

Knowing Miss Knowlton

By MARSHALL LEONARD.

Copyright, 1907, by William Darcy.

It seemed to Travers that life really began for him when he came to Lester to superintend the building of the electric works, for until then life had been uneventful, and he had not known of Ada Knowlton.

Even now he merely knew of her, for Travers was not a ladies' man. He was too terribly in earnest to shine in society, and though he had been in Lester for nearly two months, he seemed as far from his goal as ever. Every Sunday he went to church and sat where he could watch the choir where Ada sang, the stained glass forming a background for the shapely golden head. The Rev. Josiah Rumford watched approvingly the expression of rapt interest that was upon Travers' face all through the sermon. He could not notice that the keen blue eyes of the young contractor were upon the choir rather than upon the pulpit, and he felt gratified that he should hold his auditor so well.

So it happened that the Rev. Josiah stopped at the new factory one morning and extended an invitation to Travers to join a church picnic the following week.

"It is almost a family affair," he explained as Jimmie's hand went down into his trousers pocket. "I am not selling tickets. It is purely by invitation and only for the members of the Sunday school, but I thought that perhaps you might like to meet some of the young people and get acquainted."

Jimmy beamed upon the kindly old man as he thought of Ada Knowlton and accepted the invitation with an effusiveness that caused the minister to wonder at certain comments he had heard regarding the unsociability of the newcomer.

"He is most cordial," he told his wife. "I am sure that he needs only to get acquainted to be a decided addition to our little society. I am sorry that I did not look him up earlier."

Travers echoed the same sentiment as he went about his work. Surely at



"DON'T MOVE," SAID A GENTLE VOICE.

the picnic he should meet Miss Knowlton, and meeting Miss Knowlton had almost become an obsession with him. He climbed over the stagings and platforms with a light heart as he imagined the manner in which they should meet. He rather fancied an introduction under the trees. He would advance with bared head and bow low over her hand. Then she would give him one of those sunny smiles that almost seemed to be her habitual expression, and they would go walking together in the leafy shade. Over and over he mentally rehearsed this scene until it became almost real to him.

But at the last moment there came a complication at the factory, and it was after 11 when Travers finally got away. He lost his way trying to drive out in a livery buggy, and when at last he came to the lake lunch was over and the merry-makers had scattered through the woods.

The minister and his wife insisted that he have something to eat, and then motherly Mrs. Rumford took him in charge and introduced him to every one in sight, but Ada Knowlton was nowhere to be seen.

He made himself agreeable to the others, but his eyes continually sought a sight of the pink dress and golden head that had been the attraction. He had seen them drive past on their way to the lake, and he had carefully noted the dress, but not a glimpse of it did he get until well along in the afternoon.

Here and there the surface of the lake was dotted with small boats and canoes, and in one of the latter he saw the flash of pink that seemed to communicate its color to his face. Miss Knowlton, and alone! And she was paddling in to the landing!

With assumed carelessness, he directed his steps toward the tiny wharf to which the boats were tied. He would be on hand to assist her from the canoe, and perhaps after he had introduced himself there might be a chance for the walk after all.

He had just reached the dock and the frail craft was but twenty yards

when some one called to the navigator, and she turned to respond with a wave of her paddle. As she did so the canoe tipped over and she was spilled into the water.

White with horror, Travers stripped off his coat and his bow shoes and dived to her assistance. He was a splendid swimmer, and his heart beat high as he thought of the opportunity that had been offered him.

Then something loomed dark above his head. There was a shock, and all became black. It was half an hour later that Travers opened his eyes again and looked up into Ada Knowlton's face bending anxiously over him. His head throbbed with pain, and he was conscious that it was done up in bandages.

"Don't move," said a gentle voice. "You will be all right in a few moments. You were struck on the head by the canoe."

"You were the rescuer instead of the rescuer," laughed Dr. Pyfrom. "Miss Knowlton brought you to shore."

"I am so sorry," she said, bending over. "I was pushing the boat in front of me and did not notice that any one had dived after me. I should have been more careful, but I never supposed that any one would imagine that I was in danger."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the lake is only three or four feet deep, and when we spill out we just walk ashore."

"And I, like an ass, didn't know that," murmured Travers. "I only saw that Miss Knowlton had gone overboard, and I did not know but what she might be in trouble. She seemed to be struggling."

"That was my skirt," explained the girl. "It caught in the gunwale, and I had to detach it before I could find my footing."

"I guess that's about explanation enough," put in the physician. "I don't want to have you come down with a cold on top of a cut scalp. I guess you'd better drive into town. Miss Knowlton needs to go too. She is soaked. Do you think you can handle your horse?"

