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No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:41 a. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:22 p. m.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:47 a. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:18 p. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:47 a. m.
No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:50 p. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 6:10 a. m.

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis for points west.
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis, Lin. points as far south as Erin and for Louisville Cincinnati and the East.
No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.
No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to points South of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.
No. 93, through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will carry local passengers for points North of Nashville, Tenn.

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Notice.

All parties having claims against the estate of W. W. Wilson, dec'd., will file same properly verified and proven, according to law, at once with the undersigned or his attorney, J. T. Hanbery, Esq. This Jan. 29th, 1906.

George Wilson, Adm'r. of W. W. Wilson, Dec'd.

The Girl in the Royal Box

By COSMO HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The orchestra swelled beneath the stage, and the curtain fell. With a sigh of intense relief, Aubrey Chilham got up.

"Let's get out for a bit, Bratton," he said. "I've got the very dickens of a hump, old man."

"Why, what's the matter, my dear Aubrey?" cried little Lambley Bratton. "Do tell me. I'm really very sympathetic. Really?"

"Yes," said Chilham, "under that stucco of artistic cant you've a jolly little heart. Come with me, and I'll show you what's the matter."

Filled with curiosity and kindness, the over-dressed, studiously effeminate, laboriously erudite little man danced along by Chilham's side with a small white gloved hand on his muscular arm, very proud, in the honest part of his soul, of being seen with the well-known player of outdoor games, from polo to war. Chilham led him into a corner of the dress-circle.

"There," cried Chilham, looking at the royal box, "there's the cause of my hump."

In the midst of several men with familiar faces sat Margaret Edale. "Yes!" said Chilham, more to himself than to the man at his side, "a dashed nice thing I did for myself when I fell in love with that girl. I give you my word she is the exact antithesis of the woman I should like to make my wife. The absolute antithesis! As things go, I'm poor. Her dress bill would swamp the whole of my blessed income. I'm plain. She's the loveliest thing that ever trod in shoe leather. I'm stupid. She's as alert and nimble as a needle. I hate London. She loves it. By goodness! and yet I love her so much that my blood is thin for the want of her, my days dull, my nights sleepless."

The lights all over the theater suddenly went out, the cymbals in the orchestra were placed quivering away, the limelight hissed, and the curtain rose.

"I shan't go in for this act," said Chilham. "I'm not in the mood for being amused."

Bratton turned back alone.

As Chilham moved to the cloak-room, put on his coat and hat, and going back to the door, remained there—as he knew he should—Margaret Edale laid her little hand on her sister's arm.



"AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE, BY JOVE!"

nearly causing that much-married lady to jump out of her skin.

"Pam!" she whispered. "I'm very frightened. I looked down to see if Aubrey Chilham was looking at me, as usual, and he's not there! I saw him go out after the last act with Mr. Bratton, but he hasn't come back with him. I don't know whether to be very angry or exceedingly nervous. It's the first time he has done such a thing ever since we met!"

"My dear child, why be either angry or nervous?"

"My good Pamela, surely, as a mother, you know that one must either feel one of these things or the other about the man who is going to be one's husband? Sssh, don't open your mouth like that. I don't care whether I disturb the house or not; I've got to tell you. Directly I saw that Mr. Bratton had come back without Aubrey, I knew that my moment had arrived. I don't know why, but I knew. Hitherto I had merely liked to see him gazing at me from short distances. It was nice, and jolly, and all that. He has never gone away before without waiting about for a word or a smile, and the instant I noticed that he had gone the feeling occurred. I knew that he would have to be my husband. I don't love him yet, but I've only got about a minute to decide it. Look, Pamela, quick! Do you see a little pink thing slipping along the ledge of the dress-circle, leaving a silver tinkle of laughter behind him? Oh, you must! You're not blind. It's Cupid. Heaps and heaps of times lately he's looked at me from the heads of sofas, and over people's shoulders, only to shake his head, and wag an arrow up and down as though it were a signaling flag. But to-night he means business. He knows something happened outside somewhere when I missed Aubrey, and he's going to shoot. I told you so! There he is, dangling his legs on the

edge of the opposite box. He's stringing his bow at me, and aiming. Shall I run? . . . Oh, Pam, oh!"

Pamela caught her sister as she was falling. A stir of fright passed over the text.

"My dear, you're ill, I'm sure you're ill."

