



ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1903.

FALL SHOOTING SEASON OPENS WITH REPORTS OF MUCH GAME WITHIN EASY REACH OF NEW-YORK SPORTSMEN

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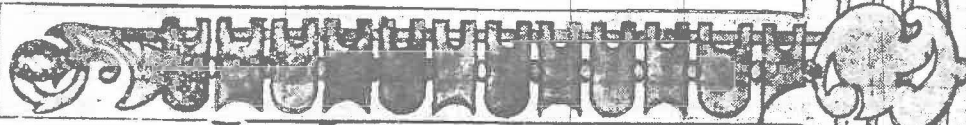


BRINGING HOME THE WEEK'S WORK.

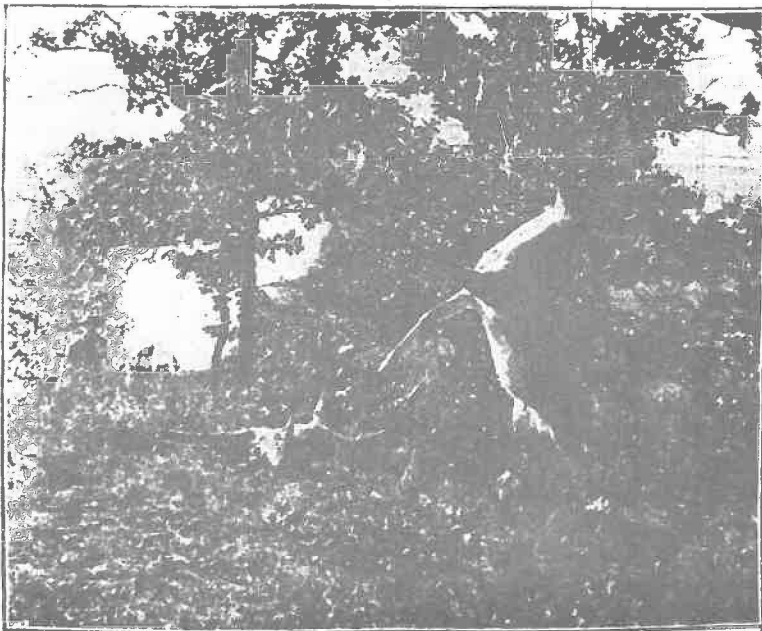
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A BIG "BAG" OF WILD DUCKS.



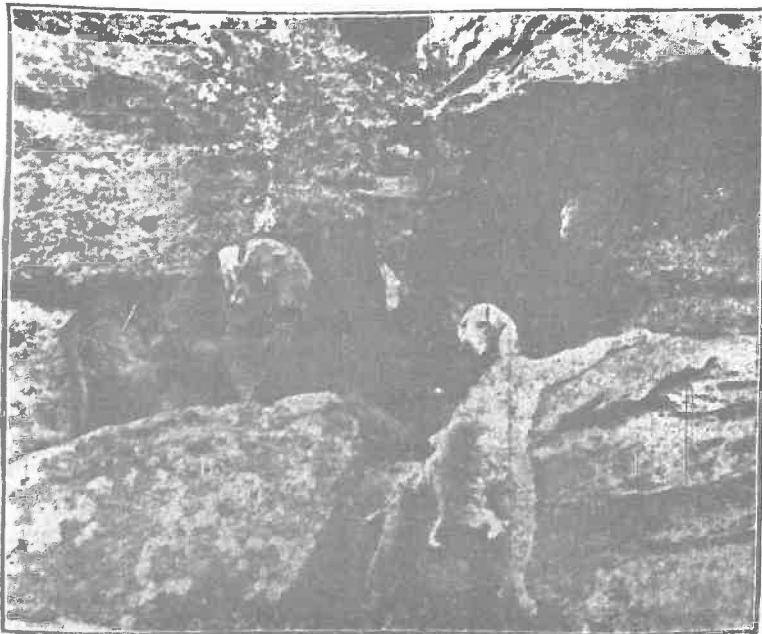
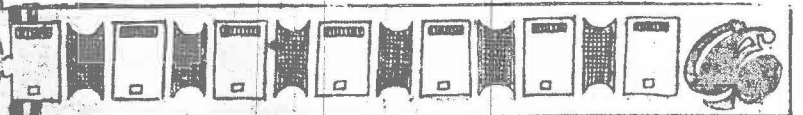
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A DOUBLE KILL FROM AMBURH.



A WELL STOCKED CAMP LARDER.



