

LOVE FEAST

(Continued from page 6.)

see my attic transform itself into a banquet hall.

"Do not be uneasy," she continued, "foreseeing that you would be unprepared for my visit I have brought all that is necessary."

It was not until then that I noticed she had something in her hands, and, again wounded in my pride, I frowned in abominable fashion.

"Oh! I beg of you," said she, very humbly and very sweetly, "don't be vexed, don't send me away; let me satisfy a caprice." Then going to the table she unfolded a large newspaper. "See!" said she.

I uttered a cry of surprise. She had brought nothing but a horn-of-plenty filled with fried potatoes.

"I know very well," said the gracious woman, "it is the dinner of a poet and that I am unworthy; but this time the Muses may allow me to take part."

I threw myself upon my knees and covered her hand with kisses. "Oh! how I love you!" I sighed.

"Nonsense! Get us and lay the table-cloth, I am dying of hunger."

I could not believe in so much happiness. "You, you, princess—it is really you!"

She took off her hat and cloak. "It is very nice here; you must have a superb view. I should like it here myself, if they would let me live so."

"You want to make me crazy?"

She went and came lightly as a bird, touching everything with infantine curiosity.

"You know," said she suddenly, "the Marquis de Musirolles has often begged me to give him Bonbon—well, tonight I sent the dog to him." And without giving me time to speak: "Will you allow me to open that closet? Napkins, good; that is all I wanted—don't disturb yourself."

With adorable gravity she spread a napkin on the table and opened the cornucopia which contained the fried potatoes.

"Please, princes, let that be."

"Not at all, I am going to keep house."

"You will soil your dress." Possessed by I know not what demon of coquetry, she cast aside a lace shawl and revealed her beautiful bare shoulders and arms. What a radiant apparition! Transfigured by the light of her dazzling charms the exquisite creature seemed to me to be endowed with supernatural loveliness. I clasped my hands in a transport of admiration, and, with beating heart and eyes rolling in ecstasy, I was about to pour forth my love when she put her little hand over my mouth. "I know it, I know it," said she, "it is why I came. Tell me, where are the glasses?"

"The glasses? I have but one!"

"But one!—oh! oh!" Then, with a gesture of contempt, "Bah!"

Having found out that the pitcher was full of pure water she placed it beside the glass and assuming a satisfied air "There!" she cried, "I have forgotten nothing. Come then, all is ready."

She flung herself upon the sofa and at once, with the mien of a courtesan, daintily dipped her slender, pink fingers into the fried potatoes and began to eat, crunching them as if she had never tasted anything more delicious. I sat down beside her and imitated her.

"Do you know that I bought them myself?"

"You, princess!"

She tried to imitate the manner of the shopkeeper, but ended in a wild burst of laughter. Then, having poured the large glass full of water, she drank half and offered me the rest.

"Drink," said she, "drink!" I emptied the glass with one draught and resumed my absorbed contemplation of the beautiful creature.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked.

"I am intoxicated."

"Already! Gracious! What will it be when we have finished the pitcher? Come, eat."

"I am eating," I said, devouring her with my eyes.

"Come, be wise, it is necessary to dine," she replied.

But it took us not less than four hours to finish our fried potatoes.

Oh! the delicious feast!

—Town Talk.

AMERICAN


(Continued from page 11.)

romantic type with generosity and a broadly philosophical outlook upon mankind as his uppermost trait. His wanderings and experiences, exciting at times are always interesting. Bliss Milford, as a roving and rather irresponsible young minstrel, who comes under the vagabond's protection, is charming.

"The Beloved Vagabond" is expected to be one of the big hits with American audiences. It has been properly named "the picture beautiful" because of the delightful atmosphere which is given by the coloring aside from the clean and wholesome story itself.

The stockholders of the Du Pont Powder Company, who are to receive an extra dividend of 28½ per cent., no doubt feel that General Sherman indulged in gross exaggeration when he defined war.—Indianapolis News.

A German book lying bare intrigues between Belgium and England before the war shows that the scheming Britons enticed Germany into laying Belgium waste, so that England would have an excuse to enter the war.—Wall Street Journal.



The Woman's Shop

Conducted by

MISS HELEN COX
MISS M. L. BOEHNER
MRS. J. W. BURLEY



The Woman's Shop has sprung into prominence as peerance in because of the identity of Miss Cox, Miss Boehner and Mrs. Burley, who are so widely known.

The smartest styles are shown immediately after their appearance in the New York exclusive stores.

The Woman's Shop is emphatically the style-leader of Salt Lake.

Now In Its
7th Year

Published Every
Monday

NEW YORK MINING AGE

GEORGE GRAHAM RICE
Editor and Owner

It is the Accepted Authority of Investors on Utah, Nevada, Montana and Arizona Mining Securities

"The Truth, No Matter Whom It Helps or Hurts"

Subscription:

10 Weeks (Trial) \$1.00
52 Weeks . . . \$5.00

Address:

27 William St., New York
New York Mining Age