

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

By Louise Hubert Guyot

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Allyn Hardin was a man who, though but thirty-seven, had traveled till he was well wearied with the world. Without family or ties, no one cared when he came nor where he went, so that whenever he did think of settling down it was with a very decided picture in his mind—a picture of a home that was home in the fullest sense of the word, where there reigned a wife whose life would be bound up in that home; where there romped little children who would welcome him with smiles and with drooping faces see him go. And it was this feeling, but dully realized, that made him look upon Miss Ellison with something of doubt, albeit much of admiration.

Life was joyous to Alice Ellison. Her blood ran high, and nothing had crossed her path that tended to make her feel aught but the joy of living. It was natural, therefore, that she should laugh and dance and sing. Sometimes, though, it palled on her, and she would sit within the silence of her room, wondering why she could not "fall in love, really and truly and deeply." And always at this wonder the picture of Allyn Hardin rose before her and her heart grew tender. And then something would crop up, like the weeds in the parable, choking out these tiny seeds of love. And that something was pitifully like the vision that had but just caused her a momentary gladness. But the clear blue eyes were so cold, the fine mouth so firmly set with determination, the chin so square, that she would rise impatiently, crying out:

"Ah, no, he would never be tender, nor sweet, nor—"

For she, too, had her picture of what a home should be, and while she scarcely dared dwell on it, as he could do, it was there, in the clouds above her head—a home in which there was a woman whose life's one aim was to keep the tired lines from her husband's face, the worrying cares from his heart, to maintain forever the smiles on those little upturned faces at her knee. But the husband must be one with a heart warm enough to take and profit by the sympathy she held out to him in such good abundance, a man who could understand the hearts of those little children in the arms of that woman.

So, thinking much but understanding little of each other, they went their separate ways until one morning early, when a train drew out from the depot, Alice seated in the chair car, Allyn swinging on to the step of the last coach.

He was off on his vacation, and in the curlings of the smoke he saw not the face of Alice Ellison, but cool, green nooks by running streams. He heard the crunch of the dried leaves beneath his feet and felt the tugging of the trout upon his line.

He had bid Alice goodbye two evenings before, expecting to leave the city then, and he recalled her look of good, frank friendship as she had put her hand in his. "What a pity there is not more to her," he mused. "She is so attractive, but she lacks weight."

The train was coming to a stop, and Allyn rose and went out on the platform. They were slowing into a picturesque little town with green trees in sight of the depot and big, sprawly southern homes, white and green in the sunlight.

Was that Alice? Yes, there on the lower step of the coach ahead of him she stood, with an impatience barely hidden by her quiet manner, waiting for the train to stop. She was smiling, oh, so brightly, and the train had scarcely come to a standstill before she had sprung down and was running across the platform to meet—

Allyn Hardin could not believe his own eyes.

A little girl with brown legs flashing bare above low socks and feet left bare by the bonnet that hung about her neck, reflecting the brightness he had seen on Alice's, came rushing down the platform too. With a shriek of joy she threw herself into Alice's open arms.

The whistle blew again. Alice was moving off with a young man and woman who had joined her.

"Miss Ellison! How do you do?" Alice turned about quickly.

"Oh," she gasped, "I thought you were in Wisconsin!" She moved toward the train, not losing hold of the little hand that lay in hers.

"I could not get off. Wish I had known you were aboard"—the train was moving. "Goodbye, goodbye."

"Bon voyage," called Alice. Then, bending toward the child, "Wave by-bye to Mr. Hardin."

A sunburned little hand clawed the air, and Alice, raising her head, looked up at Allyn. They both laughed.

On the rest of that northbound trip all that Allyn saw was a little country railroad station, with its usual motley setting. Standing forth from it all were the same two figures, the Madonna and the child—one in gown of softly clinging blue, the other in ruffled white apron.

The two weeks' visit to her brother came to an end, and the train was fast drawing Alice Ellison away from the sweet peace of the country into the rush and whirl of that old life in the city. Leaning back in her chair, dreamily looking out of the window, she came to the conclusion that she was tired of herself.

She sighed and rose wearily. Swaying with the motion of the car, she made her way toward the Pullman.

It was October; perhaps she might find some of her friends returning to the city. Pausing a moment on the threshold of the sleeper, she looked down the red plush aisle.

A few feet in front of her a man was seated, with his back turned toward her. He had light hair, "just like Mr. Hardin's," and standing on the seat beside him was a little child. The car lurched, and the little fellow swayed, only to be caught by a strong arm that threw him downward. Then the man's head darted down, and Alice smiled at the screams of childish laughter.

