In the Passing Shower.

Four years in Alaska was a long time. And that length of time away from her and no letters-seemed like four years of eternity to Buell Searcy. Now he was sixteen days on the way home and he groaned with the remembrance of it. A woman's love for money had sent him to the frozen North. It was not Cella Acton who cared for money-it was Camilla Acton, the aunt who commanded a rich marriage.

The girl's mother, widowed and dying, had given her, at three days old, them the girl had given loving obedience. They were good to her. The daughters of the house had no more advantages. But life in the Acton circle took money. The three sons spent much at college and out. The ceptibly heavier with the years. When the time would come for the estate to be divided among their own, the Actons felt that there would be nothing to spare for the little niece. Celia must marry money.

But, unfortunately, Guy, impulsive Guy, had in the Christmas of his sen- begin all over again." ior year, brought a classmate home with him.

"He's the best fellow on earth, Mamsie," Guy had informed his parent, "but"-this is for Doro's benefit, that she might not mistake him for an elig-

ible-" he's poor-my!" Dorothy evaded Buell Searcy, but charm of his soft brown eyes and gen-

tle manners. A year after, when some slight degree of professional success was Searcy's and he dared to ask the Actons' consent to his marriage to their

niece, he met hasty refusal. to come back rich, will you give her to me?" Searcy had asked.

"Yes," they had answered, to be rid of him. But he had believed in their promise and gone to the Klondyke.

The aunt had stipulated that he answer him this evening." write only in reply to Celia's letters. When no answer came to his second letter after it had been three months sent, he was hurt and puzzled. At his breast pocket, a card bearing a free, Celia, don't tell melittle spray of forget-me-nots, and the words, "Buell, I will wait." The for-



He Was Hurt and Puzzled.

get-me-nots withered and the writing became dim with the pressure of Searcy's lips but Celia's letter never came. Mrs. Acton alone, could have told him why.

One day, months later, an appealing little note reached an Alaska postmaster, but he could reply only that the gentleman named Buell Searcy had gone, nobody knew where.

Celia despaired. "He is dead in those awful blizzards," she mourned. "He would have written again! Oh, Auntie, I know he is dead!"

Near the end of the fourth year, Payne Lindsay, banker and man of forty, met Celia and was charmed with the wistful blue eyes. The aunt was much elated when this "difficult catch" made a first call. When Lindsay's attentions became pronounced, Mrs. Acton arranged for Celia to spend a long requested month with a cousin in his

"We are gratified at the honor you pay Celia in wishing to marry her," ran Mrs. Acton's reply to Payne Lindsay's letter, a few days after, "and. since you are compelled to go abroad so soon, you have our consent to an immediate marriage, should she favor

"You are sure Aunt Camilla and Uncle John wish it?" Lindsay, smiling, unfolded the aunt's

"Give me another day," Celia plead-

ed with blanched cheeks. "Tomorrow -tomorrow evening-I will answer

"A lover's quarrel, darling?" Mrs. Irving studied Celia's pale face next morning.

"No, Cousin Alexandria, Mr. Lindsay is coming tonight." Celia spoke dully. "Then run out for a walk after

lunch," responded that brisk matchmaker, relieved. "You need color." Who would have thought of rain on so brilliant a June afternoon? Celia | what became of it? stepped hastily in the waiting-room of the hig railroad depot which she was passing and sat down behind a little white-haired lady in mourning The woman, who possessed a delicate confi

dence-inviting face, was talking to a

tired-looking man. "And this is the first rain you have seed in four years! My dear sir.

where have you been?" "I've been where there's no moisture but frost," responded the man. "It's a miserable place up there to live, madam," he went on. "I would not send my worst enemy to Alaska. My friends were sorry to part with me, but glad to see me get away-glad to see any one leave that awful coun-

"I hope you brought a fortune back."

said his companion.
"Not I—" The man smiled grimly. "Gold is not piled up in the streets there as we foolishly believe before we go to see. I am a small man, yet my hands," he held up a pair of brown hands with enlarged joints and palms -"my hands are large. Work hard to John and Camilla Acton; and to and grinding, made them so. And it was worse than useless. Besidesshe" He caught himself up.

