

THE RESCUE.

"I dislike," said Miss Harmony Bright, with accustomed emphasis, "above all other names I dislike the name of—Tutthill. And I do not think Iowa as all the proper sort of State for Evely to choose a wife from."

Secom Bright, her brother—famous banker, famous owner of trotting-horses, whose face, with and without the distortion of caricature, is (I had almost written) a "household word"—Secom Bright continued reading the letter.

"I am so happy," he pronounced, in the same droll, quiet manner he had found effective for after-dinner anecdotes.

"You mean to Evely she's the 'sweetest girl in the world'?"

"Evely," commented Miss Harmony Bright, "is a fool!"

"He is my only son," said the banker.

When Evely Bright achieved his diploma at Yale University, he was twenty-two years old. A week later, on the third day of July, 1900, he set sail for Naples on the good ship "Alber," and took with him on that occasion an ample letter of credit and his father's blessing.

As for Evely in person, he had small thought for troubles past or to come. One is not always twenty-two, one has not always graduated from Yale in spite of an adverse faculty, not always does one possess an ample letter of credit and the wide ways of the earth for play-ground.

Miss Perrin, the chaperon, was talking with much expressive gesture to a short, heavily built man of middle age who stood beside her steamer-chair.

"Not she!" laughed little Lawyer Grapple, the man of middle age. "Miss Bessie has singled out her cavalier with discretion. That was young Evely Bright, Miss Bessie; I had him pointed out to me in the smoking-room."

When he entered the dining-room that evening with Miss Bessie and Miss Perrin, he cast a nervous glance to right and left; then he looked straight ahead and encountered the black, mirthful eyes of Cynthia.

"Whom are you dining with?" asked Cynthia, wickedly. "She looks very healthy—I mean the young woman, of course."

"Oh, that's a little girl I've picked up en route—Bessie Tutthill!"

"Well-bred Evely at once ran to assist the fair unfortunate. He picked up the box, handed it to her, and stooped to gather again the fallen sweets.

was a moon, but Miss Bessie said it always made her homesick to look at the moon.

"I don't know," said Evely. "I thought we landed tomorrow?"

"Oh!" Silence. "What did you mean, Mr. Bright, by saying 'It isn't over'?"

"I meant—I hoped we should see something of each other this summer—now and then, you know—on the Continent."

"You've traveled a lot, haven't you, Mr. Bright?"

"Well, when I was a kid they yanked me round more or less. But I don't remember much about it."

"Are you going—any place in particular?"

"Not much! I mean to chance it!"

"Wouldn't it be lovely if Perry and I should happen to meet you sometimes?"

"Perry knows just where we're going to be every day for the next three months."

"I wouldn't let anybody else take one," replied simple Miss Bessie.

"What I like about life on ship-board," said blissful Evely, "is the chance it gives you to meet nice people. I never make any new friends in New York. Aunt Harmony sees to that."

"What a funny name! Something like 'harmonica,' isn't it?" A delicious giggle.

"Oh, please, Mr. Bright, do tell me more about New York. I just love to hear about swell people."

"How sweet and unaffected she is!" thought happy Evely. "How different from other girls! I wonder if—"

"But the voice of Miss Perrin, who, in company with Mr. Grapple, was extending her skimming-line, interrupted his reflections.

"Bessie!" he whispered.

But Miss Bessie was gone away into the moonlight.

The summer passed. Evely followed Miss Bessie and her unobtrusive chaperon up through Italy to moonlit Venice, to Bellagio of the blue hortensias, across the Tete-Noire to Chamouni, to Geneva, to Lucerne, to Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Cologne—Brussels! It was from this hillside city that he wrote home to his father proclaiming Miss Bessie for his future wife.

He despised himself for this prophetic imagination of ill to come. It seemed to him disloyal to her.

In Paris Miss Perrin and her charge stopped at the Hotel de l'Amazone at the request of Evely. This hotel is supported by wealthy Americans; one hears little French there. As Evely was entering his own name in the register, his eye glanced over the sheet and came to rest on the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Belmont Bright, Miss Cynthia Bright, New York city."

