

my sister and me, as we did not relish the idea of being buried alive in the jungle; however we had to look pleasant and begin our work of packing, which is no small item in that climate, even with the able assistance of the Marine Police. In a short time we were ready and our passages taken on the "Oorzia." So once more said good-bye and left Singapore with great regret, but quite decided to try and be happy in our new home.

Now I must conclude for to-day.

Yours very sincerely,

LENORA.

### The Beggar's Death.

I saw a beggar die upon the high road. He had seen many misfortunes, many troubles; many pains had had their will of his racked body, many days and years of suffering had piled their load upon his aching shoulders; grief knew him and tracked him down, and sorrow, the pitiless driver of men had stung each galled wound of his soul with cunning cruelty, goading and sparing not as he came near to the end. The silver hairs were few which hung straggling from beneath the torn brim of his battered hat, and the furrows were many and deep upon his colorless face. His dim eyes peered from their worn and sunken sockets, as though still faintly striving, striving to the very last to understand those things which it was not given him to understand. Feebly his two hands clasped his crooked staff, road-worn and splintered by the flints; upon one foot still clung the fragments of a shoe, the other had no shoe at all, and as he stood, he lifted the foot that was bare and tried to rest it upon the scanty bit of dusty leather, which only half covered the other, as though to ease it from the cruel road while he steadied himself feebly with his stick. Had there been the least fragment of a wall near him, a bit of fence, even a tree, he would have tried to lean upon it; but there was nothing—nothing but the broad flinty road with the ditch

dug deep upon each side, nothing but the cold gray sky, the black north wind that began to whirl up the dust, scattering here and there big flakes of wet snow, and far away behind the barking of the dogs that had driven him from the gate, while the churls who lingered there laughed and made rough jokes upon him. A little boy the son of one of those fellows had taken a stone and had thrown it after the old man—the missile had struck him in the back, and he had bowed himself lower and limped away; he was used to it—people often threw stones at him, and sometimes they hit him. What was one blow more to him, one wound more? The end could not be far. So he rested his naked foot upon the other, now that he was out of the reach of harm. He could hear the dogs barking still, but dogs never chased him long; they would not come after him now. The boy could not throw the stones to such a distance either, and would not take the trouble to pursue him, though one of the men had laughed when the poor old man was hit, and another had said it was a good shot. He might rest for awhile, if it were rest to lean upon his staff and feel the bitter wind driving the snow flakes through the rents in his clothing and whirling up the half frozen flint dust to his sore and weary eyes. The night was coming on. He would have to sleep in the ditch. It would not be the first time—if only he could get a mile or two farther he might find some bit of arched bridge across the ditch which would shelter him or a stone wall; or even perhaps a farm house where he should not be stoned from the door, and might be suffered to sleep upon the straw in an out-house. Such luck as that was rare indeed, and the mere thought of the straw, the pitiful dream that if he could struggle a little farther he might get shelter from the wind and snow, was enough to bring something like a shadowy look of hope into his wretched face. With a great effort he began to walk again, bending low to face the blast, starving, lame and aching in every bone, but struggling still, and peering through the gathering gloom in the vain hope of finding a night's resting-place. He struggled on; but the end was at hand. The road grew worse, for it had been mended and the small broken stones lay thick together, rough and bristling. He