

high, scornin' the folk as she passed. Not a soul dared to speak pity; an' one afternoon, when old Gregory hissel' met her an' began to mumble that 'he trusted,' an' 'he had a little doubt,' an' nobody would be gladder than he if it proved to be a mistake, she held her skirt aside an' went by with a look that turned 'em to dirt, as he said 'Gad!' said he, 'she couldn' ha' looked at me worse if I'd been a tab' meanin' to say 'instead o' the richest man in Tregarrick.'

But her greatest freak was seen when the Assizes came. Sir, she wouldn' even go to the trial. She disdained it. An' when that mornin' the judges had driven by her window, same as they drove to-day, what d'ee think she did?

She began to lay the cloth up in the parlor yonder, an' there set out the rarest meal, ready for her boy. There was meats, roasted chickens, an' a tongue, an' a great ham. There was cheese cakes that she made after a little secret of her own; an' a bowl of junket, an inch deep in cream, that bein' his pet dish; an' all kinds o' knick-knacks, wi' grapes an' peaches, an' apricots, an' decanters o' wine, white an' red. Ay, sir, there were even crackers for mother an' son to pull together, with scraps o' poetry inside. An' flowers—the table was bloomin' with flowers. For weeks she'd been plannin' it; an' all the forenoon she moved about that table, givin' it a touch here an' a touch there, an' takin' a step back to see how beautiful it looked. An' then, as the day wore on, she pulled a chair over by the window, an' sat down, an' waited.

In those days, a capital trial was kept till late into the night, if need were. By an' by she called up her little servin' gal that was then (she's a gran'mother now), an' sent her down to the court house to learn how far the trial had got, an' run back with the news.

Down runs Selina Mary, an' back wit word:

"They're a-summin' up," says she.

Then Mrs. Pinset went an' lit eight candles. Four she set 'pon the table, an' four 'pon the mantel shelf. You could see the blaze out in the street, an' the room lit up, wi' the flowers, an' fruit, an' shinin' glasses—red and yellow dabbies the flowers were, that bein' the time o' year. An' over each candle she put a little red silk shade. You never saw a place look cozier. Then she went back an' waited; but in half an hour calls to Selina Mary agen:

"Selina Mary, run you back to the courthouse, an' bring word how far they've got."

"So the little slip of a maid ran back, and this time 'twas—

"Missis, the Judge has done; an' now they're considerin' about Master Willie."

"So the poor woman sat a while longer an' then she calls:

"Selina Mary, run down agen, an' as he comes out, tell 'em to hurry. They must be finished by now."

The maid was gone twenty minutes this time. The evenin' was hot an' the window open; an' now all the town that wasn' listenin' to the trial was gathered in front, gazin' cur'ously at the woman inside. She was titivatin' the table for the fiftieth time, an' touchin' up the flowers that had drooped a bit i' the bowls.

But after twenty minutes Selina Mary came runnin' up the street, an' fetched her breath at the front door, and went upstairs slowly and 'pon tip-toe. Her face at the parlor door was white as paper; an' while she stood there the voices o' the crowd outside began to take all one tone, and beat into the room like the sound o' waves 'pon a beach.

"Oh, missis," she begins.

"Have they finished?"

"The poor cheald was only able to nod."

"Then, where's Willie? Why isn't he here?"

"Oh, missis, they're going to hang 'em!"

Mrs. Pinset moved across the room an' gave her a little push out into the street. Not a word did she say, but shut the door 'pon her, very gentlelike. Then she went back an' pulled the blind down slowly. The crowd outside watched her do it. Her manner was quite ord'nary. They stood there for a minute or so, an' behind the blind the eight candles went out, one by one. By the time the judges passed homeward 'twas all dark, only the blind showin' white by the street lamp opposite. From that year to this, she has pulled it down whenever a judge drives by.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE difference of weight in the brains of men and women has long been a source of deep interest to all who discourse of equality and rights. Those extra ounces remain more or less a stumbling block to the unwary. Metaphysical justice refuses to regard them other than iniquitous. Yet certain structural differences escape such close scrutiny, notably of the knee. The structure of the knee feminine constitutes in itself a permanent disability for many masculine pursuits. The knee joint in women is a sexual characteristic, as Dr. Ely Van de Warker long ago pointed out. Viewed in front and extended, the joint in but slight degrees intercept the gradual taper into the leg. Viewed in semiflexed position, the joint forms a smooth, ovate spheroid. The reason of this lies in the smallness of the patella in front and the narrowness of the articular surfaces of the tibia and femur, and which in man form the lateral prominences, and this is much more perfect as part of a sustaining column.

Muscles designed to keep the body fixed upon the thighs, in an erect position labor under the disadvantage of shortness of purchase, owing to the short distance, compared to that of man, between the crest of the ilium and that great trochanter. A man has a much longer purchase in the leverage existing between the trunk and extremities than a woman. The feminine foot, comparatively speaking, is less able to sustain weight than that of man, owing to its shortness and the more delicate structure of the tarsus and the metatarsus. Women are not well constructed to stand many hours consecutively and every day. It is safe to affirm that they have instinctively avoided certain fields of skilled labor on purely anatomical grounds, in which the smaller quantity of brain substance proves less an adverse factor than the shallow pelvis, the peculiarity of the knee and the delicate nature of the foot.

—Medical Record.

"Nancy," began Priscilla, as she turned her gloves inside out and unfastened her veil, "Nancy, I've discovered my ideal woman."

"Have you, indeed?" inquired Nancy, in slightly skeptical tones. "Who is she and how long have you known her?"

"She's Mrs. Wysely and I've known her about four hours," replied Priscilla, promptly, in accents that defied her friend to jeer at the length of her acquaintance with the ideal woman. So Nancy contented herself by remarking "Ah!" in a superior way and asking what Mrs. Wysely was like.

"Well, in the first place, she's young enough to be jolly and she's old enough to be sensible. She's beautiful enough to be admired by men and unaffected enough to be liked by women. She's brilliant enough to be a mental stimulus to a roomful of brilliant men and women, and she's simple enough to make a crowd of children happy playing with them. She's domestic enough to keep house perfectly and she's—"

"How do you know?" the critical Nancy interposed, and Priscilla stopped suddenly in her torrent of praise.

"Why, why," she stammered, "why, you can tell. She was lurching at the Robbins' with me and I could see. And Nettie Robbins told me a lot about her when she was gone. Don't you think such a woman about perfect?"

"Oh, yes, if she's really so," said Nancy indifferently. "My perfect woman, in the first place, is absolutely healthy. She's vigorous and enthusiastic, but her vigor and enthusiasm never degenerate to extravagance. She is philanthropic, but not tiresome or faddish about it. She has a fine, well-trained mind, but she is not a pedant. She's capable of enjoying equally a grand opera night and a sunset from a hillside. She's abundantly sympathetic and loves people and excitements, and at the same time she's fond of solitude. She reads Browning and yet isn't above an intelligent interest in how to keep the shoe-strings tied. She can discuss the Siamese situation with some degree of intelligence and gives a recipe for cup-cake and enjoy the ability to do both. She's absolutely unconventional in her ideas, but rather conventional in her own ways. She's liberal in her views, but doesn't howl over the narrowness of other people. She's honest, but she doesn't find i