

# Wholly Pointless Story

the country place, heaps of money—and perfect liberty! There anything left to wish Hildreth asked, laying down lawyer's letter. Helen shrugged and bit as she answered: "Why only one could have been a widow?"

"I can't ready to immolate myself. I'm easier made than born," Helen said, catching her hand. "I'll make you my lord, Helen of the castle, and I will promise to do the appearing act whenever you are ready."

"I don't understand. Of course I should hate being a made widow. Widows have to wear caps, and people say such horrid, horrid things of them if they venture to be seen in public. But if only one could be that estate, with all the money or softened to a becoming widow's memory, why, it would be a good thing. Widows, for all their money, have the best lives of the best she could. Scowling at the unknown art to her. She had persisted in the face of the world. Now that the tide had turned, she had begun to ebb. "I had anybody all my money should not mind," she went on. "But there is not a soul. Maybe I might be selfishly glad. If there was a soul nearer than ninth cousin, a wonderful fairy fortune would be in two. I cannot feel that I in the least deserve it. But only think! I can have what frocks I please and money for my poor people instead of pennies."

"Will it spoil you, I wonder?" Hildreth said meditatively. "You know I've always said money was the touchstone. Any poor body can be tempted; there is so little temptation to be anything else."

"I wish I knew," Helen said. "I think souls are like flowers, making earth they grow in too rich—unless it does not kill them outright."

"You are not offensively rich. All this, this great-uncle's legacy loots of a quarter of a million. Spending that will never bother a person of your luxurious capacities," Hildreth said consolingly.

Helen laughed. "And I have existed on less than six hundred a year," she said. "Promise me, Vance, you'll never change—the beastly money will make no difference with us."

"It's bound to make a difference. I'm of daring to ask you now to go with me at L'Ally's!" Hildreth pushed back. "Nothing will go with but Merry's or the Sweldorf. I cannot eat your dinners there. I have not the coin to return you in kind."

"You are horrible!" Helen said. "By way of punishment, I will write myself to dine with you tonight. Not at L'Ally's either—we'll go to that forty cent place where the food is so sinful that it always suggests an appeal to the police. Maybe some of the others will be there."

"All of them. It's near the middle of the week. Pay day is two days ahead for most of the gang," Hildreth answered, with a flickering smile. "Lord, I shall like to see you when they know! You are going to tell them, of course, Helen?"

"You may tell them. I shall not say a word," Helen said, setting her lips together. "I'm beginning to be cowardly," she went on. "Suppose it should turn out that my money costs me my friends—and my happiness?"

"I hardly understand," Hildreth said.

"She raised her hand. "This is my money," she said. "All these five years I have been out in the scurry of it. I have hugged the belief that people liked me for what I was, not for what I might do for them. Lately, since my money has asked for and exploited my stories, there has been so perceptible a warning up in some quarters that it has made me a bit cynical. I'm saying to myself, 'Suppose the money draws the sycophants to me, and the fear of seeming sycophants drives away the real ones?' That would be terrible. I hope—oh, I hope—that those I care most will understand, however my way of life changes, I myself shall be just the same."

"I shall believe it," Hildreth said, raising her hand to his lips. "In fact, you must dine with me this evening, and at the forty cent place—it survives so long."

"It does not, you shall dine with Helen," she said gratefully, "and not the Sweldorf either. It shall be in the country, under my own vine and fig tree."

"The forty cent place did not answer to my prayers," Hildreth said upon the anniversary of

reminds me of another whose absurdity is due to the provision of a drop too little, or rather a drop of the wrong sort. A priest who is a total abstainer, was expecting his cousin, a Dublin solicitor, on a visit and, knowing that he did not hold the same views as himself on the drink question, went to the village grocery store and obtained a bottle of port. This was delivered and decanted by his reverence.

At dinner time, he hospitably poured out a glass and said, "There, Cousin Tom, that's the best vintage Ballyporeen affords." The solicitor sipped it critically and then said, "Well, Cousin Cornelius, to my mind it tastes a wee bit too much of the musherins" (mushrooms). It proved to be catchup.—A Kerry Man in London Spectator.

**Honest Poverty.**  
Is there for honest poverty  
Who hangs his head and a' that,  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
And daur be puir for a' that,  
For a' that and a' that,  
Our toils obscure and a' that;  
The rank is but a guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden grey and a' that,  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine;  
A man's a man for a' that,  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their tinsel show and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

**Peacemaker is Shot**  
New York, July 12.—While attempting to stop a quarrel among several men in the club house at No. 14 West Twenty-seventh street, the headquarters of the Colored Greater New York Democracy of the Twenty-fifth Assembly District, J. H. Smith of No. 15 West Twenty-fourth street, "black lieutenant," was shot in the abdomen. He is in the New York hospital in a critical condition. Smith made an ante-mortem statement to Coroner Scholer in which he said that he did not know the name of the man who shot him, except that he was called "Eph." He said that a number of men started to quarrel at the club house at 3 a. m., and that he attempted to quiet them. One of the men, all of whom were colored, turned on him and began to abuse him for interfering. That man then left the club, returning an hour later. According to Smith, the man laid in wait in the lower hallway. As the colored politician descended the stairs to leave the house he was confronted by the man, who pointed a revolver at him and fired two shots.

**New Flagship Arrives.**  
Halifax, July 15.—The new flagship Ariadne, Admiral Douglas, has arrived here from England. Ariadne is commanded by Capt. W. F. Slayter. Admiral Douglas is a native of Quebec. He takes the place of Admiral Sir John Bedford, who, with his flagship Crescent, left this afternoon for England.

**Choked to Death**  
Walkerville, July 16.—The thirteen-year-old son of Arthur Ritchie choked to death today by a peanut husk sticking in his throat.

**Officials Coming**  
Montreal, July 16.—D. McNicoll, second vice-president and general manager of the C.P.R., left this morning by the Imperial Limited, accompanied by Mr. Robert Kerr, passenger traffic manager, on a tour of inspection of the company's lines in the west.

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