

# An Unintentional Surrender

BY BOB WHITE.

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"They say that marriage is a lottery," quoth I to my dearest friend Celeste, six months a bride. If that is true, I must say that you were lucky enough to draw a prize in the lottery."

We were seated before a large, quaint fireplace, in which blazed a jolly wood fire, in Celeste's lovely new home which was not one bit stiff and obtrusive in its newness.

Celeste was working, as usual, on some sort of dainty fancy work. I was resting!

The clock chimed 11.

"Your thoughts must surely be worth sharing, if they are worth all those smiles," I suggested.

"I was thinking of your remarks on the subject of matrimony," she said, her smiles breaking out into a little ripple of laughter. "You little guessed how peculiarly apt your quotation was."

"You might enlighten me and let me share your evident appreciation," I coaxed.

She shook her head. "It would hardly be fair to Vernon," she objected, but I knew from the way she made this statement that it was not as final as it appeared.

"I think you ought to tell me," I argued, basely falsifying to gain my point, "for when my turn comes it might help me to decide."

"The joke of it all was on poor me, so it really wouldn't be so very bad of me to tell," Celeste remarked, frowning with her convictions.

"Of course not," I assured her, from selfish motives, having an unreasonable desire to hear the story.

"I don't know what ever made me so foolish and blind," she began, "but there was a time when I was quite fond in a way of that young artist you remember meeting at May's about two years ago." She glanced at me and burst into another merry peal of laughter at my astonished face.

"You certainly selected a curious method of displaying your affection," I remarked, sarcastically, remembering quite distinctly her icy manner toward the person in question.

"Oh, that was just my abominable contrariness!" she explained, calmly.

"I never breathed a word of it to anyone. I couldn't bear to have anyone guess that I cared the least bit," she replied, earnestly.

"Then there was really nothing serious about it," I commented.

"Yes, but there was," she admitted, reluctantly. "That is—well—I—let him kiss me—twice!" Quite abashed, she blushed a vivid scarlet as she made this confession.

"Why, Celeste!" I cried in dismay. Possibly a kiss is not a penitentiary offense, but the way in which she told it made it seem shockingly naughty.

"Oh, Vernon knows all about that part of it," she said, quickly, just the least tiny bit offended at the way I took the announcement.

"What did he say?" I asked, with considerable interest.

"Said he hoped it did him a whole lot of good," she answered, her eyes full of mischief.

"Then what happened?" I asked, impatiently.

"To Vernon?"

"No, no! To the artist?"

"Oh, I got frightened and wouldn't see him when he called. He wrote notes, and I returned them unopened."

"It was rather hard on the artist," I murmured, sympathetically.

"Yes, it really was," she admitted, seriously. "I saw it at last, and that is just what got me into a scrape. I hadn't been out anywhere for a week or two, and the folks had begun to worry about it, so I finally promised to go to the next dance. I didn't suppose he would be there, but he was. That scared me. I was afraid he would try to talk, but I might have trusted him. He acted precisely as though nothing unusual had occurred, only he didn't ask to dance with me. I saw then what an idiot I had been, and I was thoroughly disgusted with myself. I wanted to make some kind of an apology, yet I dreaded to open the subject again. At last he came and sat down beside me. I had been dancing with Vernon, who had just left me. I suppose Vernon intended to come back, but the artist didn't know that. There were people all around

us talking and laughing. I thought I could just say a word or two, then change the subject and have it over with, but every time I tried to speak, the words stuck in my throat.

"He was telling me some experience of his in Paris, when all of a sudden every light in the house went out! Naturally the music stopped, everybody began talking at once, and half the people ran into each other trying to get out of the way."

"I sat as still as a mouse for a minute or two. Then I thought I would get that miserable apology over with while it was dark, so I put out my hand to see if he was still sitting beside me, and sure enough he was, for he had that hand of mine tight in his before I could wink. I had never known before how strong and warm and comforting a man's hand could be. I hurried to get off my little speech, but all I could get out was:

"I'm sorry I was so mean to you!"

"He never said a word in reply to this most foolish little speech, but his other hand went around me, and I felt his lips against my cheek, and—you know the artist had a mustache? Well, this man didn't have any!"

"Oh! I cried in horror, but speaking under my breath, 'I didn't—you mustn't—'

"But I must tell you, dear," he said, and then I knew it was Vernon.

"I was so wrought up over it and so glad to find it wasn't anyone else that I just laid my head right on his shoulder, where it had almost rested so often as we danced, since I was a little girl, and I cried and cried, for nearly a minute, I guess! Anyway, there I was crying like a baby when—Flash! Out came the lights! Just think of all those people seeing me like that! What do you suppose that blessed man did? He held me just a little tighter in his arms, as he sprang to his feet and spoke low in my ear.

