

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

So on this auspicious morning the little log building was filled with a noisy crowd in high good humor. Winslow sat on the platform in company with a few leading men who were busy making speeches. For now that the schoolhouse was a success—a practical something in logs and mortar—everybody was enthusiastic; each striving to prove that his had been the support which promised to make of St. Charles an educational center.

And for this recognition Winslow was grateful. What though doubts were at first expressed and, fearful of failure, the villagers gave sly indorsement and grudging aid? "I am not the first," he thought, "for whose venture the public waltzed with hands behind its back; in one the crown of thorns—the laurel wreath in the other."

Unconsciously his shoulders were lifted disdainfully; his lips took a cynical curve as though of how little his venture—a log schoolhouse—in the wilderness—was worthy either reward. Compared with the hopes he had built on the southern project how puny it seemed! He had reckoned upon the success of the expedition less from its own possibilities than because of his belief in the integrity and statecraft of Aaron Burr. From him—of his reflected glory, he had expected great things. There was much of the dreamer in Winslow—the disciple rather than the leader.

And this, not from weakness, but because of a habitual plane of thought where energetic leadership seemed scarcely worth while. To live and dream in an artistic, a poetic world to which others had given practical shape—this was his idea of the best in life. The failure of Burr's plans had roused him to action, and action which, so far as it led, had been successful; it was only that he despised the end.

But there had suddenly come a new turn of affairs, and his horizon had dawned broader—bright with new possibilities. It was this recent hope which lifted the tenor of his thoughts, made less hard the light in his eyes; this—and something else.

For there was a stir at the door, and some newcomers pushed through the crowd. Winslow saw Luke Ballinger rise from his chair near the pulpit, and go down the aisle to greet him. His heart gave an expectant throb. On the threshold appeared the white head of Mr. Creighton. Tall, placid-eyed, he stood, on his arm the invalid wife. She was pale and very thin, with the look of one to whom has been granted, in illness, a glimpse of the unseen. Winslow's eyes fixed upon her as he drank in a bit of the divinity which he fancied must be clinging to her. Then his gaze sought and held the other daintily, if more earthly bit of loveliness that hovered near her in the doorway. Lavender had seen in one quick glance that Winslow was there, had noted his eager attention upon their coming, and she had seen the artful artlessness, she recognized the preacher's greeting with serenity and an easy indifference which belied her beating heart. He found seats for her parents, then asked her to lead the singing. "Nobody can play; we have been waiting for you," he said.

"And I would not have missed coming; you see, sir, we were determined to get in."

The reverend man replied with mock gravity: "I see, but were you not afraid of being smitten with blindness, that, like the men of Sodom, you came near to break the door?"

She gave him a searching glance as they went down the aisle together, opening her eyes wide with a pretty blush of defiance.

The minister shook his head. "The eyes are, no doubt; but that they do no mischief," and shaking his finger at her with a warning smile, he escorted her to the pulpit which occupied one end of the platform.

And Winslow's attention wandered from the service to watch her as she presided over the squeak little instrument. In her best mulberry-colored gown, with sarsenet sash, she sat demure, her head bent over the keyboard, all her mind apparently intent upon a copy of Watt's hymns—all her strength expended in energetic pressure of the stiff old pedals. But that her thoughts, too, were wandering, was apparent from an occasional glance, sidelong, in his direction; then a blush would redder her cheeks, and creep down into the neck which the soft gauze kerchief only pretended to conceal. To-day she was to give Winslow his answer; the answer to his question: "May its fulfillment be mine?"

All the way into the village she had been rehearsing what she should say, how meet him.

Yet how vain to think she would have need for words. For words—when she passed him where he sat on the platform, very glance of the humbly tender eyes, each curve of the winsome lips, the rise and fall of linen covered what words could only weaken.

The exercises would have bored any but such an audience. The people, mentally starved, were pleased with anything that even parodied thought, and speeches, dialogues and songs were applauded with an impartiality which made up in fervor what it lacked in discrimination. The last speaker chose patriotism for his theme, and waved an imaginary banner of stars and stripes for the edification of his hearers. To most of these, however, patriotism was but a name; national pride a dead letter. For love of country could have no firm hold upon a people when for months a matter of doubt; when much of the time, it was a moot question to what flag they owed allegiance. The standard raised,

and as often lowered to give place to another, cheapened each until, through rapid changes, the pioneers managed well enough without a common head setting each upon its own sturdy settlement.

