

The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1882

NO. 25.

Forty.

With many a careless, joyous bound,
With many a weary, treadmill round,
O'er smooth-spread turf or dangerous ground
By many a limpid stream, and mild,
By many a mountain trout wild,
I, from a simple, trusting child,
Have wandered on to forty.

From feet that skipped to sober tread—
From mind with foolish fancies fed,
To sounder judgment, wiser head,
The change to work from thoughtless play,
The change from gayer thoughts to gay
Which came to me along the way
I strode while reaching forty.

Through visions which had real seemed—
Through visions wilder than I dreamed;
Through shadows where the silver gleamed,
Through many places half obscured
By eerie shapes which fitted fast—
For brightness cannot always last,
And youth must merge in forty.

Now let me count my treasure o'er;
What have I won or lost? Far more
Have lost than gained. Such homelike store
Of faith and hope I boasted, when
I wandered from a lad of ten
To where my vision broadened. Then
My faith exalted forty.

Somewhat have learned, and much unlearned—
Some good received, much more have earned
And much that might have been discerned
I left unlearned—wandering by
With careless or averted eye;
Forgetting that the moments fly
So fast from youth to forty.

I've reached the summit of the race,
And would move on with slower pace;
But fancy has no breathing place;
So shift and turn me as I will
The years will crowd and jostle still,
And I may hasten down the hill
To score another forty.

I view the path I've wandered on,
Where forty years have come and gone,
And much of faith and hope lies strewn,
And pray they may prove dust and gold,
The remnants of the faith I had,
And shroud of hope I still defend,
And last another forty.

—Springfield Republican.

The Pathetic Young Man.

Walking the sands with her father
Miss Grannis felt that she had lived up
to all the possibilities of eighteen years;
that she enjoyed the ocean view more
for being perfectly dressed, and gazing
on it from under a billow of dark curls,
hair, which she wore fashionably low on
her forehead, without ever having been
hairdresser's merchandise. She enjoyed
even the doubtful support her French
heel gave the arch of her foot. At any
time it would have hurt Miss Grannis
to be less than a picture against the
landscape. She had delicate features,
large hazel eyes, and cheeks inclined to
flush, and she knew it was a face to be
admired. Her mother's shirtings on the
shoulders below it. Yet she was an in-
nocent creature, with the dregs of child-
hood lingering on her lips.

Her father was an innocent creature,
also; short and thick, with a face clear-
shaven except a thorn of beard on the
end of his chin. His methodical move-
ments and placid air indicated the busi-
ness man retired on the profits of a
successful career. He carried a heavy
gold-headed cane, and gave his left arm
to his daughter, who innocently let her
finger lie therein. The gentleman's
walk was a swinging one, while she
carried herself with elastic elegance,
catching the step when they jarred. Mr.
Grannis uttered a growl when her white
parasol interfered with his hat, but
upon her beseeching nod, assured he
it was nothing at all. His manner
toward his daughter was ceremonious.
She had spent so much of her life in
boarding-schools, while he grumbled for
money, that he felt unacquainted with
her. Besides, she was a woman, and
therefore entitled to respect. It was
Mr. Grannis's habit to lift his hat to the
chambermaid in his hotel, and ad-
dress his washer-woman as madame.

They reached the wooden promenade,
and elbowed slowly along it. Mr. Gran-
nis adding an occasional thud of his
cane to the uneven cadences of their
steps.

"There's the pathetic young man
again," observed Miss Grannis, casting
a sidelong glance across the beach.
"What pathetic young man?" in-
quired her father, giving his cane head
the revolution on his palm necessary to
produce a flourish.

"There; standing alone, with a soft
slouching hat on his eyes, and a large
moustache. Don't look now, he's
noticing us."

Miss Grannis twitched her parasol
in a pretty but self-conscious manner.
"What's pathetic about him?" in-
quired her father. "He looks fat and
heavy. He needs to go to the barber
and get a double handful of his hair
clipped off. Must be hot his weather."
The gentleman ended in an abrupt
chuckle which usually startled strangers
—it did not accord with his solidity.

"Oh, I just call him 'the pathetic
young man.' He stands gazing across
the water so much, and his eyes are so
sad when he looks at his table."

"Maybe he's a delicate nature of a
position," volunteered Mr. Grannis;
"or a professional man who can't get
into practice."

