

The Career of Anne

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Spring had come at last. In the parks rows of gay tulips and hyacinths flamed their beauty in the sunshine, the trees, newly decked in palest green, waved happily branches to soft breezes. All the world seemed overflowing with color, perfume, life.

Anne Whittington, walking briskly, uptown, mused in her hand, felt her pulses a tingle in exultant responses to the call. Life, life everywhere. It surged and blossomed. The girl's eyes glowed, her breath quickened. Tonight she was to have her chance. The pretty color called to her face by her master's praise deepened. He had been pleasant, even enthusiastic. Surely those who should listen to her tonight would not prove less kind. And then, all at once as she passed a large building, the glad light faded a bit. Paul! She had almost forgotten him. Would he be there? The girl's face slackened as her face clouded. Why had he not been content to remain friends? Anne's lips quivered as she remembered the look of pain in his dark eyes. She did not want to hurt him. It was two weeks now since the afternoon that he had come, overflowing with the news of his advances in salary.

"And now—now, Anne!" he had cried. "I can claim you at last, Oh, Anne!" But the girl, startled, a little defiant, had drawn back. He demanded too much. Surrender her life, her career, now, just when the bitterly told for, eagerly craved success was almost hers? Anne stared at him with wide, frightened eyes. She had never dreamed of his caring that way. They had been good chums, that was all.

But to all Anne's pleading he had roused a scornful attention and had gone away still with that white look on his face. He had not come again. The faint shadow of an ache fluttered near the girl's heart. Then with a resolute effort she threw it off. No, she was not sorry; she could not give up her work, not for any one. And, with a firm reconquering of her former buoyant mood, the girl quickened her steps once more. Life, life, how good it was! And here was still her own to mold, to fashion as she chose.

All day long this exultation ebbed about her, enveloping her in a rosy, joyous mist through which she looked out unseeing at the world. It was still here, as with beating heart she stepped upon the stage. And then all at once her excitement suddenly dropped away and she felt like a frightened child. How big the hall was. She had not realized that it was so big! And how crowded. Eyes, eyes; there were millions of them and all fixed unswervingly upon her. Anne felt her head swim. The accompanist, with kindly glance in her direction, had seated himself at the piano. She must begin. She made a desperate effort. Clear, smooth, the girlish young voice floated out to the audience. But even to her own ears it sounded cold, forced, lacking in charm. Her throat seemed paralyzed. Amid perfunctory applause she made her way off the piano, just able to see through the blinding tears. Was she a failure after all?

The succeeding numbers on the programme passed to her like some horrible, relentless nightmare. The thought that she must sing again held her in a grip of ice. Spring! It was but a delusion, a mockery. For what had she dared to hope? And it was only nervous with the courage of despair that she was able again to face the audience.

Mechanically Anne followed the accompanist. She was almost beyond feeling now. Her one desire was to get through. There was a movement in the audience, a vague sense of something wrong. People looked about uneasily. Then all at once a sharp cry cut across the song. "Fire! Fire!"

In an instant everything was confusion. Anne stared helplessly. The accompanist had disappeared. Out in front the people were fighting to reach the narrow doors, the stairs. The panic threatened to be worse than the fire. The girl stood motionless. Would they all be killed?

Through the struggling mob a figure fought its way to the stage—a tall, straight figure, with eager brown eyes. Anne's heart gave a sudden throb. "Paul! Oh, Paul!" she cried. He was there, he was coming to her; she was not forgotten. The next moment he had leaped upon the stage and had flung a protecting arm around her. "Courage, sweetheart," he urged. "That's my brave girl," as the cheer came flashing back to lips and eyes. "Now, how to get out of this?"

stirred as never before, let her voice ring out in all its glorious power. Strong, brilliant, beautiful, the notes bubbled up from the white throat in a perfect passion of lyrical ecstasy. Her listeners, spellbound, held their breath. Who would have imagined that pale girl to own such a voice? One after another gaining courage, slowly they began to slip back into their seats. The danger was over, the panic averted. A tumult of applause greeted the close of the song. The audience, stamping, cheering, divided between admiration of her voice and appreciation of her pale, fairly went mad. Again and again they called her out.

Anne, her eyes gleaming, her cheeks aglow, tried to hide her impatience. Why could they not let her go? What had she done? It was Paul who deserved the credit, not she, but he had vanished. When at last, still tremulous from the excitement, she escaped into the little hall, she found him there awaiting her. They were quite alone, the new performer claiming attention. Anne's lips quivered with a little wistful smile, but out her hands. "Paul," she whispered. The young fellow, a sudden glow dawning in his eyes, caught her hands in a fervent clasp.

"Anne, oh, Anne!" he breathed, suspense dried, longing, shaking his head. "You have done it! You have done it!" The girl lifted her eyes. "I—I've been selfish," she declared unsteadily. "Oh, Paul, can you forgive me? But—but I didn't understand. My career," with supreme scorn, "what is my career? When I saw you coming to me amid all that frenzied crowd—I—I had no time to think but only could hardly catch the whispered word."

But the man, an inarticulate exclamation breaking from him, had caught her close. "We will work together, sweetheart," he murmured tenderly. "That is the way."

And Anne smiled.