However, this was more especially true of the French and Spanish in the new territory; there were stalwart sons of the new republic east of the Mississippi, to whom the sight of the standard of freedom was inspiring; who felt yet a glow of patriot fervor at the faintest flap of eagle wings. To one of this kind was allotted the closing speech. He was a tall, loose-jointed individual whose hair might be charitably described as sandy, but whose whiskers were undeniably red. The arms which he waved seemed borrowed for the occasion—so little their gestures savored of familiar use. He raised his voice, to a patriotic shriek at the peroration: "My friends, I have said all this to prove that there yet live patriots about us. Because we have journeyed far, let us not forget that we have a country; let us not forget, either, that our country has enemies. Indeed, we have had recent news of the activity of one such. His machinations are even now being discussed in a court of law at Richmond, where, let us hope, justice and truth will be vindicated, and by its orders may Aaron Burr suffer the doom of traitor to his flag."

He waved his arms again, and with a jerky bow took his seat. The applause that followed was intended less in praise of the oratory than gratitude for the relief of tired muscles.

When it had died away, Winslow, pale, but with eyes glowing, came to the center of the platform. There was an expectant hush, and he began: "It is not my purpose to speak in justification of the distinguished prisoner at the bar to which our friend has just alluded, but my personal acquaintance with Aaron Burr makes it hard to keep silent. Even so great a soul as he may reach depths where the faith of the humblest is prized. You will forgive me, therefore, if I add a moiety of favor in the balance which threatens to weigh against him. My own connection with his expedition I am prepared to explain fully to all in whose minds there may lurk a doubt of my honesty (in the half-defiant pause which followed nobody spoke nor moved), but for Aaron Burr's sake I will not here ask for your sympathy; the verdict of the court must decide for us. I have only to suggest that in the meantime all criticism be withheld. The country at large is the jury which will later sit in deliberation upon the result. Indeed, it is more than likely that the whole truth will not be known until the judgment. On this day let us see that we bring to the Greater Bar our prejudiced minds and hearts all free from bias that we may escape peremptory dismissal at the hands of the Great Challenger."

There was a pause, while his hearers were undecided whether to applaud or not. Winslow settled the point for them by a sudden change of tone and manner. Coming forward and insensibly edging closer to where—a little to the right—stood Lavender, he began again lightly: "I have an announcement to make which may come as a surprise to many here."

The audience craned their necks, and those as the minister stood a trifle to hear. "I am going back east as soon as involuntarily his head swerved to the right—was not possible. There are urgent reasons calling me away now. I fear that all of you who remain here to work in the vineyard will liken me to the spies of Canaan who only carry home bunches of grapes to show the fatness of the land. But, indeed, I go with grateful regrets which must ever follow such kindness as I have met here—here, in this garden spot of the new land of our new country."

And he bowed amid loud cheers. Then: "But in order that the work here be not lost, but carried on better than my feeble powers would admit, the committee and I have decided to present the name of another for the place of teacher in this school. The gentleman whom we have the honor to name is Mr. Gerald Creighton."

At this arose an audible murmur of excitement; none expressed open displeasure, but all felt more or less disappointment. Winslow was not only a personal favorite—he was regarded by all as one having authority, and competent to lead the school to success. That his mantle would sit well upon the restless shoulders of the easy-going Gerald all felt much doubt. But to the pioneer mind it was of small consequence, and there was no dissent. Since the new Eliza was nowhere to be found, his acceptance was taken for granted.

As Winslow took his seat there was a commotion in the crowd that filled the aisle, and Tobias Judson lurched forward. Stepping to the platform with a tread that threatened partition of the oaken flooring, he began to speak.

If there were a member of the community whose word carried more weight than another's, it was Uncle Tobias—as he was familiarly known. His was an ambition to be known as one having authority and, though self-appointed to the office, the country folk were glad to recognize him as arbiter in common affairs. Hence his great hand raised was as a scepter, his first word was followed by instant silence.

"Fellow citizens, I want to say a word about this schoolhouse. I'm proud of it; it's the first, but you know just how it is. I ain't agoin' to be the last. And I want to say a word for the committee and the hull of yer, that we're all obliged to the schoolmaster."

