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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Beatrix went in search of Mr. Lennox. She never enjoyed anything very much unless her uncle shared in it.

"Listen, uncle," she said—"I have found a hero—listen to what my hero has done."

In her clear, sweet voice, that seemed to thrill with passionate emotion, she read the story again, and then she laid down the newspaper.

"She was only a servant girl, uncle; but it seems to me that the more lowly the lot, the more striking is such generosity. Had she been rich and had influence, he might have hoped for some reward; as it was, he could not have expected any. Uncle, I am glad that I read this. I shall always believe in heroes now."

"He is a clever man as well as a good one," said Peter Lennox. "I tell you that, Beatrix. I am sure to drift into a contest with the Eastern Mining Company. I shall place it in his hands. It will be worth several hundred pounds to me."

"When will that begin, uncle?" she asked.

"Not for some time," he replied. "I must have their answer first."

"I should like to see Mr. Carew, and tell him what I think of him," she said.

"So shall I," added her uncle. "If he wins his case, I shall be delighted. That Eastern Mining Company is a complete swindle, although I am not prepared to prove it just yet." So saying, Peter Lennox quitted the room, leaving his niece with the newspaper still in her hand.

"Beltran Carew," she repeated to herself. "I like the name. It is a beautiful name. 'Beltran' brings before me the picture of a belted knight. 'Carew' is a name of a noble sound. I wonder if I shall ever see Beltran Carew? I wonder if he is like my ideal?"

A few days after this the Duchess of Elmsle sent to ask if Beatrix would drive out with her, and, having no special engagement, she consented.

"I have a whim this morning, Beatrix," said her grandmother, "and will be to have a whim means gratifying it."

"What is a whim?" asked Beatrix.

"I am going to see Mrs. Carew. How well you look in those trailing black brocades, Beatrix. They suit you so well. Yes, I am going to see Mrs. Carew."

"Who is Mrs. Carew?"

The duchess opened her blue eyes.

"Have you not heard of Mrs. Carew?" she said. "Then I will tell you about her. To begin with—she is a wonderful woman, a perfect wonder. She must be more than forty, yet she has the look, the manners, and the grace of a girl of twenty. She is witty, and even her husband—whom I really consider most dense, so far as understanding goes—can understand her jests, and laughs at them. She has pretty ways; she is charming in a drawing room."

"But who is she?" asked Beatrix, almost impatiently. "You have not told me who she is."

"Mrs. Carew is an artist," replied Lady Grace, "but an artist such as the world does not often see. She paints portraits—and such portraits! They are masterpieces of art. She will not paint every one. She selects her subjects, I assure you. Mrs. Carew came to London some twenty-five years ago, and she has conquered her world. It is one of the things that every one wants, to have a portrait painted by Mrs. Carew. You must have yours painted, Beatrix, as Duchess of Heathland."

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Carew was an important unit in London society. She held ground peculiarly her own. As the duchess had said, her personal appearance was something wonderful. She had the fair, unruffled face, the clear, serene eyes and calm smile of a young girl. She was so quick, so vivacious, so animated, that it was difficult to imagine forty summers had passed over her head. She had a charm of manner that was irresistible. Every one liked Mrs. Carew. No one was jealous of her. The gentlemen admired her—ladies did the same. It was her talent that made her so popular—the bright-eyed, fair-faced lady, who wielded her brushes with almost magical skill, was a genius.

Besides a bijou house in Mayfair, she had a very beautiful villa at Kew. When she was tired of painting, tired of society, tired of the gay, brilliant world and its ways, she went thither and spent a few days in seclusion by the riverside. No one knew anything of Mrs. Carew's past history. Her son, Beltran Carew, was one of the most promising young men in a day when many were of promise. He had been educated at Oxford and had chosen the bar as his profession.

Mrs. Carew had many admirers, but the only reply she ever made to offers of marriage, to professions of attachment, to vows and protestations, was—

"My dear sir, a burned child dreads the fire."