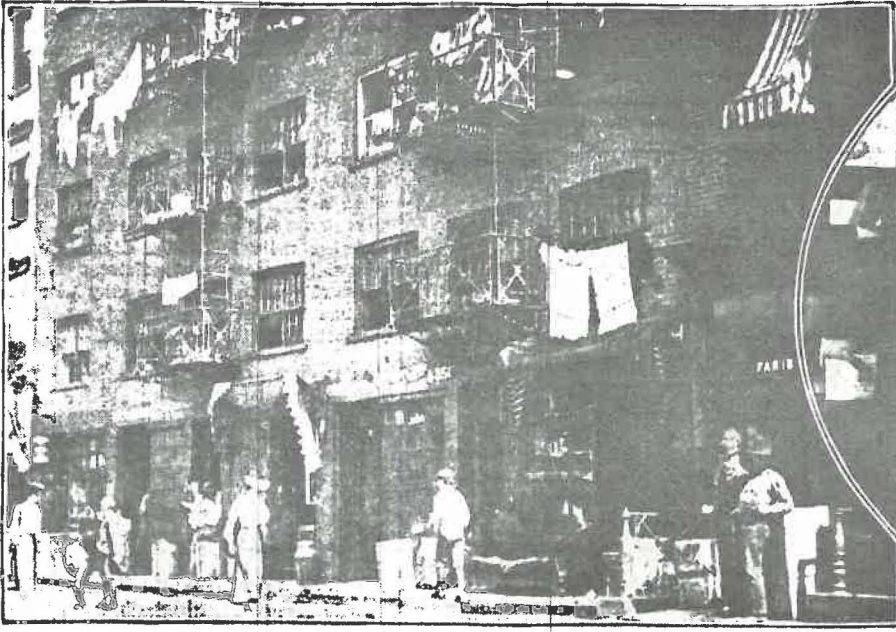
RESTING AFTER FIGHT WITH WILDOAT.
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FLOATING A BUCK TO CAMP.
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Oct. 11, 1903

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"LITTLE SYRIA" IN NEW-YORK.

Washington-st., near the Battery, where fugitives from the Sultan's tyranny first make their home in the New World.



THE IMMIGRANT PEDLER.

His first job. Filling his pack with a medley of wares which are lent him by a Washington-st. merchant on the guarantee of a kishman.

VICTIMS OF THE TURK FI

How the Syrian, When Let Alone, Rises the "Land of Gold"

New-York City at the present time is not only drawing heavily on Europe for its population but on Asia as well. The tide of immigration for the last half century has been steadily moving eastward from the Irish Sea and along the shores of the Baltic and the Mediterranean, until it has set in on the shores of the Ottoman Empire. And now Turkish outrage and persecution have turned many more swarthy faces westward and started their minds to long for the "Land of Gold and Peace," as they have learned to call the United States, where so many of them prosper.

For nearly a century this city has been affording homes for Hebrews, and it is now adopting thousands of this race each month of the year. But they have not come direct from Palestine, but toiled and tempered to some extent by European environments. Even the Russian Hebrew cannot be strictly termed Asiatic. The Syrian, however, comes here direct from Asia. On almost every incoming steamship there is an ever increasing number of these Orientals. They are from Mount Lebanon, Beirut, Damascus, Aleppo and other parts of the Sultan's domain. Some worship Christ, others Mahomet.

very near the top in their respective lines who have not spoken to each other for ten years because of a dressing room row. It was not over a dressing room, either, but over a red plush chair which one woman's room had and the other's had not. They never lose a chance to get a thrust at each other, and it will go on until they are dead."

"How about the actors?" asked the citizen. "Do they fight over dressing rooms?"

"We get along well enough with the men. They are generally satisfied with what we give them. If they do not like the arrangement of the room they change it. Men don't mind dressing together nearly as much as women. If a dozen men will splash on their paint in front of the same mirror, and there is never an ill-natured word except for the management, which does not do better than cracked mirrors and bottomless chairs. Give a bunch of chorus girls a cracked mirror and tell them to get together in front of the same glass, and you'd have a riot on your hands which no show of severe dignity or threat of fines would quell."

When Lillian Russell and Della Fox went on a joint starring tour some years ago the management quaked over the matter of dressing rooms. Neither woman would give an inch to the other in anything, and if one got the better dressing room no one could foretell how dire the consequences might be. They got around it by building two dressing rooms on the stage, and it is said they were alike even to the number of nails used in their construction.

Otis Skinner always gives the "star" dressing room to his wife when she is in his chest. He has not much use for a dressing room, anyway. His friends were astonished at the meagreness of his outfit when he played the hunchback in Boker's "Francesca da Rimini." It was a most elaborate makeup, yet Mr. Skinner's dressing table showed three sticks of grease paint, an old toothbrush, a box of powder and a comb and brush which looked as though he had carried them for years.

William Collier, who has been playing "Personal" at the Bijou, is just the opposite. He has a fine big dressing room, with running water, mirrors, dressing table and wardrobe. His dressing table has every possible convenience, and it is neatness itself. Every article of his wardrobe must be in exactly the same place each night or he is not comfortable. His wife, Louise Allen, has an adjoining dressing room, which is neither as fussy nor as shipshape as her husband's. They had trouble over dressing rooms when they were both in the Weber & Fields east. Mrs. Collier found it impossible to secure a room near her husband, and he was forced to partition his room, which had been small enough before.

