

THE TRUE HEIR.

How the Old Mansion Was Turned Into a Real Home.

By ALICE VAN ZAARN.
(Copyright, 1906, 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 brocade 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

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THE AUBURN HAIRIED 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 to humiliate her. She had heard of Miss Irene being "from the city" and of being laughing and having at least two hats, and she wished 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 naive 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 motor. She recognized him as young Merrifield, a lawyer in Belleville, 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 Belleville 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 a rival, and she took it. The lawyer decided that if she would ride to the glen with him, to soothe and calm the 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.

If the lawyer hadn't been a lawyer he would have advanced and seized the guilty party and thrown her over his shoulder and started for the buggy, but lawyers don't rush in where angels fear to tread. Here were two females. Indeed, with Auburn Hair, there were three.

He hadn't a description of the escaped patient. He had been told she was a "youngish" female. The three were "youngish." It might be any one of them.

It might be the one who had given him the information. Insane people are cunning and up to all sorts of tricks.

"Well, why don't you take her?" demanded Auburn Hair maliciously.

"Sir, what does this mean?" asked Miss Irene as she drew herself up.

"Sir, what does this mean?" asked the strange lady as she did likewise.

"Why—why," stammered the lawyer, "one of you has escaped from the asylum at Belleville. I am here to ask you to return with me. You shall have a nice ride in my buggy, and if you are very quiet I'll let you drive the horse. The asylum is a nice place, you know—nice place. It's homelike and nice—very—and—and—"

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"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."

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When 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 about the 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.

After the place was actually bought there was much to be done. Carpenters and masons and painters were kept at work for weeks. The yard was made tidy, and after that the inside of the house was cleaned and repaired.

It was in June that everything was done and Priscilla had moved her aunt's ornate furniture into the house. The old couple who had lived in the ell still stayed, and the woman was Priscilla's housekeeper.

Then Priscilla found that her legacy was greatly reduced and that she must go to work. So she went to nursing again with a light heart.

And now it was old home week, and as one feature of the occasion she had thrown open her house and was to read a paper to the guests telling some of the most interesting stories about the place. She had furnished the rooms as nearly as possible like what they had been when the family lived there. There was not a modern piece

of furniture in the whole house, and she had even been able to procure some of the very articles that had once furnished it.

At last she saw her guests coming. She colored as she recognized one of the men among the others. He was the only one of the old family name who had taken the least interest in the old place. To be sure, he was merely the great-grandson of the last of the family to live there, and he had never seen it (ill) this week. But he had taken an intense interest in what Priscilla had done, and somehow she had seen a good deal of him during the week.

Priscilla's heart beat high as she went slowly down the old staircase to meet her guests.

Richard looked uncertainly about the dim old room. In a moment his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he went quickly over to where Priscilla crouched sobbing on the floor. Her old brocade gown lay in folds about her, and the arm on which her head was bowed rested on the old chair by the fireplace.

"What has happened?" cried Richard in alarm. He lifted her gently to her feet, and for a moment she rested heavily against his shoulder. Then she drew away and sank into her chair.

"I am very sorry you found me this way," she said tremulously. "I—I thought you were gone and that I was all alone."

"Wait a minute," said the young man, with practical thoughtfulness, "I'll have some light, and then you must tell me what troubles you."

Priscilla sat silent. She could hear the low murmur of voices in the next room, where the housekeeper and her husband were. Richard lit the candles on the high mantel and on the table; then he drew his chair nearer and sat down facing Priscilla.

They were two striking figures in the dim setting of the old room. Both were very good to look upon, she in her gown of a century ago, he in modern dress.

"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 the 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.

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 Coecks and Hen's Earnest Communicant; he meant Bishop Oxenden's. Similarly by Warren's "Model 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 "Vogel'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 "Madam Swahili's Grammar" and in the line beneath, "No. 10." Dictionary." 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 in 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 man of such intelligence, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifies 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.—Caryl.

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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 revivals and the P. E. 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.

THE AUBURN HAIRIED GIRL.

A Courtship That Began Under Peculiar Circumstances.

By ANITA W. EDGERLEY.
(Copyright, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.)

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 to humiliate her. She had heard of Miss Irene being "from the city" and of being laughing and having at least two hats, and she wished 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 naive 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 motor. She recognized him as young Merrifield, a lawyer in Belleville, 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 Belleville 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 a rival, and she took it. The lawyer decided that if she would ride to the glen with him, to soothe and calm the 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.

If the lawyer hadn't been a lawyer he would have advanced and seized the guilty party and thrown her over his shoulder and started for the buggy, but lawyers don't rush in where angels fear to tread. Here were two females. Indeed, with Auburn Hair, there were three.

He hadn't a description of the escaped patient. He had been told she was a "youngish" female. The three were "youngish." It might be any one of them.

It might be the one who had given him the information. Insane people are cunning and up to all sorts of tricks.

"Well, why don't you take her?" demanded Auburn Hair maliciously.

"Sir, what does this mean?" asked Miss Irene as she drew herself up.

"Sir, what does this mean?" asked the strange lady as she did likewise.

"Why—why," stammered the lawyer, "one of you has escaped from the asylum at Belleville. I am here to ask you to return with me. You shall have a nice ride in my buggy, and if you are very quiet I'll let you drive the horse. The asylum is a nice place, you know—nice place. It's homelike and nice—very—and—and—"

HER BURNED MUSHROOMS.

In the Train of the Disaster Came Happiness.

By ANITA CARR.
(Copyright, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.)

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

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 Coecks and Hen's Earnest Communicant; he meant Bishop Oxenden's. Similarly by Warren's "Model 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 "Vogel'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 "Madam Swahili's Grammar" and in the line beneath, "No. 10." Dictionary." 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 in 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 man of such intelligence, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifies 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.—Caryl.

It took five minutes to straighten out the tangle. The strange lady was the escaped patient. Of course Auburn Hair had got the worst of it all around, and she was the first one to go. She was game, but she knew when she was worsted.

When the lawyer and the girl from the city had been left alone he made his address to the jury. It was up to him to make it a "hammer." He asked the jury to remember that he had never hunted escaped inmates before, that he knew nothing about jealousy and auburn haired girls, that he was only doing his duty and that if he was brought in guilty suicide was the only thing left him. The jury listened and replied:

"You are forgiven this time, but don't you ever take me for a lunatic again! You may take me home."

In driving down the byroad they had to pass the widow's house. The auburn haired daughter was at the gate and waiting for them.

"They looked straight ahead, as if she were not on earth, but as they came opposite she called out:

"Oh, it's a case of love at first sight, is it? Well, I'll send each of you a Teddy bear tomorrow."

Some courtships have had their beginning under still more unfavorable circumstances and ended most happily. That's what this one did.

ROBERT ADAM.
He Created a New Era in English Architecture.

Robert Adam (1728-92) was to English