

A RICH GIRL'S WHIM

By FRANK H. SWEET

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There had been an abundance of space on the through train from New York, so when after two days' stop at St. Augustine, Mabel Waring continued her journey toward Palm Beach she neglected her customary precaution of securing a seat in advance.

So with the folds of her dainty traveling skirt held gingerly between her gloved fingers, Mabel Waring entered one of the common cars and moved down the rows of passengers until, near the far end, a girl made room for her.

The man and woman in the seat opposite, and the woman ahead, might be like herself, without a choice in the matter. And that nice old man with the white hair, and the tall young man on the end seat who— She dropped her gaze quickly and turned with heightened color to the girl at her side, who all this time had been watching and waiting with eager, wistful recognition in her eyes.

"Ah, Miss Waring," she whispered, "I saw you on the platform, and was hoping I might get a chance to thank you for that delightful trip last summer. I haven't been able to see you since."

"Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid of me," and in Mabel's expressive face was now a quick interest which atoned for her former lack of recognition. "I always liked your counter, for you seemed so interested in what I bought, and so anxious not to mislead."

"Yes," and the girl's eyes sparkled at being so well remembered. "She married a Florida man and went to West Palm Beach. He keeps a store. I am going there now. You see, I'm not strong enough for the confinement of store work, so Bessie wrote for me to come and try to get the public school. One of her husband's customers is the trustee, and they seem to think I will have a good chance. No one has applied for the position yet."

"That will be nice," Mabel declared, "so much better than store work, I think."

One morning, a few days after reaching Palm Beach, Mabel took out her purse to tip a waiter, and was surprised to find how small an amount of money there was left. It was odd, how money slipped away in a place like this. She must have another draft cashed at once.

Her drafts were made in amounts of one hundred dollars each, for convenience; and were kept in a small leather case among her stationery. She opened the trunk and reached in confidently; then, as her hand did not come in contact with the case, raised the trunk-lid higher and made a more careful search. But the case did not reveal itself; and from the stationery she began a hurried examination of the entire contents of the trunk, and then went to another trunk, and another, and repeated the process. But it was no use, and at last she rose and went to a window which overlooked the sea, perplexed and annoyed. What had become of the drafts? She had cashed one at St. Augustine, she remembered, and then—why, yes, certainly, she had gone directly to her room from the office. Of course she had returned the case to its usual place. Had it been stolen? She made a quick gesture of dissent at the thought. No, she would not believe that. It was only her carelessness. But it was gone; that was the main point. Now what was she to do? Her uncle had started for Europe, and she would not even know his address for another two weeks. It would be a month or more before the drafts could be replaced. Of course she could go to the hotel manager and explain the situation to him; but that would be humiliating, and, besides, there were the little every-day expenses of boats and curiosity stores and magazine

position at five dollars a month more than I would receive as school teacher."

"Has any one else been engaged?" she asked.

"For the school? No, not yet," looking at her curiously. "Do you know of any one? The trustee said he was puzzled who to get."

"Do you think I would suit?" Lucy stared, pursing her lips as though to whistle; then her lips straightened and quivered in a vain attempt to keep from laughing.

"Yes, I think you would," she answered at length, controlling her voice with a visible effort.

"Excuse me," Mabel interrupted hurriedly; "I want to see about the position before there are other applicants. Good-bye."

When Mabel returned to the hotel, a few hours later, she met Lucy in one of the halls, a dusting brush in her hand and a tiny white service-cap resting demurely upon her brown curls.

"Did you get the position, Miss Waring?" she asked, striving to keep her face straight.

"Yes," Mabel answered, "and thank you very much for giving me the in-



"Do you think I would suit?"

formation, Lucy. I commence work Monday."

Week after week went by, and Mabel still remained at the hotel, going across to her school every morning and returning at night. There could be but one conclusion. It was a rich girl's freak. Nothing else would explain a primary school-teacher receiving thirty dollars a month stopping at a hotel that charged five dollars a day. And this was the conclusion of the others, also, for by this time every one knew of Mabel's occupation.

But perhaps the most curious feature of it all was that Mabel never once thought of the inconsistency of a working girl staying at a place like the Breakers.

The climax came one day when the clerk handed her a letter from Berlin. It was from her uncle, and after a brief account of his travels, stated that he had arranged for a trip around the world, to be gone a year. It would scarcely be worth while for her to write, as his address would always be uncertain. She would better remain in Florida until spring, and then go to the hotel in New York where they usually stopped, and where he would join her on his return. The letter concluded with the statement that he was glad he had furnished her so abundantly with money. She would have plenty for all possible contingencies.

For the first time she began to go over the details of her situation. It was now the last week in January. She had been here twenty-five days, and that made one hundred and twenty-five dollars due the hotel. She wondered how much more than that her salary would be. Quite a deal, she hoped, for she was beginning to feel the need of many little things; and besides, she wanted to buy presents for all her school children.

