When Fate Relented

By Ellen Heney

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"Oh, it's a sweet little room," said Miss Stiles ironically.

Her gaze roamed pensively over the tittle hall room she dwelt in, from the plump divan cushions to the book your slate and left pink, mint hearts shelf above her cretonne-concealed washstand. A trunk bumped on the tanding outside her door and then proceeded with a series of smaller bumps up the stairs and landed with a final way home-all whirling hands and of over 297,000 square miles, or some crash overhead.

ered up, to die instantly. "But of school!" His eyes were shining decourse no one worth while would come | lightedly, and Miss Stiles sobered sudhere to live," she mumbled scornfully. denly. Bitter distaste of her surroundings, of arose within her and jogged her momentarily out of the rut of dogged vironment that she had forced berself

"I hate 'em," thumping ber head into the pillows viciously. "I hate told?" he asked. everybody." Rising, she faced herself accusingly in the wavy-surfaced mirror. "I hate myself, too. I'm even beginning to crook my little fingers like them-they'll be calling me genteel next. Ugh, I'd rather be bad-downright horrid-than genteel, with a cot. dare." ton wool brain and a sawdust heart."

A soft wind stirred the ruffled curtain and whisked her hair, and, turning, she thrust ber head out into the

"Pooh, Sally girl, but you've got the blues," she informed herself, sniffing the crisp air eagerly.

With the stirring of spring sap comes an eagerness in the blood mayhap, but it's the fall for the recklessness and zest of adventure, with its insistent warning whisper of departing days, its urge to make haste, that opens one's eyes to fleeting youth, its fanning breath charged with the last faint scents of summer sweetness. And it moved unwontedly in Sarah Styles's heart as she sniffed the keen mir and softened the repression of her

"Gird up your loins and put on your tan pumps, Sarah, and fare thee



forth," she murmured, "and perhaps adventure will hit you on the shoulthe fall air is glorious."

From the woods came the tingfing scent of autumn leaves and breathlessly through a tiny crack. oun-warmed mosses and cool-shaded depths. A woodpecker accentuated hands deep in his pockets—the very the silence in sharply tapped meas whistling man into whose arms she ures and a squirrel darted across the sun-flerked road

the fence she was perched on and in the crash of a trunk had driven her to uncontrollable abandon threw back despair that same day. She buried her head, pursed her lips and poured her head in the cushions, laughing forth a lilting, whistling refrain of her hysterically. Then arising, she surlong ago school days.

Faintly floating from the distance mirror. another whistle chimed in, and she "What a dear, sweet, lovely old saused, the edges of her soul shell thing fate is," she murmured. drawing together instinctively, but a smile lingered on her lips. Plaintivety rising and falling, the notes came Creep into thy narrow bed, nearer. Softly the girl crept to the Vacu thy onset! All stand fast fringe of bushes overhanging the road Thou thy bush must break at last and watched the whistler swinging along, his head tilted back, his hands Let the long contention ceas buried in his pockets.

"I wonder," she whispered nervous. Thou art tired; best be still. ly, "If I dare-um. He looks-erintelligent-and nice. I believe I will." They outtalked thee, hiss'd thee, to Her sweet, shrill whistle joined his:
breathlessly she peered out, when
suddenly the earth crumbled beneath
Hotly charged—and sank at last. her feet and laughing, hair-blown, Charge once more, then, and be dumb!

While she put straight her hat and sucked in stray hairpins he picked up the scattered crimson leaf clusters the Bible by hearing some infidel talk and presented them to her.

The Artist's Compensation.

Save in a few business concerns. great concerns, Harrod's, the army and navy stores and the like, what a strange welter is in our whole sys. The doctor mauls our bodies, the partem of payment for work-more espectally in the higher branches of work! Art and literary work are terrible examples of this confusion and want of science, writes a pessimist in the London Saturday Review. The payments to many of the best workers in those harren fields are so had that a man is quite sanguine if he sees not at the end of his career the madbouse or the pauper's grave.

