

CUPID AND A COW

By CHRISTINE GOLDSMITH.

Burt paused at the screen door and stood admiring the pretty picture in the kitchen. Sibyl was rolling out pie crust by the window, the sun lighting her smooth, yellow hair and flushing her cheeks to a rose pink that matched her dainty housedress. She sang softly while her plump, white hands worked busily in the flour and gave caressing little pats to the flaky dough.

"I wouldn't mind being pie crust myself, under certain circumstances," smiled Burt as he came in.

"Well, I'll certainly use the rolling pin on you if you startle me like that again," retorted Sibyl, her blue eyes laughing at him.

"Will you come down the river today, Sibyl, and have a last picnic on the island? You know I have to go back to the city in a few days more."

"I would like to, Burt, if Aunt Jane can spare me. Most of the cooking is done, and the boarders off for the day, so I think she can get along."

Burt's lips set firmly while he waited, and a steady glow came into his bright brown eyes.

"You shall not escape me this time, young lady," he vowed. "I'm going back to buy a diamond, and you're going back to your last year of school teaching."

For two years now Burt had been trying to make Sibyl realize that he was absolutely necessary to her happiness, but so far Sibyl had not seemed seriously convinced of it.

"She is just five feet two of mischief and sweetness, spunk and dear, tantalizing ways," groaned Burt, as he heard her quick steps approaching.

"All right, Burt; I'll put an enormous lunch up for your benefit, and be ready in an hour."

"Ready for anything?" teased Burt. "Yes, young man, ready to make you behave!" flashed Sibyl, as she pushed him out of the kitchen and locked the door.

The row down the river was so perfect that neither cared to talk. Several times Burt started to speak, but hardly dared break the spell. He hoped the golden sunshine, the sparkling water and fragrant woods would combine to soften the heart of a certain perverse and wilful person.

"How peaceful it is here," said Sibyl, dreamily, as she trailed her hand through the clear water. "Work and problems seem far away; I feel as though we were in fairyland."

"We are," said Burt softly, leaning toward her, "and you are the princess floating with the prince—"

"Floating on a rock if you are not more careful," tartly warned Sibyl, as the boat drifted.

Burt's color rose and he hastily changed the subject. When they reached the island he led the way through a new path where Sibyl had never been before. She cried out in admiration when he finally stopped and put down the basket lunch. They were in a grove above the river, surrounded by moss and flowers, with velvety meadows stretching behind them, where some cows seemed but a part of a perfect picture.

Sibyl selected a large, fat rock and spread the tempting array of good things from the basket.

"Aunt Jane sure knows what a fellow likes," Burt said as he nipped a chicken sandwich.

"I'll have you understand that I am head cook," laughed Sibyl as she started to get the bottle of coffee.

Suddenly she gave a shriek, spilling the coffee over her dress as she turned to run.

"Help! Burt! Drive them away! Quick, quick!"

Burt looked up in bewilderment and Sibyl pointed to the cows, who were venturing nearer.

"Oh, they're all coming! Help me up this tree! I've always been scared stiff of cows!" cried Sibyl, and with a jump, Burt swung her up to a big branch and she clambered to a convenient perch.

"Can you drive them away, Burt? Are they fierce? Please hurry!" she called from the refuge.

Burt looked at the flushed, pleading girl a moment, remembering that it was the first time he had ever seen her anything but her sure, confident self. His chin squared and his eyes lighted triumphantly.

"Yes, Sibyl," he said, deliberately, as he settled himself at the foot of the tree, "I can drive them away and then I can take you out of that tree—but—I'm not going to!"

"Why, Burt! How dare you!"

"Keep still," commanded Burt, and the astonished girl obeyed.

"Sibyl, you know I have been trying to ask you to marry me for quite a long time, and you have evaded me in every way you possibly could. I love you, Sibyl, and I think you love me—he paid no attention to a startled gasp above him, but went calmly on—"I shall keep the cows here until you answer me. I brought you here today to get it settled, and you'll answer me—or, well, I like cows," and he offered one of them a sandwich.

There was a dead silence for several moments, and then a soft voice floated down. "I never knew before that Cupid looked like a cow—and I'm awful hungry."