What mystery of pain and sorrow those words covered no one knew; still, everyone instinctively trusted in her goodness, her truth and purity.

The Duchess of Elmsle was very desirous of having her portrait painted, and the day had come at last when her grace decided to call. She wished to take Beatrix with her, because she knew that her face would delight Mrs. Carew.

They drove together to the house in Mayfair, and found Mrs. Carew at home but engaged. They were shown into a room filled with articles of virtu; the ceiling was painted; the hangings were of fine velvet, the light lingered on delicate pieces of statuary, on jewelled bronze, marble and jasper.

There was a luxurious couch in the [illegible] and on it her grace sat down to rest, for the morning was warm, and she was tired. Miss Lennox amused herself by looking at the different objects scattered on the tables. One thing struck her very much—a frame of ivory, so delicately and beautifully carved, that it seemed too fragile to be touched. It contained the photograph of a very handsome man—fair, with wholesome, healthy fairness, and with great waves of chestnut hair clustered round a broad, beautiful brow—a fair, noble, kingly face, full of [illegible], of calmness, full of truth and thought. At first she thought it must be a fancy photograph.

"I am sure this is meant for King Arthur," she said to herself. "It is just the face for the blameless king, who strove all his life against evil. It is the best face I have seen."

Something in it charmed her. She sat leaning over it, looking intently at it; and the blue eyes seemed to look back into hers with an unusually intent gaze.

"It is a fine face," thought Beatrix. "But there are no such men as these nowadays. The Prince of Heaven and in the best specimen I know, and he does not come near to this. I can read full vitality, strong, perfect life here, with goodness and honor. In the faces of many living men I read vacuity, selfishness, indolence, or pride. King Arthur, you have a noble face, and I am the better for having seen it."

She placed the photograph on the table; the duchess was chatting calmly. A short time afterward Mrs. Carew was announced. Her grace and Beatrix went at once to her studio; the duchess protesting vigorously, although in no one understood, that she had not shared her opinion, "It was not likely," she said, "in that palace of art."

Beatrix looked on with some curiosity at the bright-eyed, graceful lady who advanced to meet them. How little did she dream that her life would run in a tangled web with that of the wonderful artist who received so admiringly at her! The duchess introduced Mrs. Carew to Miss Lennox, and the artist's face paled as she looked at the lovely girl in the flush of youth and beauty.

Mrs. Carew began to arrange with the duchess as to when she should begin her sittings; but while she talked to her grace he was looking the whole time at the lovely portrait face of "Prince Charlie's" daughter. There, when all the arrangements were made, Mrs. Carew said laughingly:

"Now that our business is concluded, will your grace allow me to show you some very beautiful sketches?" The duchess gave glad assent. "Miss Lennox, you will be pleased with these, I think," added Mrs. Carew.

She seemed to listen with some interest for Beatrix's voice. She looked intently at her as she spoke. She watched her keenly as she passed the sketches before her. Some were landscapes, others figures.

"This is pretty," said Mrs. Carew—"a little summer idyl; it is called 'The Lovers Quarrel.'"

"My dear Mrs. Carew," said the duchess, "one of Miss Lennox's peculiarities is that she never quarrels with her lover."

Such a strange light passed over the beautiful face of the artist—a strange light that seemed to dash from her eyes into the dark beautiful ones raised to hers.

"Is that so?" she said. "So young and so capable of winning love, do you not believe in it?"

"I do not believe in what the people I see call love, Mrs. Carew. I cannot say what I should think if I met with real love."

"Ah," said the artist, quietly, "I understand."

"It is more than I do," declared the duchess; and then the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room.

CHAPTER XII.

"Mother," cried a manly, fresh, musical voice, and then the voice stopped. "I beg pardon," he said, in an altered tone; "I thought you were alone."

Mrs. Carew turned round with a beaming smile.

"Come in, Beltran," she responded. "I am sure that the duchess and Miss Lennox will excuse you. Pray come in, my dear."

