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Passenger west, No. 3, 10:06 P. M.
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Scapegoat.
O Night Wind, who dost bleat about my way,
Be thou the scapegoat of my mispent day.
For ill I've done, for good let by.
I put my hands upon the buoyant air,
To thee transfer my guilt, commit my care,
And bid thee to the desert fly.
Seek thou some waste bespread of sand or snow,
Where men dwell not, nor birds; nor flowers grow;
Where winds themselves to silence die.
Or find some deaf-walled, sightless cave,
Molded of ancient fire or hewn by wave,
And there my past transgressions cry.
So shall I rise, when next the Great High Priest
Shall light the day's burnt offering in the East.
To strive again—facing the sky.
—John Finley, in Century.

"The Girl With The Yellow Hair"

The narrow, hot, stifling concert hall was filled to overflowing with the class of people who follow in the wake of the song-and-dance girl in the far West, paying lavishly for the entertainment furnished by a weak, unmusical voice singing to the accompaniment of a wheezy piano or a discordant fiddle called by courtesy a violin. On this occasion the audience, composed mostly of miners and cowboys, were treated to a surprise, for the girl who sang and danced was both young and pretty, with less rouge and more natural charms than any of her predecessors in the concert hall stage.

She could sing, too, and that without straining her voice into a discordance, and she danced the most difficult fancy dances with a grace and intelligence that showed not only superior training but an artistic conception of its value. And her stage by-play and side coquetries were as effusive and harmless as those of a child. The too vivid color of her yellow hair was undoubtedly due to chemicals, but it was one strong concession to the tastes of her audience. She was billed as "The Girl With the Yellow Hair," and tried faithfully to live up to her reputation.

She was singing, with quaint humor that had a serious side to it, a popular travesty, dancing down the rude platform stage between the lines:

"Any old place under my hat is home, sweet home, to me."
As she danced to the edge of the stage she stopped singing and for a moment stood poised motionless on the tips of her slim, well formed feet, her face rigid like a mask, a quick look of terror in her eyes. A man, roughly dressed, with his trousers tucked into his boots, had just entered the place. He carried a buggy whip in his hand, and was greeted with cries of "Sit down!" "Stop interruptin' the singin'," and thankful for the diversion of this criticism, "The Girl With the Yellow Hair" started her song anew and sung with so much spirit and charm that she was wildly applauded and danced off the stage kissing her hand with imitable grace to her fascinated audience, who encored her rudely and loudly, only to be told by the manager that she would not appear again.

She had retreated to the back of the hall to an alcove that served as a dressing-room, where the man who had disturbed her singing found her. A sudden pallor had settled on her face when she turned to meet him.

"What brings you here, John Demming?" she asked with constraint and impatience. "I knew if you discovered who I was you would be angry with me for coming to this place—where—where—oh, how could



Both young and pretty, you make it so hard for me, when I too, was learning to forget?"
"I'm not here of my own free will, Rose, you may feel sure of that, when we two parted we parted for keeps, and I haven't any claim on you. It's some one else."
"Elizabeth?" gasped the girl, her lips whitening; "has anything happened to Elizabeth? Oh, I will never

forgive you in this world or in the next if—"
"Come with me then if you want to see her alive," said the man. He was not purposely brutal, but his tones were hard and even—hard as nails. The woman caught his arm.
"Elizabeth dying, my Elizabeth! Oh, God, my punishment has come too soon, and I have worked so hard and lived only for her. Take me to her at once."
She had caught up a beflowered hat with much lace falling in festoons from the brim, and would have rushed from the place, but the man stopped her.
"Not in that rig, Rose, for God's sake something to cover you from prying eyes, from Elizabeth, who does not know. Quick! Isn't this a cloak? Wrap it round you and throw the hood over your head. Now come."
His buggy was at the door and he swung her into it and drove away, as he had done so many times in the past when she had the first right to his care. As they rode rapidly over the four miles between them and the farmhouse where her child lay dying she had time for a severe and scorching retrospect. She had never meant to abandon Elizabeth, but the law of the state had given the child to the father, and the step she had taken in a fit of foolish jealousy had become irrevocable. John Demming had not

When Betty bakes the cakes.
When Betty bakes the buckwheat cakes
My bosom swells with pride;
I then forgot my life's mistakes
And smile, well satisfied.
The chilling wind outside the pane
To discord vainly waives,
It cannot move me to complain
When Betty bakes the cakes.
Now, some there be whose brooding
Is ladylike and fine;
And some most daintily do sing
Or write in phrases fine.
But, though my admiration strays,
My loyalty ne'er shakes.
Their cleverness is naught to hers
When Betty bakes the cakes.
The syrup in a golden line
Sets forth to trace her name;
The coffee steam, an incense fine,
Arises to her fame.
And though the sunshine for a while
The wintry morn forsakes,
I ask no radiance save her smile,
When Betty bakes the cakes.



