

The Girl of His Dreams.

Herbert Dayton was feeling very blue and low in his mind, so blue in fact that as he stood on the rear platform of the last car of the fast flying express thinking of the rapid rate at which he was leaving the girl of his dreams, indignation would have seemed white in comparison.

When a man has been ordered to a far off western territory to sell goods just after a glimpse of the girl he has been looking for the country over, the girl for whom he will remain a bachelor forever unless she will consent to make life an earthly paradise, he has a right to be low in his mind.

"Suppose in his absence some other fellow should—" he whispered with a shudder.

"But, avast, blue devils," added he bravely, "in that direction madness lies!"

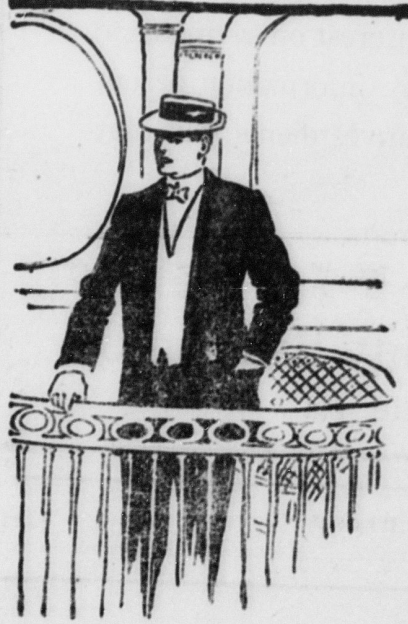
At this period of his bitter musing, the gloomy mood began to pull on young Dayton's usually optimistic nature, and he looked about him for something to distract his thoughts.

Inside the car in the chair nearest the door reclined a delicate, sweet-faced woman, evidently unaccustomed to traveling and sick from the motion of the train. Her husband was ministering to her tirelessly, devotion in his every touch, while she glanced up at him frequently with an expression of extreme tenderness upon his face.

"By Jove," Herbert exclaimed aloud, as the man turned for a moment toward the rear of the car, "if that model Benedict isn't the one time gay and festive James Halstead. He must have lately taken unto himself a wife."

Then Dayton's eyes traveled to the next seat. And there just behind the Halsteads sat a girl dressed in blue! Her beauty, her daintiness, would have of themselves compelled a lingering glance, but besides all these attractions she was the girl of his dreams, the very girl he had seen in his home town three short days ago, the very girl of girls he had been looking for north, east, and south, only to find her where he least expected it—in a train going west!

The color of his thoughts changed instantly to a more roscate hue. How can I make her acquaintance, he ques-



A Period of Bitter Musing.

tioned. It must be in a naturally accidental way to be tolerated by one so evidently well bred.

He was so absorbed in making and discarding plans to this end that he forgot all else. He even failed to hear the first call for luncheon; the second, however, succeeded in arousing him.

He immediately passed through the car, empty now of all but the sick woman, to the diner just beyond, only to find every table filled, except the one at which sat the girl in blue. He was gazing longingly at the vacant place when suddenly he became conscious of a sobbing breath close beside him. He turned. It was the sick woman standing there staring straight at her husband, her face colorless with surprise and pain.

Halstead was seated beside a girl with whom he was having an animated and confidential conversation. It was plain to any onlooker that, for the moment, he had forgotten everything and everybody save the one to whom he was talking. The girl was evidently an acquaintance of his bachelor days.

His wife staggered back to her seat in the other coach, and Herbert followed to render her any assistance that might be necessary.

After Mrs. Halstead was seated, he started again eagerly, hopefully, for that vacant place beside the girl of his dreams, only to meet her returning to her seat in the parlor car.

And though he had lost his appetite as well as his heart, he kept on into the diner and did the best he could. Afterwards he was making his way through the car to the rear platform when Halstead stopped him.

Mr. Halstead had, it was plain to see, been unsuccessful in reassuring his wife, and he looked extremely miserable.

"Hello, Dayton," he said; "I have just been telling my wife that you are as unfortunate as she in being train sick, and that I had to take Mrs. Dayton into luncheon for you. Now, do not thank me, old fellow, I was glad to do it."

And he turned to Herbert with such a look of appeal in his eyes that the young man's natural impulse to deny his statement died a sudden death.

"I can never repay you for all you and your family did for me when I was

ill in New York," continued he, "and it is in a way that he knew would be irrefragable to his wife. 'I want Jennie to meet Mrs. Dayton some—'

Before this ingenious prevaricator could say more, the train began to move slowly into a station, and Herbert was forced to make way in the aisle for the passengers crowding out.

He had retired to his old vantage point outside the car when the girl in blue, instead of going forward to alight from the car as the custom is, came to the door of the rear platform. She paused there until the train stopped. Suddenly she looked up, saw Herbert and an expression of scorn came to her face that made the poor fellow's blood run cold.

