

WHAT LEROY FOUND

By AMY DARLING

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"Good, I don't give you this break no day's down delay time of night." The male servant was firm even though a ten dollar bill waved gently under his nose.

"But I can't get in otherwise," pleaded Leroy. "My keys, my papers—everything, in fact, except my pocketbook and your case, is in my other clothes."

"Oh, but," cried the new elevator boy, "but I never give you lose no job bustle in a year and gettin' no bread in the middle." He turned out the light in the elevator car and went back to the office in the reception room. Nat Leroy's secret of success had been his ability to admit defeat, and he turned sadly toward the door.

There was an apartment hotel on the next block where Margaret lived. The clerk there knew him. There might be a chance to get an unoccupied apartment. It was his only hope unless he took the long trip down town, and he was tired to the point of exhaustion.

The clerk looked up in surprise as he entered the office, but surprise gave way to mirth when Nat droily intimated the key.

"You can't blame 'em," the clerk continued. "There was a chap the other night not a boy in the Belmont apartments to break in; gave him a floor for the job. The police figured that he must have made a clean profit of about \$500."

"How about you?" asked Nat. "Happen to have a vacant apartment where I could put up overnight?"

"We've got a waiting list of fifty-eight names," declared the clerk. "We wouldn't have an apartment vacant until October even at that."

"No chance?" pleaded Nat.

The clerk shook his head and Leroy turned away. Just as he was about to push through the door he heard his name called and he turned back.

"I tell you what I might do," whispered the clerk. "Miss Ashton is out-

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The pencil was forgotten now. He wrapped himself in the slumber robe from the couch and sat at the open window, which commanded a view of the river, and he watched the lights across the water glinting on the quiet stream. He did not feel like sleeping, he had come in utterly exhausted, but this revelation had completely changed his mood. He was conscious neither of fatigue nor sleepiness. He knew only that Margaret loved him, cherished the little trinkets he had given her and held his memory dear in secret. He recalled now something she had said once about girls who told their snarers for the men who caught their fancy. Clearly she would give no sign of preference, and she had buried her secret in her desk to wait until he found out—if he ever did. He shuddered as he thought of what might have been.

There was a sound of the opening and shutting of a door, but he gave no heed. He had told the boy to bring ice water.

"Nat, what are you doing here?" He sprang to his feet and then sat down again as he suddenly remembered that he was draped largely in a colored slumber robe.

"I suppose you think I am playing Indian," he remarked over the back of the chair, "but I am here through the charity of our friend downstairs."

Quickly he sketched his dilemma, and she had to laugh in spite of herself.

"Aunt Ruth and I came home sooner than we expected," she said. "The clerk was asleep, but we had our keys and did not awaken him. I guess the boy did not know you were coming here."

"I haven't been stealing anything," he defended.

"Been prying into my secrets?" she laughed.

"Just one," he said slowly. "I was looking for a pencil, and—I saw that middle panel. I didn't mean to pry, dear—but I never should have dreamed, and—I'm glad I did."

"She came toward the chair. 'I don't know that I'm sorry,' she said simply. 'I'm glad you know.'"

"I never thought," he said, "that the gate of heaven lay through a partition in a writing desk."

"Heaven," she said as her lips brushed his forehead, "lies in many places. I find mine in a Morris chair wrapped in a slumber robe."

"I must have been slumbering a long time," he laughed. "That menu card is dated three years ago."

"I cannot realize even now," she whispered, "that this is not all a dream."

"From which way we never awaken," he whispered as he drew her face down to his again.

"You may remain here," Margaret said after a few minutes. "I shall go to Aunt Ruth's room, and as a recompense to her for letting me share her apartment I'll tell her about it. She loves a romance."

The Retort Humorous.

"You don't seem to understand," blustered the man who was trying to make his point with a university professor.

"I tell you, sir, I ought to know. I'm an alumnus of this institution myself." "Are you?" That nothing singular, was the witty rejoinder, uttered so quietly that the blustering man never knew what had happened.

On another occasion the same professor, having ordered from a music publishing house a copy of a "Valse Impromptu" by a certain French composer, received an "Impromptu Waltz" by another man. The publishers, when called to account for their mistake, replied rather insolently that they had been in the music publishing business a long time, and had yet to discover the difference between a "Valse Impromptu" and an "Impromptu Waltz."