"What brings you here, John Demming?"
been an unkind husband so far as words or deeds went, but he believed that any woman who had a roof provided to cover her head and three meals daily should be happy. An absence of unkindness was his sole claim to tenderness. The woman at his side fleeing through the night could feel the granite of his nature in the touch of his rigid arm as he drove—he was more like cast iron than flesh and blood.

Even so it was not from that she had run away. In the two years since she had heard from him or of him. She groaned aloud as the thought of her child and the awful renunciation to which the law had compelled her. The man sitting beside her was no longer her husband, she asked.
"Who has cared for Elizabeth?"
"A good woman—a nurse, and the child was fond of her, but she has always wanted you. It really is strange that she can remember. She has asked for you often, but I hoped she would forget and be happy."
"I am not afraid to see her." She straightened herself proudly. "My innocent child will know her mother has done no wrong. I was driven to the step I took. People have said no harm of me, but they talked of you and Rachel Downes until my heart broke. I dare say I was foolish to believe them."
She waited to hear him deny or affirm, but when he spoke again it was to his horse, and soon they were at the farmhouse.
"Go in," he said more gently than he had yet spoken. "She is in the south bedroom down stairs."
She threw off her cloak as she passed through the narrow entry, and, unmindful of what she wore, stood by the bed on which a little girl lay, transparently thin and wan, reaching up wasted arms to this radiant figure at her bedside.

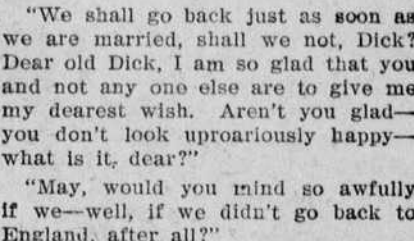
"My beauty mamma; my angel mamma," and they were in each other's arms. "I knew you would come to take me away with you—with you, mamma. You look just like you do when you come to see me every night, but papa said it wasn't you. As if Elizabeth didn't know."
The nurse, a pleasant-faced, silent woman, hovered near, and John Demming, coming in, stood at the head of the bed with his arms crossed on his breast. The little girl fixed her dark, sunken eyes on her mother's face, on the nimbus of yellow hair, on the despised tawdriness that her father wanted concealed, and a heavy smile broke over her thin features.
"My mamma—my beauty mamma," she said with a sigh of ineffable satisfaction, and with that sigh the little Elizabeth had passed beyond the lines of contention. John Demming, forgetting for the moment everything but that Rose was the mother of his dead child, held out his hands to her in her great anguish, but before she could respond the nurse said quietly: "Your wife wants you, Mr. Demming."
She was looking at some one in the doorway beyond Rose—a bold-looking young woman with snapping black eyes and defiant manner who carried herself with the air of one who felt at home. It was she who had been Rachel Downes.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Chicago Record-Herald.

Statue of French Queen Found.
In cutting a canal at Bordeaux, a buried statue has been discovered of Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII., who died at Paris in 1666.

How a Woman Found Her Hero
"Are you quite sure that you are really happy, dear—very happy?"
And he leaned over the table deuce and touched her fingers behind the friendly shelter of the roses. Forgetful of the ubiquitous waiter, of everything but the earnest-faced man before her, the girl impulsively stretched out both hands to him and said with shining eyes:
"So happy, dear, happier than I ever hoped to be—and to think that at last the dream of my life is going to be realized—I shall go home, home to dear England again. I was very little when mamma and Grace and I left the old home after papa's death. But America has never seemed so beautiful to me as our dear home in Surrey." A look of sadness crept into the glowing eyes and she did not notice that the man moved uneasily in his chair and that a gloomy, worried expression overshadowed the bright hopefulness of a moment before.
"We shall go back just as soon as we are married, shall we not, Dick? Dear old Dick, I am so glad that you and not any one else are to give me my dearest wish. Aren't you glad—you don't look uproariously happy—what is it, dear?"
"May, would you mind so awfully if we—well, if we didn't go back to England, after all?"
"Would I mind? Dick are you crazy? Oh, you know I have hoped and waited for that all my life. It used to seem as if it would never come true—till I met you and you told me you loved me. And since then I have thought of it, waited for it day and night."
Dick looked at her questioningly for a moment and then said, a little bitterly: "Do you know, little girl, that at times I have been tempted to think that you loved the thought of going back home better than you did me."
Her face crimsoned painfully, and his heart smote him.
"There, there, little one; that wasn't fair. I was a beast to say it to you—more of a beast because you are going to be put to the test."
"Why, Dick, what do you mean?"
"Just this, Maysie, girlie; we cannot go back to England—at least I cannot."
"You cannot go back, Dick? Surely surely you have not committed some crime which prevents you from going back. It isn't that? Say it isn't!"
"Well, I'm not exactly a criminal, little girl, but I might just as well be," he said bitterly. I should be treated like one if I went back, and every one believes me to be the most despicable wretch on the face of the green earth."
A nameless fear grew in the girl's eyes.
"For heaven's sake, Dick, tell me what you mean."
"I mean just this: If I went back to England to-morrow my own relatives would in all possibility cut me dead. The fellows at the clubs—in the park—in the street, would pass me with a cold nod; if I offered them my hand not a mother's son of them but would quietly and coldly ignore