She had, he knew instantly, overheard Halstead explain his former girl friend to his wife, and of course she must have guessed he had been, tactfully at least, a party to deceiving a trusting woman.

And was this to be the end of his long search, his dreams, his dearest hopes? Plain killing was too easy a death for the prevaricator. Mr. Halstead. He started forward to give that gentleman a generous piece of his mind when, glancing up, he saw that she was again administering to his wife, and that a look of peace and happiness had come into her face. This banished at once and forever all regret in him that he had been a party to the fraud.

Just then the slowing train stopped. The girl came out on the platform and was passing Dayton with unseeing eyes when the train gave a sudden lurch.

She staggered and was about to fall when Herbert caught her, but in doing so he lost his balance and was thrown from the car. He fell to the concrete walkway below with considerable force and lay there unconscious.

When he opened his eyes he was reclining on a couch in a beautiful room, and a kindly middle-aged man was placing a handkerchief about his head.

"He will be all right by tomorrow," this man, evidently a doctor, was saying, "and can safely proceed on his journey."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed the young man. "I shall proceed on my journey tonight."

At that moment a vision in blue appeared in the doorway.

"Is he better, doctor?" asked the dream girl softly.

"Doctor," murmured Dayton, "I shall not be able to leave tomorrow. I must first change a look of scorn into kindness, then to friendliness, then to—"

"He is delirious," said a hitherto unnoticed white-haired gentleman who was standing near the couch on the opposite side from the doctor.

"No," answered the medical man, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "not delirious, only dreaming, but his case has assumed unsuspected complications and he may not be able to leave tomorrow."

"Thank you, doctor," whispered Herbert.

The happy consummation of his dream of winning the one girl was in sight, and a beatific smile illumined Herbert Dayton's handsome face.

OLD AGE NOT RECOGNIZED

Grandma No Longer Sits and Knits in Solitude With Only Memory for Company.

There is no old age in the present day. No longer does grandma sit by the fire sewing, with spectacles and cap, while her grandchildren play at her knee, and look upon her with loving reverence. Few old people sit still by the fire nowadays, unless they are very old indeed and unable to do anything else. Nowadays they are about all day, and most of the night, enjoying life, seeking pleasure, discovering how much there is to be seen, done, and, above all, talked about, in a world that no longer craves retirement. Nobody is so young as the old nowadays; nobody loves life as they do; and the reverse holds true of heavily laden, responsible, bored and sensible youth. Nowadays it is youth that sits in the chair knitting, while it is dear young grandmamma who sports, so to speak, with the kitten on the carpet.

Grandmamma is no longer old. She is, suppose, just eighty; but what matter? She can still enjoy theaters, dinners, bridge, and, in certain instances, we learn she can still dance at that age. She has not much to worry her, because she is probably now supported by the aged young. She has reached the delightful pensioned or fixed income days. And now, after having been old in youth, she becomes young in old age. It strikes her that the world, as Stevenson told the children, is "full of a number of things." She will see them, make the most of them, in time.

Wonderful grandmamma! She will probably marry again. News came from Boston to the effect that even now two old people—seventy-six, the man; the woman seventy-three—having at last succeeded in getting married and in dodging the worried elderly children who were trying to prevent them.

But why shouldn't old people marry? If they have youth in their hearts there is no reason why they should not emulate the ways of the young.

Applicable to Both. "The moon, when only one-quarter full is much more graceful than it is when full, don't you think?" "Oh, yes. And so is the average man."

Its Origin. "Poker is a very stirring game." "That's probably why they call it poker."

Miss Ethels Escape

By Carl Jenkins

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

When Miss Ethel Lynn set out from her mother's home, "The Willows," to drive to the village of Roselands in her pony cart, the sun shone, the birds sang and a crow called "Good luck!" after her. Not a sign on earth or above it that she was to find romance and adventure further along the road.

When Givoni Garibaldi set out that same hour from the village of Roselands to plod up the highway past "the Willows," he was leading a dancing bear. The same sun shone for him and his bear—birds sang just as sweetly for them—another crow called his best wishes after them. If they were to meet up with romance and adventure they had no inkling of it.

When Mr. Earl Hopewell left the house of his brother, ten miles beyond Roselands, to drive himself in an auto to the village, he also had the sun and the birds and a stray crow, and he would have wondered to one that nothing more than a bursted tire would interrupt the harmony of his spin.