The finest dressing rooms in the city are to be found at the Manhattan and the Belasco theatres. The former belongs to Mrs. Fiske, who plays there several months each season, and David Belasco built the theatre which bears his name for Mrs. Leslie Carter. Both women planned their dressing rooms, and one may presume they are satisfied with them.

Mrs. Carter's dressing room is large, well lighted and elaborately furnished. Sometimes she entertains her friends there. When she played Du Barry it was decorated in pink and blue, but she may change it when she again comes to New-York.

Mrs. Fiske's dressing room is equally characteristic. It is artistic, but on a slender line than that affected by Mrs. Carter. It is done in dull gray; the wall decorations are simple and have some personal significance—like a letter which she received from Robert Ingersoll shortly before he died, which is neatly framed with his picture.

Annie Russell's dressing room is almost par-ticular in its simplicity. She has a fashion of pinning her first night telegrams and letters of congratulation upon the wall, where they hang throughout the engagement.

"It is surprising how many of the 'stars' get along without maids," said a woman who has many friends among the topnotchers of the

stage. "I was calling on a friend at the Casino the other night and noticed a number of colored women in the wings.

"Which one is your maid?" I asked.

"My maid?" she exclaimed. "'Stars' can't afford to have maids; these belong to the chorus girls. They have to flatten out against the wall most of the time, for there is not room for them in the crowded dressing rooms, but the chorus must have them to keep up the dignity of their position."

"But how can they afford it on their meagre salaries, if you can't?" I questioned.

"Ask Wall Street," was the answer."

HIDING PLACES OF BEES.

Strange Places Where Swarms Seek New Homes in California.

California bees are record breakers for choosing queer hiding places. In various Southern California towns the persistent little honey makers have invaded bank blocks, churches, stores, private dwellings, schoolhouses and tamale stands to such an extent that business and religion, education and personal comfort, have been sadly interfered with.

Fullerton, an enterprising agricultural community, has been the scene of their especial activities, and the inhabitants of the charming town have had exciting times trying to keep the intrusive pests out of their homes and places of business. For ten years the busy little workers have been packing their stores of honey close under the roof of the Fullerton Bank, and every effort that has been made to rid the building of them has been ineffectual. During their winged pilgrimages they frequently invaded the banking room, where they set employes and customers in such a panic that there was tearing of hair, groaning and undignified jumping about. A few weeks ago a man was found who gladly agreed to rout the torments, with the understanding that his remuneration for the job was to be the honey that had been accumulating among the rafters for many years. With the assistance of a number of men, all of whom were screened with mosquito and wire netting, he captured over two tons of the finest orange honey. He sold the cargo of sweets for four cents a pound, pocketed the good, hard cash, then whistled defiantly when censured because he left the bees to work at the same old stand.

In one instance a swarm tried to take possession of a living room in a private house. The window had been left open, and the uninvited guests flocked in as merrily as if they had received invitations to an "at home." They were finally captured and persuaded to transfer their festivities to a drygoods box. One of the largest swarms of bees ever seen in this vicinity recently tried to bolt their way into several business houses, but, being balked in their intentions by finding doors shut and windows down, they made a beeline for less aristocratic quarters—a Mexican vender's tamale stand—where they attempted to establish a permanent camp, much to the consternation of the swarthy merchant.

For a number of years the little Episcopal church at San Gabriel, a town which has become famous because of its historic mission, was infested by bees, and their effect on religion and the development of Christianity was demoralizing in the extreme. In the summertime it was necessary to keep the windows open, and as there were no screens investigating bees would temporarily suspend operations in their storehouses among the rafters and join the congregation. The following amusing story is told in connection with this church:

One time during an especially impressive service the minister was sending up a solemn prayer of thanksgiving. He suddenly struck his eyebrow a resounding whack, while his voice and his enthusiasm rose vigorously, thrilling the kneeling devotees with the wildly spoken words, "O Lord—Cosh." A drowsy, half-deaf old patriarch in the front row responded with

a loud "Amen," while a little bee, suffering the agonies of death, writhed on a page of the open Bible. Because of the bees' many humorous incidents occurred in this picturesque little meeting house. Many times a troop of the little tormentors, with all their artillery set for action, would swoop down on the worshippers and transform piety into unpiety action. An enormous amount of honey was removed from one of the gable attics of this church, and after repeated attempts the bees were finally got rid of.

California bees sometimes go to school, and then there is trouble for teachers and pupils. As the bees are unruly and unmanageable and averse to educational discipline, the effect on the pupils is demoralizing.

Bees that have become prejudiced against life in the conventional apiary like best to hide away in low, dark attics, where they can fasten their honeyed tapestry to the rafters or crowd it between the weather boarding and the plastering. Sometimes the weight of honey on the rafters becomes so great that it drops and crashes through the ceilings. The favorite swarming time of bees is in the latter part of spring, when all the honey producing plants are in bloom and conditions are most favorable for the establishment of new quarters. The methods employed by the bees for selecting a new home are methodical and clever in the extreme. A detachment is sent out to make investigations. They return to the hive and report. Then all is bustling preparation, for each bee that joins the winged caravan must gorge himself with honey, so he will have enough to last him until he is comfortably settled in the new home and ready to go to work in earnest. Each bee must also carry along a supply of wax for making comb.

