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Romance

"You don't want to stay for the picture, do you?" asked Molly in the tone of one who expects the answer to be "No."

Bess blushed. She took a childish delight in motion, but her cousin sadly disagreed with her tastes.

"Do you mind?" Bess asked timidly. "They're fine department pictures."

With a shrug of her shoulders her cousin settled back in the seat as the lights went out and the first picture was thrown on the curtain.

The property man and his fellows on the stage supplied the clanging of bells and the grooch of the whistles, and to Bess it was all very real.

Then the street with its engines vanished from the curtain, to be replaced by a contrasting picture of three firemen sitting in quarters engaged in a game of cards. Their faces were shown large enough to illustrate the play of expression, and the audience shrieked at the pantomimic humor.

But Bess had leaned forward and was looking eagerly at the clanging of the bells and the grooch of the whistles, and to Bess it was all very real. She left her seat, greatly excited, and started up the stairs. Molly followed her country cousin curiously. An usher directed her to the balcony, where the machine was operated, and she waited until the operator had finished. He could give her little information other than to furnish her with the address of the firm that had taken the pictures.

She could scarcely wait until the next morning to continue her search, and she started immediately after breakfast, with a male cousin as an escort.

The manager was courteous and seemed to take an interest in her quest. The pictures had been made in town, he explained, and he gave her the number and address of the picture company.

It was far up town, but she could not rest, and in a short time she stood in front of the tiny dock beside the glittering engine.

"Is Mr. Prescott, a fireman, here?" she asked with trembling voice. The man in blue shook his head.

"Jimmy Prescott is with Seven Truck," he explained. "I am looking for Theodore Prescott," she explained. "He was photographed here for some moving pictures."

"Fratt French and Roe posed for that picture," he declared. "You mean this?"

He took down from the wall a small framed photograph, evidently an enlargement of the picture film.

"That's Ted," she cried. "I'm sure of it."

"Call Roe down," demanded a voice behind her. The fireman sprang to obey orders and she soon found that the captain was the man with the gold instead of silver buttons, and crossed trumpets on his cap front.

"Stand where you will be in the light," directed the newcomer, as he stepped into the background. Wonderingly she obeyed his directions, as an answer to the call a man came sliding down the brass pole.

Before she could speak he had turned around and came toward her. "Hello, Bess," he cried. "Where did you come from?"

"What is your name?" demanded the battalion chief.

Instinctively the man's hand went to salute, and he gave a puzzled laugh.

"It's Prescott," he said. "Yet I know I'm called Roe. What's the matter?"

"You remember the Douglas street fire in the shop where you worked?" suggested the chief. Ted nodded.

"But you forgot that in jumping to the net you fell short and struck your head. When you came out of the hospital you had forgotten who you were."

"I remember now," Ted exclaimed. "The boys were interested in me and kept me going until I could get in the department. You gave me Richard Roe for a name, eh?"

"I saw you in the pictures at the theatre," Bess explained. "I knew it was you."

"Which is more than I did," he laughed. "I've been someone else for nearly a year now, is mother?"

Bess nodded, as he faltered. "She is alive," she assured, "but very lonely. She thinks you are dead."

The captain stepped forward. "I'm going up to see the chief," he said. "Put in your application for leave and I'll see that headquarters grants it."

As he left the room Ted turned to Bess. "And you," he asked. "Have you?"

"I've been waiting too," she assured.

"We can have a pretty good honeymoon in 30 days," smiled Ted. "We'll send the picture men some of the cake."

"We must," she agreed, as he kissed her right before the man on watch. "I found you in the pictures."—**C. H. REINHALTER.**

An Observant Youth.
Sunday-school Teacher—What was Adam's punishment for eating the forbidden fruit, Johnny?
Johnny (confidently)—He had to marry Eve.

The Albany Regency.
The Albany Regency was the name given to a cabal of Democratic politicians whose headquarters were at Albany. They controlled the politics of the State from 1820 to 1854.

POLITENESS EXHAUSTED.

The Scotch Porter Let the Londoner "Get His Goat."

A London merchant, who had a rather ruddy complexion, after "doing" Glasgow, had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station, and he thought himself of a little joke.

"What is the name of this station, my good fellow?" he asked a porter. "St. Enoch station, sir."

A few minutes later he met the same porter and said:

"What do you call this station, porter?" "St. Enoch's! Don't you see the same above the hotel there?"

Just then the train came in and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class-smoker along with a few more passengers.

"These railway officials are about the worst. They can't be civil," remarked the Londoner.

"That's a confounded lie," said a Scotchman.

"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet five bob I don't get a civil answer from the first porter I ask a question of."

"Done!" replied the old farmer. Looking over he spied the porter, and beckoning him over, asked in his most polite tone:

"Would you kindly tell me the name of this station, porter?"

"Gang, awa, ye bacon faced buffer! Pit yer daff-heid in!" was the answer.

FOR SHAME.

"Pa, what makes the globe at the elevator turn red?"

"Blushing for the elevator service in this building, I suppose."

A Particular Customer.
"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly:

"Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house and pa doesn't want 'em to come again."

Cure for Love.
"I remember once," says Professor Granga, "having two very ordinary men, a bricklayer and a plumber, discussing love in a smoking car."

"I hold," said the bricklayer, "that if you are terribly in love, the way to cure yourself is to run away."

"The plumber shook his head and sneered.

"That will cure you," he said, "provided you run away with the girl!"

Too Risky.
Hardup—I'll never go to that restaurant again. The last time I was there a man got my overcoat and left his in its place.

Well-off—But the proprietor wasn't to blame, was he?
Hardup—No; but I might meet the other man!—Illustrated Bits.