If he paint without genius, a paint- be two or three little bald spots on the er may, by attracting an ignorant pub crown of my head, away back. Are He make himself secure. If he write they there yet?" Barber-"No, sir; atthout individuality or real force, the it ain't so bad as all that. Where those writer may likewise make himself se spots used to be, sir, there's only one cure by driving hard bargains with now." those who buy and sell his wares. But for the most part good work in e branches is the work of sensitire men, who are still children in noney matters and who shrink from game than art or letters.

"Did you learn 'The Farmer Boy' lu a little red school house, too?" he wondered, and at the honest wistfulness in his voice the last remnant of

Sally's caution melted. "Foolish, reckless, horrid." The world's thousand voices crooned it warningly in her ear, but she smiled

back into the boyish eyes. "It was a gray stone school house with a boys' yard and a girls' yard, and a pump in front where we all waited our turn for the tin dipper." "But there was a boy who cleaned

on your desk" "Engraved 'I love you," she assented. "And was there a girl you made cart wheels in front of all the

legs?" "Gee, I wished you'd gone to my Wales, neither Poor Richard nor any

"But we're grown-ups now," she her daily grind, of her colorless days sighed. "Only sometimes we forget." "Wouldn't it be great to slide back to those kid days, when everything cheerfulness and acceptance of en- was what it seemed, when we cried when we were hurt and laughed when we were glad, and believed in every. body we knew and everything we were

> "Now I smile when I'm hurt and cry when I'm clad" she said

"Well?" he challenged, his hands still thrust deep in his pocket and his eyes dancing eagerly. "You don't look like a girl who would take a

"I'm no 'fraid-cat," she boasted. "I know where there's a birch." The laugh in her eyes flickered anxiously. "Ob-o!"

Her little squeal of delight was genuine. "And we might find some wintergreens. Tough, old ones, you know, with red berries. Oh, it's fine to be a

"Yuh betchyu. Tain't no fair to talk like grown-ups, though," he protested.

To think there was a man like this in that grubbing city beyond! Her eyes were as childish and blue as the autumn sky as she protested. "I'll beat you to that sumac, there,

little boy," pointing with outstretched finger. "One, two, three, ready-go."

With that mad scamper, Sarah Stiles began an afternoon of unalloyed, foolish fun that never flagged until she was homeward bound, loaded with the gorgeous foliage of the autumn woods. They paused at a bend in the road. where cottages below were glimpsed through the leaves and a sky of molten gold poured itself into a glittering river. The laughter curves fell away from Miss Stiles's lips in a tired, satis-

"But it must be good-by," she was insisting, "Miracles cannot bear repetition. It's a rainbow afternoon for memory-let's not touch it with the stupid finger of reality and shatter it. boy. Besides, if fate is eager and

"You're a silly, little girl," said the man softly. "You're cruel, too. Haven't we grown up together?"

noon," she pointed out. "But, don't more. you understand? I can't be the little girl any more. Any way, I'm know-it wouldn't last."

the wayside bushes.

ers, you poor, lonesome thing, and in- tained door she saw him coming. for they added only a wee mite to our railroad freight was not known. Postroduce you to an affinity. Any way, fumbling a bunch of keys in his hand. With a smothered cry, she fled up to her own room and waited, peering with its 3,600, and little Guam with were carried by the coastwise vessels

It was the same gray figure, with had almost fallen two hours before. His heavy tread mounted slowly and Miss Stiles kicked her beels against | counded in the room overhead, where veyed her radiant face in the tiny

The Last Word

Grese are swans and swans are geen Let them have it how they will!

clutching the willowy suplings in her path, she descended into the very When the forts of July fall.

Find thy body by the wall: -Matthew Arnold

Many-a man has become a lover of

Doctors, Parsons, Lawyers. For according to our old saying its

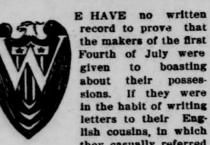
three learned professions live by roguery on the three parts of a man. son starves our souls; but the lawyer must be the adroitest knave, for he has to ensuare our minds. Therefore he takes a careful delight to covering his traps and engines with a spread of dead-leaf words. Whereof himself knows little more than half the way to spell them .-- Blackmore, "Lorny

A Merger. Regular Customer-There used to

Doone."

