

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of *Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lovers and Wives—Etc.*

"I should think rich men who appreciate nice things would be only too glad of the opportunity."

"The trouble is that we and rich people don't think alike. To them wealth is genius. I once bought a picture from the artists for a man who possesses millions. The picture was on exhibition, and my friend, the millionaire, fancied it; but the price was not stated, so he asked me if I could get it for him. If he should appear in the transaction, he argued that he would be cheated. You see the latent generosity."

"Oh, yes." "I called on the artist, found him idle and ill. He had just exhausted himself on an exquisite work—a landscape. It was on the easel, unframed. I could just imagine how he felt climbing to the stars for inspiration, throwing himself heart and soul into his work, and then having to come back to earth and bargain for his treasure to keep body and soul together. He looked at me when I asked him what he wanted for his picture that was in such a gallery and smiled curiously. 'Oh,' he said, 'what I want is one thing. Why don't you ask me what I'll take for it? It is some time since I thought of what I wanted for it.' I said, 'That is exactly, however, what I want to know. Figure it up and double it; I'll try and get it for you.' You should have seen him come to. In ten minutes he looked ten years younger. He agreed to sell the landscape at the same price, and I went back to my art patron. The news of the lovely landscape, never exhibited, took away his breath. He drew his check for the two pictures and considered himself lucky in their possession. So he is."

"And the artist—" "That was the last round, the longest. He is on top now. What is Larry signalling for? Time to leave! I'll see you at dinner to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII.

Rose gave Everett a bright look as they left the Garden. His mother and Mrs. Minturn were slowly following. Miss Van Ness and Powers were ahead. "What do you think?" "It must be all coming right; I saw Mollie and Burrows leaving the Garden. I suppose they've walked home. That was a brilliant idea. The whole thing looked so much like chance that I have escaped all suspicion. That will save a family explosion. Mollie can manage the matter now very easily. Father and I will sustain her. Now if you want to see the curtain go up on the first scene you'll have to hurry. I'll leave you at the hotel and you may find me waiting for you when you are ready to start. I don't stand in proper awe of my father. How do you like Powers?"

"Oh, he is charming!" "A human oasis, isn't he? So restful and yet invigorating. Such a man is a boon to the community. He always has time and inclination to do a nice thing for a person. You see, he has never had to think about earning money. He is too much absorbed in agreeable occupations to care to add to his income. He can tell you all about the newest thing in art, music, and literature. I can always depend upon him for a clear, just criticism of a book. He is essentially a gentleman. If he reads a good article he'll hunt up the author and write him a little letter of thanks. He'll run in to tell an artist how much a picture has done for him. He is an ideal democrat, insisting on the equality of intellect and virtue, and the most thorough aristocrat that I know. You can't induce him to meet common people; it makes no difference who they are or what they have. He is singularly independent, consequently interesting; and has legions of friends in all grades of society. I have always known him and I wish I could see more of him. If Mollie and he had cared for each other I would have been pleased; but I suppose to her he seemed rather old."

"Old! Why, I thought he was about your age!" "That's a clue to his disposition. In one sense he'll never grow old, because of his kind heart. Powers is ten years my senior."

"He doesn't look it." "No. He was a lad when I was a little fellow, and we have always been very chummy. If you pay attention to his conversation you'll discover his age." He has read too much for twenty-five."

"I see what you mean. You are coming along famously, I think. It is a nice class."

"Grand! Nearly two hundred will graduate. By the way, have you something nice to say to me?"

Rose gave him a merry glance; her dimples were bewitching. "How do you mean? Have I ever said anything else to you?"

"You know very well what I mean. I live on hope."

"I wish you would not be so serious." "But I am. Have you thought about me?"

"Yes—constantly. Will that do?" "It's better than I expected."

"How happy you make me." "More I suppose, than I deserve. I have so little to offer you."

Rose was leaning on his arm. She raised her eyes to meet his, which were glowing with a fire that consumed her gaiety.

"How would it do to wait—" "No—I can't risk it. Here you are, carrying all before you, and I am away. Powers has lots of advantages over me."

"Oh, do you honestly think so?" "Don't you?"