Miss Ethel's pony was a veteran of eighteen years, though he still had a gallop. In his lifetime he had encountered brass bands, circus parades, wandering elephants, bellowing bulls, labor union banners and drunken tramps. He flattered himself that he had become blasé, and that nothing could shake his nerve. The one thing he hadn't encountered was a dancing bear—a grinning, shambling, ambling, shuffling bundle of fur, conducted by a gentleman patterned after the model of Captain Kidd. At sight of the pair the pony slackened his pace, and his driver began to talk to him and assure him that there was nothing in it. He might have taken the girl's word for it, but for the strong scent that came down the wind. It was bear-scent and pirate-scent—a combination that would have brought chills to a horse forty years old. He stopped and reared up. Then he snorted and shied. Then he decided to go back home.

Of course, Miss Ethel called out to the pirate. She had been taught the Italian language at the Misses' Blank's

school. "I believe something of the kind happened." "And I seemed to see you chasing the pirate across a field and striking at the back of his neck." "I—I might have done so. Strange case—very strange!" Conversation lagged after that. Miss Ethel had all she could do to keep from laughing, and Mr. Hopewell had chills.

There was a commotion when "The Willows" was reached. The pony had come home dragging the wreck behind him. The mother and servants came rushing out, and all was excitement for five minutes. Mr. Hopewell offered to carry the injured girl into the house, and was somewhat amazed when she made use of her own limbs with a sort of hop, skip and jump. He was invited in, and his part of the adventure was listened to with great interest. Then Miss Ethel came down on the veranda to take the mother's place.

"Has the doctor been telephoned for?" asked Mr. Hopewell with considerable anxiety.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"But there may be some internal injury, you smile. You laugh. What is it, Miss Lynn?"

"The way that bear went rolling! The way you came running! The handkerchief and the muddy water! Excuse me, but—but—!"

"Miss Lynn," said the young man very soberly, "you were unconscious from the fall."

"I—I guess so."

"But aren't you sure?"

"Not real sure."

"Then with your permission I am going to call here until you are convinced that when I said 'poor girl' it was no half-dream of yours!"

MATS MAKE THE HEIRLOOMS

Most Cherished Possessions of the Samoans, and the Older They Are, the Better.

Among the curious customs of the Samoans is that of making heirlooms of mats. By some simple process of reasoning the mat has come to be identified with the family, as the hearstone is traditionally sacred among the Saxon race.

The Samoan mats are really fine specimens of art. The people esteem them much more highly than any article of European manufacture and the older they are the more they are regarded.

Some of them have names known all over the Samoan group. The oldest is called Moe-e-Ful-Ful, or "The mat that slept among the creepers." It got this title by reason of the fact that it had been hidden away for years among the creeping convolvulus that grows wild along the seashore. It is known to be 200 years old, as the names of its owners during that period can be traced.

The possession of one of these old mats gives the owner great power; in fact, it is a title deed to rank and property, from the Samoan standpoint. It is no matter if the mats are tattered and worn out; their antiquity is their value, and for some of the most cherished of them large sums of money would be refused.

Petrified Forest Giants. Three petrified redwood trees that have been pronounced the very largest in the world that have thus far been discovered have just been uncovered from the debris of the mountain side, only a short distance from the famous Bohemian Club Grove in Sonoma county, California. This point is near the little town of Occident.

One of these prehistoric monsters, that make the pyramids of Egypt modern by comparison in their ages, measures 23 feet in diameter and is 350 feet in length. The two other petrified trees are 13 and 12 feet in diameter, respectively.—Scientific American.



Leading a Dancing bear.

wait 'till somebody comes along. Why haven't I got brandy—why—why—?" Miss Ethel thought it would be good policy to sigh a long-drawn sigh just at this moment.

"Thank heaven for that!" fervently exclaimed the young man.

Another sigh, and a movement of the head and feet.

"She is reviving! I hope—oh, I hope—"

The damsel struggled to sit up and was kindly assisted by the young man, who had hold of both her hands.

"Where—where am I?"

"Are you hurt? Are any bones broken?"

"I—I think not."

"I'm so glad! It was the dancing bear that scared your pony, and the cart was upset and you thrown out. I have my auto here, and I must take you home. Can you stand on your feet? If not, I can carry you the few steps. I can't tell you how frightened I have been."

"The man—the bear?"

"They are in the woods over there. Hat. Excuse me. My name is Hopewell."

"And I am Miss Lynn. I feel much better. I can walk, thank you. I can't tell you how thankful I am. While I was unconscious I thought I heard somebody say, 'Poor girl! Poor girl!'"

"Yes, under such circumstances people—that is—yes. You live on this road, do you?"

"About three miles away."

"Let me make you comfortable in your seat, and I will drive carefully. You may have an injury after all."

"Do you think you injured the bear for life?" asked the patient as the auto proceeded at a snail's pace.

"Why—why, how do you know that he was injured at all? You had fallen, you know."

"In my unconscious state I thought I saw the machine hit him and send him flying."

"I believe something of the kind happened."

"And I seemed to see you chasing the pirate across a field and striking at the back of his neck."

"I—I might have done so. Strange case—very strange!"

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