

At the Old Horse Sale
By Sara Beaumont Kennedy
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"You must not go in there. It is no place for you." There was more than protest in his voice. There was positive command, which, perhaps, was the reason why she walked directly under the auctioneer's red flag into the express office, already thronged with curious buyers.

"I never was at anything more exciting than a dry goods bargain sale. This will be positively like Monte Carlo."

"Our uncle will disapprove!"

"Of course he will. He disapproves of most things I do since you took up the role of social mentor for the family. That year when you spoiled your Adolphus. You had never been an durable since you took to patent uppers and a monocle. Now, Nick would have brought me in here without a word of remonstrance and lent me every penny out of his pocket if I needed it to bid with—but me even his father would have helped me out."

"If he had not happened to see an old woman or a lame cat to help over the crossing, in which case, very likely, he would have laid the parcels down and quite forgotten to pick them up."

"Perhaps, for Nick is a bit absent-minded, but he is perfectly adorable when it comes to giving a girl her own way."

"My brother is happy in winning your good opinion. It is my misfortune."

"No! It's your fault; you are so frightfully conventional. Dear me, what curious people!"

"They are the drift from the street. None of our set ever—"

"There, the auctioneer is beginning again. It will be perfectly delightful to buy something and not have the least idea what it is—so weird and mysterious!"

"Nellie, surely you are not going to bid out loud in this crowd!"

"I certainly am. There is no harm in it, and I am sick to death of the right angle rules by which you and uncle measure my life. I am just as much a woman found in her parcels. There goes up a handbox. I shall bid on that."

"Nellie, don't!" he first commanded, then entreated vehemently, but she was as a deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.

"Fifty cents," she called, in answer to the auctioneer's challenge, at the same time stepping upon an empty box by the wall, so that she was in plain view of the whole crowd.

"Seventy-five cents!" screamed a feminine voice across the hall.

"One dollar," flashed back Nellie, her color rising, her eyes shining, for her cousin's voice came up to her in agitated whispers.

"One fifty," came from her opponent.

"Two dollars," cried Nellie, pushing Adolphus' hand from her shoulder, and color rising, her eyes shining, for her cousin's voice came up to her in agitated whispers.

"Three dollars," shrieked the other woman, nervously counting the change in her purse. No one else was bidding, the entire crowd having centered its attention on the nervous woman and the "swell" girl, and there were cheers and counter cheers as the bid rose dollar by dollar until at last the coveted box was knocked down to Nellie.

She was still laughing and flushed with her triumph when they emerged from the door over which flew the red flag, but Adolphus felt miserable and compromised, and this feeling was not abated when he saw the astonishment in the eyes of Miss Curtis, whose landau happened at that moment to pass, for Miss Curtis was the personification of right conventionality. He counted the bidding as one more misfortune in an unlucky day.

Nellie's excitement waned as they walked, and by the time they entered her uncle's gate she was strangely silent. Adolphus evidently took this for a hopeful sign, for presently he cleared his throat, adjusted his monocle and began:

"Nellie, we must talk seriously. The time has come!"

"No, it hasn't come," she said, interrupting him good naturedly, "so stop right there. I don't know whether this is a lecture or a proposal of marriage—your private talks with me vibrate between these two subjects, but I am in no mood for either. For heaven's sake, Adolphus, throw that glass away. I hate to be spied at like that!"

With a reproachful sigh he removed the offending glass and said: "Nick not only lectured you yesterday, he positively scolded you, and—"

"And I deserved it, but I answered him back spitefully, like the little beast I am, and he—he hasn't even noticed me since." She turned her head so that he did not see the quiver of her red lips, the passionate protest of her eyes.

All their set knew that her dictatorial old uncle intended she should marry Adolphus, who satisfied his social ambitions, while Nick, who cared nothing for society, smoked a pipe and forgot to have his trousers creased, was a thorn in the old man's side. Between these two contestants, the agreements, which Nellie had hitherto managed to make up, but yesterday there had been a quarrel of unusual violence, and there was even some talk of Nick's leaving the house. It was of this she had been thinking as she followed her purchase home.

"Adolphus," she said as they mounted the steps, "can't you do something—anything—to patch up this new quarrel between Nick and uncle? It isn't Nick's fault that he is—that he was—was born different from you and uncle."

"I quite agree with my uncle about this shaming business. A man in Nick's position owes something to appearances."

"Stuff!" she scoffed and ran by him into the house.

