

Belleville, Pa., July 17, 1908.

THE LIE.

How brave the lie was as she flung it out—
Woman's poor shelter in her hour of need;
Blackening her lips with laughter none might doubt,

AS THEY ARE.

My home is where my rug are, said
Avis airy. She had just finished tacking
a silky dull gleaming old Bokhara against
the plastered wall of her sitting-room and
now stood back to view the effect.

The young man who had been unskillfully
assisting allowed his eyes to drift
appreciatively over the transformed wall.
Then he looked back at Avis.

"Under the rug are the scotchies all
there just the same," he said. "In covering
them up you have simply made more
holes in the plaster."

"She smiled in charming derision. It was
an old subject between them. "How can
you get back of the poetry and the color,
the whole Arabian Nights of that rug and
see the holes in the plaster?" she demanded
dramatically.

"How can you help seeing them?" he
retorted.
And then they stood an instant looking
at each other; he square jawed, fair-haired,
with blue eyes that held a challenge; she a
lightly poised creature with blue eyes also
that just now looked as dark as her soft
masses of hair. He but another half-learned
earnest question to her as she stood there
smiling.

"Since you started out to have blue
eyes," he said, "why do you half the time
pretend that they are black?"
She lifted her eyebrows warningly. "In
another man," she told him, "that would
partake of the nature of a compliment. You
are sure," anxiously, "that you are not
concealing the fact that you think my eyes
are pretty?"

"I am not," he returned. "Neither are
you concealing the fact that you think me
considerable of an idiot, for which small
step toward straightforwardness let us be
thankful!"
She swept him a curtsy which did not seem
as all out of place, even though she was
habited in a linen shirt-waist and a
walking-skirt. Then she apparently forgot
him in trying the effect of a brass-laden
tea-table against the Bokhara.

"Do you ever make tea?" he inquired,
a new accusation in his tone.
"Never," she answered promptly, a smile
rising in her eyes. "I don't like it, and it is
such a lot of work; but it looks pretty and
hospitable to have the teatable, doesn't it?"
Then she brightened to sudden interest.
"I can make tea," she said. "Would
you like a cup? Please don't refuse. I'd
really like to make it."

"You didn't need any mystery to make
you interesting," he said. "Where shall I
get the concert seats this year?"
The same place, said Avis. "At
least, the same price. My income has the
limits it had last season."

He frowned. "I wish—but there is no
use opening that discussion, I suppose."
"Nor the slightest. I can't indulge your
wish to sit farther forward to the extent of
letting you pay for my tickets. I may be
wealthy myself another season. I am going
to learn how to end my stories."

"You can't do it," he said conclusively.
"They will continue to be charming,
clever, interesting conundrums—like your-
self. You cover up your feelings as you
do your walls."

"Even if I have to poke holes in them,"
Avis said pensively.
After Stephen Ford went home that
night, he wrote:
Dear Avis: There is something I want to say to
you, but under the circumstances I find it hard
to say. Will you let me come up tomorrow?

Avis read it twice with knitted brow.
"Dear old Stephen," she said at last.
"That is why he had so many complaints
to make of my covering up my feelings."
She reached for her pen drawing in her
breath with a regretful sigh. "I know he
was in love with me," she acknowledged
to the little mirror in her desk. "But I
didn't think he'd find it out so soon," with
a whimsical smile into her reflected
eyes.

She bit the end of her pen meditatively.
"I'll have to write him," she said. "It
would never do to have him come up ex-
pecting me to say yes."
So Avis wrote:
Dear Stephen: If you mean that you mean me
to care for you in any way except as a friend, I
am so sorry, but I cannot.

Stephen's answer came on the return
mail. It read:
My dear Avis: You did not guess right, but
my assurance that you do not care for me makes
it much easier for me to say what I intended to
say. I am very sincere in my opinion of your
company is not based on any sentiment other than
friendship. You know my views about perfect candor
in these matters. I am coming up this evening.

Avis stood in the middle of her bed
dressed and looked at Stephen who
leaned against a chair-back for needed sup-
port and returned her gaze.
"Scorn of my limitations is in your
glance," he said.

She looked very tall—she had on a
trained gown for the furtherance of that
effect—and very haughty.
"If you thought I was in love with you,"
he began.

"I didn't think that," he protested.
"If you thought there was any danger of
my falling in love with you," she repeated,
keeping a merciless eye on his embarrassed
or dogged countenance. "The only thing for
you to do was to let me fall."

letter announcing that you did not care for
me."
He held her soft hand against his cheek
answering the deep-down laughter in her
eyes.