"I haven't thought about it at all." "Everett gave her a lingering glance and made her cheeks vie with the

roses at her waist. She looked very sweet in the November dusk, with the electric lights of Madison Square throwing shadows on her. Her gray hat and walking-dress had a bridal effect, and as they approached the church he said, with passionate emphasis:

"I wish we could be married now!" His manner silenced her yet enthralled her. She listened, spell-bound with downcast eyes.

"I'm not going back to college unless I have your promise! I tell you it is maddening to think of you among these men who can devote every moment, every thought to you! I can't stand it. I can't work—I can't do myself any justice—with this uncertainty hanging over me like lead! See, if you don't care for me, I'll make you so happy that you will have to love me if only out of pity for my great, low. I suppose you think of heroic men—of ideal fellows—capable of great actions. I'll try to be whatever you desire. You can make of me what you please. We can be married as soon as I graduate, and then we can travel or stay at home, just as you will. Say 'Yes,' and I'll work like a Trojan to make you proud of me. I'll carry off prizes—I'll learn a profession. Come—do have a little feeling of the right sort for me! I don't want sympathy—not pity! Think how father is devoted to you. All your fancies can be gratified."

"There would be no novelty in that." "I didn't mean to wound you. You are so indifferent."

"I want to be honest with you. What I give you should be as valuable as what I take. Can you offer me more than yourself. I think not."

"You are very sweet to say so."

"But I should care for you as you do for me, and I don't believe I do."

"I'm satisfied if you will only agree to try and love me."

"That is, you want me so much that you are willing to take me without this feeling that I should have for you?"

"Yes."

"If I were a man that wouldn't satisfy me."

"But you're not. You are a charming, lovely, provoking girl who doesn't know what passion means. You would treat me very differently if you did. Now, if I am willing to take the risk of waking this dormant emotion which I must have, why do you hesitate to make me happy? Say 'Yes,' and the world will at once take on a different aspect. Life will be full of possible joys, of pure aspirations, of high motives. I shall leave you with my soul as well as my passions on fire."

Rose was silent. They reached the hotel, and found the little private parlor empty, bright, and warm. Rose stood before the open fire, and, in the mirror above it, saw her features with a curious sensation of awe. She was white with excitement, and her eyes seemed double their natural size. Everett leaned against the mantel and watched her.

She took off her gloves and hat, put them on a table, and sat down on the small sofa quite naturally. Presently she met his glance.

"Suppose you give me a little time."

"I tell you, I can't endure the ideal."

"I don't believe anybody is thinking of me."

"That is because you are not practical."

"You are very nice, and I like you very much. You should have more confidence in yourself."

"I would rather trust in your promise."

"Still, you want the feeling from me that comes next to our faith in God."

"Is that your definition of love?" "Isn't it yours? I should be happy with you in a desert—willing to leave everybody for you—devoted to you if in trouble; nothing human should ever come between us."

"You believe in this wonderful passion?"

"Yes. I read about it and I often see it. Who can describe it or explain it or limit it? It is the one thing worth having. It changes the commonplace into the ideal, I suppose. I like you so much that, for your sake, I wish I possessed this feeling for you."

"It will come."

"Ah, but if—" "There—be willing to trust yourself to me."

"And you will trust me?"

"Yes."

"You are very good to put such faith in me," she said with a little sigh and a glance full of calm pleasure. "I will try to be all that you wish; but you must have patience."

"Patience. You have made me so happy that I cannot speak to you. Won't you look at me? Now you are my 'Hardy Rose.'"

"And daddy's too. I wonder what daddy will say!"

"You want to go and tell him how good you have been to me. May I let father know how fortunate I am? It will really make him very happy. I suppose Mollie will be radiant to-night, and altogether we'll have a very nice party in the box!"

"Quite dazzling, if she looks as you do. I don't believe there will be any necessity for you to say anything at home. You really look—like your father."

"What, handsome?"

"It is quite an indescribable change. She put her hands in his, speaking impulsively. "It is lovely to have it in my power to make you feel like this; but at the same time, it awes me! What if I fall short of your expectations? I may cause you intense misery!"

"Now, don't think in that direction. I am going to enjoy my new hopes. I

don't want to go away." "Why not dine with us?"

"And will you wait for me? I can get home and back in half an hour." "And I'll dress for the theatre."

"That's as it should be." "Everett was apparently supplied with wings. On his return he found Rose awaiting him. He gazed at her with rapture, including her dress.

