretta, and the population assembled, believing him to be the new governor of Cyprus. To his dragoman he expressed a hope that they were favorably impressed by his appearance, at any rate, but the dragoman honestly replied that it was not so—a blue-eyed governor they thought must be harsh and cruel. And he added that the feeling is general all through the Levant. By the famous code of Menu, an orthodox Hindu is flatly forbidden to marry a woman with gray eyes or red hair—perhaps for this reason, though none is assigned. In all cases it may be that a tradition of ruthless invaders from the north has caused the prejudice, since many Afghans, and many Persians of the wilder tribes are fair—not to mention the British in modern times. But that is an assumption.

We are using the term blue-eyed in a conventional sense. As a matter of fact, that color is the rarest by far of all. Some assert, indeed, that it does not exist, and many doubtless have never seen it. Perhaps the rarity of blue is not to be regretted, unless by enthusiasts who set beauty above charity and humanity. For all animals which have blue eyes are more or less "hard of hearing." This is generally known in the case of cats, and it is equally true of horses and wild creatures. It is an instance of co-relation, as Darwin termed the mysterious law, and one would expect to find it apply to human beings as is alleged. Also we must admit that blue or green or gray eyes have a narrower range of expression than dark. Perhaps, indeed, the fair do not respond so quickly to the impulse of the moment; of more sedate or cooler temperament, they cannot meet a word or a thought half-way and flash back the answer instantly. At any rate, brown eyes, which we call black, have an advantage in power of expression.

It used to be taken for granted that savages possess a wider range of eyesight and keener observation than civilized men. Common sense favored the belief, and a report published by the surgeon of the Western ophthalmic hospital some years ago gave an alarming picture of the State of things among school children. But persons who speak with authority have contradicted the popular notion of late—especially Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, in their great work on the "Central Tribes of Australia," and Dr. Engelmann. Of course, these witnesses may have unusual powers of vision, but their remarks show at least that the European may be equal in this respect to Australian savages, who are famous for their eyesight, and that exceptional capacity among them is by no means universal.

Crow of Victory.

Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the Old South church, Boston, tells how a witty Irishman stood before the gate of the other world, asking for admission. St. Peter refused him, however, telling he was too great a sinner to enter there, and bade him go away. The man went a little distance from the gate and then crowded three times like a rooster. St. Peter at once threw open the gate and cried out, "Come in, Pat! We'll let by-gones be by-gones!"—Lippincott's.

Town Topics: Were divorce easier, more men would be willing to try marriage. Marriage, when successful, is a great success, but a great failure when a failure. And something must be done finally to induce more men to try marriage.

RICH MILK INSPECTOR

Mrs. Marshall Field Will Try to Save Lives of Chicago Babies.

Mrs. Marshall Field is to lay aside her social obligations to assume the duties of a Chicago milk inspector. The widow of Chicago's merchant prince, society leader and possessor of millions, has caused a stir among the 400 by accepting a position on a civic health commission appointed by Mayor Busse. All other members of the board are men. Her new duties will carry Mrs. Field into the tenement houses and hospitals of the city and she will doubtless become a rival for sociological honors of Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Potter Palmer.

The appointment of the commission is the result of the milk crusade which was waged in Chicago during the winter. At that time it was found that over half of the milk consumed in the city was infected with germs, and that that was the cause of a scarlet fever epidemic.

It is believed that the commission



MRS. MARSHALL FIELD.

will be able to greatly improve the milk supply and that death's summer harvest of babies, which is always large in Chicago, will be lessened by hundreds.

ALL AFRICANS NOT BRUTAL.

Moundans Bear Farming Tools Instead of Warlike Weapons.

That the native African is not always and invariably a poor, half naked brute has been proved by the reports and photographs brought back to France by the "Moll mission," an expedition sent to the French Congo about eighteen months ago for the purpose of determining some unsettled boundary questions. South of Lake Chad Commandant Moll discovered a peaceful race of agriculturists and shepherds, intelligent and hospitable, ripe for cultivation, living in pastoral simplicity.

Everything about the Moundans is picturesque and interesting. They are a vigorous and handsome race and very brave, but, contrary to the almost universal practice of the Africans in regions where white rule has not been established, they never carry arms. On the contrary, the implement of offense seen in their hands is a hoe.

Nevertheless, they appear to have descended from warlike ancestors and were probably driven southward from their original mountain home by some conquering chief. Reminiscences of this past may be seen in their semi-military architecture, which does not resemble that of any of the neighboring peoples. At a little distance one of their villages looks like a fortified city.

The Moundan village, of which here is an excellent type, is inclosed by a series of round towers connected by walls from two to three meters in height. Inside, parallel to the inclosing walls, is a circle of cupolas, each one pierced with a single hole. These are the granaries, the most important buildings of the town.

