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# Queenie's Adventure

By E. EVERETT-GREEN.

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It was Queenie's tenth birthday, and she had chosen for her especial treat a solitary ride into Bryansmouth, with her two faithful bloodhounds, Bruce and Wallace, in attendance, to pay sundry visits to humble friends by the way, and to spend the whole of an early part of her god-mother's five-pound note, just exactly as she pleased. Queenie had ridden her Exmoor pony from earliest childhood. She knew every inch of the road. She had traversed it and the moorland short cuts a thousand times and the dogs were absolutely faithful as guards. Nobody was the least anxious about the little maiden, or grudging her her pleasure. Everybody knew her and her companions, and though she had never before ridden into the town alone, it only amused her parents when she asserted her independence by declaring her wish to do so. Her father called her his "little New Woman," laughing heartily the while, and her mother only stipulated that when she put up her pony she should do so at the Royal Hotel, where she was known by everybody, and where she would be kindly looked after if she wanted any refreshment when her shopping was done.

And so Queenie was in high feather. She was always living in a dreamland of her own. She was always playing imaginary games, wherein she enacted the part of heroine to quite a crowd of bold knights, gay cavaliers, or hapless captives and slaves, whom she befriended and released, sometimes at risk of her own life. But when she rode in company, and was in the midst of the most exciting scenes, some cheery question from her father, or his laughing exclamation, "A penny for your thoughts, little daughter," would send the shattered dream flying, and Queenie began to fear that the presence of grown-ups was fatal to the development of a real adventure. And this was one reason why she always looked forward to the time when she should be old enough to ride all over the wild moorland alone.

She was in the middle of a delightful imaginary adventure. She had done very well, but was in sore peril of her life at the hands of the bloodthirsty foes; yet she just began to hear in the distance the thunder of the approaching true knight, who, on his milk-white steed, was galloping with frantic haste to her rescue. She was giving herself up heart and soul to the delicious excitement of the supreme moment when he would clasp her in his arms, and with one sweep of his shining blade clear a path for her through the ranks of their howling and raging foes, when she was startled to the realities of life by the sudden and fierce baying of the two big bloodhounds; and the next moment a cry rang out—a real human cry of startled horror and despair, and there was something so searching and piercing in its note, that Queenie turned suddenly cold and chill with excitement.

"Come back, dogs! Come back!" she cried, setting her pony's head straight towards the little hollow whence all the noise proceeded. "How dare you frighten anybody! Come back, or I'll whip you both."

She knew that people were often frightened at sight of her two huge playmates, but she also knew that she had then under absolute control. In a second they had drawn back from whatever it was at which they were snuffing, and in an instant up sprang a man—a giant, haggard man, dressed in the oddest clothes, but looking so fearfully wan and ill and wretched that Queenie's heart went out to him at once, for the sight of suffering always moved her to a passion of pity.

"Don't be frightened, poor man," she said gently. "I won't let anybody hurt you. The dogs were only surprised to find you lying there so well hidden."

"I thought they had trampled me down!" gasped the man. "I thought it was all over with me. I was not a coward always, my little lady, but to be torn in pieces by those brutes—!"

He shuddered and passed his hand across his sunken eyes. Into Queenie's head had leaped a sudden eager light.

"Oh, man," she cried with bated breath, "are you a fugitive?"

"A fugitive indeed, hopeless almost, at my last gasp. I thought when I lay down in that hollow at dawn that I should never find strength to rise again!"

"Are you hungry?" asked the child, eagerly, as she opened the basket that was fastened to her saddle. An almost wolfish gleam sprang into the man's eyes as she handed him out a great packet of homemade plum buns. She gazed at him in a species of fascination as he fell upon them. He must certainly be a real starving fugitive, for never had buns disappeared in such a fashion before. Even Bruce and Wallace could not have made a shorter work of them. She plunged into her basket for a second packet, and handed it to him, saying:

"I am so glad that I brought them. They were for some children in the cottages over the moor, but they must wait for another day. I am so glad I met you, and to help one. I am so glad I came this way and that nobody else is with me. Things always happen nice when one is alone. When you have none eating you shall tell me where you want to go, and I will help you. I have a sort of vow always to help and succor the distressed, and when I think I might make it, and she gives me things to take to people who are poor and in want; but I never had a fugitive to help before. Are your wicked enemies pursuing you, do you think?"