The greatest deference is extended to the queen bee by her subjects and no move is made until she is ready. Queen bees are larger and heavier than the worker bees and it is impossible for them to go far without getting tired; as they are unaccustomed to flying. Consequently numerous rests must be taken while on the way. When the queen becomes exhausted she usually lights on the limb of a tree to rest, and all her subjects hang about her and to one another until they form a huge, black, buzzing ball, that threatens disaster to anything that tries to molest it. Sometimes they remain on the branch for several hours, but usually the time for "refreshment" is about ten minutes. When the queen is roared she gives the signal and off they go.



THE WAGON PEDLER.

He no longer tramps the pavement with weary feet.



HIS WIFE A BREADWINNER.

Some of the Syrian women are beautiful in and figure and got good pay as models.

Some are Druses and a few are idol worshippers.

At the present time there are six thousand Syrians in this city, and throughout the rest of the United States there are some forty thousand more. The riots in Beirut and the Macedonian outrages are contributing to send still more hither, and, as each immigrant lands and writes home of the good fortune which nearly always attends him, his brethren learn of the New World, and as soon as they can buy the steamship tickets they come hither and join their kinsman.

When one leaves the hurry and roar of lower Broadway and, turning westward through Recto-st., walks southward through narrow Washington-st., the average New-Yorker of Cau-

TURK FINDING HOMES HERE.

Alone, Rises from Penury to Affluence in and of Gold and Peace.

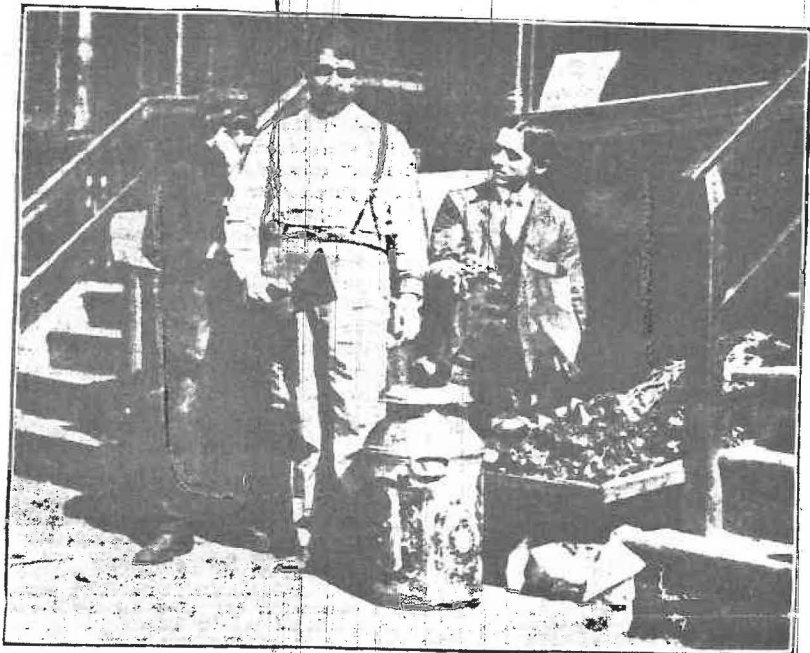
is not only a population of immigrants, but a population of immigrants who have found homes here. The signs on the street corners read "Washburn & Sons know the place as the village of Ahl-esh-Shemal. The men that one meets talk a language which is as unintelligible as the fantastic inscriptions over their stores. It is the same language which Haroun al Raschid spoke in the golden days of Bagdad. The shop windows are filled with huge Turkish pipes, whose water filled bulbs and serpentine stems would seem able to bring to the smoker all the dreams of the Thousand and One Nights. Here, too, the passerby may see lamps of Damascus brass, both great and small, and lighted by immovable tiny tapers. They look much as the imagination might picture the lamp of Aladdin. A block to the west roll the heavy trucks along the North River front, and above the clatter of hoofs and wheels rise the shouts of drivers and stevedores. A block to the east roar the trains of the elevated. A little further eastward are the rushing throngs of Broadway. In the midst of all this tumult and confusion is situated the quiet village of Ahl-esh-Shemal. And yet in spite of a certain calmness which



THE WATERBURY PEDLER.
He has accumulated a small capital and sells his goods.



THE PUSHCART PEDLER.
Now fairly on the road to prosperity.



HIS FIRST STORE.