"You look like a great bluish rose! What is it?"

"China crape, the man called it. Do you think your father will approve of me?"

"Approve! You put your hair high for me. What, the anchor, too!"

"Isn't this a festival? It is so novel to be engaged."

"I ran into Thorley's for these white violets."

"My pets! How did you know it?" "Why are you so interested in my father?"

"You seemed so indifferent to him."

"But I have been trying to atone for that."

"I know you have, and I like you for it."

"What did the daddy say?"

"He hasn't heard. He sent me a little note; he is dining at some club with an old friend, and will join us at the theatre. Grandma guessed it. She hugged and kissed me. She is delighted."

"You should see Mollie! She ran in to kiss me while I was dressing. Mother has accepted the inevitable quite gracefully. Father is satisfied. Burrows was to dine with them and come to the theatre. I wonder how much of the play we four will see or hear! I have hugged my secret to my heart."

"But your father?"

"He'll enjoy discovering it when he comes in. By the way, did he send you flowers?"

"Yes, roses that will match my dress. I can wear yours and carry his. Yours are so sweet and shy they will hardly be noticed. See how they harmonize with the pearls and lace. There's something very satisfactory in being so much to one individual. Now that your heart is at rest, will you carry off prizes? I want you to excel your father's record."

"Your ambitious girl."

"Certainly."

"What profession am I to adopt?" "The one that most attracts you."

"I'm beginning to feel that I ought to help father in his business affairs. He could trust me implicitly, and I could take some of the weight on my shoulders."

"They are so nice and broad. How could you do any better with your time and talents?"

CHAPTER XIII.

On the next morning Mr. Minturn had a little talk with Everett. The young man's happiness was so complete and unaffected that the elder one, while sensible, was wholly sympathetic.

"Of course, I realize that Rose does not love me in the ordinary sense of the word. How could she? I am not gifted with the attractive qualities that excite passion. Besides, a cold woman gives a man something to attain that is worth having."

"There is some truth in your theory; but I am inclined to believe that Rose cares more for you than she is aware of."

"My experience has taught me that healthy young women, with sound, cultivated minds, are not thinking of passion; they might be unconsciously swayed by it and attribute the influence to some other power. But I must warn you to respect the passion of what you call 'a cold woman.' She reserves it for the adoration of one man, instead of letting it dribble away upon half a dozen. As a consequence, if she finds that she has given her all, she becomes extremely wretched. With her marriage is joy or misery. Love is inordinately selfish, terribly vain. Is it not? After an acquaintance of a few months you ask a girl to give up for you the home that has cherished her for eighteen years. I tell you, a man undertakes a vast responsibility when he proposes to balance everything single-handed. His love should be deep and enduring. I have great confidence in the lasting quality of your affections, and so I am very willing to accept your offer to become a son to me. However, I wish you would defer the announcement of your engagement until you have finished your college course."

"Neither Rose nor I want it known outside of the families. We are going to keep our secret for our own comfort."

"I think you are wise to do so. You will avoid curiosity and gossip. Two of our social curses."

"I appreciate your goodness to me, Everett," he promised, "but I will do all I can to keep Rose happy."

"I can give you the secret of happiness in marriage. I've been a very close student of married life for thirty years. I found you very teachable in learning mathematics, and a person who is open to instruction is wise and, nowadays, a great novelty. Some one has observed that 'Women spend too much time in spreading gossamer threads in constructing cages.' That is, a man will compass the earth to possess a woman, and then lose her through negligence. Now, at the risk of boring you, I am going to ask you to make notes of my experience. The philosophy of the subject we are all agreed upon. We can assume as an axiom that a man whose home is happy feels within him the courage and ambition to face and conquer the world. Here, I claim that he has, as a rule, the whole thing in his own hands. The great secret is for a man to continue the great secret in courtship after marriage. For instance, the girl has staked everything in the game. He has won her by courteous attentions, by devotion, by praise. Now, if she has given him herself, don't you suppose that in minor matters she is intent upon pleasing him, that she is bending all her energies to increase his love for her? Now, if something goes wrong, and he

encourages her by bright suggestions, or makes light of the matter, she is stimulated to fresh exertions for his favor. A man with the faculty of encouragement is pretty sure of finding bliss in marriage. Encouragement is like sunshine—it develops the beautiful in human nature until we wonder at the grandeur of its capabilities."