He shuddered a little. He was eating hungrily still, but not with that first ravenous eagerness. His face looked just like a little less haggard and ghastly. Queenie began to see that there was something attractive in that face, and when she spoke she knew by his voice that he was not a common man. He spoke like the people she was accustomed to associate with; not like the peasants or fisher folk of moor and seaport. She wondered why he wore such queer clothes, and why they were covered with marks rather like an arrow.

"They are certainly pursuing, but I think I have shaken them off for awhile at least. When I was a boy I knew every inch of the moor. I used to play at escaped con-escaping fugitives with my brother." He stopped short and another shudder shook him from head to foot. "I could get to Bryansmouth now and sink on board some outgoing vessel if it were not for these accursed clothes."

"Oh, I know!" cried Queenie. "It is a galley slave's dress, and they might know you by it and betray you. But if you had some other clothes—if I were to bring you a fisherman's suit and one of their funny hats, would you be able to get away then?"

He seemed to stagger as he stood, and he looked as if he were about to fall. He looked so much cleaner and fresher in every way, and he confessed that he had a long sound

"Are you a human child, or a dream phantom come to mock me? Or are you one of God's angels come down from heaven to succor the oppressed and distressed?" Queenie's face was wreathed in smiles. This fugitive was delightful. He said just the right sort of things, and he played up so splendidly; yet underlying all the illusions with which she surrounded the situation, was a stirring sense of conviction that it was all desperate reality to him, and that here was her chance of doing something which was not a make-believe act of charity, but might be the saving of a fellow-creature from death—or worse.

"I am only a little girl," she answered, "but there is my vow; and besides, I like you, and you are one of the prisoners and captives we always pray for in church, and so I know God would like me to help you. And I can to-day, because it is my birthday. I have a whole five-pound note to spend. I shall go and get you some clothes first of all, and then when you are quite properly disguised in them, you shall have all the rest of the money to put in your pocket, and you can get away in one of the coal boats or fishing smacks, and your enemies will never find you."

He had taken her hand between his and carried it to his lips. They felt cold to her warm skin, and she felt that they quivered. His voice, too, shook as he exclaimed: "Child, child, you are indeed an angel-messenger from God. See! I do not fear to take that name upon my lips, and here I swear to you by His Holy Name that I am an innocent man, condemned for the sin of another, and that if you help me to escape that fate worse than death which they have doomed me to, you help one who has been unjustly condemned, although he had no power to prove himself the victim of some evil plot. Can you believe that, my little deliverer?"

She looked into his eyes; they were very blue, and very, very sad, but they met hers fearlessly and fully, and for a moment lost the hunted look they had worn till now. She put out her little hand frankly and fearlessly and answered:

"I believe you, man, and I will help you. They shall not get you again if I can help it. Come with me, and I will show you such a hiding place. The dogs found it and nobody else knows it. Bruce shall stay with you and guard you, so that you can sleep in peace. He won't let a mouse come near if I tell him to watch. There is a beautiful little spring of water, and I have another packet of buns, and you can rest and eat and drink whilst I am gone; and then when you are dressed in the sailor's clothes and have some money in your pocket, you can escape quite nicely."

She showed him the way to the hiding place; and indeed without her aid he never could have found the little cunningly hidden burrow in a dip of the rolling down, through which a little brook ran trickling and gurgling. The exhausted fugitive sank down upon the bed of dried leaves almost overcome with the revulsion of his feelings, and Queenie, after having made all possible arrangements for his comfort, and set Bruce on guard, mounted her pony once again by the help of the other bound's broad back, and cantered merrily towards the town, her mind so full of thoughts and her brain in such a whirl of excitement, that she had to pull herself together as she neared inhabited districts, lest people should guess something of the wonderful secret she carried about with her.