"I'm all right now," declared Travers, rising to his feet with the doctor's aid. The crowd melted away, and Dr. Pyfrom and the minister led him to his buggy. Miss Knowlton climbed in after him, and they started off.

"I suppose," said Travers as they cleared the grove, "you must think that I am lacking in courtesy in not thanking you for saving my life, but I am so upset."

"You ought to scold me for injuring you," she declared. "It was very awkward of me."

"You couldn't know that I was going to swim out to you," he reminded. "I think I should apologize for being in the lake at all."

The girl's laugh rang out at the suggestion. "I'm rather glad that you were there," she said, "though I am sorry that you were injured. I never was rescued before."

"Nor performed a rescue," he reminded. "I don't suppose that you can claim a gold medal for life saving."

"I don't want a reward," she insisted. "You should be entitled to the reward, if any one was, because you did not realize that a rescue was not dangerous."

"I am sufficiently rewarded in that I know you," he declared. "I have been wanting to meet you for some time."

Miss Knowlton blushed and changed the subject. She could not admit that she, too, had felt an interest, but in her heart she was glad that they knew each other, and when Travers took advantage of his unconventional introduction to call frequently it was not long before she consented to reward him with her hand in the conventional fashion decreed by custom.

"It's such a short courtship," she said, "but I feel that I have known you for years."

"It all depends upon the introduction," said Travers smilingly. "Bless that boat!"

He Approved That Plan.
It was said in the Norton family that Uncle Hiram had no ear for music, as he failed to appreciate the vocal efforts of his niece Margaret. But if his ears were defective his pocketbook left nothing to be desired.

"We've been talking over Margaret's voice," said a dauntless and tactful relative who had been delegated to approach Uncle Hiram on the subject. "It really seems as if she ought to take lessons and practice regularly. Her mother talks of selling a little of her mining stock for Margaret's sake."

Uncle Hiram's keen old face wore a mutinous expression. "I have to practice two, three hours a day, I suppose?" he said dully.

"Oh, yes," said the venturesome relative. Then she had a sudden inspiration.

"It would be best of all if she could go abroad for two or three years," she murmured thoughtfully, "but of course that is out of the question, the expense."

"Never you mind about the expense," broke in Uncle Hiram joyfully. "If she can go abroad—a good long way abroad—to take her lessons and do her practicing I'll foot the expense."—Youth's Companion.

How She Said It.
Indignant Mother—And so he kissed you three times? Now, what did you say to him?

Artless Daughter—Why, I said: "Don't! Stop!"

She did, only it sounded like, "Don't stop!"

He Had Room.
"Dear me, Tom, you eat a good deal for a little fellow," remarked Uncle John to his nephew.

"I s'pect I aren't so little inside as I look outside," was Tom's ingenious answer.

CHARTER OAK.

Dan McGrath Sr. was called to Danbury, a week ago Tuesday, by the illness of his sister, Mrs. Harrington.

On Tuesday Jan. 25th, after a long illness Mrs. Dan Purcell died at her home in Ute. Mrs. Purcell suffered much and death came as a relief to her tortured body. Many friends in Charter Oak will mourn the loss of a friend, the Purcells having lived here for several years. A husband and two sons are left to grieve for a wife and mother. She was laid to rest in the Ute cemetery on Thursday afternoon. A delegation of Woodmen and many friends from Charter Oak attended the funeral.

John Hennings accompanied his wife to Sioux City to consult an oculist.

Mrs. Geo. Chrysler of Chicago who came to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. John Lang, returned to her home Tuesday.

Quite a delegation from the Oak attended court at Den's n Tuesday. Among them were I. A. Mais, S. B. Lyons, and W. S. Rae.

The Rebekahs enjoyed a pleasant evening at the I. O. O. F. hall on Tuesday evening, the event being the installation of officers and an oyster supper. In the absence of the regular installing officer, Mrs. John Gries of Ute came down to act in her place.

Nellie McGrath, the efficient nurse at the Charter Oak hospital underwent an operation for appendicitis last week. Her many friends will be glad to know that she is doing nicely.

Clara Dahms, a graduate nurse of the German Lutheran hospital, is busy with three patients at the Charter Oak hospital.

Rev. Wehking of the Soldier church brought in his little daughter, Clara last week to receive treatment at the hospital.

August Lill is a patient at the hospital in Charter Oak having underwent an operation for appendicitis. Anna Brethauer was taken to Sioux City Monday to consult a throat specialist.

