

HALLOWE'EN.

I see a ghost, I see a cat,  
A rook on ghostly wings,  
Some eerie, little, gleaming eyes,  
Some very frightful THINGS.

I see a witch, I see her broom,  
The same goes riding by;  
I hear a shriek, a muffled sob,  
A spirit's graveyard SIGH!

I see—dear me—so many things,  
I see my heart's adored,  
How could I keep that little witch,  
When I cannot pay my BOARD!

THE FLAW.

"Have you had a pleasant afternoon?"

The tone in which the mother asked the question was almost deferential, as one might expect to a superior rather than to one's child.

"Oh, yes, pleasant enough," the girl replied. "We motored over to Red Bank. But the drives about here are fearfully monotonous. There is no scenery to amount to anything. I shall be glad to get away to the mountains for a while."

"I shall miss you when you are gone," the older woman remarked.

There was a wistful look in her eyes, but her companion did not notice it.

Gladys Wyndham was nineteen and very pretty. Many people thought her beautiful. Her beauty was of the kind that is not dependent upon the expression of the face. Her skin was clear, with only a slight flush in the cheeks; her eyes were brown and calm. She wore her dark and abundant hair brushed back from her smooth forehead in a way that is trying to any but classic features. These she possessed. Her curved mouth was perfect in outline. That it betokened selfishness might not have been detected by any one but a student of physiognomy. Her figure was slender, yet gracefully rounded, and she dressed so as to show it to the best advantage. Her hands and feet were shapely. Altogether, as she stood now before her mother, she was a daughter of whose appearance any woman might be proud.

"I think I'll lie down a while before I dress for dinner," she announced.

"Oh, are you dear?" The question escaped the matron involuntarily, then she corrected her blunder. "I only meant that I thought, perhaps, as you had been out so much today, you would prefer to stay in and dance this evening."

"The dances here at this hotel have degenerated into a kindergarten display," Gladys complained. "All the kids in the place disport themselves in the parlors the first part of the evening, and when they go up to bed a few stupid, awkward people bump around in what they fancy are the modern dances. It makes me tired. I do hope that up at Twilight Park there will be a different kind of crowd from what there is here."

"Yet you have had a rather pleasant summer so far—haven't you?" the mother ventured timidly.

Gladys Wyndham shrugged her shoulders. "Pleasant enough, yes. But all summer resorts on the Jersey coast are cut off the same piece of goods. They are about alike. The bathing is good here, and that's all that can be said for the place. If I had not had my car this summer I would have been bored to death."

Agnes Wyndham's face lighted with gratification.

"I am so glad you are enjoying your car!" she exclaimed. "I knew you wanted it, and since I got it for you I have actually revelled in the thought of the good time you are having with it. And, dearest, you drive very well."

"So everybody tells me." The girl accepted the compliment as her due. "And that reminds me—when I go up to Twilight next week I would like to motor up. I have spoken to Helen Grafton about going with me. She says her husband can get off for a few days, so they will chaperone me. A man Jack Grafton knows—a friend of his—will make the fourth in the party."

"Oh, my dear child!"

The girl did not frown at the parent's exclamation. Instead she laughed indulgently.

"Now, mother dear," she argued, "you're not beginning to worry already about this plan, are you? What possible objection can there be to my going in the car? The roads are good, and scores of tourists are making the trip every day. You arranged to have me spend a month with Mrs. Drake, and what's the difference whether I go by rail or motor? Be a sensible little parent and stop fussing. I'll be perfectly safe, of course, so let's call the matter settled. And now I'm going to get a bit of beauty sleep before dinner."

Agnes Wyndham stood up. "Let me get out your wrapper and slippers for you, daughter."

She spoke eagerly, as one asking a boon.

"All right, honey. Come along!" Gladys called back over her shoulder as she went into the adjoining room. After she had seen her child lying down, and had drawn the curtains so as to soften the afternoon glare, the mother heart overflowed.

"My darling!" she murmured, pressing her lips to the cool, round cheek.

