## Dakota County Herald caterer added the astonishing state

DAKOTA CITY, NEB

JOHN H. REAM, . . Publisher.

There masn't yet seen a whisper of serious damage to the lemon crop.

The pen is at least more dangerous than the sword where ministers are concerned.

With Abe Ruef and Abe Hummel both in the penitentiary, things will look better from one end of this country to the other.

Editor William T. Stead isn't talking about the men of this country in a way to ever get himself affectionately called Uncle Bill.

A failure of the tobacco crop in Cuba has caused a few thoughtless persons to predict a shortage in the supply of had less time to experiment. But they are equally sure to learn that one cangenuine imported Havana cigars. not do a good afternoon's work on a

The Philadelphia woman who stomach either empty or overloaded blamed the marriage license clerk for Milk and cereals, soups and sandall her marital troubles evidently wanted liberty and not license.

Rev. Anna Shaw believes that if wo- quick lunch that it has caused them to men could vote universal peace would be preferred to heavier, less wholebe hastened. Probably she thinks the women would vote for a change of human nature.

It is said that the man who whistles a great deal rarely swears. There is enough swearing in his immediate they take before and after work, for vicinity, however, to more than make up his shortage.

But Americans who enlist in their country's service are not the only ones who desert. From four British warships anchored at Jamestown there have been 160 desertions.

"People got funny ideas when they go to America," says George Bernard Shaw. So they do-in fact, the ideas sometimes seem to be downright idiotic. George Bernard Shaw got a number of that kind.

In Sweden the woman's club is known as the damklubb. In certain masculine company it is known as that in this country-even among native born Americans. Simply an adaptation of the Swedish, no doubt.

M. E. Ingalls, former president of the Big Four, says there are too many millionaires in this country. Every man who is struggling along on a small salary believes that there ought to be at least one more millionaire in this all right; then she begun to back an' country to make it an ideal spot.

**Commander** Peary dedicates his book on arctic exploration to his wife, "who has been my constant aid and inspiration, and has borne the brunt of it all." While the hero is on the field of battle, or afar on the path of danger, the heroine at home is patiently bearing day after day of suspense and anxlety.

America is plethoric in everything.

caterer added the astonishing state and heartler food than business men Holds Up Car Line, Delnys U. do. Ills opinion is that men are los ing the power to enjoy their meals. From this, one might infer that the

wiches are not yet appreciated at their

full value as funcheon possibilities, but

it is to be counted in favor of the

some and more expensive dishes. If

such light lunches cease to be "quick,"

and are taken in more leisurely fash-

STILL IN CONTROL.

macook pull out from the wharf for

"It was very early, and as soon as

the steamer started the wharf was de-

serted. The Winnemacook started off

back, and fin'lly crash she come into

Bath, a-resting idly on his oars.

match healthy appetites.

their feet.

Cy's dory.

to business.

r garden variety of rooster, yet fts es American quick lunch, recently introupe from a coop on one of the wagon duced in London, found numerous En of the Adams Express Company caused glishmen prepared to bridge the internough excitement to the up the United val between breakfast and dinner with States mail for fifteen minutes and de ay several hundred business men get something like a piece of ple and a glass of milk. It is not so easy to beting to their offices, says Philadelphia lieve that the young business woman North American.

A TROUBLEDGHE LOCSTER.

Mail and Croves Over It.

is turning from the traditional choco-Just as one of the express wagon late cclair to kidney pudding or beefwas driving out of the station at 18th steak pie. Yes both statements may and Market streets about 8 o'clock the be true, and if they are, things might cooster wriggled through the slats a be worse. So far as Americans are the coop, and made a dash for an east concerned, probably in the past the and trolley car crossing 18th street. average business man ate too much in The motorman brought the car to the middle of the day. When his too with a jerk, which threw the pas daughter went into business she took agers out of the seats, and then lef the wrong way to strike a balance, by the platform to see if the rooster was eating too little. Sensible men have killed. The rooster wasn't. It crowed almost reached the ideal, a light and twice, and in a liffy was perched of wholesome lunch. The women have the axle of the front truck. "Hey, there! Don't you start that

"I'm responsible for that there hird

and I'm not going to get docked \$1.50," retorted the expressman, "You wal till I get that rooster." "All right. Go as far as you like,"

the motorman replied, as he took the lever off the motor.

lon, men and women of business are not likely to lack the "power to enjoy In three minutes a crowd of several their meals," the substantial meals hundred men and women gathered where among the forefathers there around the car, while the driver war they will have sound digestions to poking a stick at the rooster to dis tools. Serena's father couldn't drive a lodge it. Meanwhile a mail car, bound

to the postoffice, was held up, as well busy with her household cares to find as a rapidly extending line of Market any time for manual dexterity. street cars. The crowd grew denser.