His wave of the hand toward Winslow was the signal for cheers; the orator continued: "You all will be glad to hear, too, that he's struck it rich over that, so's how it promises. They've found coal on his land, and it's a valuable piece of property. When he goes back east he'll brag to his friends about the strike he made here, and I hope he'll do it."

Another emphatic nod followed by loud applause. "If he does, it'll probably take the curse off'n that Burr dodge that flizzed out—and with all due respect to the schoolmaster I'm right glad it did. A coal mine in this blessed country is better any day than

promises of gold and diamonds in a land which none of us ain't sartin about, and can't locate any closer 'n the end o' Godspeed!"

There was loud applause and the scuffling of anxious feet. To the latter disconcerting accompaniment Rev. Luke offered prayer. Then he gave out the hymn, and Winslow stepped to the pulpit to turn the leaves for the player. As Lavender struck the first chord their eyes met; though her own were instantly lowered again, to the keys, Winslow had read his answer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When the time for dinner had come, the merry-makers devoted themselves with keen appetites and spirits boisterous to this—the grand event of the day. To Winslow it seemed odd that these simple pioneer folk who served all meals in such bare and homely fashion should find sport in slight deviation from the ordinary habit. "But evidently there are degrees in rustic simplicity," he said to himself, as with a smile half cynical, half envious he surveyed the crowd. Two or three small fires were built, and above these hung kettles for the making of that rare luxury—tea. Over the embers game was toasted, and "roasting ears" slowly baked in their jackets of yellow and green. Cloths were sometimes spread on the ground, but more often lap-ropes served as napery.

Here and there, from their teams detached, were wagons in which whole families perched making hungry dives into a common hamper. One table graced the grove. It was put together—a few boards on stakes—for the use of the committee and its favored guests. Chief of these was Winslow, who occupied his post in honor with secret dissatisfaction. For in the few words she had found time to say, Mrs. Creighton urged his company with them. He declined ruefully. "A lamb led to the slaughter I go to play the role of hero in—extraordinary. But save a little strength to visit with me," and he bowed low over her hand.

With divided mind he performed the honors of the table; secretly intent upon watching Lavender. On or about the more daring among the village beaux assisted with awkward gallantry while she unfilled the small hickory crates and put the food in tempting array on a white cloth—dropped like a cloud upon the green sward.

When Winslow's gaze would catch and hold her a rare smile filled her eyes with iridescent sparkle or by a bow, blush or wave of the hand she would reward the glances which, however they roved, came always back to her. For another setting for her beauty, in this brilliant scene, the forest—all green save for the scarlet of berry and gold of blossom which blazoned the gold of glory of summertime. The sky seemed to hold for her the softest bridal veil of mist, and in the background a low fire smoldered—against which her head shone in cameo relief.

He was roused from these poetic fancies by a touch on the shoulder and turning saw Gerald Creighton, his handsome face a-bridle with an embarrassed smile. "I'll see you when dinner is over?" At the grove by the road there; "I'll be waiting under the maple trees." Winslow murmured a surprised assent, but before he could speak further Gerald had slipped away. In a moment he was joined by Susan whom he led straight to his mother.

Interested, Winslow watched the little family comedy. Sue, frightened and nervous, but beaming with a proud happiness, hovered close to her lover; for the daughter's conscience was never free from the accusing finger of the dead. It was the first time she had seen Gerald—except for the few moments by the brook—since the awful suspicion, and to-day she only contemplated because he would not be refused, he had brought, commanding: "Tell me, Susan, I insist upon knowing your reason for this change. You love me, dear; why do you treat me coldly?"

She had parried his questioning with a promise to go this once, and now she was here—here, with all her little world looking on. Winslow noticed the gentle kindness with which Mrs. Creighton responded to Sue's awkward little courtesy. The father placed her near him with an evident intent to put her at ease.

As Lavender advanced to meet the new guest, Winslow watched her closely; how would she act? There was just a moment's hesitation—she stopped short and, all the color gone from her face, put her hand to her heart as if in sudden pain. Involuntarily her eyes sought Winslow's, and it gave him a sudden sharp pang as he thought: "She is wondering how she must meet the girl whose father I killed!"