They are erected on piles supported on great stones, which places them beyond the reach of termites and rodents as well as of dampness, and the only entrance is through the hole in the vaulted roof. Between the outer wall and the granaries are the homes of the people, while the residence of the chief faces the entrance.

The Life Plant.

Visitors to Bermuda often bring back to this country as a souvenir of their trip the leaves of an interesting plant of the house leek family. It is known as the life plant, and when the leaves begin to shrivel and fade they send out little shoots which in turn bear leaves that continue to grow and remain fresh and green for months. The leaves are about four inches long, rich green in color and of a smooth waxy texture. If you take one of the leaves and pin it to the wall indoors, it will begin to sprout within three or four days, be it winter or summer. At first the top portion of the leaf will begin to wither and shrivel up, and this is likely to continue until the upper half has lost its green color. Then tiny white roots will sprout from the edges, and in time diminutive green leaves will appear on these. These little offshoots will sometimes grow to be an inch long and contain several pairs of leaves. The limit of their existence seems to depend upon the amount of heat and light they can obtain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Making It Easy.

It was hard to speak a disheartening word to the smiling Irish maid who seemed so eager to secure the situation, but even at the end of three days spent in employment offices, Mrs. Gregg's sense of justice was keen.

"I cannot let you come thinking you are to have an easy place," she said, with wistful earnestness, "for it isn't. There are five of us, and there's a great deal to do."

"Oh, but you don't know me, ma'am," said the dauntless maid. "I can make any place I take easy by jist lavin' out a little wurk here an' a little wurk there, ma'am."

"If that's all that's throublin' you, you've no need to consider it at all!"

Whom to Consult.

Be sure you are right. Then consult your wife. Then go ahead.—St. Louis Republic.

The man with a big fish story has earnest competition in the man whose dreams come true.

When a man's moral rights go wrong he begins to talk about his legal rights.

MEN SLAVES TO BEAUTY.

Lament of a Woman with an Unalloying Face.

That men are slaves to beauty is a fact which every woman who lacks that quality recognizes with a pang, says the Baltimore News. Virtues of one sort and another masculinity dwells upon in its tale what goes to make the perfect wife. Then it rushes out and marries a beautiful creature who lacks them.

It isn't remarkable that our brother, weak as water and unstable as the wind, should regard good looks as of prime importance in the other sex. What is remarkable is the naive manner in which he admits this fact.

"I hate to talk to a homely woman," said a man the other day. "When I do converse with a girl, as she has not sense enough to talk well about the stock-market, politics, or horse racing, I demand that she shall be beautiful. Since I must talk down to her about things which are of no interest to me I insist that she shall be pretty enough to justify the waste of time."

He made this remark to a feminine friend who is not handsome, but who has an abundance of spirit. "And what about the woman's end of it?" she cried. "You are not at all good-looking. You are not even particularly entertaining. What compensation has she for wasting time on you?"

It was a new point of view entirely, and it irritated his lordship. "There are some people who think I am not so unrepresentable," said he, and went away and never came back.

"I don't demand that a woman be beautiful," said another man. "All I ask is that she have a nice figure, dress well, so that a fellow will be proud to be seen on the street with her, have large and expressive eyes and a sweet voice."

He was a commonplace-looking man, with no marked fascinations. His own eyes were small and not particularly expressive, his voice was not sweet, but he demanded the best.

"To be born with a face that does not attract is a terrible affliction," sighed a young woman not long ago. "Now, take my own case, for instance. When a man is introduced to me at a function he says a few polite words and then edges toward some pretty girl of his acquaintance. Occasionally, if there is no pretty girl or other means of rescue in sight he has perforce to stop and chat with me. Then I work as better favored women never do. I am as fascinating as I can imagine. I play upon his vanity, find out his pet hobby, get him to talking about it or himself and sometimes manage to so interest him that later when there is a beauty about he does not desert me for her."

"At a dance, when my reluctant partner finds that I do this rather well, he is sometimes nice and attentive to me during the evening, but generally speaking I am handicapped seriously in the race for attention. I have never known a single man, not an old friend, to pick me out to talk to or to dance with when there was a more attractive girl about, one with dimples and curls, for instance. Many times the men who protest at being asked by a hostess to sit beside me at dinner are themselves homely and awkward besides, but sometimes I think that the uglier the man the more attractive he demands that the girl he pays attention to shall be."

"Women are rather attracted to homely women. Men seldom or never are."

Dinner a la Carte.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner. The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And as the dinner progressed, he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. "This terrapin," he would say, "was shipped direct from Baltimore. A Baltimore cook came on to prepare it. The dish actually cost one dollar a teaspoonful."

So he talked of the fresh peas, the hot-house asparagus, the Covent garden peaches, and the other courses. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told down to a penny what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said:

"Would you mind cutting me off about \$1.87 worth more, please?"