H. J. Cummings of Arion was transacting business in the Oak Monday. Mr. Cummings expects to move to Denison in the near future, where he will be in closer touch with his work.

Edler E. S. Johnson came Sunday evening to hold quarterly meetings at the M. E. church.

C. A. Murphy and A. Fish left Tuesday evening for the irrigated lands of Idaho.

Simple Rules of Health.

Never pick your teeth with any hard substance. Bar the pick unless it is made of soft white pine. Repeated use of a hard pick drives the gums away from the teeth, and pretty soon you are a victim of Riggs disease. After the meal pick your teeth gently, then rinse out your buccal cavity with an antiseptic solution of tepid water. After rinsing use a gargle to clean out the throat—a solution of salt in water. Wash off your tongue as far back as you can reach and scrape the root of it once in a while with an instrument of silver made for the purpose. And, above all, never put anything into your mouth that does not agree perfectly with your stomach, if it is expected to descend below the throatlatch.—New York Press.

Strange Uses For Churches.

There are cases innumerable of churches being used during England's civil war to accommodate the horses of one or another regiment of the opposing troops. Dedham church still shows traces of Puritan vandalism in the mutilated sculpture. The oak door, at one time elaborately decorated with small carved figures of saints, now shows the figures without their heads. And there is the famous case of Notre Dame at Paris, which during the days of the Revolution was converted into a "temple of reason," with its goddess, a ballet dancer, enthroned on a mound in the midst of the choir.—Strand Magazine.

As Bait.

Mrs. A. (over phone)—Can you send me up a cook today, Mr. Dwyer? Head of Intelligence Office—Sorry I can't accommodate you, Mrs. A., but we have only one in the office, Mrs. A.—But why mayn't I have her? Head of Intelligence Office—Oh, we have to keep her as a sample!—Harper's Weekly.

Trapped.

He was telling her about the members of his cricket team. "Now, there's Brown," said he; "in a few weeks' time he'll be our best man."

"Oh, Jack," she gushed, "what a nice way to ask me!"—London Judy.

Hopeless.

"He's no good at an argument, is he? Not at all convincing?"

"Well, I should say not. Why, that man couldn't convince a woman that she was pretty!"—Cleveland Leader.

Value of Humor.

The man who becomes a humorist is the man who contrives to retain a certain childlike zest and freshness of mind side by side with a large and tender tolerance.—Cornhill Magazine.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

Early Risers
The famous little pills.

HELLSO'S ROUND TRIP

Arizona's Editor's Tour Was Lively While It Lasted.

NO DESIRE TO BE DICTATOR.

"Those Who Charge Us Otherwise Do Us a Great Injustice," He Says—Dr. Barnes Told It Was Time For Him to Move, Which He Did.

(Copyright, 1907.)

We are Jim Hells. We are the editor of the Kicker. We are mayor of Givendad Gulch. We are the postmaster. We are a deputy United States marshal. We are the owner of Hells's Opera House. We own the Hellose bank. We are the sole owner of six different mountains and 30,000 acres of desert lands in Arizona.

And yet we do not aspire to dictatorship. We don't want to be pointed out as the big "it." We haven't the slightest idea that we own the town or that things have got to go as we decree. Those who charge us otherwise do us a great injustice.

At an early hour last Wednesday morning we buckled on our guns and



"WE STATED THE CASE GENTLY, BUT FIRMLY."

went hunting for an individual named Idaho Sam. He arrived here four weeks ago and announced that he was a holy terror, and he has since made a nuisance of himself. We found him after half an hour's search and tendered him his choice between hitting the trail and hanging. He started to argue the matter, but we got the drop on him, and as a result the midday sun shone down on him as he rested on the far side of Wolf creek.

Our next visit of state was paid to Mr. C. I. Flint, attorney at law. Mr. Flint is of that class called shysters. He was debarred in Chicago and came out here to make a fresh start. His doings have been unsavory, and he has neglected to take advantage of little hints thrown out by us from time to time. When we called and announced to him that he must pull his freight he grabbed for a shotgun in the corner of his office, but soon thought better of it and agreed to change climates. He went that night. In his new location we wish him well.

Told Doctor to Move.

Three months ago Dr. Barnes hung out his sign on Apache avenue. Before he had been a week in practice we learned that he knew nothing about medicines except what he had learned in a sawmill. We decided to give him a chance, however. Out in this country we feel that every man is entitled to at least one fair show. Dr. Barnes had made a botch of it at setting broken limbs and diagnosing cases, and it was time for him to move on. We stated the case gently, but firmly, and he replied that he had been expecting it and was glad to go.