Little Charles, aged four, is very fond of chicken, and when he saw the

Since the First Fourth



of the other dear old chroniclers

about their possessions. If they were in the habit of writing letters to their English cousins, in which they casually referred to the fact that they owned a territory five times as large as all England and

made note of the fact. But inasmuch as the colonists felt big enough and strong enough and rich enough to pitch into Great Britain, and, not only did pitch into her, but beat her after a fair fight, it would look to an unblased person today as if the forefathers of the firecrackers had a pretty good opinion of themselves and of what they had in hand. It is quite likely that after the unpleasantness known as the Revolution, when the country was striding ahead with its commerce, was selling its cotton and its tobacco to every one

that wore clothes or used the weed,

they felt they had more reason to pat

themselves on the back for the mar-

velous growth they showed before the

eighteenth century was done. But just supposing one of the framers of the Declaration could read over a few statistics and observe a few events that that are at hand today! country-his country-has increased known as the "per capita wealth." for the market last year \$4,525,259,000. more than ten times in area, more According to the bureau of statis- Half a century ago, when the statis-

dreamed that in 1803, or less than 30 jumped to \$10.91.

"I can't lure you any more," he said fragment of the continent. The Gads- go celebrate. lost them

> informed that the Samoan "Islands" them. tions. A few thousand tons of coal was \$224,294; last year it was \$12,391. stored at any one of those places may 777. at some time in the future save the American battleship fleet and give it the power to overcome a foe in the far east. Thus, all told, when you add uncle he enjoyed since 1776 we get the tidy showing of 2,936,731 square

miles This new territory cost the United States treasury exactly \$87,039,768, or about \$30 a square mile. Add what we've tought to what we had during the Revolution, and you get a total of a little more than 3,000,000 square

miles of territory. The government figure experts, who ought to be the best on earth, for they get more pay than any other statisticlans on the globe, calculate that the come to the conclusion, after going over acres and acres of numerals that bureau of statistics. If every one bales.

STATISTICS POPULATION INCREAS THIRTY TIMES If you told him that since his day the be worth is the estimation of what is Of farm animals there were produced

than 30 times in population, and more tics' reckoning, you and I are worth ticians first began to busy themselves than a thousand times in wealth, how a good deal more than we were in the about such things, the record was would be take the news? Would be days when the country was young. In \$544,180,000, showing that the farmer still assert, as some of our friends 1800, or at the time when they have has been doing his duty by his counamong the oldest inhabitants are the first record of per capita wealth, try and his family as well as by the prone to do, that the "good old days the citizens of the United States were manufacturer, the miner, and the railwere best," or would he not be more only worth \$5 apiece. The gain in per road man. likely to sally forth in search of the capita wealth has not always been. The postoffice has grown from an inbeadle and make a peremptory de- steady during the decades. Certain stitution with 903 branches in 1800 to mand for your incarceration as a dan- census years showed us poorer than nearly 70,000 today. during the previous ten years, but The salaries paid public school

years after his ink dried upon that In the middle of the century we had These figures, while eloquent, give historic document, the United States advanced to \$12.02 apiece, and from but a faint idea of what has hapwould acquire a territory of 875,000 that time on there were no more bar- pened in our material welfare departsquare miles, or nearly three times the gain drops or reductions whatever. But ment within the space of 134 Fourths size of all the 13 original states put while we are talking of what we are of July. With airships floating, or together. But that was what we got worth per capita, it might not be about to float, above the cities; with when we bought Louisiana for \$15,000. amiss to mention the fact that every messages to Mars almost released and 600. In 1819, when we took in Florida, one of us here in the United States answered, with radium ready to revowe added more than 70,000 square has also a debt per capita. In 1800 lutionize the scientific world-why is miles to our area; in 1845 we took in the per capita debt was \$15.63, or it not fair to presume that before 134 Texas with its vast domain of 389,000 more than three times as much as the more anniversaries occur the United square miles; and within three years wealth per capita. Now, thank good- States will show even more marvelous thereafter had absorbed Oregon and ness and the statisticians, we seem to progress in the world of nations? the Mexican concession, adding in be well out of the financial woods, for Very improperly—in one after round numbers 800,000 square miles each and all of us has a per capita debt of only \$10.76, or considerably Every once in a little while Uncle less than one-third of what we own.