"Don't you think he looks nice, pa?"
"No. Too pretty. Never saw a pretty
fellow that could do anything. Their
making's in their flesh and bones, and it
stops there."

"But don't you like his air?"
"Sniff, sniff," said Mr. Grannis, with-
out a punctuation mark or tinge of dis-
approval. It was the methodical but
not severe plug which he thought best
to apply to his daughter's enthusiasms.
His own enthusiasms, being once roused,
were irresistible.

"Perhaps he is stuff-stuff, pa. There
ain't many men, young or old, as nice
and reliable as you are."

"What do you know about that,
child?" inquired the old merchant, with
a smirk pleasant to see, for it proved
him one of those lovable male beings
open to flattery.

"Oh, I know a great deal. I have

studied men." Miss Grannis exhaled
a sigh through parted lips. A girl in a
large hat, with a face as delicate as a
flower, who can say so prettily and
gaze at the horizon through smiling
eyes, is very good company even for her
father. So Mr. Grannis thumped along
with much satisfaction. The wind grew
fresher as they walked, and the pathetic
young man faded away behind their
backs.

After following the beach half a mile
they left it and turned into a path which
wound among rocks. Beyond the
rocks and a sandy intervening belt was
a piece of woodland. Miss Grannis
and her father explored before and
found to their liking. Not to wander
in woods, however, do maids adorned
themselves in Gainsborough hats and
high-heeled boots. This was the walk
all the hotel world took when not in-
clined to go on wheels. There were
two farms, the trees a crowd of
tinted parasol was apparently resting
itself on one of these seats, while a
pair of trousers and a sweep of
silk appeared below it.

But Miss Grannis scarcely let her
eyes rest on this or any other object
Miss Grannis. Her father's eyes
indicated to her father an artist's umbrella,
and a plump, blonde girl sketching un-
der it.

"There she is, pa. She doesn't
seem to notice who comes or goes, or
care if they look at her." She in-
dicated to her father an artist's umbrella,
and a plump, blonde girl sketching un-
der it.

"There she is, pa. She doesn't
seem to notice who comes or goes, or
care if they look at her." She in-
dicated to her father an artist's umbrella,
and a plump, blonde girl sketching un-
der it.

The sketcher greeted them, however,
and spoke as if pleased to see them.
They had picked up acquaintances with
her during their week's stay. She did
not come from the hotel, but boarded
Mr. Grannis's. Her thick light hair
hung in two braids below her waist.
She was very pretty, very dimpled
about the wrists and finger roots, and
dressed in Quaker colors with almost
Quaker plainness.

She had a small camp-stool beside
her, to which she smilingly motioned
Miss Grannis. Mr. Grannis sat down
on a bench near by, made a number
of polite observations, placed his hand
on the top of his cane, and began to nod.

"You're going to sleep, pa," cau-
tioned his daughter.

"I am enjoying the view, Fanny,"
said the old merchant, decidedly.
"I like to meditate while I am en-
joying the view."

Miss Grannis smiled at the near-
ness of reefs piled up before the sea
out of the sea, threading the familiar
ath, came the pathetic young man. He
did not seem to be walking there. But
the fact of his following so closely her
father's tracks made her start.

The artist noted this, and looked at
the young man coolly and with an un-
moved aspect. He passed near them,
passing their way, and went on among
the trees.

"Did you notice that gentleman's ex-
pression?" inquired Miss Grannis of her
father.

"Do you?" said the artist?

"Yes. He stops at our hotel. I
think he has the saddest face—as if his
life were blighted, or something."

"Maybe he has blighted somebody
else's life," said the artist.

"I wonder how?" mused Miss Gran-
nis.

"You seem interested in him."

"Not a bit," exclaimed the young
man. "He has never been introduced.
I don't even know his name."

"I can tell you what it is," said the
artist, changing her pencil. "It's the
saddest face I ever saw. He's my neigh-
bor."

"Mr. Granger? The young lady
gave such a start that she was near
putting the umbrella, but saved herself
her more than anything per-
taining to the pathetic young man. "I
thought you were a widow."

"I thought you were a widow. It is not
necessary to blazon the fact."

"And why?" hinted Miss Grannis.
She felt unwarranted to make inquiries
and glanced back at her father, whose
brow was sunk in his cane. But this
shattered romance fascinated her.

"Didn't you love him?"

