HER CHAUFFEUR.

How a Girl Worried Her Family by Loving an Auto Driver.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.] "Cab!" called a young girl standing on a curb on F street, Washington.

A chauffeur sitting in an auto on the other side of the street caught her eye. She was very stylishly dressed very pretty, and, although attractive the chauffeur looked at her for a moment without replying to her summons, then, as if obeying an impulsedrove his auto to the curb on which

"Are you engaged?" she asked. "No'm."
"I thought you were from your not

the young lady was standing.

answering my call at once." She stepped into the auto. "Take me to — Massachusetts avenue."
"Yes'm."

Formerly all the unfortunate love af fairs and misallances with manser-ants occurred between the pretty daughter of the house and the family conchman. In these days of motors the conchman has given place to the chauffeur. From the moment Miss Flo-



HE WAS SITTING IN HIS SEAT, UNCON-

ra Denton, the daughter of a rich congressman who had recently been elected from the middle west, set eyes on chauffeur there was trouble in

"I presume you know all about Washington." she said, leaning for-ward on her seat. "I don't know my way anywhere. We came only yester

'I'm pretty familiar with the streets.

"I'm pretty faining with the streets."
I have to be to drive an auto."
"What a rich, deep voice!" said Miss
Deuton to herself, then aloud: "I want
some one I can trust to take me about.
If you will tell me where I can call on

If you will tell me where I can call on you I'll have you regularly."

The chauffeur did not reply at once. When he did he said:

"Call up telephone No. 6842."

Miss Denton took a pocketbook from a little bag hanging to her wrist, from which she drew a card and en the card wrote the telephone number.

"Who shail I ask for?" she said. "I suppose there are other antes there."

suppose there are other autos there."
"Say you would like to speak to

'Very well; here we are—the dark

"very well; here we are—the dark stone house over there. What's the fare?" she added as she alighted, "If I'm to drive you regularly you might pay at the end of the month," replied the oblighing chauffeur. "That'll do very well, if you're sat-isfied. Perhaps you'd better come to-morraw aftermoon at 3 cledes to take

morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock to take me for a vide."

When 3 o'clock the next afternoon came Miss Denton was at a front window in auto costume, drawing on her gloves while waiting for the chauf-feur. He drove up punctually and, not knowing that the lady was looking at him, stepped out of his machine

and, walking up to the door, rang.
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Denton. "He walks like a ramrod. I believe he was a soldier before he became a cab driver. Just look at those shoulders! It's a wonder they don't she whispered: "Oh, papa, he will him over backward."

her across the Potomac. He did so. and once away from the city they spun along merrily. Reaching an old bridge over a shallow creek, he said: "If I could trust that bridge I would

weight of this machine. It's off the main road and not intended for gen-

"I think I'd better not."

an idea that you were a soldier before you became a chauffeur. I'm surpris-

He male a dash at the bridge, hop-ing for safety in speed. They had got nearly over when it broke under them and down they went. Fortunately the distance to fall was

not great, and the machine remained right side up. But a falling beam struck the chauffeur on the head, and then Miss Denton, who had scrambled out on to dry land, turned to look at him he was sitting in his seat unconscious, with blood streaming down over his face.

At the moment there came the honk of an auto horn, and Miss Denton ran to the main road and signaled for the driver to stop, and two men who were in the machine came to her assist-ance. They got the chauffeur out, back to consciousness and kindly offered to take both back

not to be moved at once.

When they reached the city the chauffeur was about to tell them where to take him when he was forestalled by Miss Denton, who ignisted that, the accident having been her own fault he should go to her own home. He denurred at this, saying they would go there first; then he wished to be left at his room. When they reached Sidney.