He has rented a basement and now has a permanent business address.

pervades this Asiatic settlement there seem many evidences of prosperity. One need only stop and watch some little store, for example, where all kinds of handmade lace, each yard of which represents a day's work for some weary woman's fingers, are for sale. Before long a swarthy faced customer will enter, run his hands over a lot of fabric, throw down a few crisp banknotes, and, still talking as if in the heat of anger, he will carry the goods away, wrapped up in a newspaper.

"How is it possible for these people to succeed?" the Caucasian visitor asks himself. "Do not these people land here abjectly poor?" "Are they not utterly unfamiliar with the language of their adopted country?" "How can these uneducated foreigners get employment when native born Americans are unable to find work?" These are some of the questions one is likely

to ask one's self. But the riddle is easy to solve if one only remembers that the Syrian is a born trader. Even as his forefathers, the Phoenicians, were once the leading merchants of the world, so their descendants, although subjugated a dozen times by various dynasties since those days, still have an inherent genius in driving a bargain. The Syrian immigrant when he comes to America comes to make money. If he does not make it, he goes back. It is sufficient to say that few go back.

To see how the immigrant gets his first start, one needs to visit a novelty store, where the itinerant pedlers stock their packs. Such a place may be found at No. 45 1/2 Washington-st. Joseph Phabo-Urab is its proprietor, and he and his black eyed daughter, whose cheeks are so rosy that one suspects she may have rubbed them with a few grains of henna, are glad to show the goods. The shelves seem to hold every-

thing that human whim or necessity might want. Combs, pins, thread, scarfs, beads and a thousand other things are here for sale.

While the daughter is showing how pretty are the combs by fixing them at different angles in her raven hair, a youth shambles into the store, and clumsily bows to the proprietor. The baggy trousers of the newcomer, his sash, which answers the purpose of an American pair of suspenders, and his rather suspicious glances at other customers, easily show him to be a newly arrived immigrant. Phabo-Urab brings out a medley of wares, and the youth culls them over. After many bickerings, the immigrant hands the storekeeper a twenty dollar bill, and packing his wares away in a trunklike case, he shambles out with his burden on his shoulder.

"That fellow has just come over from Beirut," says Phabo-Urab. "His brother, who came over here two years ago, sent him the money. That twenty-dollar bill was his brother's, too. Well, he will take that pack and go through the State peddling. He has learned the best routes from his brother, who started the same way. When he comes back here he will have \$50 to \$70 in his pocket. No, no; he never gets tired. He is afraid to get tired. He is afraid he'll get bad luck. The Syrian pedler's motto is: 'He cannot rest who will succeed.'"

Throughout the Syrian quarter most of the olive skinned women are always sewing. Instead of going to a matinee, they sew; instead of reading the papers and magazines in the evening, they sew; instead of playing bridge or giving receptions, they keep on sewing. Some of the women sit on the bare floors of their tenement homes and sew with needle and thread. Others, who have learned of the wonders of the sewing machine, save up their earnings and sew with a machine. When a pedler has earned enough to bring his wife or his mother or his sister from the home land, he puts her to work sewing.

Far better and healthier for these working Syrian women are the kimono factories. They are under the management of Syrian merchants who have learned the value of light and air and who understand the American ideas of sanitation. Thus on the fourth floor of No. 108 Greenwich-st. nearly a score of women may be found at work any weekday, sewing kimonos from brilliantly colored fabrics. The room is bright, and occasionally the women hum a native song as they work.

"These women will not work with us a long

time," said Mr. Machsoud, of the firm of Lutif & Machsoud, who are among the largest kimono makers in this country. "As soon as a wife has saved up enough of her earnings, she joins her husband in running a store. And it is no wonder that they welcome this work, for where they earn a dollar here they receive only ten cents in Syria. I have known of women and girls working for eight cents a day in this country."

The next stage, where the Syrian and his wife develop from the pedler and the kimono maker to storekeepers, may be seen in half a hundred places in Washington-st. Their names have been painted both in Arabic and English on the window panes. What matter if the English sign looks scraggly. A friendly neighbor a little more Americanized than themselves painted it, and charged them only a quarter. The newly established merchants stock their shelves with lace of various patterns and different widths, which they say was made by hand in Syria and Italy. Some of the more elaborate patterns they sell for fifty cents a yard, and yet they say that it took a poor woman two days to make that amount.

"No, we don't make lace by hand in this country," said the swarthy complexioned proprietor of No. 85 Washington-st. "It would cost too

much." In such stores it is common to find the storekeeper and his wife eating at the end of the counter out of a common dish. When night comes they sleep at the other end of the room. Expenses are kept as near nil as possible.