She watched them for a moment; then the child, peering over the man's shoulder, called out: "Pretty lady! Pretty lady!" And she, feeling too weary to more than smile at the little fellow, turned to go back to her uninteresting book.

The train was crossing the long bridge over Lake Pontchartrain, and Alice paused in the vestibule between the Pullman and the chair car. Standing at the window she looked out upon the vastness of the moonlit lake and sky and felt very tired and small and useless. She was not blue, nor was she morbid, but somehow her heart rebelled at going back to that old life in the city—so empty, so shallow, so—

"Alice! Miss Ellison!"

"Why—why—where did you come from?" Her voice trembled, but she did not care.

She held out both hands to Allyn Hardin, and as his own closed over hers a sudden picture flashed before her. She heard again those peals of childish laughter, saw again a man's head bend swiftly down, like a great boy's, beneath the tug of baby hands; saw a face, habitually cold, alight with something divinely warm as it had looked at her across the sunny head of little Alice from the narrow doorway of a fast receding train. Her heart gave a bound that frightened her, and, drawing her hands away, she turned and looked again upon the moonlit water.

"I was called home unexpectedly on business," Allyn was explaining, when he noted that she was not listening.

He stepped nearer to her side.

"Miss Ellison," he began. Then he saw how the moonlight was caught and shimmered in the tears that lay on her cheek and which she could not help any more than she could have told the reason why they fell.

"What's the matter, Alice?"

There was a long pause, and when she answered her voice was like a tired child's.

"Nothing; only I'm so tired."

She had turned and involuntarily stretched forth her hands again, but Allyn's hands slipped past hers, and he folded her in his arms.

"Oh, Alice," he murmured—"Alice, you don't know how I love you."

She raised her wet face to his, and as he bent low over her the weight slipped from her heart and the old life that had so tired her became a thing of the past.

College Men in Strange Places.

A dozen hurried street car men, with ten minutes in which to eat, got the lunch man somewhat rattled. No. 2269 thrust his carrotty face over the counter and yelled for an egg sandwich.

"You're too slow, son," he said. "Be swift. Be a New Yorker!"

"Don't hurry me," said the other, "or I'll go back to Philadelphia."

When all had been served and had stamped out to the street, the lunch man remarked to a silent observer:

"Did you notice the red fellow that jollied me? He's a scholar, a bright chap. Studied at Oxford, England."

"I think, then, he might do better than cry 'Fares, please!' and pull a bell rope."

"You'd think so," said the other. "And the same applies to me. Look at this!" He produced the year book of a southern college and pointed to his name on the roll of graduates. "You will hardly believe it, but I'm a graduate in law of this university. I don't like the business I'm in now. Force of circumstances, you know."—New York Press.

Signs of Old Age.

"Do you know the surest indication of old age?" said a physician the other day. "The surest indications in man," he continued, "are a moist eye, a dry palm and a shrinking of the calf of the leg. All the indications are due to some action of the nerves consequent upon advancing years. In the matter of the eye the fifth section is interfered with, and it is this that causes a flow of water. The dryness of the palms is caused by an interference with the functions of the body, also due to the action of the nerves, and the shrinkage of the leg follows from similar causes."

"In old age, too, you notice some men become more corpulent than in the early portion of their lives. With drinking men the change is often produced by the quantity of saccharin which they consume with their drinks, and with those who do not drink it follows from other physiological changes. With women the dimness of the eye does not come so soon as it does in men."

"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" was first used when Westminster abbey was called St. Peter's cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's cathedral, it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's, quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Over 200 years afterward the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The abbey carried the day.

"AS BOLD AS A LION."

Rather Say Bold as a Partridge if You Would Be Exact.

The only explanation of the adage, "As bold as a lion," is that the lion's magnificent, muscular body, his noble head, great mane, the fact that he is a wild beast and still more probably—his deep throated roar that sounds so extraordinarily bold have made him feared for generations. But the lion belongs to the family of cats and is not bold. To those who know best he is not brave even in the hour of danger. The lioness, who is smaller, less terrible to look upon and is without a mane, is brave in defense of her young, but she, too, is not bold. She is merely bolder than the lion. In comparison with any animal that can face danger and fight "fair" the lion is a coward. To prove it let us see for a moment how it is that the lion chooses to hunt his prey.