Massachusetts avenue the lady's — Massachusetts avenue the lady's father, seeing from a window that something was wrong, went out and when informed of the facts directed that the chauffeur come inside, at any rate temporarily. So the man walked in, refusing support, and was placed in an easy chair and given a stimulant. He declined to have a physician called.

called. A week later Mr. Denton said to his A week later Mr. Denton said to his daughter: "Pussy, I think it's time that your chauffeur go back to his garage. He's all right and by hanging around here is losing money every day. I had his auto sent for, and it day. I had his auto sent for, and has been put in order. The bill will

Miss Denton told the chauffeur what her father had said, softening the invitation to depart as well as she could. The young man bade her goodby, looking longingly into her eyes, while he

hand lingered in his, and said:
"If I weren't only a chauffeur!"
He stopped and, turning away, left

The father of Miss Flora Denton, be-The father of Miss Flora Denton, being a shrewd observer of what was going on about him, saw very plainly that his daughter was in danger of a complication that would wreck the peace and comfort of the family. He gave her orders that when she wished an auto she should call him up on the delephone and he would send her one. telephone and he would send her one. The girl must either obey or admit that she was desirous of riding with an especial chauffeur, which would be giving away her case. She longed for a spin with the driver of her choice and since she could not ride with him would not ride at all. But she went often to the business portion of the city and kept a sharp eye open for a familiar face belonging to her own especial chauffeur.

especial chauffeur.
Then came the first important social function since Congressman Denton had taken his seat in the house of representatives. The president was to give a reception, and the Denton family were to attend. Mrs. Denton, who was greatly worried about the chauffeur episode, was anxious that her daughter should as about hoping that feur episode, was anxious that he daughter should go about, hoping that the impression made by a common cab driver might be eradicated by some young man of prominence. Washington was full of officials, some of whom ton was full of officials, some of whom were quite young enough for her daughter to marry, and the place literally swarmed with army and navy officers. Mrs. Denton, therefore, got out Miss Flora's most becoming costume and endeavored to excite an interest on the part of her daughter in this het first appearance in Washington public social life.

But the other was full of officials, some of whom were quite young enough for her daughter to marry, and the place literally swarmed with army and navy officers. Mrs. Denton, therefore, got out Miss Flora's most becoming costume and endeavored to excite an interest on the part of her daughter in this het first appearance in Washington public social life.

But the other was tall dealed and forces which he considered himself to be and her time for a week. He called at the head-quarters the next day and learned that Miss Coleman had peremptorily declined to serve.

social life.

But the girl was languid and listless.
In vain her mother told her of the
great people she would meet—young
men some of whom were already pomen some of whom were already po-litical leaders, the generals, the admi-rals and the junior officers near her own age. Flora made no objection to going among all these people, but there was none of that enthusiasm to be ex-pected in a young girl on whom for-tune had bestowed such advantages. Finally the mother, losing patience, ex-

"I do believe you're gone on that cab

driver!"
This was the feather that broke the camel's back. Flora burst into tears and, going to her room, locked herself

dress for the president's reception she permitted her maid, her mother super-vising, to arrange her costume, and it must be confessed that she looked

must be confessed that she looked ravishing. Even the tinge of melan-choly in her eyes was becoming. A throng of peeple in evening dress were at the White House waiting the cutrance of the president. There were members of the cabinet, senators, gen-cials and admirals—indeed, the governental magnates of the nation. Their ves and daughters, dressed in silks d satins, in laces and feathers, stood ith them, forming lines on either side f a passageway along which the resident was to proceed to the posi-on in which he would receive his guests. Congressman Denton, his wife and daughter stood among the rest. Presently there was a flourish of mu-sical instruments, and two young army officers marching abreast led the pro

omeers marching abreast led the pro-cession escorting the chief magistrate. "Pussy," said Mr. Denton, "that of-ficer on the right looks for all the world like your chauffeur." Feeling his daughter's hand clutch-

ing his arm, he turned and saw her in a fever of excitement. When she could catch her breath and articulate

sneuders: It's a wonder they don't pull him over backward."

She met him at the door with a smile, but suddenly repressed it, remembering his station. She asked him to take the regress the Petersea. He did another deposit the suddenly repressed in the suddenly representation of the suddenly representation of

within a few feet of them and gave them a smile in which was expressed his satisfaction at having duped them to his mother and when returned the was there was no further doubt as to his borrower would put a snug sum in a cyes when he said this, and she knew there was no further doubt as to his savings bank to start a fund for the what he meant. She waited for what man, and I didn't tell you I wasn't

Mrs. Lieutenant Drake of the ar-Miss Denton suiffed the air. "I had tilery is now stationed at one of the hiden that you were a soldier before southern forts.

The Dog Question In Nazareth. Among many incidents of his wan-derings through Palestine, recounted by Harry Franck in the Century, is

long ago," said a native, "told me a strange story. I did not believe him, for it cannot be true. He said that in America people buy dogs." And the in America people buy dogs." And the mere suggestion of so ludicrous a transaction sent the assembled group into paroxysms of laughter. "They do," I replied.