"He is such a nice fugitive," she whispered to herself. "He says just exactly the right things; and I'm quite, quite sure he is innocent. I could see it in his eyes; and it was nice of him to tell me, because it makes it all so much more romantic. I believe I would have helped him even if he had been naughty. I am often naughty myself, and it must be so dreadful to be shut up always in a dark dungeon, and to have chains on one's feet, and perhaps be starved and beaten. Oh, I know I should be a fugitive if I could. I am so glad the dogs found him. If I can only get him a disguise, and he gets safely away, I shall be so happy. It is a real birthday adventure!"

Queenie put up her pony at the hotel and walked gravely about the town making her purchases. The little lady from the big house five miles away was very well known, and her purchase of a man's sailor suit, with instructions (taken last thing from the fugitive himself) about the size and length of the garments, excited no surprise at the low price of the garments, and thought how nice the fugitive would look in the blue guesney with its red anchor, and the wide trousers and strong sea boots. She got him a woollen Tam o' Shanter cap, as well as the soft-woester with its water-proof, and after having ordered all these things to be sent at once to the hotel, she went another little stroll about some most attractive shops by the wharf, and bought a big clasp knife, two or three large handkerchiefs with startling designs upon them, a flannel shirt, a woollen comforter, and a big wallet which she presently filled with bread and meat and an apple patty, and a flask containing some whisky.

These treasures she loaded on, carrying herself, and arrived at the hotel dressed and radiant, and with two sovereigns and quite a lot of silver still in her pocket. It was a little tiresome that the kindly people were so anxious to be allowed to send at least the larger parcels home by the carrier's cart for her, but Queenie was used to getting her own way, and she was not to be persuaded.

"I want to take them and give them as I go home. They are presents," she explained; and when it appeared that Wallace was willing to have a bale strapped upon his broad back, the difficulties of transport vanished. Queenie loaded her saddle basket as full as it would hold, the soft-woester to it, with the shirt and comforter inside, and the larger parcel was entrusted to Wallace, who had played a part in too many games of desert islands and hair-breadth escapes of all kinds, to resent being turned into a beast of burden at his little mistress's wish.

The September sun was westering when Queenie rode down into the hollow where was the fugitive's hiding place, and summoned Bruce by a soft call. He came springing out, and the little girl knew by this that all was well, and on giving the preconcerted signal, she was rewarded by seeing the fugitive looking cautiously forth through the almost invisible opening of his lair.

"It is all safe! I have brought everything you asked for, and a few more things that I thought of my own self. I've read about so many escapes that I think I know what people want."

The fugitive came slowly forth. He must have spent part of his time in having a good wash. Queenie decided, for he looked so much cleaner and fresher in every way, and he confessed that he had a long sound

sleep after she left him, and felt "like a giant refreshed."

She gave him all the things, and then said, smiling confidently:

"I want to stay till you are dressed, and see what you look like; and whether anybody would know you again. I hope you will like what I have chosen. I told the man exactly what you said about the size they were to be."

So Queenie waited about, looking at the shining of the sun over the distant sea, and the long, long shadows that played over the moor. She made up her mind to ride home very fast when once she had seen her fugitive safely started, and wondered whether she had better tell them at home of her adventure, or whether she should keep it a secret.

"Her last purchase after her lunch had been a sheet of note-paper, an envelope and a stamp, and she had written her own name and address upon the envelope in her clear, round hand. She took this out of her pocket and was gazing at it, when she suddenly gave a little jump, because the fugitive had come springing out—and oh, what a different fugitive he was! His eyes were bright; his step was free and elastic; the hunted look had almost passed out of his eyes. He looked like a handsome young fisherman, and his air was one of working clothes, and she fairly clasped her hands at sight of him.

"Oh, you do look nice! But how different it makes you! I don't think anybody would take you for a fugitive now!"

"I must not forget that I am one though, my little preserver," he said, with a look of seriousness passing across his smiling face. "I shall be watched for, I expect. But the dusk will soon be here, and at least I have now a splendid chance! I need not slink about out of sight of every man—a marked and hunted fugitive. With ordinary caution and care I ought now to contrive to elude pursuit. Thank heaven I can talk broad Devonshire with any man. And I can pull an oar and sail and steer with the best of them. I was not brought up on the west coast for nothing! Oh, I ought to make good my escape now. And for you, my child, my little guardian angel, what can I say to you? How can I thank you?"

