

THE TRUE HEIR.

How the Old Mansion Was Turned Into a Real Home.

By ALICE VAN ZAARN.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

The old house, with its coat of fresh paint, gleamed among its magnificent elms in the bright August sunshine. In the upstairs front room Priscilla stood before the mirror giving a last critical look at herself. Her hair was done high on her head in a style of bygone days, and an ancient shell comb was at the back. Her dress was a gorgeous brocaded silk which had belonged to her great-great-grandmother. It had never been altered, and it fitted her tall, straight figure to perfection. "There," she said, "I guess that will do." Now I will sit down and wait till they come.

She went over to one of the west windows and sat where she could look down the road. Her face was alight with joy. This was the happiest day of her life. It was what she had looked forward to and worked for.

As she sat waiting for her expected guests her mind traveled back over the years that had led up to this day, which seemed to her to be the fulfillment of all her hopes.

She remembered how when she was a little girl and lived with her grandmother in the house she could see from where she sat she had looked with awe upon the mansion which stood on the hill, and all the stories she cared to hear must be about the old house.

Her grandmother could tell her many stories of the old place, of the young people who had lived there and made it gay with their happy voices, of the noted general who courted and married his fair bride there and of the sad times that came when the young people all went away and the old folks grew feeble and died and the old house fell into alien hands.

Priscilla remembered how she teased and teased till her grandmother took her to see the man and his wife who lived as caretakers in three or four rooms in the ell. After that she used to slip away to see them, and they got to be fond of her and let her roam over the house at will.

When she got to be eighteen she determined to earn money enough to buy the old house and restore it. The owner took no care of it, and it was going to destruction. It seemed such a bad thing to Priscilla to see the blinds sagging, the shingles and clapboards coming off and the chimneys losing bricks in every high wind. She

"It all seems so futile!" she cried, would buy it and save it from ruin, and it would stand there in all its old time dignity, a valuable historic landmark.

She told no one of her plan, but set about deciding on her work. She had always intended being a nurse, and this work would serve her purpose as well as any.

So by the time she was twenty-one she had finished her course at the training school, had taken her first case and deposited her first money in the bank toward buying the old place.

Then came a disappointment. The grant-ant for whom she was named sent for her to come and take care of her. Priscilla rebelled inwardly, for the old woman was crossgrained and miserly and grudging her food she ate. But Priscilla knew that it was her last sickness, and she could not find it in her heart to leave her alone in her misery.

For two long years, therefore, she devoted herself to her kinswoman and gave her as good care as if she had been a wealthy, paying patient. And the aunt's disposition softened wonderfully at the last, and Priscilla confided her secret about the old house to her.

After her death there was a great surprise for Priscilla. Her aunt had left all her property to her. There was more than any one had suspected, and the will expressed the old lady's wish that Priscilla should use the money to buy and repair the old place on the hill.

HER BURNED MUSHROOMS.

In the Train of the Disaster Came Happiness.

By ANITA CARR.
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Flighty—that was what the nice, motherly old ladies of Hillside called Carrie Danielson. Now, if a person happens to be very tall and correspondingly broad and wears No. 4 shoes nobody ever applies that adjective to her. If you are flighty it stands for reason you are small and duffy and never quiet.

That had been Carrie's description through her girlhood and early married life. She was a pretty little thing, but with strength enough of character in her face in spite of her tilted nose and small, red mouth and curved cheek had any one stopped to consider those attractions as modified by the resolute chin and angle of the head.

She loved the gaieties of life and the sunshine. Happiness surrounded her as an aureole, and she ran from trouble, to the displeasure of her critics who fastened the adjective upon her.

She and Tom were happy those three years before the railway accident that

"I suppose it is foolish," she said, "and hysterical and all that, but I couldn't help it. I was so happy this afternoon, and this is the reason."

"But what is it?" he asked, looking perplexed.

"It all seems so futile!" she cried. "You know how I have worked and planned to restore this house to what it was, but it is no use. It was a home, but it is not now, and I cannot make it a home. Besides that, it seems now that I have done all I could, that I was presumptuous to undertake it. Every one seems to think I have done great things, but what right had I? Oh," she cried passionately, "why couldn't you have done it? You are one of a family!"