"It's a man killed," a leather-lunged youngster shouted along Market street Hal, lived with an uncle and aunt. and this brought two policemen to the Hal was independent, but Serena had "You'd think from what some folks

ROOTER. say that cap'ns of industry was a mod-"Get the hook for the rooster," sug ern discovery, 'long o' 'lectricity an' gested one of the crowd. sun-spots," began Ell Bacon, with mild "You get funny and I'll punch you it but the six teachers there were rarely

the mouth," said the expressman, whe absent from their rooms. She helped irony, "But tain't so. They've alwus been an they alwus will be, if they're was purple in the face, as he wriggled what I take 'em to be-nothing more under the car after the bird. nor less than men that alwus land on "I mean the switch-iron. Poke it of

the axle with the switch-iron." "Yes, kill the darned thing." the mo-"There was Cy Greene. When I was boy he lived in my town, at the torman of the mail car shouled. "I'm mouth of the Kennebec River. He about twelve minutes late now, and all was a fisherman by trade, and one for a danged rooster." morning he was watching the Winne-

"No, you won't kill it," an agent for the Woman's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animali called back as the driver tried to dis-

lodge the rooster with the book. When it seemed as though the rooster was going to delay traffic indefinitely some one remarked that if the car was run to the bar on the return trip the rooster could be taken off the axle from

"His boat was stove to pleces, and Cy was throwed into the water. But the plt in the barn from which mer. he didn't stay there. He got a-hold o' fix the trucks of the car. the Winnemacook's rudder an' hauled That suggestion was acted upon, it

himself up astride on't. He yelled an' spite of the expressman's protest, and hollered a while, but nobody heard as travel was resumed fifteen minutes him, an' he concluded to settle down late, the car started off with the rooster still clinging to the axle bearing.

IN A NEW CLASS.

"When the boat pulled into Bath, 

lect of servants.

to six."

tunenessi.

1117"

"Ob.

for 'mm, you know.'

indomnthe plans.

kitchen after breakfast. Instead of en-

OLD MELODIES,

Her thin white fingers wandered among the yellowing keys, Now with a weary slowness, now with the old-time case; It was nothing more than a commo The tunes were quaint and tender, like ancient tales oft told, For they were songs of bygone years, and she was growing old.

> The children flocked about her; they loved to hear her play; For all was new and sweet to them, and every song was gay. They were her heart's companions, for they could understand ; The dear old music spoke to them beneath her trembling hand-

But we, no longer children, between her day and theirs, Had danced to other measures, and thrilled to newer airs; We heard with smiles indulgent, but we were slow to praise The simple tunes that brought to her the joy of distant days,

They brought the scent of spring-time, the tap of dancing feet, The dream that blossomed in her heart when youth and love were sweet; Each endence had its story, each plaintive soft refrain Awoke the chimes of memory, the call of bliss or pain,

So with her thin white fingers she touched the yellowing keys, And pleased the listening children with old-time melodies -And we, who smiled to hear them, remember now with tears The tones that will not sound again through all the slient years. -Youth's Companion,

"Get a move on," one of the fat mer t the car called the motorman. "I ant to get to my office." 

Serena was proud of ner brother, He | in the reservoir, and plenty of oll. All was so clever with his hands, and he it needs is water." was bright, mentally, too. Back some