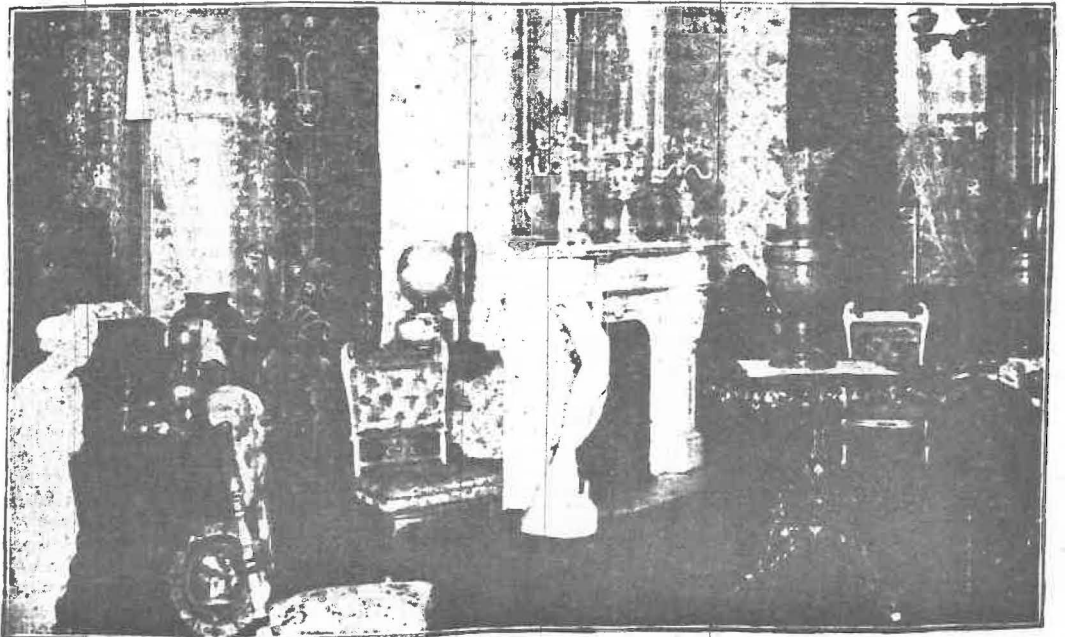
In a couple of years it will be hardly possible to recognize the rudimentary merchants who were wont to sleep and eat in their stores. Syria and its impecuniosities are further in the past. The suspicion which they were wont to have of the American is almost gone. The man takes his luncheon at a café, and in such an establishment as No. 30 Rector-st. you may find him any noon. Here he drinks the fiery arrack which is to him what the cocktail is to the American. It is the distilled spirit of fermented rice, with enough anise to give it an aromatic flavor. With two or three genial companions he orders a luncheon of laban, or curds of milk makshie, or minced meat and rice wrapped up in grape leaves or stuffed into a squash gourd, and some grapes for dessert. Then he gives H. H. H. sey, the proprietor, 10 cents more for a smoke

Continued on thirteenth page.



THE SYRIAN MANUFACTURER.

With increased resources he starts a kimono factory in this case and employs recent arrivals from his native land.



THE SYRIAN AS A CAPITALIST.

Parlor of the country home of John Abd-el-Nour at Etingville, Staten Island.

VICTIMS OF THE TURK.

Continued from ninth page.

Hassay takes a great Turkish pipe away from some other customer who has just finished, wipes off the mouthpiece with a napkin, and refills his bowl with a kind of heavily spiced tobacco. Hassay drops a red hot cube of charcoal on the tobacco and hands the stem to the merchant. After a few puffs the smoker is blowing big clouds of smoke into the air, and the water in the bulb through which the smoke passes bubbles slumbrously. The merchant lingers over a tiny cup of coffee, as black as Erebus, and talks interminably about the Sultan and Tammany Hall.

And the wife has changed, too. When she first came she was told to keep in the house, away from the sight of men. If her husband was a Mahometan, she may have worn a face cloth the first few days after her arrival, until the jeers of spectators compelled her husband to let her expose her features to the vulgar stare. To be sure, she now tends the store while her husband is at the café, and she never thinks of going to such a place herself, but in many ways she enjoys liberties she had never dreamed of before. She goes to the bank with the weekly savings. She walks to church alone on Sunday if her husband does not "feel like going." And when the Tammany leader invites all the women and children on a "chowder" she goes and takes her little ones.

There are a dozen or more merchants in Little Syria, who ten years ago were itinerant peddlers, and who now do a business of \$500,000 a year. The banking firm of Fauror Brothers, of No. 63 Washington-st., has had such a rise. Thirteen years ago this concern had a little novelty store in Morris-st., where, with a capital of \$1,500, they supplied peddlers with the contents of their packs. Now they occupy a four story building, and in addition to a big jobbing business in Oriental goods they conduct the chief bank of Ah-esh-Shemal.

The majority of the wealthier Syrians are making their homes in Brooklyn, and in Pacific-st. and President-st. another Asiatic colony is growing up. In Pacific-st. is one Syrian church, frequented by those Syrians who believe in the Orthodox Greek Church. The Roman Catholic Syrians, who form the majority, however, come to Manhattan each Sunday, and worship in the Maronite Church, on the second floor of No. 85 Washington-st.