"Faint, right quick, Celeste!"

"I shut my eyes tight I can tell you and scarcely breathed at all as he strode out onto the broad piazza

with me. A lot of folks followed us to see what was the matter. He answered them all with the greatest ease and exactness. I had danced a little too long. The room was getting pretty close. Yes, certainly, all I needed was quiet and the fresh air. He nearly spoiled it all by calling me dear when he asked me if I felt better. In their excitement they didn't notice, and I assured them I was much better, which was the truth, if ever the truth was spoken. I knew then that the trouble was I had never even begun to love the artist, for you see I had found out how it feels to really love a man.

"They all left us at last and we staid out in the fresh air the rest of the evening. Vernon was sure it would not be safe for me to go in again. I didn't want to go very much.

"Hark! Don't you hear a horse and buggy coming? Yes, that's his whistle!"

Celeste sprang up, her cheeks glowing, her eyes brilliant with love, to meet him, but stopped to fling her arms impulsively about my neck.

"Oh, I hope, Dearie," she cried, "that when you marry you will wed a man you can love with all your soul."

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## PUT LAUGH ON MASHER.

Girl Made Him Object of Ridicule to All on Car.

"I saw a young fellow who thought he'd be funny get the worst of it. He boarded the car right behind a very pretty girl, whom, it was plain to see, he did not know. When I went for his fare he gave me a dime. 'For that young lady, too,' he said, pointing at the girl two seats ahead.

When I went along up the car the girl held out a nickel. I told her her fare had been paid.

"By whom?" she demanded. I pointed the young man out. He was smiling in a sickly manner.

"You've made a mistake," the girl said to me, loud enough for him to hear; "he meant to pay for this colored woman."

"She dropped the five-cent piece in my hand and pointed at an old negro woman ahead. I saw how the girl had gotten it on" the young man, so when the negro woman offered me her fare I told her it had been paid by him. The young fellow decided things were getting too warm for him on that car, so he got off at the next corner. As he left the car the negro woman said: 'Much obliged, sah!'

"You ought to have seen the girl laugh."—Denver Post.

## HAD GROWN.



"Ten years ago I was a poor boy!" "Any change since?" "Yes, I'm now a poor man!"

## LEOPARD IN BEDROOM.

An exciting encounter with a leopard took place here yesterday at the residence of Mr. Sandiford.

Miss Sandiford missed her pet cat and in searching for it went into a spare bedroom. To her horror she saw the tail of a leopard protruding from beneath the bed.

With great presence of mind Miss Sandiford left the room quietly and informed her father. Mr. Sandiford, not believing the story, went into the room and lifted up the overhanging coverlet of the bed. He found himself confronted by the glistening eyes and bared teeth of the animal.

Mr. Sandiford rushed out of the room and sent for Capt. Younghusband, the famous hunter, who happened to be in Nairobi. Capt. Younghusband found the leopard endeavoring madly to leap through the windows, which were iron barred. He killed it at the first shot. —Nairobi Correspondence London Express.

## DESERT FRUIT.

In no part of the world do figs attain greater perfection of size and flavor than at the oasis of Palm Springs in the Colorado desert of southern California, says a writer in Travel Magazine. They ripen earlier than elsewhere, and the hundreds of boxes of this fruit sent out annually by whites and Indians are eagerly sought at fancy prices.

Persian and Egyptian dates are grown here, where the climate is almost a duplicate of that in their natural habitat. Oranges, lemons, peaches, plums, grapes, melons, vegetables and profusions of beautiful flowers grow luxuriantly. A graceful desert willow circles velvet meadows where scores of cattle browse.

## OBJECTIONABLE, ANYWAY.

Grace—Why did she break the engagement?

Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.

Grace—What of it?

Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

## FIRST THING HE LEARNED.

Bobby's Uncle—Well, Bobby, and what are you learning in school?

Bobby—I'm learnin' what a chump I was for ever startin' in.

## SARCASTIC.



He—Oh, sometimes I wish I were a bird. She—Jay or parrot?

## STUCK IN THE BATHTUB.

Unfortunate Pried Loose After Much Personal Discomfort.

The zinc lining of the bathtub at the county poorhouse in Portland, Ore., became bare of enamel in spots, and the other day the superintendent sent a man to town to purchase some "white enamel." He received the package, carefully cleaned the tub and applied a coat of the enamel. It soon dried and left the tub with a snowy interior. He showed his work to his wife and his mother-in-law, and modestly received their words of praise.

The next day he desired a bath, and filling the tub with warm water reclined full length in it. He was tired, and under the soothing influence of warmth fell asleep. He awoke with a start, dreaming that an Apache had seized him by the hair and was about to scalp him. To his surprise he could not lift his head.