But whatever the reason, Lavender's hesitation was over in a moment, and going forward she greeted the newcomer with hand outstretched and smiling words. Winslow could hear none of the conversation, but it was apparent that the family were bent upon kindness toward this timid stranger whose quivering eyes and quivering lips seemed to entreat their love.

Gerald maintained a defiant air of outward calmness, but there was a flush on his cheek, and an anxious light in his eye which flashed feverish scrutiny between his mother and the girl he had thrust upon her. He was proud, grateful and happy at Sue's reception—at the justice finally done; relieved that the wooing of her who really held his wayward affections need no longer be under the rose.

At the close of the meal Winslow saw Gerald go alone to the place of meeting he had signified.

As soon as possible he followed to where the grove of maples offered shade and silence. Here he found Gerald waiting.

The latter greeted him with impulsive candor: "Mr. Winslow, what a coward you must think me!"

Winslow took his hand, smiling as he returned: "I'm sorry I came, if it was but to hear you vilify yourself!"

But Gerald was fully bent upon making the apology to which he had nevered himself, and which he now poured forth as if anxious to have the distasteful task over.

[To Be Continued.]

EVENING GOWNS and CLOAKS



EVENING CLOAKS

During this season of the year evening dresses set naturally into primary importance, and it is pleasant to note that though fashion holds sway with the multitude, the minority tries, and succeeds, in following the beaten track with some individual differences.

A popular means of achieving the artistic dress of our immediate desires is to copy some old picture or print. Much inspiration may indeed be derived from these, although in truth the outlines are more prominent than the details and we can only guess at the fashions of our ancestor's joy, and realize that they must have suffered much from the delay in the introduction of the adorable chiffon.

The short-waisted frock is worn both with and without a separate train, looking its best no doubt for the matron under the influence of some soft satin or brocade dress, and being acceptable on the maiden when wrapped round the figure and made in softest muslin, bearing two franceses on skirt of entirely different material.

Evening cloaks are always expensive, at least those which merit our greatest admiration and the best effect with moderate outlay is to be achieved by a skillful combination of lace, Chinese embroidery and mink tail.

Our illustration offers two very good examples of this. The first is of pale pink cloth bearing a cape of ermine held with pencil cords and tasseled ends, and this is worn over a dress of pink chiffon, glistening with pink and silver sequins upon a soft pink foundation. The ermine collar may be economically replaced in various ways; by imitation ermine which really looks quite well in the evening, or by a collar of white rabbit skin, plain or applied with embroidered or jet designs, or again it may be made of entirely embroidered and edged with fur.

The other cloak is of satin vandyked and stitched, and striped with lace. This would look well in black, and the lace in white, with the collar of mink or skunk, and I would advise it lined with white satin, and can picture it looking well over a dress of black tulle with jet, or a dress of white satin.

Talking of satin reminds me of a very superior example I have seen in black satin, tightly fitting, in the Princess shape. It had graduated bows embroidered in diamonds from bust to hem, those at the hem being large, those at the top being small. It was worn by a woman of very good figure, and the décolletage was just outlined with a few folds of white tulle, while in the hair a bow of diamonds held a waving paradise plume. But let me return to the realm of truth.

An inexpensive, and yet effective evening frock, quite within the powers of the home-dressmaker, is contrived from ivory silk muslin, powdered profusely with tiny black dots. The skirt reveals seven rows of gauging at the top, and the same number

WHY THE GAME APPEARED.

Anecdote illustrates shrewdness of the late President Kruger.

Not long ago a monument was unveiled at Pretoria over the grave of the late Paul Kruger. The once supreme figure of the African republic is now remembered more for his mistakes than for his achievements. Fate dealt hardly with the old ruler who played so great a part in the making of a sturdy nation. Death found him not even a citizen of the country of which he had been president. He died in exile, his land in subjection to a foreigner. Imperious and domineering, he went out of life a beaten man. Kruger possessed a Bismarckian gift for blunt and vivid phrases: "Go back and tell your people never, never!" he said to a deputation. "And now let the storm burst. Protest! Insist! What is the use? I have the guns!"

"My friends," he once began a speech, then, perceiving some "out-landers" in the audience, he added: "But you are not all friends; some are thieves and murderers. Well—friends, thieves and murderers!"

The president was a curious mixture of piety and shrewdness. A story is told of an incident which occurred in his earlier days.