"I am glad to see Mr. Carew," said the duchess, while Beatrix, with a low, startled cry, dropped the sketch that she held in her hand. It was "King Arthur" himself, the original of the photograph, who was standing there—"King Arthur," whose face she had thought too beautiful and too good to be that of any mortal man!

"We have met before, Mr. Carew," remarked the duchess, good-naturedly. "Pray come in. I ought to apologize for monopolizing your mother, but I have been very troublesome, and my peace of mind has only just been restored."

"I am delighted to hear it, your grace," he said; and then, looking across the room, he saw Beatrix Lennox.

Their eyes met—and his held hers captive, while one of the strangest and most solemn pauses ensued. Mrs. Carew broke it. She glanced from her son to the brilliant queen of society, and then moved slowly toward them.

"Miss Lennox, permit me to introduce my son—Beltran Carew."

She wondered why the dark eyes flashed and the lovely face flushed. She was not demonstrative, "Prince Charlie's" daughter, but she had met her hero, and her whole soul was stirred. She held out her hand to the man who had driven so hard to save a human life—the white jewelled hand that was shown to many of a greeting [illegible] on his face.

"Are you the Mr. Beltran Carew of whom I read yesterday?" she asked, and the music of her voice was dangerous—"the gentleman who gave himself such infinite trouble to save a poor girl's life?"

"Yes, I helped to save her life," he answered.

"You are a noble man," said Beatrix, never thinking how dangerous praise might be from such lips. "When I read that story, I said that I should like to see you and thank you. I little dreamed that I should soon be able to do so."

"I have my reward," he said, bending before her, his heart beating high and fast.

At this point Mrs. Carew called her son to decide upon some designs for a picture frame, and then Beatrix was able to look at him. He seemed to her as though every moment of his life were of immense importance to him, as though every instant were filled up. The large blue eyes were bright and intent; the face was eager, earnest, ardent; the lips were clear-cut and closed firmly—there was no weakness, no vacillation about them. Presently Beltran crossed the room and spoke to her about art and pictures, and in a short time they were talking about Strathnarn.

"You lived there all those years and saw no one but the members of your own household?" he said. "Why, Miss Lennox, that must have made you a poet or a painter."

"I am afraid," she replied, "that it has made me somewhat of a misanthrope."

"I should not be surprised," he laughed. "Nature has one voice, men have another. I think if I had lived so long in solitude I should never have left it."

"I did not wish to do so," said Beatrix; "it was a sad trouble to me. When I first left Strathnarn and came to London," she said, "my life was quite miserable; but now I have grown accustomed to it—I like it better than I ever thought I should. I do not care for the gayeties, the pleasures, but I begin to like the activity of London life, the mental excitement."

"Beatrix," interposed the duchess, "I think we are trespassing on Mrs. Carew's time."

"I hope not," said Beatrix, rising quickly; and Mrs. Carew assured her that she was at leisure for the remainder of that morning.

The Duchess of Elmsle gave Mrs. Carew and her son a very pressing invitation to dine at Elmsle House, and they accepted it.

"I intend having a grand charade party or fancy ball," she said—"I think a fancy ball would be best; and, Mr. Carew, I shall hope to have the great pleasure of your society. You must come in character."

"I shall be very happy," he returned.

Mrs. Carew had been for some minutes intently watching the face of the lovely girl before her. She said:

"Miss Lennox, I should like to ask you a favor."

"I am quite sure that I should equally like to grant it," responded Beatrix.

"Will you let me paint your portrait? It would be a labor of love."

"I hardly know how to answer you. I should not object. I must ask my uncle and mamma."

"They will be willing—I am sure they could not refuse. I could make such an exquisite picture if you would stand for the subject. I should like to call it—what should I call it, Beltran?"

"The 'Lotus Lily,'" he replied; and Mrs. Carew's face brightened.

"You always find the right designation," she said. "The 'Lotus Lily' already it seems to me that you represent the flower, Miss Lennox. You will ask your relatives, and, if I see you at her grace's, you will tell me if they consent. Good morning. I am glad that I have seen you, Miss Lennox."