The pompous ex-mayor fell into such convulsions of merriment that his rotund face grew the color of burnished copper.

opper,
"Buy dogs?" roared his sons in a
horus of several languages. "But what for?'

Never having settled that question entirely to my own satisfaction, I par-ried it with another, "How do you get

a dog if you want one?" "W-w-why," answered the eldest son, whing the tears from his eyes, "if any one wants a dog he tells some one else, and they give him one. But vhoever wants a dog?'

They are never alone that are as

THE SUFFRAGETTE.

An Event That Took Away Her Interest In the Cause.

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

She was standing on the curb selling pamphlets, while beside her a box was used to display a large handbill on which was printed "Votes For Wom-en!" If it be asserted that only the angular old maids or fat married women are to be found in the ranks of the suffragettes this young lady proved the contrary. She was very pretty. At any rate, Peter Thompson stopped

to look at her and by way of an ex-cuse to speak to her bought a pamphlet. "Read it," she said, "and you will be with us.'

"I'm with you already." Thompson

"I meant that I was with you person ally

At this the girl looked a trifle displeased.
"There are certain qualities," Thompson added, "that are required in those son added, "that are required in those son added," that are required in those son added, "that are required in the son added i

"I am quite sure women pe those qualities," snapped the girl.

"What qualities?" "Those to which you refer."
"I haven't yet named them."

Well, do so. "Women are not good listeners."

"I deny the fact."

"I deny the fact."

By this time several people had stopped to listen, and Thompson, not carring to amuse a crowd, passed on. He had no opinions as to whether women are entitled to the suffrage or not. The subject did not interest him. But one thing did interest him very much—the pretty suffragette. He was a philosophic chap, always looking for reasons for things, and a problem occupied his thoughts from the moment he saw the suffragette—namely, what there was about her that caused her to remain a fixture in his mind.

administering to a child whose inhuman mother had left him was just as important as the cause of votes for women. Thompson looked surprised, but said nothings.

The next day, however, he called and said that his sister had offered to take charge of the deserted boy in order that Miss Coleman might pursue her greater work.

"Please tell your sister to mind her own bus—I mean that the precious darling has fallen to me, and I shall keep him till he is claimed by his own kin."

Then Thompson went to the head-



"I SHALL DO NO SUCH THING."

to which had been given the name of Thompson, he passed a woman wheel-ing a baby carriage. A little boy aged about fifteen months sitting in the cararout frices months string in the carriage looked up at him and smiled. Thompson was fond of children. He put out his hand, which was clutched by the tiny pink tipped fingers, the boy's eyes being fixed on Thompson as though he had found his first and best fixed.

"What a beautiful boy!" he ex-

The mother looked happy, as mothers do when they hear their children

"Madam," pursued Thompson musingly, his eyes still on the boy, who continued to clutch his hand, "I wish the loan of your child for awhile. I will pay you a big interest."

"You remember that I demonstrated that there were faculties you did not possess which I consider important for citizenship."

"Well, what's that got to do with the mother looked are the possess."

"You remember that I demonstrated that there were faculties you did not possess which I consider important for citizenship."

"Well, what's that got to do with the possess which I consider important for citizenship."

"Well, what's that got to do with the possess which I consider important for citizenship."

"Well, what's that got to do with the possess which I consider important for citizenship."

will pay you a big interest."

The mother looked surprised.

To shorten the story, Thompson bargained with the woman that she should wheel her boy up in front of his suffragette, ask her to watch him while she went into a store, then distinct the story of the suffragette, ask her to watch him while she went into a store, then distinct the story of the st overheard what her hasband had daughter had said.