"My darling!"

Gladys returned the kiss, then yawned. "I'm dreadfully sleepy!" she murmured.

"Get a good nap, dear," the older woman soothed.

She went softly from the room, closing the door of communication between her own chamber and the larger one occupied by her child. Then she sat down and gazed out across the ocean sparkling in the late afternoon twilight.

The view was a fair one and the woman was fond of it, but just now her thoughts were turned inward, rather than outward. In spirit she stood by the side of her sleeping child

and tried to silence the insistent crying out of her mother love.

For Gladys was her only child. Mark Wyndham, in dying a half-dozen years ago, had left everything to his wife, secure in the knowledge that his little girl would be cared for. It is to be doubted if even he, knowing his wife as he did, had any idea of how lavishly the mother's all would be spent upon her child. For hers was an unreasoning devotion, and the girl was what such unselfish love, poured forth upon a self-centered nature, had made her.

The American girl of today is sufficient unto herself. She has her own views and her own aims, which are sometimes curbed or directed by those who have authority over her. Even so, her individuality is permitted to develop to an extent that would have horrified the woman of former generations.

That Agnes Wyndham was not horrified was due to the blindness of her love. She saw that Gladys was pretty; she fancied that she was clever; the girl's wilfulness she termed "self-reliance," her determination to do as she pleased, "originality."

Gladys had expressed a desire to come to the seashore this summer, and her mother had unhesitatingly acceded to her wishes. For a year the girl had longed for a motor-car of her own. She did not want a cheap car, she had declared, but "a regular high-power machine." That she had had to wait for some months before having this yearning satisfied was due to the fact that Mrs. Wyndham herself had to wait until certain dividends fell due before buying the automobile. For she was not a wealthy woman. Her husband had felt that he was leaving her well provided for. He had had no experience in the extravagance of the younger generation.

If a passing wonder as to how it was all to end ever came to the mother's mind, she put it from her as unfair to the child. What had she to live for but Gladys? Would it be fair to dwarf such a wonderful personality as this young creature's? Could she do better than to spend and be spent in making her darling happy? Some day, when she, Agnes Wyndham, was an old woman, and Gladys had married a man who could appreciate her and surround her with such luxuries as were her right, the mother would have time to rest and take care of herself. She had lived her own joyous youth, her time of love and happiness with the man she had married; now it was Gladys's turn to have hers.

One of the guests in the hotel stepped forward as Mrs. Wyndham, a wrap over her arm, followed her daughter downstairs that night.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Hadley asked.

"Oh, I'm not going anywhere," Mrs. Wyndham said. "But Gladys and several of her friends are taking a little drive before bedtime, and I am afraid she will not be warm enough."

"Why don't you go too?" Mrs. Hadley asked impulsively.

"I?" in surprise. "Why, I had not thought of it. Older people are a bit in the way when young folks are off on a frolic—don't you think so? But I must hurry and catch Gladys before she starts."

Yet, when she ran out to the head of the front steps, called her daughter and signalled to her to take the extra wrap, Gladys shook her head.

"I don't need it, dear," she exclaimed.

"Oh—I forgot!" the mother apologized.

"Poor mother!" Gladys laughed, turning to the man beside her. "She never remembers that I am grown up."

"Does she often motor with you?" the young man queried, more for the sake of saying something than because he felt any interest in the topic.

"Not often," the girl replied. "She does not care for motoring. Ye gods—what a moon!"

The couple on the rear seat—another young man and a girl—echoed her exclamation, and the middle-aged woman and her preferences was forgotten.

As Agnes Wyndham turned back into the hotel Mrs. Hadley asked a question similar to the one asked by Gladys's companion a moment earlier.

"Do you care for motoring, Mrs. Wyndham? I notice you seldom go."

"Why, yes—I like it," the mother said, as if considering the subject for the first time. "But the car belongs to Gladys, you know—and young people like to be with young people."