Only one Syrian of prominence lives on Staten Island, and he is reputed to be the wealthiest of them all. This is John Abd-el-Nour, the silk merchant, of No. 39 Broadway. At Eltingville, Staten Island, Abd-el-Nour has a country villa, in which he delights so much that he lives there the year round. The estate comprises eleven acres, and from his front porch he can look out across New-York Bay and see the low lying spit of Sandy Hook. The parlors are luxuriously furnished with draperies from Constantinople, vases from Paris and brass ornaments from his native town of Damascus.

John Abd-el-Nour has lived in New-York longer than any other Syrian who has immigrated hither. He came in 1880, and his success attracted such attention that others began to follow him. These first immigrants were so helpless that they resorted to begging to keep from starving, and the police had many fights with them in trying to stop their mendicancy. At last Abd-el-Nour fitted out a number with trinkets to sell to Catholics, and they went through the country selling crosses, rosaries and images. This was the beginning of the Syrian pedler of to-day, who sells everything, both sacred and secular.

GOT CHRYSSELEPHANTINE CARVING

From Bremen, on the Auguste Victoria, came recently the Baroness Raoul de Graffenried. On the voyage over she discussed one day the habit people have of giving tourists commissions to execute in foreign parts—the habit of saying to the tourist, "Bring me this or that," without laying down the money for the purchase.

"An uncle of mine," said the baroness, smiling "once set out on a tour of Japan and India. Before he started his relatives gathered around him. One wanted him to fetch her an India shawl, another a silver Buddha, a third a chryselephantine carving from Japan. Indeed, the list of commissions was appalling in its length.

"But my uncle agreed to fetch back everything that was desired, and his various cousins, after bidding him farewell, set in to wait hungrily for his return. He returned in good time, but of nineteen commissions that had been given him he had executed only one. He had brought back only the chryselephantine carving from Japan. This he gave to one smiling cousin, amidst the disappointed looks of eighteen empty handed ones.

"A considerable clamor arose. Why, the disappointed ones asked, had he executed that one particular commission, disregarding all the rest. My uncle, with a calm smile, held up his hand for silence. Then he said:

"It happened that each of you had written your commissions on sheets of paper. Well, on the second day of the voyage out I took all these sheets of paper from my pocket, opened them and spread them on my lap as I reclined in my steamer chair. The air was very still at the time, but suddenly a heavy wind sprung up, and every sheet was blown away except that of Cousin Max. Max's sheet I had weighted down with the gold coin that he had given me to pay for his carving."

Published October 9

Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S life of

William Ewart Gladstone

In three octavo volumes, illustrated with portraits, etc. Cloth, \$10.50 net.

THE BOOK GOSSIP FROM LONDON CALLS IT:

"this long-expected, eagerly-awaited work."

THE DAILY CHRONICLE, London, quotes Mr. MORLEY as having said that two men made him, and adds that he "repays the debt to one of the two by handing down to posterity a brilliant record of the great statesman's life, the result of several years' strenuous labor."

THE TIMES assigns it even greater value as history than as biography, since it tells the true stories of Majuba, the Soudan, etc., as they have never before been related.

A cablegram to the NEW YORK HERALD says that wonder at its long delay will cease in view of the tremendous labor involved, since Mr. MORLEY was obliged to examine personally about 50,000 documents of value in Mr. Gladstone's collection, something like 150,000 letters written by the great statesman, and in addition all of the applicable government documents. It is certain to be one of the most important of books dealing with the nineteenth century, and intensely interesting.

In short, the London forecast of the coming publishing season is:

"First and foremost is Mr. Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' which alone should serve to mark the winter season of 1903 above all others of recent years."

C. F. C.'s London Letter in *The Literary World*.

Published by

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 Fifth Avenue
New York

Love in a Garret.

BY HENRY GILBERT.

Since he had obtained his degree in science and an appointment, Stephen Portway had determined to leave his poor lodgings in Soho; but he still delayed. At first he was not frank, even to himself. But at length he had to confess to the dark of a sleepless night that a woman held him—a woman to whom he had never spoken except with the commonplace greetings of the day.

She was French, she called herself Mademoiselle Lemoine, was, perhaps, twenty-four years of age, and she lived alone in a room on the opposite side of the landing before his door. She appeared to be very poor, very proud, and very solitary. The landlord, a little Swiss watchmaker, would shake his head to Stephen's guarded inquiries as to how she lived. He only knew that she gave French lessons at one or two schools in the suburbs.

Without thinking, Stephen had got to wait for her going out in the morning, so that he could greet her when passing. In the evening, too, when he heard the light footsteps coming up the stairs he would carelessly begin descending, so as to look into the tired, quiet eyes and hear the soft voice answer his salutation. But at last he became aware that his comings in and goings out were but shadowings of her movements, and in shame he put restraint upon himself. For some miserable days, therefore, he still listened for her footsteps, but forebore to encounter her. But when, at the end of that time, he found he had not seen her face for a week, he threw self-control to the winds and watched to meet her.