"They will see you," he tried to unthink the thought and so avoid his perturbation. The thought remained.

Now it would have been the mainly thing, as Evely well knew, for him to say, "I am dining with Miss Tutthill, my fiancée, and with Miss Perrin, her companion."

"Oh, that's a little girl I've picked up en route—Bessie Tutthill!"

"I wish I were a man and could pick up plump little nobodies! It must be fun, rather?" Mrs. Belmont Bright demurred—"Cynthia!"

"Evely was about to leave them. "When do you sail?" asked his uncle.

"From Cherbourg, the 14th."

"No!" from Cynthia.

"What a fortunate chance!" from Mrs. Belmont Bright.

As Evely returned to Miss Bessie, he hated himself.

"Who are they?" asked Miss Bessie. "My Uncle Belmont's family."

"Is that swell-looking girl your cousin?"

"Yes," said Evely.

As in duty bound, Miss Harmony Bright accompanied her brother to Pier No.—

The great vessel, having done its part, lay passively and let itself be pushed and prodded into its berth by four or five profane, petulant little tugs. The gangways were lowered; the prisoners streamed forth, glad-eyed, with tumult of feet and cries of delighted recognition. Handkerchiefs waved, and those who could not get themselves heard made hideous faces, intended to project mimetic joy and welcome.

"Bessie," said Miss Perrin. "I'm ashamed of you. Why didn't you introduce Mr. Grapple?"

awfully sick all the way over, poor dear—she always is!" Then as Evely stepped aside to salute his Aunt Harmony, Cynthia added, in a delicious whisper, "Well, I hope you're satisfied—I've rescued Evely!"

"You got my cable?"

"Of course. I persuaded dad to change our sailing date—and now poor Evely thinks he's engaged to me! It's a little good on him, perhaps, but—Oh, there's Miss Tutthill, the fat, red-cheeked girl—no, there, flirting with the purser! Imagine!"

"My dear Cynthia," purred famous banker Secom Bright, in a fatherly aside, "couldn't you manage to make this engagement permanent?"

Cynthia laughed. "Oh, I can't promise!"

Now just at this instant Miss Harmony Bright's cultivated, carefully modulated voice rose above the melody and the natural pitch in a shrill pean of joy. Evely, standing beside her, looked a little sheepish, but fairly happy and self-satisfied.

—By Lee Wilson Dodd, in the Cosmopolitan.

Hello!

A young lady, desiring to communicate with a certain society man, was told to call him up by telephone at his club at a certain hour. She rang up the exchange, gave the number, and waited. Presently a voice said:

"Hello!"

"Hello," she replied. "Is Mr. S. there?"

"Mr. S.?"

"Mr. S.?"

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Be Keeping for Women.

To one familiar with the care of bees it is surprising that more women do not attempt bee-keeping as a means of earning money. To many the word "bee" is associated with thoughts of wild chases with tin pans and cow bells after swarming swarms, and later nursing innumerable painful stings.

The work is light; there is no part of it a woman of ordinary strength cannot do, except to carry the hives into winter quarters and get them out on their stands again in the spring.

Bee-keeping can be carried on almost anywhere, whether one has a home of her own or not, or whether it be in city or country.

Although there are certain tasks to be attended to at certain times, the work is not continuous. A forenoon or afternoon, once a week, given to the work during the busy season is all that is necessary to care for a large number of hives which one has become thoroughly acquainted with the work.

The Blessings of Cold.

In the Medical Era for October, Dr. Robert Peter maintains that cold is a blessing when you learn to endure it. He points out that its endurance can be acquired gradually if begun early in the season.

Graduated baths, with friction, he tells us, will harden the body very much, especially when followed by vigorous exercises in graded temperatures.

Dr. Peter expresses the conviction that the subjects of ventilation and heating, which are important factors in the winter months, are not as well understood as they might be, and he attributes much of the illness during the inclement part of the year to the fact that all that is necessary to which the baneful effects of indoor life are mainly due.

Free Free Free.

Fun and laughter for the children. A genuine and complete circus with animals given away Free every Sunday, with the Philadelphia Sunday Press. Everything complete. Every child receives a copy.