At one time, when game was very scarce, he went with a party of hunters to the hartbeest. They scoured the veldt for days without a sign of their prey. Paul Kruger announced then his purpose of going into the hills to pray for food, like a patriarch of old.

He was gone for a number of hours. When he returned he announced that in three days a large herd would pass that way. The party camped, in less than the appointed time the prophecy was fulfilled, and much game was secured. The Boer hunters were much struck with wonder, and dubbed Kruger "the man of prayer."

Some time after, the Kaffir who accompanied Kruger on his expedition of petition told the truth of the affair. Kruger, when he left the hunting party, had struck out a neighboring Kaffir kraal, and informed the natives that his men were starving. If they the natives, did not discover game in three days, he said, he would bring his whole party over the hill and kill every Kaffir. The natives, being sore afraid of Boer methods, all turned out, scoured the region, and drove the game to the Boer camp. Thus Kruger's "prayer" was answered.—Youth's Companion.

The Salmon Family of Alaska.

There is nothing more curious connected with the finny tribe than to watch the doings of the salmon family in Alaska, said Frank Watson of that territory.

"The most singular thing of all is that after the females deposit their spawn their earthly career terminates, and I have seen the bottoms of crates covered with their dead bodies. They give birth to thousands of their kind and immediately die. The young ones are then taken care of by the male salmon, and it is a well known fact that in three years from their birth the offspring reappear on the very ground of their origin. There are four varieties of this superb fish which make their appearance in regular order of succession.

"In the spring the first to arrive is the magnificent king salmon, which weighs all the way from 15 to 90 pounds. I have myself caught one weighing 52 pounds. About June 1 comes the sockeye, or red salmon, which visits our shores in enormous numbers and which is the common canning variety. A little later appears the log salmon, which only the Indians will eat, and finally, in August and September, the beautiful silver salmon arrives, the prettiest fish in all the world and one of the most palatable.

"When the salmon enter the fresh water, by a curious trick of nature their skin becomes red, but this pink hue does not affect the whiteness of their flesh. It is seldom that salmon will journey up a glacier stream, but the streams that have lakes at their heads literally swarm with them."

Peacocks for Food.

The peacock cannot well be recommended, as a market bird—it is too tender in early youth, and slow in reaching maturity. But as a choice rarity the crown and cap-sheaf of a country gentleman's feast, it is unapproached and unapproachable. This was well understood throughout the age of chivalry—hence the knightly oath: "By the peacock, the heronshaw and the ladies!" Whoever swore thus was trebly bound to keep his vow. Turkeys had not yet come out of the western world to conquer a place among the "nobler" birds of which alone were held worthy of being served to royalty. The swan and the peacock were the choicest among them, and bore rule even beyond the days of Queen Elizabeth. At the Christmases the peacock came in the state, the same as the boar's head and the brown—Country Life in America.

Her Pillow-Case Teeth.

Many different reasons are assigned by people for their unwillingness to submit to the extraction of teeth. But it was no fear of pain which was uppermost in the mind of Miss Melitable Lamson, of Willowby, when told by the dentist that she would be much benefited by the loss of two of her prominent teeth.

"You say they can't be filled," she said in evident distress, "and you couldn't get any others in for me for more'n a fortnight!"

The dentist admitted, reluctantly, that it was so.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to get on as best I can," and Miss Melitable seated herself in the torture chair. "But I don't see how I shall make out. Here I am, chambermaid in the Willowby Inn, and those are my pillow-case teeth!"—Exchange.

The Same Abroad.

"I suppose," said Ascum, "you took in all the automobile races while you were in France?"

"Of course," replied Skorchor.

"What's new in the way of motor-ing over there?"

"Oh, nothing; just the same old pedestrians and chickens and things that we have here."

THE LIE CHARITABLE

BY HARLAN EUGENE READ

When it came to the point of actually carrying out his intentions on that wonderful May afternoon, Mr. J. Spencer Parker seemed to accomplish no more than a hunting dog chasing a rabbit in the tall rye, continually jumping up and down and never getting anywhere. A dozen times he waded resolutely toward the brass door-knob of 1316, and as many times he concluded to saunter languidly past, as if he had no other reason for appearing in that neighborhood than simply to sun himself. But finally he summoned up courage enough to pull the bell-knob, and an imitation cow-bell tinkled in the back of the house.