Would Dr. Smith kindly state to them that difference?

"Gentlemen," wrote the genial professor, in answer, "I have not, like yourselves, been in the music publishing business, and am therefore not fully qualified to inform you, but since in your extremity you have appealed to me I will venture to suggest that the difference between a 'Valse Impromptu' and an 'Impromptu Waltz' may be similar to the difference between a blind Venetian and a Venetian blind."

"Yours very truly," etc.

Relish Clock.

"Want me to take the clock back, you say?" exclaimed the dealer. "Why, what's the matter with it? It's warranted to keep good time."

"Perhaps that's the trouble," replied the customer, "for it certainly doesn't give it."

Philadelphian Press.

Tumbleweeds spread themselves in a wholesale fashion. Instead of sending the separate seeds into the world with wings or hairs to carry them, the whole plant breaks off near the root, when these are ripe, and goes rolling along the ground before the wind. The large, sun scorched deserts of the great west produce several tumbleweeds, and there are some in the prairie region. It is natural that they should be most abundant where there are no hills or trees to stop them in their course. But we have one tumbleweed in the east—the old wild grass, so called, maybe, because it rides the wind like an old bedlam. In September this grass spreads its head or panicle, with hairlike, purple branches, in every sandy field. When the seeds are ripe the plants are blown across the field, often piling up in masses about fences and hedgerows. As might be expected, the hair grass, which has so effective a way of spreading itself, is found throughout the United States from ocean to ocean.

Geographical Town.

Only one characteristic distinguishes the little village of Strong, Me., from the thousands of others that are scattered all over New England. That is the peculiar industry which serves to support the entire community. Strong is famous for nothing but toothpicks, but it is known in the trade as the place from which come the majority of the toothpicks that are used in the United States.

Courting Worry.

"My wife was rather worried when I left her this morning."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, she had been worrying about something or other yesterday evening, and this morning she couldn't remember what it was."

Food For Reflection Only.

I am in a hideous pickle. Here I've got nothing to eat, and the only thing I've got to pawn are my false teeth, and if I pawn them and buy something to eat, then I can't eat it. I never was in such an awful fix in all my life.—Boston Globe.

Finances.

Author (frustrated to a very poor dinner, to blow-it): A miserable dinner!

"I'll have to take care that I don't let anything witty slip out.—Fleegende Blätter.

Kate's Romance

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"I think that you ought to tell Willard before you marry him."

Kate did not even turn her head. After listening to variations of the same old story for half an hour she felt more than annoyed. She was frankly angry and perplexed.

"If you don't come one else will, and that will only make any subsequent explanation so unpleasant. Men are peculiar, anyway, and in an affair of this kind—"

"Imogene Wayne"—Kate's face flushed hotly—"I think you put it altogether too strongly."

"It is a serious matter," Imogene bit off the end of her embroidery line deliberately. "If it were my own affair I should consider it a matter of conscience. Willard is the sort of man to take anything of that kind to heart."

"I know him well."

"I don't care a bit whether he knows or not," exclaimed Kate. "I suppose I should have told him in the first place, but he never asked me, and I didn't think it necessary. I never thought of you."

"No one did," interposed Imogene, with severe significance. "But the fact remains that Bart has—"

"Has what? Am I always in trouble?"

Lazily, comfortably interested, the voice scolded from the inner room whose windows opened on the veranda.

Kate stood, silent, indignant, her chin upraised, her lashes downcast.

From the east shadow of the curtained window seat Bart Holman thought her sweeter and dearer than ever. And it had been nearly two years ago.

"Are you in there, Bart?" Imogene laughed. "How long have you been listening—long enough to agree with me? Whatever made you come home when everybody wanted you to stay in Japan?"

"Not everybody. I came by special request."

"And went in the first place by special request too?"

Kate flashed one single glance at her cousin. She had not known how much Imogene knew. She wondered if Bart had told her. Against her will she looked at Bart. He was smiling at her, and suddenly, vaguely, she felt more at ease. After all Bart was a good boy. He had come home the same—a trifle browner, the lines about his mouth a bit deeper, the look of his eyes steeper. The two years in Japan had done him good.

"When is the wedding, Kitty?"