Sam seemed to grow territorially hun. With a showing like that we may be from their high estate and Sam seemed to grow territorially hun. With a showing like that we may be banned in the best society, at any gry, and would lunch off a promising pardoned if we take the day off and rate in Maylair and Belgravia. Of

ruefully. "But I am sorry. Here," he den purchase of 36,000 square miles The biggest figures that the governdrew out a card and rapidly wrote a was made in 1853; Alaska was bought ment has compiled this year are probline upon it. "At least, you'll take for \$7,200,000 in 1867, adding nearly ably found in the freight records. this. And if you relent—I'll be wait- 600,000 square miles to our map, and They are so colossal that they really the word "lady" has become almost a in 1897 we took in the Hawaiian is- mean nothing to any one outside of Running lightly, she started down lands to prove that we were not dis- the railroad business, and perhaps not the road. Then she looked back and criminating against the Pacific ocean so very much to the railway expert while he watched with a wistfully re- in the matter of our favor. Then all except by way of comparison. Last gretful smile, she tossed the card into in a bunch, during the days of 1898 year the railroads hauled 236,601,390,and 1899 we took in Porto Rico, Guam 103 tons of freight one mile. We can-She had paused a scant moment in and the Philippines, and a few of the not easily compare that showing with the boarding house hall to survey her Samoan islands. The Sandwich is the amount of freight hauled during tumbled hair when through the curlands were scarcely worth mentioning colonial days, for during colonial days real estate holdings-6.740 square sibly there were figures compiled mfles to be exact—and Porto Rico showing how many pounds of freight tives;" and the most venerable of its 175 might be left out altogether or the ships that piled between Amerand we'd hardly notice that we had ican and English, Dutch, French, and Portuguese ports. If these figures The Philippines totaled about 143, were prepared, however, they have 006 square miles, and you'll hardly be been lost in the dust of time and the able to suppress a smile when you are world has been too busy to bunt for

that we took over in 1899 had the In the year 1800 the United States enormous area of 73 square miles. But coined all of \$317,600 worth of gold even at that there's plenty of room That was going quite a bit, one must upon those little ocean dots for ca- acknowledge. Last year we converted ble houses, dry docks and coaling sta- \$131,658,632; the silver coinage record

More than \$96,000,000 worth of gold was taken from our territory last year. In 1810 when the gold mining up the various breakfasts, luncheons, tion was \$2,463, and even that amount business was in its cradle, the producand dinners of new land that our is not vouched for as absolutely ac-

> the entire country was estimated at thirteen feet seven inches tall-not 20,000 tons; last year it was about 16, quite four inches shorter than Og. king 000,000

be 359 newspapers in the country, as compared with 21,320 at the present time. The records do not attempt to tell what kind of newspapers the editors printed 100 years ago, nor do they give any sworn statements of circula-

what every one in a country ought to of the stock products of the country, dining."

Surely if truth is stranger than fic- most of the time we have been getting teachers have increased from \$37,000, tion figures are scranger still when along nicely, thank you. In 1810 we 000 in 1870, to \$197,000,000 this year, measuring the vast strides that our were worth \$7.59 a head, 1820 had fall- and the number of telegrams sent over country has taken since the Fourth of en to \$6.94; in 1830 we were even a the wires has jumped from 9,000,000 July 1776. What one of the signers little poorer at \$6.79, but in 1840 had 40 years ago to 90,000,000, or thereabouts, this year.