When Mr. John Taylor arrived in Givendad Gulch six weeks ago he gave out that he was looking for a place to establish an orphan asylum. He was offered sites on the mountains and on the plains, but he seemed to lose interest. It soon developed that he was simply a good natured sort of deadbeat. There has been no particular harm in him, but as he was breathing ozone rightfully belonging to some one else he was asked to move on. He moved. There were tears in his eyes as he went, and his last words were that this was a cold old world.

Before we had visited Lawyer Jim Wheelan in his office to hold a little talk word came to us that he had a gun and intended to shoot on sight. Mr. Wheelan is another shyster. He came here from Milwaukee to escape being sent to state prison, but the change of climate didn't bring reform with it. On several different occasions we have had to refer to him in the Kicker as a liar and a scoundrel, and the relations between us have been somewhat strained.

When we entered Mr. Wheelan's office the other day he was ready to debate the question. We round ourself looking into the muzzle of a large and liberal revolver. As a matter of fact, he pulled trigger on us, and if the cartridge hadn't failed to explode this issue of the Kicker would have contained our obituary. The failure of the cartridge gave us our chance, and within four hours Mr. Wheelan and his law library and his little ways were out of sight down the Panther creek trail. Other towns may greet him with open arms, but there was something lacking between him and the Gulch.

Many and many a time in the last six months have we warned Dr. Henry Mason that he should have stuck to

sneep nerding and let the practice of medicine alone. When we came to learn that he couldn't tell quinine from morphine we talked to him like a brother and offered to pay his fare to Florence, but he was a man who loved to dwell on the ragged edges of fate. He believed in destiny, and he believed that destiny meant to lead the medical profession. He argued it out so clearly that we shut up.

A week ago Dr. Mason killed off his third patient. It was only a Chinaman, but out here we are even coming to look upon the Celestial as a human being. The public didn't actually rise up and demand that the doctor go or hang, but we rather put it that way when we called. He wasn't a minute in saying that he would go. He had a good offer to go back to his herding, and so much Latin and medicine together made his head ache. He retires with honors. He could have killed a dozen patients during his practice, but he has been content with three.

Judge Given Walking Papers.

No one exactly knows where the individual calling himself Judge Williams hailed from. He gave out that he was here to see about establishing waterworks, but was soon a hanger on for free drinks and was always wanting to borrow a dollar. His attitude and occupation appeared against the best interests of Arizona, and we therefore gave him a hint to move on. He said he would sadly miss the homelike surroundings of the Gulch, but he vanished.

For a few minutes after we struck the trail of Joe Caniff it looked as if some one would be planted before sundown. Joseph came here from Santa Fe a few weeks ago with an object in view. That object, as stated by himself, was "to raise h—ll." He has accomplished it pretty thoroughly. He has had two shooting scrapes and three or four barroom rows. A few days ago the vigilance committee sat on his case, and it was resolved that he must go.

Joseph was the last on our list. We hunted him out in a pool room and assumed a brotherly smile. It didn't go. Then we tried the fatherly dodge. It didn't work. Joseph was fly. He had two guns, and it was just his hour for shooting. There was some little discussion, and then he started to draw. We beat him by the fraction of a second, and, as he afterward said, he ought to have had sense enough to put hands up. He didn't have, however, and we had to bore a bullet in his shoulder. All things considered, he got off easy. He is now in the hospital, but after a few days will set off with a new song in his heart and look for a town where a man of his caliber is appreciated. Sooner or later he will be lynched, but then he will have lots of fun while he does live. We regard the town now as in a healthy social condition and should not be a bit surprised to see a winter boom set in and real estate jump 25 per cent.

M. QUAD.

Mushy.

"I'll never forget my feelings," said she, "when you said, 'Will you marry me?'"

"Why," he asked, "was it such a hard thing to answer?"

"No, but you were such a soft thing to answer."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Made Clear.

"Why do you think of retiring?" The aged senator sighed.

"The truth is," he replied, "that I used to drive the elephant myself, and now when I try to carry water to the beast they suspect the water is doped."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Comfort Refused.

"At last the price of meat is to grow smaller," exclaimed the cheery citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who refuses to be comforted, "but this cold weather will sharpen our appetites so as to make up the difference."—Washington Star.

Sank In the Water.

"This book says that a man 'sank back in his seat.' How could he sink in a seat, pa?"

"I suppose it was a seat in an open street car, and it had been raining."—Harper's Weekly.

Wisdom of the Young.



"I never saw such a child! You don't seem to know enough to come home!"