No one ever called her Kitty but Bart. It was such a foolish, childish name for a girl, she thought, for the kind of girl at least that she prided herself on being. She was not the flirty, childish type. She was tall and slender with smooth dark hair, and eyes that changed like the sea with her mood.

"We are not even engaged yet," she answered composedly. "I can hardly say when the wedding will be."

"Kate is so cautious about matrimony this time," Imogene said amusedly. "She has actually put poor Willard on probation. If he is a poor boy for three months and manages to fulfil her ideal in that time, then she will consent to an engagement."

"If I were a girl I'd put Willard on probation for life," Bart said cheerfully. "One would be perfectly safe. There would never be any danger of foreclosure."

"Three months is long enough," said Kate. "A man who cannot stand a three-month test is not worth waiting a lifetime for."

"Don't be vindictive and petty, Kate," Imogene gathered up her meles of embroidery odds and ends. "Everybody at Newport knows about you and Bart, and when you tell him that way it is simply bad taste. Bart, why on earth didn't you have sense enough to stay away?"

"No one sent me announcement cards of the probation," answered Bart calmly. "I like Newport. Willard and I are old college pals."

"Are you really?" Imogene glanced back over her shoulder to laugh again. "Isn't it comical, though, the whole affair? Well, there is one thing sure, Bart, you won't be pals if Kate's conscience troubles her."

They were alone several minutes before the silence was broken. Then Bart asked:

"Does it?"

"Trouble me?" Kate lifted her head, and the anxiety in her eyes startled him. "Yes, it does, Bart. Of course I intend to marry Willard. The probation idea is half of it, Imogene's nonsense, and when you make up your mind, I didn't give you three minutes."

"And I changed it in three weeks," she retorted quickly. "It is better to be sure, Bart."

"But you haven't told Willard about me?"

"Not yet." She hesitated and then added nervously, earnestly: "It isn't that he would mind, although I suppose he would too. I know I should mind if he had done such a thing and had not told me. But I thought he knew, of course, until one day he told me he didn't believe a girl ever loved more than one man sincerely and absolutely, and he was glad for that reason that I had never been engaged before."

"I agree with him," Bart swung over the barrier of the window ledge that separated them. "I don't believe you'll ever love any one as you did me, Kitty, will you?"

The impersonal frankness of his tone disarmed her. She replied almost gently:

"It was the newness of it all, that's what makes it different. Why, Bart, do you know you were the first man who ever asked me to be his wife? And it seemed so queer. You never said a word, do you remember, just—"

"I remember," said Bart. "It was enough. You gave it back."

"And you brought the ring the very next day to me."

"You gave that back too." He looked at her left hand as he spoke. It was ringless. Willard was certainly on probation. He reached in his inside coat pocket and drew out a small leather case. The color rose in her cheeks as he tossed it over on her lap. She opened it with fingers not quite steady. Bart was watching a figure in gray flannel walking up the board walk from the beach. It was Willard. When Kate raised her lashes from the little leather case they sparkled with tears.

"Why did you ever come back?" she asked. "What made you keep it, Bart?"

Bart bent over her outstretched hand.

veranda was secluded and private in that particular corner. No person down on the board walk could intrude on his seclusion. He took Kate's left hand in his own strong young ones, turned by the sun of his delight, and slipped the ring on its old place.

"I kept it so I might put it back some day—like this, dear."

He kissed the ring and the fingers, and Kate's hand rested of its own volition on the bowed boyish head. The figure in gray flannels was close at hand. Bart lifted his head and looked sharply in the eyes, a long full look that admitted of no compromise even after two years' misunderstanding.

"Bart, I must tell him."

"I'll tell him," said Bart, and when Willard made no stop leisurely Kate stood with her face seaward, and Bart met him.

"You look awfully unwell, you two," said Willard gayly. "Imogene just told me you were scrapping."

"It isn't a scrap," said Bart slowly. "It's a discussion on conscience. Kate and I were engaged, two years ago, and Kate thinks that you ought to be told of it."

"Very considerate, I'm sure," Willard's face whitened. He did not look at Kate. "I think she might have extended the consideration and told me of it herself."

Bart slipped his arm about Kate's waist in proprietary fashion.

"Yes. We've just renewed the old engagement, and I think you ought to be told of it—as a matter of conscience."

Corroboration.