"Priscilla," he said, and she gave a little start and looked at him with dilated eyes.

"I understand how you feel, and I wish I had done it, but there is a better way—a way in which you can make it a home and even bear the old family name." His face was very serious, and he looked at her with searching earnestness.

He rose to his feet and held out his arms. "Don't you understand, Priscilla," he said in a thrilling voice.

And Priscilla understood and smiled at him through happy tears.

"I—I HAVEN'T TIME TO BE CRIPPLED," ended his life and for a time crippled her.

Hillside never had liked Carrie Danielson so well as during those months when it could treat her as helpless and nurse and command her. She was in their hands, and her neighbors rioted in the pious joy of doing good unto one who had never seemed to yearn for their counsel or advice. They had planned it all out in those first sad days after the accident just what Carrie should do after she had fully recovered.

"Of course she will sell this cottage," Mrs. Barnes said during one of the long night watches. "They'd just got it paid for too! She can go back to her folks. It's too bad they moved away when they did!"

PILGRIM MEMORIAL.

Erection of Giant Cross at Marshfield Hills, Mass., Proposed.

GREATEST OF MONUMENTS.

Striking Feature Suggested For Celebration of Three Hundredth Anniversary of Landing of the Pilgrims. Grand Electric Display and Searchlight Planned.

A "historical and moral celebration" of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims is proposed for 1920 by Alvin A. Vinal, who is a descendant of the pilgrims, a member of the Pilgrim society and a former member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. In plans which he has prepared for the event Mr. Vinal suggests the heights of Marshfield hills, Massachusetts, where he is a resident, for the celebration, which he thinks would be good for Boston as well as Plymouth, since it would attract visitors from all over the world.

"Trinity hills," he says, "are the highest land in Plymouth county, overlooking all the pilgrim land and bay from Cape Cod to Boston. Miles out at sea and inland the exposition buildings would show to enticing advantage, especially to shipping passing in and out of Boston. An electrical display is one of the great charms of modern expositions, and buildings on these great elevations in one blaze of glory at night would be one of the greatest sights ever witnessed. On the bay itself the navies of the world could meet and view the whole exhibition. Here are great springs, guaranteeing the purest water supply, with ample river power for the electric display and power for the exposition. Two great lakes can easily be made, and there are wooded groves for park purposes."

"Among other features the commemoration of this great anniversary celebration I propose a great monumental permanent cross of stone and steel, the tallest in the world, to stand for all time and be the great feature of the exhibition. From the top and arms will be the grand lookout over the pilgrim land and water of Massachusetts bay, to which the people will come for all time. The cross will be one blaze of electricity, making at night the most sublime display ever witnessed. When surmounted by the largest searchlight its beauty and meaning would be impressed forever on passengers on the foreign steamships passing to and from Boston."

The grounds of the exhibition are to be laid out in the form of a cross. Mr. Vinal also suggests the erection on one of the hills by the churches of the world of a permanent church of stone containing the largest meeting room in the world to be devoted to "historical meetings and addresses by the great revivalists, preachers and lecturers of the world," with "great chime bells pealing from its tower the anthems of the pilgrims. A great white stone, the only one of its kind known, typical of the event, should be the pulpit on which will rest the baptismal basin, to be the baptismal tank, for here thousands will desire to be baptized into the larger life."

"On another hill will be the greatest wireless station and a water tower supplying the exhibition. On the plateau will rise the great hotel and roof garden built by gifts from the hotels of the world, the Puritan building donated by New England families and containing their exhibits, a great religious museum contributed to by all the world and built by the county of Plymouth, a great electrical plant built so as to make a great lake, damming, North river and giving great water power such as such an exhibition will require. On the lake will be enacted daily the parting, sailing and landing of the pilgrims in a ship representing the Mayflower."