"I see," Mrs. Hadley rejoined dryly. "Ah!" as a tall figure approached them, "here is a friend I want you to meet. He has run up from Philadelphia to see this place, with an idea of spending a week here later. Mrs. Wyndham—let me introduce Mr. Armstrong—Mr. Donald Armstrong."

"Mr. Armstrong!" The exclamation with which Agnes greeted the newcomer was fraught with pleased surprise. "Why—I have not seen you in years—not since I was a girl."

"Yet I would have known you anywhere," the man declared. Then to Mrs. Hadley: "This lady and I were friends when we were youngsters."

"It's over twenty years since that winter I spent in Philadelphia with my aunt," Agnes reminded him. "I was married that next spring. Looking back, it seems a half-century ago."

"And looking at you makes it seem but yesterday," he added gallantly. "Are you here alone?"

"With my daughter—the only person left who belongs to me," she said briefly.

It was later, when Mrs. Hadley had left the pair alone that, tactfully, Donald Armstrong drew from the women he had once known the story of the years that had intervened since that winter in the Quaker City when he had been a frequent caller at her aunt's home. And in return he told her of what had befallen him since then.

"I have never married," he said. "I am now, at forty-five, pretty lonely. I am a prosperous old bachelor with a comfortable place to live in, money to provide me with luxuries, and no home."

"I know," the woman sympathized. "I am only a couple of years younger

than you—and but for my little girl I, too, would have no home."

"Mrs. Hadley has told me that she is very pretty," Armstrong said. "I shall be back in ten days for a week's sojourn. I shall see her then."

"I am afraid you won't," the mother regretted. "She is going up to Twilight Park to spend a month with a friend of mine. She will be gone by the time you return here."

"Then," the man said with a little bow, "I may, perhaps, have the pleasure of preventing her mother's being too utterly lonely while her little girl is absent. For I shall bring my car down, and it may be you will let me help you pass away some of your unoccupied hours by taking some nice long drives with me."

"Oh, thank you!" Agnes exclaimed. "I shall be only too glad—for—with a catch in her throat—"I shall miss Gladys horribly."

"Does she go alone?" the man asked.

"Oh, no—she takes three other young people with her—a young married couple and a friend of theirs. She goes in the automobile."

Gladys Wyndham had been away from her mother and the seashore for three weeks. Donald Armstrong had been on the Jersey coast for a fortnight. And, during that fortnight, he had spent much of his time with Agnes Wyndham.

If there was gossip about them in the summer hotel neither of the pair was aware of the fact. The man was enjoying Agnes's society as he always enjoyed the society of a bright woman. He did not stop to analyze just how much interested he was in her. It was enough for him that she was a delightful company, an excellent comrade, and that she had the leisure to accept his attentions.

As for Agnes herself, with each passing day she looked younger, and more like the daughter whose beauty was so often commented upon. It was a long time since she had regarded herself as of any importance except as the mother of her child. Now that child was away, and time would have dragged drearily had it not been for the presence of this man of the world, the man who was bringing back to her her own youth.

Unconsciously, she refused to speculate upon the cause of her present happiness. She was missing Gladys less than she had expected to. Of that she was thankful. She was also thankful to the man who had brought about this state of affairs. He had meant to stop at the seashore for only a week, but had lingered on after the time for departure was past. Now, at the end of the two weeks, he was going to carry out his other plans for his vacation and spend a little while in the mountains.

"I shall, however, come back to Philadelphia by way of the Jersey coast," he announced on the last afternoon of his stay at the beach. "The place is becoming a habit with me. Perhaps, Agnes, you yourself are becoming a habit with me."

She flushed. He had not called her by her first name before. They had motored over to Allaire and were now driving slowly through the wooded road that leads from the deserted village.

"It—has been very pleasant having you down here," she stammered, flushing more hotly as she appreciated that she was behaving like a silly school-girl. Then, to take his attention from herself, she asked: "What part of the mountains are you going to?"

"To Twilight Park first," he replied. "But I shall be there for only two or three days."

"Twilight Park?" she repeated.

"Then you may see Gladys. I do want you to meet her."