But when the young man passed appear, not to return. Thompson entity. When a few minutes later beginded them and Flora asked repealed, "I didn't; you took me for a savings bank to start a fund for the boy's benefit. The terms were necepted, the child was left with the suffragette, who agreed to look after him, fragette, who agreed to look after him, the mother disappeared, and Thompson surveyed the scene from a dis-

tance. An hour passed, during the latter part of which the suffragette was evidently wondering what had become of the mother. The child at last began to cry, and the suffragette tried to soothe him. Then Thompson left his point of observation and, approaching the suf-"An American who was in Nazareth fragette, remarked what a pretty boy she had with her. This led her to tell him that she feared the mother had left the boy and did not intend to re-

> "You can put him in a foundling ome," suggested Thompson.
> "I shall do no such thing!" replied

precious! Don't cry any more. That's a dear." Thompson, "I don't see but you'll have to take him home with you." squares Many nations will be represented

"I will," said the girl as Thompson had not come back, told the girl that

nim that she worked with the suffra-cettes simply because her heart was in helr cause, "and," she added, "it gives ne something to interest myself in so

that I'm not dependant upon balls, parties and dress to occupy my mind." She asked Thompson to come in. He said he hadn't time just then, but would call just as soon as he had se would call just as soon as he had se-cured any information concerning the child and would keep her advised of his efforts to find his mother. "I suppose," he said, "I shall see you every day at your accustomed

place selling pamphlets."
"Certainly," she replied. "I shall not neglect my work." But when Thompson passed her

But when Thompson passed her stand again and again the next day he saw nothing of her. He reported the present home of the child to the moth-er and left a check for a substantial amount with her as earnest of his honest intentions. Then he went to call on the suffragette to tell her that he had learned nothing as to the iden-tity of the mother since the descrtity of the mother since the deser-tion of the child, which was perfectly true.
Miss Edith Coleman, the suffragette,

did not seem to worry much over his iii success. She told Thompson that the boy was the dearest little fellow in the world, and she was in no hurry to part with him. Thompson remarkwho are given citizenship. One of ed that it was unfortunate that she should be kept away from her legiti-mate work, to which she replied that administering to a child whose in-human mother had left him was just

progress, meanwhile keeping the foundling's mother content by an oc-casional check. Miss Coleman ap-peared more and more pleased at his coming and always had the child beau-tifully dressed and his hair curled when he came. One day Thompson announced that he had found a clew to the identity of the child's mother.

Miss Coleman turned pale.

"You will now be able to return to

your valuable work in securing votes

for women."
"I don't wish to return to that work,

"I don't wish to return to that work, and I don't know if I shall give my precious up any way."

"But supposing that his mother claims him. You wouldn't refuse to restore him to his natural parent, would you?"

"You mean his unnatural parent."

"The law would compel you."

"I would contest the case."

"And you really feel that to give him up would be a privation."

"I couldn't endure it."

"Well, then, I suppose for your sake I'd better not try to find his mother."

"Don't!"

"I'm sorry I wasn't aware before

how attached you have become to the child. I know who his mother is, and I suppose it is my duty to inform her that you have her boy."

Miss Coleman looked aghast. "Is there any way," she asked, "by which I can keep him is saited.

I can keep him in spite of her?"
"Would that be justice?"
"Justice! Humbug! What do I care

about justice if it takes my darling Thompson burst into a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked, irritated.

"And now you have confessed a Duke de Camastra, Count d'Harcourt and other representatives of the no-

fer more benefit on mankind."

"What's that?" "You would make a splendid wife

Then he told her the whole story. When he had finished it was agreed that the child's mother should come ath to part with her boy, but his place was partly supplied by another. She was engaged to marry Thomp

ROSES FOR PORTLAND.

Many Nations Will Send Shrubs For the Planting Fete.

Japanese roses are to blossom in

Portland (Ore.) parks and squares. Under the shadow of Mount they will thrive as they do in their own islands, with stately Fujiyama looking down upon them.

The Japanese people of Yokohama the girl, firing up. "Poor, dear little recently presented Portland with 170 fellow! Mamma will come back soon." that were sent to Portland for the annual rose planting fete on Feb. 22. "If his mother doesn't return," said The roses will be set out in the public

the rose planting exercises. Holland "I will," said the girl as Thompson walked away.

Another hour passed, during which the suffragette neglected to sell pamphlets, devoting herself to the child. Thompson after awhile returned and, expressing surprise that the woman had not come back, told the girl that the rese culture, and it is hoped to get a pre-eminence of those countries in rose culture, and it is hoped to get a if she would take the boy home with her he would do the work of hunting long ago sang the beauties of the for the mother.

She accepted the proposition, and he walked beside her, carrying her unsold with the flowering shrubs.

