

UNMASKING

By FLOYD WHITE.

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It was, then, to be a marriage of convenience. The girl resented it from the uttermost depths of her nature.

"I have been a slave for all these years," she cried, "with no word of love from parent or kindred. I have been faithful and obedient, and now that I am through, I must marry a man whom I never saw, with never a chance to know whether there is anybody else whom I prefer to marry. It is wrong and cruel and I hate it—yes, I hate it, and I hate you who are conspiring to cheat me out of a chance to be happy."

"But, Myrtle, dear, have we not all done all we could for you and are we not trying to arrange it so you will make a happy marriage?" asked her aunt in aggrieved voice.

"Oh, yes, you are all wrapped up in my happiness," replied the girl sarcastically. "I can see that. If I understand the situation correctly my father left ample means for my education and maintenance—yes, and a goodly dower on top of it all. I have not questioned your stewardship of the money and I will not unless you try to make me miserable. Then I will fight—so I will."

"But you never have seen Mr. Montague," replied her aunt, trying with the tact for which she was famous, to smooth over this threatened breach. "Why make your decision until you see him. He is as handsome as a picture, of one of the very best families, has plenty of money, and is the son of your father's dearest friend."

"All that is what makes me hate him so cordially," exclaimed the girl. "You all seem not to be able to understand that a girl may have ideals and desires wholly independent of the friendships and alliances of the generation before." Then she continued, passionately. "You have shut me up in a convent all my life. I know nothing of the world, its joys, excitements and sorrows. And now you propose to order all my life to come without giving me the tiniest bit of a chance to choose for myself."

"Why, child, we are acting for your good only," answered her aunt, gently. "What experience have you had that would fit you to make a choice that would affect all your future?"

"And why not?" asked the girl scornfully. "You have used the authority given you in my father's will to keep me shut up in a convent all my life until I know nothing of the real things of the world. And now that I am barely out of prison you want to select a husband for me and settle my life for all time. I tell you it is not fair and I will not stand it."

"But Tillson Montague is esteemed the handsomest young man of the younger set, and is distinctly eligible, of good habits, old family, ample fortune, and a great favorite in society."

"Why, you little ingrate," continued Aunt Eleanor, with indignation. "After all the thought given this matter in order to find the very best man suitable for you—to act in that way. It is scandalous—and Aunt Eleanor sought refuge in tears."

Before anything could happen the bell rang and Mr. Tillson Montague was announced. Aunt Eleanor rallied at once, and said hurriedly:

"Now don't, for pity's sake, do anything rash that will drive him away. At least wait until you have a chance to become acquainted with him."

And so presently they swept into the parlor to greet Mr. Tillson Montague, designed by the decree of Myrtle's aunt and Montague's mother to become the husband of the young heiress.

Myrtle was silenced but not convinced—far from it, as was demonstrated

merrily. "And I guess we understand each other all right. We will be good friends, but they can't make us marry, can they?"

"Never," he replied, fervently. "Why, hang it all, I want my fling first, don't you know?"

"And I, too," she replied. "And I need it more than you because I have spent all my life in a convent." And so they parted.

Now it happened that Myrtle was a full blooded little creature, with all the spirit that her full, ripe lips and clear, red cheeks indicated. And all her life she had been shut up in a convent with no vent for her ardent young animal spirits excepting through the medium of her imagination—fed only by surreptitious reading of smug-



"I do not love you a little bit," gled novels. But that was sufficient to people the young mind with knights and lovers and champions galore.

And it came to pass that the great Masquerade Ball of the Sons of the Seventh Daughters was held soon after Myrtle came home. It was to be a swell affair, and Myrtle was crazy to go. But Aunt Eleanor was horrified and vetoed the bare suggestion.

Then the spirit of the dead father arose in the daughter and Myrtle resolved to go whether or no.

And she did. It took plenty of scheming and—alas, some lying, but she went that day to spend a couple of days with a girl friend, and arranged with her so she could slip in upon her return. Of course it was a very naughty and a very dangerous thing for a girl to do—and especially a young girl just out of a convent, but only such a one would have the nerve to attempt it.

