

# Under the Cerebellum Stars

BY MARTHA M' CULLAH WILLIAMS

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Millie had not worn her blue gown the story might have been different. Whether it was the color or the way it clung to and molded her slim suppleness, nobody could say, but the fact was patent, somehow it transformed her from a very



MILLIE SPRANG BETWEEN THEM, WHITE AS A DAWN WRAITH

pretty girl into an effand queen. Millie was, you see, a Spanish blonde, with velvet-dark eyes and hair of the palest gold. Small wonder—in the blue gown—she swept John Eustace off his feet and made him forget some things he ought to have remembered.

His betrothed, Alice Ellison, for example. Alice was as good as her plentiful gold, but stubby, dull colored, and, on the surface, dull witted. She was above all things dutiful. Duty was, indeed, the early root of her love for John. If she had not happened to be born the Ellison fortune would have gone to John's father, Ellison Eustace. Her father had married in a fit of pique when he was on the edge of 70. He lived to see his daughter 3 years old and to impress upon her that she must marry her second cousin and so keep the money in the Ellison blood.

though in his swelling visions of the future she was no more than a dumb, submissive shade. If she would never be a brilliant figure, still less would she be one of whom a husband must needs be ashamed. Indeed, her altogether a little more than content with the ordering of things until, six months before his wedding day, he came under Millie's spell. He saw her first upon a spring morning full of hot shining and languid ruffling airs. Dew still sparkled on the grass, and overhead in the green gold of new leaf-age robins fluted delicately the joy of life and love. To his enchanted eyes Millie embodied the shining, the bird song, the softness of the south wind, the warmth of the sun. What they said is immaterial—for two hours they walked together over the ragged lawn turf, or stood in rapt contemplation of newly opened roses. And then, in a safe seclusion of greenest shade, he drew her within his arms and kissed her, not lightly, but as one who takes what is supremely his own.

sunlit and starlit. Perhaps it was some ill star in its course that brought home Joe Cantrell, Millie's brother, who lived out in the big world and knew its ways. He came unannounced, just as dusk fell down, making his way through the devious side path all tangled with sweet shrubs. When Millie met him a little later her eyes were star-like, her cheeks of damask bloom, but sight of her could not dim the anger. He never explained anything. "You will be ready to go back with me two days hence," he said, frowning heavily. Millie got very white, but went silently toward the stairfoot. As she was mounting it, her brother said, with a taunting laugh, "Next time you choose the kiss and fondle a man, take care that I am not in sight, or that he is not engaged to marry another woman."

ture. Beside it was a briefer statement: "Let it be understood of all men, if I die, I shall have died in a man's quarrel, founded on no personal grudge, but resenting unjust aspersions upon my native State." She almost smiled over it—the native State counted to Joe for so very little in the ordinary course of life. Twenty minutes later, just as the sun peeped over rimming trees, she came out in a little clearing upon a wooded hilltop and saw two men, standing weapon in hand, face to face, ten yards apart. Three white faces, but neither combatant had lost wholesome color. Millie sprang between them, white as a dawn wraith, but with eyes like glowing coals. She flung up her arms and said very clearly: "Fire, gentlemen! If anybody deserves death I do!"

## FOSDECK'S NEMESIS

By T. Blair Eaton.

HE orchestra leader waved his baton, energetically, as if summing up his drooping charges to spurt in the last quarter. Then, with a final roar, in which drums and cymbals strove to outdo each other, the waits came to an end, while the perspiring musicians mopped their faces and cursed in guttural German these Wednesday night hours.

fancy she doesn't dream her plans have merely succeeded in setting up conspiring to defeat her schemes. I'm almost sorry for her."

the pier. He ran ashore to find Aunt Elizabeth and Miss Martin on the pier-head. "This is rare good fortune," Aunt Elizabeth said ingenuously, as they came aboard. Presently she found an excuse to go below.

## FABLES for the FOOLISH

By Nicholas Nemo.

WHEN Alfred was captured in the Missouri jungles and brought into the settlement the best imitation of a rough diamond that ever came out of the tall grass. He was a child of nature and he gloried in it. His hair was cut a la Johann Most and his trousers had never even seen his shoes, to say nothing of having met them. His hat was of the standard soap-dish variety and his manly throat was innocent of the clinging embrace of a necktie.

the higher education for which he thirsted; we are led to believe that thirst is a necessary element in the aforesaid higher education, at least in the German Kulturkreis. Aside from the thirst which he seemed to have inherited along with his dislike of bath-tubs and other appurtenances of civilization, Alfred took to the culture proposition about as kindly as a Governor of Kentucky to undiluted spring water.

able art of cribbing passes not away. Alfred's alleged benefactor had often told him that he sent him to college to learn how to work; and he did work—every one in sight, up to and including the aforesaid alleged benefactor.

## BIOGRAPHIES WANTED

By Cyrus Derickson.

EBEE Settlement was so called because so many farmers of that name, and all related, had settled there. It was at peace with a I mankind, and the farmers hoeing their corn, when something like a cloudburst happened.

course, and then he headed for the house of Reuben. It was understood that he must call there to ask Reuben his exact age, but he must not go beyond that. Reuben was in the corn field with his hoe, and he leaned against the fence and heard what the publisher had to say and then replied:

The rest was easy, of course. There was Salathiel, his wife and two sons and two daughters, and all had to go into that book regardless of space or cost. Mr. Graves was not an impetuous man, and he took his time writing out his notes and managed to get five days' free board and lodgings. Then he departed to "work" Moses, Abraham, Job, Peter, Paul and several other Bebees, securing victims in each and every family, and in one instance taking in everything from the grandmother down to the infant in the cradle. He put in a full month at the work, and he had the best beds and the best meals. After his coming the Bebees no longer neighbored, and they passed each other with their heads held high and their noses turned up. In one or two cases the young men came to blows, and lawsuits were started over old matters.