"And I want to meet her," he said, "for she is her mother's daughter."

Agnes Wyndham and Donald Armstrong did not speak of Gladys again until that night just before they parted. They had been strolling up and down the long board-walk, listening to the waves dash upon the beach, talking of indifferent things, as those talk whose thoughts are upon dangerously serious matters.

"Give my little girl my love when you see her," Agnes said as she held out her hand to Armstrong at the foot of the hotel steps.

He took the small hand in his warm grasp. "Indeed I will, Agnes," he said. "I am prepared to be fond of the child—for the mother's sake."

"Thank you!" she murmured, turning to go.

"Wait a minute," he pleaded.

"It is late," she began, but he checked her.

"I am not going to detain you," he said. "But I want you to tell me if you will be glad to have me stop here on my way back home—I mean—if you will be a bit happier for my coming. Tell me, Agnes."

She tried to laugh. "Why, of course I shall be happier for seeing you," she affirmed. "You know that, Don. Good night!"

Before he could say another word she had snatched her hand away and had run into the house as lightly as her daughter might have run.

Alone in her own room she turned on the light and looked at herself in the glass—at her sparkling eyes, her glowing cheeks.

"I did not dare stay," she whispered. "I did not dare let myself tell you how glad I shall be to see you again. I wonder if, after all, she has broken off sharply and some of the color left her face. I must remember Gladys. My little girl! Yet what harm would there be if—"

Again she stopped. "I am a silly fool!" she muttered. "And yet—another wave of color suffusing her face—"I am very happy!"

A week later Gladys Wyndham wrote to her mother for the second time since her departure. She did not like to write letters. She announced that her hostess, Mrs. Drake, had urged her to prolong her stay a few days longer.

"So I shall be gone for five weeks in all instead of a month," the girl added. "I am having a better time here than I had at the seashore. Mr. Armstrong, who knows you, is up here at Twilight. I am glad I am to have a fortnight more in this lovely place. I know you don't mind so long

as I am enjoying myself."

So Donald Armstrong was still at Twilight Park! Agnes remembered that he had intended to stay there but two or three days. Well, he probably found the place pleasanter than he had expected. He was having an opportunity to meet Gladys. Of course he would like the child. She was so lovely that nobody could help liking her. But Donald would be interested in her because of the child's mother. If Gladys liked him it would make it easier if—

She shook her head impatiently, then smiled. How foolish she was growing these days, and how ridiculously young she felt!

She had had two short notes from Donald since he had told her good-night a week ago. One had mentioned his arrival at Twilight Park. The next one, written the following day, had contained a few lines.

"I want you to know that I have met your daughter," the man wrote. "I have had no talk with her as yet—but she is, as you say, very sweet, and very much like her mother. That is why I hope to know her better."

That had been all—but that had been enough to make the heart of a woman forty-two years old beat a bit faster than it had beaten for many years.

During the fortnight that followed, Agnes Wyndham received several post-cards from her daughter saying that she was well and having a good time. Why should the child write more than that? That was all that the mother needed to know—that she was well and happy. No word came from Donald Armstrong. Doubtless he had gone on his proposed trip and had no time to write. As Gladys did not refer to him again, that was the natural supposition.

It was on the morning of the day that the girl was to return that, on pausing at the desk for her mail, Mrs. Wyndham was handed an envelope addressed in Armstrong's handwriting. She started slightly as she saw that it bore the imprint of a hotel in Twilight Park. Had he stopped there again on his way home?

She went out upon the veranda, and, as the day was cool and breezy, seated herself in a sunny and sheltered corner before opening her letter.

"Dear Mrs. Wyndham," it began.

She was conscious of a slight sensation of disappointment. She had supposed that Donald would begin this, his first real letter to her by some less formal address than "Mrs. Wyndham."

"I am too fanciful!" she muttered.

Then, as her eyes fell again upon the page before her, she sat transfixed, taking it all in at a glance, yet reading every word slowly as if she would grasp its full meaning. Had she once spoken to her just then she would scarcely have heard it. It is doubtful if she would have been able to tell where she was.