Each man around the store had told his tale of the "hardest rain he ever saw fall out of the sky." Tom Linkins was an easy winner with his of the great harvest rain of '35.

"I began with big drops kinder scattered," he said, "then it got to a shower, and I just thought I'd crawl under the canvas on the reaper till it was over—knewed the team would stand—but, sir, when the lightning took to hitting' right at that binder I concluded to get out from there. I had a gallon and a half bucket on my arm, and I lit out for the main shed. When I was about halfway there the thing began to get heavy. I looked down, and if the blessed thing wasn't full of water I'm a—"

The link individual who had been leaning against a barrel broke in:

"Well, now, I reckon that must 'a' been the day I 'a' thinkin' about."

For the space of two minutes not a sound was heard save the purring of the cat asleep on the counter, then suddenly, with woman's home companion dispersed, "Woman's Home Companion."

Had Become Second Nature.

When Uncle Dave Barker had rounded out his half century in the employ of a firm, he was such a familiar figure summoned to the private office of the chief proprietor. "Uncle Dave," said the head of the house, "you have worked for this firm fifty years, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the old man, wondering if he was going to be turned off at once. "Maybe I can help a little one be awhile, and I'll promise not to get in anybody's way."

"Well, you needn't worry any more, but you can come round every Saturday afternoon as long as you live and draw your pay. The little envelope will always be waiting for you."

Tears stood in Uncle Dave's old eyes as the head of the house, after shaking him cordially by the hand and wishing him many more years of life, bowed him out.

A few days afterward, however, he came round again.

"Mr. Stevenson," he said, "I've put in three of the hardest days' work of my life—doing nothing. If you don't mind I'll go back to my old place and kind of hang around as if I was one of the men. Maybe I can help a little one be awhile, and I'll promise not to get in anybody's way."

Uncle Dave was allowed to have his way, and he went back to his old place, supremely happy.

Hadrian's Wall.

Hadrian in A. D. 120 built a stone wall from Bowness, near Carlisle, on Solway firth, to the river Tyne, near Newcastle. It was eighty miles long and garrisoned by 10,000 troops. It was twelve to twenty feet high at various points, eight feet thick at the top and provided with a gallery in the rear which enabled its defenders to take their stand with only head and shoulders visible to the enemy. At every quarter of a mile there was a castle with a garrison of troops. Beacon lights and signals were used, and on an attack, whether by day or by night, the news was at once flashed up and down the wall from sea to sea—London Sphere.

Why He Came.

A man rushed into the barber shop and jumped into the first waiting chair, explaining, "Shave in a hurry." The barber was about to apply the lather when he noticed the customer's face. It had been shaved in spots and looked like a worn-out hair rug. "I beg your pardon," said the barber, "but who shaved you did not understand his business or must have been near-sighted." "That's all right," replied the customer rather sharply. "Every man in his trade you are a barber—well, I am not—that's why I came here."

Too Busy to Whistle.

It is a curious thing, but it is true, that it is counted among the lost unless there is a revival of the cheery spirit that seems to be forsaking men. No body whistles as he works in these strenuous days. He has too much on his mind to pick his lips in a whistle. Nor does he hum or sing his heart out. It is, in fact, a sad thing that it is not down to us, too busy for that joyous and unconscious expression of contentment.—Boston Herald.

Champion Divers.

"Larry Donovan," said a professional swimmer, "made the highest dive on record. It was 210 feet—a dive from the Brooklyn bridge. Donovan also took a dive from Niagara bridge, a good 200 feet. There are no other divers in the same class with Larry. Jack Burns made a dive of 150 feet from the top of the yard of the Three Pines, the largest of a salty ship of its time, and Jim O'Rourke and Julius Gautier have done some good diving, too—100 feet, 125 feet, and so on—but it is doubtful if Donovan's record will ever be broken."

Fate's Romance

By George Masters

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"You'll be good to the youngest when she comes, won't you?" said Linden as he looked at the note. "If she looks anything like Billy she should have gray eyes and a set of quiet brown hair—you know the kind I mean."

"Of course I'll be good to her, you foolish boy," she laughed. "Don't you know how glad I shall be to have a little child about the house?"

Linden blushed. It was one of his mother's greatest regrets that he never had married, but he was absurdly bashful, and he hated the thought.