"You left some one behind?" His listener hazarded. "My sweetheart," he answered, but she never wrote to me after her peo-

household purse was not growing per- ple sent me away. I suppose they persuaded her to marry another. I should not have come back, but I was homesick for better things." "And you are going-where?" she

> supplemented. "I'm going back where I threw up my work for a will o' the wisp, to

"Your train, madam!" The maid lifted the traveler's bag. "Good-bye and God bless you, my son," she said. "You will write to

me? I, I, too, am alone in the world." She passed on. He turned for a last look. Celia who had listened, clinching her hands until the nails cut into the pretty slight Celia, forgetting mat- her delicate palms, looked straight inrimonial needs, fell at once under the to the mellow brown eyes of Buell

Searcy reached her in one stride. "Celia-is it you? Why did you not write to me?" quivered on his astonished lips.
"I did," she faltered, "three times.

Buell, and when you did not answer, I "If I give up the law and go away, thought, O Buell, I thought you were

"And I-I thought some rich man had claimed you. Has he, Celia?" The girl flushed. A rich man asked me to marry him last night, I am to

The man's worn face grew a shade paler. "I never expected to see you again. I haven't any right to say a word, for I've come back as poor as I parting, Celia had slipped a card in went away, but now that I find you

> Her soft hands hurt under the grip of his strong ones. People were staring at them. "I must go home," she said, drawing her hands away gently; "the rain is

over and the sun is out." He slipped her arm in his and looked into her eyes.

"I want to know," he persisted, as she drew him hastily toward the street, "if the sun is out for me or orever. Celia von were willing once to take me penniless-would you be willing now?" Celia smiled through the tears that

sprang to her eyes. "I would," she said simply, "without

any one's permission this time." And Searcy wished that the traveling public could be blotted from the face of the earth that he and she might

be for one instant alone together.

He Likes Best to Get His Prey Into a Corner and Drain Him Dry of

Suggestions. If you value your own ideas, if you have use, or even respect, for the casual products of your own brain, 'ware the vampire! He is, perchance, at your elbow as you sit in friendly and bibulous intercourse. He lurks, ter how much you hate to go you mayhap, in 'the adjoining barber chair, or lies in wait next to you in to go. Nobody had any time to do the street car. No poet has sung anything but whitewash her shoes him. But he is close at hand, and ready, with fiendish smile and suave and shampoo her bair. speech, to lure you into an expansive

or an eloquent moment. Frequently he is the paragrapher on some daily or weekly publication. and teas, and people got thin and hag-Beneath his deceptive exterior of re- gard and dyspeptic and cross and spectability may even lie the hard. quarrelsome, and above it all rose the ened heart of a jokester for a comic. Often he is a writer of fugitive- take it into her head to give a party which means seldom seen-verse, sto. and make me climb out of the hamries, sketches, plays, even novels. Al. mock and get into tight clothes and ways he has his note books handy - sacrifice myself!' Yet we were all if not in actual evidence, at least he scared to death for fear there would hind those eager, listening eats of be a party that we would not be his.

All is sustenance to the mental vampire. The eulogy of the conductor on a bad nickel, the compliments of the chauffeur who carelessly misses his pedestrian, the chaffering of as we both talked at once and conthe housewife, the small talk of the fessed how we hated summer parties bars, the repartee of the newsboys, the latest exploit of the draper's fects of the winter parties. clerk. But best he likes to draw his prey into some corner and drain him methods of escape Catherine grabbed dry of anecdote and suggestions If me with a shriek. 'I have it!' she he is clever at his trade you will not cried. I know how we can escape all even know your loss until you see the rest of the parties. Just say, even know your loss until you see "No, thank you," instead of "Yes, some distorted image of a pet story, "No, thank you," instead of "expression, opinion or fantas; in thank you," when we are asked!" print. By that time the vampire bas taken his ghoulish appetite to other ous wrath. 'Ware him!

she kiss him? Why does she? Does time. she like him better'n the chopper? Oh. does she?