He brought a pitcher full from the run the car. Quick, quick !" stream beneath the willows. "Do you really mean you are going must have been an ancestor clever with

car a swift glance. to run it. Hal?" "I know of no one near here," she nail. Serena's mother was quite too "That's what I mean, All aboard." said. She looked again at the sick He looked after the usual prelimman and drew her breath sharply. "I

inaries as Serena took her seat, but it think I can run it myself." was not until he tried four times that "Yes," yes," be murmured and with he started the car. Serena laughed at an effort pushed himself along and Serena. his failures, but he didn't mind. Then made room for her. She swiftly took he backed the machine slowly into the the vacant place and doing exactly as highway. There was nobody within she had seen Hal do started the car. sight. The road seemed absolutely clear. It gave her a strange thrill as the pow-Serens watched Hal narrowly. She erful machine responded to her call. meant to remember just what he did The eyes of the sick man were re-

and why he did it. The knowledge garding her anxiously. might come in handy, in the future, about the housework, too, and Hal alded in keeping her wardrobe replenishwhen they owned their own car. know the way. Yes, yes, faster! It's As Hal reversed and went ahead the ed. Uzcle Jim and Aunt Mary were my heart. I thought I was better. girl clapped her hands with delight. very kind to these orphans, but the Faster! I should have brought my

"Talk about your enchanted horses," farm wasn't doing well, and Serena she cried, "there isn't one to compare felt that she couldn't help being a burden to the worthy couple. What she with this noble car!" "Steady," Hal cautioned her, "Don't wanted to do was to live in the bustling

say anything fussy. You mustn't distown eight miles away, in the opposite tract the attention of the man at the direction from the village. It was her wheel." dream to keep house there for Hal when he set up a little shop of his

"I'd move right away if I had a couple of thousand ahead." said the and the auto sprang forward. boy, "but that's not to be had for the

girl. Hai was twenty-two and the work ing partner in the old gunshop down by the creek. The owner was Joe Hib-

bard, but he was crippled with rheumatism and clung close to his big rocking chair in his comfortable sitting room.

was spent in improving his knowledge

"And you'll let me run it, won't red, | had told him she went to town instead of going to her aunt's, and that a Hal?" Serena asked.

neighbor had given her a seat in his But the boy only laughed. wagon for the journey home. But she The next morning after her simple home duties were finished the girl said nothing about automobile rides. started on a five-mile walk along the highway that led to the town. She Somebody was talking to Hal. And was going to pay a brief visit to her there was another voice, too, Aunt Clara. She was a fine walker two men iu a touring car. and the distance didn't bother her. Both the horses were busy, and some-

how after that auto ride the thought of traveling behind a jogging farm the kindly face. horse wasn't attractive. She much preferred to walk.

It was a beautiful day, the road was the sick man. Serena approached the fine, the air was clear and cool. She car and the sick man held out his had covered at least half the distance hand. "You must excuse my not riswhen she heard an automobile horn down the roadway behind her. It was strength yet. I am very grateful for a very faint note and when she looked what you did the other day. The docaround she was surprised to see how tor says you saved my life." close the car war. It looked very much

ank down into his automobile coat,

beside the girl she ran forward

ing his breath in queer little gasps.

"Good girl," he murmured. "You

doctor. I have no brandy-nothing.

He is walting for me-at the sanitar

ium. You must-get there-in time.

Ab-h." He gave a shuddering gasp and

But the girl did not look around. Her

It was a broad highway that led to

seemed to sink still lower.

incassior.

And Hal, standing by, listened in amazed silence. like Sim Ashbrook's car, only finer and "You made us some trouble by running away," said the tall doctor, "We There was but one man in the car, and his appearance at once held her

were afraid we wouldn't find you." wondering attention. He was a stout Before Serena could reply to this the man with grizzled gray hair. His hat sick man spoke again "You will remember that I made you had fallen off, a strange blueish pallor overed his face, he seemed to have promise on that wild ride.".

Serena shook her hed. "I'm not sure He was making an effort to slacken that I do," she answered. "My attenthe speed of the car. As he drew up tion was pretty well taken up by something else."

Suddenly she heard strange voices

Serena stepped to the door, and saw

"There she is!" cried a voice. It

was the voice of the tall doctor with

"Will you come this way, please?"

said another voice. It was the voice of

ing," he said, "but I haven't got my

The sick man nodded. "Is anything wrong?" she asked. Then she noticed the man was exhal-"Luckily, I remember it, I promised you a certain sum for every minute you cut from ten in that run for the doc-"I am-very Ill," he faintly murmured. "I must get to town-to my tor. Well, I've made a little guess." doctor-at once. Find somebody-to He paused. "Is this your brother?"

"My brother Hal." "You have a sister to be proud of," The girl's keen gray eyes gave the said the sick man. "Will you tell me her name, please?"