"J. Spencer Parker, upon my word!" exclaimed the middle-aged woman who came to the door. "And pray what brings you here to-day?"

She spoke in a sweet, musical tone, in pleasing harmony with the diffident demeanor of her guest, whose every motion was quiet and respectable, and whose voice sounded strangely like hers, as he replied: "Just visiting, ma'am. I wished to pay you my regards, Mrs. Simpson, and to congratulate you upon Mr. Watkins, who is coming to board with you."

"Congratulations!" cried Mrs. Simpson. "Why, I am indeed delighted to hear that. Do you know, I have never seen him yet?"

"Yes?" The look in Mr. Parker's eyes was far away as he replied, and his body bent forward attentively, "I have known Mr. Watkins—Jeremiah Watkins, ma'am—from a boy. I am glad he is come to such a home as yours."

"Indeed, you please me, Mr. Parker," returned Mrs. Simpson. "I shall be especially happy to tell our boarders what sort of person they may expect."

Mr. Parker gave a sudden start, but carefully recovered himself. "Ah," he said, "that's what I came to tell you of."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, Mr. Watkins is a—a gentleman."

Again the courteous speaker leaned forward as he spoke, struggling awkwardly for the word—"but I want you to know that he is a—a gentleman."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Simpson, with ready intuition. "Then he is perhaps eccentric?"

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Parker, thoughtfully and sweetly, "but he looks, let me say, he looks rougher than he is."

"But he is—"

"Yes," said Mr. Parker. "He is a gentleman."

Half an hour later the door closed softly, and J. Spencer Parker came down the front steps of 1316, at first smiling, and then sadly, walking with slow, steady step. As he passed the little corner grocery store, he paused and smote himself pathetically on the breast.

"Liar!" he said, groaning. "Liar! And yet—it had to be done. God forgive me!"

Anyone who had happened to see Mr. Parker's friend, Mr. Jeremy Watkins, on the next day, when he came with his trunks to 1316, might have been excused for cherishing the suspicion that he was not exactly a Beau Brummel or a Lord Chesterfield. He cursed the baggage man for letting his trunk fall roughly to the ground, and quarreled with him over his fee; and, to further give vent to his feelings, he strode to the door and gave the bell knob a vicious jerk. There was not a look on his face or a gesture on his body that did not reveal him a coarse, ill-mannered young man, properly of the stable, rather than the house. His square, rough face, with its loose mouth and broad nose, his burly shoulders and big hands, and his clothing, inviolate with respect to any previous contact with the whisk broom, bespoke a vulgarity of person that he did not attempt to conceal. It seemed almost impossible that he should be a friend or acquaintance of such a person as J. Spencer Parker.

Mrs. Simpson, radiant, sweet and fresh, appeared at the door, and gazed at him for a moment. Then, seeing his trunks, she extended her hand and said:

"Mr. Watkins, I suppose?"

"Yes," J. Watkins was on the point of asking her who in—she thought he was, with two trunks right there before her eyes; but something in her ladylike manner evidently different from what he had been accustomed to, checked him.

"I am so glad to see you," she went on. "So glad to know that we are to have you here. We are almost like a family here, and so you can imagine how much we are pleased to learn that our new lodger was a cultivated gentleman."

Watkins flushed angrily, supposing that she was making sport of him, but one glance at her frank, ingenuous face convinced him of her sincerity.

"Some one must have been here—"

He stammered, uncomfortably, "telling you about me."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Simpson. "Mr. Parker was here yesterday. He thinks highly of you."

Again the surging suspicion that Mrs. Simpson was mocking him—and again the sweet and straightforward look from her.

"I have known him a number of years, ma'am," replied Watkins, in a subdued voice.

"So he said," returned Mrs. Simpson, "and it is indeed delightful that those who know one well can speak so well of him. But come—your trunks must be taken care of. I will call our man."

The man came—a wizened man, whose face was wrinkled into a constant smile; and as he bustled about, assisting Watkins with the trunks, he talked pleasantly and respectfully.

"You will be pleased, here, sir," he said, as they stopped, panting, at the top of the stairs. "If I do say it myself, there are no more gentlemen—or lady-like people in the world, than at 1316."



