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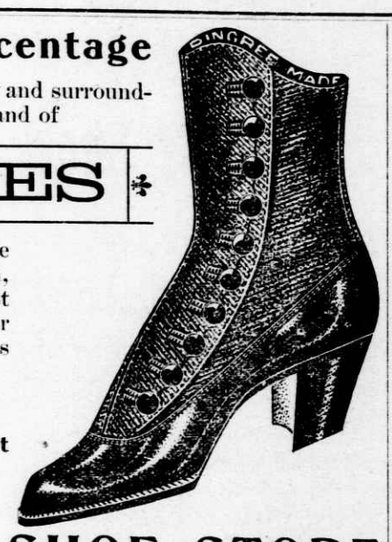

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DIVIDED WAYS.

What a Chance Meeting After Many Years Revealed.

By SUSAN H. MORLEY.

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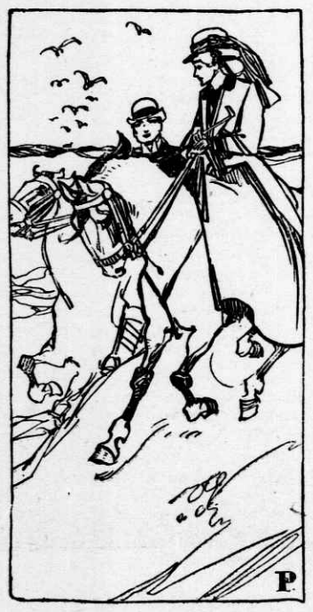
"There's not another such stretch on the whole sound." Lisa was saying gayly. "For miles it's this same way—so level that at low tide we could, if we chose, pass dry shod, like the children of Israel, to the other side, which means to yon island. In fact, it's our favorite"—

A whirring black cloud, startling the horses, rose suddenly from the edge of the water as they turned a sharp point, and Seth Eckles, who was no horseman, had all he could do to keep his seat.

"Stormy petrels," laughed Lisa. "The beach takes its name from them, they haunt it in such numbers, you know. If you could stay another month, Seth, we'd make a rider of you. It's a better sport any time, I warrant, than those new glossed games you talk so much about."

Eckles, who was comfortably settled in his saddle again, listened to the pounding of the hoofs on the hard, wet



"DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN FOR THE LONGEST WHILE?"

sand, his eyes on Lisa, whose small gray form seemed to blend and become a part of the lithe gray she was riding.

He admired her immensely, this stepdaughter of his aunt, and suddenly it seemed to him that mortal man could ask for nothing better than Lisa for a wife, and life in this out of the way but aristocratic and exclusive, self satisfied old town.

And Lisa was pretty. Not a girl he had ever known could compare with her in beauty, not to mention a certain rare grace of manner and an unusual, dainty wit.

She had money and lineage, too, back of her, and Seth Eckles was old enough and wise enough to know the value of such things.

"If silence is golden," she interrupted quizzically, "then your burden must indeed be heavy. Do you know you haven't spoken for the longest while?"

"I was—thinking," he stammered guiltily, ashamed that anything so sordid as family and money could for an instant have associated themselves in his mind with the girl herself. It was Lisa that he wanted.

"How late!" Lisa exclaimed with the booming of the sunset gun on the old fort across the channel. "If you but knew it, Seth, we're five miles from home. Then there's dinner and dressing, and I can't under any circumstances allow a guest to disgrace himself by arriving tardily at a function in his honor. We've got to run for it."

She wheeled and led off. Seth following and keeping up as best he could, but undaunted by the distance between them. Was there not the dance at the clubhouse yet before his train at midnight? At any rate, it was a chance.

And Seth made the best of it. The long galleries were bowers of palms and remote from the ballroom, and there, with the tide pummeling at the pier and tossing up sheets of spray, Seth told his story.

He was young and handsome and adept, and he pleaded his case well—so well that he and Lisa in the white radiance of a big moon and with the shimmer of water about them exchanged vows, convinced that each was intended for the other. That was the way life looked that night, but, of course, it would be the same a year hence when Lisa should be eighteen and the engagement made public.

Then Seth, fresh from a law school, established himself in New York. There was no tiresome, weary waiting for clients. From the very first luck held his hand, and business troubles, growling like hyenas at the doors of even older men, from him stood aloof.

Besides, he had full measure of amusements and pleasure. Friends he made everywhere. His hearty laugh and genial disposition kept him in demand.