Hal told him and he drew out a fountain pen and a narrow book and wrote a few words. Then he tore a leaf from the book and handed it to

"With Pinkey Gordon's best wishes," he said: "Good-by " And they were gone. "What did he give you, sis?" Serena unfolded the slip.

"A check for \$2,500 !" gasped the

Serena laughed a little hysterically. "I gues it's true," she said, "that we never realize how precious the moments are until they are gone."-W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

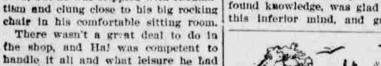
## EMILY'S FRIEND.

Her Father Did Not Entirely Approve of Her New Companion. For twenty minutes Emily had been vandering restlessly about her father's study. Finally it came.

"Father !" she said. "Your highness!" her father returned, promptly pushing back his papers. Emily perched upon the arm of his chair. She tried to speak lightly, but it was hard. "You know our compact-" she be-

"Certainly I do. But it would simplify matters a little if you would be a triffe more definite as to the compact in question. Was it next Saturday's concert, or the absolutely necessary new fors or-"

The "Please father !"



eyes were on the highway ahead. So she watched him in silence. He was intently studying the car. Presently he opened up the throttle a little "How did you do that?" cried the

So he showed her, and he showed her other things, and she put them away in her memory.

found knowledge, was glad to instruct this inferior mind, and gained more

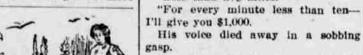
Lenox town, broad and straight and smooth. Lucky it was for the girl that neither curves nor hills menaced her. If she could keep the car in the road all might be well. Her firm young hands gripped the

wheel, her keen eves stared straight ahead. She must not lose her nerve. A life might depend on her courage.



Ual, with a man's pride in his new

"How far-is it?" "Less than five miles." "For every minute less than ten-



Our circulation is congested. In other words, our transportation facilities are far below our needs. Meantime locomotive works and car factories are running twenty-four hours a day. And all this votwithstanding some of our great transcontinental lines do not possess sufficient sidetracks to hold their present couloment of cars. We are now as much in need of double tracking our transcontinental lines of railroad as we were originally in need of these lines. The combined railroads could not transport an army with necessary supplies to the Pacific coast in six months. Our salvation lies in the fact that no such army will be needed. At least let us so hope and pray.

The United States Supreme Court divides six to three on the question whether men employed on dredges engaged in government work are sailors or ordinary workmen. Six judges say they are sailors and three that they are not-the two Massachusetts members of the court dividing and writing the opposing opinions. It's a queer question to divide so august a tribunal and seems to betray a disposition therein to divide where there is any possible excuse for doing so. The average man who has ever seen a dredge and knows of the work it performs will be inclined to side with Justice Moody and the minority in the conclusion that men employed thereon are no more sailors than men working a steam shovel on the bank of an inland canal.

If capital punishment is to be retained as the penalty for deliberate murder it should be extended to cover the crime of train-wrecking even in cases where life is not lost. The trainwrecker is a murderer in purpose and intent even when he kills nobody. Being a deliberate, increanary and coldblooded murderer, he ought to be hanged if other murderers are hanged. Some states already inflict the death penalty upon train-wreckers. The others ought to do so. Some extennation may be urged for even a deliberate murder when the crime is prompted by the passions of hatred and revenge. These are powerful incentives and men are pr ne to yield to them. But the murdersus work of the train-wrecker is for the extraordinary critical mood actuated by no such sentiment. He which the modern child has developed coldly plans the murder of people whom in regard to toyland." The modern he has never seen and against whom he holds no grudge. He is willing to Little boys and girls allke become kill in order that he may rob and plun- sticklers for the "correct thing," and if der. If anyone deserves hanging he the build of a steamship or a motor car, does. It will be necessary, too, to begin the hanging pretty soon unless rallroad travel is to become hazardous to the point of imminent risk. The murderous miscreants who wreck trains are extending their operations over the whole country. Nothing short of a close view of the gallows and noose will serve to deter them.

"The women at that table paid eighteen-pence each for their lunches," said the proprietor of a London restiturant to a journalist in search of material. "Of the two men at the next table, one paid ninepence for lunch and up when he is beaten, it is polite to say the other paid sevenpence." Then the

"'What under th' canopy are you doing there?' sung out a man on the \* wharf. "'Steering the Winnemacook to

'y on the rudder, easy's ol'

Bath,' says Cy."