Beatrix said good-by just as cordially. The Beltran came to her again.

"I shall look forward with great interest to our next meeting, Miss Lennox. I have enjoyed no morning."

"So have I," she said.

Beatrix gave her mother and uncle a most animated account of the interview with the artist; but she refrained from telling them that she had mistaken Beltran Carew's photograph for a fancy photograph meant for King Arthur, nor did she tell them how the clear, bright, blue eyes had seemed to look into her very soul.

"I want you to like Mr. Carew, uncle," she said; "he is most intellectual."

"I will like him then, Trixie. I will ask him to dine with us. I am glad you have met some one whom you admire."

"He is a man—he is a hero."

On that evening Beatrix went with Mrs. Carden, a fashionable brunette, to the opera. Looking round the house during one of the intervals, she saw a face that interested her greatly. It was very lovely, fair, and framed in shining golden hair, a proud face, with wonderful scarlet lips and chiseled features. What impressed her so greatly was that the face at different times wore quite a different aspect. When anyone was in the box talking to the owner of it, it was most brilliant, most animated; but when she was alone, a mask, almost like a mask of stone, came over it—the ripples of laughter died away, the warm, sunny coloring fled, the light in the eyes faded, the whole face changed. Beatrix watched it for some time, and then appealed to Mrs. Carden for information.

"Who is the lovely blonde lady with the blue velvet and diamonds, in the third box?" she asked.

Mrs. Carden raised her opera glass and looked.

"That is Lady Rayner," she replied, "one of my dearest friends."

"How beautiful she is—but how sad!" said Beatrix.

"Sad? Some people are never content, never would be content, if they had all the world," declared Mrs. Carden, contemptuously.

"Is she not happy, not content?" asked Beatrix.

"You say she looks sad, so I imagine she cannot be content, though why, I cannot understand."

"Is she married?" was the next question.

"Married! Yes. She married Lord Orth Rayner, who was supposed to have a very large income. She has the finest diamonds in London; they are something wonderful. And she drives the finest horses in the park. If you like, I will introduce you to Lady Rayner."

"I should like it very much," replied Beatrix; and when the ladies stood together in the crush-room, the introduction took place.

From the first moment Beatrix liked her new acquaintance. She liked her fair, lovely face, with its curious changes from gay to grave. Now, as they stood talking, Lady Rayner looked bright, animated and happy; a few minutes afterward she was standing alone, and looked as though a sudden blight had affected her; and then again, when Beatrix spoke to her, the grave sadness vanished as if by magic.

They talked for a short time longer, and when about to separate Lady Rayner took Beatrix by the hand.

"Something tells me we are to be friends," she said. "I hope such will be the case."

The sweet, sad face with its strange gleams of laughter touched Beatrix.

"I shall be pleased," she said simply, but the tone was sincere.

"Is Lord Rayner what people call a good man?" Miss Lennox asked of Mrs. Carden. That worldly lady laughed.

"He ought to be," she replied—"everyone loses sight of him through a golden haze."

"Does his wife look at him through a golden haze, Mrs. Carden?" inquired Beatrix.

Mrs. Carden laid her hand on the young girl's.

"Will you believe this," she said—"that the most miserable people in the world are those who take life in earnest?"

Before the eyes of "Prince Charlie's" daughter rose the earnest face of an earnest man—Beltran Carew—and her whole soul rose in hot rebellion against the foolish words.

"How can you speak so?" she cried. And then, feeling ashamed of her warmth, she said: "It is not right of you who should know better, to teach the young and the ignorant such a doctrine. Suppose I were to believe you?"

"You would do a very wise thing, my dear," replied Mrs. Carden, calmly. "I repeat that to be happy in this world you must take life more as a jest than in earnest."

CHAPTER XIII.

Beatrix looked forward with some interest to her visit to lovely Lady Rayner. She was out of the common order; there was something about her different from the frivolous people who talked about life as a jest.

