

# A Wandering Destiny

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

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The country road, unshaded by tree or shrub, stretched straight and dusty under the burning August sun. A girl in cool white came slowly out of a gateway, clicked the latch behind her and stood gazing dubiously at the book and a box of chocolates; with a mile to the woods, a short walk along a shady path to the bank of the river, then—her canoe—the book—the chocolates, and—

With sudden decision she stepped into the road and began picking her way gingerly along the edge. When she reached the opening in the woods where the path began she heaved an immense sigh of relief, but without pausing kept steadily on till she reached the bank of the river. There she sank down on the log to which her small canoe was moored, threw off her hat, and gasped.

"Phew!" she said. "I don't believe I do that again." She sat a few moments, her chin on her hands, gazing over the shaded river, then, stepping into her canoe she arranged herself comfortably on a pile of cushions, placed the book and the chocolates conveniently beside her and pushed off.

The air was brooding and somnolent; the silence deep. She drifted lazily—just a touch here and there with the paddle to guide her. A faint wind blew from the south and gently lifted the soft hair from her brow. The moments passed. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the little canoe drifted along. Zoe's eyes rested steadily on a distant curve in the bank.

"It was just beyond that," she murmured.

She rounded the bend cautiously, her heart gave an excited little throb. He was there. He lay facing the river.

"Asleep!" thought Zoe resentfully, and yesterday he had had his back to the river and hadn't appeared to see her as she stepped past. Just why she had thought of him till late in the night and dreamed of him till dawn she had failed to determine.

Nor was her chance to discover what compelling characteristics lurked in his silent personality. She hesitated, making sure of his absolute unconsciousness. At last she turned her canoe toward him, propelled it slowly, carefully, till its bow ran noiselessly into the soft mud of the bank.

Her paddle across her knees, she leaned forward, eagerly, to inspect undisturbed this sleeping young prince of the woods. What a physique!—what features!—what an absolutely ideal type for the hero of a sylvan adventure, a little love idyll, such as the whole scenario seemed to suggest.

"I believe," she reflected dreamily, "if I were only let me alone I'd fall in love with some one just exactly like this and under some just romantic condition. But I will not—here her reflections grew energetically rebellious—'marry that Tom Driscoll he's always talking about, and I won't stay at home to be baited with him when he comes. Oh, if I could ever—the drew a long sigh—'meet an unusual type of man in an unusual way.'"

At this point in her reflections, suddenly and without preliminary stir or motion, his eyes opened full upon her. They stared at each other, he too astonished, she too panic-stricken to move.

"Please don't vanish," he murmured at last. "I'm afraid to wink." "Oh, what can I say?" thought Zoe wildly.

His immense head, his broad forehead and his prematurely white hair gave him an appearance of authority, and even of severity, which one might have thought would prove intimidating to a stranger. Yet I at least never felt it so. He seemed to me to be less self-assertive, less conscious of his superiority, than Dickens appeared to be.—From Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences.

One of the Two. Bink—Here is where an author claims that green apples are good for small boys. Wink—H'm! Is he a doctor or an undertaker?

Fixing His Value. Her Husband—Well, I'm three. I've been working for all I'm worth today. Don't I look it? His Wife—Yes, dear. You certainly do look like 80 cents.

Power of Magnet. A steel horseshoe magnet can hold in suspension a weight up to twenty times its own.

Thackeray's Personal Appearance. Thackeray was taller than Dickens; his form, indeed, approached the gigantic in its proportions; he looked far older. Although the two men were much about the same age,



## STRONG DRINK IS RUINOUS

Men Pre-eminent for Intellectual Attainments All On Side of Temperance.

Such brilliant lights as Burns and Poe have been cited to prove that strong drink is an incentive to fire the imagination to lofty heights of fancy impossible to be reached in sober moments.

Both Burns and Poe were victims of the drink habit and both geniuses, but their cases so far from supporting in the claim of alcohol to usefulness argue against it.

If Burns and Poe, God-fitted as they were, had kept their faculties clear and their reasons undimmed, what might they not have done? The former might have become the Homer of the Eastern and the latter the Dante of the Western World.

He looked dejected. "Pardon me," he said, "I don't suppose you did. I merely meant that—that, Oh, please don't go," as she prepared to push off. Seizing a fallen branch he dexterously hooked it through the log rope that was tied to the bow of her canoe, and drawing it toward him grasped it firmly. "I simply meant," he proceeded with calmness, "that I was coming here, always, every afternoon to fish. You don't mind that, do you?" he inquired humbly.

"I don't care in the least what you do," she retorted, with angry disdain. He gave the rope a couple of turns around his wrist and settled himself comfortably.

"In that case I shall sit here and talk to you," he announced. For answer Zoe pulled herself carefully forward and began to work busily at the knot that secured her end of the rope to the little iron ring in the bow of the canoe.

