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## A Typographical Error

By Jane Ludlum Lee

"It's no use, Edna, the Lord never meant me to be very happy in this world. I'll have to take what I can get and be thankful."

Edna looked up with a bored expression. "Some people don't deserve even what they get."

The two girls were directly opposite types. Eleanor was tall, graceful, high strung, nervous, full of life and energy. Her most attractive features were her eyes, dark and deep set, with a longing, unsatisfied expression. Edna was a type much less interesting, cold, phlegmatic and near-sighted; a much smaller woman, too, with colorless gray eyes.

On the bed lay lingerie of the most alluring kind, the sort of things that only women can appreciate. Pile upon pile of lacy stuffs were scattered about the room. Negliges so attractive that one could almost wish for an illness as an excuse to wear them. Surrounded by these pretty things that woman love, sat Eleanor Godfrey, who tomorrow would be the bride of Tom Grant.

"There's one thing I can never regret," she said. "I told Tom everything before he took me. It was brutally frank, I admit, to tell your future husband that the best love of your life has been given to another."

"Poor boy," murmured Edna. "Poor boy, indeed. Don't I have to live with him? Don't I have to see him waste his life? And is it nothing that I have to eke out an existence crushing down my sighs, forcing back my tears?"

Walking across the room to where Edna sat, she put her hands on a pair of very unsympathetic shoulders.

"How can you judge? You do not know the case, now listen. Every breath I breathe, every prayer I utter, ever beat of my aching heart is for Jack Winston. I've loved him ever since I was a little girl, but you see I couldn't very well marry him because he never asked me. Then, too, Jack is so poor, and all my life I've been longing for things that Tom Grant's

duckled it at the back until the seam threatened to give way.

"I say, old man," he yelled at the bathroom door, "do you believe in presentiments?"

"Bet I do," screamed the best man.

"Got one now."

"What's that?" shrieked Tom.

A shaggy head appeared at the door and amid the soapuds came this. "I've a presentiment that this is going to be a jolly cold proposition."

"What, my marriage?"

"What a conceited ass you are, Tom. I had reference to my shower."

The door closed just in time to receive a well-aimed boot.

By 11 the men were ready and on their way to the house. As they neared it, Tom became more and more nervous. There seemed to be a weight on his heart that he could not lift. At that moment the best man was hanging out the cab window, cursing the driver for the snail-like pace they were pursuing.

"I say, Cabby, this is a wedding that we are going to, not a funeral. I'll give you an extra half dollar if you hurry."

"An extra half, is it? You talk like a politician. Well, sir, you might corrupt me, but this horse can't be bribed and weddin's or funerals, his gait is all the same. Rest easy while you can, sir—the lady will drive you fast enough once she gets the reins."

The best man was about to rail at the Irish as a nation, when Tom said: "If anything should happen—"

"Jumping Jupiter, Tom, brace up. You look as if you had curvature of the spine. Pull yourself together, will you? Any girl that had such a looking object as you on her calling list would be ostracized by good society and one who would marry you would be declared mentally incompetent."

"All right, I'll pull up, but I've a silly idea that something is going wrong. Jack, old man, I can't do it. I'm in love with Edna Cross and not with Eleanor. I've just begun to realize it."

"You old poncher, then why did you ask Eleanor to marry you, when you knew that I have loved her all my life, and I have been trying to forget her for months? Night after night I went over and sat with Edna, trying to make myself think I was forgetting Eleanor."

"And every night," said Tom, "I went to see Eleanor because you were over at Edna's and I had no right to trespass on your preserves. A nice mess we've made of it. What are we going to do?"

"Do? Why, that's easy enough," assured Jack. "I am going to be the groom and you can just slide back into my boots as best man. We'll blame the whole thing on the printer. Trust me, old man. I said I'd see you through this ordeal, and I'm going to keep my word."

As the cab finally reached the house the men stepped out and were ushered into the room where the minister was waiting for them. No word of explanation was uttered, and the men took their places by the minister, who was to pronounce them man and wife. The wedding march was played and as Eleanor in her gorgeous robes came forth to meet the man of her choice, Jack Winston stepped forth and offered her his arm. Eleanor was speechless, but too happy to resent, and before the gaping crowd the minister tied the knot that made them one "till death do them part."