For only one fact seemed to exist at this moment. It was that Donald Armstrong loved Gladys, and that he had asked her to become his wife, and that Gladys had accepted him.

Agnes Wyndham did not know that she had folded the letter and slipped it into her pocket; she did not know that for a half hour she sat with hands tightly clasped gazing out across the glistening water. All she knew was that over and over in her brain the words she had just read were repeating themselves.

It was not until Mrs. Hadley, coming around the end of the veranda, called her by name that she came back to a realization of her surroundings.

"Why, good morning!" Mrs. Hadley greeted her. "Isn't this a wonderful day?"

Agnes looked at her blankly for an instant, then pulled herself together. "Yes, yes—a wonderful day," she rejoined. "I—I—have been taking a sun-bath out here."

"Oh, don't go in!" Mrs. Hadley urged as Agnes rose from her chair.

"I must. I have some matters to attend to," the mother said slowly, as if feeling her way. "Gladys comes home tonight, and I must see that her room is ready for her." As she started toward the door, she staggered slightly.

"Look out, my dear!" Mrs. Hadley said. "Are you not feeling well? You are deathly pale."

"Oh, yes, I am perfectly well, thank you," Agnes assured her. "I have been looking out at the sun on the water for so long that I can't see very clearly just yet, that's all. The glare has made spots over my eyes—you know how it does that?"

The spots were still there when she reached her room and shut and locked the door. In spite of her blurred vision, she sank into a chair facing the window and continued to gaze out across the ocean just as she had done out on the veranda.

The most cruel battles of the world are not fought by men on an open field. They are fought by the mothers of the world, alone, with no one looking on but God. It is well that nobody but He does look on—for He is the only one who could understand.

Such battles leave no scarred and bloody ground as witnesses of what has happened. The only signs they leave are hair a little grayer and lines a little deeper in the fast-aging faces of the contestants.

So that afternoon, when Gladys Wyndham, reaching the hotel earlier than she had anticipated, came into her mother's room, she saw nothing amiss in the smiling countenance of the occupant, nor heard any note of pain in the voice that greeted her.

"My dear little girl!" the mother said, clasping her in her arms. "You stole a march on me and got here an hour sooner than I expected you."

"We made a very rapid run," the girl explained after she had returned her mother's kiss. Then she added quickly: "You got Don's letter, mother—didn't you?"

"Yes, my darling. I am very glad for you—very glad."

"I knew you would be," Gladys declared. "Donald insisted on writing to you at once, without waiting for me to tell you. Oh, mother—Isn't he fine?"

"He is indeed," the mother agreed. "Of course he's lots older than I am—but I don't care if he is," Gladys went on. "He's got love enough and

money enough to satisfy me—even though I am an exacting young person." She laughed, but her mother did not smile.

"You love him, Gladys, don't you?" she questioned sternly.

"Of course I do!" the girl exclaimed. "Come, don't look so grave about it, Honey," she protested dropping a light kiss on Agnes's forehead. "For I'm perfectly happy."

"That is what I've lived for dear," the mother reminded her, "to have you happy. And I have known Donald Armstrong for many years. He is a good man—as nearly worthy of my little girl as any man can be. Remember always, darling—that what your mother wishes and prays for is your happiness."

She said the same in substance two days later when Donald Armstrong came on from Philadelphia to see his fiancée and her mother.

"She has been all I have had to live for since her father's death," Agnes told him. "Her happiness has been my one aim. In giving her to you I know she will be safe."

The man looked at her keenly. When he had been here before he had thought this woman very young for her age. Now she seemed strangely shrunken and old. He supposed it was because of the contrast between her and her daughter. Middle-aged pale and shrivels in the presence of youth and beauty.

"I will try to be worthy of your trust in me," he murmured, lifting his future mother-in-law's hand to his lips.

Before the trio had parted for the night, Gladys had set the date for the wedding. It must be early in January. She wanted to go to Palm Beach for her honeymoon. If her mother set right to work, everything—the trousseau and all—could be ready by January first—couldn't it?"

