

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



CHAPTER III—Continued.

"I thought you were afraid of the wet sand," she said. "If you entertain any fears for your delicate constitution I advise you to return to the village."

"Which is a polite way of expressing your wish to be rid of me; but I have no desire to spend the day in those hen-coops. There's the sun now. Blessed sight! I'm going to move this shawl up there where it is drier. May I? It is positively suicidal to sit here. If you should be ill, I'll have to act as Esculapius for there isn't a man of skill and equanimity in the whole village, I'm told."

"It will be more prudent, no doubt," admitted Margaret, allowing him to move the shawl in question; "but we can't see the waves so well."

"That's no great loss. We know they are there, which is just as good. Do you know, I've been thinking of you all night. Really, I had a strange dream in which you seemed to be leading me, and some influence compelled me to follow. Don't look skeptical, please, and say nonsense. It was all very real, I assure you. One of those old men called you Miss Margaret. Please tell me if that is your name? I have quite a curiosity to know."

"Your curiosity is easily satisfied. My name is Margaret."

"Thanks. I've always had an odd fancy for the name. It seems to mean so little."

"It is her name, too. Curious, isn't it?"

"Not at all," responded Margaret promptly. "The name is common enough, I dare say."

"Perhaps, I like it, nevertheless. I only wish she were like you."

Margaret moved impatiently, and replied with a suspicion of petulance:

"Yes, she returned, half-absently grasping her shawl again. "I am hungry. I think it must be twelve o'clock, and here in Sconset we dine at that unfeastable hour."

"A barbarous practice, but now that you speak of it, I begin to feel some inward craving myself. May I walk under the shadow of your wing?"

Without awaiting her permission he possessed himself of her shawl and trudged by her side through the deep sand to the village.

Turning from one of the grotesque little streets, into a more grotesque Broadway, Margaret found that her appetite had been a true guide. It was twelve o'clock, and all Sconset was going to dinner. This pleasant duty Sconset never forgot, it being one of the unwritten, yet faithfully observed, laws of the small town that, whatever the individual's occupation at the moment, the stroke of twelve should find him ready, and all ideas gave way to the realization of his appetite.

"Yes," she returned, suddenly angry with herself; "but I am sure they have something to do with the injury you speak of. I know she isn't so hateful as you think her. It is neither just nor right to condemn her unheard."

He laughed at her earnestness. "I suppose she isn't a bad sort," he admitted, pulling at some seaweed beside him. "I don't see why you take such an interest in her, though."

She flushed at these direct words.

"I speak in general terms," she replied, unable to meet his searching glance. "I simply say you have no right to assume certain things, and I wish you would not run people down in my presence, especially when I don't know them, and cannot take their part. I hate it; it is against my principles, and it's contemptible besides."

She turned to her feet and walked away in some exclamation already regretting her chillish warmth.

"Tell me about it," she added, impudently, returning to her old place. "What did your cousin do?"

Another mistake. She bit her lips as the word cousin escaped her, but fortunately Brian had not noticed it.

"Do?" he echoed, still regarding her with an amazed expression. "She didn't do anything. Only my father happened to think so much of her, and to little of me that he left her a fortune and me a beggarly income to starve on. No use living without money either. But I'll forgive her if she marries me, and I dare say she will."

The confidence of this assertion was too much for Margaret.

"Didn't I understand you to say you had never met her?" she asked, in a voice unnaturally quiet and full of scorn, that made no impression upon him. He replied in the most imperturbable manner.

"No, I haven't seen her, that's true; but I dare say she'll make a good wife, and—"

These words further enraged Margaret.

"How dare you," she cried, without giving him a chance to complete his sentence. "I never heard of such unparalleled impudence in my life. I dare say you consider your charms so overwhelming that every woman must be overcome by the bare sight of them. If I were your cousin you would very soon discover your mistake. A concealed man is the very abomination of desolation."

"You show your contempt very freely," returned Brian, not overpleased with her remarks. "If I suggest the idea of my being married, is not it because of the circumstances? Father would have liked it, I know. Perhaps he had the idea in his head when he made his will."

Margaret grew paler at these words, but she did not answer.

"And don't you know," Brian continued, with a sneer of malice, as he turned lazily in his effort to see her face, "a man can marry any woman he chooses, provided he goes about it the right way. No woman can withstand constant, enduring affection."

"Constant, enduring fiddlesticks!" was the contemptuous reply. "No doubt your knowledge of woman, her nature and capacities, is deep and profound, but pray spare me your wisdom on the subject, or I may be tempted, like Aunt Sukey, to jaw back. I dare say your constant, enduring affection is another variety of constant hanging on. I would despise a man who turned around me, Please don't laugh so loud. I'm not trying to be amusing."

"No, I'll wager not. Tell me what sort of man you do like. An Admirable Crichton, with every virtue under the sun!"

"Heaven forbid! How tiresome such a perfect creature would be, and what a curiosity. No; I like men. Real, actual men. Not ornamental show pieces."

"Like me, for instance. How complimentary you are. But the truth is I sha'n't be even ornamental, if circumstances don't change."

He looked away from Margaret as he uttered the last words and began to make marks with his heel in the sand.

She watched his movements, but her mind was following up an engrossing train of thought.

"Are you going to sit still and allow yourself to be mapped?" she asked, after a second's pause. "It seems to me you have an opportunity to make a future for yourself. Why don't you take ad-

vice to your aunt? She might be worried."

"Oh, she's all right," he answered. "I'll write to morrow. Do you like to sew?"

"Not particularly. But we're often obliged to do what we don't like."

"It's poor," decided Brian. "I thought so all the time. Confound it!"