He was surprised and stirred at the change he saw in her face. Once there had seemed to be the possibility of archness and coquetry, but now it was pale and gaunt, and in her eyes were fever and a great trouble. He could not be deceived; whatever was her mental anguish, he knew there was a meaner, a grimmer despair beneath it all—she lacked food. All the evening and long into the night he asked himself what he could do to approach her. Once he would fiercely resolve to go to her to-morrow and bluntly offer her help and friendliness; next moment he would enrage against the suspicious conventions that were reared about them.

Next day was Saturday. She did not appear in the morning, and he went listlessly to his work. Reaching home quickly in the afternoon, he sat in his room, near the door, and listened for her. Some time elapsed; he was in great disquiet, wondering what might have happened to her. Suddenly the quiet steps sounded on the stairs below, and, seizing his hat, he strolled,

whistling, out of the room. She was coming up the stairs with a basket on her arm, and at the sight of the weariness in her face and the frailty in her figure he felt impelled to speak to her tenderly. As she looked at him with shining feverish eyes, he thought that for a moment she seemed shaken before his gaze, and she hesitated in her reply to his greeting; then she responded, and passed on with her usual distant bearing. As she went by he glanced at the basket. A cloth was over something within it, and for the moment he was glad and then half sorry with the thought that she was not in such dire straits as he had imagined. As she placed her foot on the stair he saw the cloth was pulled aside at one place, and a piece of charcoal jutted up. He descended, feeling pleased to think she was going to cook something over her stove.

In another ten minutes he came bounding into the house and up the stairs. Half way toward the Museum a terrible suspicion had entered his mind; perhaps she meant to destroy herself! He stood on the landing and looked at her door. It was closed. He listened, but no noise came from the room. He tried to think of an excuse for knocking and speaking; then, happening to cast his eye to the top of the door, he caught sight of a piece of blanket jammed between it and the frame. Quickly he bent; no light came through the keyhole, and at the bottom of the door flannel was thrust. He knocked with restrained force, the blood beating thickly at his heart. A slight movement came from within the room, but no reply. He knocked again and called, "Mademoiselle!"

Then her voice answered, in sleepy tones, "Who is it?"

"It is I," he replied. "What are you doing with the door blocked up?"

"Go away," said the girl, drowsily; "I am all right now. . . . I thank you."

He pushed wildly at the door, all his fears realized, but the lock held.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, angrily. "Get up and open the door, or I will burst it in!" He reflected for a moment, and then added, "Think—the whole house will know!"

He heard a movement as of some one slowly rising, and groans, "My head! my head!" Then a heavy fall to the floor. At that, exerting all his strength, he struck the lock with his foot, the door flew open, and thick, white smoke, as from a wood fire, curled out toward him, stifling him. A stove stood in the middle of the floor, from which the vapor rose, wreathing and twisting. From the clearness of some part of

the room he believed the fire had not been long burning. Quickly lifting the girl from beside the bed, he bore her into his own room, where, placing her on a couch near the open window, he douched her head and throat with cold water. Anxiously he watched for signs of returning consciousness, and was on the point of running for help, when her bosom fluttered, the lips twitched, and the eyelids slowly opened. She gazed into his tender eyes for a moment as if she did not recognize him; then, turning, she burst into passionate tears.

As her hands leaped to cover her face he noticed a wedding ring upon her finger. It had never been there before.

He rose from bending beside the couch and began preparing a meal. He would not look toward her as he went about the room, but was conscious of the restraint she put upon her weeping. In a little while she was silent and slowly rose from the couch. He was instantly beside her. She murmured that she wished to change her dress, which was wet. She was trembling and seemed very weak. When he had helped her into her room, which was now cleared of smoke, he said, a little brusquely:

"Mademoiselle, you will promise to do nothing rash again?"

"I will promise you, yes," she said, almost humbly, her eyes dropping before his.

"Whatever may be troubling you," he went on; "you can always depend on me to help you."

"Thank you," she replied, with so quick an emotion in her voice that he was startled and moved.

As they sat at tea, he tried by cheerful talk to bring her mind away from brooding, and after the meal she was betrayed into some brightness on seeing him wash up the tea things, and wished, against his laughing protestations, to do it for him. Suddenly, in the midst of their almost gay talk, she became silent, the face clouded, and shining drops started from her eyes.

"I never dreamed you were so kind," she said, looking at him, the tears falling down her face. "I always thought you were so stern and cold. I called you in my mind, 'the man with the hard eyes.'"

"Oh, but you mustn't trust to appearances!" he replied, cheerfully. "I've often thought you were in trouble and—hadn't many friends, perhaps."

"I have no friends since my poor father died, a year ago," she said, sadly, when she had wiped her eyes and could speak quietly. "He had a concession which he thought some rich men here would pay him for, but they took it and gave him worthless papers. When he died, disappointed, I tried to keep myself. All our friends seemed to have hidden themselves. I have suffered many things, but I cannot starve. It is so base. It is intolerable. Oh, Monsieur,