Isaste

RILE hundreds of commus have been published about the great disaster in France from floods, the illustrations ow reaching this country give one, f course, a far better idea of the ap-alling conditions over there when the Seine and other rivers overflowed their banks. The scenes during the calamity were startling, to say the least, especially in the lower sections, where the water rose above the roofs of houses in some places, drowning hundreds and destroying millions of dolars' worth of property.

The scenes at night in Paris during

the disaster presented a weird spec acle, soldiers, sailors, firemen and po lice working by the light of camp fires and torches constructing tempo



CARRYING MADAME ACROSS A FLOODED STREET IN PARIS.

rary walls to keep out the invading

floods, while pickets patrolled the sec-tions of the city in darkness. In the outskirts and in the inundated regions above and below the city the greatest distress still prevails, despite the efforts toward relief and the prod-igal distribution of food supplies. Hundreds of persons are found on the verge of starvation, and thousands who lost everything must be aided for months. It is estimated that more than 250,000 persons have been affected by the floods. Freezing tempera-ture adds to the misery of the unfor-

tunates.

Every civilized country in the world has offered aid for the victims, and France has appropriated large sums for the sufferers. The relief fund raised in this country, which amounts to a large sum, comes from every sec-tion of America, the French colonies



LADDERS USED TO REACH UPPER STORIES. in the large cities subscribing liberally. In Paris, in addition to the regular establishment of the Red Cross and other relief societies, public spirited citizens have thrown open their buildings and upon their own initiative transformed them into hospitals. Many seminaries left vacant since the properties passed to the state have been equipped as hospitals and temporary homes for refugees, in some cases beds being set up in the cellars of the

President Fallieres has given a large sum for the relief fund, and Marquis de Vogue, Count d'Haussonville, the



OFFICIALS INSPECTING FLOODED STREET bility of France are devoting all of their time to the work of relief. The women of the Societe des Femmes de France, which is a Republican organization as distinguished from the Soclete des Dames Francaises, have en-tered the hospitals as nurses. Mgr. Amette, archbishop of Paris, is personally directing the work of the Cath olic clergy and charitable orders.

The municipal council has adopted

the suggestion of presenting medals to those who have been conspicuous in the rescue work.

A Test of Friendship.
A gentleman tried the following peculiar way of probing the ties of friendship. He sent letters to twenty-four intimate friends asking for a loan of a pound. Thirteen of the two dozen friends did not reply at all, five de-clined to lend the money, two prom-ised to send it on the next day and did not do it, one sent his "last 10 shillings," and only three sent the full sum asked for. The supplicant and all the "friends" he had written to are well off.-London Mail.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—H W Shaw.

By LULU JOHNSON

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Strang, sitting in his big touring watched with lazy interest the tiny figure of the child toiling up the hill. He was fond of children, all sorts and varieties, but there was an elfin dainti-ness about this independent young wayfarer that appealed most particu-

She could not be more than five, yet she could not be more than five, yet she carried herself with a knowing little air that belied her timid eyes and her rosy, quivering mouth, while her smart frock and fetching hat indicated comfortable circumstances.

He forgot that Danvers was half an hour late for their appointment. He even neglected to think about a certain girl whose image for the past week the she was the "Aunt Mollie" for whom they had the "The kiddle lost her way," he explained. "I ran out to Mount Holly in the hope that she might be able to lost larly to him.

She could not be more than five, yet

had filled his thoughts almost con- the hope that she might be able to lost

used any particular trolley it might be easy to trace her people.
"On the gween trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."
"I guess we can find you then," declared Sidney cheerfully. "You jump into my car and I'll take you out

SIDNEY DECIDED THAT SHE WAS THE

place then. Is your house right on the line of the cars?"

"But you'll remember the corner where you took the car?" urged

Only one suburban line boasted

"No, we has to walk a dood lot," said

long the line. We're sure to see

the child.

back afresh to him.

any familiar landmark the situation

Perhaps even now a hysterical

mother might be clamoring at the po-lice station for her child, and a gen-

eral alarm sent out at once might

cause him to be apprehended. With an anxious face he turned to the child for a suggestion, and the self pos-sessed little one promptly replied:

"We might look for Aunt Mollie.

She lives close where you found me She can tell where I live. If you stop

where the cars stop you can get to

Sidney Strang accepted the sugges-tion thankfully, and after treating the shivering child to hot soda he headed

her place from there.

the car for town.

rides," he declared boldly, "if you will act as her chaperon."

