

And yet, if indeed it was ended, why should her heart beat so when the barber's wife came to her door that afternoon?

"The judge, he is below, in the parlor behind the shop," the woman explained.

"I cannot see him. Tell him so."

Yet again, grumbling audibly, the barber's wife returned. "He will not go. 'Tell her,' he says—'tell her I am waiting, and will wait until she comes.'"

"You must insist. I will not come." The woman's face threatened mutiny, for she was not paid for service. Miss Lavinia hesitated, in despair. Her thimble caught her eye—thin, worn, pricked into holes, yet it was gold. She pressed it into the woman's hand. "Explain to him that I will not come—make him go!"

To her door again and still again the woman returned. "He is waiting, he bids me say, and will wait until you come."

The afternoon dragged by. Towards evening the barber's wife rebelled. Something must be done. She had company invited, and her parlor she wanted and would have. So she told Miss Lavinia in no gentle tones. The Inskip pride writhed under such insolence. Was this retribution, coming now, step by step? The woman's angry voice shrilled higher.

Miss Lavinia arose. "Hush," she begged, "he will hear you. I will go down and dismiss him."

White, stately, yet trembling strangely, Miss Lavinia walked through the barber's shop, which smelled more loudly than ever of scented soaps and hair oils, into the little parlor behind.

The old—or was it the young?—Richard Alexander turned. Ah, yes, it is the young Richard, tender, ardent, glowing, though his hair is gray!

She tried to motion him back, but his arms are about her—he has kissed her. Oh, memories of a night so long ago! Oh, youth—oh, love!

The Inskip pride came rushing to her lips; it trembled for utterance, it fell dying into a broken cry. "It has been my pride," she sobbed. "I have always loved you, Richard!"

* * * * *

The judge brought his wife into church on his arm the first Sunday after they were married. Nor did it seem ostentatious—the rich dress, the silken wrap, the fine accessories; it seemed only as it should be—Miss Lavinia had come into her own again.

The overzealous young minister had been taught the limits of his authority by an aroused and indignant vestry. The silver name plate was restored to the family pew, but Miss Lavinia, no longer an Inskip, sat with the judge. Evidencing that quality which the hymn book attributes to pride, the Inskip family pew remained—empty.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

[*Ten years ago.*]

SHE was a maid divinely fair,
But not divinely tall—
For Nellie of the golden hair
Was eight years old last fall;
And I, a boy of twelve or so,
To tease the little miss,
In sport beneath the mistletoe
Gave her a thoughtless kiss.

[*Today.*]

Years pass, each bringing as of old
Its merry Yuletide scene;
The wee maid with the locks of gold
Is now a radiant queen.
She's changed, and I have changed; but oh,
Most changed of all is this—
Our lips meet 'neath the mistletoe—
What rapture in that kiss!

Douglas Hemingway.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

OF all the striking features of last month's elections, one of the most striking was the result of the local contest in New York. Side by side with this fact may be set another—that never before have women taken so active and prominent a part in the discussion of the political questions of the metropolis. They organized and held large public meetings; they delivered speeches, and listened to speeches; they went about electioneering. They showed ability and self control, and their actions evoked little criticism even in the heat of the campaign. Their influence was felt as a unit upon one side of the electoral contest; they were wholly identified with the movement upon whose banners was inscribed the motto of municipal reform.

They could not vote, and the recent Constitutional Convention left them without any near prospect of obtaining the suffrage. They proved, however, that their power is by no means dependent upon the possession of the ballot. Just to what extent they contributed to the victory of the party for which they fought, it is not easy to say; but that their influence was felt, and powerfully felt, is indisputable. The mayor elect is on record as attributing his success "in great part to the moral support given by the women of our city," and his polite acknowledgment was probably justified by the facts of the case.

It will be difficult—nay, it will be impossible, to keep woman out of the field of public affairs if she has made up her mind to enter it; and she should have the right to enter it. The Constitutional Convention's refusal to submit to the people the question of her enfranchisement was an action unworthy of a body of men of such high standing, and revealed a density of prejudice that was indeed lamentable.

THE ESSENCE OF AUTOCRACY.

ONE sentence from the proclamation issued by Nicholas II of Russia, on his ascending the throne last month, concentrates within its seven lines the whole essence of the monarchical idea.

"May we be consoled," this stripling autocrat says, "by the consciousness that our sorrow is the sorrow of the whole of our beloved people, and may the people not

forget that the strength and stability of holy Russia lies in her loyalty to us and her unbounded devotion to us."

How strange these words sound to Americans, living under institutions whose very corner stone is trust in the people to govern themselves! Upon this faith in the people has been built the greatest government, the most prosperous nation, on earth. Its success has proved monarchy an anachronism.

Its lesson has been learned in greater or less degree by all the great nations of the earth, except Russia, "holy Russia" forsooth! There the national soul lies crushed under the weight of an absolute autocrat's throne. In that one thought of Nicholas II is planted the root of the old tree that has for so long borne the evil fruit of official injustice, popular ignorance, and political degradation.

In the case of autocracy versus democracy, the history of this century has rendered an unmistakable verdict.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

WRITING to Miss Edgeworth, Sir Walter Scott once said: "It seems to me that you attach too much importance to literature and to literary people. Let me tell you that I have had the privilege of knowing some of the most celebrated men and women of my time, and that I have derived more satisfaction and comfort from the conversation and example of the poor, unlettered, hard working people than from all the wisdom of the learned folks. I have heard finer sentiments and seen finer lives among the poor people than I have ever seen or heard of anywhere outside the pages of the Bible. Believe me, my dear, all human learning is mere moonshine compared with the culture of the heart."

There are many signs that the intelligent world is approaching nearer and nearer to these views of Scott. Character tells; and a man's moral worth is, after all, his only claim among men to permanent trust and friendship.

EDUCATION AND DISCIPLINE.

DISCIPLINE is a quality in which the American national character is, generally speaking, deficient. We are so free—happy nation!—that foreign critics tell us our freedom slops over, and we are intolerant