"You're quite right, Pammy, darling," said Margaret. "I am. I've done too much. I'm sick of it all. Take me away. I—I really believe I'm rather unwell. But the arrow went straight through my heart, Pam."

At the door of the box she turned to her sympathetic devotees, who were following her out. "Stay where you are," she said, "please. The poor people on the stage will think they've bored us if the box is empty. I'm going home with my sister. Good night!"

In the vestibule, with his hat over his eyes and his hands in his pockets, stood Aubrey.

"I'm going primrosing to-morrow, Maj. Chilham," said Margaret, looking up at him. "I should like you to come, too. So will you be at Victoria station in time for the 10:40 train for Hayward's Heath? I feel I must gather them, or die."

With his heart thumping under a most excellent kit of tweeds, Chilham began to look anxiously about the station for Margaret Edale at least three-quarters of an hour before the appointed time. With the eagerness of a boy of 24 this man of 33 put impatient questions which needed no answers to patient porters who gave them, bought a large selection of the hundred and one weekly papers, and stood, restraining loud cries of impatience, watching the hands of the clock.

"I shall have no difficulty in spotting her among these people," he thought. "She will wear one of those elaborate hats of hers, which cost as much as would keep a poor devil of a soldier-man at the seaside for a week; one of those extravagant simple dresses of hers which fit like wax, and look as cool as a cucumber; two of those hideous high-heeled shoes with points like rapiers, and which make her walk as though she were on stilts; and round her neck a network of little chains which mean nothing, and lead nowhere. And with all this on, with yards of bell-shaped skirts catching up every dead leaf and broken twig, she will pick a few daisies, under the impression that they are primroses. . . . Dash that clock! Will it never get on? . . . By Jove, now, that's a charmingly got-up girl, if you like! Straw hat, golf collar and tie, tailor-made short skirt, and square-toed shooting boots. As pretty as a picture, by Jove. Seems to know me, too. Coming straight up. Why—why, it's—!"

Margaret shifted a small basket into her left hand, and held out her right. "Good morning," she cried. "For two pins I believe you would have cut me!"

He gripped her hand silently, and led the way to a carriage. Silently he watched her over his paper as the train took them through the suburbs out into the open country. Silently she let him watch, and sat looking into the future, into the foreground of which she knew the train was to take her.

The sun fell hospitably upon Chilham and Margaret Edale as they dismounted from the carriage.

They followed the path, which wound itself, adterwise, through the fields into the narrow, deep-rutted road leading to the woods, in silence still. Chilham watched Margaret's ever changing expressions of delight and pleasure with a kind of fierce joy.

When, after some hours, she chose a dell among the woods, and sat down to spread the primitive lunch upon the stump of a tree, quiet and a little tired, his exhilaration evaporated, and he glared down at her as though he owed her a grudge.

"Sardine sandwiches, chicken sandwiches, buns, sponge cakes, milk in a bottle, and chocolate walnuts," she said, smiling up at him, in a proud, proprietary way. "Don't speak all together, please."

Chilham did not answer her question for a good 30 seconds. Then he said, gruffly: "Look here, what in the name of goodness made you bring me here to-day?"

Margaret laughed.

"It's no laughing matter for me," he said. "I call it hideously unkind. You know well enough how it is with me. I've loved you with the whole strength of my fool's heart for months. It's subtle torture to see you like this, and have you all to myself for hours, after having got into the habit of putting up with the crumbs from other men's tables. If I asked you to marry me—and I am mad idiot enough to wish to do it—what would you do, you, my antithesis—you, the lover of towns and stuffy shows and flattery—what would you say to me, the countryman, the blunt fool?"

Margaret still laughed. "I don't think I shall trouble myself to reply to anything so obvious," she said.

"I thought so," said Chilham, sitting down in a dull heap.

Still laughing—except that a tear had added itself now—Margaret put a hand on his arm. "Because," she said, "if you weren't so blind, you could see your answer for yourself in my eyes. Isn't it plain? I'm tired of towns and stuffy shows and flattery. Let me be a countrywoman, and a blunt fool. I should like to, awfully."

Whether Aubrey Chilham believed her or not, isn't a matter for us to discuss. Cupid, seated on a branch of a willow, with a primrose dangling out of his mouth, turned away his head. So I suppose all that remains for us to do is to follow his example. He generally knows best, I fancy.

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