

## A MATTER OF MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.  
Continued.  
Hilary came into the room while he was talking, and the arrangements for the evening's ceremony were discussed. Few, if any, of their friends were expected to be present, and the only bridal celebration which they decided to allow themselves was a little supper to precede their departure on the midnight train. The plan was to spend the honeymoon among the Connecticut hills. When this was settled, and all the words said which seemed to be necessary, Mr. Degraw prepared to leave. As he did so, he cast one look at Jenny. She sat at once came to his side.

"I have not forgotten," she said. "The ceremony is set for eight. You will see me a half-hour before. And, darling, she had never addressed him by a word of endearment before, "I will show you one last favor: I have my carriage yet, and it is my pleasure that you come to my bridal in it. Do you object? It is the last time it will be used in my service."  
"No, Jenny. I will ride in it if you so desire."  
"Do; it will be at the studio at seven. Benjamin will drive you; trust him."  
She seemed about to say more, but though he waited with a smile, no further word escaped her lips. She looked so strangely, so very strangely, that he hesitated to leave her, and came back more than once to kiss her lips, her brow or her cheeks. But she did not speak, and when he went away at last, he was conscious of a chilling sensation about the heart, which all the glowing sunshine of a glorious September day failed to dispel.

And yet it was but three hours to his bridal, and Jenny Rogers had looked as beautiful as he had ever seen her!

CHAPTER XLIV.  
JENNY'S MARRIAGE—AND AFTER.  
It was seven o'clock. The hour at which Jenny had promised to send the carriage for the intended bridegroom. Hamilton Degraw, who had spent the last half-hour of waiting in eager contemplation of the picture in which he had perpetuated her beauty at its sweetest and most unconscious moment, rose joyfully as he heard the clock strike, and with a lover's alacrity prepared to go below.

When he found himself in the carriage and riding swiftly up-town, he was too busy calculating how he would arrange the dainty home with which he intended to surprise his bride some day, to spare one moment for a less pleasing occupation; nor did he note for several minutes that the carriage, instead of taking a direct route for Miss Aspinwall's house, was coursing rapidly through an avenue leading in quite a different direction.

He went without knocking. It was empty and unfurnished, but he knew by the light which shone around the door-jamb communicating with the back room that he should not find this equally barren or unoccupied.

Yet, when he stood before it, he experienced a moment's hesitation, fancying that he heard a voice speaking somewhere. But another look behind him assured him that he was alone, and conquering whatever agitation this imagined utterance of his name had caused him, he thrust out his hand with the quick appeal of "Jenny!" and violently pulled open the door.

She was there, but not as he had expected to see her—in some stately attitude of eager waiting—but lying outstretched and cold upon her snowy couch, just as he had seen her months before, only then the candles burning at her head and at her feet shone upon beauty that would reawaken to life, and a heart destined to throb again with love and hope and fear. Now all was ended. The beautiful, the gifted, the beloved would rouse to life no more. Jenny Rogers was dead, and in her bosom, amid blossoms so white that they must have been destined for her bridal, lay the letter!

Hamilton Degraw had no very distinct thoughts as he flung himself at the side of his bride, and laid his head upon the pulseless heart. She had killed herself, but he could not guess why and he had neither the courage nor the self-possession to open those tell-tale pages that rustled upon the silent bosom. It was enough that his hopes had perished, that his darling lay dead, and that never again in all the days to come would he meet the tender glance of her eye or the wistful smile of her mouth.

Tears had risen to his eyes four months ago at the sight of these waxen features, these seemingly pulseless hands; but he could not weep now. Grief had gone too deep; his soul was lost too darkly in the shadows of this loss. He buried his face amid the drapery that enshrouded her, and tried to kiss her hair.

"She was the woman who starved and ill-treated this gentleman in his final days. You have suspected this, and suspected, also, that she overheard, in her sly way, the bequest he made to Mr. Degraw and its strange conditions. But what you cannot suspect is that the woman you saw with me in my room in — street was not the arch-conspirator who formulated this plot, but her sister, Annetta, a person of more slender appearance than she, but of less calculation and but little resolve."

"How the Cleveland hag came to know Montelli and take him into her plans I have never heard. Neither have I ever been sure what the real name of this man was. That he was no Italian, I am sure; for though he disguised himself as such, he afterward showed that he could speak English without an accent. Was he English, then? I think so; the former valet of some rich man, probably. As to his connection with the Portuguese, I only gather that when she came to New York and started upon the scheme of supplying Mr. Degraw with an heiress who should share with her the wealth to be received, Montelli was at her side, and that it was at his instigation she approached the woman whom I once heard Mr. Byrd characterize as the least respectable of my name. I was then hiding my heart in heart-breaking despondency over my failure at the opera house, knowing none of these three conspirators, and only desirous of preserving myself from the noose and jeers which I imagined would follow my appearance in any crowd. I was wretched, but I was not wicked. My ambition was fabled, but I never thought of resorting to false methods in order to insure the wealth and position I imagined myself to have lost, upon the fatal day when these two demons called upon me, and, with a skill and suavity you would little expect from them, made me understand that an immense fortune was going begging, which, if I would lend myself to their guidance, might easily acquire, owing to my name and what they termed my beauty."