In the library, to stem the tide of Adolphus' words, she hastily opened her box and lifted out the contents, a quaint and curious bonnet of a decade ago, a bonnet with a scooped brim piled high with flowers and nodding plumes. As she put it on her head, shrieking with laughter, her uncle and Nick entered the room, both of them showing in their manner strong excitement. The girl paused in her pronouncing and peered at the sight of the stern faces. Her uncle saw her strange headgear and angrily demanded its origin. Adolphus explained very carefully, not forgetting his own expostulations against the caprice. The old man turned wrathfully upon the girl.

"You and Nick are of a piece in your attempts to humiliate and make a laughingstock of me. My niece," the

The God In the Hurdy Gurdy
By CASPAR JOHNSON
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It was a narrow alley, running between the back yards. It was intended for the convenience of the butcher's boy and the grocer's boy and the ash man. Distinctly it was not intended for the convenience of the human kind. Indeed, signs at either end announced this in no uncertain terms.

"Beggars, Peddlers and Street Musicians Keep Out!" it read.

But to Pasquale Venetti warning signs in English had no terrors from the simple fact that written English was beyond his ken. Therefore his eye became transfixed to the hurdy gurdy on the street he looked into the alley, saw its possibilities—the ease with which coins could be tossed from the back windows—and, forsaking the asphalt pavements, where, to use his own expression, he could "no getta no big," he turned into the alley and, unlimbering his musical battery, sent up the quivering straws of "Lindy, Lindy, Yo' Is Ma Ladylove."

It is a hard, cold world. Pasquale ground away patiently, and whenever a face appeared at any of the windows he smiled expansively, removed his battered hat and bowed profoundly and even essayed a joyful shuffling of his feet while he turned the crank. But, despite all these blandishments, to say nothing of the appeal made by a choice assortment of selections, ranging from the classic to ragtime, no coin wrapped in white paper came flinging to his feet. To be sure, one fat cook came out to the back gate and had played half through the hurdy gurdy's assortment gave him a penny, and an old gentleman had raised an upper window and, with a thundered "Get out of this!" had flung him a dime. But 11 cents from such a promising ally! Pasquale resented his ill treatment and moved farther up the alley.

No better success attended him here. He whistled, he danced, he sang. He whistled his best and bowed his lowest. He tried the intermezzo and "Ma Filipino Man" with an equal lack of success. He had his labor for his pains.

He moved to the far end of the alley, with a view to quitting it. He made

A VARIATION
By ROBERT JERMAIN COLE
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"Men are such monotonous creatures. They march together like that always." The girl waved her hand lightly toward a file of militia that paraded down Fifth avenue. Her companion did not answer immediately.

"You must reduce your complaint to specific charges, Miss Breen," said the young lawyer at length. "What, for example, readers man so tiresome to you?"

"I'm sure I don't know what makes him so. I only know that he is," returned the girl. "He means they all wear forever the same kind of clothes, walk with the same stride, stick to the same amusements—"

"Are true to the same friends," finished her listener for her, "and, worst of all, persist in expressing admiration for the same girl in the same words. You must find it monotonous?"

"Don't be personal, Mr. Roscommon," protested his companion, with a blush. "I'm discussing fact, and that is always personal," replied the man. "It is true, isn't it?" Roscommon had a quiet habit of persistence. He did not talk much, but what he did say was to start his companion into a frantic garrulity of self defense.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl. "You certainly would not accuse me of bragging about the number of my admirers. I was only speaking in a general way."

Roscommon was silent, and the girl went on:

"I refuse to testify against myself, but you must give me credit for knowing a few other women. Besides, I have read the novels written by creatures of your own sex. They ought to say a good word for the humanity of their heroes all make love in precisely the same way."

They turned as they walked into Fifty-seventh street, where Miss Breen had lived with her aunt since her father's death. She had always gone with a rather gay set, but a few months after she came out her father had lost most of his money. For the last three years that he lived he insisted on her accepting many invitations, although they were able to do little entertaining. Her liveliness of speech and manner, a trifle defiant, masked a hurt pride. She followed easily among the men—after she came out her father had lost most of his money. For the last three years that he lived he insisted on her accepting many invitations, although they were able to do little entertaining. Her liveliness of speech and manner, a trifle defiant, masked a hurt pride. She followed easily among the men—

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE
In Effect May 28th, 1905.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Saratoga (D. H.)	9:25	11:45	2:05	5:30
Scranton	9:40	12:00	2:20	5:45
Wilkes-Barre	10:05	12:25	2:45	6:10
Lyons	10:20	12:40	3:00	6:25
Scranton	10:35	12:55	3:15	6:40
Scranton	10:50	1:10	3:30	6:55
Scranton	11:05	1:25	3:45	7:10
Scranton	11:20	1:40	4:00	7:25
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