

# The Giant's Cradle

Dreams of Romantic Young Governance Came True

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Glenmore hastily kissed her two children and turned to the pretty governess, who stood demurely beside them.

"Take them to drive, Miss Northam," she said pleasantly. "The ponies have not been out for a week. Goodby, chickens."

"Goodby, mother," called the children in unison, as their parent stepped into the waiting limousine and was whirled down the drive and through the great stone gateway to the road that led to the railroad station.

"What shall we do, Miss Northam, dear?" asked Cherry Glenmore, slipping a fat hand into that of the governess.

"Mother said to drive the ponies," put in Alex, taking possession of Miss Northam's other hand.

Polly Northam smiled and sighed in a breath. She dearly loved the Glenmore twins, but teaching was so tiresome when one is young and has only had a wee taste of the world's pleasures. Day after day glided by at the beautiful country home of the Glenmores, and Polly Northam saw little more of the life and gaiety that went on under its roof than if she had been reading a society novel—for the nursery and schoolroom were in the west wing of the rambling old house, and the twins were being reared in the simplest manner and seldom came into the drawing room, save when their parents were alone.

"Ho, hum!" sighed Polly, wishing that some adventure might come to her in this golden October weather. She had read stories where the heroine was a beautiful but humble governess who was invited to fill a vacant place at the dinner table, with the result that her charm and loveliness fascinated the entire gathering, and the most eligible man present fell in love with her and married her.

"There were giants in those days," smiled Polly to herself as she jogged through the woody roads in the little basket cart with the twins.

"And fairies, too, Miss Northam!" added Cherry.

"And fairies nowadays," declared Alex sturdily, as he flicked the ear of the near pony with his red lashed whip.



"Hello, giant!" shouted Alex suddenly.

Polly smiled indulgently upon her little charges, but she was very thoughtful. It was hard to hold to one's belief in fairies when one is left alone in the world and everything goes awry. It was terribly dull to be confined to the company of two little children. If Mrs. Glenmore would only ask her to come in and listen to the music sometimes; if she were not made to feel so entirely out of everything! What was it her married sister, Bertha, had said?

"A governess, Polly Northam? You are treading the straight and narrow path that leads to spinsterhood!"

"Poo!" Polly had laughed.

"Miss Northam, dear, has sighed five times!" announced Alex suddenly.

"Have you a hurt, Miss Northam, dear?"

Polly shook her head.

"Only a loneliness sometimes, ladies," she said, as she kissed him.

"Come, let us drive to the big oak, and when we are underneath it we will eat our sandwiches and I will tell you the story of the oak fairy."

After the sandwiches had been consumed and the story of the oak fairy had been repeated for the third time, the little black ponies shook their silver chains and trotted on through the brown woods.

"Let us go down to Giant's Cradle,"

suggested Alex, whose mind was fixed upon giants and deeds of daring.

So the ponies were turned into the shady road that led down to the shore, where a strange formation of rocks was called the Giant's Cradle.

The wind was blowing freshly, and a million little waves danced in the afternoon sunshine. White sails flecked the blue waters of the sound, and the snowy beaches were the whiter because of the dark background of wind-blown cedars.

"Smells good!" sniffed Cherry, elevating her saucy little nose.

"Like the sea. Come, Cherry, let's race up to the cradle."

Polly tied the ponies to a tree trunk and followed slowly in the wake of the two children, who had started to mount the rocky pile.

"Coming up, Miss Northam?" shouted Alex from a safe perch.

"Yes, dears; wait for me."

But the twins were impatient, and when Polly reached the top she found them staring open mouthed down into the deep depression of the cradle.

Polly sat down and caught her breath.

"The giant's here!" whispered Cherry in an awestruck voice.

"Fast asleep!" added Alex, staring down curiously.

Polly smiled. The twins were imaginative mites.

"Please come, Miss Northam, dear; he's waking up."

Polly humored them, as usual. When she bent her flower like face, with its dark blue felt hat, a fitting frame for her golden hair and blue eyes, she nearly fell into the cradle, for of a truth a veritable giant was asleep in the stone cradle!

A great bronzed creature, with bronze brown hair growing about a broad forehead, a handsome nose and a finely chiseled mouth. He was young and evidently an artist, for a painter's kit pillowed his head. He was dressed in rough gray clothes, and a gray felt hat was tossed to one corner of his couch.

While they gazed he moved, yawned prodigiously, opened one hazel eye at them, blinked the other one and then sat up and stared openly at the three charming faces gazing down at him from the rim of the cradle.

"Hello, giant!" shouted Alex suddenly, and with the words Polly suddenly awoke to the situation and drew back with the reluctant Cherry.

"Hello, imp!" called back the giant in a deep, rumbling bass.

"I'm not afraid of you, giant!" challenged Alex, leaning so far over the cradle that he lost his balance and fell in, with a frightened squeal.

The young man caught him quickly and presently appeared, bearing Alex in his strong arms. Alex had one arm around the stranger's neck, and his round cheek was pressed affectionately against the brown hair of the giant.