"The other Jenny Rogers to whom they had already spoken had been a failure; she had tried her wiles upon Mr. Degraw, but with no little effect that he would not even look at her; and they all saw that if success were to be reaped by them it must be through some innocent young girl who would arouse not only the admiration of this good man, but his pity. This they explained to me, and also told me how they had heard by chance that my real name was Jenny Rogers, and that I had a lily which, if known, could not but arouse commiseration. Furthermore, they encouraged me by saying that all which was required of me was to go through a certain little farce easy enough for one who had been trained for the stage, adding that success would be sure to follow, as I had the requisite beauty and grace, and only needed to attract his attention to my misfortunes to awaken an interest which would be sure to end in my being made the inheritor of those tempting millions."

"I listened. It all seemed very simple, and not at all wicked. I had merely to swallow a small powder, which would throw me into a death-like repose, and, when I awoke, as they promised I should do while Mr. Degraw was in the room, feign surprise and indignation at not having been allowed to die, as my misfortunes had made me desire. The rest would come naturally, and when I was established in my new wealth, I was to give them each a hundred thousand dollars as their share in the great undertaking."

"Do you wonder that a motherless, friendless, disappointed child was tempted by this glowing prospect, and lent herself to a chance which seemed without risk, and was calculated to bring her everything?"  
"The other woman of my name did not obstruct herself upon me, nor did Montelli make himself disagreeable by abusing me again. The Portuguese, on the contrary, came and took up her abode with me, making herself, however, as little obnoxious as possible, for she seemed to recognize from the first that I was not like herself, and must be held and cherished apart, in order that I might preserve the almost childish ignorance which was, as they openly acknowledged, the one characteristic upon which they most relied to win the fastidious Mr. Degraw. This was in the last of April, and he had already seen and disdainfully passed by several girls of my name. The little school-teacher had been interviewed and the Detroit miss followed and remarked; but I knew nothing of this. Nor did I know until after I had become irretrievably involved in the scheme, that Montelli, as I must call him, had pledged himself to rid the city of such of my name as seemed to attract Mr. Degraw's attention. All this was withheld from me, and being young, I doubted nothing, but went on my way, serenely waiting for the hour when these two schemers should decide that it was time for me to enter upon our premeditated farce."



LIVES OF CHINESE GIRLS.

One of Them Tells About Her Studies—Poetry and Painting Important.  
The life of the little Chinese girl of today, although an improvement in some respects upon that led by her sister of an earlier generation, is still mightily amusing from an American or European standpoint.

She is betrothed at thirteen. Her course of study, which is painstaking and thorough, by the way, includes a knowledge of the poetical names of flowers and the rearing of goldfish.

A clever little Chinese lady, Miss Wong Jiu Liu, daughter of a diplomat now residing in St. Louis, talked to an interviewer a short time ago, giving some interesting details on this subject, says the Philadelphia North American.

"I was born thirteen years ago in Shanghai, China," she said, "and have been betrothed since I was twelve to Master Sah Fok Kium, a son of Admiral Sah, of China. I am yet too young to be married. For five years I shall remain in my father's house, the marriage ceremony taking place when I am eighteen, or two years after I become of age. In China a girl is of age at sixteen."

"Master Sah, who is seventeen, resides also with my father. This is sometimes the custom in China among families of the upper class, in cases where two families are on very intimate terms."

"Half an hour before breakfast it is well to drink about a pint of hot water containing a pinch of salt. Charcoal tablets after each meal are also excellent, but it is absolutely necessary to wash the body every day in tepid water, with plenty of pure soap, finishing with a brisk rubbing with a coarse towel. After this the face should receive special treatment. Few people wash their faces properly. The principal work should be done at night, and unless the skin is very thin, a rather coarse washcloth should be used, with plenty of warm water. While the pores are open massage the skin with a little lanolin, applying with the finger tips, and knead the cheeks with the knuckles and palms of the hands."