It is proposed by Mr. Vinal that the cross, to cost \$1,000,000 or more, according to the response, be built by contributions of \$5 each from the churches of the world, a souvenir gold cross being issued to each contributor. To ministers a cross with a diamond in the center at \$25 each will be issued. For contributions to the expenses of the exhibition he suggests "the golden book of honor, a great subscription book, in which the names of givers of \$1,000 or more will be recorded; the five million book, in which the names of all giving \$5 will be recorded, each to receive a passable dollar coin by the government as its gift to the exhibition; the golden roll, a framed roll recording the gifts of those who give \$100,000 to the exhibition." An admission fee of 25 cents will be charged to enter the cross.

A great religious pilgrim revival to culminate in the celebration of 1920 is finally suggested by Mr. Vinal. "Let the committees of the ministers of all denominations," he says, "inaugurate the continuance of the present revival and the 1915 movement into a great revival and let all pastors everywhere urge their congregations to become members of the church and possessors of the little crosses of gold which are to be issued only to church members who aid by their purchase the building of the memorial anniversary cross, the greatest monument ever erected in the world. Let all Christians wear these badges as acknowledgment of the alliance that the power of Christian lives may be carried everywhere and upheld openly."

Finally Mr. Vinal suggests the formation of a committee of a hundred representative citizens to meet for arrangement of the details at the Plymouth Memorial church at Boston in the week beginning July 4 or Sept. 16.—Boston Herald.

Not Encouraging. A pastor in a rural church not far from Milwaukee announced the wedding in his church during the following week of two of his parishioners. He followed the announcement with the title of the hymn which was then to be sung. It was "Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven!"—Milwaukee Free Press.

Every man who rises to any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way.—Bayne.

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THE AUBURN HAIRD GIRL.

A Courtship That Began Under Peculiar Circumstances.

By ANITA W. EDGERLEY.
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Half a mile north of the Stevens farmhouse, where Miss Irene Kingsland, from the city, was visiting her aunt and uncle, was the byroad leading to what was called the glen. There was a glen with a cascade, and it was rather a wild and rocky spot.

It was a quarter of a mile from the main road, and on this byroad lived a widow with an auburn haired daughter sixteen years old.

After Miss Irene had been at the farmhouse for a week and had become familiar with the sight of pigs, chickens, geese and an old rooster blind in one eye she was told about the glen and was anxious to see it. The road was plain before her. Take the first turn to the right and she was there.

She was told about the byroad, but not about the auburn haired girl. In this world there are always some things left out to make us trouble at a future date.

The young lady of nineteen started out bravely, and her spirits were unimpaired until she turned into the byroad. There she came across the auburn haired girl sitting on a log by the roadside. The proper way would have been for her to stop and ask a question or two about the glen and thus open up a pleasant conversation.

Unfortunately she took another way. She held herself stiffly erect and passed on. The auburn haired girl, who was almost as pretty as Miss Irene, followed her. Miss Irene heard her footsteps, but would not look back. Auburn hair coughed and began to hum a tune, but it was no use.

How long it takes an auburn haired girl to get her dander up has never been recorded for use of the agricultural or any other department. In this case it was four minutes. She had heard of Miss Irene as being "from the city" and of being laughing and having at least two hats, and she ached to take her down a peg.

From a distance of ten feet in the rear she remarked quietly that some folk considered other folk as dirt beneath their feet.

Miss Irene reached the glen with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks, and of course she could not be expected to find any grandeur or romance. The moss grown rocks were there, and the waters cascaded, but they were naught to the humiliated and indignant girl. She would go home, but she could not go by the same route and pass that young mix again and receive more "sauce." She would go by the fields and woods.

It was in carrying out this determination that she soon found herself in an old clearing and realized that she was lost. She had started to weep over it when another female entered the clearing and advanced toward her.

The newcomer was a lady of thirty, and she was also lost. She had not been lost in leaving the glen, but in seeking to find it. She was cool and calm and did not fear that they could not find their way to the highroad after a rest.

As the couple sat on a log talking events were happening elsewhere. The auburn haired girl had gone down to the main road, and as she reached it a young man came driving along in a buggy. She recognized him as young Merrifield, a lawyer in Bellville, five miles away. Having all the law there was on his side, he was not afraid of a pretty girl even when he didn't know her. He checked his horse when near her and said:

"Say, miss, have you heard that one of the female patients in the Bellville insane asylum escaped this morning?"