Lucy came to the door in search of a truant child, and Mabel motioned for her to approach.

"Do you know how much salary the school pays?" she asked.

Lucy laughed. "I thought the money part didn't appeal to you?" she answered. "That was the first thing I inquired about. The primary teacher gets thirty dollars a month," and then she hurried away to the child, who was laughing at her from the hall.

Mabel sat rigid for a moment. Then she arose and crossed to the elevator. The manager was in the office, but she did not glance toward him, nor toward any of the guests. Somehow she felt that she had no right here now.

Once in her room she opened her trunks and methodically began to take out and examine their contents. Her eyes were clear now, and her lips firm. These things must pay her debt and provide for her until she could draw the school salary. She would send them to Jacksonville, or perhaps to New York. It did not matter. They would probably bring but a trifle of their real value at either place; but still they had cost a great deal, and would yield enough to free her from debt. She ought to have known in the first place that a school teacher could not afford living like this.

At length, from the very bottom of a trunk, she took out and unfolded a plain serge. Of all her outfit it was the one article which showed unmis-

takeable signs of wear. But it had been a favorite gown, and was serviceable, and for these reasons had been brought along for boating and other rough usage. The last time she had worn it had been on a trip from St. Augustine to Mantanzas. Well, it was just what she needed now, and she was about to place it on the small pile when she felt something in one of the pockets. Mechanically she took it out, and then with a low cry sprang to her feet. It was the leather case containing her drafts.

HERE IS A "PEACH."

Effusion That Must Have Cost Writ^{er} Hours of Thought.

Arabella, active, agreeable and angelic, arranged alluring and attractive amusements, acknowledged above all advertised an automatic apparatus, and accepted as appropriate at all academic assemblies.

Arabella arbitrated at argumentative aggregations, avoiding abhorrent accent and address—always. Able, ambitious and adventurous, an absolute adept, according ability all admiration and adoration.

Arabella adroitly accommodated accomplices and associates, abstemiously adding appetizing admixtures and ob-sorbents, appertaining, affecting and alleviating aggressive alimentary agony. Accordingly, after Arabella appeased Augustus Arlington's appetite, awakened an ardent affection, assertive, and also acceptable, as Arabella anxiously approached antique age, awaiting adventurous annexation, allowable and agreeable among aesthetes and agnostics.

Augustus's attentive attitude aroused anger and animosity among Arabella's associates, as all around Augustus an adorable admirer, and apprehensively awaited activities; and Augustus's avowed attachment appeased Arabella's abnormal alarm, albeit affairs appeared awfully awkward, as asking always antedates acceptance.

Augustus, ancient academician, abnormally agitated, anxiously awaiting accommodating artifice; ably attempted asserting affection and adoration, and asked and awaited Arabella's acceptance.

And Arabella answered affirmatively.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

IS "SORE" ON LATIN.

One Man Who Sees No Manner of Use in Its Study.

Latin is a dum-fool thing. I feel that way to-day. My boy works at Latin and he requires 80 per cent of something to pass something else. I do the other 20 per cent myself. The new French pronunciation is what puts me at a disadvantage. When I was a boy bonus was simply bonus, now it is bone-use; but when a thing is a dum-fool thing the way you say it doesn't matter," says a writer in the Book-Lovers' Magazine. "Isn't it time that our schools waken up to the fact that we can get along very well over here without Latin? If we must have it, give us three weeks of Latin roots from an old spelling book and let it go at that. The teacher told me upon inquiry that Latin gives a boy culture. I told her in two words that I didn't believe in any such thing. You might as well scratch a boy's back to produce culture. I know from observation as well as from experience that Latin produces obstinacy, and crankiness, and deceit, and fickleness, and hatred, and indigestion, and lying, and sore eyes, and a strong tendency toward profanity. I admit that Latin has its place, but it belongs with other Roman creations now dead. If we were the least bit short of studies there would be some excuse, but we're not."

Praise for Judicial Decision.

Judge Hazen of Kansas is an ornament to the bench. He upholds with integrity the rights of citizenship and the privileges of happiness as vouchsafed by the Constitution. Almost in the same breath he decides that the Bible may be read in the public schools, and that theaters may be opened for the entertainment of the public on the Sabbath day. The Christian may not be without his Bible where he will, and the heathen may surrender himself to quiet pleasures as he may elect. It is likely that both Christian and pagan will quarrel with this eminently fair and unbiased decision, each declaring that the good judge is pandering to superstition. "I pray you," said the beautiful Theodote, "what is superstition?" "Superstition," replied the wise Socrates, smiling benignantly, "is the other fellow's religion."—Roswell Field in Chicago Evening Post.

Unfinished Still.