"I am so glad to see you," said Lady Rayner, when Beatrix entered her tasteful little boudoir.

If money could give happiness, if magnificence could produce comfort, Lady Rayner ought to have had it. The little boudoir in which she sat was exquisitely furnished. The hangings were of violet velvet and white lace, the carpet had a white ground with violets lying as though they had just fallen upon it; there were a few rare pictures; a masterpiece by Canova stood between the violet velvet hangings; there were a few beautiful bronzes, exquisite vases, jardinieres filled with choicest flowers. Lady Rayner herself was very lovely, but her face was pale, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping. She held out both hands in greeting to "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "Do you know, Miss Lennox, that I have fallen in love with your face—you look so true, so earnest; and I want a friend who is truthful and earnest."

"I am truthful," returned candid Beatrix—"I come of a truthful race. I am earnest because I cannot help it. It is like me, and want a friend. I shall be very pleased to be that friend, Lady Rayner."

"Call me Leola," requested the young wife, with a quick shudder. "I like that name best."

"I will be your friend, Leola," said Beatrix. Quick, warm pity stirred her heart—she did not know why—quick, tender pity. She bent down and kissed the pale, sweet face.

Lady Rayner told her of a home in the country where she pressed herself and did as she liked all day long. Beatrix noticing keenly how pale her face was, how transparent were the white hands, how she strove against the sadness that seemed to master her; how at times she even forgot what she was saying, and went off into a train of painful thought. Beatrix was very gentle with her. They were laughing heartily at an escapade of Lady Rayner's, when suddenly she rose from her seat, her face grew white as death, and her hands trembled.

"That is my husband," she said. "I thought he left home early this morning."

Beatrix heard the sound of a quick, shuffling footstep, the door opened, and Lord Rayner entered the room. "Prince Charlie's" daughter almost cried out in surprise as her eyes fell upon him. That Lord Rayner! Why, he was surely one of the most intelligent and contemptible looking men she had ever seen! He was very little and very heavy, he had a pert face, with small, twinkling eyes, and a great ingoing nose; and he spoke in a nasal tone. Was this the husband of the [illegible] blonde who thought he loved him? He did not see Beatrix at first, and in a voice indescribably fierce and shrill he began:

"I thought I told you to write to Jones about that carriage?"

"You did," said his wife, trying to speak calmly. "I am very sorry. Oh—I quite forgot it." He went nearer to her.

"You did not forget it," he screamed. "You did it purposely. You know that I wanted to go to Richmond. You knew that I wanted that particular carriage. It is your spiteful, jealous temper that prevented you from writing—and you shall suffer for it."

"Oth," said the pale, beautiful woman, "Miss Lennox is here. You do not see her, I think."

The woman he saw the lovely face, his manner completely changed, he was all that was courteous.

"You will pardon me, Miss Lennox, but I have been compelled to assert my prerogative. No one in this miserable house ever obeys me—no one ever attends to my wishes—no one studies me."

Without another word, Lady Rayner sat down and wrote the note; when it was finished she gave it to her husband to read.

"I shall say no more about this now," he said, with the air of one who would be generous; "but the next time I express a wish or give a command, see that it is carried out—see that you obey."

"I will be careful," promised his wife.

"You have spoiled my day," he continued, addressing again to his wife. "I had intended going to Richmond; I really believe you knew with whom I was going, and were jealous."

He laughed again, with an air of self-complacency, which made him appear doubly absurd; and Beatrix thought to herself that if he repeated his laugh she could almost go mad. She looked at the pale, beautiful woman who was compelled to hear that laughter whenever he chose to inflict his presence on her.

"What could have induced her to marry such a monster?" thought Beatrix; and then she began to wonder. His mood had changed.

"I told Hansen to send up a diamond necklace for you to look at," he said to his wife; "they tell me that some of the imperial stones are in it. You can have it if you like it."

Then he rose from his seat, and after paying a few fulsome compliments to Beatrix, and saluting his wife with marked disdain, quitted the room.