She looked into his face, smiling shyly and happily. She had not felt shy of him when he was a hunted fugitive, but now that he looked so brave and handsome and strong she felt a little childish timidity. They seemed in one way such friends, and in another such strangers!

"Oh, I don't want to be thanked. I am so very, very pleased about it! It has been a beautiful birthday adventure; and I have so wanted to have a real adventure all by myself, with nobody to say 'don't' to anything. If there had been grown-ups here to-day, perhaps they would have said 'Don't' and spoiled everything."

"I think that highly probable," said the fugitive, grimly; and then his face softened, and he took her hands in his, and gazed down with a very strange expression into her earnest, upturned face.

"But, little one, do not be too much afraid of the grown-ups and their 'don'ts.' Perhaps if I had that word spoken more to me in my youth, it would have been better. God in heaven knows that I am innocent of what they laid to my charge, and what brought me into the hands of the law; but perhaps had I been less reckless and wild in my youth, there would have been more to believe and stand by when this came upon me, and things would not have appeared so black against me. There is much to be said on the side of those who say 'don't' to us in our youth."

Queenie partly understood; and she would understand more as she grew older and thought about it. But she was glad there had been nobody to say "Don't" to-day.

"Here is a purse with the rest of the money," she said after a little pause. "Oh, please you must take it—you really must. I shall be unhappy if you don't. Indeed, it's my birthday money, and I said to mother when I got it—indeed I did—I don't want anything more myself—look at all my presents, mummy. I shall try and make you happy with this. Truly I did. And so you must please have it to get away with. Fugitives always find money useful. Indeed, I know a good deal about it—more than you do perhaps, and please you must take it."

He took her hand, purse and all, and carried them to his lips; and she herself slipped the purse into one of his pockets, he making no further resistance.

"And now I must really go home," she said. "But please will you write to me to say when you get safely away. At least you need not write if that perhaps might be dangerous, but please post this blank sheet of paper when you are quite, quite safe; and when I get it I shall say to myself, 'My fugitive has got safely away over the seas.' Will you promise, please?"

He took the paper, folded it carefully and thrust it into his pocket. "I promise," he said, a little huskily.

The sun's rim was almost touching the horizon as he lifted the child upon her pony and put her little foot in the stirrup. "Good-bye, my child, and keep you always, my child," he said, in a very low voice, "and may you never lack a friend in need should any trouble or affliction fall upon your fair head in life's journey—which God forbid!"

"Goodness, John!" she exclaimed, paling visibly, "what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

He looked up into his face, and she was certain there were tears in his eyes. She held up her rosy lips with perfect simplicity and sweetness.

"Good-bye, dear fugitive; I shall ask God every day to take care of you, and help you to get away quite safely, and to make you always a good man."

He bent his head as a man who worships, and kissed her on the mouth.

"And I will pray to Him again in faith, for myself and for one who has come to me as an angel from Him, and has brought back to me the faith in Him which I had well nigh lost."

She rode away in the soft glow of the sinking sun, waving her hand at intervals till the ridge of the moor shut him out from view. Then, setting her pony at a gallop, she rode merrily home, to find her mother on the lookout for her, just beginning to be anxious to get her darling back safe.

"I have had a lovely day, mummy darling, and have spent all my money, and given all the things away. Some day I'll tell you every word about it; but I want it to be a secret for now."

With bated breath, and a beating heart. Were they indeed speaking of her fugitive? She spoke not a word, and slipped away; but she hugged her conviction that so it was, and that her parents were glad he had escaped.

It was about a fortnight later when she received her envelope, and though she knew it was hers by the writing, it had such a funny stamp upon it, not a bit like hers, and her father as he gave it to her asked smilingly, "Why, whatever little friend have you writing from Las Palmas?"

"Where is Las Palmas?" asked Queenie, with a rose face and a beating heart.

"It is the Grand Canary; an island belonging to Spain. I was once there a few hours coming from the Cape. But who can be writing to you from there?"

"It isn't a letter," said Queenie, as she opened it and saw her blank sheet of paper inside, "it's only from a man who sailed from Bryansmouth on my birthday. I gave him some things for his outfit, and he was to post this letter when he had got away safe—got there safe, I mean."