Life was so satisfactory and success so easy that he was already well spoiled before he met Laura Norton, who was Lisa's exact opposite. Before he knew it he had forgotten his pledge to Lisa and was formally engaged to Laura, the engagement being speedily followed by marriage.

For awhile there were hours of gloom when he stood truly aghast at what he had done. In every conceivable light and with all honesty he argued the matter, convincing himself finally that he had nothing to regret. Lisa was young and susceptible. Probably she was already consoled.

In any case a man's maturer judgment was to be respected, no matter at what cost. And, too, he greatly admired his wife, her easy adaptability, her cleverness, her accomplishments. Besides, they were congenial. Her ambitions fully equaled his, and her penchant for politics was a factor in his career, pushing him into places he knew he could not have reached alone.

For a time honors seemed absolutely heaped upon him. He could scarcely keep step with fortune's pace, so fast and furiously did she mount. But, once started on the ladder, he continued to climb, even long after his wife's death and when his hair had grayed and Lisa was but a misty dream. And luck still held his hand.

He was in the running for governor, making, the press said, a phenomenal campaign. Men spoke of him as the brilliant light, the strong man of his time. Everywhere he was made much of, and it was at a reception for him in the old clubhouse at the end of the pier that a sleeping memory awoke.

Could it be possible that he was awake? Only an hour ago it might have been that he last saw the cool green of the ballroom, the long bowers of palms with lights twinkling among the black green foliage, the surf beating at the pier and the white foam dashing high. There was music, too, just as on that other night, but Lisa, shimmering in pale green, with the string of pearls close to her white throat and nestling in her yellow hair—Lisa—

"I claim the privilege of an old friend." A musical voice spoke close to his ear as he leaned on the railing, and some one touched his arm.

It was Lisa. He knew it before he turned to see her in pale, shimmering green, with pearls at her throat and in the same fair hair. She smiled at him, too, in the old way, with little dimples about her mouth and her sensitive lips moving ever so slightly, though her face was in repose.

How pretty she was! Incomparably prettier than that other night and with a sweet, womanly dignity which puzzled him. What had come to her to so beautify beauty, to so intensify loveliness?

He forgot the years and deeds that lay between that faroff night and this, like leaves between the covers of a book, remembering only as it were the preface that once she had loved him, that he still loved her, the crown of any man's life.

"Lisa!" he cried, his face aglow, his hands extended. "Lisa!"

"Dreaming!" she laughed. Then the little hand pulled at his sleeve as the other reached toward two men in the shadows. One of them was strong and fine and one was young and handsome. "I want you, Seth," she said, "to know my son and my husband."

Not Entirely Undisputed.

The case before the court was one involving the ownership of a tract of land, and the attorney for one of the parties to the suit was cross examining a witness. "Now, Mr. Grimshaw," he said, "the property on which you live was originally a part of the twenty acres in dispute, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your title is based on the original title to that land, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you resided there?"

"Over twenty-one years."

"Have you had—now, mark me—have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

The witness hesitated a moment.

"Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

"It has been disputed once, and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumblebees in my back yard one day last summer."

In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided.—Youth's Companion.

Freaks of Figures.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 (which, you will observe, are simply the figures 1 to 9, inclusive, reversed) by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious—viz, 5,555,555,505. If we take 12345-6789 as the multiplicand and, interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last number as a multiplier the result will be 6,666,666,666. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again, the result will be 53,-333,333,334, all threes except the first and last figures, which together read 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,666,666,-667, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand we get as a product 71,111,111,112, all ones except the first and last figures, which together read 72, the multiplier.

An Infliction.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—London Tit-Bits.

A BEAVER DAM.

The Feeling It Inspired In a University Professor.

I have yet to meet the man who can walk for the first time through a beaver works, as the range of a colony of beavers is called, and not feel something of the sentiment of human association.

It is a sensation very similar to what we feel when we come out unexpectedly into a woodland clearing after a long day spent in the unbroken solitudes.

I once stood with a learned professor of Columbia college on the bank of a stream in eastern Canada and looked down on a freshly made beaver dam—one of the best in point of construction that I had ever seen. It was, indeed, a really stupendous affair for a beaver to have made. Built of alder poles and brush, weighted with mud and small stones, it was fifty feet long, six feet high and raised the level of the water by about sixty inches.

Seen from the upstream side, it presented the appearance of a more or less evenly disposed array of short sticks protruding from a long mound of mud just level with the surface of the restrained water. From below the brushwood supporting the dam proper was plainly visible and the ingenuity of its placing at once apparent.