"And that," thought Beatrix, "is a man!"

Lady Rayner turned to her with a look of great relief, and, without minding to her husband, began to talk again about earlier days. Beatrix was greatly interested in her new friend. She stayed longer than she had intended, and rose at last unwilling to leave her.

"You will come again?" asked Lady Rayner. "Or shall I come to see you?"

"Whichever will suit you best. You go out a great deal, I should imagine?" said Beatrix.

"Yes," was the reply; "I take my 'worldliness' as other people take their drugs and drinks. It answers the same purpose. I go out a great deal; I am serious at home."

When Beatrix was taking her leave, Lady Rayner said to her, with a faint smile:

"There is a skeleton in every house, Miss Lennox, and it is generally hidden but you have seen mine. You will not betray it?"

"No," promised Beatrix, "I will not."

"I—I married for money," said the pale, lovely lady, "and I have more money than I know what to do with. Good-by, my dear," and without waiting for another word Beatrix departed.

"Married for money! The words pained in her ears all the remainder of that day.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I have never seen you so pressed about a dinner party before, Beatrix," said Lady Lennox, when her daughter entered her to the twentieth time concerning her dress. "Is any one going whom you very much wish to see?"

"Yes, I told you, mamma—Mrs. Carew, the artist—the lady who is to paint my portrait. The duchess says she would not paint the portrait of an ugly person if she did not like her."

Beatrix stood ready for the dinner party as Lady Lennox looking her more beautiful than she had ever seemed before. Her graceful head and drawn like flower [illegible] and lovely shoulders [illegible] from clouds of [illegible] tulle, [illegible] white [illegible] and carried a bouquet of [illegible] [illegible] of her dress. She looked lovely enough to disturb an artist's [illegible]. Her uncle had [illegible] the invitation to the dinner party—she had not been well of late—but he decided to look at her [illegible] ward.

"Well, I am of opinion that [illegible] tulle will [illegible] I have [illegible] as well before," said Peter Lennox [illegible] at once to think about the marriage settlements while Beatrix, on the [illegible] at Elmsle House, mused [illegible] what she should see. [illegible] to talk to [illegible] she was [illegible] to him. It [illegible] pleasantly [illegible] pleasing [illegible].

Yes, there was [illegible] the [illegible] her at times when she [illegible] and she [illegible] compelled to [illegible] of compliments that she [illegible] never and [illegible] or Beltran had [illegible] the hall [illegible] and the [illegible] towards [illegible] the others [illegible] flushed, [illegible] the dark [illegible] would [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] while he [illegible] looked at him with a [illegible] then he had [illegible] hand [illegible] her and [illegible] the very [illegible] of them [illegible] engagements.

Beatrix was quite [illegible] much Beltran Carew [illegible] his life. When he awoke in the morning, it was to [illegible] if she should see him on the [illegible] would call, if he would [illegible] decidedly, [illegible] the [illegible] every hour [illegible] happy, for the whole child [illegible] her life to [illegible] had not [illegible].

They [illegible] although [illegible] days went [illegible] known Beatrix [illegible] people whom Kings [illegible] Beatrix [illegible] when Mrs. Carew [illegible] Jones [illegible] Mrs. Carew [illegible] the trees. It was a [illegible] of gold thrown over one shoulder, leaving the other uncovered. The lovely face flower-like from the [illegible] the queenly head was crowned with four Nile lilies. Nothing could have been more artistic or more beautiful.

Beatrix engaged [illegible] Lady Lennox generally went with her, but Lady Lennox was not steady wire, and when she saw how the young lawyer interested and amused her beautiful child when she heard them conversing of everything most poetical and artistic, she never dreamed of danger.

They all met one day at a fete given in the beautiful grounds of Twickenham Palace. The Marquis of Oxdale was the originator of it, and, as Mrs. Carew had set all London talking about the wonderful portrait of his beautiful marchioness, he had sent cards back to the gifted artist and to her no less gifted son. Beatrix and Lady Lennox went with the two heirs of Elmsle. Peter Lennox disliked fashionable parties, and summer fetes were not to his mind. He preferred dinner parties where he could play a solemn game of whist.

