

In Lilac Days

By GERTRUDE MANSFIELD.

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"Eh, what's that?" Alan Berresford, tall, athletic, good looking, swinging at a rattling pace down the city streets, flung around as an odor, faint, fragrant, delicious, assailed his nostrils. "Lilacs, by Jupiter!"

Lilacs, in truth. The street stand at the corner brimmed over with them—great purple swaying plumes of sweetness among their cool, green, smooth, heart shaped leaves.

"Lilacs, sir?" The swarthy skinned young vendor evidently expected a liberal purchaser.

"Yes—no; wait a minute!" And this prosperous man of affairs, whose dictum could shake the board of trade building over on Lalalee street to its foundations, stood looking absently at the flowers, lost in retrospection.

Lilacs! He saw all at once the quaint home in a pretty, peaceful country town. He saw, too, the overgrown old garden where the peonies and gooseberries interlaced silken stems and briery branches, and farther back still, just where the emerald slopes of the orchard came gently dimpling down, a secluded green stretch of pathway. At either side a row of lilac bushes grew higher than a man's head—a way of bloom and beauty, of overwhelming fragrance. Lilac lane they called it. And when the moon rose and set shifting shadows about the place it was a luminous mosaic of moving leaves and silvery lights where he and Elsie walked.

"Lilacs, sir?" Berresford pulled himself together with a start. Ah, that all seemed so long ago! Had he been letting himself drift into a sentimental dream—here, in broad daylight, on one of the most crowded streets of a great city? He glanced around half guiltily.

Then, with a little cynical smile and shrug of his shoulders, he turned to the Greek flower seller. "Send those to my hotel." He motioned to a great earthen jar full of the beautiful blooms. He penciled name and number on his

business card and handed it to the man with a bill.

Then, receiving his change, he walked on, the scent of the lilacs still seeming to perfume the surging city street.

"Hello, Berresford!" But the man addressed apparently did not hear. In this place of glare and bustle his thoughts had gone astray. He was no longer walking down the street of a western metropolis.

He was walking with a girl in a gown of palest rose and green through the changeable lights and shadows that flickered over Lilac lane.

"Hold on, Alan! What is the matter with you? You'll get run over the first thing you know! Can't you speak to an old friend?"

Berresford swung around. An old friend! All the dreaminess went out of his eyes. His jaws were set—hard. Yes, a Judas friend—one who could and did betray! And that who, just now, in this crowded city street he should loom up—he who had been responsible for such disillusion, such sorrow, such loneliness!

"Ronald!" he cried in scorn. "How dare you speak to me?"

Amazement was apparent on the face of the man who had addressed him. "Alan Berresford, have you gone clean daft? Why should I not speak to you? We who sat side by side in the same school, went swimming in the same creek, went sweathearting together!"

Berresford controlled himself with an effort. Men were passing whom he knew—whose salutations, deferential and admiring, he mechanically acknowledged. The necessity for self control was obvious. "We must not attract attention," he said. "Let us walk on."

And walk on in silence they did. It was not until they had gone several blocks that Berresford could control

himself sufficiently to explain his repudiation of Ronald Dever.

"It is a queer coincidence," he said, "that you should have spoken to me just when I was dreaming of the little old town in which we both grew to manhood." He had himself so well in hand now that he spoke almost dreamily.

"Of course I was thinking most of the Rivers' home, where we both used to visit. You probably know that I was engaged to Elsie Rivers when that fortune—which is the cornerstone of my wealth today—was left me, and I was obliged to go abroad to claim it."

The other gave a startled glance. "No; I never knew that!" he said.

Berresford pressed his lips tightly together before he spoke again. "It was midwinter when I left—springtime when I returned. And, of course, I went at once to our old home town. Elsie was out, her mother said, somewhere around the grounds. I went immediately to our old trysting place in Lilac lane. There was the same familiar walk, all odor with bloom and the moonlight falling in a thousand shifting lights and shadows, just as I always loved to remember."