"Of course, I might offer to help you," he mused aloud, "but under the circumstances—What? You're going to give it up? Well, that is more sensible. I'm afraid that knot was put in to stay."

Zoe moved back to her former position and rearranged herself on the cushions, after which she opened her book and began to read and munch chocolates.

He watched her a moment. "Isn't this idyllic?" he murmured contentedly.

Zoe helped herself to another chocolate and turned a page of the book. The minutes waned. Half an hour passed—an hour. The silent and peaceful companionship worked like oil on the troubled waters of Zoe's resentment.

An unconscious happiness and contentment stole into her heart. She risked a glance at him. He was thoroughly "nice," she decided.

At this moment, as if sensing her softened mood, he leaned over and peered into the canoe. "Greedy!" he murmured. "Only three left!"

Zoe struggled with herself, then laughed. "Won't you throw the rope back now, please?" she begged. "It is late and I have some distance to paddle."

He looked contrite. "I've been a brute," he apologized humbly, "but I just couldn't help it. I knew if I once let you go that would be the end of me—you'd simply disappear forever. And—and really, you know, it's lonely about here."

"Isn't it!" agreed Zoe, with quick sympathy. "And so why," he asked eagerly, "shouldn't we amuse each other a little? I'm staying with my uncle, back there, on my way to Southampton, to visit a friend of mine, and—"

"Southampton!" exclaimed Zoe. "Why, that's where I live!" "Really?" His face beamed. "Do you happen to know a Mr. Brentley and his daughter?" "My father!" Zoe gasped, "and—myself! You are not—don't tell me—she began to laugh happily.

"I am Tom Driscoll," he said solemnly. "And you—what are you doing—" he pulled the canoe nearer—"up here? I was going—you know that I was going, simply—to meet—you!"

"I ran away," murmured Zoe. "Father had talked about you so much I—I hated you! Oh, what a joke!" "It's anything but a joke if you hate me," objected Mr. Driscoll gloomily. Zoe lifted a flushed, dimpled face. "Well I—I hadn't seen you then," she admitted.

He looked into her eyes. "Do you think I might paddle you home?" he asked.

# For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Chrysanthemum Luncheon. Judging from the numerous letters from brides-elect, Cupid must have been unusually busy with his little bow and arrow. There are so many requests for pre-nuptial functions, I am sure the description of this chrysanthemum luncheon will be very acceptable.

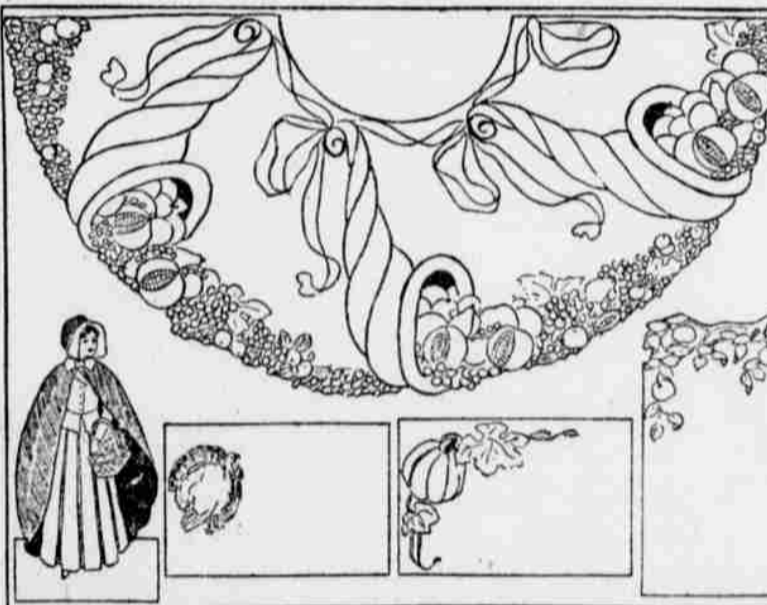
It was gorgeously brilliant, the color scheme being yellow; especially fitting for this month as November claims the topaz and the chrysanthemum; in this instance it was also the bride's birthday month as well as her wedding day season. For a centerpiece there was a mound of yellow "mums," kept in place by embedding the stems in sand.

A Neck-Tie and Apron Party. This really is an old-time stunt, but like many other old things has been rejuvenated. The hostess prepares as many cheese cloth aprons as there are men and as many pieces of silk or ribbon as there are girls. When all arrive the men are given spoons of thread and told to find the girl who has an apron to match it. In this way partners are chosen and the girls put on the aprons after the men have sewed the hems and sewed on the strings.

