

a New York train go by, and there wasn't another within an hour and a half.

This meant that we should not reach New York before 3 o'clock, and we should have the pang of hunger added to our other woes. Perhaps it was this prospect or it may have been the mutual folly of letting that train get away which told upon our tempers. Certainly our discussion became acrimonious.

"Jane," said I at last, "we mustn't quarrel again. There's no use in it now. People who are no longer anything to each other have nothing to gain by quarreling. It isn't as if we were engaged and had our freedom at stake."

"You are quite right," said she, "and since it seems that we can't talk without quarreling I suggest that we don't talk at all."

"Isn't there some place where we can go?" she exclaimed, and her glance swept the desolate landscape.

"Here's a coachload of people from Princeton, and they'll know all about us in two minutes."

"Our train isn't due for an hour," said I. "Princeton is the only refuge I can see. There are some carriages waiting for the train from New York that's due here pretty soon."

"Let us take one of those carriages and drive anywhere," said she. "I am too nervous to be stared at. They know we have quarreled, and they think we're making up. How dreadful!"

"And how unjust!" I retorted.

"Nothing could be further from our minds. But I agree with your view. I am as uncomfortable, mentally, as you can possibly be. Moreover, we'll freeze

most beneficent smile and left us to ourselves.

"And always," I whispered.

"Jane, did you mean those words?"

"I did when I had them engraved there," said she.

"And now?"

"I mean them more than ever," she answered simply.

I have said that we were in a retired spot, but I think it would have made no difference if a searchlight had been on us and the whole world spectators.

It was probably an hour afterward—but I had an impression that it was about three minutes—when Mrs. Gray sent a discreet servant to inform us that we were in danger of missing the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Christmas tree.



MRS. GRAY WAS HOLDING IT UP TO THE LIGHT.

Of course two people with so much on their minds can't sit side by side in perfect silence. It didn't take us five minutes to find this out, and everything we said made matters worse. So presently Jane went over to the other side of the room and pretended to be interested in a time table, while I sat on a bench and read an old letter—the very last resort of the human mind when it must have something to do.

We had the room to ourselves during this latter period, but finally several railroad employees came in. They had walked down from the scene of the wreck. One of them had evidently found some article lost by one of the passengers at the time of the accident, and all were examining it as they stood by the stove in the middle of the room. I was watching Jane out of the corner of my eye, and I saw her start violently and clutch her gown over the region of the heart. She is not given to theatrical gestures for their own sake, and I know that something must be amiss.

Immediately I saw her walk rapidly toward the group by the stove.

"Will you let me see the locket that you found?" said she.

That was the first intimation I had had as to the nature of the article, but when one of the men held it out toward Jane I at once recognized it as my gift to her.

"This is mine," she said.

The finder was somewhat disinclined to surrender his prize, but Jane identified it fully, describing its interior and showing the carefully concealed spring by which it was opened.

I overheard her say that they would find the words, "Gerald to Jane," and dates below. She distinctly said "dates," and she glanced maliciously at me.

So she had filled out the line. How long, I wondered, had she waited before recording love's death? Not long surely, for it was a matter of a few weeks at together.

When she had received the locket and suitably rewarded the finder, I observed that he began to regard me with considerable attention.

Then he nudged his neighbor and whispered something. Soon they were all staring at me. Obviously my portrait had been recognized.

"Curious," I heard one of the men say, "they don't seem to know each other."

My nerves were not in condition to stand that sort of thing, and I fled from the room. A raw wind was sweeping the platform, but I preferred it to the conditions within.

In about a minute Jane came out rather hurriedly. She walked straight up to me.

"I simply can't stand this," she said. "They are making fun of us."

"Why shouldn't they?" I asked.

"We're funny enough, but I agree with you that it's unbearable. See them looking out of the window."

to death on this platform, and we positively can't go back into that waiting room."

"I should think not," said she; "there are women there now."

"Suppose you go to the Grays," said I, "and I'll put up incog. at the inn."

"Anything," she cried, "only let us get out of here."

We engaged a light two seated wagon with a fairly good horse between the shafts, and presently we were making good time over the road to Princeton. Meanwhile we conversed in whispers behind the driver's back.

That confidential method of conversation is conducive to a good understanding between a man and a woman.

Sitting close together and speaking into each other's ears, we found it easy to be amicable. And we came to an agreement which neither of us would have deemed possible at any other stage of the day's adventures. It was that we should both go to the party, that we should show to all those people the possibility of friendship following love, and that we should pursue the same course thereafter as long as we lived.

Our advent was hailed with loud acclaim. Few people present knew that we had been estranged, and those who did naturally supposed that we had made it up.

I tasted once more the joy of being envied by men who coveted Jane and viewed with interest by women who didn't covet me, but were led into thinking so for the moment by the fact that I belonged to somebody else.