"Alex, come to me at once," chided Polly firmly as she stood at the base of the rocks and watched the careful descent of Alex and his rescuer.

Cherry whimpered softly.

"What is it, dear?" asked Polly.

"I want to ride with the giant," she sobbed.

"Come, fairy!" called the stranger. And to Polly's surprise Cherry wrenched her hand free and flew to be mounted upon the giant's other arm.

"Gr-r-r-r-e-e-t-to-fun! I'll eat you both up!" growled the young man playfully as he kissed the twins impartially.

Polly untied the ponies and turned the cart about. She knew that Mrs. Glenmore would be much displeased when she found out that the children had been permitted this familiarity with a stranger. Mrs. Glenmore was very particular, and although this young man looked like a gentleman, certainly there was no need of his taking advantage of the children's innocent friendliness. It was all very unconventional and unpleasant.

Polly frowned on the young man, and he gave her a startled glance in return.

Her frown melted and a little smile softened the sternness of her lovely lips. She had plied for adventure. Here it was in the shape of a handsome young artist, surprised as had been the sleeping beauty of the fairy tales. Why not enjoy its fleeting pleasure? They would be jogging back through the lonely woods in a few minutes, and there would be the dull nursery tea and the long, lonely evening in her own room, or sitting on an upper balcony, where she might listen to the distant strains of music from the rooms below. Mrs. Glenmore was giving a dance that evening.

"Come, children, we must go now. It is growing late," urged Polly, with her cheeks very pink under the admiring glance of the young man.

"No, no, no!" protested Cherry, and Alex in a breath, as he would have put them down. "Carry us to the edge of the wood, giant."

"If I may," he replied with a questioning glance at Polly.

"I think Mrs. Glenmore would prefer that—I am the governess, and Mrs. Glenmore wishes them to drive. If you please," stammered Polly awkwardly.

"But I love my old giant!" whimpered Cherry, burying her angel countenance in the neck of the stranger.

"And so do I," echoed her twin, tweaking the ear of the giant with great familiarity.

"Children!" cried Polly feebly, yet smiling at their enjoyment.

The puzzled countenance of the young man suddenly cleared.

"By jove! I don't believe you know who I am. Now, that's stupid of me!" he exclaimed.

Polly was silent.

"Tell her who I am, Cherry Pie!" commanded the giant.

Cherry gurgled mirthfully.

"It's my Uncle Dick," she announced. "We always call him 'giant' because he's so big and he wags his giant killer with us," explained Alex. "He paints pictures, and if they say sometimes he gets money for them."

"Sometimes," laughed Dick Glenmore; then, noting Polly's chagrin, he set the children down hastily and held out a hand to the little governess.

"Pray pardon my stupidity, Miss—Thank you, Northam, I forgot that you did not know who I was. I saw you the last time I was here. I've been painting along shore today and took a nap in the Giant's cradle. May I not walk beside your carriage?"

Polly gave ready consent, and to the delight of the twins Mr. Glenmore tucked his easel and color box inside the cart with Polly and rode the children home on his massive shoulders.

They parted at the front door, and Polly took her little charges up to the nursery with a queer feeling of loneliness that was worse than her former state of homesickness. This loneliness



POLLY FROWNED AT THE YOUNG MAN AND HE GAVE HER A STARTLED GLANCE IN RETURN.

was something definite. It would have been delightful indeed to have listened to the pleasant voice of Dick Glenmore, to have heard of his many adventures by sea and land in countries of which she had only read.

But now the adventure was ended. This was not the day of story books. The little governess had met the hero, but that was the end. She would not be invited to dinner. She would not see him again. Very likely he would be dancing down there with a dozen different pretty girls while she sat up there in her solitary room, her little feet longing to trip over the waxed floor of the music room.

Nursery tea was over, and the twins had retired to bed, still chuckling over the amusement of their beloved Miss Northam when she discovered that the giant in the cradle was only their Uncle Dick.

Polly sat alone in her room when Mrs. Glenmore tapped lightly at the door.

"In the dark, my dear?" asked the lady kindly. "I want you to come down and dance with our young friends, Miss Northam. Dick Glenmore has been reproaching us for allowing you to mope up here alone when there are young people in the house, but I am so thoughtless. We won't repeat the mistake. Put on a pretty frock and come down. Shall I send Lucille to do your hair?"

"No, thank you," said Polly. And when she was alone she skipped joyfully to her wardrobe and took down a pretty pale blue frock that had been waiting for such an occasion.

"It's like a story book so far, but that's all," smiled Polly to herself. "I'm not expecting to marry the rich Mr. Glenmore's rich brother, but I would awfully like to dance with him. So that's all I shall ask of the fates tonight. One can't be greedy and expect story book romances in real life."

But it happened this time that real life was very much like the most fascinating story book Polly had ever read, for the adventure became a romance, and the romance became a beautiful love story that reached its climax when Polly married the hero of the Giant's cradle and became own aunt to the delighted twins. The most agreeable part of it all was that the Glenmores were delighted with the match and didn't in the least object to Dick marrying the governess.