This conclusion was quite a surprise to himself. Why Margaret's poverty should affect him was a problem destined for future solution. When he was leaving her at supper time he asked permission to call around in the evening, but she shook her head resolutely.

"No; it will not be worth while. I go to bed at eight o'clock. Don't look so horrified. I know it is a nursery hour, but after you've been here a day or so you will feel the effects too, and be very glad to creep into bed even that early. Besides, the doctor ordered rest and quiet when I came here, and I'm obeying his command to the letter. I dare say I'll see you to-morrow. If you want diversion this evening go to the club house; you'll find all the men there assembled smoking their pipes, and discussing the prospects for fishing to-morrow. You may gain much information."

Brian did not follow this advice. Instead, he spent the evening in a high state of discontent, and went to bed at half-past eight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CIVILIZATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The South American systems of education have been framed upon the plan of ours; and in several of them even more radical measures have been adopted to increase the intelligence of the people," says the Hon. William Elroy Curtis, in an article on "The Progress of the South American Republics" in the New England Magazine. "Their universities are of a standard that compare well with any in this country, and in most of the republics the attendance of children at the public schools is compulsory. They have more newspapers in proportion to their population than we have, and some of their periodicals are of a high order; they encourage art and music, and every city has its museums and galleries of paintings. Their shops are filled with the most modern articles of merchandise; the homes of the rich are sumptuously furnished, and their incomes are expended for luxuries to the degree of extravagance. The steamships that connect their ports with Europe are always crowded with passengers; but the lack of transportation facilities has prevented them from visiting the United States as frequently, and in as great numbers. The national debts of the Latin American Republics have been incurred for the purpose of constructing railways and other internal improvements, which in several of them have certainly anticipated the necessities of the population, and become burdens upon the public treasuries. But in most of them immigration from Europe is rapid and permanent, and the development of natural resources will soon enable the railway lines to become self-supporting."

Origin of a Soup.

The exiles who took refuge in London at the time of the French Revolution met the poverty and hardships of their lot with much courage. They never begged, and it was often difficult to induce them to accept the funds subscribed for their assistance.

The women did not accept the partially worn and soiled clothing of wealthy and charitably inclined ladies, as most women in their condition would have been glad to do, but managed with the cheapest materials to dress neatly and tastefully.

Their necessities developed an inventive spirit. The records of the London Patent Office at the beginning of the eighteenth century have on every page such names as Blon-deau, Dupin, Cardonel, Gastineau, Leblond, and Courant. How ingenious they were in utilizing the most unpromising of materials is shown by their invention of a now famous dish.

When the London butchers slaughtered their beef they were accustomed to throw away the tails with the refuse. The French women had the bright idea of buying them, since they could get them for next to nothing, and making soup of them. And thus they gave to England the popular oxtail soup, which royal Englishmen now consider an essentially national dish.

How Navajo Hunt Prairie Dogs.

A Navajo will stick a bit of mirror in the entrance of a burrow and lie behind the little mound all day if need be to secure the coveted prize of a fat prairie dog. When Mr. Tusa ventures from his bed-room deep underground he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door, and when he hurries out to confront this impudent intruder, whiz goes a chalcedony tipped arrow through him, pinning him to the ground so that he cannot tumble back into his home, as he has a wonderful faculty for doing even in death, or a dark hand darts from behind like lightning, seizes his chunky neck safely beyond the reach of his chisel-shaped teeth and breaks his spine with one swift snap.—St. Nicholas.

Eyelashes and Eyebrows.

For those people who wish to make their lashes longer and more regular, the following suggestions may be of use: Examine the eyelashes carefully one by one, trimming with a pair of scissors any which are split, feeble or crooked. Then anoint the base of the lashes every night with a minute quantity of oil of cajuput on the top of a camel hair brush. If this is repeated sedulously for a few months the result is most gratifying.

Beautiful arched eyebrows are likewise a great detail of beauty and are not to be underrated. It is best not to trim the eyebrow, as it makes it coarse, but if it is desired to strengthen or thicken it a few drops of cajuput oil may be safely rubbed into the skin every other night.—Detroit Tribune.

The Negro Sun Proof.

The function of a negro's black skin is supposed to be the conversion of the sun's light into heat. The heat thus generated remains in the skin and does not penetrate to the deeper tissues. Being thus provided with a sun-proof armor the negro can stand an amount of heat that would be fatal to a white man, and run like a deer.

Clover, another of the five men who

have you written to your aunt? She might be worried."

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FARMER STATESMEN.

THE AGRICULTURIST IN THIS CONGRESS.

July 23 Farmers Against 270 Lawyers in Congress—Interviews with the Farmers—What They Are Trying to Do—Holman's Clearing—Casey's 300,000-Acre Ranch.

The Flow in Politics.

Washington correspondent:

THE revolt which brought this Congress to the front was understood as being largely in the interest of the plowman, the wheat-grower, the cotton-picker, the herdsman. It was about the man who had calloused on the inside of his fingers. The man who had got his bread by the sweat of his brow and had raised corns on the convolutions of his brain by overworking that organ.

Well, what are the facts?

Why, the facts are that the lawyer is just as dominant in this Congress as ever. There are a few more farmers than usual, but they have no more influence on legislation than they had in the Fifty-first Congress, and their voices are scarcely heard. As John Davis, one of the ablest farmers in Congress, said to me yesterday: "We scarcely expect to get any of our important measures through this session, but shall be satisfied with an educational campaign. We are going to make some speeches that will influence votes hereafter."

Another Congressman-farmer from the West permits me to publish his plaint thus:

The lawyers always rule the States. And all the rustic drudges: They crowd the bar as advocates, And fill the bench as judges, And the law as juries, Till after he has paid them;

For they are tangled up, because The cunning lawyers made them!

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