Burt jumped up and drove the cows away, then raced back to the tree and held up his arms, and into them dropped a very breathless, blushing young lady, who promptly buried her radiant face in his broad shoulders.

Big Bunch of New State Laws Went Into Effect Thursday

All new laws of Nebraska enacted by the legislature of 1921, other than those which had the emergency clause and took effect immediately, the four which have been suspended by referendum proceedings, the Smith Bread law and the Reed-Norval language act, which are being attacked in court, become effective Thursday.

The Reed-Norval law can be enforced anywhere in the state by county attorneys or other local officials, as the injunction issued by Judge Button runs only against the governor and attorney general. It is probable, however, that law-enforcing officers will generally wait until the case has been heard and decided in the supreme court, before acting under the new statute. In the meantime, the old Siman law can be invoked to prevent foreign language instruction in the grade schools.

Probably the most important of all the new laws now in effect for the first time is the revenue act, passed as senate file No. 65. It makes sweeping changes in the system of taxation under which state and local administration has been carried on for eighteen years past. The old plan of basing taxes on one fifth of actual valuation is abolished and all levies will hereafter be made on the full value.

We take it that these predicted comets will hit the earth only relatively speaking.

Name it and you can have it is no easy proposition when it comes to one of those Russian towns.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

SIDELIGHTS

There's one nice thing about your enemies: they never borrow money from you.

In future the poets must draw a sharper distinction between moonlight and moonshine.

If the next war is in the air, there will be nothing novel in it for some of our legislators.

What a lot of success these fellows who water their stocks ought to have with their geraniums.

Edison is not only a great inventor, but there is a suspicion that he is also a great humorist.

In command of the auxiliaries of political-machine government is the notorious Gen. Apathy.

If the labor leaders would lead back to labor they would confer a favor upon the country.

The hens having continued at work despite much lower egg prices they are entitled to a vote of thanks.

There are 35,000 divorce suits pending in the courts of Paris. Is the world getting Americanized?

"Thirty-six Ways to Hold a Husband's Love" is the title of a pamphlet. Probably a cook book.

Americans want to use Yap as a coaling station, but some Japanese also use it to get all fired up.

There will be little sobbing over "Ashes to ashes" when they take away the high freight rates for coal.

Soft lights in the home would help to prevent divorce, says a scientist.

And soft words are even better.—El Paso Herald.

The girls ask what they shall do to prevent blushing. One good way would be to wear more clothes.

Bathing suits are so long and cumbersome this year that the girls will parade on the beach in street dress.

Unfortunate as it may seem, the public can't be made to worry these days about next winter's coal supply.

What has become of the old-fashioned millennium that ought to be here now?

The census reports show that many a soldier-farmer instead of beating his

sword into a plowshare beat it into a city.

It isn't so much the heat as it is the stupidity of the man who tells you it isn't so much the heat as it is the humidity.

Poland is bothered by counterfeit money—another proof that she's becoming Americanized.

There's no doubt that women are born gamblers when you see some of the chances they take in matrimony.

If this were the beginning Adam would feel that he couldn't afford to eat an apple.

The report that 4,000,000 Europeans

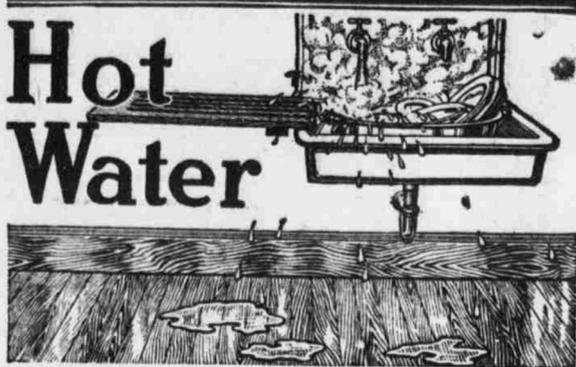
are out of work must be a mistake. They can't afford it, with 4,000,000 Americans idle.

There is a new dance called the "Philadelphia twist." It is probably done by the turning over in your sleep.

Ancient Peru is found to have had jazz bands. This was discovered, maybe, in looking for the cause of the first revolution.

All things come to those who wait. The answers to the Edison questionnaire have been published.

Possibly the sun spots cause the auroral displays, but the crime wave began before they appeared.



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