A baby's boot, and skeln of wool, Faded, and soiled, and soft; Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're right.

Round a seaman's neck this stormy night Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mate, look here, When I first went to sea A woman stood on the far-off strand, With a wedding ring on her small, soft hand, Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! the day before She sat beside my foot, And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair, And the dainty fingers, deft and fair, Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore; What, think you, found I there? A grave the daisies had sprinkled white, A cottage empty, and dark as night, And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still; The tangled skein lay near; But the knitter had gone away to rest, With the babe to sleep in her quiet breast, Down in the churchyard drear.

A man of powerful fee-sick—the doctor.

DAD BACKS.



Bad backs are found in every household.

A bad back is a back that's lame, weak or aching.

Most backache pains come from kidney derangements and should be promptly attended to.

Reach the cause of backache by relieving the kidneys and curing their ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only and cure the dangers of urinary and bladder disorders, from common inflammation, to Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Case No. 40,321—Mr. W. H. Hammer, well-known builder, residing at 125 N. Hinde street, Washington C. H., Ohio, says: "I am glad to endorse a remedy which possesses such inestimable value as Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me of inflammation of the bladder which had caused me much annoyance and anxiety because of the frequency and severity of the attacks. I have advised others to take Doan's Kidney Pills and I know they will not be disappointed in the results."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Hammer will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

The Gospel of Art.

Work thou for pleasure, paint, or sing, or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses off the goal;
Who works for money, coins his very soul.

Work for work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 3 oz. package 5 cents.

Many of the people who live in glass houses go into politics and they don't seem to mind it a bit.—Puck.

DEFIANCE STARCH

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

A woman doesn't fully understand how essentially alike all men are until her boy gets old enough for other women to make a monkey of.—Puck.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

Tell a man he mustn't, and he will; tell a woman she mustn't, and you'll see.—Life.

Defiance Starch is put up 15 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for same money.

Justice only takes a man's part, but injustice takes it all.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Let me laugh at bores, but politicians do not.

An Amusing Verdict.

At Fort Scott (Kan.) the other day a jury in the district court returned a verdict finding a certain accused person guilty of larceny. The verdict had not been prepared in the technical form desired, and the judge sent the jury back to make the necessary corrections. The jury was gone for half an hour, and when it returned it brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner. But a verdict even more amusing was perpetrated by a jury at Pittsburg last Monday. The case was a criminal one, and after a few minutes' consultation the jury filed into the box from its room. "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the judge. "We have," responded the foreman, passing it over. "The clerk will read, said the judge. And the clerk read: "We, the jury, agree to disagree."

Excavation Near Pompeii.

Excavation will shortly be commenced in a marsh near Sannazzaro, on the River Sarno, in the vicinity of Pompeii, because it has been ascertained that a very ancient city and necropolis were buried underneath during the eruption of Vesuvius several centuries before the destruction of Pompeii. A collection already exists in the museum at Naples of great historic value, consisting of indigenous vases and ornamental objects dating from the eighth and ninth centuries before Christ. The excavations are expected to lead to other important discoveries.

A Bright Dog.

"Speaking about dogs," said Representative Beidler of Ohio. "I suppose I have the most intelligent fox terrier in the country, and he's only a puppy yet. The other day he spilled his milk and I cuffed his ears and chucked him out of the window. The next day, after he had spilled his milk again, he cuffed his own ears and went and jumped out of the window."

ONLY TEN DOLLARS FOR THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.

Drs. Richards & Van Camp of 1404 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., treat Catarrh and guarantee a cure. The doctors are old established and reliable physicians of Omaha. Their treatment includes a lung tester inhaler, local and constitutional treatment, and they guarantee to cure any case of catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs in ninety days or refund the money. If you are afflicted or interested call or write for further information.

Engaged people put on magnifying glasses when they look at each other's virtues. The day they are married they take them off.

A mother not spoken well of by her children is an enemy of the state; she should not live within the kingdom's wall.

An Ideal Woman's Medicine.



So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

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THE BEST QUALITY STRAIGHT 5-CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE

GREGORY'S SEEDS

For 40 years the standard for reliability. Always the best. New catalogue free. J. J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

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FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS
"New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

If you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater" loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others.
ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

SYRUP OF FIGS



Acts Gently;
Acts Pleasantly;
Acts Beneficially;
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.



She began a hurried examination of the entire contents of the trunk.

counters. She did not even have the money for them.

Half an hour later, as she was walking thoughtfully down the avenue, she almost ran into the arms of a young girl who was hurrying from the opposite direction.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Waring," apologized the new-comer, laughing. "I was thinking."

"So was I," Mabel answered. Then, "Why, Lucy, how bright you look! That school has become an assured fact, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," with a wry grimace, "the trustee told me I wasn't quite competent. Lucky for me, though, for the hotel manager has offered me a