

Easter Cupids

By Garnet Fubank

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When Billy came in from the corral he had evolved the "great idea." And it was all for the happiness of one "Monty" Levering, once known as A. Montague Levering, but who had recently taken up the glorious occupation of a cow puncher, and who—

but that is getting ahead of the story. The girl lived in Boston, and her father was a judge and rich, which is truly an unusual condition for most judges. She was young, petite, and her cheeks were as red as the autumn apple. When she smiled her teeth were as pearls, and when she laughed the spring-time brook was shamed in comparison. At least this was the description that rested snugly in the sentimental part of "Monty's" mind; the picture that caused him to hesitate many times before he engaged in the usual "puncher" pastimes.

"Monty" was at Harvard when he met her, and he had called at her home several times. But when his father took the receiver's route the judge decided that any such thing as an affair between the young people must end. And so "Monty," in the depth of his despair, went to the west.

"It will never be anyone but you, Monty, dear," she told him. "No matter how long it may be, or how far away you are, I will come to you if you need me."

"But I need you now," protested "Monty." "I need you every minute; I will need you forever."

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but we must wait awhile and we will surely find a way."

So "Monty" rode the whole day long among the cattle, repairing countless miles of fence, listening to the wails of the homeless kyoote, and thinking, thinking, thinking. As the days rolled by a look of despair settled in his blue eyes, and the boys at the ranch held innumerable councils of war to determine ways and means of rendering assistance. They knew his story. It was told by a letter which one of the men had accidentally opened. And there is nothing like the mute sympathy of the puncher. It is equal to any emergency; it is from the heart of nature.

So when Billy McDermott conceived the idea there was an immediate conference of the clans. "Monty" was out at the other end of the ranch, so the secret was safe.

"It's as plain as the nose on your face," declared Billy, vehemently, as



Eastertide

write this lady a letter, tellin' her all about Monty's just about ready to go to the dogs and that serious things will happen if she don't put in appearance and marry him. That'll gain her sympathy. Then we'll tell her that on Easter day we'll meet her at Arapahoe with Monty and a minister, and all will be merry. Do you catch me? The whole thing will appeal to her romantic nature, and I'll bet a hundred she comes. What do you say?"

Needless to say the plan appealed to everybody present, and after many laborious hours the following epistle was penned and addressed to Miss Helen Oldham, 18 Alston Court, Boston:

Dear Miss: Us boys thinks Monty Levering is about the best there is. But we are a heap sorry to say that he is nearly ready to jump off at the jumping off place because he cannot marry you. Now if you are stuck on him like he is on you, we have a plan which we will now disclose. On Easter day we are all going to the Arapahoe, taking Monty with us. If you are on the California Limited, which stops there for water, we will be present with a minister and you and Monty can be properly spliced without no trouble. We are writin' this from the depths of our hearts and we hope you will see that things is urgent. Answer as soon as possible.

Yours For Keeps
THE BOYS OF EXB.
Address Billy McDermott.
P. S.—Monty don't know nothing about this.

When Monty rode in to the headquarters next day he was greeted with an unusual display of warmth and feeling. He noticed, however, that there were many mysterious whispers.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he demanded, when he discovered Billy and Shorty with their heads together that evening after dinner. "You look like you're plotting to shoot me up at the first chance. Come on and tell me what's up."

"Hold your horses, sonny," admonished Billy. "This here thing demands some educidatin' before such feeble minds as yours can grasp it, huh? But, as I was sayin' 'fore this maverick interrupted me, the only thing to do is to get a fine romance. Now, what I wants to know is, when is Easter coming? Does any of you gang know?"

Nobody knew, but Shorty finally solved the problem by declaring that there was an old almanac hidden some place about his belongings.

After a frantic search that work of literature was discovered securely hidden beneath two pairs of boots and a Mexican saddle.

The almanac was perused carefully and concisely. And the Easter date was found.

"That figures out just right," declared the plotting Billy. "My scheme is this. Every woman likes to be married on Easter. There's somethin' about it that appeals to the feminine nature. So the thing we'll do is to

"Go on, now, you old Harvard dude," mimicked Shorty, as he hastily dodged out of reach of Monty's boot. "Can't two fellers talk secrets without you buttin' in? And you just wait awhile. Maybe we're talkin' 'bout you, after all."

After a certain period of time had elapsed, and the boys had commenced to grow uneasy, a letter came addressed to Billy.

"Your matchmaking methods are unusual, to say the least," the letter stated. "But I believe you are honest and good and you cause me to trust in you implicitly. If Monty needs me I will come. I want to say that I will marry him if he hasn't a cent in the world. My father goes to New Orleans next week to be gone a month. And I will be on the California Limited when it stops at Arapahoe on Easter day. I have always wanted to be married on Easter. It is so good and sacred that I know nothing bad can come when one is wedded on that day. You are friends of Monty's and I know God will bless you."