How a Woman Found Her Hero

time, and, like a lot of hot-headed fools, we turned London upside down hunting for some new devilment in which to make ducks and drakes of it all. I was the hottest-headed fool of them all and soon found that I had not only established an unenviable reputation for wildness, but that I had run dangerously near the end of my tether—things had arrived at a stage where I could no longer hold my own with the fellows—so I made up my mind to pull up stakes and go to one of the colonies with the remainder."
He sat gloomily silent for a moment, apparently lost in a retrospect anything but pleasant. An impatient "Oh, go on, Dick, please go on," from the girl brought him back to the present again.
"Just before I sailed for Australia—the day before, I think it was—Margrave came to me and said: 'See here, old chap, I'm in a devil of a hole; I need two thousand pounds the worst sort of a way and not another sou can I raise on the estate. I've got to have it, or there'll be a scandal that will break the mater's heart; help me out, for God's sake.'
"Margrave's mother had been awfully good to me when I was a lonely little chap at Eton—used to have me down for the holidays, and all that,



"See here, old chap, I'm in a devil of a hole."
you know—so the upshot of it all was that I promised to let him have the two thou.—and it was just half of what I had left—and further, he got me to promise to take the check to the party he was rowing with. I took it, got a receipt for it and sailed the next day.
"For eight years in Australia I got no word from the home folks, but thought that the letters had gone astray, as I was far up country, and finally I went back to England with a nice little pile and a big longing for the society of my own kind again. God, what a home-coming it was. Not a welcome; black looks, veiled insinuations everywhere. One day I asked a chap who had refused my hand, what it all meant. He told me, Margrave's trouble had been the worst sort—low-down, dishonorable treatment of a woman we all knew—conduct no gentleman could ever forgive. I had paid the money with my own check—I had left the country the next day—and he—said that he is—let me bear the shame of it all—so I came out to New York and met you. I love you, darling, and you shall judge. Shall we go back to England and straighten things out? It shall be as you say, little woman."
"But, Dick, think what it would mean to that other woman and those children—Oh, I couldn't, dear—and yet, when I think of how you have suffered, I could do anything; dear, dear Dick—"
She buried her face in her hands for a moment, and the man watched her eagerly, anxiously.
"Dick, there is just one thing in the world I have always wanted more even than to go home; and that is to marry a hero. We'll stay here, dear, and you shall forget the pain and the hurt in my love."—Vivian Clare Howard in Chicago Examiner.

A Religious Dream.
The sermon had been deplorably long, there could be no disputing this, and little girls are not supposed to understand what is being said, anyway. Even "grown-ups" sidgeted in their pews and the funny little man with the white side whiskers was seen to yawn behind his hand.
Little Miss Sunshine, in her crushing Sunday hat and her long cloak, had finally given up—the heat and the music and the never-ending sermon as too much for her; entirely unknown to any one she had leaned against her mother's arm and fallen off to sleep.
"Ora, wake up, aren't you ashamed?" said her mother, who discovered the child, and Little Sunshine was rudely disturbed from slumber.
She straightened up, blinked her eyes two or three times and whispered so that all the people in the pews around could hear her: "It was a 'ligious dream, mamma," she sobbed in the defensive; "I thought a crowd of angels came to our house from the sewing society and you sent Nan down to say that you were out."



Her Thoughtfulness.
Dinah, the colored cook, was going to be married and her mistress, who had brought her from Virginia, manifested much interest in the preparations for the important event. Dinah proudly submitted the invitations which she had written herself for her mistress' inspection:
"Why, Dinah!" exclaimed the lady, taking a slying an envelope deeply bordered with black, "you are not in mourning too much?"
"No, ma'am," replied Dinah, "I would live dey is in mo'nin' what I'm sendin' to you, an' it's up to mettel, 'em see I knows it."