Why Miss Muriel Cried.

Miss Murjel Million was sitting alone. With a very disconsolate air; Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened

awry. And frowsy and rumpled her hair. 'Oh, what is the matter?" I said in

alarm. "I beg you in me to confide,"

But she buried her face in her 'kerchief of lace,

And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

'Come out for a spin in the automobile, The motor boat waits at the pier. Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park Or a center on horseback, my dear.' Twas thus that I coaxed her in loverlike

tones As I tenderly knelt at her side, But refusing all comfort she pushed me

away, While she cried, and she cried, and she cried. She was pleased with her plan.

'Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible

You know I would love you the sam If the millions of papa had vanished in amoke

And you hadn't a cent to your name If you came to the church in a garment

of rags I would wed you with rapturous pride."

She nestled her check to my shoulder at this.

Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

'You know," she exclaimed in a piteous wail. table.

"That love of a bat that I wore-The one with pink roses and chiffen be hind

And a fluffy pink feather before?paid Mme. Modiste a hundred for that, And our parlor maid, Flora McBrids, Has got one just like it for three twenty-

five !! And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

-New York Herald.

## Child Cynles.

A London writer exclaims at thinking "there is really nothing to account child will simply not make believe. the cut of a doll's frock or the myste vies the eye does not usually see are not "just like" the real thing there is trouble. It is said that toy makers have even now to employ scientific experts and French milliners if they hope to pass the critical eyes of the "ney child." The fact is the modern child is born a cynic and a sated little darling. It has no emotions, no desires save to destroy and he lived and breathed for by necessary parents.fore being returned to active use Roston Herald.

When a man is too stubborn to give

he is suffering for his convictions. them will get it.

the subject ranged along a shelf above the work bench, and he subscribed for two technical weeklies. And he had a set of draughtsman's tools and these

of mechanics. He had a few books on

Serena's father and mother were

both dead and she and her brother.

no income that could be counted upon.

She was the substitute school teacher

for the district school in the village,

Mrs. Baker, a well-to-do lady in one of the suburbs of a large Eastern city, and the reading gave him no chance for was fortunate in having an excellent dieness. Serena liked to use these servant. Maggie was capable, quick drawing tools, too. She was handy with and good natured. Most of the lady's them, even handler than Hal. And when she went to five in town she friends were less fortunate; in fact, meant to attend the art school and had few of them were without their distinct meant to attend the art school there, trials. At all the fashionable gatherwhich was a very good art school and ings the conversation turned. like a had a widespread fame. There were needle to the pole, straight to the subother plans she had made for that

wishing."

ideal time and they were plans that the power and coast down under the Mrs. Baker said very little, for she had often noticed that an announce, gave her much harmless pleasure. One brake, day something remarkable happened. ment of perfect satisfaction in the do-When Serena came down through the mestic line was frequently followed, east meadow to the gunshop she saw a later on, by a second announcement to strange looking vehicle standing in the the effect that the perfect maid had open space before the shon door. been offered higher, wages by Mrs. So-"An automobile !" she cried and hurand-So, and had gone to get them.

rind forward Therefore Mrs. Baker followed "Brer Hal was looking at the machine with Rabbit's" tactles of "laying low." More than this, she decided to be his brows knitted. "It's Sim Ashbrook's," he told her. very diplomatic. She would offer Mag-

"Broke down in front of the shop early gle more wages herself, and thus secure this morning. Sim asked me if I her before anyone else had a chance, thought I could fix it. I told him I thought perhaps I could. It depended "Now, Maggie," she said, the next some on what was the matter with it. morning, "you've been very faithful

Sim was in a hurry to get over to and cheerful during this hot summer Brookdale and Tom Austin happened to and through Dorothy's illness, and 1 come along with his trotting mare and like your work so well that I'm going Sim went with him. He said he'd be to raise your wages from five dollars over after the car in the morning."