(To be continued.)

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

This Century Will Perhaps See Great Improvement in Human Loveliness.

The artist, Caroline Duran, says that to make humanity more beautiful will be the duty of the coming century. Not alone woman, but man must arise, then, under this necessity. We have too long lived in unhealthy and health-hampering ways, but the new century, beginning with [illegible] of [illegible] perfection, and the [illegible] of that perfection [illegible] to their [illegible] the wealth [illegible] sanitary [illegible] entire [illegible] is to form and develop the [illegible] of the near future [illegible] who is to [illegible] living [illegible] and [illegible] vagrancy of the human race.

This [illegible] from the art [illegible] point of view. It is [illegible] to represent types to us [illegible] thought the picture of a world's [illegible] everybody stand for beauty is an alluring one. But what [illegible] Will beauty continue [illegible] harmonious [illegible] the [illegible] of life with it? Even if we all could be young forever and all be physically perfect together, would the world, as the mass, be any more [illegible]? The reflection [illegible] monotonous [illegible] venerated and [illegible] about feminine jealousies, which would have nothing to feed on if all women were beautiful; half the interests would lose their [illegible]; the poets would have nothing unusual to get into a frenzy over; the stage would lose its most exciting recipe, the novelist would miss the point upon which it hinges in many instances, and the [illegible] of the yellow journal—they would go into bankruptcy.

To make all humanity beautiful is to make life wonderfully [illegible], for handsome people, like perfect characters, would be monotonous bores. What is beauty anyway? Is it not enthusiastically in the eye of the beholder? With the exception of in our knowledge of our best loved friends only retrospect the old philosopher's quips and we perceive them proportion to their appearance it may be—but we entertain them from their value to us. And in a larger scope, the man who have made the most stir in the world's history tells the truth, have often been anything but models of physical beauty.

As to the famous beauties of fable, nobody knows how they actually looked. For all we know, Helen of Troy may have worn spectacles and been cross-eyed, but so long as Paris thought her the queen of beauty, she was [illegible] to [illegible] at odds. Dido [illegible] would be [illegible] to [illegible] whether she had the beauty that poetry have given to [illegible] had that charm of [illegible] which defies the touch of [illegible] acquaintance.

No, personal and [illegible] beauty would have no [illegible] such standards of [illegible] the ideal might [illegible]. Who [illegible] the ideal too near? [illegible] meant to be set upon the [illegible] in more [illegible] before us and [illegible] it [illegible]. And as in the [illegible] the material. The people we [illegible] the best of all are the ones who [illegible] a definite formula, which defies standards and compresses all the infinite sizes of beauty into very faulty models.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Power From a Solar Source.

A [illegible] by the sun's heat in [illegible] of the sun has just been put into operation at Kern [illegible] Cal. The motor comprises a funnel-shaped reflector 22½ feet in diameter at the top and is [illegible] at the bottom and contains on its surface 1,788 mirrors. The reflector is set on two fixed supports in such a manner that it may follow the movement of the sun and is kept in focus by clockwork. The arrangement of the mirrors is such that the rays are concentrated on a boiler [illegible] in form, 12½ feet in [illegible] and [illegible] of 100 gallons [illegible] additional [illegible] space. [illegible] heat is capable of [illegible] temperatures to several [illegible] degrees, but the boiler is protected from [illegible] by the water which, when it is brought to 212 or 213 degrees. The engine [illegible] the energy of water in the [illegible] and [illegible] ally and [illegible] necessary to operate the pump, the [illegible] pipes to [illegible] and set in motion in the morning. The motor is pumping from a bore underground 150 at the rate of 12½ gallons a minute.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A death [illegible] by exposure to the X ray is reported in the French [illegible]. The victim was a [illegible] and the fatal burn was received [illegible] examination [illegible] of its important bone. [illegible] be the first death [illegible] on the X ray, and the [illegible] by the medical [illegible] of the [illegible] in unskilled hands.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Need a Body Cry? — A Good Impression Registered — The Local Remedies — Superlative — It Depends — Choice of Letters — Wanted the Full Benefit, Etc.

