

ANNE AVERTED A CRIME

By Marrying the Only Man She Loved.

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

His weekly letter, due on Thursday morning, was not at her plate when she came down to breakfast. She ran through her mail hurriedly, an unpleasant suspicion chilling her heart.

"What does Tom write? Is it time for one of those roundups he told us about when he was here?"

"I don't know, mother. There's no letter from him this morning."

"The poor boy must be ill. I'll have your father telegraph at once."

"I would rather you wouldn't do that—not just yet. The mail may be late."

"Late? It is a strange thing that it has never been late before, in three or four years. I think of Tom Marshall as one of my own children. His mother was my best friend, and she would appreciate my interest if she were alive today."

"Not when you have a marriageable daughter," said Anne smiling.

In the privacy of her own room, an hour later, she read again his last letter.

"If you don't object, Anne," it ran, "I would like to read bits of your letter dated the twentieth to a little girl out here. She is a pretty little thing and often helps me pass away time. Your letters are gems, fragrant with my old life, and I would like her to hear a part of the one I mentioned."

Anne looked up over her desk where his picture had hung ever since she came home from school. He had been a student in the great university near her own college. When he was graduated he had gone west to a ranch owned by his father. He was determined to make good in the world as a man.

"I want to be a man's man, Anne," he had told her, "not a weakling. I don't want to stay in the east and be pushed by dad's friends and have to frequent pink teas and dinner parties. I am going to get away from the people who know me so that I will be forced to stand or fall on my own resources."

He had found the west, robbed of its glamour of romance and adventure, to be the very place to test his strength and ability. Discouraged



"No," She Said Quietly.

many times, yet always manfully brave, he succeeded in carving out a future for himself as he had dreamed.

Weeks went by, then months, and still Anne had no word from him. She had answered his last letter promptly assuring him of no objection in case he still cared to read parts of her letter to a stranger. Months added to months made a year of silence. Then Anne went away with her mother to the mountains. A few days after she left home her father telegraphed her that Tom Marshall had appeared and wanted to see her.

"Don't tell where we are," she answered, and settled down to enjoy the courtship of Standfield Meyers, who had followed her to the mountains and who offered balm for her wounded pride.

One evening as she swayed with young Meyers to the music in the ballroom of the hotel she saw Tom Marshall standing in the entrance, his eyes fixed on her. She nodded pleasantly, much as she would have done to any casual acquaintance. The music stopped when she was near a door across the room. She hurried into the darkness, and pleading a headache to her partner, went directly down the long veranda, through a French window and so gained the elevator without encountering Marshall. A night's rest, she reflected, would fit her for the ordeal of meeting his wife. Her father's letter that day stated that Marshall had with him a beautiful young woman whom he had heard called Mrs. Marshall.

Anne was conscious of the gossip over the bridge tables and embroidery frames as she started out for a tramp with Meyers the next morning. The engagement of the two would be announced at the beginning of the season in town, the marriage to take place the following spring, so one declared. Anne was glad that such a story was abroad. Marshall would be sure to hear it and so realize how little she really cared for him. Later,

down by Deep Rock springs, Standfield Meyers demanded his final answer.

"Leave me alone now," she urged. "I want to think it over before I answer you positively."

And so it was that she sat there, chin in hand, elbow on knee, looking out across the valley basking in the sunlight, Marshall came upon her. She could not quite keep the gladness out of her eyes as she looked up and said him, stalwart and strong, with his youthful dreams still in his brown eyes.

"It is great to be back in the mountains, Anne. You look today just as you did that morning up at old Chester when I went to stammer good-bye to you. I was such a kid. Remember?"

Anne tossed the petals of a wild rose on the clear little stream that flowed from Deep Rock.

"No," she said, quietly. "That was a long time ago."

"What's the matter with your memory, Anne? You've changed. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking that you left the ballroom after seeing me without coming to welcome me. You meant home to me. That's why I followed you to the mountains."

"You don't know how hard it is to speak to anybody when Standfield is around."