The Snake's His.

Every animal in creation, perhaps, has an instinctive horror and dread of the snake, and it is not strange that we find some of them clever enough to imitate the snake in order to gain a means of defense that is likely to prove very valuable in case of attack.

What is the color of the wind and the color of the storm?—The storm rose and the wind blew.

Why do short men always rise early?—Because it is impossible for them to lie long.

Who was the first whistler, and what air did he whistle?—The wind, and he whistled "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Your rheumatic correspondent, "M. H.," may find relief by eliminating from his dietary sugar and milk, or cream, together in any form, especially in tea or coffee.

A SONG OF SOLACE.

Dear Heart, some day When thou shalt wake to find that I am gone, Cry not: "Oh, lonesome day!" but rather say: "He loved the dawn!"

In spring, in spring, When dawn our garden-path sweet perfume blows, Sigh not, but smile with Memory and sing: "He loved the rose!"

Alas, alas, When thou shalt greet a night I cannot know, Weep not, but say of moon and twilight star: "He loved them so!"

Thus with the dawn, rose, twilight star and moon I shall be near to thee and thou to me— Oh, blessed boon! —Clarence Army.

Have Treat for Helpless Ones.

There was unusual incentive for the comedians playing at the Grand Opera House at a matinee during the first week of January to put forth their best efforts in Janu-making, as a large percentage of the audience was composed of cripples and inmates of the Episcopal Hospital, many of whom had never before had the pleasure of attending a theatre.

Not only did the theatre provide entertainment, but it furnished the means of transportation. Three large buses, filled with paralyzed and crippled men, women and little children, ran from the hospital to the theatre and back again at the close of the performance.

It was almost pitiful to see the eager joy of some of the little patients at their first glimpse of the inside of a theatre, but the men and women, though pleased and excited by the unusual outing, did not show their delight as openly as the little ones.

In Short Chapters.

The United States leads the world in the consumption of tobacco, namely, over 440,000,000 pounds every year. The second largest tobacco consuming country is Germany, with 292,000,000 pounds.

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways—sometimes by cheery sunshine and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms.

"I believe I can truthfully say, remarked the self complacent man, "that I have only one fault, and that's a small one."

"Yes," replied the candid man. "That's just like the hole in a nickel. It may be a small hole, but it makes the nickel no good."

"I hear that Bigleson has reformed."

"I make it an invariable rule," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "not to talk about myself."

HOW LINCOLN CLIMBED.

A Long, Hard Path to Reach a Good Fee Before the Supreme Court.

The lawyer who works his way up from a five dollar fee in a suit before a justice of the peace to a \$5,000 fee before the supreme court of his state has a long and hard path to climb.

"Yes," he once said to a man who offered him such a case; "there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby gain for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you."

"The theatre is the chastener of life—Euripides. An actor is a public instructor—Euripides. The theatre is the mirror of life—Sophocles. Actors are the only honest hypocrites—Hazlitt.

STAGE EPIGRAMS.

The theatre is the devil's own territory.—Edward Allyn. The stage represents fiction as if it were fact.—Betterson.

The drama is the most refined pleasure of a polished people.—Dion Boucicault. It is in drama where poetry attains its loftiest flight.—Don Luis I. of Portugal.

The stage is more powerful than the platform, the press or the pulpit—Anna Dickinson. A comedy is like a cigar; if good, every one wants a box; if bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.—Henry James Byron.

Some Big Oysters. The usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches, but away back in tertiary times there were oysters in California that had shells thirteen inches long and seven or eight inches wide.

The greatest treat known to the Eskimo boy or girl is a lump of sugar. Perhaps you think there is nothing very strange in that. The strange part is the very funny way they have of eating the sugar.

"Yes, sir," said the soldierly looking man, "I have spent fifteen years of my life in the service of my country."

"So have I," volunteered the low browed individual, offering his hand. "What were you in for?"—Houston Post.

The Missus—Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night. The Maid—Sure, I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless ye were lookin' through the keyhole.—Cleveland Leader.

—Love is a subject in the consideration of which two heads are a million times better than one.