A Box Shower. A jolly crowd wishing to "shower" one of their number who was about to leave the state of single blessedness, conceived the bright idea of giving a box shower. The boys were in on it, too, and they had loads of fun. All the gifts were in boxes, which in turn were put in a huge dry goods box covered with white paper cambric on which hearts of red, large and small were pasted.

To Clean a Black Skirt. To clean a black skirt, lay the skirt as flat as possible on a clean table. Remove all grease spots with brown paper and a hot iron, then with a sponge dipped in strong coffee rub over the whole of the dress, paying special attention to the front and edge of the skirt. When the whole of the skirt has been sponged and is still damp, iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry.

# For Thanksgiving



EVERY housekeeper does herself proud in getting up the Thanksgiving dinner. Besides the snowy linen, sparkling silver and glass, and savory dishes, some decoration is needed to make the festive occasion quite complete.

These decorations are no small item of expense if purchased in the art shops where hand work brings its price. Any woman or girl may, however, make her own decorations at very small expense and in a short time.

We are giving today several designs which work out attractively in color. The candle shade, representing the horn of plenty, always in evidence in Thanksgiving decorations, is to be traced on thin water-color paper by means of carbon paper, and tinted in water-color. The horn is to be purple—not too dark—the ribbons green, and the fruit of the gay richness of the natural color.

To add to the effect when lighted, put a bright bit of color on the wrong side of the shade under any gay colored fruit, such as orange or apples. Leave a little seam on each end of the shade and fasten with brass brads. The edge is cut out irregularly around the fruit. When the painting is done go over all lines with waterproof black ink, and do the work carefully.

Four place cards are given, one a demure Puritan maiden to be colored in light gray gown, darker gray cape with bright red lining, cap to match the cape with a white facing and tie and kerchief—which just shows a little in front.

The turkey is to be painted brown, light and dark shades, with a bit of red on the head, and outlined.

The pumpkin is a brilliant orange color with dark green leaves, and the apples shaded in light and dark red and green leaves, with brown stems.

The water-color cards may be bought by the dozen, or very stiff and heavy water-color paper may be used.

Those who do not already possess a box of water-color paints may secure a very excellent little box of a new make with all the necessary colors, for 50 cents.

A ve-cent Japanese brush, which comes to a very fine point, will answer all purposes for doing this work

# LIVE STATE NEWS

Johnstown.—William Williams, the accused murderer of Mrs. Jennie Pringle, died at Barnesboro, of consumption. He was out on \$10,000 bail. Williams followed his wife and Mrs. Pringle to the rooms of the latter in this city last September and used a razor on his victim, almost severing the head from the body. He then hacked his own throat with a butcher knife, but inflicted only minor injuries. Williams made a full confession at the time, but declared that he would never walk to the gallows, as he expected that consumption would end his existence long before he could be brought to trial.

Darby.—After several days of suspense, during which she was constantly under medical treatment by Dr. Lee, it is now thought that all danger has been passed by Miss Mary Gotshaw, who was injured in a peculiar manner Saturday night. The young woman was going down steps when the heel of her shoe came off. Not realizing it, she stepped down with all her weight on her foot and several long, sharp nails, which were left in the sole, were driven an inch into her heel. Screaming with pain, she was helped into a store, where Policeman Smith obtained a pair of pliers with which he succeeded in pulling the nails out.

Tamaqua.—At the eighth annual State convention of the Pennsylvania Deutsche Gesellschaft held at Summit Hill, the following officers were elected: President, W. F. Neyer; Vice-President, C. J. Haen, Hazelton; Chaplain, Rev. A. Lobach, Tamaqua; Secretary, W. W. Brobst, Lansford; Treasurer, William Haber, Tamaqua; Warden, Conrad Panko, West Hazelton; Inside Guard, Charles Boyer, Summit Hill; Outer Guard, Thomas D. Belz, New Mahoning.

Lenni.—Rev. John J. Clarke, aged 63 years, rector of St. Francis De Sales Catholic Church, died from a complication of diseases, from which he was a sufferer for some months. Father Clarke is the third pastor of St. Francis De Sales Church to die within the past five months. Father Clarke came from Nequehoning less than three months ago to succeed the late Father John McEnroe, who had succeeded Father M. J. Kane, who was also pastor of the church five months ago and who died.

Chambersburg.—While jail prisoners were on their way to work on the streets in a remote part of the town four made a break for liberty. The officers fired on them, but the shots did not take effect and all escaped. Some of whom were in jail for robbery and other high offenses. It developed after the escape that since the order for street work went into effect ten days ago ten prisoners have escaped.

Chester.—Sarah O'Brien, a pretty young girl, was bereft of her curis, she says, when enticed away by an Italian girl to a house on West Sixth street. Sarah's unusual absence worried her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Brien, who notified the police. Two officers, who were assigned on the case, found Sarah. The child's hair had been cut close to her head. No arrests have yet been made, but it is understood the child's parents propose to begin prosecution.