Words That Are Out of Style. Most old English words have fallen

these is the Saxon word "lady," which we are told is derived from "loafterm of reproach. A young single woman is a girl-pronounced "gyirl" -as the name "young lady" is reserved for barmaids, shop hands and telephone operators.

Then the word "dress" used to de scribe the outer garment of our mothers and grandmothers, but "gowns" and "frocks" are worn by women of the twentieth century. Also we may rooster must be called a "chicken," as the word "fowl" has sunk almost to the level of low language.-Queen.

People of Other Planets.

Calculations as to the size required for human beings on the other planets vary widely according to the basis of reckoning. According to those based upon the attraction of gravity, Jupiter should be peopled by pygmies of 28 inches. Wolfius, on the other hand, argued that Goliath himself would be accounted decidedly undersized upon that planet. He worked from the feebleness of the sun's light there, which would demand that the pupil of the eye should be much more dilatable. Since the pupil stands in constant proportion to the ball of the eye. and that to the entire body, said Wolflus, a little calculation shows In 1820 the pig iron production of that an average Jovian must be nearly of Bashan, according to the measure In the year 1810 there were said to of his bedstead given in Deuteronomy.

Male Fashions in 1850.

Male fashions of 60 years ago had other discomforts besides long hair. Trousers were tight and buttoned under the foot with broad straps. Every man who aspired to be well dressed total wealth of the United States tototal wealth of the United State it. This fashion was so prevalent The navy expended \$3,448,000 in that, according to Sir Algernon West, every man, woman and child in the 1800, as compared with \$118,000,000 last "every hat had a crescent of cloth United States has \$34.72. If you have year, while the pension roll of the two on the back of the brim to prevent not as much as that you should go to years was \$64.131 and \$153.892.467. the rubbing of the beaver, or imita-Washington and demand the difference Cotton consumed in 1800 amounted tion beaver, of which the hat was from Maj. O. P. Austin, chief of the to 18,829 bales; now we use 4,500,000 made, for silk hats were not then invented." And from the same authorwho has more than \$34.72 should go We are consuming more than 6,000,- ity we learn that "opera hats were to Major Austin and "whack up" with 000,000 pounds of sugar a year just unknown, and in the evening a foldhim to the extent of every penny they now; in 1860, the first recorded year, ing chapeau bras was always carried have above that sum, he could make the consumption for the 12 months under the arm. Nobody but an an exact distribution of our national was 631,000,000 pounds. Almost equal- apothecary or a solicitor would have wealth and everybody might be satis- ly enormous and unfathomable figures dreamed of leaving his hat in the hall fied—for a minute. The calculation of are produced to show the annual value of the house where he was calling or

adian Pacific Railway company, and and it leaves France with \$730,000,000 If your debtor will not see you by the party of two hundred settlers who accompanied them. All these come of \$600,000,000 from foreign tour. Hope that creditors and debtors were people of substance with an av. ists, the United States pays out at Will do nothing that is rash. were people of substance with an average capital of \$1,000. This month

Marjorie and the Moon

By Edith S. Speed

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press "It is no use asking mother. She will not give her consent," whispered Marjorie as they stood together in the summer house. "She insists that I wait at least eight years before I

marry." Philip Drayton smiled down at her arnest little face.

"But your mother was only twenty when she was married." he said. "Yes, I know, Phil; but she says ! am too young."

"Then we shall have to elope." "Elope! Mother would never for-

give me." "Oh, yes she would; she would be soon make up. I can't wait eight years for a home and you, Marjorie," he thing will be all right."

"But, Phil, is there no other way?" "I am afraid not." he answered. "I will have my boat at the landing to young man's stern face. morrow night and we will cross the ister will marry us."

The moonlight shining through the | Phil had finished he said: vines brought out the gold lights in the girl's pretty hair. On the hand that lay in Phil's sparkled a little ring.