Getting Down to Brass Tacks.
"I love you!"
"I heard that before!"
"I worship you madly."
"Loose talk."
"I cannot live without your love!"
"Get some new stuff."
"Will you marry me?"
"Well, now, there's some class to that!"

Little Barbara's Complaint.
Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He preached a whole sermon—about—M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and never said—a word about me."

The Ready Retort.
"Which paper do you find has the largest summer circulation?" inquired the customer in the general store.

"Fly paper, I guess," said the proprietor.

"Full of catchy matter, eh?" queried the customer.

Partners in Crime.
Doctor (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held.

Patient (too sick to care for anything)—Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like.

Decapitated Turtle Walks.
Arthur Thomason caught a fine turtle one day last week, cut off its head and placed it on ice, expecting to have a few friends enjoy it with him the following night. The next day he found the creature walking aimlessly about. He has been back to the ice-box several hours daily since, but the turtle is livelier than ever. Arthur is opposed to boiling it alive and he fears the turtle feast may have to be postponed indefinitely. Friends have informed him that a turtle will give signs of life six months after it is decapitated.—Liberty (Mo.) Tribune.

TRANSPLANTED HEART'S-EASE

None of the boarders at the Homestead knew why Eben Fisher's face was always sad. Even Faith Emery, the pretty stenographer, who sat next to him at dinner each day, had never been taken into his confidence, and had she been told the story of his heartache, she might not have suspected that it was her own golden hair which framed the face so dear to big, petulant Eben Baker.

When Faith came to the city four years before, a poor little stranger, Eben helped her to find a situation. It was hard to be poor and old and yet love so young and fair a girl. Had he possessed great wealth she might have forgotten the barrier which Time had placed between them. As it was—Eben sighed deeply and began to dig more vigorously about the small plants which were his share of the garden plot belonging to the Homestead boarders.

"Still trying to make your heart's ease grow?" It was Faith's merry greeting.

"Yes, you shall have a blossom by long time," Eben cried as he arose to welcome her.

"But I shan't be needing any," Faith made answer lightly, and Eben saw that her face was radiant with some new-found joy.

"Such a wonderful thing has happened, Eben! You never could guess so I must tell you what it is. Aunt Martha has received me her beautiful home in the country if I will go and live there with her. Such lovely flowers as grow in her garden! Isn't it truly wonderful that it will all be mine some day? Do you say any glad?"

For a moment Eben was silent, stunned by the thought of losing Faith. When he spoke, his cheerful face was forced.

"Of course I am glad," he said, then added with tender solicitude: "But you will be lonely in the country. You will miss the city sights and sounds. Perhaps you may miss the Homestead?"

Eben's voice was very wistful, but Faith only laughed.

"What part of the Homestead, pray?" The pea soup, which in standard study rooms, the creaked stairs—Oh, no! I shall not miss the Homestead. It would be very ungrateful when I shall have so beautiful a piece of my own."

"I suppose so," Eben spoke very sadly. "But you Faith said she would not miss the Homestead, of which he was a part?"

"You do not seem at all glad!" It was Faith's reproach which aroused Eben to set aside his bitter reflections and to discuss with enthusiasm the bright prospects before his little friend.

There would be time enough to mourn when she was gone. Time enough! Were days ever so long as those which followed Faith's departure?

It seemed to Eben as if he never could plod on alone in the same old path. To make his desolation even more complete, the very day that Faith went away some rude stranger, as Eben supposed, scaled the wall which separated the Homestead garden from the street, and stole the precious heart's-ease plants over which he had worked so long. He had hoped some time to have a few flowers to cheer Faith, but now that Faith was to be fresh, glad, so even the pleasure of working in the garden after a day of coining toil was no longer his.

He realized every day that youth was flying farther from him, and now there was no sweet voice to bid it stay.

It was in this disconsolate frame of mind when a letter from Faith reached him one morning asking him to visit her in her new home. Even for a sight of her, he needed no second bidding, but started at once for the quiet country town where she now lived.

It was a long journey, and the weary sky was already aflame with the sunset fires when Eben found himself waiting with Faith through the beautiful garden.

So soft were the breezes that blew about him, so sweet the flower-scented air, so fair the girl at his side, that he felt that he must be in a land of enchantment.

When Faith had won sufficient praise for the stately gladioli, the old-fashioned hollyhocks and the crocuses that seemed to have blossomed every tint of the rainbow, then she led Eben to the old elm which grew by the gateway.

"See!" she cried, pointing to a small purple flower that nestled beneath the shade of the tree.

"Heart's-ease!" Eben exclaimed.

"Yes, your heart's-ease, Eben. I told you it seemed so like a part of you. You had cared for it so long. See! It has blossomed!" and she glanced up shyly into his face.

The look meant much, but Eben's eyes were on the small blossoms at his feet.

"You do not mean that you care for the heart's-ease because it was mine," he said, slowly, while his eyes dawned in his eyes that had been so long.

"Yes, I said I should not miss the Homestead, but I never said I should not miss you," and Faith's proud head drooped very low.

Tenderly Eben raised it until he could look into the deep blue eyes.

"My darling," he whispered. "Then—at last I have found my heart's ease!" And his lips pressed Faith's.

Germany is to have an English theater in the very near future.

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A pretty dressing-table may be made at home by using a low, plain, wooden table and screwing on the top a wooden lathboard. Cover the top with dimity, chintz or muslin, with a ruche or lace bousse around the edge. The legs of the table may be painted or stained. A looking glass should hang over the table. Using the lathboard for a top allows one to sit close to the table.

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