"Standfield Meyers? What has he to do with your attitude to your old friends?"

"I am going to marry him." Anne wondered why her voice did not quiver with her heart.

Without a word he turned and started down the path.

"Tom," questioned Anne, a tiny pulse hammering in her throat, "Tom, won't you wish me joy?"

He came back then, his hand out, the old brave smile of his youth lighting his face.

"I was a beast, Anne, dear. Of course I wish you joy. It knocked me over a bit to hear the news. I was selfish, thinking only of my own loss. You see, I have always—foolishly, of course—believed that you were mine. It has never occurred to me that any man could take you from me."

"Oh," cried Anne, "you mustn't talk to me like that. What would your wife think if she heard?"

"My what?"

"Your wife. You wrote me about a girl you said was very pretty. You wanted to read one of my letters to her, and when you didn't answer my note—"

"Didn't answer? I wrote to you four or five times while I was hurt."

"Hurt!" cried Anne, in alarm. "Oh, Tom, how?"

"Pony bucked with me and I unfortunately got mixed up with a machine that happened to be passing. The boys hurried me off to St. Joseph's hospital, where they patched up one shoulder and an arm until they are as good as new."

All the mother's solicitude deep in the heart of every woman for the only man, although he may be her senior by many years, showed in Anne's eager, tender questioning.

"Why didn't you let me know, Tom? Mother and I would have gone to you. Haven't you always known that I would do anything for you?"

"All but the greatest thing, Anne, the giving of yourself."

"Aren't you married, Tom?"

"No, I never wanted any woman but you. My brother and his wife met me and came on to meet you, but you had gone. I absolutely held your father up and demanded to know where you were."

"I haven't answered Standfield yet, Tom. It would be a crime to marry anybody but you. My pride was hurt."

"You'll have to marry me now, today," said Marshall, his arms about her. "Then we'll go west and shoot up the town until I find out what became of our letters."

"All's well that ends well," laughed the girl happily, while a mocking bird broke into a melody of silver song somewhere in the young green branches overhead.

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Professional Instinct.

Some of the newspaper correspondents have to work without pause at conventions, grinding out interminable strings of copy for transmission by telegraph. On such occasions it is not uncommon for four or five who are friendly to each other to form combinations and exchange reports. The simplest way to do this is to have each writer make carbon copies of his day's work. Five weary correspondents were occupying one room in Michigan avenue, and four of them had keeled out on beds, while the fifth continued to pound his mill.

"What are you writing?" asked one of them, after a while. "A letter to my wife." "Give us carbons," yelled the four in chorus.—The Aronaut.

Banana Flour.

Banana flour, especially prepared as a tonic food is making its appearance in Paris under the name of banane. It is to be remarked that within a recent period this fruit was but little used in France, and even now its consumption is limited. However, measures are being taken to increase the importation, and it is said that 70 vessels were recently fitted up for bringing the fruit to Europe. Banana flour has much more extended use in England than on the continent, but efforts are now made to introduce it in France, owing to its great nutritional value. The banane is a preparation 60 per cent. of banana flour, this being put through a sterilizing process at the proper heat.

BROUGHT TO TIME

One Way to Help Man in His Wooing.

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX.

Orpha did not lift her eyes from her embroidery, but she was all ears to Mrs. Healy's chatter. That lady rocked, did complicated Irish crochet—and gossiped, each performance perfect of its kind, and a refutation of the adage that only one thing at a time can be done well!

Orpha's sister had left her to entertain her guest for an hour on the wide, vine-covered veranda, with its rugs, tea table, easy chairs and other paraphernalia of summer idleness, and the girl found her duty best performed by a system of listening. The young matron had discussed fashion, the lake society, the latest novel, and finally launched into a running commentary on love affairs. Safe herself in the haven of a happy marriage, she considered herself a judge of storms on life's sea, and wise unto the matrimonial salvation of all who would accept her advice.

Mrs. Healy swung a pretty tan pump below her narrow skirt, and audibly considered the case of Rose Danison and George Saint.

