

Roundup Record.

A. W. EISELEIN, Publisher.

ROUNDUP, MONTANA.

The Man to Choose.

When a girl is about to choose a sweetheart she is apt to think more of his physical attractions than of his character, and, sadly enough, she is almost invariably attracted by the qualities that dazzle rather than by those enduring qualities on which happiness of married life so much depends. The modern girl would do well to follow the example of the wise young man of to-day. The latter may flirt and spend his time with the alluring maiden whose golden hair and blue eyes are her chief claims to attractiveness; but in nine cases out of ten he will marry a womanly girl—one who is fitted to be a good wife and mother. Whatever mistakes men may make in other directions, their minds work very logically, with reason and foresight, when it comes to matrimony. Girls are different, and young or old, they are likely to be captivated by the adventurer or the unworthy man, unless they are closely guarded in their homes, and acquire a certain degree of common sense. Modern girls do not admire dull, homely or stingy men, and these three faults are quite likely to belong to men who, properly understood and rightly directed, might make desirable husbands. It is considered a nuisance to be a bore in this twentieth century, and girls do not take into consideration the fact that dullness comes often from diffidence, while the lively, glib man, who is sure of himself, is often quite empty-headed, and would quite likely not be tolerated by serious men. Don't marry a weak man, urges the New York Weekly, who is simply charming in intellect, refinement of manner and speech, poetic in mind, reverent of women, talented, but lacking in that moral stamina which is so essential if a man is to make a good husband, and overcome the business difficulties which beset most people. The weak man dismisses everything whimsy with an epigram, and this is charming in a play; but in one's husband it is annoying when events call for decision, comprehension and prompt action.

Precocity and Degeneracy.

Precocity is not always a thing to be desired. Indeed, it may, just as surely as a prematurely ripened fruit indicates decay and early death, mean an early degeneration and loss of the mental faculties. By many biologists it is considered an expression of premature senility. As Lombroso has indicated, many of the men of genius were subjects of degeneracy. There is a period of antenatal growth known to scientists as the senile period, embracing the fourth and fifth months of prenatal existence. It has been found, declares W. A. Newman Dorland, in the Century, that a slight arrest of development at this period is characteristic of the class of beings known as degenerates, and precocity is recognized as one of the expressions of this development defect. Relief de la Bretonne, who composed at 14 a poem on his first 12 loves, is a remarkable precociously. "A wit of five is a fool of twenty," is an adage founded upon the popular appreciation of this unpleasant truth.

What a happy and contented creature the farmer now must be who was too busy to market his hogs during the grand rush when everybody was hurrying in his porkers before the bottom should drop clear out of the provision market! At the time, doubtless, he bemoaned his fate and said things well calculated to corrupt the morals of the hogs because circumstances had so toyed with him. Now he is posing among his neighbors as a man of superior judgment and telling them that he knew all the while hogs were going up. The farmer is not the only one who feels that he is shrewder than his fellows the moment good luck tosses something at him.

Prof Lounsbury, discussing the French element in the English language, calls attention to one French word which we have adopted, but which has nowhere conformed to the English pronunciation. This word is ennu. One would hardly have supposed, jocularly remarks the professor, that our race would have felt the need of going to another tongue for the word when it has always had so much of the thing. His explanation of the way we pronounce it is that its use is chiefly confined to our educated, leisure class. Ordinary folks have no special use for it. They generally prefer, to describe it as that bored feeling.

James Douglas, vice-president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, gave the historic land on the New York Palisades which the government has accepted through an act of congress. The property is said to be worth \$35,000.

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TRIED BY FIRE

By Winifred Graham



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"Of course, you are marrying for money."

Lady Darnford spoke with that infinite precision denoting the woman of the world who will not be contradicted.

Victoria Stanhope raised her eyebrows curiously. A slight flush made her pretty face even prettier.

When Miss Stanhope made short work of the younger sons of leading county families, and engaged herself to Mr. Petruccio Barnes, a wealthy city man, whom she called "Piggy" as a pet name, her critics smiled. Only Lady Darnford was bold enough to make the above remark.

Victoria indignantly denied the allegation.

"I have no patience with you," declared the older woman. "Better far have married Capt. Galway. Though he has only his pay at present, he is his grandfather's heir, and will inherit a large fortune when the old man dies. Everyone thought you a fool to break your engagement with him."

"Even fools must manage their lives in their own way," said Victoria lightly.

Lady Darnford rose, with a sigh. "Well, well," she cried, "you must forgive my tongue. Don't forget I ex-



"Why, Piggy, Dear, How Tired You Look."

pect you to dinner to-morrow, and we go to the opera afterwards. You are bringing Mr. Barnes. Perhaps I shall like him better on further acquaintance."

She kissed Victoria, and smiled to herself as she drove back to Berkeley square. "I wonder," she thought, "if the dear child will be angry when she finds Capt. Galway is to be the fourth in the box? I suppose it's rather atrocious of me to plan such a bad night for 'Piggy,' but I can't stand this fashion of women selling themselves to the highest bidder. Victoria had far better return to her first love."

Victoria was waiting for her fiance in a blue boudoir.

He had promised to escort her to Lady Darnford's and already he was a little late.

"I thought you had forgotten to come," she cried jokingly when at last he appeared. "Why, Piggy dear, how tired you look!"

He laughed bitterly. She followed him to the carriage, puzzled.

"Something is the matter," she whispered as the door closed on them. "Tell me, I'm not a child; I must share your sorrows as well as your joys."

"Everything's the matter," he answered, his fingers folding over hers. "To-day was the crisis. It practically means—ruin. Thank Heaven, for your sake it came in time. I ought not to have spoken to-night. To-morrow I could have written you a letter—when you were beyond my reach. I could have borne it better then."

"Ruin!" The words came slowly from her lips. "To what extent?"

"Oh, I shan't have to beg my bread," he answered, in that short, hard way which occasionally accompanies sorrow. "But it means I have now only as many hundreds as I had thousands when I asked you to share my life. I must offer you your release, since I've fallen on hard times. You will soon forget, and find a better man. But I claim just this one last evening, Victoria, and afterwards we can say goodbye. I wasn't strong enough to keep away to-night."

As she entered the hall of Lady Darnford's house, Victoria looked curiously at her lover. Though pale and drawn, the refining influence of suffering improved rather than marred his countenance, bringing out the character beneath, in some subtle way, which thrilled Victoria with surprise and a sense of admiration.

While Victoria removed her cloak in Lady Darnford's room, the hostess appeared unexpectedly, with an air of suppressed excitement in her manner. "My sweet child," she said, dismissing her maid with a wave of her hand as she addressed Victoria. "I do hope you won't be angry, but Capt. Galway is here. He turned up quite by chance. Sun-bronzed and splendid, a perfect picture of a man."

As they entered the drawing-room he was standing on a white rug, towering above Petruccio Barnes, a graceful, well-knit figure. Lady Darnford at once engaged the

latter in conversation, leaving Victoria and Capt. Galway undisturbed.

During dinner Victoria glanced frequently from the face of the man she had jilted to the face of the man who offered her freedom—after to-night. Her eyes wore a puzzled expression, which gave them rather a dreamy look.

"She is at heart the most sentimental creature in the world," thought Lady Darnford. "Before the evening is finished she will be in love with Capt. Galway again if I play my cards cleverly."

Lady Darnford's cards were not difficult to manipulate, since she had laid her plans beforehand. It was agreed she should visit a box opposite during an interval at the opera, as she had a particular message to give a friend, who at the same time expressed a desire to be introduced to Victoria's fiance. Mr. Barnes was therefore asked to accompany Lady Darnford, leaving Victoria alone with Capt. Galway.

Eric knew the details of the plan, since this was to be the golden opportunity of making hay while the sun of fortune shone.

She noticed with what alacrity Mr. Barnes rose to accompany their hostess on her pilgrimage.

Eric rose and closed the door, then he took a seat behind the curtain, which concealed him from view.

"Victoria," he whispered, in a low, vibrating voice, "you are not going to marry that man?"

He grasped her hand almost roughly, and frowned the words into a jest. "You are playing with yourself," he said. "You know you are going to throw him over to-night."

She glanced across the house. "You know, or you soon will know," continued the ruthless voice, "that Barnes has muddled his affairs, as he will muddle your life. It is common talk in the city, so Lady Darnford tells me, he's on the brink of a disaster. You must not fall with him. You are being reserved for better things. Reconsider. I am waiting. I—"

A short laugh from Victoria broke the words.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "so you are the better thing! I am glad, Eric, you have not lost your sense of humor."

"We were made for each other," he assured her. "You have known it all along. What is the use of quarreling?"

"Then it's all settled," she replied. "We just take up the old position again, and wipe everything else off the slate."

He looked at her eagerly. "Yes, Victoria; yes, I forgive freely."

"How good of you! How generous!" Her voice grew soft, her melting eyes looked long and searchingly into his.

He flushed red with the glow of victory and pleasure.

Victoria gave a sigh of relief which gratified Eric. The figures in the box opposite were moving, and Lady Darnford was making her adieu.

As Petruccio reappeared, Miss Stanhope rose, a little dizzily.

"Piggy," she said, "I don't feel well. Will you take me home?"

He went quickly to her side, watching her closely as she excused herself to Lady Darnford.

"Wasn't it a success?" queried Lady Darnford, as Victoria vanished down the corridor.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Capt. Galway, "she has all but accepted me. But it's tiresome breaking with her violent Petruccio."

"He's quite mild; she needn't fear," replied Lady Darnford, elated. "My congratulations, and a blessing."

"How do you feel?" asked Petruccio anxiously, lowering the carriage window that Victoria might get the air.

"I don't know. How do you feel, Piggy? I wasn't really ill, but I couldn't stand Capt. Galway for another moment. It was abominable of Lady Darnford to ask him and leave us alone. I couldn't help fooling him a bit, just to see if he was the same. Bah! it was the same old sameness, only more so. By the way, Piggy dear, I think you might have given me just one look across the house, to encourage me to behave nicely."

"I couldn't," he answered brokenly. "I was a fool to be near you to-night. It was torture indescribable."

She put her arms round his neck. "Piggy," said she, "Lady Darnford informed me to-day I was marrying you for your money. Oh, I'm so glad I can give her the lie! Don't mind about the losses; they will bind us all the closer."

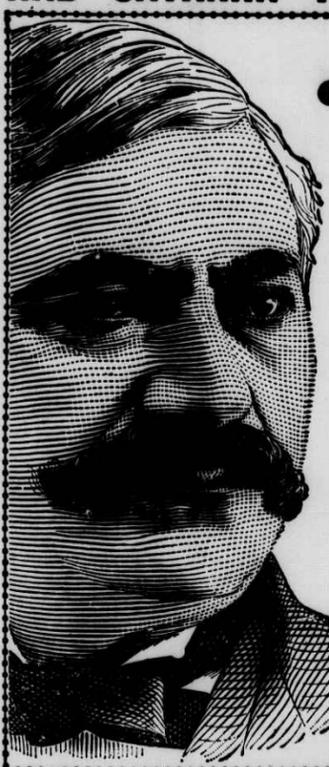
He listened with a wild surging in his brain.

"Good God!" he whispered, catching his breath, "I—I misjudged you, too. I thought with Lady Darnford. She told me, she warned me! May Heaven forgive me! I felt sure to-night would be the end! I was willing to lose you if her words were true. The story of my ruin was exaggerated; it's all over the city, but I shall get clear. I have irons in the fire, darling—secret irons—"

"Don't—don't tell me more! I understand! You tried me in the fire; but oh, Piggy, I can't be angry, because—because I love you so, and my love is real gold. It was all a trap! I see the whole thing now. If I had been caught; if—"

She buried her face on his shoulder. "Don't cry!" he whispered tenderly. "I'm not crying," she answered. "I'm laughing for joy!"

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