She appeared as a lady of the Elizabethan period, and was one of the striking figures of the ball. No sooner had she appeared than a Knight of the Crusades approached her and paid violent court. He was a most persistent knight and was not to be satisfied with one dance, but haunted the Elizabethan Lady most ardently. And he was good to look upon and most devoted and princely in his manner, and Myrtle's blood ran through her veins as it never had before. This, forsooth, was life. Marry Tillson Montague? Never. She would find a knight of her own who would choose her for her own charms, and not because mammas and aunts and dead people had willed it—and she went whirling off on another delicious waltz with Sir Knight.

All too quick it came to an end—as all things do, even a girl's first ball. And when the time for unmasking came he was standing before her, begging for the next dance.

"Ah, my Lady, I am at last to see your face," he exclaimed.

"No, no," she replied hastily, "really I cannot unmask. Please take me to the dressing room."

He offered his arm, expostulating all the time that it was his privilege to see the face of the lady who had permitted him to be her knight all the evening, and who had become the mistress of his heart. But she was obdurate and they started toward the dressing room.

Alas, for the honesty of man—he guided her, not to the dressing-room at all, but to a cosy corner, far from the throng drunk with the excitement and surprises of the unmasking.

"Fair Lady," said he, "I am but human. I am mad with the intoxication of your presence. If I do not see your face, if you escape me now I will spend all my life in a fruitless search for you. You are the one woman in the world for me and I cannot let you escape."

"Oh, please do not," she cried, throwing up her hands to protect her mask from his threatening hands. "You must know that I have no right to be here; I am promised to another."

"And so am I," he responded triumphantly, "and that's why we are both here—to escape a bondage we hate. Ah, this is a dispensation of providence. I will protect you from any attempt to force an unwilling lover upon you—any lover but me—if you will let me, dear."

And with a bold move he tore off both masks. There were two quick gasps of surprise, for there, face to face stood Myrtle Vernon and Tillson Montague.

The girl was the first to recover. "A comedy of errors," she exclaimed, shrieking with laughter, not unmixed, however, with vexation.

He gazed at her a moment with open mouth and staring eyes. Then a warm flush came over his features and he said:

"Yes, a comedy of errors—but all

I have said goes if you will have it so. Can I be your Knight forever and ever—despite the fool plans of mammas and aunts?"

She leaned forward and he gathered her in his arms. "Not 'A Comedy of Errors,' he exclaimed triumphantly, "but 'All's Well that Ends Well.'"

CLAIM SOME WONDERFUL CURES

The Sun Bath and Fresh Air for Consumptives.

At a sanitarium for the treatment of tuberculosis established near Plymouth, Mass., the patients live in little shacks, about twelve feet square, of which three sides are constructed of wood, the fourth side consisting of a screen, which is pulled down only in rainy weather.

The main features of the open-air treatment is the sun bath. On the top of the sanitarium proper, which was once a colonial residence, a large open space has been arranged having a glass roof and fitted with cots and lattice work. Here the patients are compelled to lie naked for a certain length of time every day, turning their bodies about so that they may receive on each part the direct rays of the sun. The whole cuticle of each patient is soon as tanned as are the neck and arms of a summer yachtsman. Following the sun bath, the patient is made to undergo a needle bath, the temperature of which is regulated by the operator, ending with a sluicing down with cold water at a forced high pressure. A rubdown comes next, leaving the whole skin in a glow, and then the patient is dressed and sent outdoors.

Very little medicine is given, the bill of fare is liberal and the patients are permitted to eat almost anything they fancy. A large vegetable garden is connected with the sanitarium. Patients are not allowed to visit one another in their rooms, and the rule against expectation is rigidly enforced. This institution is not intended for advanced cases, but merely for incipient ones, which the managers declare can be treated in such a manner as to put new vigor into the patient and send him home with renewed interest in life.