The pretty girl flushed, but a glance at the eager face of the child decided.

Changed Her Name.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called on a legal friend of hers, a widower, to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died her left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handled people of the with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the lawyer, "I presume a handsome woman isn't espe-

sume a handsome woman isn't espe-cially complimented by being left a

what you call a deed poll to get it changed." "Um—er." he hesitated, as if wres-

tling with a great legal problem—"um —er—yes, but an easier way is to ap-

Strang. And this time she nodded an

The Order Pleased the Cook. The following story is told on a missionary of the china intand mission, as bachelor keeping house for himself in the southern part of China: One morning in ordering his dinner he wished to tell his cook to buy a chicken. In-stead of saying "ye" for chicken he aspirated the word, saying, "Buy me a 'che.'" His cook thought that was an eminently proper command and went about his marketing in high good bumor. At noon the missionary found no chicken cooked—in fact, no dinner at all, for his cook had not returned. About dark the man came back, say \$\sqrt{2}\$ ing: "This was not a good day for buy-

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sent it along at the best speed

wondering how he would ex-

have been warned. reathed more freely when they the city again, and presently

were at the transfer point for

an trolleys. From her seat in the child seemed able to pick landmarks, and presently, sigh-

with regret, she pointed to a house

h she declared to be her aunt's, by drew to the curb and alighted the little traveler down, was a terrible nice ride," she ded. "I wisht I lived miles an'

Sidney scarcely echoed the wish, but he patted the cheek that was offered for his caress and turned to climb into

At this instant he heard an exclama-

tion of surprise and turned to look into

miles an' miles away."

the car.

even neglected to think about a certain girl whose image for the past week had filled his thoughts almost constantly.

To his dismay, as the child was opposite him she sat down upon the steps of a high stooped house and began to cry, not loudly and with a wild display of grief, but quietly, as if she sought to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

In an instant Strang was out of the car and knelt on the stoop beside her, seeking to learn the cause of her grief.

"I guess I'm losted," was the plaintive reply, "an' there isn't any policeman," he suggested as, with a shudder, he thought of this dainty child's spending the day in some dingy police station. "How were you lost, and where do you live?"

"I was wi' muvver," was the halting explanation. "She comed in on the trolley, an' when we changed I was losted, an' then I tried to find Aunt Mollle's, an' I guess she's losted too. I can't find her either."

"Where do you live? In the country?" he asked hopefully. If they used any particular trolley it might be easy to trace her poople.

"On the gween trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."
"I guess we can find you then," de-

"She deserves no more rides," was the severe declaration, but Sidney of-fered an emphatic negative. "I shall feel that she deserves many 'tides" by declaration helds.

"Ask Mr. Rawlings to bring over," she consented. "I am Allce Fakins, by the way, and I am sure that Betty—and I—will be very glad to

go riding."
"I'll come tomorrow," promised Sidney as he climbed into the cer. Then as he relied down the street he assured himself that Betty should be forgiven and have a daily ride, for she had found for him the girl of girls.

Changed Her Name.

Pigg. "I should say not," she laughed,
"Now, what I came to see you about
was whether or not I must execute

ply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for consultation.

green cars. These ran out to Mount Holly, a distance of eighteen miles. By following along the road, which for the greater part of the way paralleled the tracks, he probably would enable the child to get her bearings. She was old enough to recognize a familiar neighborhood even if she was too young to be able to call the suburb by name. He made her comfortable in the seat beside him, and presently they were whizzing through the side streets to-ward the open country. Sidney forgot all about the belated Danvers, but he could not quite forget about the girl who had been haunting his memory. As they rushed along her image came ing: "This was not a good day for buys ing wives, and I have been all day looking for one, but at last I found one for you. She is rather old and not pretty, but you can have her cheap. I have proudsed \$40 for her." Somehow the child with her flowerlike face reminded him tantalizingly of that older girl whom he had seen sitting in a box at the theater a week

friends between acts, but no one seemed to know her, and he had spent his leisure time since then in trying to find some trace of her. He was not permitted to enjoy his thoughts long, for the child soon for-got her troubles in the delight of riding, and her very evident pleasure de lighted Sidney, who even dared arrest to let the speed out another notch when the child begged to go faster. But when they had come to the end of the line and she had not recognized