Certainly, the mother affirmed, everything could be ready by that time.

The afternoon before the wedding Agnes Wyndham sent a note to Donald Armstrong. He was to dine at her house that evening with the bridal party, and after dinner they were all to go down to the church for a final wedding rehearsal. There would be a quiet half hour before dinner, while Gladys was dressing. Could Donald come to Mrs. Wyndham's sitting room at that time? He replied that he would be glad to do so.

Thus it came about that the pair were seated before the grate fire when Agnes Wyndham told him that she had recently made her will, although in case of her death everything she had would, naturally go to her child.

"I have thought until lately that I might live on for years to come," she explained, "and I have felt that the law makes as good a will as I could make. Perhaps I have deferred thinking of death, aware that my going would leave Gladys all alone in the world. Now it is different. I want you, Donald, to know that while I may live for a long while, I have the same trouble that took my father off when he was younger than I am. The end in such cases always comes suddenly."

"Does Gladys know this?" he asked abruptly.

"No—and she must not. It is of that very thing that I wanted to speak to you. I will not have my ailments, and something that may not happen for several years yet, mar her happiness. But I want you to know what arrangements I have made, so that, when the end does come, there need be no trouble, no perplexity for my little girl."

"Yes, yes," he murmured sympathetically.

"No—and she must not. It is of that very thing that I wanted to speak to you. I will not have my ailments, and something that may not happen for several years yet, mar her happiness. But I want you to know what arrangements I have made, so that, when the end does come, there need be no trouble, no perplexity for my little girl."

"Yes, yes," he murmured sympathetically.

Man of the world though he was, he was at a loss what to say. Even in the ruddy firelight he could see that his companion looked shockingly ill. How she had changed in the last few months! Strange that Gladys had not noticed it!

"Don't you think!" the man began.

He stopped suddenly as the door opened and his betrothed entered.

"Why, mother dear," she exclaimed. "What under the sun are you doing sitting here in the dark—you and Don? It is dinner time now and you know we are due at the church for rehearsal at half-past eight. I wish you would jerk the maids up a bit and remind them that I want dinner promptly. I thought of course you would see to that, mother."

"I meant to!" Agnes exclaimed, rising hurriedly.

"Can't I give the order for you?" Donald interposed as she started toward the door.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "You stay here with Gladys. She has had only a glimpse of you today. I will see why dinner is not ready."

As Agnes Wyndham left the room, Gladys turned to her betrothed with a bewitching little pout.

"I do not see what makes mother so forgetful these days," she remarked. "Have you noticed it?"

"She has a good deal on her mind, darling," Donald said.

"You mean my wedding?" the girl asked, drawing nearer to him and looking into his face.

In the gleam from the fire she was very beautiful. Her skin was like a roseleaf in texture; her neck and shoulders perfect in outline; her eyes dark and deep. Her lips were held up as if for a kiss.

He caught her in his arms. "Ah!" he ejaculated rapturously. "Is not the thought of our wedding enough to make everybody in the world forget everything else—you darling?"

"Yes," she murmured, smiling under his caresses. "I know it is. So I suppose we must excuse poor dear mother's negligence—mustn't we?"

"Indeed we must," he said.

But it was evident from the tone of his voice that his thoughts were already far from his wife's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Armstrong were at Palm Beach when the telegram message reached the husband telling him of Agnes Wyndham's death. Her old friend, Mrs. Drake, had sent such particulars as the fifty-word limit of a "night-letter" would permit. But much can be told in fifty words. These stated the bare facts and asked that the dead woman's daughter telegraph at once what ar-

rangements she wished made for the funeral, etc.

It was not until Gladys had sobbed out her first horror and grief that her husband asked her what reply she wished to send to Mrs. Drake's question.

"I am sorry, darling," he apologized, "to add to your distress by making you talk of such matters when you are nearly heart-broken. But these details have to be attended to, and I cannot take the responsibility of settling them without consulting you. How soon do you think you can be ready to start for home?"