"I think," he said, "that we have al-
ways loved each other ever since the
world began."

"How wrong of us to keep it covered up
so long!" she said.—By Jeannette Cooper.
In *Amulet's*.

The Man That Made Niagara.
When the first suspension bridge was
thrown over Niagara there was a great
and tumultuous opening ceremony,
such as the Americans love, and many
of the great ones of the United States
assembled to do honor to the occasion,
and among them was Roscoe Conkling.

Conkling was one of the most brilliant
public men whom America has pro-
duced—a man of commanding, even
beautiful, presence and of perhaps un-
paralleled vanity. He had been called
by an opponent a human peacock.

After the ceremonies attending the
opening of the bridge had been con-
cluded Conkling, with many others,
was at the railway station waiting to
depart; but though others were there,
he did not mingle with them, but strut-
ted and plumed himself for their benefit,
posing that they might get the full
effect of all his majesty.

One of the station porters was so
impressed that, stepping up to another
who was hurrying by trundling a load
of luggage, he jerked his thumb in
Conkling's direction and—
"Who's that feller?" he asked. "Is
he the man as built the bridge?"
The other studied the great man a
moment.

"Thunder! No," he said. "He's the
man as made the falls."—H. Perry
Robinson in *Putnam's Magazine*.

Had a Treat For His Wife.
Dr. George Harvey, a local veteri-
nary physician, was called to a stable
not long ago to minister to a horse
that was down with colic. It was a
serious case, and the doctor saw that
the only way to save the horse would
be to insert a tube in its side and
allow the gas on its stomach to escape.

Just because he thought it would startle
the owner of his horse Harvey
struck a match and lighted the gas at
the end of the tube. The man didn't
say much at the time, but he was deeply
impressed. He had never heard
of using a horse for an illuminating
plant. The next day when Dr. Har-
vey came around to see how the horse
was getting along—it was all over the
colic then—the owner tapped him on
the shoulder.

"My wife was away yesterday," he
said, "but she's home now. Just light
up the horse again, will you? I want
her to see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DESTINY AND THE DOG.
By Edgar Walton Cooley.
EACON TRIAH PARTRIDGE,
long, lank and dignified, squat-
ted like a half fed turkey gob-
bler on a limb in Miss Cullen's
back yard, holding up the dangling
skirts of his Prince Albert with his left
hand and shaking his right fist spite-
fully at Miss Cullen's spotted bull terrier,
crouched threateningly at the foot
of the tree and eying him with calm
and patient persistence. Uncle Simeon
Yates peered over the picket fence, his
smooth, round face looking like the
full moon just rising above the horizon
line, the tears coursing down his
cheeks, his mouth preoccupied with an
aggravating grin and his fat sides
shaking like a cup of jelly in an earth-
quake.

"What in the world," snorted Simeon,
ripping a paling off the fence in the
excessiveness of his hilarity—"what in
the world, deacon, are you doing up
in Miss Cullen's apple tree?"
"Now, Brother Yates," replied the
deacon soberly, his wrinkled forehead
oozing ice water and his right hand
grabbing desperately at a neighboring
limb, "I just clumb up here to see if
Miss Cullen's trees had survived the
winter, and the dog"—But Simeon in-
terrupted.

"Who'd 'a' thought," he mused aloud,
pulling out his handkerchief and drying
his eyes—"who'd 'a' thought Miss
Cullen's bull terrier would have devel-
oped into a bird dog? But if he hasn't
got a partridge treed this blessed min-
ute I'll—!" He nearly pulled the
fence up by the roots.

The deacon's ire kindled. "That's
right!" he roared. "Stand there like a
grinlin' old hyena and laugh! Didn't
you ever see a man in a tree before?
Don't you know when you behold a
feller critter in distress? Why don't
you climb over the fence and drive
away that fool dog? D'ye want to see
me killed right before your very eyes?"

"But it isn't my dog," tittered Simeon.
"It's Miss Cullen's, and it's in
Miss Cullen's own lot."
"I tell you I can't hang on much
longer," whined the deacon. "I've been
here for an hour. I've got blisters all
over me."

"Well," replied Simeon, "reckon I'd
better go and tell Miss Cullen"—
"No! Don't you do it!" yelled the
deacon, blushing scarlet. "Don't you
dare do it! I don't want you to tell
her. I don't want her to know."

Simeon ripped another paling off the
fence. His eyes were dancing as if
they were tickled to death.
"Who'd you drop on the dog's
back and crack his spine?" he suggest-
ed. "Why don't ye glare at him with
burnin' indignation and scorch his hide
off?"