He reverently kissed her. "I wish your mother could attend your wedding," he continued after a silence, "but she will not consent, and

eight years is too long to wait." All the next day Marjorie Brant sang as she worked. Upstairs, on her bed, lay the white dress and white hat. In the closet was the suit case with her dainty belongings, packed for the first time without her mother's supervision. Now and then she ran up and tried on the hat, laughing at herself in the mirror and picturing Phil's face when he should see her.

"If you are going upstairs again." her mother called from the kitchen, "will you close the windows? There



is a cloud in the west, which means

But Marjorie, excitedly combing out her curls in preparation for the wedding coiffure, forgot the injunction until the flapping of the curtains brought her out of her dreams.

"Did you shut the windows?" her mother called to her.

"No, but I will," answered the girl. Marjorie could hear the roar of the wind and the lashing of the waves, and knew that they could not cross the bay that night. She slowly continued her dressing, wondering how they would get to Willow Point. She helped her mother with dinner,

but ate little.

"Don't you feel well?" asked her father. "I am all right, but I

hungry," she replied. Mariorie was to meet Phil at eight o'clock. At 7:30 she went upstairs. In the darkness she pressed her face against the window. She could see nothing; the moon was hidden behind the clouds.

Wrappings a shawl about her, she stealthily descended the stairs and went out by the side door. Her light figure bent to the wind as she sped down the path.

"Phil," she called softly. Then she felt his arms about her. Where is your hat?" he asked. "We can't go in a boat; so we will drive. I have brought blankets; you won't be cold "

Marjorie slipped out of his arms. "I haven't any bag. I am not going. "Not going!" be exclaimed. "Why

Why France Is Rich. Paris is the mecca of foreigners.

They come from all parts of the world to enjoy life in the great metropolis; and the yearly income from this source alone approximates \$600, and it leaved to Magazine. earnings of French capitalists on their investments in the securities and properties of other countries amount to fully \$250,000,000 yearly. On the Issue then an exhortation other side of the account is an adverse balance of trade, which in 1907 amounted to \$120,000,000. Deduct this Any war between the sexes outgo from her income of \$850,000,000 to the good. Instead of getting an inists, the United States pays out at least \$150,000,000 for the expenses of American tourists abroad. Again, in-stead of drawing \$250,000,000 yearly stead of drawing this country.

And there may not be a class was From the private episode.

-McLandburghe Wilson, in New York pays out \$300,000,000 to foreign investors in our securities and properties. A third factor is the army of aliens who flock here from all parts find that I'm forgotten by all of the world to hoard up money which friends." Will-"Why didn't you borthey take back to their own countries; this drain costs us \$300,000,000 left?"

ents who have been so kind; so [came out to tell you. Oh, Phil," she sobbed. "I don't know what to do." "My poor little girl," he said. "[don't believe I should run away with you. I am going into the house to ask your father and mother to let me marry you."

"Oh, I couldn't go on such a night

"What has the weather to do with

"Yes," she whispered, then faltering.

ly continued. "It was all going to be

so beautiful, the moonlight and the

water-and now there isn't any moon.

When it grew so dark and windy, I

felt that even the elements were

against us and I was not doing the

right thing-running away from par-

Who ever heard of running away and

our happiness?" he asked gently.

getting married on a dark night?"

"Don't you love me, Marjorie?"

"Phil." "I can't go home without knowing something certain. Come."

As the two young people entered the angry for a little while; but would sitting room Marjorie's father and mother stared at them in astonishment. The girl, cold and wind blown, pleaded. "Leave it to me and every- slipped into a chair. Phil walked up to the table.

"Sit down, won't you?" asked Mr. Brant, hesitating, as he looked at the

"No," said Phil, "I'll stand. Marbay to Willow Point, where the min- jorie and I were going to run away." "Run away!" exclaimed Mrs. Brant "Oh, won't it be romantic!" said and her husband's fist came down on Marjorie. "It will be moonlight and I the table heavily. But as Phil told of will wear my white dress and my his love, the older man gazed at him white hat with the pink roses that you intently, visions of his own youth and courtship stirring him deeply. When

> "I understand that if it had not been windy tonight and Marjorie had not thought it was wrong you would have run away?"