He Got the Money.
"Nothing looks so small to a man when his tooth aches as a ten dollar bill, and nothing so big after the dentist has finished with him," says a young man who has a man here in town who has owned me five ten dollar bills for more than a year. He is perfectly able to pay the bills, but he won't do it. He says it's an outrage to charge that much for filling only ten or a dozen teeth. Well, last month he broke a tooth and came to me on the jump. He reads of sweat on his agonized brow.

"Sit still," I said, holding his head. "I'm twice his size. Sit still, I'm going to take the gold out of these two back teeth. I want to use it."

"You never heard such a yelp as he made when I pulled the gold out of his pocket and dragged out a roll in mad haste. I let him peel off \$50 before I laid the drill down. He was scared blue, and I was mad enough to have dug the gold out in earnest if he hadn't paid up."—Chicago Live Oceans.

COSTLY DISHES.
Dining Services of Solid Gold and Dishes Rare and Choice.
I happened to be in Tiffany's and asked one of the head men if it is true that people really eat out of gold plates. He smiled, and turning to a young man, said, "Bring me an after dinner coffee set."

And presently the young man returned with a small tray holding three small plates. They were gracefully fashioned and looked like gold. And the tray looked like gold.

VULTURES OF MEXICO

HOW THESE BIRDS HAUNT THE ARID ALKALI PLAINS.

The Whirling Black Cone of Exaggerated Desert Scavengers and the Way in Which the Circling Mass Descends Upon Its Carrion Prey.

At night the moon looks down upon a desolate, arid plain, stretching away to the great Sierra Madre mountain chain, deep, shadowy hills, against the western sky. The air is chill, and a bleak wind searches out every fold in our blankets—we might almost be spending a night on the tundras.

With scarcely a moment of dawn the sun floods everything, a most welcome warmth for awhile, soon to make one gasp in its breathless heat. Long before the rainy season actually begins vegetation seems to feel a quickening in the air; the plants send the coming moisture weeds beforehand; the rushing streams, swollen with the melting snows from the lower mountain tops, bring life to the lands through which they flow; spring is awakening everywhere—except on the alkali plain.

Where a thin rind of red brown grass roots partly covers the white dust, parched mesquite bushes find root, and strange, unsmooth organic matter, their columns, like mammoth candelabra. Here wild-eyed cattle roam unasily, nibbling occasionally at the bitter grass stems.

Farther out in the desert, where even the mesquite and cacti fall, we ride slowly across the parched, cracked earth, wondering if a single living thing can endure the bitterness of the earth. In the distance more the whirlwinds of dust, tall, thin columns with perfectly distinct outlines, undulating slowly here and there, both life and death in their silent movement.

Most remarkable it seems to us when a stray great blue heron now and then flies silently up from the desert which can possibly attract these birds to such a place of death as this, distant even from the bitter pools? and flaps slowly out of sight. Twice a great oblong raven sails through the dusty air over our heads—the same bird here in town who has owned me five ten dollar bills for more than a year. He is perfectly able to pay the bills, but he won't do it. He says it's an outrage to charge that much for filling only ten or a dozen teeth. Well, last month he broke a tooth and came to me on the jump. He reads of sweat on his agonized brow.

"Sit still," I said, holding his head. "I'm twice his size. Sit still, I'm going to take the gold out of these two back teeth. I want to use it."

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INDIANS AND BULLETS.

A Sample of the Strenuous Life of Kentucky in 1777.

In 1777, while Harrodsburg, Ky., was so beset with Indians that the inhabitants were in straits for daily bread, a young man, only sixteen years old, made himself extremely useful by venturing out of the fort before daybreak and returning with a load of game after nightfall. This intrepid youth was James Ray, afterward General Ray.

One day in the year just mentioned Ray and another young man were shooting a mark near the fort, when the second man was suddenly shot down by the Indians. Ray looked in the direction whence the shot had come, saw the enemy and was on the point of raising his rifle when he was set upon by another band, who had crept near him unseen.

He took to his heels, and, being a quick runner, rounded the fort amid a shower of bullets; but the gates were shut, and the men inside were so frightened that they dared not open them. Finding himself shut out, Ray threw himself flat on the ground in the rear of a stump, and here, perhaps seven steps from the fort and within sight of his mother, he lay for four hours, while the bullets of the Indians tore up the ground on either side of him.

At last he grew impatient and called out to the garrison: "For heaven's sake, dig a hole under the curtain wall and take me in!" The men inside set to work immediately, and the brave young hunter was speedily safe inside the fort.

IMAGINATION.
Give It Free Play and It May Make a Well Made Stick.

Imagination in some people is exceedingly strong. One day recently a local physician was talking to a friend about the power of it.

"Will," said the doctor, "you have about the strongest imagination I ever knew of."

"My imagination isn't very strong," replied the other.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

ACKAWANNA RAILROAD

—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION—

Station	A. M.	P. M.
New York	7:00	10:00
Paterson	7:15	10:15
Passaic	7:30	10:30
Wayne	7:45	10:45
Rock Hill	8:00	11:00
Highland	8:15	11:15
Monticello	8:30	11:30
Delaware	8:45	11:45
Highland Park	9:00	12:00
Highland Falls	9:15	12:15
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