"Any one desirous of avoiding undue lines and wrinkles on throat and face should use this treatment patiently for one month. The improvement in the complexion will by that time speak for itself."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How to Educate the Boy.  
Not a few fathers hurt their sons and damage the careers of those sons by picking out careers for them. Train up the boy in the way he should go, and then let him choose his own work. In the choice of a vocation, as in the choice of a wife, every young man should be left alone. If he is not worthy of being left alone the parent has grievously injured the boy in the preceding decade of his life. These interpretations mean that I would not educate my boy under a private tutor. I would educate my boy with boys, although not entirely by boys. Boys do, however, educate boys, but a boy who is trained alone is liable to fall in adjusting himself to his membership in humanity. He is to become a brother of the common lot. He therefore should learn early how to adjust himself to his fellows. Neither would I educate my son abroad; he is an American boy. I should be glad to have him get all that is best from the private school in Lausanne or Geneva, but not for one instant would I have his ideas formed by the French master or his methods by the German. A primary note in his character should be the American, although a note more fundamental is the human. He is, as a human boy, to be trained up for service in this great, interesting new life of our new world.—Harper's Weekly.

"Girls in the upper class in China are taught to rear flowers. We learn the culture of the hundreds of beautiful flowers which bloom in China, particularly the chrysanthemum, the peony and the lotus lily."

"Often we go out to the ponds and lakes to gather lilies. This is considered a very nice pastime for young ladies."



FOR THE WIFE.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of raisins chopped fine, four eggs, one pound of figs, cinnamon and nutmeg to flavor. Beat together sugar and butter, add the eggs, which should have been beaten together; dissolve the soda in the cup of water. Use enough sifted flour to make it stiff as pound cake. Cut the figs in halves and press well in the dough to prevent burning. Bake in layers, frosting each layer while warm. This recipe makes two cakes.

Sweet Griddle Cakes.  
One pint of milk; four eggs; two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one teaspoonful of baking powder and flour enough to make a reasonably thin batter. Beat the eggs, white and yolks separately; stir into the yolks the butter, sugar and one cupful of flour in which the baking powder has been mixed. Then add the milk and the whites of the eggs, with more flour, if necessary. Bake in small cakes. Butter each one, as it comes from the griddle. If for dessert, place four on each plate with jelly or jam between the cakes and sprinkle powdered sugar over the top.

Filet Gumbo.  
Cut up a pair of fowls as when carrying. Lay them in a pan of cold water till all the blood is drawn out. Put into a pot two tablespoonfuls of lard and set it over the fire. When the lard has come to a boil put in the chicken with an onion finely minced. Dredge well with flour and season with salt and pepper, and a little marjoram, if liked. Pour on two quarts of boiling water and let cook for three hours, then stir in two heaped teaspoonfuls of sassafras powder and let it stew five minutes longer. It will be improved by stewing with it a few slices of cold boiled ham before taking up. This is the genuine Southern recipe for gumbo, and may be made of any sort of poultry, veal, lamb, venison or kid.

Wild Duck Soup.  
If you suspect the ducks of being seditious of fishy parboil each with a carrot inside its body, then take out the carrot and throw it away. You will find that all the unpleasant flavor has left the ducks and has been absorbed by the carrot.

Cut up the ducks, season each piece with salt and pepper and lay them in a soup pot. For a large soup you should have four ducks. Add three sliced onions and a tablespoonful of ground sage, also a quarter of a pound of butter divided in four parts and each part rolled in flour. Pour in water enough to make a rich soup and let it boil slowly till all the flesh has left the bones; skim it well. Thicken it with boiled or roasted chestnuts, peeled and mashed. A glass of Madeira or sherry, or the juice of a lemon or orange will be found an improvement. In taking up the soup be careful to leave the bits of bone and meat in the bottom of the pot.

## Humor of Today

Devotion.  
He paid her compliments, before,  
But now he pays her bills.  
Is 't just to say that marriage  
A man's devotion kills? —Puck.

Made It Warm For Him.  
She—"And did her face light up?"  
Arthur—"In a way. Her eyes snapped fire and her cheeks burned with rage."

An Unheard of Thing.  
Janitor—"I'm going to make it hot for you."  
Tenant—"But isn't that contrary to all precedents?"—Town Topics.

Rich Americans.  
"What makes you think they are such rich Americans?"  
"Because they know so much more about other countries than their own."

An Exception.  
Belie—"Is it true that suburban firemen are always slow?"  
Eva—"No; I had one to propose to me in two days after first meeting."—Chicago News.

The Point of Similarity.  
He—"Her complexion is just like strawberries and cream, isn't it?"  
She—"It is something like strawberries; it comes in a box."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Doubt.  
Mrs. Newrocks—"And we shall enter society?"  
Newrocks—"Well, I don't know. I've heard that sometimes you can't buy an admission ticket."—Puck.

Too Realistic.  
Soubrette—"So you went out with a sea drama? I suppose there was a skipper in the play?"  
Comedian—"Yes, the manager skipped with our salaries."—Chicago News.



She Needs the Time.  
"What have you got your hat on for?"  
The train doesn't start for two hours.  
"Don't worry, John, I may decide not to wear this one. Then I'll have to unpack my trunk and get out another one."—New York American.