For that reason he had welcomed the suggestion of his mother. Linden had a mother to Billy Corson's motherless little sister. It would help her to forget his own refusal to wed.

There had been great preparations made since the letter of acceptance had been sent. Linden had almost bankrupted himself in the purchase of toys and little room where an angel child he had played was overflowing with all sorts of dolls and things.

Daisy was to come on the noon train in the care of the conductor, and Bob, who could get his most pressing affairs straightened out before he rushed off to the station to take the train back home.

On the way he stopped to pick up a few more toys, and it was with his arms loaded down that he hurried through the shady street and into his own gate. Then he gave a gasp.

On the porch sat a girl in summery costume talking to his mother. It could not be the nurse. She was far too well dressed for a nurse. It must be one of the local girls calling. He thought of the toy store package that had come undone and from which a doll's legs waved pinkly and unrestrained, and the perspiration beaded his forehead.

He had always tried to appear dignified before the girls. It kept them at a distance. But how on earth could he look dignified with those infernal toys dangling beneath his elbow?

The two women rose as he ascended the steps, and Mrs. Linden presented the mother.

"Miss Corson," he echoed blankly.

"Dick always spoke of me as 'his little sister,'" she said as she came forward. "I hope you are not disappointed."

Disappointed that he should be the companion of such a glorious girl? Bob chuckled, and in the saving grace of humor he lost his bashfulness.

"You are most welcome," he laughed as his hand closed over hers. "Since you are Daisy Corson these are for you." And he waved those pink abominations under her eyes with an audacity that surprised himself.

It broke the ice all around, and in the little interval before dinner they chatted as three old friends. Since she was to be a permanent guest there was no sense in being afraid of her, so Bob exerted himself to make her feel at home, and his mother, sitting quietly back and watching the animated pair, built air castles peopled with little folk who had her eyes and Daisy's hair.

In the days that followed the dream seemed to grow more real. The little nursery had been converted into a sitting room for the girl, and Bob had entered into the furnishing of this with even more ardor than he had shown in the planning of the house.

He and Daisy were together constantly when he was at home, and in the long evenings while they sat out on the piazza in the cool dusk a bud of romance grew into a sturdy plant.

Bob's success in business had been due to his directness and commanding qualities, and these he brought to bear now. "I've a week had elapsed the question be asked to ask seemed certain of a favorable answer."

He decided to ask her Saturday afternoon and had come out early for that purpose. Daisy and his mother were in the yard looking after the flower beds. They waved their hands to him, expecting him to come right out, but he caught a knife from the table on the way out, and the contents brought him to a dead halt on the back steps.

It was from Billy Corson and ran:

"Dear old chap, I suppose you are blessing me for my stupidity, but really I am not to blame. I had to leave town for a few days, and in the interval my maternal aunt swooped down on us and carried poor Daisy off to the very fate I was trying to save her from—immurement in the desolate little town where I suffered so when I was a youngster. No one had your address, so they could not notify you. I'm sorry that you have been put to this trouble needlessly, but hope that you and your mother will forgive me."

Bob tucked the letter into his pocket and went toward the pair. There was some mistake, that was evident. Perhaps he would find that the attraction of gravitation—"Philadelphia Press."

THE MORNING NEWS.

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haps he would lose Daisy after all. If heart was troubled, but one glance from those merry eyes reassured him, and he went manfully to work helping them with their gardening.

It was not until after supper and they had established themselves on the piazza that he mentioned the note.

"I had a letter from Billy today," he said, "a very funny letter."

"What did he say?" she laughed. "He has not written me."

"That he was sorry he was not able to send you to us," he said quietly.

"I don't see the joke," she scolded. "You are not slow to speak in riddles."

"There is some mistake," he explained. "Billy did not send his sister here, so you must be some other Billy's sister."

"He handed her the letter and she read it through with changing color. Then her eyes caught the business card in the corner."

"That this is from a Mr. Corson, not Corson," she explained.

"That's Billy," he explained—"Billy Corson."

"My name is Corson," she answered. "I thought both you and your mother pronounced it oddly. But why should I have made a mistake? You are Robert Linden."

"How do you spell it?" he asked.

"L-i-n-d-e-n," she spelled slowly.

"L-i-n-d-e-n," she spelled slowly.

"I have it on a letter upstairs," she said as she rose from her seat. Presently she