



Rosemary

A charming Christmas story of a little girl and her beautiful mother whom she called "Angel"

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Illustrated by Will Jones

Because Rosemary believed in fairies she became one herself and was able to work wonders on a Christmas eve at Monte Carlo, bringing together two hearts estranged by the worldly wise who presume to interfere in love affairs. Rosemary's naive winsomeness will appeal to you as it did to all whom she met and you will be glad to read the story

IN THIS PAPER

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Schedule in Effect NOV. 25, 1906

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Beauty in the Anglemorm.
If there is any living thing that seems to have nothing to relieve its ugliness it is the anglemorm that crawls slimly across the sidewalk after a heavy rain. And yet even that is beautiful. Put a bit of its upper skin under the microscope and your ideas of the poor little worm will change mightily. It shimmers like the softest satin and sparkles with all the colors of the rainbow, for it is covered with little fine lines crossing each other like the cuttings in a glass vase.

The Smooth Handle.
Everything has two handles—one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne, but rather by the opposite, that he is your brother, that he was brought up with you, and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.—Epictetus.

A Word For Nero.
"Nero fiddled while Rome burned!" exclaimed the student.
"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "that's better than the custom many violinists have of practicing at a time when everything is nice and quiet otherwise."
—Washington Star.

The Compromise.
"My bride wanted to go on a week's wedding tour, and I wanted to stay at home. Well, we compromised by going on a tour around the world!"—Meggen-dorfer Blatter.

ROSEMARY

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Chapter One

HERE was a young man in Monte Carlo. He had come in a motor car, and he had come a long way, but he hardly knew why he had come. He hardly knew in these days why he did anything. But, then, one must do something.

It would be Christmas soon, and he thought that he would rather get it over on the Riviera than anywhere else, because the blue and gold weather would not remind him of other Christmases which were gone—pure, white, cold Christmases, musical with joy bells and sweet with aromatic pine, the scent of trees born to be Christmas trees.

There had been a time when he had fancied it would be a wonderful thing to see the Riviera. He had thought what it would be like to be a rich man and bring a certain girl here for a moon of honey and roses.

She was the most beautiful girl in the world, or he believed her so, which is exactly the same thing, and he had imagined the joy of walking with her on just such a terrace as this Casino terrace where he was walking now, alone. She would be in white, with one of those long ermine things that women call stoles, an ermine muff (the big, "granny" kind that swallows girlish arms up to the dimples in their elbows) and a hat which they would have bought together in Paris.

They would have bought jewels, too, in the same street where they found the hat, the Rue de la Paix, which she had told him she longed to see. And she would be wearing some of the jewels with the white dress—just a few, not many, of course. A string of pearls (she loved pearls), a swallow brooch (he had heard her say she admired those swallow brooches, and he never forgot anything she said), with perhaps a sapphire studded buckle on her white suede belt. Yes, that would be all, except the rings, which would lie hidden under her gloves on the dear little hands whose nails were like enameled rose leaves.

When she moved, walking beside him on the terrace, there would be a mysterious silky whisper and rustle, something like that you hear in the woods in the spring, when the leaves are crisp with their pale green youth, and you shut your eyes, listening to the breeze telling them the secrets of life.

There would be a fragrance about the white dress and the laces and ermine and the silk things that you could not see, a fragrance as mysterious as the rustling, for it would seem to belong to the girl and not to have come from any bottle or bag of sachet powder—a sweet, fresh, indefinable fragrance, like the smell of a tea rose after rain.

They would have walked together, they two, and he would have been so proud of her that every time a passerby cast a glance of admiration at her face he would feel that he could hardly keep in a laugh of joy or a shout: "She is mine! She is mine!"

But he had been poor in the old days, when from far away he had thought of this terrace and the moon of honey and roses and love. It had all been a dream then, as it was now, too sweet ever to come true.

He thought of the dream and of the boy who had dreamed it half bitterly, half sadly, on this his first day in the place of the dream.

He was rich, as rich as he had seen himself in the impossible picture, and it would have been almost too easy to buy the white dress and the ermine and the pearls, but there was no one for whom he would have been happy to buy them. The most beautiful girl in the world was not in his world now, and none other had had the password to open the door of his heart since she had gone out, locking it behind her.

"She would have liked the auto," he said to himself, and then, a moment later, "I wonder why I came."

It was a perfect Riviera day. Everybody in Monte Carlo who was not in the Casino was sauntering on the terrace in the sun, for it was that hour before luncheon when people like to say "How do you do? How nice to meet you here!" to their friends.

The young man from far away had not, so far as he knew, either enemies or friends at Monte Carlo. He was not conscious of the slightest desire to say "How do you do?" to any of the pretty people he met, although there is a superstition that every soul longs for kindred souls at Christmas time.

He had not been actively unhappy before he left the Hotel de Paris and strolled out on the terrace to have his first sight of Monte Carlo by daylight. Always there was the sore spot in his heart, and often it ached almost unbearably at night or when the world hurt him with its beauty, which he must see without her, but usually he kept the spot well covered up, and, being healthy as well as young, he had cultivated that kind of contentment which Thoreau said was only desperate resignation in disguise. He took an interest in books, in politics and sport and motor cars and a good many other things, but on the terrace the blue of the sea, the opal lights on the mountains, the gold glint of oranges among green, glittering leaves, the pearly



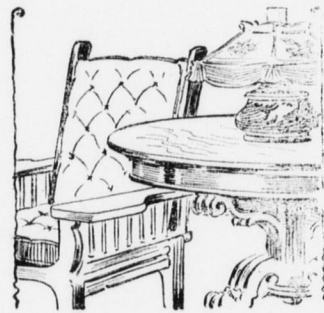
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" Westfield.....		8 40	12 23
" Ansonia.....		9 45	
" Wellsville.....		8 40	3 25
" Galeton.....		10 25	5 05
" Cross Fork.....		6 10	4 25
" Wharton.....		11 55	6 30
" Costello.....		12 07	6 42
" Austin.....		1 00	6 52
Arrive Keating Summit..		2 10	7 22

Additional trains leave Austin at 7:40 a. m., and 10:10 a. m., reaching Keating Summit at 8:50 a. m. and 11:10 a. m., respectively.

NORTH BOUND		a. m.	a. m.
Leave Keating Summit..		11 40	
" Austin.....		6 30	12 55
" Costello.....		6 36	1 01
" Wharton.....		6 48	1 18
Arrive Cross Fork.....		12 05	6 55
Leave Galeton.....		8 30	3 00
Arrive Wellsville.....		2 40	
" Ansonia.....		9 15	6 40
" Westfield.....		9 17	3 46
" Addison.....		10 16	4 46

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