His voice broke curiously. His companion, a slight, dark man, younger than he, looked at him with frank anxiety in his eyes.

"She was there," went on Berresford. "So was a man whose arm encircled her as they walked. Her head almost touched his shoulder. Her drooping face I could not see distinctly, but the height and walk were those of Elsie, whom I had called my Elsie. I believe," with a sudden chill change of tone, "that is all I need explain, Dever!"

"No," said Dever quietly, "it isn't quite all. Who was her escort? Who was the man?"

A great wrath shook Berresford from head to feet. He whirled around upon his companion, white to the lips. "You!" he cried. "You, Ronald Dever! I saw you distinctly. You were the man!"

Dever spoke in a level and commanding voice. "Come! Let us walk still a little farther. Neither you nor I can afford to invite public comment. I hope to prove to you that you have been mistaken."

Started, but incredulous, Berresford accepted the suggestion.

"What made you turn, like another Enoch Arden, and leave the place?" Dever asked.

"Because, being supplanted in my absence, I was another Enoch Arden!" came the reply, passionately spoken.

"Listen. After you went abroad Elsie's cousin came to live with her. They were of the same height and general appearance, although when considered together they do not look alike. I fell in love with Laura. She has been my wife for three years, and—a mighty sweet wife she is. Will you dine with us tonight, Berresford?"

Berresford flushed and trembled like a girl. "It was she—not Elsie—that I saw with you?"

"Assuredly, as you might have discovered had you been less impulsive in your flight. He mentioned their address. 'We'll expect you at 6.'"

"No, no; I must go at once to Elsie—if she will listen, if she will forgive me. But there may now be some other person, some other claim."

"There isn't any one but you. I don't think there ever would or will be. But come to dinner at 6, as I said. Elsie is just now visiting at our home."

"What?" shouted Berresford. "Give me that card with your address—quick! Hi, cabby! Double fare if you make good time! Wait until 6, indeed. Well, I guess not!"

Then he was being driven swiftly southward, and for him all the world—the gracious, sweet, delicious, springtime world—was full of the waving of lilac plumes, the prescient fragrance of lilac blossoms.

Plateau Plains of the West.

A phenomenal feature of the desert plains is the plateau plain. Mesas they are called in the southwestern United States and Mexico. These mesas, as their Spanish name signifies, are extensive, flat topped, table-like areas rising abruptly from the general plain to heights of from 100 or 200 feet to 1,000 feet or more. The great Mesa de Maya, in northeastern New Mexico, is 3,500 feet above the next lower plain. The surface of the plateau plain is usually found to be composed of some hard rock layer, as in the case of the vast Llano Estacado, or "walled plains," or staked plains, as it is called by the Texans, or is made up of an extensive lava flow—as, for example, the Mesa de Maya, the Ocate mesa and the majority of the plains of this kind. The surface beneath the lava flows of the mesas is itself a plain worn out on the beveled edges of the strata. The plateau plain thus represents a former position of the general plains level. It is the best example of circumdenudation through vigorous wind scour.—Popular Science Monthly.

Part of the Game.

"I come," said the great actress to the modest lawyer, "to engage you to get a divorce for me."

"I suppose you have a good case," said the lawyer.

"A perfect one," responded the actress.

"And want it got as quietly as possible," said the lawyer.

"Quietly as possible! I should say not! What is the use of getting a divorce, I'd like to know, if there is to be no advertising in it?"

Practical Separation.

"Hear a dog howling all night." "It means a sudden death."

"I didn't know you were superstitious."

"I am. It means the finish of the dog."

And walk on in silence they did. It was not until they had gone several blocks that Berresford could control

Three New Hats.

Milliners have other troubles besides the frequent difficulty of collecting bills. One milliner tells of a letter she received from the wife of a man who in a brief time had advanced from poverty to great wealth. His family was still in obscurity, but was preparing to emerge.