Too Late.  
Old Jilson—"One of my most trusted clerks got married."  
Mrs. Jilson—"I suppose you gave him a lot of good advice."  
Old Jilson—"No; he was married before I knew it—too late."—Cleveland Leader.

He Did.  
"I should have thought the old man would have done something handsome by you when you married his daughter."  
"He did. He had her teeth fixed before we were married."—Cleveland Leader.

Last Choice.  
Clare—"Was he nervous when he proposed?"  
Mae—"Not in the least."  
Clare—"He was when he proposed to me, but—oh, well, possibly he has had a lot of practice since then."—Cleveland Leader.

Laying a Foundation.  
"What do you think about the war in Asia?"  
"My friend," answered the man who is slow but sure, "I haven't yet learned to spell and pronounce it. I haven't begun to think about it."—Washington Star.

A Terrible Struggle.  
Mr. Huggard—"If you can't stop looking so sweet I'll kiss you."  
Miss Koy—"No, you won't."  
Mr. Huggard—"Why won't you?"  
Miss Koy—"You won't unless you can keep me from screaming, and—er—you know you can."—Philadelphia Press.

No Hurry.  
Miss Sweetie (to young man who has just proposed)—"Indeed, Mr. Brisque, I was not expecting this. You embarrass me very much."  
Mr. Brisque (looking at his watch)—"I will give you one minute, Miss Vera, to recover from your embarrassment."—Chicago Tribune.

Hard on Them.  
"If these verses should be accepted," said Woodyly Ritter, "I think I'll have them published anonymously."  
"Don't do it," said Crittiek; "it isn't right."  
"No."  
"Just think of all the good fellows they might be blamed upon."—Philadelphia Press.

Please Call Again.  
Slopay—"I'll have to ask you to excuse me to-day. I'm not well and besides you'll have to see my wife about this bill."  
Collector—"Oh! See here! You contracted this bill yourself and you should pay it yourself without—"  
Slopay—"But I tell you I'm not myself to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

### FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Some of the new ribbons have a real lace edge.  
Old English embroidery is to have an all summer run.  
Hyacinthine blue looks well on both blondes and brunettes.  
Stylish toques are made of the glistening black horsehair.  
Some of the new jackets have two graduated tucks up the back.  
Vole de suie is a thin silk nun's veiling, attractive for informal evening gowns.  
A suit of white serge, flannel or corduroy, is an essential part of the spring outfit, it seems.  
The most gorgeous plume of all is all red one side the quill and all creamy yellow the other.  
Coats to the linen and pique costumes vary from the three-quarter Norfolk to the very short Eton.  
A deep cream lace waist to wear with a brown silk coat and skirt is bloused under a berth-like arrangement made of three circular folds of brown silk.  
Of the materials for rather dressier waists, suitable for house wear, and to go with jacket suits, it is recommended that they be in color, or at least approach in tone, the skirts with which they are worn.  
A charming dinner waist for an "at home" dinner is of pale blue silk muslin, accented with the sleeves are elbow length and are untrimmed. There is a stock collar of the muslin laid in folds and striped around the top and bottom with the narrowest of Irish lace bands.  
Returns of the receipts from shipping on the Suez Canal in January show an increase on the year from \$1,983,375 to \$1,830,000.

### Hints For the Housekeeper

To clean sponges, wash them in diluted tartaric acid, rinsing them afterward in water; it will make them very soft and white.  
Before buying tinned fruits and meats see if the top is flat or depressed. If the top has bulged out, then air has entered the tin and fermentation set in.  
Vinegar should not be kept in a stone jar, as the acid may affect the glazing and the vinegar be rendered unwholesome. Glass jars are the best vinegar receptacles.  
Freshen the house by putting a few drops of oil of lavender in an ornamental bowl, then half fill it with very hot water. This will give a delightful freshness to the atmosphere.  
To clean tapestry-covered furniture first brush thoroughly; then add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water. Wring out a cloth of this, and sponge thoroughly, rinsing and turning the cloth as it gets dirty, changing the water when necessary. This freshens and brightens it wonderfully.  
Plenty of soap and cold water and no soda are the secrets of success in washing board floors, and the wood must be scrubbed the way of the grain and not round, and round, if you want to get the dirt off. Change the water often. You can't expect boards to be a good color if they are rinsed in dirty water.  
For hanging clothes to dry, first hang up by the thickest part, waist, or neckband, etc., because if hung by the thinnest part the water would run into the thick part, lodge there, and take longer to dry. Second, hang up everything wrong side out, so that any accidental soil will not do so much damage as if it appeared on the right side.

Hints For Beauty Seekers.  
"Women have good complexions naturally, but let those who have not take