"Well, dat's just wot ma says about you!"—New York World.

The Way They Work It.

When the little Podunk doctor Finds his repertoire of pills Proves entirely unavailing To relieve your aches and ills He advises consultation With some big gun in the town. So the city doctor gets you When the country man falls down.

When the mighty city doctor Finds his potions and his drugs Do not cure your aching body Of bacilli and of bugs He advises rural quiet To rebuild your system stumped. So the country doctor gets you When the city man is stumped. —McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

INFLUENCE OF A FACE.

Experience of a Man Running to Catch a Train.

Ah, the potent power of a single face—even of a married face—upon the one who, beholding it understandingly and responsively, reads!

Recently I was in a greatly perturbed state of mind. I was running for a Milwaukee train at the Chicago Union station, and I feared I was late. In an agony of suspense and mental anguish, with protruding eyes and gaping mouth, I labored on with what speed I might while burdened down with heavy grips.

While I was thus suffering and making my suffering noticeable to the most casual observer I suddenly saw a face—a placid, common face—but it bore a message of courage and hope for me. It made me ashamed instantly that I was perturbed or anguished in spirit over so small a thing as the prospect of missing a train.

My features relaxed; my eyes returned to the vicinity of their sockets; my mouth came shut like a steel trap whose spring has suddenly been released. Calm entered my spirit; my pace slackened.

The face I had seen was that of the Union station clock, and it told me I had ten minutes to make my train.—Strickland W. Gillilan in Judge.

Following Instructions.

"Mr. Whittlesy," said the city editor to the new reporter, "there's to be a meeting of the trustees at the public library building this evening at 8 o'clock. You may go and cover it. Make a story of about 400 words out of it."

The new reporter went away on his assignment, and the chief of the local department turned again to his desk, made an entry in the assignment book that lay before him and dismissed the matter from his mind. About 11 o'clock, however, he suddenly called out:

"Where's Whittlesy?"

"Here, sir," answered the young man, coming forward.

"I sent you to a board meeting at the public library. Where's your story?"

"It isn't quite finished. You told me to make 400 words of it, and I've got only a little over 300 so far."

"What did they do?"

"They met, called the roll and adjourned until next Tuesday evening."—Youth's Companion.

She Knew the Formula.

A stranger approached a little girl who was somewhat accustomed to interviews with the usual question, "What is your name, little girl?"

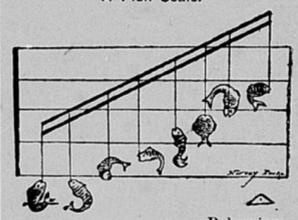
The little girl, without looking up from her sand pile, replied: "My name is Edith, and I'm four. She's my little sister. Her name's Mildred, and she's two. I don't want to go with you and be your little girl, and I know you can't steal my little sister."—Harper's Weekly.

Mixed Sensations.

"Do you enjoy your new automobile?"

"Not much," answered the nervous man. "When it runs I am apprehensive, and when it doesn't I am annoyed."—Washington Star.

A Fish Scale.



—Bohemian.

His Way.

Yeast—Does he stop to think before he speaks?

Crimsonbeak—Well, if his wife happens to be around he stops and thinks about half a day before he gets a chance!—Yonkers Statesman.

A Severe Test.

"They say De Peyster loves his wife devotedly."

"Love her! Well, he smokes all the cigars she gives him for a Christmas present rather than hurt her feelings."—Baltimore American.

Not Her Fault.

Tom—The average woman seems to lead an aimless life.

Jack—Well, it's her misfortune rather than her fault that she is unable to throw straight.—Detroit Tribune.

The Dark Days of the Stage.

"Don't you wish you could have been an actress in Shakespeare's time?"

"What an idea! Why, photography hadn't even been thought of."—Puck.

With Cupid as Chauffeur.

The road lies white beneath the light Of a rising honeymoon. And the rushing sound as the wheels spin round Swings into an old love tune. And every rut on the road of life Is seen through a rosy blur. But there's never a fear that the way's not clear With Cupid as chauffeur.

And little they care if the neighbors stare As they speed through the land of dreams. While the old love light as a signal bright Ahead on a highway gleams. And there's never a hill of care so steep But succumbs to the gentle stir That is bound to start in a lover's heart With Cupid as chauffeur.

So speed they may on their primrose way To Arcadian lands afar. May they travel fast till they step at last In their wedding touring car. And grant them this, oh, lad who feels A love that is strong for her— May the tide extend to the journey's end With Cupid as chauffeur.

—Reynold Smith Pickering in Judge.