"I want you should make a bonnet and two hats right off," wrote the wife, "for me and the girls, and expense is no account."

"My measure is nearly twelve inches from ear to ear over the head and eight under chin and six from top of forehead to back hair, and that's near enough for both the girls."

"I'm sure, Jane is dark, and Lucy's got red hair. We want lively colors, and I want blue flowers and strings on mine, besides some plooms."

"Jane wants hers green, and Lucy wants pink. We don't care what shapes, but they must be becoming and so as they won't blow to pieces in the wind. Nor we don't want them loud, for my husband won't hear to such."

"Please send within five days, and if satisfactory bill will be paid at once." —Youth's Companion.

Curly Hair Means Obstinacy.

The curly headed man uttered an exclamation of maze.

"Strange," he said, "I have been drawn for juries time and again, but I have never served. They always challenge me. I wonder why?"

"It is your curly hair," said a lawyer. "A curly headed man kills a jury. He always causes it to disagree."

"That is not true. You must be crazy," said the other.

"It is the gospel truth," the lawyer persisted. "Curly heads are as obstinate as mules. They think they know it all. They disagree with everybody."

"It is because," he hastened to add, "their curly hair makes them so good looking. In childhood they are spoiled by their parents, and in maturity women spoil them, falling in love with them on every side. So they become conceited. They disagree with everybody. Lawyers the world over recognize that as jurymen they would never do." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Had an Answer.

This story is being told on a Swede in central Kansas who was given to excessive use of the bottle. He was working at a certain house, doing odd jobs, and the daughter of the house knew of his reprehensible habits. She thought it time for some one to remonstrate with him on the error of his ways.

"Why," she asked, "are you not ashamed to spend all your wages and make your wife take in washing? Why don't you give her some money?"

"Well," he answered, "I have an income besides my wages."

"Oh, is that so?" said the daughter, somewhat mollified.

"Yes," he said, "I have an income from the queen of Sweden."

"What for?" asked the girl.

"For minding my own business," answered the Swede, going on with his work. —Kansas City Journal.

The Troubles of a French Academician.

The candidate, once elected, is bound to pronounce a harangue before he is allowed to take part in the work of the noble body. The director who happens to be in office answers him. This oration is invariably, or at least should be, composed first of thanks, more or less humble, for the great honor conferred, then of a panegyric of the happy one's predecessor. And, oh, how difficult that sometimes must be! More than one has rushed to the encyclopedia, then to the libraries, so as to get some clear notion of the illustrious ex-Immortal! Then fate is often ironic. A historian may have to celebrate the talent of a writer of light comedies, a legitimist may have to praise a Socialist, or else the newly elected member may have to speak of his most intimate enemy.—Jeanne Malre in Atlantic.

Ancient Derricks.

Probably the oldest derricks still in use are the two built at Trier, in Germany, in the year 1413 and the one built in 1554 at Andernach, also in Germany. All these three derricks are built on the same principle. In the middle of a massive A frame tower is located the swinging or main boom, 20 by 20 inches, whose iron pivot moves in a pan shaped bearing cup. On top are fastened the guy ropes and the cap, which is also movable. The derrick can be moved by crossbars fastened to the main boom. The load is chain lifted by tread wheels sixteen feet in diameter.

Wagner to the Musicians.

Wagner's little admonition to the musicians was most characteristic and worthy to be noted by many an orchestra of this day. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you not to take my fortissimo too seriously. Where you see 'f' make an 'fp' of it, and for piano play pianissimo. Remember how many of you there are down there against the one poor single human throat up here alone on the stage." —Neumann's "Personal Recollections."

Got Even.

"I'll never offer to be a sister to another man."

"Why not?"

"The last one under the guise of brotherly advice told me some very unpalatable truths." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Diplomat.

"Does he always speak the truth?" "I guess not. All his friends praise his genius." —Detroit Free Press.

He who swears distrusts his own words.—Latin Proverb

Not Piety, but Pork.