Can't Help It.

The Doctor—And the baby is no better. Did you get those little black pills I spoke to you about?

Mrs. Newlywed.—Well, you see, the druggist had some awfully cute pink ones that just matched the darling's new dress for 18 cents, marked down from 25. So I got those instead.—Exchange.

Why He Was Surprised.

"You learn much by travel."

"How now?"

"The streets of Boston surprised me. They are just like the streets of other cities."

"Why not?"

"I thought streets in Boston had Latin names."—Pittsburgh Post.

# WAR REFLECTED IN EMBASSIES

National Spirit Mirrored With Startling Fidelity.

GERMAN SYSTEM EVIDENT.

French Apparently Pleased With Themselves and Their Army—British Intensely Concerned With Task Before Them—Visitor Gets Idea of Irresistible Force and Immovable Object.

Newspaper men assigned to cover the various Washington embassies of the warring European nations comment on the remarkable degree of accuracy with which the national morale of the countries involved in the big struggle is reflected by the embassy staffs.

From the German embassy, which is practically downtown, all the way to the French embassy, far uptown on the Meridian hill, the national spirit of each nation is, says the Philadelphia Record, mirrored with startling and unconscious fidelity in the actions, looks, manner and conversation of its embassy staff.

If you drop in at the British embassy these days you get the impression that the British mean business in this war of theirs across the water. A blue coated attendant meets you at the door, his manner is that of the well trained servant, but as soon as he has led you to a seat in the reception hall the spirit of England at war begins to appear.

A clerk or an attache, his hands full of papers, bustles past at intervals. His face wears an anxious yet determined expression. He stops to speak to no one; he is intensely concerned with the task before him. From somewhere you hear typewriters clicking, and an opened door gives a glimpse of intense action. No one has time for talk. After a time you will be given an audience.

The man who meets you will answer your questions, but mostly he answers them with "yes" or "no." He is not interested in discussing the situation. He is interested in getting you out of his way and getting back to business. He may seem worried, but he doesn't give you the impression of being afraid.

French Politeness.

Next you ride up to the French legation, the big marble palace that overlooks the city from Meridian hill. The secretary who meets you is scrupulously polite. He makes no pretense of answering your question before speaking to the ambassador, for M. Jusserand runs his own embassy. The hall boy who unlocks the door as you leave the weather, and you pass out into Sixteenth street with the conviction that the French are pleased with themselves and their army.

From there it is not an extra long trip down to the great gray pile where the American diplomatic business of Russia is handled. There is something in the very look of the building itself which suggests the vast, remote power of the Muscovite government. There is something cold and forbidding and far flung and patient about the looks of the place. It is big and it is aristocratic, haughty and cold. Inside a suave secretary meets you and hears your questions. His manner is businesslike, though his answers to your questions are given guardedly.

He has a way about him that it is hard to define. He speaks of the progress of the Russian arms as he might speak of the rising of the sun. There is a certain inevitability about him which is startling. Not a word of derogatory comment about the enemies of Russia; just a settled conviction of tone and manner which reminds you of armies crushed and suffocated beneath the Muscovite legions which you gain from his manner are practically inexhaustible.

German System Evident.

A block or two away is the German embassy. You enter and encounter an altogether different atmosphere. You rarely see any one in the halls; the place seems deserted, but from behind closed doors you hear the clatter of typewriters. Otherwise silence—smooth, orderly, systematic silence—permeates everything. Occasionally you see a hurrying clerk, but he has not the concerned look of the Englishman.

By and by you are ushered into the presence of a personage. He is only a diplomatic secretary, but he is a personage. He looks at you as an alien and seems to consider you one of the inconsequent things on earth. But you may be of help to the fatherland; therefore for a moment he puts on the 10 a. m. manners of an American business man. You feel that he has lots of work ahead of him and that the sooner you are gone the better he will be pleased.

The atmosphere of the whole embassy seems to be founded on the conviction that Germany must and will win, though they seem to feel that it is a big job. Your questions answered, you go out and stand on Highland terrace for a moment and look up at the building. Over and about all is that strange element of organized, well directed, systematic German bureaucracy.

When you started on your round you had the idea that the allies would win or that Germany would win. After you have visited them all you stop to think it over. You think, maybe, "What happens when an irresistible force strikes an immovable object?"

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The Liberty Statue.

From time immemorial such great sentiments as liberty, justice, truth have been spoken of and when put into verse, statue or painting have been represented as being feminine. Just why this should be so there is no telling, but it is so. It was in obedience to this custom that "Liberty Enlightening the World" stands in the shape of a woman.—New York Journal.

The Greek Church.

What is known as the Greek church is the church of the old eastern empire, which prior to the Turkish conquest had its metropolises of Constantinople, whereas the West church had its capital at Rome. The first dispute between the two arose in the second century regarding the time of keeping Easter.—Indianapolis News.

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