"HELEN OLDHAM."

When the reading of the letter was finished the boys took their hats off and three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for the writer.

"I'd steal that girl myself, if I was younger," declared Billy.

When Easter day dawned, eight good men and true rode into Arapahoe with Monty in their midst, an innocent and unsuspecting person. The day was radiant with sunshine, and the prairie flowers were just beginning to blossom out in all their glory. As Shorty remarked, "things looked ripe for weddin' and such."

Rev. Augustus Thomas was merely told that he was to perform a marriage ceremony, and he was happy and pleased to render any assistance possible. The license had been secured and every detail had been properly attended to. So when the train puffed into the station, Monty was under close guard to prevent his wandering away. The surprise, as

Billy figured it, was to be complete. And when the train stopped at the watering tank the passengers were surprised to see two ferocious and dust-stained cowboys pass down the aisles, carefully examining every face. But when the last coach was reached



"Monty" Rode the Whole Day Long Among the Cattle.

these two gentlemen appeared and called loudly for assistance.

"She ain't there," was the solemn declaration.

"Take another look," yelled the amazed Billy, "I'll hold the train or there'll be an engineer and fireman slaughtered."

But Miss Helen Oldham was nowhere to be found. She was not

aboard the limited, that was sure. For every nook and cranny of the train had been carefully searched, and the passengers were beginning to think that a regulation hold-up was in progress.

"Fools, fools, fools," shrieked the frantic Monty, when the mysterious proceedings were explained to him. "Don't you know that Easter happened last Sunday? My poor Helen, what must she have thought? What shall I do?"

And he buried his face in his hands and almost sobbed, while eight cowpunchers stood about in exceedingly embarrassed attitudes.

"It's all that almanac of yours," sighed Billy, looking daggers at the miserable Shorty. "Ain't you got any better sense than to not know that Easter doesn't come on the same day every year?"

While every one was blaming every one else and while the wild-eyed Monty paced up and down the platform, a special delivery letter was handed to Mr. McDermott. It was from Miss Oldham, and it read:

"I am in San Francisco at my aunt's, and I have forever lost faith in mankind. I thought you were honest and good and I find that you play a miserable joke on an innocent girl. I had determined to go back home and never mention this again. But I am writing to ask you if you have any explanation to make. I have thought that there might have been some accident. If the whole thing was a joke, you need not answer this letter."

With a wild yell, Monty sprang to the telegraph office and the following message to Miss Helen Oldham was hurriedly dispatched:

"Am coming to you on the next train, 'MONTY.'"

And after hours of waiting Monty boarded the express, which seemed to run at a snail's pace, and eight good men and true rode slowly out of the town.

"I want all you boys to hear me," solemnly declared the mournful Billy, as the gang assembled after supper, "and be it known by these presents that if I ever again attempt to fix up an Easter romance, I hope I'm shot for a rustler."

Exactly one week after the above mentioned occurrences Mr. Billy McDermott again was the recipient of a special delivery letter which the "old man" brought out from town. It was from Monty.

"Good boys," it read, "you have all the cupids that ever existed beaten to a stop. Miss Helen Oldham is now Mrs. Monty Levering, thank you, and we are starting for Boston to-morrow. Judge Oldham has wired his forgiveness, and I'm afraid I will never again punch cows. Mrs. Levering and I expect to pay you all a visit, however, some time in the future. But until then good-by. Regards to everybody."

"Well, I'll be darned," was the only expression that Mr. Bill McDermott could give to his feelings.

And every Easter there is a big box of carnations and many, many edibles sent out all the way from Boston to the ranch where Mr. Billy McDermott holds proud and lofty sway.

THE LILIES.

Pale, with the coldness of death in their pallor,
Dimly they gleam thro' the shadowy dawn;
Drooping in grief at the tomb of the Master,
Drooping and pulseless, and waxen and wan,
Red grows the dawn and the shadows are flying,
Hark to the anthem that peals from the Master!
Wake ye and rouse ye—mourn not for the Master!
Rent are His ceremonies, for Death yields to Love!

Lift up your chaplets, ye virginal lilies,
Flowers of the Rising that nature holds dear;
Preach in your sweetness from chancel and altar,
Spread the glad tidings that Easter is here,
Tell it, ye voices, in carol and anthem,
Sing it, and ring it from steeples that sway!

At the Council of Nice.
The arrangement for determining the date upon which Easter shall be celebrated was inaugurated at the council of Nice in 325.

Fixing Easter Day.
Easter day is the first Sunday after the fourteenth day (not the full moon) of the calendar moon which happens on or next after March 21.