Mr. Watkins.

of Notre Dame and the Louvre; of St. Paul's and Windsor. The unaccountable influence of this slight creature beside him, brought to his memories scenes of beauty and interest that he had looked on, only in passing, and had long forgotten. He talked without roughness, and even found himself thanking the waitress for things she passed him. He felt pleasantly uncomfortable.

He walked that evening with two of his fellow lodgers, for a little exercise before retiring. One of them was the young lady whom he had sat next to at dinner. The other was a young lawyer who occupied the room next to his in the hall. Their talk was wholesome and happy. They asked him about his home and his business, not as curiosity seekers or idlers, but as people sincerely interested in him. They never talked of themselves; but answered his questions frankly.

When he returned to his room there was a flower on his bureau. The gas was burning low. The windows were slightly opened, and the fresh, pure air surrounded him. He found a pitcher of cool water at hand, and a glass stood near it. Presently, Mrs. Simpson knocked at his door. "It occurred to me," she said, sweetly, "that you might not yet have unpacked your books."

Watkins looked apprehensively at the cheap, trashy literature that adorned his shelves. "No—no," he said slowly. "I haven't."

"If you would like to use any of our books, just go down into the library and help yourself. You need not bother to return them to their places, if you get interested. Just leave them here in your room."

Upon the following Sunday one of the neighbors met Mr. Watkins in front of 1316.

"I suppose this is Mr. Watkins," he said, cordially offering his hand. "I am indeed glad to meet you, for I have heard so much from your friends. Come up to-morrow, we need not doors up, and have dinner. We shall be glad to add another gentleman to our list of acquaintances."

And so time passed, until one bright day, three months later, there came again to 1316 Mr. J. Spencer Parker. He pulled the door knob with some trepidation, and the imitation cow-bell tinkled in the hall. He looked again to the middle-aged, delightful beautiful woman who answered his call. He left again in about half an hour. But this time, as he passed the little grocery store on the corner, he was seen to slap himself enthusiastically on the leg and to smile radiantly.

SENATOR HAD DATES MIXED.

Why Missouri Statesman Was Late at Cabinet Dinner.

Ex-Senator Cockrell probably is the only man in Washington who ever kept President Roosevelt waiting at a dinner. It was one of the cabinet dinners that were given by the secretary of the interior and Mrs. Hitchcock three years ago. The president and Mrs. Roosevelt arrived in due time, as did all the other guests except Senator Cockrell.

After a delay of almost an hour Mrs. Hitchcock invited her guests to the dining-room and dispatched a messenger to the residence of Senator Cockrell to make inquiries. Great fear was felt that the Missourian had started and had fallen by the way, as the day was a cold and wintry one. The fact was, however, that the senator was sitting quietly at home when the messenger got there, clad in his dressing gown and slippers and congratulating himself that he could be indoors. He had put the date of the dinner in his calendar in large and attractive handwriting, but had forgotten to turn a leaf and was, accordingly, a day behind time. No one appreciated the joke more than did the president, and the dinner that began in anxiety and apprehension ended in a big laugh at the dear old senator.—Denver Times.

RUDE TO HER.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a cabinet, says a writer in the New York Evening Post, and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle it. He had put her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came.

"Let go that sheet!" he shouted, in no uncertain tones.

There was no response.

"Let go that sheet quick!" he repeated.

Still there was no movement. A few minutes later, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," sobbed the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it! You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

Quer Sign in Chinatown.

New York.—There is a sign displayed in Chinatown that interests the observer. One of the oldest Chin restaurants in the picturesque district is the Bowery, where chop suey, bird-

nest soup and chow mein are especially delectable, has recently put on a number of quaint and attractive panels and some generous oriental draperies. But the heart of the atmosphere-seeker is made sick when he discerns a place among the fronts of decorative tabs should fasten the fringed panels a square patch of sign proclaiming the fact that "McSwatt's ice cream" is on sale.

Could Use It.

Austere Matron.—No, I haven't any cold victuals to give away, but I should like to offer you this little tract entitled "Faithfulness in the Performance of Duty Its Own Reward."

Ruffon Wratz (standing on his dignity) "I don't need it, ma'am, thank ye, but I'll take it and give it to me private secretary.—Chicago Tribune.

The Value of Courage.

Courage is the first component of character. No man can be truly a gentleman if a coward. There is no true manliness without courage. Courage, if accompanied by good judgment, is the most valuable of business assets.—John Brisbane Walker.

[To Be Continued.]