"I follow your meaning. Do you know, I have thought out some of these problems for myself."

"Take my Rose as an example. The beauty of her soul impressed me when she was an infant. She reflected in her baby features the moods of those about her. If I was sad, so was she. If I laughed, she was jubilant, I found that to withhold a smile was to cause her intense suffering. So she grew in an atmosphere of love. She has never had a harsh word or an angry look. She knows nothing of family quarrels. I have found by close observation that nothing is gained by finding fault. Fault-finding blights—that is all. If you want a plant to grow you don't put it in a dark, cold cellar. If you care to find the angel in your complex nature don't excite the devil that is in us. Fault-finding defeats its own purpose. I remember once being in a house on a visit. One of the children, a girl of fourteen broke an expensive dish. She was so sorry about the accident that I felt like comforting her. I saw from a distance just what transpired. She sat down quite overcome at the result of her own carelessness and cried bitterly. Presently, her mother came in, and scolded her persistently. She was 'careless, idiotic, the cost of the article and its rarity were reiterated.' Then an elder sister took up the subject; after awhile her father appeared on the scene. By that time the girl's face was like stone. He taunted her with her utter indifference to the magnitude of the offence; she was not only careless, but unwomanly and heartless. I began to wonder what these people would do or say should the girl be guilty of a lapse in morals. They certainly exhausted the language of invective over a broken platter. Finally, the girl left the room, and I have often witnessed, in greater or less degrees, repetitions of this common mistake."

To Be Continued.

A HORSELESS FIRE-ENGINE.

A Machine to Be Tried by the London Fire Department.

Steam fire engines as used up to the present time have not enabled firemen to compete with fires either effectively or rapidly, although the volume of the jet is infinitely more considerable than that of the hand fire engine.

With a petroleum automotor fire engine (the first idea of which is said to be due to Leon Porteau, lieutenant of the Rennes firemen), the numerous inconveniences of the steam engine drawn by horses are considerably minimized. M. Porteau's first patent is now some years old, but, thanks to his energy and perseverance, he has at length succeeded in constructing a petroleum automotor fire engine which is likely to have a big future before it. The engine is composed of a frame in steel sections, mounted as usual on wheels, with the difference—that the front axle is a director, as with nearly all the automotor carriages. Behind the driver's seat is the motor, with four cylinders of Cambler & Co.'s make placed longitudinally. The main shaft drives by means of mitre and bevel wheels, an intermediate shaft, on which is mounted gear, sprocket wheels, etc. This intermediate shaft also gears with the pump shaft. The water for cooling the motor cylinders is carried in a tank, and when the pumps are running a connection from the pump-pressure chamber easily replenishes the former.

The power developed by the motor is 30—B horse power; this projects a stream of water the volume of which is about 400 to 500 gallons per minute, under a pressure of a hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. For igniting the charges in the motor cylinders, and also for giving a powerful light on the scenery of the operations, a small storage battery is carried, which, when charged, suffices for an eight hours' expedition. It is easy to see the great advantages of petroleum automotor fire engines. If kept in perfect condition they can be set in motion in a few seconds after the alarm has been given. The starting occupying but a minute or so, the arrival on the scene of the fire can be effected in fifteen minutes sooner than the most rapid steam engines. The run can be made at an average speed of nine to ten miles per hour. Immediately on arrival at the scene of the fire the vehicle is brought to a standstill, and the motor, which has been stopped, sets the pumps in motion, and as soon as the hose is unrolled and connected with the water pipes, the pumping engine can give out its greatest duty. This sort of engine as tested by trials, can attack a fire twenty minutes quicker than an ordinary steam engine well kept and well worked. This difference in time can in almost every case prevent an extension of the fire, and, thanks to the Porteau system, considerable disasters can be avoided in future. We commend this notice to the London county council fire brigade, as it is simply not true to state publicly that there are no efficient automotor fire engines, and make this statement an excuse for the 'laissez-faire' policy of the council in the matter of fire prevention.

IRON PILLAR.

The largest wrought-iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is 60 feet high, and weighs 17 tons.

A STRANGE CASE.