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THOUGHTS THAT ARE FATAL

Unreasoning Fear of Disease One of the Evils of the Present Day.

How many people realize the beneficial, often fatal, influence of unhealthy thoughts?

How many know that ordinary unreasoning fear of disease may be as deadly as an inoculation of poisonous germs?

Yet this is an established fact. Physicians are coming more and more to recognize the power of the mind over the body, and almost every practitioner will admit that a large part of his work is the use of mental suggestion in overcoming morbid bodily conditions.

Every one has noted the influence of a cheery personality in the sick room. One physician by his sunny confidence and cleverly turned assurances will seem actually to impart new strength and tone to the diseased body. Another physician with a solemn, gloomy countenance and demeanor suggestive of an undertaker will strangely depress and retard the patient.

And the same is true of one's own thoughts. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that every thought has its effect on the condition of the body. Imagination can give one almost any disease on the calendar.

It is said that there is the germ of fatal thought in ninety-nine persons

out of every hundred, and that the cultivation of optimism and philosophy is practically a universal necessity.

There have occurred scores of dozens of cases where healthy persons have thought themselves into having tumors and cancers—cases which admit of no doubt whatever that the diseases resulted from constant morbid fear. We should have fewer cases of cancer if some great doctors could assure the world that it is not a hereditary disease; but morbid-minded persons on hearing that there is cancer in their families, generally do the very worst thing they can do under the circumstances—they conceive an awful dread that they will be afflicted with it. They dwell upon the fear constantly; and every trifling ailment which troubles them is at first taken for the premonitory symptoms of cancer. The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop.

A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much "doctoring" as physical disease; it needs to be eradicated from the mind, or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have.

FIRST ENGLISH DAILY

Example of Wonderful Advance in Journalism in Two Hundred Years.

The first English daily paper was issued two hundred years ago last month. It was the Daily Courant, which was published next door to the King's Arms Tavern at Fleetbridge, London, on the thoroughfare that is still the headquarters of English journalism.

There were no cable messages or telegraph reports for the Courant. Incoming ships did not report 400 miles off the coast by wireless telegraphy. There was no organized news service, covering the whole civilized world and furnishing the most intimate details of the world's news on the day that it occurred.

Such a thing as a foreign correspondent had never been thought of, and the modern perfecting press, with its output of many thousands of many-paged newspapers an hour, was as undreamed of as Marconi's spanning of the Atlantic with his telegraphic ether vibrations.

Instead, the Courant consisted of but a single sheet of the size of a half sheet of foolscap or deed paper, and was printed only on one side. There was no editorial comment and no advertisements. The sole source of

foreign news was the Continental papers, principally those of Paris, and credit was always given to the paper, "for an assurance that we will not, under pretense of having private intelligence, impose any addition of feigned circumstances to an action."

The most modern thing about the Courant was its effort at accuracy. At that time various weekly papers were in existence, but their news was of no reliable character that the journals became a byword for inaccuracy.

The Courant scorned these methods and the evils of subsidized comment, and in its clean character as well as in its very existence, opened a new era in news dissemination.

The proprietor of the Courant was one E. Mallet, and it was he that first showed the practicability of his own excellent conception of a clean newspaper. Samuel Buckley bought the Courant on April 23, 1702, and added advertisements, consisting chiefly of announcements of new books, such as "A Modest Inquiry Concerning the Opinion of Guardian Angels."

Time and tide wait for no man—and a woman is always behind time.

REAL TREASURE CAVE

Underground Chamber with Walls of Gold and Covered with Sparkling Crystals.

A remarkable cave has been discovered at the Abbey mine, near Kendall, Fergus county, Mont. The cave is about 150 feet long, part of it being at an angle of 45 degrees and part perpendicular to the formation. Another unusual feature is that it is found in an immense ore body.

The main chamber of the cave presents a beautiful appearance, portions of the wall being decorated with masses of crystallized lime and silica, while from the lofty roof hang innumerable scintillating stalactites. On the floor of the cave are hundreds of tons of cyanide gold ore, as rich as any found in the mine proper, averaging about \$20 a ton, and one side of the cave is formed by the foot wall of the ore body.