Mamma-It's her brother, child thing.

Little Girl-Oh, that's all Oh, Judge. Girl at the Back-Oh, shucks! What ever did they shut it off so fast for? wanted to see the brother and siser slad to see each other. I wonder

married the other man.

SUMMER PARTIES.

"No," said the girl who had been two months at a summer resort. "I I had to work so hard dodging par-

"When I first settled down at Cumagen Woods I thought I had a breathing space ahead of me. Every woman and girl there said things like this: 'Isn't it per-fectly heavenly to get out of doors and be close to nature and drop all the rush and worry and social doings that one has to suffer in town?' Then some one would answer: 'Per-fectly grand! I am so-o-o tired of it all!'

"'Aha!' I said to myself. 'I have found the place I have long been seeking.' And I was innocent enough to believe that I had.

"Then in about a week I observed that Mrs. Fink next door was moody and restless. Finally she burst out with her troubles. She said she had decided that she ought to give a party because she hadn't done so for two seasons, and was indebted to all the old residents. She said it was such hot weather that she just dreaded it, but it had to be done and she might as well get it over.

"So she walked two miles up and down the lake front inviting people, and it was so hot that when she got home the family had to put her to bed and keep ice on her head all night and the doctor's bill was about ten dollars. Mrs. Fink then used up two days in driving about cajoling farmers into promising to deliver lettuce and parsley and chickens and things for her salad and another whole day in making the salad.

"She nearly had nervous prostration over the lettuce because, as she said, the farmers didn't care whether they did as they said they would. They Searcy. The room whirled before her. regarded the desire for lettuce merely as one of the silly vagaries of the summer residents and she knew if the lettuce farmer took it into his head to go on a picnic or drive to town that day he'd do it, and then what should she do with forty women coming?

"We were all so worried over Mrs. Fink's lettuce that we distractedly walked the porch the morning of the party, and when we saw the lettuce farmer really drive up we just cheered out loud in our relief! He didn't bring the nice, crimpy, curly kind that she had ordered.

"It was about 110 degrees in the shade that afternoon, and if you walked by any house in the place you could hear mutterings and grumblings from the unhappy women within who were trying to curl their hair and get into their party clothes. All of them were wondering what Mrs. Fink wanted to give a party for, anyway, and wasn't it horrid having to go? The perspiration rolled off Mrs. Fink's face as she told her guests how glad she was to see them and then every body sat and crocheted and mopped her face and ate three times more than was digestible and said what a beautiful time she had had and then rushed home to get into a kimono and to feel thankful that it was over.

"Then Sally Casey arrived one day and asked me to an afternoon bridge party. The weather was perfectly ideal, the kind that makes you want to run bareheaded through the woods and shout because you're alive. But we sat all that glorious afternoon indoors quarreling over cards and I BEWARE MENTAL VAMPIRE was sick two days from the stuff I ate, and a woman who didn't get the prize said that the woman who did cheated.

"By that time every woman in the place caught the entertaining fever. There were invitations out for nearly every afternoon and evening, because every one was afraid that if she didn't give a party she wouldn't be asked to the others, and, of course, no matnearly die if you don't get the chance and press out her dress-up dresses

"There were sewing parties and card parties and luncheon parties and corn roasts and watermelon parties wail at each party: 'Why did she asked to.

"But a great and bitter rebellion was seething within me and one day I found a soul who could understand. Catherine Smith and I fairly wept when we wanted to rest from the ef-

"As we were discussing possible

"It really was simple, wasn't it? So that was what we did and we bequarters beyond reach of your right came known as the social outcasts of Cumagen Woods, because if you don't go to their parties the women all get mad at you. After they were all mad Little Girl-Oh, mamma, why does at us Catherine and I had a delightful

"A pretty girl can wear almost any-"Yes; or quite the contrary."-

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