Then Jack began his explanations: "Simplest thing in the world," he said. "You see, Tom ordered the invitations, and of course the printer took it for granted that it was his wedding—merely a typographical error, nothing more."

Eleanor's mother stepped in at this moment and with a haughty manner inquired:

"Then may I ask why Tom gave the bachelor dinner—why Tom bought the ring?"

"Yes, mother," said Jack, with a very proprietary manner. "You see, I was broke at the time, and Tom, as you all know, is just loaded with money, so I gave him carte blanche to just go ahead as if it was his own wedding and I'd pay him back in good time. You see, I only came into my inheritance yesterday, and that would have been too late to order invitations, give dinners, etc. Anyway, how could you ever think that Tom was going to marry Eleanor? Why, he's engaged to marry Edna, and if you don't believe me, ask them for yourself. I tell you it was a typographical error—nothing more."

The color that suffused Edna's face, and the smile that glorified Jack's verified the statement, and the guests were in a flutter of pleasurable excitement when, in the corner, Jack was shaking Tom by the hand and saying: "Didn't I tell you I'd see you through it, old man?"

Attar of Roses to Be More Costly.

The yield of attar of roses for the Bulgarian district known as the Valley of the Roses, where some 7,000 acres are under cultivation, amounted in 1910 to 5,500 pounds, valued at \$720,242, an average of \$130 a pound, as against 11,000 pounds, valued at \$895,456, an average of \$81 a pound, in 1909. The 1911 crop has suffered from frost and the price of the petals has risen from one and one-half cents to four cents a pound. A rise may consequently be expected in the price of the essence.

Suitably Attired.

Jester—I don't approve of black garments on solemn occasions.

Lester—Not even for an execution.

Jester—No; he should be dressed to kill.



"How can you judge?"

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**PARROT AS GERM CARRIER**  
 Physician Finds the Bird is Subject to Disease Human Beings May Contract.

Better not keep a parrot. A physician has discovered that birds of this species are subject to a disease called psittacose, which is peculiarly contagious, and may easily be contracted by human beings. As a germ carrier, in fact, the parrot is unrivaled.

Now the Office Window is not particularly afraid of germs. They may be quite as bad, quite as dangerous, as they are represented. But what is the use of trying to get away from them? We cannot eat, drink or breathe without taking in germs. We associate with them from morning till night. They are bound to work their will with us anyway—so we may as well ignore them and have as good a time as we can, before they get us.

But the Office Window is perfectly willing to take advantage of the germs as an ally against the parrot. This preposterous bird has nothing to recommend him except his unlikeliness to the bird species. He does not sing, but squawks. He is regarded as worthless unless he can "talk" in a kind of harsh resemblance to human speech. He is neither bird nor human; he is a disorderly episode in creation. He grates on the poetic soul. He is a nuisance.—New York Mail.

Remains of George Whitefield. Rev. Silvester Horne, who desires to have the remains of George Whitefield brought from America and buried in the Chapel in Tottenham Court Road which bears his name, may be known that a portion of those remains has already done a double journey across the Atlantic. Whitefield died of asthma September 29, 1770, when on a preaching tour in America, and was buried, by his own desire, to vault beneath the Presbyterian church at Newburyport. Fourteen years after his death the coffin was opened when the body was found perfect. In 1891 it was opened again, when the flesh was gone, but the gown, cassock and bands remained. Shortly afterward a bone of the right arm was stolen by an admirer and sent to England. Protest was made, and the bone was restored to Newburyport in 1837.—London Chronicle.

Honey Bread. In Europe, where the bread made with honey seems to be much better understood than in the United States, enormous quantities are baked. In our years we seem to be wanting a realization of the value of honey as wholesome and delicious article of food, and also as to its preservative qualities. Cakes and sweetmeats made with sugar corn become hard and crumbly, and to get the good of them must be eaten when fresh; but when they are made up with honey they seem to retain their moist freshness indefinitely. In France honey bread a year or eighteen months old is preferred to that just made. They say "it has ripened." It is the preservative, or rather the unchanging quality of honey that makes it so popular with the best confectioners.—Christian Herald.

Exact Definition. A gentleman is a man who gets his hair cut on Saturday night.—Topeka Capital.

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