"Isn't it fine! Can you fix it. Hal?" Maggie thanked her, and Mrs. Baker "I've fixed it. There was a rod that smiled at the thought of her own asbent and interfered with the steering gear. It didn't bother me any." On Monday morning, a few days He turned suddenly and went into later, she had occasion to visit her the shop. When he came back he had a small book in his hand.

countering the usual smell of suds and "What's that, Hai?" denne, she tound Maggie seated at the "It's a book that tells you all about automobiles and automobile parts. I "Why, where's the wushing?" she want to see how the two go together asked. "What's the matter? Are you - the book and the car. "It's the first

time I've had a chance to put my hands no, mum," replied Maggie, on anything in this line." delly, "I ain't sick; but none of the "Get it all down fine, Hal. We may riph as gets six dollars does any washown an auto when our ship comes in. ang. The six-dollar girls has it done "Guess if we had a ship we wouldn't

care so much for an sufo." Mrs. Maker has not tried any more He was down on his knows studying the car. Section by section, place by

plece, he looked it over. Serena watch Books as Carriers of Disease. ed him for a while. Then she went The Paris Academy of Medicine re into the shop and got out the drafting ently discussed the role of books as tools and entertained herself for an arriers of disease. It was reported hour or more.

that it had been experimentally deter-"Sig!" mined that certain dried organisms re-It was Hal's voice. Serena put her tained vitality on the leaves of books, pencil aside. those of cholorn two days, diphtheria "What is it. Half"

wentweight days, typhold fifty days, He was frowning at the muchine. and those of tuberculosis at least three He did not look around months. If was suggested that many

"Sis, I could run this thing if I had neas of unberenlosis among students to." The girl laughed.

and clorks were contracted from the moke they handled. Several methods "I'll dare you to try," she said, of sterilization had been tested, the best "It's a go," he murmured.

results being obtained from fifteen min-"Take me along, Hal." ates' exposure to formaldehyde in her-"Aren't you afraid?" "No. Where are you going?"

netically sealed eases. All library and chool books in the possession of a fam-"I'm going to take this car down to

ity in which a case of communicable Brookdale. disease exists should be sterilized be-"No, Hal."

"Down that long hill by the grist no113.9\*\* "Of course. Will you go with me

After a man and his wife pass 60, if any valuable gift is made them their or will you tend shop?" shildren begin to wonder which one of "I'll go with you."

2

knowledge himself from the teaching. They ran slowly, taking no chances, and when they came to the long hill the boy knew that he must throw off

"I wouldn't be afraid to run it myself," said Serena presently, "That's easy to say," laughed Hal,

'I'll bet you'd lose your head when the first emergency showed up." Serena tossed her curls.

"Who lost his head when the barn caught fire?" she asked. The boy flushed.

"An auto is different from a fire." "An emergency is an emergency," aid the girl.

The boy laughed. "You're all right, sis, Nobody knows

what he can do until he tries. When you get the chance to run an auto take

"Give me the chance now, Hal." The boy shook his head.

"Not now," he said. "There's a bad urve right ahead and we might meet load of hay or something." But the curve was safely taken and

there was no bothersome vehicle beond it. A few mments later they olled down Main street, and Haltopped in front of Sim Ashbrook's face.

office with most beautiful exactitude. Sim was standing at the foot of the stairs talking to a client. He came forward staring wildly. Hall laughed as

he alighted. "Here's your car, Sim," he said. The young lawyer's surprise slightly

abated. He lifted his hat. "Good morning, Miss Serena. Glad. you brought the car down, Hal. I can nake good use of it this morning."

"That's what I supposed," said the my. "It seems very handy," The lawyer looked at him curiously.

"Ever run a car before?" he asked. "No."

The lawyer whistled. "They gave me six lessons before I

dared go alone." "It behaved beautifully." said the hoy. He looked at the machine criti-

cally. "It's a good car," he added. The lawyer laughed. "What do I owe you, Hal?" "That's all right," replied the boy, 'If didn't take me more than a minute

lot of new Information that I'm mighty glad to get."

"How are you going back?" two-seated wagon. He'll take us of back from the gateway.

mek." "I'd be glad to take you back mycelf," sold the lawyer, "but I'm due at

he court house in five minutes." He looked back at the automobile have a car like that some day," he didn't want to recall it. It seemed

"All right. There's plenty of gasoline | said.



road far ahead. She sounded the horn again and yet again. The team swerved to the left. The driver was "I COULD EUN THIS THING IF I HAD TO. down and at their heads. They seemed hadly frightened. The man waved his hand to hold her back. She swooped down and went by him like a whirlwind. The scene seemed photographed on her mind. The struggling borses, the red and angry face of the

driver. And now the spires of Lenox were in sight. But she did not slacken speed. She might have done so, but the man at her side seemed to suddenly topple against her and lay there with his heavy head low down at her

shoulder. Then she whirled into the town, and there, right ahead of her, was the san-Itarium. Could she stop. She shut off the power and applied the brake. The heavy car ran thrice its own length and came to a dead stop. A tall man lounging near the en-

trance to the grounds suddenly ran forward.