MR. JAS. CROSGREY, OF PORT HOPE, TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY.

His Right Leg Swollen to Three Times Its Natural Size—Ulcers Formed on it for a Year and a Half Doctors' Treatment Failed to Help Him.

From the Port Hope Times.

"It was nearly as large as that telephone pole." The words were used by Mr. Jas. Crosgrey, for eight years a resident of Port Hope, Ont. Mr. Crosgrey is in the employ of Mr. R. K. Scott, who has a feed store on Wal-ton street, and is well and favorably known in town and vicinity. Less than two years ago Mr. Crosgrey was the recipient of much sympathy on account of a severe affliction which befel him, depriving him of the use of his right leg, and from doing any labor except a few odd days work. His recovery was wrought so suddenly and completely that the Times considered the matter would be of sufficient interest to its readers to obtain an interview with Mr. Crosgrey. In substance Mr. Crosgrey told the following story of his illness:—"In April, 1895, I was laid up for seven weeks with typhoid fever, and after I recovered from the fever, my right leg began to swell. It was very painful indeed, and in a few weeks it was three times its natural size—nearly as large as that telephone pole," and he pointed to a stick of timber ten inches in diameter. "Nothing the doctor did gave me any relief, and I consulted another with the same result. I suffered for nearly five months when I noticed that the swelling began to decrease and I became hopeful of recovery. But the improvement only continued for a short time and then the swelling became greater and two big ulcers formed on the inside of the leg above the ankle. These ulcers were right through to the bone and you could put that much into them," and Mr. Crosgrey indicated on his thumb an object an inch in length. "For the next year and a half I was treated by four or five doctors but my leg and the ulcers were as bad as ever. The doctors pronounced the disease phlebitis or inflammation of the veins. They didn't seem to know what to do for me, however, and I despaired of getting well." Mr. Crosgrey's relief came in a strange manner, almost by chance one night say. He tells of it this way:—"I had a relative living near Teeswater, named William Baptist. He heard of my condition and sent word to me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. His reason for recommending them he stated was because they had cured him of serious trouble in both legs, when all else had failed. I decided to try them and in less than five weeks the ulcers were completely healed and the swelling in my legs disappeared. The ulcers never returned and my leg is just about as sound as the other one. I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone cured me when doctors and all other medicines failed and I am willing that the details of my illness and cure can be made known." Mr. Crosgrey who is 41 years of age, is now at work every day. The nature of his work that of lifting heavy bags of flour and feed, is proof of his complete recovery. He is a life long friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lets an opportunity pass of speaking a good word for them.

The above statement was sworn to before the undersigned at Port Hope on the 17th day of February, 1898.

D. H. CHISHOLM.

SAVED THE GUNBOAT.

How a Pet Monkey Warned the Sailors Against a Night Attack.

Several years ago, when the British Government was endeavoring to suppress the slave traffic on the African coast, a small English gunboat was riding at anchor one night in the mouth of a river not far from the Congo. The craft boasted a crew of only twenty men, and as a number were suffering from coast fever, the crew was short-handed. Constant doubling of watches had told on the sailors, and along towards midnight the young officer of the deck and his two lookouts forward fell asleep. It chanced that the gunboat carried among other odd objects a monkey obtained from a friendly Kroo boy, and on the night in question it happened that the monkey was particularly wakeful. As the midnight hour approached, certain grass-covered floats drifted out from the bank with the current, and were carried down toward the British gunboat. One brought up against the anchor chain, and presently a dark, woolly head appeared over the railing. There came another and then another, and as the heads grew rapidly in number, the monkey, who had been watching curiously from the forward hatch, set up a prodigious chattering. Alarmed sailors awakened quickly, and in less time than is taken in the telling the gunboat's crew was hacking merrily at the intruders, who proved to be hostile natives incited by traders. They were repulsed with loss, and the monkey became the subject of a glorious fete. His stuffed body now adorns the museum of a retired British admiral, and a mental plate at the base of the case eloquently tells the story.

MAKING SOMETHING OUT OF IT.

Hello, there, said the banker, as he entered his office and found a burglar resting in his easy chair. What do you want?

The name of the maker of your safe, replied the crook. I've tried all night to break it, but it beats me. I thought I might be able to sell a recommendation to the makers and realize something on my seven hours' work.