Her parents looked at her and at each other. It was on Queenie's birthday that the papers had notified the escape of a convict from Dartmoor, during a heavy fog the previous day. Her mother drew her towards her and said:

"Tell us all about it, darling. We shall not scold you."

And so Queenie told all the story of her birthday adventure with the fugitive, her parents listening with an excitement almost equal to her own.

When she had gone to her nursery her father leaned back in his chair, and his gravity gave way to a ringing peal of laughter.

"The New Woman! the New Woman! To think that the first time the child should go any distance alone she should contrive and carry through an adventure like that! What are our daughters coming to?"

But the mother smiled tenderly as she replied:

"Nothing very new about it, I think, my dear, but only as old as some old, old words. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

On Queenie's next birthday, in addition to her other presents she received a wonderful pendant of Spanish topaz set in ancient silver—a treasure that made her mother's eyes sparkle. There was nothing to denote who had been the sender, save a few words pencilled on a sheet of blank paper—"In token of an everlasting gratitude."

"It is from my fugitive," said Queenie; and she looked at her treasure with sparkling eyes. "Now I know that he is safe and that they did not catch him."

And later on she confided to the dogs: "You dear creatures, you deserve to have a birthday present yourselves, for it was you who found him, and you who helped me all the way through. But anyhow we did have a real adventure, and though I've promised not to do things like that again without telling somebody grown up, I shall always be so very, very glad about it, and that our fugitive did get safe away!"

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

### Beginning Professional Life.

Smart Set.  
Carrie—I suppose, now that Mr. Emdee has his diploma, he will begin practicing.  
Harry—Yes; economy.

### The Difference.

Judge.  
Smith—The dog's tail can't wag the dog, can it?  
Brown—No, but the landed fish cannot wag his tail without wounding the entire fish.

### A Way Out of It.

Smart Set.  
Mr. B'Goodie—Do you think you'd make a cozy mother's wife?  
Miss De Bright—I'm not positive. If I don't, you know you might try some other profession.

### A Disagreeable Characteristic.

Life.  
Katharine—I detest that Mr. Tiffington. Margaret—Why, Katharine?  
"Oh, he's a kind of man who always calls when you are expecting somebody else who doesn't come."

### Further Information.

Puck.  
His Little Son—Papa, is a skeptic a man who doesn't believe what he can't understand?  
The Deacon—Yes; especially if it is something that doesn't suit him.

### Reasonable Presumption.

Minneapolis Sun.  
Mrs. Bixby—Are you sure it was my husband who ordered these groceries?  
Foster—Yes, (cheerfully)—No, ma'am, I ain't sure, but I s'pose you got the stufkik to show for it. Quit yer kiddin'.

### Commendable Caution.

Judge.  
Foster—Curious affair about that New York man that is going to start out to discover the North pole.  
Felton—How so?  
Foster—He's delayed starting until the relief expedition was already on the way.

### Something Wrong.

Philadelphia Press.  
"Now, John, see here!" she began, with set jaw. "I must have \$20 to-day."  
"All right," said John, promptly, "here it is."  
"Goodness, John!" she exclaimed, paling visibly, "what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

### They Feel Safe.

Baltimore American.  
Prince Ching—But are you not worried over the prospect of severe punishment, after the foreign envoys decide what they want?  
Prince Tuan—No; our children will be dying of old age before the preliminary negotiations are completed.

### Poetry.

Detroit Journal.  
The Night Wind sits uneasily.  
"Why do you crouch?" asks the Owl, in fretful cadence.  
"I have to do something that rhymes with moon, of course!" sighs the Night Wind.  
There is poetry in nature.

### Motherly Advice.

Chicago News.  
"Johnny," said the St. Louis mother, "I want you to quit using that low, vulgar language."  
"Why, mother," replied Johnny, "Shakespeare said what I just said."

### To an Extreme.

Chicago Tribune.  
"I believe in being kind to the birds and all that," said Miss Hankypank, "but I do think Clara Deager carries it too far."  
"What has she been doing now?" asked the other girl.

"She refused Harry Singlewell because somebody told her that when he went out rowing he always feathered his oars."