Hint to the Fastidious.
Since milk bottles are invariably handled by the top fastidious women will wash off the bottle before removing the paper cap.



Tough Luck.

I haf 2 make thee Garden now and can't play ball a tall.
I wish thee Spring had never Curn if I can't heed her Call!
Thee Kids hez gone a-Flashin' where thee Yellow bullhead feeds
While I am forced 2 stay at Hoam and plant these dog-gone seeds.

I haf 2 spade thee Pesky ground and smooth it on thee Top,
and then I Haf 2 round it Up and plant thee Onion Crop.
Thee's radishes and Peas and Beans and sweet corn 2 B sowed,
a bed for every veg'atub that ever yet's been growed!

ma stands around and bosses Me and makes me Hustle 2
she sez that workin' in thee Ground is good for boys 2 do,
and thinks that Slaving now and then will Make me prize thee Day
when I don't haf a thing 2 do but fool thee Time away!

she sez that when thee Kumpny comes she'll tell 'em it was ME
that raised thee Radishes and things: "Gist look at this one! See!"
but I don't care for praise AHEAD an' Kumpny cums 2 stay
when I could let this garden go and play base-Ball TODAY!

Saving the Country.

According to the late Whitelaw Reid, the girl graduate of to-day would better learn how to hit divorce in the solar plexus than find Italy lying beyond the Alps. Mr. Reid admits with entire abandon that the rapids are below us and below the rapids is a barbed wire fence loaded with javelins.

Real refinement, says Mr. Reid, is what the young women of this land should sow in the hot-beds of their characters, rather than seeds to the whirlwind of empty vanity and a desire to get their busts portrayed in a society newspaper of a Sunday morning.

Whitelaw comes down on the "vain pomp and glory of this world" like a hired man slapping a holstein heifer on the back with a wet board. Much work must be done, he avows, to rescue us from the eddying whirlpools of false gods and fluctuating femininity.

The girl graduate, with woman's white hand, must awake and pluck us from the maelstrom of national error and boarding house hash. We need higher ideals, and incidentally, a few more buttons on the back band of our pantaloons seats; fewer divorces, fewer shingle nails and firmer allegiance to the old truism "the foot that rocks the cradle rules the world!"

With 654,000 persons divorced in this country in the last twenty years, and more bills for abolition of the marriage ties pending, the domestic statistics are getting so muddled that no child, however wise, can tell its own father.

Turn Backward, O Skipper.

The sky to the west is blue,
With sometimes a cloud betide.
The hills are of emerald hue,
All clothed in a gown of pride!
The oak and the poplar wave,
With cherry and elm and ash.
Deep nooks that the first fires gave
When God had unloosed the leash,
Are carpeted o'er with moss!
The dells are a-bloom with flow'rs
While bees to the wind-gods toss
Their songs in the busy hours!
And youth at the barefoot stage,
Conversant with all, is there,
A-sport where the sand is bare!
At rest where the sand is bare!

Locating a Public Square.

Here's a puzzle for Uncle By. The Daily Oklahoman says: "The Temple (Okla.) men did not shirk their duty when a negro insulted a white woman there, and when she could not identify him; the men rounded up 11 negroes and beat them in the public square." Now we want Uncle By to tell us where a negro's "public square" is.—Selling (Okla.) Messenger.

If these negroes were grocery-store nibblers I should say that a negro's public square would be just back of his private roundhouse.

Botany.

A professor of botany was recently lecturing in an Iowa city. In his discourse he attempted to show the great value of flowers and their near relationship to human beings. He concluded his remarks by saying: "The Lord that made me made a daisy." Whereupon some one in the audience called out: "You bet he did!" It was several minutes before the professor discovered why every one laughed.—Times, Madison, Ohio.

Slightly Mutilated.

When we think what the dog did to the following advertised-for stock, we do not wonder that the sows left home:

Rayon Williams



"Take Another Look!" yelled the Amazed Billy.

be reached for papers and tobacco. "He's stuck on this here feminine parcel in the east, ain't he? Sure. She's stuck on him, ain't she? Sure. Now, I've figured this here thing out. Says I to myself, all you got to do is to fix up a little romance in this business and you got 'em coming, see? Now, again I says to myself, how we all goin' to get this here romance? And then it all comes to me."

"Kindly cut out this promiscuous brandin' and ante up what you got to say," growled Shorty, who was getting impatient about the particular kind of romance which the speaker had prepared.

"Hold your horses, sonny," admonished Billy. "This here thing demands some educidatin' before such feeble minds as yours can grasp it, huh? But, as I was sayin' 'fore this maverick interrupted me, the only thing to do is to get a fine romance. Now, what I wants to know is, when is Easter coming? Does any of you gang know?"

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