

POOR COPY

APRIL 23, 1902.

place where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise. When he next quitted the house, she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until, after the death of the duke, she found them among those things which he had hid most precious.

Old Wedding Rings.
Speaking of wedding rings, we learn that these important symbols have not always been manufactured from the precious metal gold. We are told that in lieu of a ring the church key has often been used, and Walpole tells of an instance where a curtain ring was employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell so violently in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning at a party in Lord Chesterfield's house that two days after he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony, but as the duke had neither license nor ring the ceremony was refused to act.

Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed curtain at 12:30 at night at Mayfair chapel. Forgetful bridegrooms have been reduced to greater straits than this even. In one instance a leather ring had on the spur of the moment to be cut out of a piece of kid from the bride's glove.—"Finger Ring Lore."

DAN CUPID, CHAUFFEUR.
By Lilian C. Paschal
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"Society, frivolity, charity, and the greatest of these is charity."
Anice covered a rosebud mouth, half blown into a yawn, with a gloved hand as she stood in argumentative attitude before the flickering gas log.

"I'm sick of the first two, lady mother. Therefore will I practice charity."
"Well," said her mother placidly, taking up a novel, "do be careful with that automobile. Don't let it run away with you. You'll get smallpox or something down in that awful ghetto, as we call it. And be sure to change your clothes before."
But her tall, willful daughter was already half way down stairs. Pausing in the hall and thrusting her hands into the sleeves of her long train, she said:

"Go back to my room, Celeste, and bring me the violets to wear."
"Oui, mamselle, but ze violets have faded since yesterday. Ze pink roses go better with milady's gown."
Miss Anice repeated her order more imperatively. She would have told you that she detested diction and pink teas.

Dr. Harvey had been guilty of the first in an eminent degree. In consequence he was carrying round a returned diamond ring in close proximity to a very heavy heart, which had also been declined to this, as though it were an unavailable manuscript.

Charity covers a multitude of heart-aches. Therefore was Miss Anice speeding on errands of mercy this clear December day.

And the fatal Juggernaut car which had ridden ruthlessly over two fond hearts and brought about this state of affairs was no other than the little white coupe, the motor of which was now carrying her giddy.

"Harvey was always so superior!" she thought scornfully as she pressed down on the accelerator and shot around Desmond's curve, narrowly grazing a policeman and scattering his convoy of pedestrians. "I can run the White Arrow as well as he can." For their quarrel had been brought about by a difference of opinion as to her qualifications as chauffeur.

To be sure, the little Jewish newsboy to whom she was playing Lady Bountiful was laid up with a pair of smashed toes as a result of a contested right of way. In the encounter her automobile had come out on top in every sense of the word and had been since gallantly carrying supplies to a defeated foe whose wounds the farseeing parents did not allow to heal too rapidly.

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His Lady's Tresses.
Sarah, the first duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the biographer of the duchess, incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively, but charming.

On the death of the duke the duchess found, in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued, a mass of her hair. Years before when he had thwarted her in something she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass and

where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise. When he next quitted the house, she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until, after the death of the duke, she found them among those things which he had hid most precious.

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"But of course everybody has to learn to be anything," she comforted herself, not choosing to remember that Harvey had counseled her to wait till she did learn before venturing out of the park, "and papa gave me the White Arrow only in October. I think I've done pretty well in that time."

She sighed when she thought how it had been, because it was only the week after that Harvey—Oh, dear! And he had hinted about a good mistress for her birthday! Now, whenever she thought of him, not one from him, not even a bunch of flowers—he who had sent her violets every day! But she blushed as she glanced down at the tucked under her coat lapel.

She was whirling so fast to keep the tears back that she did not see the numerous warning symptoms of the great lower east side, the hundreds of children, abundant signs of the poor. Becoming instantly conscious of a gurgling squall stopped half way down a baby throat, she looked back and saw a sprawling infant in her wake.

The White Arrow had gone completely over the child, "straddling" it neatly, so she picked him up more frightened than hurt. After comforting him with some of Ike's confectionery supplies she rode on, leaving him with round eyes still staring tearfully and round mouth peacefully stuffed with raisins.

Arrived at last in Hester street, she closed the brake and lever in front of the tenement where Ike abode. She was at once swarmed upon like a queen bee by hordes of children to whom the daily visit of the white, horseless buggy was a great event.

It is hard to relate that with all her vaunted capability as an autistress Anice forgot a small but very important matter. She went up stairs loaded with good things to gladden the heart of Ike and his numerous relatives and forgot to take from its socket the little running plug of the White Arrow. With that tiny key safe in her chataleine bag the capacity for mischief in the combination of small boy and automobile was reduced to a minimum. Her electric horse would be hobbled fast. But with that brass plug lurking impishly in its hiding place behind the leather apron of the seat and with little Mose Rudinsky's bump of curiosity much inflated the inevitable occurred.

"Ye're afraid!"
What juvenile bosom ever failed to respond to that tettery?

Mose scrambled up the big, fat cushioned wheel.

"Der loily zed fer us no ter tech ud!" warned another stolidly, while a third cautiously fingered the shining, unlit eye of the fore light.

Mose stood up and grasped the bright steering lever. It moved and the front wheels with it, bumping violently into the shins of the boy who had questioned the courage of Mose, whereupon that young gentleman laughed triumphantly and sat down comfortably on the soft leather seat, his grimy face, tousled black hair and gaudy garments ludicrously out of place among the luxurious cushions. His elbow struck the controller handle. There was new food for investigation.

Mose investigated. The White Arrow started obediently down the street.

Miss Anice was descending the rickety stairs amid a shower of blessings when she heard a shout below.

"What's wrong?" she demanded of a panting child.

"Ye nottomble!" he gasped. "It's run-off—wid Mose!"

When Anice reached the pavement, breathless and pale, she could see down the narrow street a runaway automobile, with a frightened bareheaded boy clinging to the seat and screaming frantically.

She ran blindly after him, dizzy with visions of a sickening collision on the street car line a few blocks away. A burly policeman joined in the chase, and recruits swarmed up, seemingly from the ground.

Suddenly a tall young man in a long ulster appeared around the corner ahead of the flying White Arrow.

"Jack your lever back!" he shouted. But poor Mose was too frightened to obey. He only clung tighter to the controller, pushing it to the third notch. The carriage shot forward. As he bowed toward the tall young man he sprang out almost directly in its path.

He waited till it sped along, then quick as a flash flung himself on the rear of the auto. Grasping the projecting axle, he swung himself up, then reached over the back of the seat and seized the controller.

"Lift your foot," he commanded.

Mose, with face very white under its dirt, obeyed meekly.

"Now, youngster, where did you get this machine?"

The tall young man seated himself calmly, backed the runaway slowly and turned it around, following the direction of Mose's trembling finger.

Miss Anice was waiting to receive them at the crossing.

"Oh, Harvey—you!" she said, then very dignifiedly, "Thank you very much, Dr. Givins, I had no idea!"

"I was down below here to see a patient." He bowed gravely as he descended from the carriage.

"In Hester street?" she queried.

"Yes," he said, meeting her glance unflinchingly. "I have never in this region, Ikey Meemstein among them." He did not deem it necessary to add that he also had practiced charity only since October.

"Shall I assist you up, Miss-Anice?" the last as he caught sight of the faded violet.

She followed the direction of his glance and blushed furiously.

"There was no card with them!" she excused weakly.

"But you knew they were mine,"

(Continued on page seven.)

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