The following bit of humor is taken from "The Farringtons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands:

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey; "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them."

"Now, take Bateson himself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Christian never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork he begins to worry himself about the salvation of his soul till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I says to him:

"Bateson," says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again!'"

Dyeing Real Flowers.

"Every once in awhile some florist gets busy and puts some odd colored blossoms in his window as an extra attraction to the display," said a clubman. "I just noticed one down the street. It consisted of a bunch of impossibly green carnations. At first glance a good many people thought they were made of paper, but they got interested when they found out that they were 'natural.' Now, anybody who wants to have any of these freak flowers can get them by buying some kind of aniline ink, any color desired. Carnations are the easiest to color—white ones, of course. Put their stems in a glass filled with ink. Their stems are soft, and in a short while the larger veins in their petals are filled with the ink. Don't let them absorb too much color. They are prettier with just so much. Then remove them and put them in a vase of salt water. Lilies of the valley lend themselves to this scheme also. In fact, any white, soft stemmed flower may be used." —Philadelphia Record.

Famous Golf Match.

A projected golf match between two well known amateurs and a leading member of the London stock exchange for a stake of 5000 recalls the famous foursome in which the Duke of York, afterward James II, took a prominent part on the Leth links in the year 1682. It was really an international contest, in which the duke, with John Paterson, a golfing shoemaker of great repute, championed Scotland against two noblemen of England, a heavy wager depending on the issue. The duke and the cobbler had an easy victory, thanks largely to the man of the last, and John Paterson's share of the stakes was so substantial that he was able to build a goodly house in the Canongate, in a wall of which the duke caused a stone to be placed bearing the Patersons arms with the motto "Far and sure," a tribute to the cobbler's driving powers. Paterson's house, we understand, survives today. —Westminster Gazette.

Foiled.

Noiselessly, but with all his might, the burglar tugged at the dressing table drawer. In vain. It refused to open. He tugged again.

"Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him.

The burglar turned.

The owner of the house was sitting up in bed and looking at him with an expression of the deepest interest on his face.

"Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that's in."

But the burglar had jumped out through the window, taking a part of the sash with him.—Exchange.

Tat For Tit.

They were sitting out in the conservatory. Sam sat on the sofa, and Sally sat on Sam, but it was all right, for he had just asked her to marry him. She had said, "I don't care if I do," and thus they were engaged.

"Sam, dear," she began, "am I the only girl?"

"Now, look here, Sally," he interrupted, "don't ask me if you're the only girl I ever loved. You know as well as I do."

"Oh, that wasn't the question at all, Sam," she answered. "I was going to ask if I was the only girl who would have you." —London Answers.

Difficult Advice.

Mrs. Rayce was talking to another young woman at a tea.

"How decidedly better off a man would be," said the other young woman, "if he would only take his wife's advice!"

"Quite true, my dear," said Mrs. Rayce. "I've advised my George time and time again not to bet on horses that don't win, but he will do it."

Why He Quit.

"So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?"

"Yes," responded the former advocate of the fad. "I found it so difficult to make people understand that I knew better." —Philadelphia Ledger.

As Good as He Gave.

"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."

"Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'" —New York Journal.

Town Booming Helps

V.—Where Is Your Talent?

Remember the case of the man who took his talent, wrapped it in a napkin and buried it?

Not only did his master punish him for his folly, but his conduct has become a byword.

The world has progressed since his time. Modern conditions have developed a kind of man who is even more useless than the one who buried his talent. HE IS THE MAN

WHO SENDS HIS MONEY OUT OF TOWN TO BUY FROM MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

The man who buried his talent at least had the talent to show for it. If we all spent our money out of town in a short time we would have nothing to show for it except BANKRUPTCY NOTICES.

The man who patronizes home industries benefits the people he deals with and benefits himself. His conduct is like that of the good and faithful servant who so used the talents intrusted to him that they greatly increased. He is a good and faithful citizen who is worthy of the success he is sure to win.