"No," she replied, with deep and excited interest and prepared to listen.

"Yes, and when last seen she was headed this way. I am going over to Liverpool, and they wanted me to spread the news as I drove along. Don't suppose you have seen anything of a stray female around here?"

"Oh, but I have. She passed here an hour ago on her way to the glen. I thought she was queer in her head. Yes; you'll find her at the glen."

It was the pretty girl's opportunity to rival, and she took it. The lawyer decided that if she would ride to the glen with him, to soothe and calm her patient in case she was violent, he would make an effort to return the patient to the authorities. The girl checked and climbed into the buggy.

Of course Miss Irene was not found at the glen, but the lawyer was a Sherlock Holmes in his way. He looked about and found fragments of her wardrobe sticking to the rails of a fence she had climbed, and, leaving the horse and buggy and enthusiastically followed by Auburn Hair, he clung to the trail until the clearing was reached.

"That's her!" exclaimed Auburn Hair as she pointed to Miss Irene and smiled wickedly.

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MISTAKES IN TITLES.

"Love's Discourses" Has Nothing to Do With Cupid's Pranks.

It is interesting to collect certain of the instances of mistakes in regard to the titles of books. Thus the old farmer who asked for "Edgworth on Irish Bulls" got no doubt something he did not expect, and the dainty youth who applied for "Love's Discourses" did not really wish a volume of sermons by Christopher Love. If application is made by messenger, mistakes of a different sort may occur. An exaltado boy once asked for Bishop Cocks and Henry's "Eminent Communicant"; he meant Bishop Oxenden's. Similarly by Warren's "Eminent Cookery" he meant his "Model Cookery." A maid forgot all about the title of the book she had been sent for except that it was "something like tomato soup." She was served with "Red Potage."

It may have been a fault of pronunciation on the part of the purchaser who asked for "rubber bands" that he received a copy of "Robert Burns," but it was certainly the bookseller who was at sea who referred an applicant for "Vega's Logarithmic Tables" to the "furniture department." In cataloguing booksellers frequently err. Thus Mr. Madan, the Oxford scholar, who wrote a grammar and dictionary of the Swahili language, had those works catalogued as "Madan Swahili's Grammar" and in the line beneath, "No. 10." Recently, too, a book of Mr. Lucas, "A Swan and Her Friends," giving an account of Miss Seward, "the swan of Lichfield," was classified as "Annie Swan and Her Friends."—Manchester Guardian.

That Settled It. The commissioners in lunacy were nonplused. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane if spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with a "quack" of common sense, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.—New York Times.

He Followed Directions. Red tape leads one to curious lengths. A writer in the Columbus Dispatch tells of a street railway car that picked up a young heifer on its fender and carried it some distance through the street.

In making out the required report to the superintendent the employee wrote in answer to the query on the blank form, "What did the victim say?" "She was carried along on the fender and then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."

Life is a little gleam of time between two eternities.—Carlyle.



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"Of course she will sell this cottage," Mrs. Barnes said during one of the long night watches. "They'd just got it paid for too! She can go back to her folks. It's too bad they moved away when they did!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Croft, "she'll have to. Tom didn't leave her anything besides the cottage. She can't live on air and she's not the go-ahead sort who can do things for themselves. Carrie's always been so flighty."

When Carrie Danielson finally got well and was able to go about as usual, very pale and quiet in her black clothes and different from the gay and laughing girl they had always known, Hillside was disgruntled and shocked by the upsetting of all its plans for her.

"No," she told the man who wanted to buy her cottage; "I'm going to keep it and stay right here. It is home to me. It is not for sale."

Mrs. Barnes went over at once when the news reached her. "Carrie," she began abruptly, "how are you going to do it? What are you going to live on?"

There was a faint gleam of the old humor's smile on Carrie's lips as she surveyed her inquisitor's grimly disapproving face. "I'm going to grow mushrooms," she announced, "and ship them to New York."

Perhaps had it been any other commodity than mushrooms Hillside would not have seethed with disapproval as it did. Mushrooms to them were objects of suspicion, classed with weeds and other obnoxious products of nature, without which the human race could get along famously.

That there were enough persons in the world who