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## Nancy Ann, Matchmaker

By Susanne Glenn

The colt tossed her head impatiently as her driver suddenly drew rein. "Want a ride, Nan?" called the young fellow to the girl on the cool porch. "You'll have to hurry; she won't stand."

"Nan, Nan," called her mother frantically from the door, "do not ride after that colt. You will all be killed!" But the girl sprang lightly into the low buggy, not waiting to be assisted, and with a wave of her hand, was disappearing down the shady country road.

"Isn't she a darling?" cried Nan eagerly. "Such lines, such a coat, such color. Isn't this a great deal of style for a poor young country doctor who isn't sure of even his office rent? Do not try to make me believe you have taken her for debt!"

Young Dr. Grey laughed happily. "No, my dear, I did not take her on a debt—although I did get her for a song. She has been mismanaged. She has a trifling fault that is sometimes designated by the term 'balky.' But it is an ugly word, and I refuse to use it in connection with such a perfect animal."

"But a balky horse—for a doctor! Fred, you might better not have sung."

"Wait and see, Miss Doubtful. She is young. She may get over her fault with good handling. And if she does, there isn't a horse in this town that can come up with her. Want to see her go?"

"Oh, yes!" said Nan, shivering pleasantly.

There was a fine straight stretch of smooth road ahead. The slender bay horse seemed not to touch her feet to earth.

"Isn't that going some?" asked the young man complacently as he drew her to a walk.

"Isn't it worth something to have a horse like that when some one has taken the wrong medicine, or some other accident has occurred?"

"Indeed yes—if she happens to be in good humor."

"At least she has been nothing but pleasant since I have had her. And even if she refuses to go some day, she will be very attractive to look upon while I wait."

Nan laughed derisively. "Still, I do not know that I can blame you," she



"Want to see her go?"

admitted presently. "I'm in love with her myself. What is her name?"

"Nancy Ann, to be sure."

"What?" cried Nan so sharply that her namesake flung up her head nervously.

"Of course I named her for my girl," declared Grey stoutly.

"But you know I hate my name at its best—and Nancy Ann! I will not have it!" she cried stormily. "Everyone will make fun."

"I love your name, Nan, dear. And," he added with a smile, "I think it especially appropriate to name her for you. She certainly is as beautiful as the name deserves after your bearing it. And I'm not sure she doesn't exhibit some similarity of character."

Nan sat in displeased silence.

"She has learned her name, too; I certainly cannot change it now, dear."

"You will change it if you care for me," declared the girl.

"That is the very reason why I cannot, Nan. Be reasonable, darling."

Again there was no sound but the light tap of Nancy Ann's hoofs upon the soft road.

When Dr. Grey held out his hand in farewell at her gate, the girl pressed her ring into his palm.

"You surely do not mean this?" he asked gravely.

"Since my desires have no weight with you, I certainly do mean it!" she flashed as she darted into the house.

Fred Grey drove away alone. "Dear little girl," he said as he placed the ring in his pocket. "They are a good deal alike, for a fact."

The weeks that followed were long ones to Nan Thompson.

Dr. Grey drove his new horse daily, attended his few patients, and was studiously polite to Nan when chance threw them together.

"He doesn't care; he doesn't care," she thought over and over. "I shall not care either!"

The few attempts he made to call upon her were unsuccessful.

"Certainly I will ride home with Dr. Grey rather than put you to the trouble of taking me," declared Nan one evening after she had spent the day at her uncle's farm.

Fred Grey with his light-stepping Nancy Ann had very opportunely driv-

"Scoundrel, let us pass!" he shouted, urging his horse forward.

His rein was seized, his horse turned and given a slap that sent it trotting down hill, and then the man with the big black eyes raised his hat again and quietly said:

"Take the other road, please."

Miss Dorris gave him one awful look, gritted her teeth and retreated. She was defeated, but only for the time. The man's scalp should dangle at her belt ere many more suns had risen. Mr. Percy was waiting at the foot of the hill, and as the girl reached him he began:

"I say, now—"

"Say nothing," she snapped.

"But, you know—"

"I know you went off as mild as a lamb, and I shan't need your protection on any future occasions!"

Mr. Percy's ancestors had been weighed in the balance and found 14 ounces to the pound. The ride was cut short, and Miss Dorris sat down in her shady bower to think of the man who had turned her back. Oh, how she hated him! Did she? Well, he had made her obey him, but he had nice eyes. He had been firm, but he was almost handsome. The same voice that had commanded also struck her ears pleasantly. He wasn't so bad after all, but he had bossed when he might have coaxed. That man must be taught a lesson.

Miss Dorris said nothing to her father or mother, or to the cook or gardener. She didn't even record it in her diary that she had determined to do a desperate thing on the morrow. At ten o'clock in the forenoon she mounted her horse and cantered away for Bull Hill. Same signs of "Dangerous! Blasting!" The same laborers at the first turn sought to turn her back. She gave them a look of scorn and passed on, but she heard them shouting after her. There was no one at the second turn, but as she drew rein a man came running down the hill, waving his cap and shouting.

It was the man of the big black eyes and the firm mouth. He intended to head her off again. The light of battle shone in the girl's eyes.

"For heaven's sake, ride for your life!" shouted the man.

Miss Dorris didn't make a move.

"There's a blast to be fired right where you are!"

Still no move.

The man reached her, dragged her from her horse, and though she fought and struggled he carried her 50 feet up the hill. Then came a blast that tore a thousand cart-loads of rocks and dirt loose. For three minutes the sky seemed to rain missiles and was darkened with smoke, and girl had been thrown down by the concussion. He was the first up, and as he extended his hand to help her he said:

"I trust you are not hurt yourself, but look down there!"

"My horse?"

"Blown to fragments!"

"And I—"

"You would have been. I even think you ought to have got a broken arm for your obstinacy!"

"Sir!"

"If you were three or four years younger I'd say you ought to have your ears boxed."

"Sir, don't talk to me like that. Oh, you are bleeding! Your head is cut open! You—you—"

They sat down on a rock—he because of a faintness—she because she wanted to weep. She did weep. She said she was a perverse, obstinate girl. She said she ought to have been hurt, too. She said—and he said—and the trembling man that came down the hill to look for the remains of Bently Davis, engineer, found the two holding hands. Only the other day the father said to the mother:

"Well, I'm amazed! at the way Dorris is getting over her pig-headedness. Do you think that she and Mr. Davis—"

"Jacob, attend to your pipe and newspaper!" chided the wife.

"Running Amuck."

The expression "run amuck" is the Anglicized form of a term used in some parts of the orient to describe a form of homicidal mania, accompanied by a frenzied plunge in any and every direction. In the countries where the malady originated the word applied to it was "amok." The corrupted form of it is now applied in a score of ways—without much warrant.

In Malacca, Siam, Java, and adjacent regions the mental state which causes amok is well defined and much dreaded. It is attributed almost invariably to excessive drinking of stimulants. The victim first turns morose, generally remaining in this state for several days. Then he is suddenly seized with the mania for slaughter and starts on his mad run with the first weapon he can reach.

Extra precautions against these mad ravages are taken in some of the more civilized places, especially Batavia. There the police are armed with what is called a catch-fork. The instant the victim of amok starts on his mad dash he finds himself hooked by the minion of the law and held firmly the length of this odd human spear. He can harm himself, but that is the limit of his insane power.

**Confused Anatomy.**

The elephant never fails to excite wonder in the person who beholds him for the first time. A writer in the Christian Register quotes the remark of a small boy who was visiting a menagerie. "O papa," he exclaimed, as they passed before the elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail!"

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