"You're an insultin' old wretch!"
cried the deacon angrily, "a jibberin'
idjit that don't know no better than to
stand there and laugh the palin's off
of a poor, lone woman's fence!"

He turned to shake his fist, but lost
his balance and fell. Desperately he
clutched at a limb and pulled himself
up again out of the very teeth of the
growling terrier. Then he glanced vindictively
toward Simeon, but Simeon
was moving away.

"Hey, Brother Yates!" he yelled de-
spairingly. "Come back, please come
back, Brother Yates!"
"I ain't used to bein' addressed in
such endearin' terms, deacon," replied
Simeon, "and I thought mebbe my
room was better than my company."

hat struck the ground in a confused
heap.
There was a terrified scrambling, a
muffled growl. Then something long
and lank, with flowing hair and pro-
truding eyes, dashed straight for Uncle
Simeon. Crash! A section of the pal-
ing fence gave way, and up the street
the deacon dashed, pale of countenance,
bare of head, Miss Cullen's bull terrier
clinging grimly to his coat and dap-



"POOH, POOH, POOH!" HE PUFFED.
ping from side to side like a disabled
rider.

"Go it, deacon! Go it, dog!" yelled
Uncle Simeon, jumping up and down
and swinging his old felt hat. "Go it,
blame ye, go it!"

Uncle Simeon leaned against the rem-
nant of the fence and shook it till it
squeaked. He held his two pudgy
hands against his ample sides and
rolled his eyes in misery.

"Won't somebody please come and
make me stop laughin'?" he yelled. "If
they don't I'm goin' to die. The deacon—
the dog! I'll blow up and bust. I can't
never live long enough to get
through laughin'. They'll have to post-
pone my funeral till I stop laughin'. I
never knowed anybody could move
their legs as fast as the deacon did.
I—I—he—!" His strength gave out,
and he sank, a gurgling heap, upon the
sidewalk.

When finally he arose the dog was
crawling under the fence, a ragged
piece of black cloth in his jaws. At
sight of it Simeon was thrown into an-
other spasm of mirth, from which he
had not entirely recovered when he
reached Miss Cullen's door.

His knock was answered by the lady
in person. She was of uncertain age,
inclined to be angular and decidedly
deaf.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cullen!" shout-
ed Simeon. "I was wonderin' how
you seen Deacon Partridge today,
mum?"

Miss Cullen's brow darkened. "No,
I haven't," she said. "He promised to
help me beat a carpet, but he hasn't
come."

"But I thought you said that you and
the deacon"—began Simeon.

"Oh, no!" Miss Cullen interrupted.
"I only meant that the deacon wanted
to marry me. Why, Mr. Yates, you've
no idee how that persistin' old hypo-
crite has pestered me." The bedding
experienced a sudden terrific upheaval.

Simeon acted as if he were going to
explode. "Why, if I had let him I
honestly believe he would have got
down on his knees. I know I ain't as
young as I once was, but I reckon I
know a man when I see one. Now,
you, Simeon"—Again she glanced at
him shyly.

"Well, then," said Simeon, his eyes
twinkling. "If I should ask you to mar-
ry me would you promise to?"

"O-h, Simeon!" blushed Miss Cullen
softly. "I—I—yes, I believe I would,
Simeon."

"Would you promise," continued Simeon,
pinching himself to keep from
laughing aloud when he saw something
under the feather bed behaving scan-
dalously—"would you promise to slick
your dog on that old idjit of a Deacon
Partridge if he hangs around here
any more?"

No sooner had he uttered those
words than from the midst of that pile
of household necessities there came
the visible indications of a terrific
storm, followed by the subdued but
unmistakable sound of ripping cloth,
and the next second feather bed, mat-
tress and deacon arose in concert, and
there, in the astonished presence of
Miss Cullen, stood Partridge, his arms
and wings tangled in the environments
of blue striped ticking and his head
and shoulders covered with a speckled
coating of downy feathers. Feathers
protruded from his eyes; feathers vi-
brated on the end of his nose; feathers
waved majestically from the tips
of his ears. He couldn't see or hear
or speak for feathers. He could scarcely
breathe for feathers.

"Poooh, poooh, poooh!" he puffed, blow-
ing great bunches of feathers from
his mouth. "Aheoo! Aheoo-o!" he
sneezed. The tears were running down
his face, making the feathers stick the
closer to his scarlet cheeks.

Miss Cullen sprang to her feet, press-
ed her trembling hands to her eyes
and shrieked.