Then he essayed to move, and found that the soles of his feet were glued to the end of the tub, and that his limbs were held to the bottom in the same manner. Even his arms were loosened from the side of the tub with difficulty. He managed, after suffering a deal of pain and parting from small patches of cuticle, to extricate his feet, legs and body, but the tub clung tightly to his hair, and he had to howl for help.

In order to get into the bathroom where her liege lord was held prisoner the superintendent's wife had to force a hook off the door. Then she took a pair of scissors and cut the hair which stuck to the paint, after the warm water had softened it.

## CUSTOMS IN ENGLISH ARMY.

There was considerable heartburning in the Royal Welch Fusiliers on the receipt of the order that the knot of black ribbon known as the "flash" worn at the back of the collar was to be removed, but this order only referred to the service dress, and with full dress the flash has to be worn as hitherto. This has now been officially made known, and has caused great satisfaction to this distinguished regiment. The flash was originally introduced at the period when all soldiers wore their hair in powder and pigtails, and its purpose was to keep the uniform at the back free from powder and grease.

All regiments prize especially any distinguishing mark in their uniform. In former days regiments had grenadiers and light companies on their flanks, and these companies were distinguished by a grenade for the grenadiers and a bugle for the light company on their collars, and it would be a good thing if this old custom could be revived.—Court Journal.

## AS GOOD AS ANY.

"What do you think of this idea of reaching the north pole with a flying machine?"

"Well," answered the man who has scant faith in arctic exploration, "I know of no method that has been shown to have the slightest advantage over it."

## BEYOND CRITICISM.

"Why do you always insist on playing difficult and unusual music?"

"Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "it is very improbable that any of my auditors will know whether I am performing it correctly or not."

## ESCAPED WITH THE TREE.

Farmer "Nailed" Crows, but Still They Carried off Property.

Gustave Becker, the chef of the Holland house in New York, recently bought an apartment house worth \$300,000.

In a discussion of this purchase Mr. Becker said:

"I am one of the owners of the Holland house, and for a number of years I have been interested in real estate. Chefs in America get, I am happy to say, good salaries, but to state that they get salaries big enough to allow them, every little while, to invest their surplus savings in \$300,000 apartment houses—well, that is an exaggeration, like the pie story of the Breton farmer.

"There was a farmer in Brittany who wished to tell a visitor how his farm had been overrun with pies. Pies, you know, are large birds, black and white, with long tails—a kind of a crow.

"The farmer said the pies devastated his fields horribly. If he put up scarecrows the birds tore them down. One day his young son ran into the granite farmhouse and shouted:

"O, father, hundreds and hundreds of birds! The wheat is being all eaten up!"

"The farmer loaded his gun. But where was the shot? It couldn't be found. He put in a few handfuls of tacks instead. Then he ran out.

"The wheat field was black and white like a checker board, with pies. The farmer gave a loud yell and the birds all flew up into a tall poplar. He fired, and lo, every bird was nailed fast to the tree.

"They were nailed fast. Their flapping wings filled the air with a loud whirr. The farmer, amazed, stood watching them. Then a strange thing happened.

"The birds, with one grand, united effort, pulled up the huge tree and flew away with it."

## INDIANS LIKE GOLD TEETH.

The statement of Secretary Hitchcock that "the grafters would steal the gold from the teeth of the full-blooded Indians if the department of the interior did not protect them," causes the average man to smile. The full-blooded Indians have a fancy for gold teeth, and many of them have a row of teeth that glitter. This is where the secretary got his idea.

It may be interesting to know just how some of these Indians got the gold to put in their teeth. The following story is told by a clerk in the Choctaw land office, who saw the incident when it happened: John Willis, a Mississippi Choctaw, was making a deal with a white man, perhaps a grafter, whereby the white man was to get his surplus land under lease. He incidentally remarked that he had a tooth that he wanted fixed, so the grafter, who was very anxious, told him to go to a dentist, have his teeth fixed, and have the dentist charge it to him, the grafter.

The Indian went over and decided that he would have a full set of gold teeth. He had the dentist pull all his teeth, some of them perfectly sound, and a new set made of gold. The bill amounted to \$280, which, according to instructions, the Indian had charged to the grafter, and which the latter had to pay.

## RUN OUT.



"Young man, this writin' love letters to my daughter must stop at once."

"Yes'm, that's what I was thinkin'. I've used up all the letters in my 'Lovers' Polite Book of Correspondence."

## BOOKS NOT NECESSARY.

"What do you think of my office?"

"Doesn't look much like a law office. Where are your books?"

"Oh, I'm making a specialty of unwritten law."

## WILL ENOUGH FOR TWO.

"So your husband is going to give up smoking? That requires a strong will."

"Yes, but I have a strong will."

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