"Start for home?"

The exclamation was indicative of such genuine consternation that the husband gasped in surprise. Then he forced himself to speak gently. The sudden shock had dazed the poor child.

"Yes, dear," he said slowly, "I mean—can you be ready to take tonight's train back to New York? If so, we can telegraph that the—hesitated—"that the funeral services can be held on Thursday."

"Oh!" the face into which he was looking had grown suddenly pale. "I cannot go back to New York yet—we have not had half our visit here! What good—Donald—what good could it do for me to go back now?"

"No good," her husband began, "I only thought you would want—"

But she interrupted him. "Want to go back now! Want to go back to all that sadness and depression! Why should I? Here am I, a young bride, away on my wedding trip, and this awful news comes! Is not that bad enough—the shock and dreadfulness of it all—without making it more real by going back to that lonely house and to those awful services—and everything! I tell you I can't stand it! Mother would not want me to. Mrs. Drake can arrange everything without us. You know she can. Why, Don, as her husband's face did not relax—"you know that mother would not want my happiness spoiled like this. She always said that she lived for my happiness."

"Yes," the man said slowly, "she lived for your happiness. I see that now," he paused. "It seems almost," he added under his breath, "as if she had died for your happiness."

"What did you say?" his wife asked.

"Nothing of any consequence," he replied, "but tell me just what you want me to do." She told him with the clear decision as to what she wished, that was one of her characteristics.

When he had sent the lengthy telegram dictated by Gladys, Donald Armstrong came back into her room. She was sitting just where he had left her, and glanced up at his entrance.

"I was just thinking, Don," she said eagerly, "that since nobody here at the Breakers knows about mother, it would be just as well not to mention this awful trouble. We can be here such a little while longer—and, if it was told, I would be expected to remain out of things—perhaps even to put on black for a while. You know," as he did not answer, "that mother would have hated to have me do that. And, really, Don—don't you think I am doing just what she would have told you to do?"

"Yes," he said gravely, "you are doing just what she would have told you to do."

He stood for a full minute looking at her, a new expression creeping into his eyes. It was the look that might come to the eyes of a man who had paid a great price for a jewel selected by artificial light, and who found, on coming out into the glare of full noon, that it had an ugly flaw at its heart.

But his wife was twisting the rings about on her pretty fingers, and did not see the look. Had she seen it, she would not have understood.—By Virginia Terhune, in Van de Water, in Hearst's.

POTTER CO. BEARS SENT TO OTHER PARTS OF STATE.

Pennsylvania State game officials have succeeded this year in doing what they claim has never been successfully accomplished in any other State in trapping bears and shipping them by express to game preserves in distant parts of the State. The bears have been caught in the Potter county region, which is infested with them, and they are being used for breeding purposes in the preserves to which they have been sent.

Under new laws the State Game Commission has authorized the trapping and thirty-two pens have been built in parts of Potter county and trapping of bears is almost a daily occurrence at one part or another of the district. The bears are then taken in charge by game protectors and sent away in crates.

Several have been placed in game preserves in Cambria and adjoining counties. In parts of Potter county the bears became a nuisance to farmers and special regulations for killing them when destroying property have been made.

The Mother of Ballooning.

A washer woman was the mother of ballooning and it all started in France about 1780. The washer woman wished to dry out more rapidly than could be accomplished by air and sunshine, so she rigged it up over the fireplace. The hot air soon dried the cloth and the woman was astonished to see it round out like a ball and float up to the ceiling. A neighbor named Montgolfier saw the strange occurrence and it gave him the idea from which he made the first balloon.

Japan Buying U. S. Rice.

Tokio.—Japan, which exported rice to America before the war, is now going to bring American rice into Japan, a rice-producing country, said the manager of a big trading house in Tokio.

American rice can be laid down in Yokohama c. i. f. at one-half the present market price of Japanese rice, the dealer said. Imports of 6000 tons of California and Texas rice have already been contracted for import.