"They've been engaged forever, and nobody knows why they don't marry and be out of their misery! I say it is her fault that he doesn't insist on her choosing the day. She makes him too content as he is. A man has to be brought to time occasionally. He gets too complacent, too sure of a girl, and needs to be waked up. She ought to make him jealous, or go abroad a year, or even break the engagement! Instead, she waits ten years and acquires a patient look and great sweetness of character, and some day, being only an average man, he will prefer mere pink cheeks, bright eyes and impatience! Don't you think so?"

Orpha lifted her dark head, and her calm eyes rested a moment on the plump little matron, glad that her secret was safely hidden in her own heart, and that people could not thus discuss her and Stanley Long. For the first time she was glad that she and Stan were not engaged, though she was as she had been all summer, miserable because he neither declared

Then at the turn of a cliff she saw Stanley, and it came to her that, unasked, she was going to meet him. It was a little like showing her heart. He had not seen her yet, and she slipped back behind a great rock and out of sight, ran swiftly down to the sandy strip of beach and away from him, her cheeks on fire, her heart beating hard. If he did care, did want her, he could seek her out and say so, and until he did this, she would not dawdle about alone on the veranda; but neither would she stoop to an attempt to make him jealous; she would not encourage Hal Porter. As she turned toward home she vowed a mental and spiritual vow of loyalty to Stanley, and to him alone. She would trust her love and leave it to his manliness and discretion to show her heart when the fullness of time should have come.

The sun had quite gone down, and the first dusk came, and with it great peace and comfort to the girl after the unrest of the past few weeks. In this mood, Orpha came hurrying up the wood path, aware that she should not be alone, when she heard rapid steps behind her. She quickened her own pace, a little fearful, but in a moment the steps came closer and she heard her name.

"Orpha! Orpha, wait for me!" Another instant and Stanley was close at her side, a little out of breath. She turned, smiling slowly at him in the dim light, looking up at the big, fair man as he took her by the arm with a deep breath of relief.

"Why are you running away from me?" he demanded. "Can't you see that some day I am bound to tell you that I love you? You have eluded me for weeks, Orpha! Does that mean that you don't care?" He waited, and she shook her head in denial, joy surging in every vein.

"Can you love me—do you?" He caught both her hands in his and bent over them, kissing them gently. She did not withdraw them. There was no pretense, no dissimulation in love like hers.

"I—love you—dearly," she replied firmly, but in a low tone. He put an arm about her shoulders and drew her to him.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "my dear!" (Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Simple Bath for an Elephant.

During the recent heat wave in Paris the proprietor of a great menagerie, noticing that his favorite elephant, Jimmy, was weak and listless, thought that a bath might do him good, so a bath was prescribed. First, six men soaped Jimmy all over, not forgetting—and this was the most delicate part of their task—the multitudinous folds of his ears. Then hoses played on this pachyderm from every quarter of the compass. Now came the drying, which was performed by throwing quantities of fine sand over the animal. Jimmy was then rubbed down and anointed with pure cocoa oil till his skin was smooth and shining. He appeared very much better for his bath, and well he might, for this seemingly simple prescription had cost his owner £300.

Moth Larvae Poisonous.

The human skin is pierced by hairs of larvae of the processionary moth caterpillars that sometimes swarm over Europe in great numbers, and painful swelling, itching and great irritation result. A Belgian investigator, C. Piltz, has found that the effects are not merely mechanical but are due to chemical poisoning. On soaking the hairs in ether they lost their irritant properties, but the unpleasant symptoms were caused by the substance dissolved out. This substance, of which 0.28 per cent. was extracted, has the chemical and physiological properties of cantharidin, the poisonous principle of cantharides.

Sophoric.

She—What was it the choir just sang?

He—from the appearance of the congregation, I think it must have been some kind of a lullaby.—Laugh ter.

a little solemn. You might go along, Steve."

The boy bowed with mock ceremony to his mother. "I'm not wanted. Auntie loves her own company. Besides, it makes me feel like a silly little boy to be nephew to a girl so pretty that everybody turns to look at her. If she wants me to follow as a bodyguard I'll go."