### A Color Effect.

Life.  
Club—Saying, mother, I saw a colored man with a gun prowling around over yonder awhile ago. Do you think there's any danger?  
Mother—Well, that depends on the color. Was he red?  
"He looked rather blue."

"Oh, well, if he looked blue, he must be green. Guess there's no danger."

### Why Mrs. Stanford Protests.

Boston Herald.  
Mrs. Leland Stanford now explains that she doesn't particularly object to the professors of economics to her university ex-

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## pressing their minds freely, on the subject they employed to teach, but that she is of opinion that they ought to have better taste and judgment than to use so an awful example the career of her late husband, whose money pays the salaries of the economic professors. This is not altogether without point, from a sentimental standpoint.

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The United States contains nearly 6,000,000 separate farms.

There is not much show for Hawaii for statehood. The registered vote for the islands is only 11,000.

Clerks and the clergy are the most numerous patrons of the bicycle. Teachers are also great patrons of the wheel.

The next census round-up will find 100,000,000 in the United States. So says the superintendent of the Census Bureau.

A wide-awake American has erected steam pumps on the Jordan and is supplying churches all over Europe with genuine Jordan water.

The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where for 2 sou—about 1 25 cents—letters are conveyed all over the empire.

The scheme to divide Texas has been revived. If it should ever come to anything El Paso would be made the capital of the new State.

According to a statement in one of the Chicago papers, one-fifth of the marriages contracted in that city finally bring up in the divorce courts.

German silver is not silver at all, but an alloy of various of the baser metals, which was invented in China, and used there centuries ago.

When a coal fire is in use for heating and the electric light for lighting an inhabited room the air is purer than by any of the other plans tried for heating and lighting.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press predicts that a Congress will be asked to inaugurate a national good roads system, since townships, counties and States are slow to move in such matters.

Careful inquiries made in Polynesian islands, in New Guinea and West Africa indicate that typhoid fever does not occur in those regions, but seems to be a by-product of civilization.

The outlook is not so favorable to man but the decedent animal. A learned German professor claims to have made the discovery that man existed on earth before the monkeys appeared.

George C. Riddle, who was hurt by a car collision near Toledo, O., had hair taven black. In less than an hour it turned white as snow. The phenomenon is explained as being the result of fright and pain.

The censorship is a very real thing in China. There anyone who writes an immoral book is punished with 100 blows of the heavy bamboo and banishment for life. Anyone who reads it is also punished.

Reports of the organization of a fanatical international society, whose object is to see that China will not be divided among the powers and that Korea shall remain independent, have been received at Moscow from Japan.

A pupil at the public school in Springfield, Mo., refused to study Latin and was expelled. His father, a Methodist preacher, took the matter before the board, with the result that Latin is now an optional study.

Prussian blue does not come to us from Prussia. It is a chemical product of which

England makes her full share. Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish, and Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, but in Russia.

The Japanese government is considering the advisability of inflicting capital punishment by means of suffocation—placing the subject in an air-tight chamber and then exhausting the air from the chamber by means of a pump.

Professor Lewin, of Berlin, has found among 300 laborers who constantly handle copper eight men whose hair had in consequence obtained a greenish tinge, which no washing would remove. The phenomenon has been known, he says, 50 years, but it takes several years to produce it.

The road is interesting in that it is the longest "third-rail" road in the world, and, although an experiment, it seems to be a perfect success.

Heavy cars, each holding sixty passengers, travel easily and comfortably in one hour over the Albany and Hudson electric railway at the formal opening recently.

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More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness. The show people dread a timid lion, tiger or leopard, not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable, and may take fright and spoil a performance at any moment from the slightest cause.

The practice of oiling roads to keep the dust down was begun in California a few years ago and is extending to several parts of the United States. It is commonly held that the idea of obtaining dustless roads is naturally attractive to Californians and the success that has attended the use of oil for this purpose promises to cause its even more general adoption.

Matrons of infant asylums say that a young infant will be cross all day if dressed in a gray frock, but contented and happy if dressed in a bright red frock. Children from two to four are much less affected by the color of their dress. It is commonly observed in kindergartens that the younger children prefer the red playthings, while the older children prefer the blue.

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