If a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?
Well, not hardly,
If anybody
Unless a body
Cries for more.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Impression Registered.

"I gave that blind beggar a dime and he called me a 'beautiful lady.'"

"Well, handsome is as handsome does."—Detroit Free Press.

The Local Remedies.

"What did he say when he slipped on the ice?"

"Well, he did the best he could, but he didn't, strictly speaking, say anything."—Puck.

Superlative.

"There's a lucky man for you!"

"How's that?"

"Why, he's got a brother so dignified that he even sows the wild oats sedatively!"—Brooklyn Life.

It Depends.

Wiggles—"It must be an awful thing to be deaf?"

Jiggles—"Oh, I don't know; does your wife ask as many foolish questions as my wife?"—Chicago News.

Choice of Letters.

"I think I shall adopt Christian as a profession," observed the Party with the Bulging Brow.

"Typewriting or sign painting?" inquired the Sardonic Person.—Baltimore American.

Wanted the Full Benefit.

"I was awfully glad to receive your letter stating that you had repented. But why did you send it anonymously?"

"Because they say 'an open confession is good for the soul.'"—Philadelphia North American.

Preliminary to the Event.

His Mother—"You know, Harold, it hurts me just as much as it hurts you."

Harold—"Yes—but you don't have to sit down on the pillows afterwards"—Pick-Me-Up.

Over Nothing.

"This wireless telegraphy demands in of a groundless quarrel."

"What possible connection is there between the two?"

"It's practically having words over nothing."—Philadelphia Times.

Tactless.

"Miss Binks hasn't a particle of social instinct."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when she is invited to lunch she takes more than the girl who is to pay the bill."—Chicago Record.

Sweet Classes.

"Are you going to have one of those pancake hats?" asked the girl in the worn collar.

"Yes, just as soon as I can raise the money," replied the girl in the fur jacket.—Chicago Tribune.

They All Do It.

Finicky—"Now, when I drink at a public fountain I always put my lips to the edge of the cup near the handle, to avoid contamination."

Cynick—"Yes, I've noticed everybody does that."—Ohio State Journal.

The Overburdened Sex.

Teacher—"Who was it supported the world on his shoulders?"

Bright Pupil—"Atlas."

Teacher—"And how was Atlas supported?"

Bright Pupil—"By Mrs. Atlas, I suppose."—Chicago News.

Used to It.

"Here's a clever tale," said the clerk in the book department. "It's a story of border warfare."

"That wouldn't interest me," replied Mr. Starboard. "I get mixed up in that sort of thing enough in real life."—Philadelphia Press.

A Fine Ethical Distinction.

"What are you here for, my man?" inquired the benevolent visitor at the jail.

"Why, you see, sir," answered the prisoner, "I took something that didn't belong to me by rights an' didn't do it accordin' to law."—Washington Star.

From Trunk to Twig.

"What is a funny tree?" asked the young person.

"A family tree," answered Miss Cayenne, "is much like other trees; very scanty near the roots, but decidedly more and more frail and unsubstantial as it branches out."—Washington Star.

Just as Effective.

The Guide—"This here spot is known as 'Lovers' Leap.'"

Little Tourist (astounded)—"What an unpicturesque spot! Way in the world did you give it such a commonplace name?"

The Guide—"Because you can't sit here five minutes before a caterpillar drops down your neck."—Answers.

A Modified Step.

"Papa, what do I say when I want you to stop?" asked Sammy, who was taking his first lesson in driving.

"Pull on the lines and say 'Whoa!'" replied his father.

A moment later the horse started down a slope in the road at a trot that soon became almost a gallop.

Sammy's mind acted quickly.

"Shall whoa!" he cried, pulling gently on the lines.—Chicago Tribune.