"Well, well," said Simeon, regarding
him with overmastering hilarity.
"Well, well, this is the first time I ever
see a partridge runnin' around half
picketed. Say, why don't you go out
behind the barn and singe yourself?"
The deacon could not speak. He
could not do anything but open and
shut his mouth like a chicken with the
gapes and go "Cut, cut, cut!"



SQUATTED LIKE A HALF FED TURKEY
GOBLER.

springingly. "Come back, please come
back, Brother Yates!"
"I ain't used to bein' addressed in
such endearin' terms, deacon," replied
Simeon, "and I thought mebbe my
room was better than my company."

"No, no," vociferated the deacon anx-
iously. "I didn't mean what I said. I
was hasty. I am sorry, Brother Yates.
Please don't go away and leave me in
this tree!"

Simeon rested his arms on top of the
pickets and gazed at him in pensive
sympathy. "Well, Brother Partridge,"
he replied solemnly, "if I can be any
comfort to ye in your last moments I
allow it's my Christian duty to remem-
ber."

"If you're goin' to do anything,"
gasped the other, exasperated by Simeon's
deliberate slowness, "for God's
sake do it quick! This limb is crack-
in'."

"I might turn in a fire alarm," sug-
gested Simeon calmly. "Mebby if we
had the hook and ladder truck"—
"No!" ejaculated the deacon. "For
goodness sake, please don't do that! I
don't want everybody in town to know.
I want to keep it quiet. They wouldn't
understand."

"Well, then," declared Simeon doubt-
fully, "there is only one more hope for
you, Brother Partridge—if you had a
balloon."

"O Lord!" moaned the deacon.
"Can't ye quit actin' the fool, Brother
Yates? Can't ye suggest somethin'
reasonable?"

Exasperated beyond endurance, Par-
tridge shook his fist at Simeon. Crack!
Bough, deacon, Prince Albert and plug

Chinese Sun and Moon.
In China the sun and moon are
brother and sister. The moon is the
elder brother, who looks after his rath-
er silly sister, the sun. This is exactly
the reverse of our legends, which make
the sun the day king and the gentle
moon lady of the night. One day in
China, so the legend runs, the sun
asked the moon if she couldn't go out
at night. The moon answered very
sternly: "No. You are a young lady,
and it would be improper for you to
go out after dark." Then the sun said,
"But the people keep looking at me
when I go out in the daytime." So the
moon told her to take the golden
needles that she wore in her hair and
stick them into the eyes of people
when they stared at her. This is the
reason why no one can look at the sun
without pain.

Idiomatic English.
Mrs. Fremont, in a sketch of her father,
Senator Benton, tells the follow-
ing story of the French bishop at St.
Louis at the time of the purchase of
Louisiana. She says:
There was a point of honor among the
older French not to learn English, but
the bishop decided that it would be
better to acquire it, especially for use
from the pulpit. To force himself
into the familiar practice of the
language he secluded himself for awhile
with the family of an American farmer,
where he would hear no French. The
experiment proved very successful.
Soon he had gained a sufficient
fluency to deliver a sermon in English.
Senator Benton was present when it
was to be given, and his feelings may
be imagined as the bishop, a refined
and polished gentleman, announced:
"My friends, I'm right down glad to
see such a smart chance of folks here
today."

Coleridge's Cloudiness.
There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnoll's remi-
niscences, "Wordsworth and the Cole-
ridges," a very amusing story of Samuel
Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts
were sometimes too profound even for
poets to follow. Wordsworth and Sam-
uel Rogers had spent the evening with
Coleridge, and as the two poets walked
away together Rogers remarked cau-
tiously:
"I did not altogether understand the
latter part of what Coleridge said."
"I didn't understand any of it,"
Wordsworth hastily replied.
"Nor more did I!" exclaimed Rogers,
with a sigh of relief.

A Formidable Army.
The battle was going against him.
The commander in chief, himself ruler
of the South American republic, sent
aid to the rear, ordering General
Blanco to bring up his regiment at
once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't
come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still
no regiment. The aid came tearing
back hatless, breathless. "My regim-
ent! My regiment! Where is it?
Where is it?" shrieked the commander.
"General," answered the excited aid.
"Blanco started it all right, but there
are a couple of drunken Americans
down the road and they won't let it
go by."—Argonaut.

Her Uncooked Gown.
Miss Pluffgirl—Miss Newthought has
gone the limit with her vegetarianism!
Miss Furbelow—Why, what is her lat-
est? Miss Pluffgirl—She actually re-
fuses to wear anything but raw silk
gowns now.—New York Press.

Time to Be Diplomatic.
When a woman shows you the pic-
ture of her baby remember that you
will get into trouble, nine times out of
ten, if you say exactly what you think.
—Somerville Journal.