"The blonde face put on a cynical
sneer which lifted the nostrils an in-
stant; but this died away, as if it found
the wholesome, sweet muscles unfit for
its use. Mr. Granger smiled, sketching
with a steady hand.

"Oh, yes, I loved him. But I couldn't
eat love, he was very light diet. I have
some solid Dutch blood."

"Didn't he give you enough to eat?"
questioned Miss Grannis, with widening
eyes.

"You have evidently been foraged
for all your life," said the artist. "And
you can't see the dancer which lurks in
such things as your pathetic young man.
But let me tell you, if a man ever comes
counting you in a minor key, don't you
have him. If he calls himself a black
sheep, value him accordingly; he ought
to know what he is. And if he tells
you he looks into the future and sees
nothing but darkness, keep out of his
darkness; let him enjoy it himself.
He'll have a good enough time. There
is a worthlessness in some men worse
than positive bad habits. They lack
all the points which go to make success.
All they can do in the race of life is to
nap at the heels of people who do win.
Their companionship wears the soul
threadbare. They have no faith, no
hope, and if any energy, it is of that
shabby kind that is without the nerve
to vault over difficulties. The exalta-
tion of life is never enjoyed near such a
person. He crushes you—this pathetic
young man."

"Oh, my!" said Miss Grannis, mean-
ing to indicate that such views of mas-
culine nature were distressing to her,
and that her experience was far from
preparing her for them. "But I
recent sorrow which made him pathetic.
Miss Grannis noticed his mother, a wiry
old lady with white curls, watching them
with attentive eye.

"She can't help seeing we are well
matched," thought the young lady.

It occurred to her now for the first
time that she might leave the cause of
Mr. Granger's melancholy from his
mother. The young girl was exclusive
in her own fashion. She picked out
people in whom to feel an interest, and
ignored the rest of the world. During
her week's stay she had not lingered
amidst the gossip of the parlors, and

had therefore obtained no information
about the people in the hotel except
what her eyes gave her. But she was
certain this youngish old lady was
Granger's mother, because he always
brought her to the table, and exhibited
the most dutiful behavior toward her.

After the waltz Miss Grannis walked
on the veranda with the pathetic
young man. It was a light night,
the moon seeming to walk the ocean with
a thousand glittering footprints, and
time and scene had their effect on the
two young people. Other couples were
also promenading. Still, Miss Grannis
felt an aloneness with the pathetic
young man and decided now to sift and
classify him. She said he seemed pen-
sive. He turned his luminous eyes toward
her and assured her he was always a
little pensive when extremely satisfied.
This was a nice though ambiguous
beginning. But it gave her opportu-
nity to ask if he was always satisfied,
for a usual expression was sad, she
thought.

"Yes," the pathetic young man re-
plied; "he had as good reason as any-
body to congratulate himself. Nobody
was quite happy."

This was rank heresy to Miss Grannis.
She said it was too dreadful to believe.
If people could not be very happy, life
would be wretched.

Mr. Granger said life was pretty prosy
at times. Folks could jog through it,
though, if they weren't in a cramp for
money. He considered being in a
cramp for money the worst thing.

Miss Grannis secretly decided that he
had not much soul, or was fearfully
cynical. She felt a certain hollow in
her pathetic young man, or non-satis-
factory fitness, like the taste of squash
to her palate. Still, he might be veil-
ing his inmost nature.

He sighed a little, and admired her
face. Within doors were scores of women
sitting along the wall, and no pathetic
young man was present. These women
the mystic sadness of his eyes into their
sympathetic countenances. Miss Gran-
nis was enjoying herself, when the wiry
old lady with light curls appeared in the
open window, quite near enough to
put her hand on Mr. Granger's arm.

Remember your dyspepsia, Harry,
my love," she remarked in what Miss
Grannis considered a detestable voice,
"and how cooling off suddenly after
exercise affects you."

The pathetic young man was suddenly
less expansive in his manner toward
Miss Grannis, and replied to the mater-
nal admonition that he would take care.
"The least irregularity in their in-
troduction. But of course poor pa, al-
ways tied up to business, could not
know the nice requirements of society."

As they walked, however, her chagrin
was soothed. Mr. Granger knew several
friends of her father's. His behavior
toward herself was perfect. He glanced
at her deferentially, and absorbed her
society with quiet pleasure, returning
interests to his best abstraction. Miss
Grannis would have hated him had he
ceased to be pathetic.

When they had nearly reached the
hotel she overheard him a few remarks.

"I have just been with a friend of
yours," she said.

"The lady who is sketching. She is
a very particular friend of yours, I be-
lieve."

"I never saw her before in my life,"
said Mr. Granger.

"You surely are mistaken," impetu-
ously exclaimed Miss Grannis.

"Not at all, begging your pardon,"
said Mr. Granger.

"But she said she knew you very
well indeed." A look of utter mystifi-
cation came over the gentleman's face.

"A case of mistaken identity," he
suggested.

"And your names are the same—
Granger."

He looked searchingly at Miss Gran-
nis.

"Singular coincidence. I certainly
cannot remember having ever met her
before. But I did not look with particu-
lar attention at her."

"There was a hint of emphasis on
her 'pleasing, because it was slight,
like the suggestion of a perfume. Mr.
Granger now took up the conversation,
and his daughter left them in the hotel,
veranda and went to her own room.

She told herself that either the pa-
thetic young man or the girl-widow in
whom she had taken such an interest
had made false statements. If he were
not a recreant husband, how could the
pair be reconciled? Mrs. Granger
claimed him with such assurance, and
he had passed quite near enough to be
recognized. On the other hand, he de-
nied acquaintance even with Mrs. Gran-
ger's face, with an air of candid uncon-
cern. It puzzled Miss Grannis so
much she could think of nothing but
the pathetic young man. She had read
of twins and of doublets who had to
bear the sins of those whom they dupli-
cated. What gave him that sad look if
there was nothing gnawing at his heart-
strings?

"I wonder if she really was his wife,"
thought Miss Grannis. "I don't want
to see her any more while we stay here.
It's a horrible business to be so puzzled
about it. If they really are strangers how
unjust I am to him!"

There was a dance ending with a
german at their hotel that evening.
Miss Grannis had no chapters; her
life had been an independent one, and
her father knew little about a young
girl's requirements. But she had op-
portunities to dance, and one of her
walkers elegantly, and in this exhal-
tation motion appeared to forget the
recent sorrow which made him pathetic.
Miss Grannis noticed his mother, a wiry
old lady with white curls, watching them
with attentive eye.

"She can't help seeing we are well
matched," thought the young lady.

It occurred to her now for the first
time that she might leave the cause of
Mr. Granger's melancholy from his
mother. The young girl was exclusive
in her own fashion. She picked out
people in whom to feel an interest, and
ignored the rest of the world. During
her week's stay she had not lingered
amidst the gossip of the parlors, and

had therefore obtained no information
about the people in the hotel except
what her eyes gave her. But she was
certain this youngish old lady was
Granger's mother, because he always
brought her to the table, and exhibited
the most dutiful behavior toward her.

After the waltz Miss Grannis walked
on the veranda with the pathetic
young man. It was a light night,
the moon seeming to walk the ocean with
a thousand glittering footprints, and
time and scene had their effect on the
two young people. Other couples were
also promenading. Still, Miss Grannis
felt an aloneness with the pathetic
young man and decided now to sift and
classify him. She said he seemed pen-
sive. He turned his luminous eyes toward
her and assured her he was always a
little pensive when extremely satisfied.
This was a nice though ambiguous
beginning. But it gave her opportu-
nity to ask if he was always satisfied,
for a usual expression was sad, she
thought.

"Yes," the pathetic young man re-
plied; "he had as good reason as any-
body to congratulate himself. Nobody
was quite happy."

This was rank heresy to Miss Grannis.
She said it was too dreadful to believe.
If people could not be very happy, life
would be wretched.

Mr. Granger said life was pretty prosy
at times. Folks could jog through it,
though, if they weren't in a cramp for
money. He considered being in a
cramp for money the worst thing.

Miss Grannis secretly decided that he
had not much soul, or was fearfully
cynical. She felt a certain hollow in
her pathetic young man, or non-satis-
factory fitness, like the taste of squash
to her palate. Still, he might be veil-
ing his inmost nature.

He sighed a little, and admired her
face. Within doors were scores of women
sitting along the wall, and no pathetic
young man was present. These women
the mystic sadness of his eyes into their
sympathetic countenances. Miss Gran-
nis was enjoying herself, when the wiry
old lady with light curls appeared in the
open window, quite near enough to
put her hand on Mr. Granger's arm.

Remember your dyspepsia, Harry,
my love," she remarked in what Miss
Grannis considered a detestable voice,
"and how cooling off suddenly after
exercise affects you."

The pathetic young man was suddenly
less expansive in his manner toward
Miss Grannis, and replied to the mater-
nal admonition that he would take care.
"The least irregularity in their in-
troduction. But of course poor pa, al-
ways tied up to business, could not
know the nice requirements of society."

As they walked, however, her chagrin
was soothed. Mr. Granger knew several
friends of her father's. His behavior
toward herself was perfect. He glanced
at her deferentially, and absorbed her
society with quiet pleasure, returning
interests to his best abstraction. Miss
Grannis would have hated him had he
ceased to be pathetic.

When they had nearly reached the
hotel she overheard him a few remarks.

"I have just been with a friend of
yours," she said.

"The lady who is sketching. She is
a very particular friend of yours, I be-
lieve."

"I never saw her before in my life,"
said Mr. Granger.

"You surely are mistaken," impetu-
ously exclaimed Miss Grannis.

"Not at all, begging your pardon,"
said Mr. Granger.

"But she said she knew you very
well indeed." A look of utter mystifi-
cation came over the gentleman's face.

"A case of mistaken identity," he
suggested.

"And your names are the same—
Granger."

He looked searchingly at Miss Gran-
nis.

"Singular coincidence. I certainly
cannot remember having ever met her
before. But I did not look with particu-
lar attention at her."

"There was a hint of emphasis on
her 'pleasing, because it was slight,
like the suggestion of a perfume. Mr.
Granger now took up the conversation,
and his daughter left them in the hotel,
veranda and went to her own room.

She told herself that either the pa-
thetic young man or the girl-widow in
whom she had taken such an interest
had made false statements. If he were
not a recreant husband, how could the
pair be reconciled? Mrs. Granger
claimed him with such assurance, and
he had passed quite near enough to be
recognized. On the other hand, he de-
nied acquaintance even with Mrs. Gran-
ger's face, with an air of candid uncon-
cern. It puzzled Miss Grannis so
much she could think of nothing but
the pathetic young man. She had read
of twins and of doublets who had to
bear the sins of those whom they dupli-
cated. What gave him that sad look if
there was nothing gnawing at his heart-
strings?

"I wonder if she really was his wife,"
thought Miss Grannis. "I don't want
to see her any more while we stay here.
It's a horrible business to be so puzzled
about it. If they really are strangers how
unjust I am to him!"

There was a dance ending with a
german at their hotel that evening.
Miss Grannis had no chapters; her
life had been an independent one, and
her father knew little about a young
girl's requirements. But she had op-
portunities to dance, and one of her
walkers elegantly, and in this exhal-
tation motion appeared to forget the
recent sorrow which made him pathetic.
Miss Grannis noticed his mother, a wiry
old lady with white curls, watching them
with attentive eye.

"She can't help seeing we are well
matched," thought the young lady.

It occurred to her now for the first
time that she might leave the cause of
Mr. Granger's melancholy from his
mother. The young girl was exclusive
in her own fashion. She picked out
people in whom to feel an interest, and
ignored the rest of the world. During
her week's stay she had not lingered
amidst the gossip of the parlors, and

had therefore obtained no information
about the people in the hotel except
what her eyes gave her. But she was
certain this youngish old lady was
Granger's mother, because he always
brought her to the table, and exhibited
the most dutiful behavior toward her.

After the waltz Miss Grannis walked
on the veranda with the pathetic
young man. It was a light night,
the moon seeming to walk the ocean with
a thousand glittering footprints, and
time and scene had their effect on the
two young people. Other couples were
also promenading. Still, Miss Grannis
felt an aloneness with the pathetic
young man and decided now to sift and
classify him. She said he seemed pen-
sive. He turned his luminous eyes toward
her and assured her he was always a
little pensive when extremely satisfied.
This was a nice though ambiguous
beginning. But it gave her opportu-
nity to ask if he was always satisfied,
for a usual expression was sad, she
thought.

"Yes," the pathetic young man re-
plied; "he had as good reason as any-
body to congratulate himself. Nobody
was quite happy."

This was rank heresy to Miss Grannis.
She said it was too dreadful to believe.
If people could not be very happy, life
would be wretched.

Mr. Granger said life was pretty prosy
at times. Folks could jog through it,
though, if they weren't in a cramp for
money. He considered being in a
cramp for money the worst thing.

Miss Grannis secretly decided that he
had not much soul, or was fearfully
cynical. She felt a certain hollow in
her pathetic young man, or non-satis-
factory fitness, like the taste of squash
to her palate. Still, he might be veil-
ing his inmost nature.

He sighed a little, and admired her
face. Within doors were scores of women
sitting along the wall, and no pathetic
young man was present. These women
the mystic sadness of his eyes into their
sympathetic countenances. Miss Gran-
nis was enjoying herself, when the wiry
old lady with light curls appeared in the
open window, quite near enough to
put her hand on Mr. Granger's arm.

Remember your dyspepsia, Harry,
my love," she remarked in what Miss
Grannis considered a detestable voice,
"and how cooling off suddenly after
exercise affects you."

The pathetic young man was suddenly
less expansive in his manner toward
Miss Grannis, and replied to the mater-
nal admonition that he would take care.
"The least irregularity in their in-
troduction. But of course poor pa, al-
ways tied up to business, could not
know the nice requirements of society."

As they walked, however, her chagrin
was soothed. Mr. Granger knew several
friends of her father's. His behavior
toward herself was perfect. He glanced
at her deferentially, and absorbed her
society with quiet pleasure, returning
interests to his best abstraction. Miss
Grannis would have hated him had he
ceased to be pathetic.

When they had nearly reached the
hotel she overheard him a few remarks.

"I have just been with a friend of
yours," she said.

"The lady who is sketching. She is
a very particular friend of yours, I be-
lieve."

"I never saw her before in my life,"
said Mr. Granger.

"You surely are mistaken," impetu-
ously exclaimed Miss Grannis.

"Not at all, begging your pardon,"
said Mr. Granger.

"But she said she knew you very
well indeed." A look of utter mystifi-
cation came over the gentleman's face.

"A case of mistaken identity," he
suggested.

"And your names are the same—
Granger."

He looked searchingly at Miss Gran-
nis.

"Singular coincidence. I certainly
cannot remember having ever met her
before. But I did not look with particu-
lar attention at her."

"There was a hint of emphasis on
her 'pleasing, because it was slight,
like the suggestion of a perfume. Mr.
Granger now took up the conversation,
and his daughter left them in the hotel,
veranda and went to her own room.

She told herself that either the pa-
thetic young man or the girl-widow in
whom she had taken such an interest
had made false statements. If he were
not a recreant husband, how could the
pair be reconciled? Mrs. Granger
claimed him with such assurance, and
he had passed quite near enough to be
recognized. On the other hand, he de-
nied acquaintance even with Mrs. Gran-
ger's face, with an air of candid uncon-
cern. It puzzled Miss Grannis so
much she could think of nothing but
the pathetic young man. She had read
of twins and of doublets who had to
bear the sins of those whom they dupli-
cated. What gave him that sad look if
there was nothing gnawing at his heart-
strings?

"I wonder if she really was his wife,"
thought Miss Grannis. "I don't want
to see her any more while we stay here.
It's a horrible business to be so puzzled
about it. If they really are strangers how
unjust I am to him!"

There was a dance ending with a
german at their hotel that evening.
Miss Grannis had no chapters; her
life had been an independent one, and
her father knew little about a young
girl's requirements. But she had op-
portunities to dance, and one of her
walkers elegantly, and in this exhal-
tation motion appeared to forget the
recent sorrow which made him pathetic.
Miss Grannis noticed his mother, a wiry
old lady with white curls, watching them
with attentive eye.

"She can't help seeing we are well
matched," thought the young lady.

It occurred to her now for the first
time that she might leave the cause of
Mr. Granger's melancholy from his
mother. The young girl was exclusive
in her own fashion. She picked out
people in whom to feel an interest, and
ignored the rest of the world. During
her week's stay she had not lingered
amidst the gossip of the parlors, and

had therefore obtained no information
about the people in the hotel except
what her eyes gave her. But she was
certain this youngish old lady was
Granger's mother, because he always
brought her to the table, and exhibited
the most dutiful behavior toward her.

After the waltz Miss Grannis walked
on the veranda with the pathetic
young man. It was a light night,
the moon seeming to walk the ocean with
a thousand glittering footprints, and
time and scene had their effect on the
two young people. Other couples were
also promenading. Still, Miss Grannis
felt an aloneness with the pathetic
young man and decided now to sift and
classify him. She said he seemed pen-
sive. He turned his luminous eyes toward
her and assured her he was always a
little pensive when extremely satisfied.
This was a nice though ambiguous
beginning. But it gave her opportu-
nity to ask if he was always satisfied,
for a usual expression was sad, she
thought.

"Yes," the pathetic young man re-
plied; "he had as good reason as any-
body to congratulate himself. Nobody
was quite happy."

This was rank heresy to Miss Grannis.
She said it was too dreadful to believe.
If people could not be very happy, life
would be wretched.

Mr. Granger said life was pretty prosy
at times. Folks could jog through it,
though, if they weren't in a cramp for
money. He considered being in a
cramp for money the worst thing.

Miss Grannis secretly decided that he
had not much soul, or was fearfully
cynical. She felt a certain hollow in
her pathetic young man, or non-satis-
factory fitness, like the taste of squash
to her palate. Still, he might be veil-
ing his inmost nature.

He sighed a little, and admired her
face. Within doors were scores of women
sitting along the wall, and no pathetic
young man was present. These women
the mystic sadness of his eyes into their
sympathetic countenances. Miss Gran-
nis was enjoying herself, when the wiry
old lady with light curls appeared in the
open window, quite near enough to
put her hand on Mr. Granger's arm.

Remember your dyspepsia, Harry,
my love," she remarked in what Miss
Grannis considered a detestable voice,
"and how cooling off suddenly after
exercise affects you."

The pathetic young man was suddenly
less expansive in his manner toward
Miss Grannis, and replied to the mater-
nal admonition that he would take care.
"The least irregularity in their in-
troduction. But of course poor pa, al-
ways tied up to business, could not
know the nice requirements of society."

As they walked, however, her chagrin
was soothed. Mr. Granger knew several
friends of her father's. His behavior
toward herself was perfect. He glanced
at her deferentially, and absorbed her
society with quiet pleasure, returning
interests to his best abstraction. Miss
Grannis would have hated him had he
ceased to be pathetic.

When they had nearly reached the
hotel she overheard him a few remarks.

"I have just been with a friend of
yours," she said.

"The lady who is sketching. She is
a very particular friend of yours, I be-
lieve."

"I never saw her before in my life,"
said Mr. Granger.

"You surely are mistaken," impetu-
ously exclaimed Miss Grannis.

"Not at all, begging your pardon,"
said Mr. Granger.

"But she said she knew you very
well indeed." A look of utter mystifi-
cation came over the gentleman's face.

"A case of mistaken identity," he
suggested.

"And your names are the same—
Granger."

He looked searchingly at Miss Gran-
nis.

"Singular coincidence. I certainly
cannot remember having ever met her
before. But I did not look with particu-
lar attention at her."

"There was a hint of emphasis on
her 'pleasing, because it was slight,
like the suggestion of a perfume. Mr.
Granger now took up the conversation,
and his daughter left them in the hotel,
veranda and went to her own room.

She told herself that either the pa-
thetic young man or the girl-widow in
whom she had taken such an interest
had made false statements. If he were
not a recreant husband, how could the
pair be reconciled? Mrs. Granger
claimed him with such assurance, and
he had passed quite near enough to be
recognized. On the other hand, he de-
nied acquaintance even with Mrs. Gran-
ger's face, with an air of candid uncon-
cern. It puzzled Miss Grannis so
much she could think of nothing but
the pathetic young man. She had read
of twins and of doublets who had to
bear the sins of those whom they dupli-
cated. What gave him that sad look if
there was nothing gnawing at his heart-
strings?

"I wonder if she really was his wife,"
thought Miss Grannis. "I don't want
to see her any more while we stay here.
It's a horrible business to be so puzzled
about it. If they really are strangers how
unjust I am to him!"

There was a dance ending with a
german at their hotel that evening.
Miss Grannis had no chapters; her
life had been an independent one, and
her father knew little about a young
girl's requirements. But she had op-
portunities to dance, and one of her
walkers elegantly, and in this exhal-
tation motion appeared to forget the
recent sorrow which made him pathetic.
Miss Grannis noticed his mother, a wiry
old lady with white curls, watching them
with attentive eye.

"She can't help seeing we are well
matched," thought the young lady.

It occurred to her now for the first
time that she might leave the cause of
Mr. Granger's melancholy from his
mother. The young girl was exclusive
in her own fashion. She picked out
people in whom to feel an interest, and
ignored the rest of the world. During
her week's stay she had not lingered
amidst the gossip of the parlors, and

had therefore obtained no information
about the people in the hotel except
what her eyes gave her. But she was
certain this youngish old lady was
Granger's mother, because he always
brought her to the table, and exhibited
the most dutiful behavior toward her.

After the waltz Miss Grannis walked
on the veranda with the pathetic
young man. It was a light night,
the moon seeming to walk the ocean with
a thousand glittering footprints, and
time and scene had their effect on the
two young people. Other couples were
also promenading. Still, Miss Grannis
felt an aloneness with the pathetic
young man and decided now to sift and
classify him. She said he seemed pen-
sive. He turned his luminous eyes toward
her and assured her he was always a
little pensive when extremely satisfied.
This was a nice though ambiguous
beginning. But it gave her opportu-
nity to ask if he was always satisfied,
for a usual expression was sad, she
thought.

"Yes," the pathetic young man re-
plied; "he had as good reason as any-
body to congratulate himself. Nobody
was quite happy."

This was rank heresy to Miss Grannis.
She said it was too dreadful to believe.
If people could not be very happy, life
would be wretched.

Mr. Granger said life was pretty prosy
at times. Folks could jog through it,
though, if they weren't in a cramp for
money. He considered being in a
cramp for money the worst thing.

Miss Grannis secretly decided that he
had not much soul, or was fearfully
cynical. She felt a certain hollow in
her pathetic young man, or non-satis-
factory fitness, like the taste of squash
to her palate. Still, he might be veil-
ing his inmost nature.

He sighed a little, and admired her
face. Within doors were scores of women
sitting along the wall, and no pathetic
young man was present. These women
the mystic sadness of his eyes into their
sympathetic countenances. Miss Gran-
nis was enjoying herself, when the wiry
old lady with light curls appeared in the
open window, quite near enough to
put her hand on Mr. Granger's arm.

Remember your dyspepsia, Harry,
my love," she remarked in what Miss
Grannis considered a detestable voice,
"and how cooling off suddenly after
exercise affects you."

The pathetic young man was suddenly
less expansive in his manner toward
Miss Grannis, and replied to the mater-
nal admonition that he would take care.
"The least irregularity in their in-
troduction. But of course poor pa, al-
ways tied up to business, could not
know the nice requirements of society."

As they walked, however, her chagrin
was soothed. Mr. Granger knew several
friends of her father's. His behavior
toward herself was perfect. He glanced
at her deferentially, and absorbed her
society with quiet pleasure, returning
interests to his best abstraction. Miss
Grannis would have hated him had he
ceased to be pathetic.

When they had nearly reached the
hotel she overheard him a few remarks.

"I have just been with a friend of
yours," she said.

"The lady who is sketching. She is
a very particular friend of yours, I be-
lieve."

"I never saw her before in my life,"
said Mr. Granger.

"You surely are mistaken," impetu-
ously exclaimed Miss Grannis.

"Not at all, begging your pardon,"
said Mr. Granger.

"But she said she knew you very
well indeed." A look of utter mystifi-
cation came over the gentleman's face.

"A case of mistaken identity," he
suggested.

"And your names are the same—
Granger."

He looked searchingly at Miss Gran-
nis.

"Singular coincidence. I certainly
cannot remember having ever met her
before. But I did not look with particu-
lar attention at her."

"There was a hint of emphasis on
her 'pleasing, because it was slight,
like the suggestion of a perfume. Mr.
Granger now took up the conversation,
and his daughter left them in the hotel,
veranda and went to her own room.

She told herself that either the pa-
thetic young man or the girl-widow in
whom she had taken such an interest
had made false statements. If he were
not a recreant husband, how could the
pair be reconciled? Mrs. Granger
claimed him with such assurance, and
he had passed quite near enough to be
recognized. On the other hand, he de-
nied acquaintance even with Mrs. Gran-
ger's face, with an air of candid uncon-
cern. It puzzled Miss Grannis so
much she could think of nothing but
the pathetic young man. She had read
of twins and of doublets who had to
bear the sins of those whom they dupli-
cated. What gave him that sad look if
there was nothing gnawing at his heart-
strings?

"I wonder if she really was his wife,"
thought Miss Grannis. "I don't