

lived all her life in the little village without a glimpse of the world beyond.

'Really,' said Katherine's mother, waving a handkerchief energetically after the departing boat, 'I'm afraid we've all been abominably selfish. We've given Emily half a dozen homes among us, to be sure, and we've provided her with all she could eat and wear; but I'm afraid we haven't been quite as thoughtful as we should have been about her pleasures. Now I come to think of it, she has always been the one to stay at home; and no one has ever heard her complain.'

Katherine tipped her hat over a pair of telltale eyes, and grabbed a small nephew by the arm just in time to save the boy from disappearing over the side of the dock and herself from the necessity of a reply.

With Cousin Emily gone, the family seemed singularly incomplete. No one else could put the Perkins baby to sleep. No one else could bathe the Denham baby to his satisfaction. For no one else would Grandfather Denham's gruel attain the proper consistency. And it suddenly became evident that no other member of the family was competent to make button-holes in the Denberry twins' shirt-waists. Even Katherine began to wonder how she was to exist for an entire month without Cousin Emily at hand to twist up her rebellious locks.

When, therefore, just five days after her departure, Cousin Emily walked in unannounced, she was greeted with joy, as well as with no little astonishment.

'How in the world,' gasped Katherine, almost dropping the Perkins baby in her surprise, 'did you get back so soon?'

'Soon!' cried Cousin Emily, seizing the baby and shedding tears of joy down his neck. 'Soon! It's been the longest week I ever lived. I was so homesick for this baby, and the Denham baby, and Grandfather Denham and the twins, that I left the boat the moment it touched the dock at Cleveland and came home by rail on the very first train.'

'But you had no pass—'

'I had money!' said Cousin Emily, triumphantly.

'Do you mean to say that with a pocketful of passes to Washington and Boston and Buffalo and New York and everywhere, and a boat pass besides,' gasped Katherine, 'that you bought and paid for a ticket, and wasted all those passes?'

'Yes, I do!' said Cousin Emily, hugging the Perkins baby ecstatically. 'I'd have come by telegraph if I could.'

'Well,' said Katherine, in a tone of deep disgust, 'I see I wasn't as smart as I thought I was! Next time I plan a trip for you I'll include a few grandparents, all the babies and all the twins; and I'll go along myself to see that you don't waste even a fraction of a pass.'

At first Katherine was keenly disappointed at the seeming failure of her plan; but when little, undemonstrative Cousin Emily, still fairly beaming in her joy at being home again, threw both arms round Katherine's neck as she kissed her good-night at bedtime, saying that in all her forty years she had never known a happier day, Katherine felt that perhaps, after all, the trip had been a success.

Cigarettes often contain the following poisons: nicotine, arsenic, creosote, saltpetre, tona flavoring, opium.

The Unexpected.

(Mary A. Sawyer, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'Dear me!'

Mrs. Hamilton rose swiftly from her seat at the sewing-machine and hurried into the hall to answer the telephone bell. A few moments later she came back and resumed her work.

'Dear me!' she said again. 'It is so vexatious, when I told him this morning that we had plenty of cold meat. Partridges are dear now, too, for they are out of season. And I did want to get this dress of Gracie's done before dark.'

She stitched for a few moments longer. Then gathering up her work she folded it away in her large work basket.

'If I am to cook partridges for supper, I must have a coal fire. So,' glancing at the clock, 'I must get it under way at once. William is always punctual when he is bringing home anything he especially likes for his supper.'

She reproached herself for this remark almost instantly. 'Of course he likes a variety; why shouldn't he have it when he works hard to supply all our need? He grudges me nothing—why should I be vexed over this little extra cooking?'

Her annoyance was but temporary, therefore, and when she heard her husband's step in the hall she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to him, cheerfully, 'Bring your partridges down here, William, I'm all ready for them, and the fire is burning splendidly.'

Receiving no reply, she went back into the kitchen. He had not heard her, but he would be down directly, she said to herself. She went into the dining-room and turned the gas higher. He might come through it, and it would not do for him to stumble against the table.

A few moments later her husband joined her. His voice was cold.

'Why are you down here?' he said, in a displeased tone.

'I wanted to be all ready for your partridges. Where are they?'

'My partridges? What do you mean? When did I say anything about partridges?'

'Not two hours ago. You called me up, and said you would bring home partridges for supper. And so I came down to have everything in readiness. They can't be cooked in a moment.'

'You will not be troubled by them tonight. I said nothing about partridges.'

'You certainly did.'

'You are mistaken.'

'I heard you distinctly. You said—' 'I said I intended to bring home Partridge, George Partridge. And I must say I expected to find you upstairs instead of pottering down here.'

'You must explain my mistake to him. He is a sensible man. He will understand why I was not there to receive him.'

Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little. 'Partridges! Partridges! I can't think how you could confound the two!' he said.

'I thought I understood you, but never mind now. You must go back upstairs at once. Send the children down in a few moments, please. I'm afraid they are not quite tidy.'

'Tidy!' in a voice which brought a swift color into his wife's cheeks—'tidy! Well,' moving toward the door, 'I'll send them down, and you must get off that calico dress.'

'I'll change it before I see him. Go up and stay with him, do! I must alter the table and get up a different meal altogether.'

'It seems as if a man never could bring home his friends and find things as they ought to be,' muttered Mr. Hamilton, leaving the room in evident ill-temper.

At the close of the evening, after the departure of their guest, it became plain to Mrs. Hamilton that his displeasure had not materially lessened by the appetizing supper she had prepared, nor by the pains she had taken with her own personal appearance. He stopped suddenly before her, after pacing up and down the room.

'When I bring home a man like Partridge, a man of brains and education, it is strange you can't appear as if you knew what he was talking about! If you don't know anything about history, for pity's sake, need you say so? I'd read until I did know something, if I were in your place!'

The tone, the words, seemed brutal to Mrs. Hamilton. She controlled herself by a great effort.

'I would like to read. I would like to be a thoroughly well read woman. But with the house and the children and the sewing and the cooking, I really cannot get the time.'

'Fudge! Nonsense! Where there is a will, there is a way.'

'Not always.'

Mr. Hamilton resumed his restless pacing of the room. 'I'd find the time to know something about my own country, I guess!' he declared.

Mrs. Hamilton left the room quietly. There was still an hour's work to be done downstairs, she said.

'Fudge! Nonsense!' retorted her husband.

A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton came home to his supper at his usual hour. He opened the door with his latchkey and found himself in an unlighted hall.

'Clara!' he called.

'Yes. What is it?'

'The gas isn't lighted, and the hall is as dark as a pocket!'

No response came from the sewing-room at the end of the hall, from which a faint stream of light issued. Stumbling toward it, Mr. Hamilton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he pushed the door open. In the one large easy chair sat his wife. Upon the table beside her was a shaded lamp. In her hand was a large book, and upon its pages her eyes were fixed. She did not look up when he entered the room and walked up to the table.

After a moment's stealthy scrutiny of her face he turned away. He went back into the hall and struck a match noisily, and lighted the gas. Then, feeling his way, he went downstairs. Instead of the bright, cheerful dining room, with the table attractively spread for the evening meal, he found darkness.

Uttering a purposely loud exclamation of disgust, he went into the kitchen. Here, too, was darkness. Striking several matches, he at last succeeded in reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes when the strong light filled the room. In the sink were the breakfast dishes, unwashed; on the tables were plates of broken food; on the stove were the unwashed kettles and pans.

Mr. Hamilton strode through the cold room and called to his wife.