The miners were drifting to connect with the main ore body, and at the end of the shift one evening last week set off the final blasts for the day. Returning the next morning, they discovered that the drift had been connected with a large cave, and preparations were at once made to explore it.

The shortest way to honesty is around expediency.

BOY'S IDEA OF HIS SWEETHEART

As Dainty a Compliment as One Could Desire.

A young matron who lives in a Washington apartment house with her little daughter is viewing with great interest a courtship going on under her very eyes. The daughter, Naomi, is the most engaging, dignified and dutiful little girl of 11 ever seen in that part of the city across the creek. So she has been taken by her mother to call upon a great many older persons, and has made the acquaintance of numerous boys of fifteen or thereabouts. Not long ago one of these boys came to see his friend's mother very formally and sat and talked with her until the tenacity of a formal call nearly burst his jacket. Then he arose and with a polite bow asked for a portrait of the little girl. The matron demurred, of course.

"Well," said the young suitor, "if you will give me a good picture of Naomi I will give you back a picture I have already. It isn't a good one at all. But I'll give it back to you for a better one."

The mother was greatly mystified. She decided after awhile that the boy has photographed her little girl on

Thousands of crystal pendants, some as white as alabaster, others with a golden tint, seemed to be trying to outsparkle one another in the candle light. The walls, in places, glistened with their beautiful decorations.

From this beautiful crystal palace the explorers proceeded to the lower chamber. Three ladders were lashed together and lowered into the hole, but it was found that they were too short by at least forty feet. The chamber is about eighteen feet square, and its walls perpendicular, as though squared by expert marble cutters. Its color is that of the native rock, a lime formation.

It is a characteristic of this cave that the brilliant white crystal decorations have gold ore as a background, which serves to enhance their beauty. In picking off specimens the soft ore comes with them, and, as a rule, the crystallization is but a thin covering to the ore.

Some parents use their children to hang old clothes on.

Interesting if True—But it Isn't. A recent statement by an English admiral that a spirit made in Switzerland from the European mountain ash, or rowan berry, has the power to destroy the memory, and that jelly made from the same fruit has a similar effect, suggests an origin for the old superstition that the rowan tree has the power to scare evil spirits. But liquors and preserves were long ago made from the red rowan berry, and in some parts of the world the fruit is dried and ground into flour for bread.

No Chance for Him. "Now that we are engaged," said the fair young thing, "I will tell you that I do not fear mice."

"That is nice," said the prospective groom.

"And," continued the fiancée, "I can drive nails without hitting my thumb, and I know how to use a paper cutter without ruining a book; and I can add a row of figures without making a separate sum for each consecutive figure; and I can build a fire; and I can tell when a picture is hung straight on the wall."

Here the man drew himself up with much dignity and sorrow and cried: "Then I cannot marry you, alas!"

"Why?" gasped the girl.

"What prospect is there for my ever being able to demonstrate the superiority of man over woman if I marry a woman who possesses such traits of character as you?"

Few persons are as easily fooled by others as they are by themselves.

The man who loves his wife's relations is as blessed as he is scarce.



"You are conspiring to cheat me out of a chance to be happy."

when, after the introduction had been duly accomplished, she led him sweetly to the conservatory, and having gotten him into a corner opened up the entire situation.

"I guess you are a very nice man—everybody tells me so," she said, "but I do not love you a little bit, and never could. I would hate you for the fact that I don't believe you could help yourself in this pickle. Now let's be good friends, but marry whom we please."

The young man emerged at once from his apparent lassitude.

"By Jove, you're a brick!" he exclaimed cordially. "Hanged if I want to be disinherited or anything of that sort—but hanged if I want to marry a girl I never have seen. By Jove—I beg your pardon, you know, but I mean—that is, I mean—that is I don't mean—"

"I understand," she interrupted,