Shamokin.—While a carload of steers from the West was being unloaded at a local yard, one of the animals escaped and ran into a creek with a number of men in pursuit. The steer left the stream and after running over a number of streets escaped to the mountains amid a number of rifle shots. A number of pedestrians narrowly escaped being gored by the animal as it dashed through town.

Norristown.—Because their father was killed by a Lehigh Valley Traction car at Fort Side Inn, about a year ago, when he was riding in an auto, his five children were awarded \$7,000 damages in Civil Court. It was in evidence that the auto in which John Etchells, of Chester, was a passenger, was struck as it left a hotel yard at a rapid rate of speed.

Easton.—The trustees of Lafayette College have decided to erect a building for the mechanical engineering department on recently acquired land near Marsh Field, between the fraternity houses of the Delta Kappa Psi and the Phi Kappa Psi. Work will be commenced this fall.

Ashtland.—Daniel Storm, a farmer residing at Germanville, was killed by a water train on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway. He was driving across the tracks on his way to Gordon. The horse was also killed.

Easton.—Frances Loicoine, aged five years, daughter of Christopher Loicoine, of this city, died at the Easton Hospital from injuries received three weeks ago by being struck by an automobile belonging to C. A. Busch, general manager of the Bethlehem Steel Co.

Easton.—Herbert Frack, a seventeen-year-old son of James Frack, of Bushkill Center, whose barn was destroyed by fire three weeks ago, was arrested and held in \$500 bail for trial at court, charged with being the incendiary.

Allentown.—Wm. Stuart, a cousin of Governor Stuart, died of pneumonia, aged 71 years. His father, John Stuart, was a "49'er." Mr. Stuart was a retired engineer and was long with the Thomas Iron Company. One of his six children, John, is a vice-president of the Erie Railroad.

Lancaster.—While looking down an elevator shaft at the silk mill of Stahl & Company, Lester Myers, an employe, was literally scalped by a descending elevator. It is believed he will die.

# The Old Song



The brain that dreamed the magic strain is dust these many, many years. Yet still the music swells and wanes. And works its spell on him who hears. The melody is clear and sweet; With dulcet gladness in each tone; Of haunting swing and rhythmic beat; Are murmured chords that ring in years.

The hand that wrote the olden rhymes, These many, many years is dust. The sword it held in olden times A century ago was rust. But here today as fair as then We have the song that binds the hearts, Which throbs again, and yet again, Because of this undying art.

And they who wrote this song, they gave The world no conquest of their hands; They caused no battle flags to wave, They tramped through no alien lands; Their fame came not through women's tears Nor through the hearing of their gold— And yet through all the bygone years The simple song their fame has told.

So sing it softly, when the night Flings shadows from the drowsy weed, For all its measure, shadow-light, With comfort and heartease are blood, And it may be to some fair star With afloat an echo of some strain To tell the two who bide afar. They did not write their song in vain.

Fishing. The devil, we are told, is the father of lies. Fishing, therefore, must be the father of the devil, or else some intimate family friend.

Fishing is not an art; it is not a sport; it is usually an unaccomplished act. The essentials to fishing are a pole, a line, and an eliminated conscience.

Also the person who desires to take up fishing as a means of occupying his time for a day or so must have so much hope that he has to carry most of it in condensed form.

Some people fish by casting the line hither and yon, then working the reel and swearing. Others cut out the casting and the reeling-in and double up on the profanity.

The mystery about fishing is not why you do not catch anything, but why, when you move from an apparently fishless spot, the other man can row in there and immediately catch a whale.

Jonah for years was suspected of being merely a fisherman. Quite Different.

Just So. Lives of toothless men remind us We must reach our meals on time Or the B.F. boys will find us Fleeing as we climb.

Time Works Changes. "Where is my husband?" asks the woman of her brother-in-law, who has come to visit them for the first time in 15 years, and who has taken the husband out with him to dinner.

"He's still seeing the town," explains the brother-in-law. "He said a while ago that he had no idea the town had grown so much in 15 years, and that while he was about it he would see it all."

Feared Pneumonia. "I don't see why you insisted on coming out here in our spring clothes on such a blustery, raw day."

"But think of everybody reading about you and I being the very first people to appear in light garb." "Reading it? Where? On our tombstones?"

In Tokyo. "It is not splendid," asks Okato Saa of her papa. "That we are adopting so many of the American customs?" "The customs are all right," responds the kind old gentlemen, "but, thinking of the collection of bills that came in his mail that day, 'the adoption of the costumes, it seems to me, is open to objection.'

The Probability. "Have you ever gazed into the glooming distance and fancied that you could hear the walls of a tortured soul?" "Maybe it is merely some one trying to repair his ego."

Michael Nesbit