The lion does not hunt. In the reeds and grasses near some pool in the jungle he lies hidden where he knows that other animals will go to drink. Cat-like, he leaps upon his victim, striking it with his powerful paws. Then his great jaws break the neck of the unfortunate creature he has taken by surprise, and the lion boldly carries off the carcass to devour it where he will. The folk who live on the outskirts of jungles in the lion's country sometimes lose their sheep and goats when a hungry lion can muster courage to go near a human habitation in his search for food. He goes at night and stealthily. Who knows but that his heart goes pit-a-pat and his big limbs tremble at every sudden noise? The natives of India and of Africa know, however, that they can frighten away a thieving lion by fire and torches. If cornered and forced to fight he will do battle savagely, but he doesn't seek an open fight, and any traveler will tell you that as a rule the "king of beasts" bolts on sighting a man.

To be as bold as a partridge—as brave, unselfish, daring, heroic, as a partridge—is something one might be proud to boast. No lion defends its young with the courage of a partridge. The lioness at bay will turn in defense of her cubs, will fight the enemy, will spring at him furiously; the partridge will leave its little ones quite unprotected in the nest, or wherever they may be in hiding, and will offer herself to spare them. It is not the unthinking heroism of excitement. The bird knows what she is doing and the danger. She schemes to attract attention to herself, but she manages to lead the dogs on, and she escapes. We at least have never heard anything in the life history of the partridge so sad as that the mother bird has been taken at that supreme moment. Under the very nose of the dogs she will flutter and limp, with drooping wing, to deceive them into the belief that she is lame and cannot fly.—New York Mail.

The King and the Preacher.

Dr. South on one occasion after preaching before Charles II., who, by the way, did not care any more than the humblest dissenter to listen to a read sermon, was twitted by the king of having read from a manuscript. "How is it, Dr. South," said his majesty, "that you, who are so famous for preaching without book, should read your sermon when you preach before me?" "May I answer your majesty with another question?" replied the witty doctor. "How is it that your majesty always reads your speeches to your faithful commons?" "Odds-fish, doctor," said Charles, "because I have asked them for money so often that by this time I am ashamed to look them in the face." Dr. South, it must be admitted, had fairly laid himself open to the retort.

FRIENDSHIPS.

Those of Long Standing and Those Made in Later Life.

People make friends later than they used to, or at least so it seems to us, probably because they grow old in general later than they did. Friendship must change its nature with advancing years, but whatever makes later life full of activities and new beginnings causes friendships also to begin at

even the later stages of the journey. Of two old men early friends who had quarreled Coleridge said: They stood aloof, the scars remaining. Like cliffs which had been rent asunder. Such an image of course gives powerfully the sense of fixity, the opposite of the fluid potentiality of youth. Yet in the same poem we have the hint that not all is glorious in youth:

And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain.

Friendship becomes rid of some vanity, it becomes more noble and satisfying to the deeper thoughts and ideals, when the roots of it grow back into a long distant past, and if we can keep the power of making a few new friends in age as we need them to supplement those inherited from youth, which grow fewer with the years, but riper and more select, friendship should play a satisfying role far along toward the end of life, the best role indeed of its career, if, as Emerson thinks, a lifetime is needed for its completeness, while an hour or a day is enough for toil or play. The late friendships of the unmarried, the childless and the widowed have a special necessity and pathos of their own, for mates and children to a large extent at certain periods naturally take the place of other friends.—Collier's Weekly.

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No. 8.....2.45 p. m.
No. 1.....7.04 p. m.
No. 12.....12.00 m.
No. 16.....6.38 p. m.
No. 6.....7.50 p. m.
No. 10.....2.44 p. m.
No. 14.....12.40 p. m.
No. 18.....11.00 a. m.

West Bound.

No. 25.....5.12 a. m.
No. 1.....7.04 a. m.
No. 5.....1.10 p. m.
No. 9.....6.18 p. m.
No. 13.....12.40 p. m.
No. 17.....11.00 a. m.

Boyer Valley

No. 46 Leave.....6:05 a. m.
No. 42.....2:50 p. m.
No. 41 Arrive.....5:47 p. m.
No. 45.....5:50 p. m.

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No. 2 Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday) 10.35 A. M.
No. 22 Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge Local, (Daily except Sunday) 5.58 P. M.
No. 2 Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Limited (Daily) 3.38 P. M.

—West Bound—

No. 1 Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Limited, (Daily) 8.18 A. M.
No. 31 Ft. Dodge & Co. Bluffs Local, (Daily except Sunday) 3.32 A. M.
No. 91 Local Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday) 1.00 P. M.
No. 3 Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Omaha Express, (Daily) 8.33 P. M.

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No. 6 Passenger.....7.25 P. M.
No. 94 Freight.....1.07 P. M.
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