There was of course none of that pile driving or basket weaving which at one time played so large a part in the picturesque descriptions by fanciful writers, but despite its roughness it was a really remarkable piece of animal engineering. My companion inspected it for several minutes in impressed silence.

"I should be afraid to kill a thing that knew so much," he said thoughtfully.—Bailey's Magazine.

A Dog Story.

We brought from Scotland a collie about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining room. This rule was enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time." He seized the bone and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.—London Spectator.

Illustrating a Definition.

In proving a match to the browbeating lawyer the woman witness is probably in the majority. At a recent case in court a woman witness was giving very damaging evidence against the prisoner, and the attorney for the defense, nettled at her manner, decided to embarrass her if he could.

"In giving your testimony, madam, I observe that you are constantly using the word 'irony.' May I ask if you comprehend its true meaning?"

"Well, I think I do. I will illustrate. If I were to call you a gentleman I should unquestionably be indulging in most decided irony."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Considerate Husband.

New Husband—Did you make those biscuits, my dear? His Wife—Yes, darling. Her Husband—Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart. His Wife—Why, not, love? Her Husband—Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work.—Chicago Record-Herald

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Traced by a Thermometer.

One night many years ago Dr. Whitelaw was walking along with the messenger when he was set upon and knocked down in a lonely part of the road. His pockets were rifled, and he was left lying on the road with a fracture of the fibula. One of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had that evening taken the temperature of a patient suffering from enteric fever. He remembered the temperature registered, also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer back in his pocket, and he communicated these facts to the police. Some time afterward a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop in Glasgow, and by this means the police were enabled to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them in one of the Glasgow theaters.—Glasgow Medical Journal.

Shell Sculptors.

The workman manipulated the comb of pale, translucent tortoise shell like putty, molding the top with his fingers into small balls.

"You thought we carved shell, hey?" he said, with an Italian accent. "No, no. We heat it up and mold it. We are shell sculptors."

He took three pieces of shell from a pot of steaming water and laid them very carefully, one on top of the other, in a press.

"Shell is like glue," he said. "These three pieces will weld together, and not a sign of a seam will show. Sometimes we weld nine, four, twenty pieces together. I learned my trade in Naples. I don't want to boast, but we Neapolitans are the best workers in shell and coral that there are in the world."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Transformation.

Irene was a little street waif. A kind hearted woman called her into her home one day, gave her a bath, brushed her hair and arranged it becomingly, tying it with a clean pretty ribbon, then stepped back to view the result. A friend who was present remarked that there was such a change one would scarcely know that it was the same child. Then the little girl spoke up timidly. "But my name's Irene yet, ain't it?"—Delineator.

The Sycamore.

The sycamore has been called the Egyptian fig tree. The date of its being planted in England is not known, but it was very early. Mary, queen of Scots, brought over from France a young sycamore, which she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this have sprung all the beautiful groves of sycamores now to be seen in Scotland.—St. James' Gazette.

Argyll and Longfellow.

The great Duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American poet's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.

"I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person," said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.

"Indeed! Pray, on what subject?"

"Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden."

"May I ask how many languages you speak?" the American asked.

"Certainly—but one."

"Mr. Longfellow," was the answer, "speaks six and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe."

Rise of Russia.

In the history of Europe down to the middle of the eighteenth century Russia is a blank. The foundation of the kingdom was laid by Ruric the Norseman in the ninth century. In the tenth century the Russians were Christianized, adopting the Greek form of Christianity. In the thirteenth century the Russians were completely overrun by the Tartars under Garghiz Khan. From the Tartars Russia was delivered by Ivan, who became czar in the time of Elizabeth. It was Peter the Great (1672-1725) who gave Russia for the first time a place in the states system of Europe.—New York American.

The Mistletoe.

The mistletoe is a Druidical contribution to Christmas. It was held in great veneration by the Druids in ancient England, and the cutting of it was attended by sacrificing and feasting. With weird incantations the priest climbed the tree on which the mistletoe grew and cut it away with a knife of purest gold, no base metal being allowed to touch it. As the twigs fell they were received below in a mantle of spotless whiteness.

Modest Greatness.

Reporter—Senator, to what do you chiefly attribute your successful career? Eminent Statesman—Entirely to heredity, young man. I deserve no credit for it whatever. My father had ambition, and my mother had talent, and I happened to inherit both those qualifications.—Chicago Tribune.

If wisdom was to cease throughout the world no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

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