The lover's part was so agreeable that I began to play it with a fine assumption of sincerity, and it seemed to me that Jane liked my acting almost as well as she had ever liked the reality.

Mrs. Gray was entirely deceived, and in the evening, finding us together in one of those romantic nooks of which there are so many in the great old house, she congratulated us upon our reconciliation.

The moment was full of embarrassment. I don't know what we should have said to her, but she relieved the situation by asking how we happened to miss her carriage at the station and to arrive at such an hour. Strangely enough, we had escaped that very natural inquiry up to that time.

"Jane lost her locket in the accident, and we went back to hunt for it," said I with ready mendacity.

"Oh, yes," said she, "I remember that locket. I hope you found it."

For answer Jane displayed the keepsake. Mrs. Gray took it out of her hand, and, to our surprise, immediately pressed the secret spring.

I saw Jane flush and make a queer, spasmodic effort to regain the locket. But Mrs. Gray was holding it up to the light and out of Jane's reach.

"Gerald to Jane," she read.

"Christmas, 1896, and always." Very pretty, I'm sure.

And she returned the locket with a

Santa Claus Was In It.

"Those Americans down there," said Santa Claus, as he sat on the lee side of an iceberg and waited for Christmas eve, "seem to think I'm not up to date. Now I wonder," he murmured as he went in and rang up his polar stables, "what they'd think if they saw me at it just at present?" Then he pressed a button in the side of the iceberg and said: "Grizzly, run out that new deer-lever motor sleigh of mine, while I load her up. And look here, Grizzly, the next time you take out that new electric airship of mine and break it just when I want to use it, I won't let you play in that toy orchard of mine for a whole year!"

"Up to date, eh!" said Santa as he jumped into his motor and pulled on the robes. "Well, just watch me while I note!"

Christmas Postal Don'ts.

Don't fail to put your own name and address on every piece of mail, preceded by the word "From."

Don't mail a parcel without previously weighing it to ascertain the proper amount of postage.

Don't wrap a parcel with such material or in such manner that the wrapper may become torn and separated from the contents.

Don't seal or wrap parcels in such manner that their contents may not be easily examined.

Don't mail parcels to foreign countries without special inquiry concerning the regulations governing foreign addressed mail matter.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries other than Canada and Mexico in execution of an order or as a gift unless the postage is prepaid at 5 cents per half ounce.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries by "parcels post" unless your postmaster be consulted concerning the country addressed and the manner of mailing matter thereto.

Don't fail to give the full address, street and number, town, city and country of destination.

Don't send sealed packages to Mexico and Canada.

Don't mail jewelry to foreign countries.

Don't place handkerchiefs, neckerchiefs or other merchandise in packages of printed matter.

Don't use tags or labels, as they become separated from packages.

Don't seal up packages containing photographs, pictures, Christmas cards, New Year's cards and mark them "Photo Only," "Printed Matter" or "Parcels Post."

Don't mail packages on the street letter boxes, or they may never reach the postoffice.

Don't fail to see that the postage stamps are firmly affixed to your packages.—Philadelphia Times.

The Glastonbury Thorn.

At Glastonbury abbey, in Somersetshire, England, once stood a thorn tree which, it is said, bloomed every Christmas morning. The first authentic account of it ever written was in 1772 by a visitor who tells of it in the account of his visit to the abbey.

The keeper assured him that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed not far from the town, at a place where there was formerly an oak that had been planted to his memory; that he and his companions marched to a hill and rested themselves, and that Joseph stuck his staff in the ground. Now, this staff was a common dry hawthorn stick, but it grew and first came into full flower on Christmas day. Afterward the tree, which has thus grown and budded like Aaron's rod, always bloomed on the day of our Lord's nativity and upon no other day, the flower, like those of the night blooming cereus, lasting but a few hours.

Many queer stories have been told of the "miraculous thorn of Glastonbury." It was said that if the chips from it were planted they would sprout and grow like potatoes; that the leaves cured all inflammations, swellings, etc., and that "rods" cut from it would never leave marks on the children corrected by their use.

"Educated, by Jove!"

At a leading New England college some years ago when the commencement exercises were over and the diplomas had been distributed, says D. S. Sanford in The Atlantic, a member of the graduating class, who had been more distinguished by conviviality than studiousness, and who had barely escaped losing his degree, appeared upon the campus and, waving the much prized parchment over his head, shouted gleefully: "Educated, by Jove!"

The idea expressed by the rollicking student, more in jest than in earnest, illustrates a notion of education which is hard. The popular prejudice that culture is something extracted from books, picked up in a lecture hall or a laboratory or seized during the fleeting years of one's school or college life is so prevalent that it becomes the obvious duty of the school to press home to the consciousness of every person the conviction that an obligation rests upon him to undertake a course of education lasting throughout his life.

Business Cards.

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