"What's this" he cried. And almost instantly he crushed something into a handkerchief and was holding it over the sick man's mouth and nose. A moment later he had forced some brandy from a silver flask between the sick man's lips. He worked quickly and quietly, and presently the girl saw the

"He's coming back," he half whispered to her. He leaned forward and drew the heavy figure upright. "Two ninutes more and there would have person she comes near. I don't mean been no hope for him." He poured a necessarily that you should give her little more brandy between the discolored lips. "I must get him to the house. Can you run the car up to the porch?"

There was no answer from the girl. over. And don't forget Saturday's He looked at her. She had half failen across the steering wheel.

"Here, here," he muttered, "this will never do! What do you mean by fainting when it's all over?" He thrust a phial into her hand. "Sniff at that,' he edid. "Ah, here's more help."

Two of the attendants were running loward them across the lawu. Before they reached the car Serena, very much ushamed of her weakness, was quite herself again and had slipped from the ant and was striving to put her hair

under restraint. The attendants brought a chair from the lodge at the entrance that was half or two to fix it. And Sis and I had chair and half stretcher, and on this a fine ride. Yes, and I picked up a they placed the sick man and wheeled him up the roadway that led to the house.

"Wait here; I want to see you," the "John Edson is in town with his tall doctor called to Serena as he look-

But Serena did not wait. The second morning after this episode the girl was in the shop busy with the drafting tools. Hal was outside tinkering at a bleycle. Serena had not as he and Serena moved away. "I'll told him about that wild ride. She

now like a dreadful nightmare. She to take your time usually does.

rocked from side to side as it him, and her father's voice changed at once. "Yes, little daughter." he answered, cheerfully.

"It's-lt's about my friends. You remember in that talk we had after mother died you made me promise to bring any new friends I made here, so that you could meet them? You've been dear, daddy. I'm the most envied girl in school because of the good times you give me. It has been lovely till Hilda Dalzell-the other day. You haven't said a word, but I've felt itand she's so generous, and has been so lovely to me-it hurt, father."

Mr. Phillips was silent a moment, his hand shading his eyes. Then he spoke slowly.

"It's hard, Emily, for a man to be father and mother to his little girl. know that I must fail many times. wish that you would always come me frankly as you have to-day, and I will try to be as frank with you. I am going to say it 'straight out' as T would if you were a boy. Your new friend is very pretty and charming, ba she isn't honest."

"Father !"

"Wait a moment, Emily, I don't mean with things, of course. I mean with something infinitely deeper. You remember you spoke of the way Agnes. Payne worked over her mathematics; do you remember Miss Dalzell's comment? 'It's no credit to her-her famlly make her.' It was so in a dozen instances. Carrie Ames' generosity wasn't generosity-it was laziness, look of anxiety lift from his kinday Miss Akers' scholarship was only skindeep. Amy Patterson's shyness was "put on' for effect. Emily, such a girl is a sneak-thief of reputations-shelowers the moral tone of nearly every up, but I do mean that you must be upon your guard with her, for such things are more contagious than smallpox. That's all, little girl-lecture's

concert." "All right, daddy !" Emily answered,

bravely .--- Youth's Companion.

## She Didn't Accept.

A little episode once greatly delighted Calve, the famous prima donna. She was being escorted over a famous grotto when she suddenly thought of any opera and burst into song, to which the boy who was her guide listened with much satisfaction, When she stopped he seriously remarked, "If you asked the proprietor whether you might sing in here while the people are being shown over I think he would pay you well." "How much do you think he would give me?" asked the prima donnn, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the adventure. After thinking carefully the boy replied, "About 5 france

a day." After making a call at some houses, you feel that you didn't leave soon enough; you recall that all the mer

hers of the family looked and acted, as though they had something important to do as soon as you went away. The man who says he doesn't want