The next time you see an attractive advertisement of a mail order house go to your local merchant and try to buy the article of him. IF HE HASN'T IT ASK HIM WHY. If he has it ask him why he never told you about it in your local paper.

That will be a boost for us. But we'll stand for it. And we'll boost back; remember that.

Do your share of the boosting and you'll get your share of the prosperity. LET US BOOST!

WALL STREET WAYS.

Methods of a Brilliant Operator of Many Years Ago.

One of the most brilliant operators of Wall street in the early sixties of the last century was Walter Wellman Morse, though he was by comparison with some of the gray haired market veterans only a mere boy, being just thirty three years of age. The public confidence he enjoyed made it possible for him to realize profits in any stock.

Such was the influence his indorsement would carry that after he had accumulated stock at his prices he could tell his daily callers that the stock was due to go up, and immediately there would be enough professional and public buying of the stock to send it up, thus enabling Morse to unload at a profit.

An example of Morse's popularity was illustrated in a scene accompanying the opening of subscriptions for stock in a coal mining company organized by him. The day the subscription book was opened people flocked to the office and fought with each other in their efforts to enter and get their names recorded. One man who had subscribed for a large amount of this stock, after getting away from the crowd, came back and, walking up to Mr. Morse, said, "I say, Mr. Morse, was that gold or coal stock I subscribed for?" —Moody's Magazine.

Get Out of Doors.

Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others outdoors. The latter all recovered, while the former all died. This experiment shows that a rabbit living upon its natural food and under a natural environment is proof against tuberculosis. There is abundant reason to believe this equally true of man. In other words, tuberculosis is not a necessary evil of human life, but is a natural consequence of erroneous habits and departure from natural conditions. Man is naturally an outdoor animal. A mole lives a healthy life in a burrow. A man must live in the fresh air and the sunshine.—Medical Record.

The Brigands.

The word "brigand" is derived from a portion of the armor worn by archers, English and foreign, anciently called the "brigandine." This consisted of an apron of leather plated over, scale fashion, with thin pieces of steel. From the irregularities of the light armed men who wore these defenses the name of brigand became in course of time infamous.

Shingles! Shingles!

Just got here—250,000 Washington Red Cedar Shingles, fine quality, which we offer you at very low prices for the next thirty days.

Flooring, Siding, Wall Plaster, PORTLAND CEMENT at way down prices.

The Woodwork Supply Co. CITY.

LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Lydia Fuller versus Samuel J. Fuller. No. 15, November Term, 1889, Pluries Subpoena in Divorce.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, To Samuel J. Fuller, Greeting:

We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Lydia Fuller, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you, the said Samuel J. Fuller, agreeable to the Petition and Label exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.

Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville the 17th day of May, A. D., 1899.

Allowed by the Court. BLAKE E. IRVIN, Prothonotary.

To Samuel J. Fuller, Greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of August next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.

A. E. GALBRAITH, Sheriff. July 6, 1899.

LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Wayland versus George W. Wayland. No. 16, January Term, 1900, Pluries Subpoena in Divorce.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, To George W. Wayland, Greeting:

We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Mary E. Wayland, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you, the said George W. Wayland, agreeable to the Petition and Label exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.

Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville, the 13th day of April, A. D., 1899.

Allowed by the Court. Attest—BLAKE E. IRVIN, Prothonotary.

To George W. Wayland, Greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of August next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.

A. E. GALBRAITH, Sheriff. July 6, 1899.

LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Sara E. Leyda versus Arthur W. Leyda. No. 11, April Term, 1900, Pluries Subpoena in Divorce.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, To Arthur W. Leyda, Greeting:

We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, Sara E. Leyda, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you, the said Arthur W. Leyda, agreeable to the Petition and Label exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no case omit at your peril.

Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville, the 37th day of May, A. D., 1899.

Allowed by the Court. Attest—BLAKE E. IRVIN, Prothonotary.

To Arthur W. Leyda, Greeting: