THE END OF HER WAITING

IT was a new sensation to Dolly—this perfect, beautiful happiness. It seemed to her that some wonderful new brightness must have settled down over the world.

And it was only this morning that she had dusted the old brown dress and tried to brighten it with a fresh collar and pink bow. Only this morning—scarcely twelve hours ago—she had pinned on the brown hat, with its dedicated "droopy" bows, and wondered if she must walk about under it all the summer. And now it was all away back in the pitiful past.

For at noon a telegram had come for her. She was eating her lunch, so daintily put up by Aunt Harriet, when the messenger-boy came into the little back room of the millinery store and handed her a yellow envelope.

"It is all right. Coming to-morrow.
Roman."

That was all; but oh, the meaning of it! It meant an end to the years of weary waiting. It meant comfort and happiness and rest and the fulfillment of countless lovely dreams.

And it meant that an heir had been found at last by the puzzled lawyers, and that the fortune of the old Western miner would no longer go a-begging for some one to use it. For the miner's will had called for "the son of my friend Garrison Brent," and Robert was the fortunate man.

Dolly's hands were not quite steady that afternoon, when she fitted one after another of the pretty hats over her cousin Kitty's yellow bangs, and Kitty was hard to please.

"You ain't interested, Dolly; your eyes are dreamy. Do you know Robert is coming home? Amy told me; they had a telegram. He is the heir; isn't he rich? But he's had a hard time taking care of his mother and sisters and Mrs. Brown's children. That one is a little too close; try a flaring brim."

Dolly bought another hat and patiently laid the blue feathers around it.

"Maybe you'll be getting married now," Kitty said, smiling under the drooping plumes, "now that Robert is a rich man."

Dolly flushed and bent over the hats on the counter.

"It looks like it's time," Kitty went on, "if you are engaged, as people say. But long engagements rarely ever end in marriage, mother says. Yes, this one will do. Get it ready by Sunday, Dolly; and I nearly forgot—mother told me to ask if Aunt Harriet is through with her headache."

But it was not of her pretty cousin that Dolly thought now, as she lay in the hammock under the low spreading magnolia-tree down by the gate. She was resting and thinking of the blessedness of this new world that had formed itself about her—the world that held Robert all her own, and a home that she would make beautiful for him.

It was twenty years since Robert, standing by her under this very tree, all in blossom then, had told her the sweet story that every maiden must

"IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, MISS DOLLY," HE SAID.

hear. Twenty years! She had been a slip of a girl then, awkwardly conscious of her first long dress; and Robert, a boy scarcely older than herself, had blushed and stammered over the story that is never easy to tell.

And then his father had died, and his mother and sisters; and, later on, a family of little orphaned nephews and nieces had been left to him.

Dolly was the first to say they must wait. She could see how impossible it would be for Robert to take care of them all. He left school and worked bravely on the old farm, and the waiting had gone on.

So twenty years crept away. Dolly had remained in her aunt's home, helping with the children at first, and afterward working down town; for her aunt's daughters needed everything, now that they were grown up, and Dolly was used to looking out for herself.

And now the waiting was over at last, and she would be Robert's wife. She would rather have waited for this than to have been a queen long ago.

It seemed to her that the very leaves knew and trembled, as she did, with joy; and the stars twinkled down between them as if they, too, knew all about it.

The town clock struck ten and Patty and Ben came in from the reading club. They always lingered a little at the gate, as the manner of lovers is, you know.

Dolly smiled as the soft murmur of their voices came to her. She wondered if the poor young things would ever be as happy as she was then!

And then, as they walked slowly up the path, words began to grow out of the soft murmur.

"Bob Brent has struck it, they say," Bob remarked in his elegant way, and Patty replied mournfully:

"Ah, yes. How sorry I am for Dolly! Poor faithful, loving Dolly!"

"Sorry? Why isn't she in it? I thought they were——"

"Why, Ben," Patty broke in, with tears in her little babyish voice, "can't you see that Dolly is only a faded, middle-aged woman now, while Robert is in his prime—the handsomest man in town? And haven't you noticed how he admires Kitty? It was all well enough when he couldn't marry; but now——"

But the words were indistinct again; Dolly heard no more.

She had risen from the hammock and was standing, white and still, in the glare of the electric light. The stars were mocking her now above the lower light, and the breezes were whispering of the twenty years that had rolled over her, carrying her freshness away.

Ben saw her there when he came down to the gate, and bowed with a cheery, "Good night, Miss Dolly," and went whistling his newest favorite down the street.

Then Dolly crept up to her room.

"And I would have let him do it! I never would have thought of the change. Oh, the shame, the humiliation of it! To think that I, a faded middle-aged woman, would have held him to the promise made to a fair young girl twenty long years ago! He was too true and noble to let me know, too tender to hurt me. If only I had seen! It is all so different with women, but I never thought of it before. It would not matter to me how changed Robert might be; I'd love him only the more, if he needed more. But he is grandly handsome and—and he must have a young, pretty wife. It is best, I see that—best for Robert and for her and for me; for I couldn't bear to have him sorry or—or ashamed."

She loosed her dress at the throat and pressed her hands against her temples.

"He mustn't be ashamed of his—wife, dear, faithful Robert. He must be happy, now that the world is brighter for him. I can bear it—for him."

And then she wrote a letter, and, when it was finished, she knelt by her bedside; and the stars twinkled in and the breeze fanned her pale, calm face. Faded? Oh, the beauty of it as she knelt there giving up all she held dear. What are dimples and all fresh prettiness compared to a beauty like that? You only get the soul after these are gone.

In the morning before any of the household was awake she took the letter and carried it out to the mailbox on the corner; and then she went to the hammock under the magnolia and watched the sun rise down at the end of the cross street.

Presently the gate latch clicked, and then a pair of strong arms folded themselves about her and her head was on Robert's broad shoulder, and he was telling her how he had longed for her, and what an age the last week had been.

"You would have been sorry for me, Dolly," he was saying; "for in my worry getting off, I left your last photograph in the pocket of the coat I'd been wearing, and there was only the childish little thing taken twenty years ago. Forgive me, dear, but it's more like your little silly-faced Cousin Kitty than like you. There, don't be vexed—I know you are not very like her now; but, between us, I believe you were in those first days, though it is hard to think of my beautiful full-blown rose as anything less lovely and sweet than she is now. But you will soon be my very own, Dolly, and I shan't be missing a photograph when I have you."

Dolly drew her breath. She was in the new world again.

"Do you really want me, Robert?" she asked, a glad light in her dark-blue eyes.

"I'll show you pretty soon. Want you? Oh, Dolly!" and then he went on, laughing happily as he told her of his plan.

"I'm coming to-night with Mr. Sims, and I'm going to claim my wife and take her away with me. What a jolly tour ours shall be! Yes, I know there is always trouble about clothes and things; but we won't let that make the waiting longer. Put on the little blue frock and come away with me. I want you, and I've waited twenty years; and now I must hurry to mother and Amy and the small army of young people. I'll come for my wife at 9, Dolly. Will she be ready?"

What could she say but yes.

And then how her happy eyes followed him as long as his broad shoulders were in sight!

She stood by the gate until the postman came to take up the mail, and then she flew out to him and begged for the letter she had dropped through the slot an hour ago.

"It's against the rules, Miss Dolly," he said; but she held out her hand and lifted her pleading eyes to him, and he laid the letter across her palm.

Then the breakfast bell rang, and Dolly went in to tell them that her wedding day was come.

DIAMONDS FREE OF TARIFF.

The Young Woman Brought Over the Jewels on Her Garter.

On the promise of seeing something new, if not startling, I accompanied an acquaintance to meet the incoming steamer from Europe. My acquaintance had informed me that his cousin was bringing over goods of very great value, and I expected that considerable trouble would be consumed in examining and appraising the articles. The "cousin" was an attractive young lady and looked rosy and healthy as she tripped down the long plank. She had a delightful voyage, etc., and had been good enough to bring only two trunks. These were found, an inspector made a hasty examination of the contents, saw that they were only ordinary wearing apparel, chalked the backs, and we started off. We went uptown and made for a good restaurant. The interesting small talk of travelers filled the time until we three were seated at a table and the order given for luncheon. The lady sat next to the wall.

"I suppose everything is all right, Julie?" asked my friend.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, smiling triumphantly.

"I promised to [illegible] this gentleman something," [illegible]. "There's no danger that a[illegible]y will catch on, so if you've no o[illegible]ction—"

He paused. She looked furiously and replied: "Well, I don't know that I care, but it's unusual."

Then she reached [illegible] toward the floor on the side next [illegible] wall, and of course I didn't know exactly what she did, but when her hand appeared again it was closed over something. She held it toward me, saying: "Open both hands and be careful." I did as she told me, and she laid upon my palms a garter that fairly blazed with diamonds. I took one look and whispered, "Smuggled?" She nodded vigorously, while her companion emitted approval and remarked: "I shall keep that interesting piece of ribbon. It saves me several thousand dollars in duties."

"There's another like it," said the fair cousin. "But I guess I won't take that off." The other of course, was on the side not next to the wall. "You have to get a cab now for your curiosity," she added, "for that article was worn for use as well as profit, and if I walk—well it might come down, and that wouldn't be pleasant."

After lunch the happy smugglers went away in a cab.

Five Foolish Folks.

"As soon as my trade picks up a bit,"
Said the merchant, looking wise,
"As soon as my trade picks up a bit,
I am going to advertise."

"As soon as my vessel reaches port,"
Said the skipper with a nod—
"As soon as my vessel reaches port,
I am going to set my sail."

"As soon as my field of grain is grown,"
Said the farmer, sad is he—
"As soon as my field of grain is grown,
I am going to sow the seed."

"As soon as the man is well and strong,"
Said the doctor, drawing close—
"As soon as the man is well and strong,
I will give him a stiff dose."

"As soon as I know my soul is saved,"
Was the prisoner's reserved one—
"As soon as I know my soul is saved,
I'll pray for its salvation."

—Bradley.

A Case of Disgust.

"Been out to your grandfather's funeral again, eh?" asked the boss. "Naw," said the office boy, who had seen the home team lose. "I seen a lot of ole women git killed off, dough."—Indianapolis Journal.

In Doubt About It.

Mrs. Figg—Tommy, if you don't be a better boy you will never get to heaven. Tommy—And if I be real good and go there will I have to keep on bein' good after I get there?—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Music Store.

"Do you know anything about 'Scraps From the Opera,'" said the young woman who plays the piano.

"No," replied the new clerk. "I didn't know the prima donnas had quarreled again."

STILL A PROFOUND SECRET.

New York's Air of Haughty Superiority as Great a Mystery as Ever.

The New York Herald recently treated the intelligent and refined constituency to which it caters to illustrations of peculiar merit and value, says the Washington Post. These were no less, in fact, than a series of glimpses into the parlors, drawing-rooms, libraries, halls and sleeping apartments of such wealthy New Yorkers as could be induced to turn their dwellings wrong side out for the gratification of vulgar curiosity. We have often confessed, with pain and humiliation, our inability to understand the aristocracy of the great metropolis. That they are aristocrats we have every reason to believe, because they admit the fact themselves. Even if they denied it, however, or refused to testify at all, we should know them for superior beings, since no people could be so scornful of others, so complacent as to their own superiority, and so calmly and deliberately rude to the rest of the world without the divine right of exaltation. Not only at home, on Manhattan Island, but wherever else he may be found, the really high class New Yorker is a wonder and a mystery to the simple, provincial mind. No one has ever solved the problem of his manner toward other human creatures or exposed the train of reasoning by which he first adopted it.

We know why Mount Everest looks down upon other mountains, because we can see that it is loftier than they, but why the citizens of New York look down upon the citizens of other towns is a conundrum which baffles human ingenuity. We felt a tremor of expectation when we unfolded the Herald's panorama, for it occurred to us that possibly an inspection of some specimen New York interiors might furnish us with light not obtainable from the very minutest inspection of the New Yorkers themselves. We said to ourselves: "Ha! here in the fireplaces, the coal scuttles, the wall paper, the bric-a-brac, the bedsteads, the doormats and the crockery of these inexplicable beings we shall read the secret of their high nobility." We said: "Ha!" several times, in fact, and we fell to examining upholstery and appraising furniture and looking under beds with all the ardor of a searcher for inspiration. We still say, "Ha!" We say it with firm and fearless emphasis. But we flounder in darkness as hopelessly as ever. For us, at least there is nothing more suggestive in this parade of New York eating and sleeping paraphernalia than there has hitherto been in the spectacle of the individual New Yorker. It strikes us as being gaudy, ostentatious, vulgar, in bad taste—and that is all. If we were inclined to doubt the superiority of the New York aristocrat, instead of being honestly anxious to understand it, we should feel moved to thank the Herald for having entirely persuaded us.

The Snowflower.

One of the greatest curiosities is the snowflower that blooms in the northern portion of Siberia, where the earth is continually covered with a coating of snow and frost. This wonderful plant shoots forth from the frozen soil on the first day of the year, and reaches the height of about three feet, it blooms on the third day, remains open twenty-four hours and then returns to its original elements. It shines for a single day, then the stem, leaves and flower are converted into snow. The leaves are three in number. The flower is star-shaped, its petals about as long as the leaves and about half as inch wide. On the third day the extremities of the leaves show little glistening specks, like diamonds, about the size of the head of a pin. These are the seeds of this queer flower. On one occasion some of these seeds were gathered and hastily transported to St. Petersburg. They were there placed in a bed of snow, where they were kept until the first of the following year, when the snowflower burst forth and was greatly admired and wondered at by all who saw it.

The Pulsometer.

The latest thing out is a pulsometer, by which the life insurance examiners can tell to a fraction the exact condition of an applicant's heart beat. An electric pen traces on prepared paper the ongoings, haltings, and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of science the strength or weakness of the telltale pulse.

An Odd Title.

The British museum has a book published by an anonymous author in 1760. It has the odd title: "Did You Ever See Such Stuff as So Much the Better, Being a Story Without Head or Tail, Wit or Humor."

Gloves.

Kid and silk gloves came into use in Europe about the end of the fifteenth century. At first only princesses and ladies of high rank were allowed to wear them.

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