

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—I have been used to bear the load so long; "And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road—" "Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

THE ETERNAL MICROBE

Love, according to some French scientist, is a disease, and a contagious disease at that. If this is so, the germ that waylaid Patterson Noyes certainly worked fast. For at eight o'clock of an August twilight, when Pat sat down to a semi-formal dinner, he was perfectly normal. Before nine he was something else again.

a swift, whimsical smile and charming manners. He had, naturally, met quite a few pretty girls, flirted with most of them and kissed a reasonable number. In the modern manner, that is. His intentions had never been matrimonial. The reasons for that were basically financial.

received this bid to visit her, and been overwhelmed. "I still feel like Cinderella," she confessed. "Think of how Cinderella cleaned them up," he suggested.

Somebody did. In New York she had to wait for a train and she hastily wrote Pat, enclosing the telegram. In Chicago there was a wait between trains and she got her mother on the long-distance.

Nor was he in any mood to. This had been his first experience with a furniture store. And he felt that it was not to be wondered at that a man who had spent his life in one should end up with a stroke.

They did. But it was not after midnight when Nancy returned home. Not in Slogan City. There was but one Sunday paper published in Slogan City and every body read it.