

AN UNGUARDED MOMENT.

Mildred Challenger stepped back from the long glass in her wardrobe and smiled at her reflection there. Not smiling with what she saw, she ceased to smile and tried to assume an expression of complete repose. That was wrong, and she snook her head at herself. The thought flashed through her mind that people had often asked her what was troubling her and they had usually put the question when she was in a day dream. That fact seemed to prove that her natural expression in repose was one of discontent, she told herself that she ought to have remembered that.

conceal that fact from me?

Mildred recalled every word of the conversation as she sat before her glass. She wished that she had not decided to do this thing supposing she had to Maude afterwards. It would be an easy matter to give a fictitious account of how Jack Harwood received the news of her father's bankruptcy. Why risk losing that which she prized above everything else in the world? She was not a sentimentalist in love with the idea of being in love. Jack Harwood seemed to her to be the best reason why she lived. It was not until there was no necessity for her to love him that she thought that after all she might not be her ideal man, but that since her father had died she would be obliged to marry him.

It was going to happen, and why was she so careful to see that you told me?

"Come and ask her, old chap. It's the time I gave them the benefit of my presence at the Christmas party." "Come along." Jack found an opportunity of speaking alone to Maude. "Tell me one thing, Maude. Why did you do this for me?" "Because I wanted to know oh you'll think I'm hateful, but I must tell you now. I wanted to know that it was only for her money. Perry didn't know and I thought if he told you you would let him see if it was only for her money just for money that she was going to do this for me." "Come and ask her, old chap. It's the time I gave them the benefit of my presence at the Christmas party." "Come along." Jack found an opportunity of speaking alone to Maude. "Tell me one thing, Maude. Why did you do this for me?" "Because I wanted to know oh you'll think I'm hateful, but I must tell you now. I wanted to know that it was only for her money. Perry didn't know and I thought if he told you you would let him see if it was only for her money just for money that she was going to do this for me."

OUR FUTURE RAILWAY RIVAL.

It will be Russia, which now is second to us in mileage. If it is a question merely of bigness the Russian railway system is far and away the first in Europe. There are already many more miles of railway in this vast empire than in any other country in the world excepting the United States, and Russian railways are still only in their infancy. It is of course quite true that there are now in the United States more miles of railway than in all Europe, and almost as many as in all the rest of the world put together, and that our territory is so large and as yet so far from complete development that we shall probably keep the lead as far as railway enterprise is concerned for a long time to come. But in taking these large views says Moody's Magazine we have forgotten that Russia is two and a half times as large as all the United States put together with a population more than half as large again as our own that in territorial extent it is more than twice as large as all Europe, and that it stretches across the world for 170 degrees of longitude nearly half way around the globe and that it includes one-sixth of the land surface of the planet. It is not surprising that in such a country railways should have had large development, that already there is a considerable mileage and that the prospects in this direction seem to have no limit. In the future Russia, and the United States are likely to divide the railway empire of the world between them.

EARTHQUAKE PROOF HOUSES.

Tree Homes of Mexico—Twigs and Grass Interwoven with Branches. In order to protect their homes from earthquakes many of the natives in the territory around Chilpancingo already many more miles of railway in this vast empire than in any other country in the world excepting the United States, and Russian railways are still only in their infancy. It is of course quite true that there are now in the United States more miles of railway than in all Europe, and almost as many as in all the rest of the world put together, and that our territory is so large and as yet so far from complete development that we shall probably keep the lead as far as railway enterprise is concerned for a long time to come. But in taking these large views says Moody's Magazine we have forgotten that Russia is two and a half times as large as all the United States put together with a population more than half as large again as our own that in territorial extent it is more than twice as large as all Europe, and that it stretches across the world for 170 degrees of longitude nearly half way around the globe and that it includes one-sixth of the land surface of the planet. It is not surprising that in such a country railways should have had large development, that already there is a considerable mileage and that the prospects in this direction seem to have no limit. In the future Russia, and the United States are likely to divide the railway empire of the world between them.

A Hard Lesson

He was the picture of humiliation and despair as he sat with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. On the other side of the room sat his mother, her face wearing a look of mingled pain, pity and reproach, while leaning against her chair was his fair young sister with an expression of wonderment and half comprehension. In the room adjoining his father could be heard pacing nervously to and fro, while now and then a heavy sigh escaped from his lips. In the doorway stood a young woman attired in street costume, her eyes still riveted upon the article that she had just been reading. Her cheeks were aflame from the tumult of emotions within while on the third finger of her left hand gleamed an unusually handsome diamond. "I don't believe it," she cried, "there must be a mistake somewhere. It isn't true, is it Rob?" Thus appealed to, without lifting his head, he replied "It is true, Marjorie, every word of it. I did not know that they had found me out until you came in with the paper. Probably my arrest is near at hand or the story would not be out. Oh, why did I do it? Why did I blot my career so? And with a mean his head went lower, while a shudder as of dread shook him. Suddenly it seemed as if the radiance of the diamond must have penetrated through his fingers, for he hastily arose and quickly withdrew the ring from her finger. "Why, Rob," expostulated his mother Marjorie, eyes met his and she looked into them steadily for a moment and then recalled from him. "You cannot love a thief," he exclaimed bitterly as he put the ring into a pocket "but that is not the reason I take this away. This was paid for out of my employer's money and shall be paid back. It is not to escape the penalties of the law that I shall do this but to do what I can toward becoming an honest man." "Have I anything else that can be returned that is yours?" she hesitated. "Stole money for me?" he finished. "No, nothing else but our pastimes have cost heavily automobiling, theatre suppers, drives big games—all counts heavily with a limited income." "Ab, Marjorie! When you spoke of the pleasures of your friends or those who would call themselves your friends if you could make the same display, could I not read your thoughts?" he replied. "Even then you should have had moral courage to state frankly that you could not afford such things," she argued. "But I might have lost you," he answered. "Rob, what sort of a woman do you think I am?" she cried. "His mother prepared to leave the room. No mother stay," he insisted. Marjorie he continued, "do remember the little girl who stayed outside the fence and watched when a little boy stole fruit and helped him to carry it off?" "Mother, do you remember your influence to the fact that the boy stole because boys would be boys, and you could not stop them?" "I state those things year after year without intending to pay back; it made it easy to take what didn't belong to me if I wanted some something small thing. You see now where it has ended." "If the boy of the past had been made to take back the fruit, the man of today would probably not have failed in a matter of character." "If the girl had been taught to refuse that which was stolen, the boy would have learned a lesson in honesty that he did not learn at home. But oh forget what I have said; I am too harsh. I ought to have been an honest man in spite of these things." "A step was heard outside, a step that Rob knew well and he shuddered again. A ring and Rob himself with a word uttered in his employer's presence. "Rob, he began, "but I have just been eye-dropping. I think it is safe to give this young man another trial. By going a little slower he will soon be able to make up everything and Rob, I wish every mother, every girl, could have heard you tonight, then there would be no need of the hard lessons that some young men have to learn." "Rob made no reply, but sat perfectly still, looking over at Marjorie. His employer seemed to read his thoughts, for after whispering in her ear, he laughingly said, "Come, Rob, place that ring where it belongs," and escorted Rob over to Marjorie, who, as the ring was again placed on her finger, exclaimed, "Oh, Rob, I am better fitted now to be a helpmate to you. If we had to learn a lesson, it is better now."—ANNIE M. KEMPTON.