Orpha, already on the way, laughed him to scorn over her shoulder. "No, I don't want you. You're too young and silly! Besides—"

"Besides, she has other fish to fry.

mother. She is not the only sunset-lover that dawdles about the cliffs of a summer's evening! Most romantic, I call it!" She fled his impudence, her sister and Mrs. Healy, and took refuge across the garden, down the path through the woods toward the pretty lake. This time she hoped Stanley would not be there. She wished that she herself did not know he loved him before he had words declared his love for her. Sure at heart of him, she wondered wistfully at his silence, her maidenly dignity in arms.

As she straightened back to the brisk lake breeze, striding off on her lithesome, healthy fashion, her mind reverted to the all the Ashton. Roger and Rex, twins, it appeared, simply could not live apart. The mansion house was Roger's—eldest by half an hour—but there was room and to spare in it for Rex and his household, no less Millicent. Mrs. Roger and Mrs. Rex indeed had vied with their husbands in spoiling her. It spoke volumes all round that though she had come to twenty-two, single, and more than ever a creature of caprice, her wondrous kind so adored her they inspected possible suitors with the nicest care.

Notwithstanding they played favorites. Witness the letter under Millicent's left hand. It was to Elm Sayre, who came near being her conscience keeper. After an inconsequent beginning she had come to the nub of things, thus: "Please, m'm, can't you, won't you, find me a sweetheart with a real name—say Smith, or Jones, or even Murphy? Otherwise—but hear the fatal truth. Susan has pitched upon Warner Bugg, esquire, for my future husband. Anne is as hot for one John Stubbs. I say plague on both names—because the names are all I can find fault with.

"Warner is a paladin, plus a million or so, John a man—the sort dogs and children take to without knowing a reason. Incidentally, also, he has

THE WINDS OF DESTINY

Fate in Letter Carried Away by Breeze.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Winds of destiny there are—they may be hurricane strong—they may be no more than the idlest ruffling sephyras. Yet strong or gentle, they do their allotted task.

Besides, she has other fish to fry. The snapping turtle was her terror—it was still on the surface—swimming hither and yon, though it had bitten itself free of the tackle. It was huge and evidently fighting mad—she had heard weird tales from the black people of such creatures, fully angered, dragging one to the depths, holding one to drown and later feasting like ghouls.

Terror stricken, she made toward the bank. Suddenly she found herself caught by a snag, a submerged trunk, brought down by the spring floods. Rex was going from her, with short quick strokes—he had bidden him to do it, knowing her self the stronger swimmer.

Faint with fear, her call to him was little more than a whisper. But even while she uttered it another canoe shot toward her from the shade on the other shore. The rower was tall and goodly, stripped to his shirt and trousers, and evidently a master of watercraft. Almost before she knew it Millicent had been drawn into his canoe. Without speaking, he snatched up a rifle and sent a bullet into the snapping turtle's head. As the bulk of it vanished he turned to Millicent, saying with a long breath:

"I doubt if you were really in danger, but that is the most satisfactory shot I ever fired."

Millicent sat up very suddenly and very straight. In the bottom of the canoe lay a letter sheet—her own letter, wind-borne to this man of all men.

Frank Royster saw her flush crimson, thereby she knew she had seen. For a minute he was silent, rowing hard toward the Ashton shore—the millpond set bounds between Ashton land and that of the Delany's, which would some day be his own. Suddenly he dropped his paddle to reach for Millicent's hands, and holding them close in his own, said tenderly:

"There was a fate in it, Milly; I read your letter unwittingly when it dropped out of heaven. Otherwise, I should lack courage—those others can give you so much more."

"Courage? For what?" Millicent interrupted.

He smiled at her and put an audacious arm about her dripping shoulders, as he said: "Oh, just to tell you that rather than see you a Stubbs or a Bugg, I'm willing to sacrifice myself and make you a Royster."

And Millicent, the wilful, only blushed and murmured, nestling to him: "You