"I think so." "And what then?"

The young man's gaze met that of the older man's squarely. "I should have taken care of her

and kept her safe. I love her." He was very earnest. The father seemed stirred by his uprightness and he turned to his wife. mother?"

"It is out of the question," she flared. "Marjorie is only twenty. I shall not let her get married for eight vears." "Oh, mother!"

"Yes, and by then, Marjorle, you will know your own mind." "I do know it," pleaded the girl.

"You were married when you were

twenty." "Yes; but I was older. You are only a child. Now you run up to your room." With a despairing glance at Phil,

who stood looking stern and determined, she left the room. Her mother turned to the young man. "I thought when I consented to the engagement that you would be satis-

fied. Now you are trying to coax the child to run away."

"I might have taken her," was Phil's answer. The father, noting the set mouth of the young man, perceived the neces-

sity of a compromise. "Perhaps we had better talk it over, mother," he said.
"No," was the firm response. "I shall not let Marjorie marry until she is twenty-eight. That is young

enough." "But we were married when we were young and have been happy." "What we did has nothing to do with Marjorie. It is no good your ta-

king their part; I shall not give my Her husband saw that it was useless to argue, and held out his hand

to Phil. "I guess we shall have to do what mother thinks best. After all, she is right."

He accompanied Phil to the door. The wind had abated and through the scurry of clouds the moon shone brightly. The young man stood looking at it for a moment then stiffly said: "Good-by," and went down the path. The horse's hoofs had died away in the distance when the father returned to the sitting room.

As Phil drove slowly homeward, he moodily gazed out upon the night. The vagrant wind caressed his cheek and the salt air filled his nostrils.

Suddenly his horse reared and came to a sudden stop. "Marjorie!" he exclaimed as the girl stepped to the side of the car-

riage. She laughed nervously, as she climbed in beside him. "Quick!" she urged. "Here is my bag. They are arguing in the sitting room. I took the short cut across the

am gone for awhile, and, ch, Phil, I climbed down the grape arbor!" He urged the horse to a run with one hand while with the other be

lots. They will not discover that I

tucked the blanket around her. "I can't believe it!" he said as she nestled close to him. "I can't believe that you are really here."

"Well," said the girl, "father was almost ready to give in and mother will soon make up, she always does, and I wasn't going to wait until I was twenty-eight to get married, Phil-especially after I looked out of my window and saw that glorious moon-our moon."

more. Add \$100,000,000 more which we pay for ocean freights in foreign vessels and the yearly outgo is \$850.-000,000. Deduct out yearly income of \$500,000,000 for favorable trade balance, and it leaves a yearly deficit of

Following Illustrious Example. If your best girl will not see you When you wish to make a call, Say you trust there won't be And you deprecate with care

Trumpet to the earth's four corner That you pray no ill may bode

For Remembrance Bill-"Since I have come back I row money from them before you

tide of emigration westward from will follow during the summer. Great Britain is not the quantity, but

Englishmen Go To Canada

Dominion Receiving Thousands of and the prospects are that this num-Good Citizens From Mether Country-Worries Economists.

London.-The steady flow of emigrants from England to Canada is becoming a source of worry to English

ber will be exceeded next month. The surprising feature of this great a similar party will leave, and others the quality of the emigrants.

This aspect of the new emigration | What an ornament and safeguard is economists. During the present month from the shores of Great Britain was humor! Far better than wit for a matters and who shrink from chicken pie brought in for dinner more than thirty thousand persons strikingly illustrated by the 19 fampoet and writer. It is a genius itself, said: "Please, papa, I want some business makes a much better chicken, but not any of the coop."— ports to make their homes in Canada, the "ready-made farms" of the Can-Walter Scott.

How the ants know we have no idea, be provided with broadtread casters. | the belief. He was found tending his | irom and