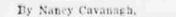
THE RED CLOUD CHIEF, FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1896.

MR. ROYDON'S BRIDE



thould

DE.



How did it all happen? That's an easy question to

usk, but a hard one to answer. People always used to ray, from my picture, and now, if Roy will fall in girlhood up, that Penny Lilhaven was love with her, I can be just as happy in born to be an old maid. I wasn't a their happiness as if it had come to me pretty child. My eyes were too big, and my hair grew too low on my forehead, and there was a sallow look about my skin. And then I had a way all the beauty and sweetness of a of always putting things away and tidying up rooms after other people. felt the bitterness of being an oid and my trunks and hureau drawers were neat as wax, and I couldn't bear to hight, when Roydon had gone to the see anything in the way of carelessness or disorder; so the people would the pillow at my side, and the scent of look at me and laugh, and say:

"Oh, she'll be an old maid, as sure as fate."

I used to cry sometimes to myself, all about it; but no one else knew how I cuses to leave him with Edith, while I felt about the matter. Roydon Grey was the most merciless tease of them all. I was always afraid of him when out of the meshes of my funcy knitting. we went to Sunday school together, for he used to hide behind the doors and pounce out at me, and throw stones at my pet kitten, and call me names, and Roy thought I looked lonely with my twit me with my pug nose and big work in the hall, eyes. My unlucky name, too, was a source of aggravation on his part.

"You'll be an old maid, Pen," he would say. "Nobody with such a name his confidante flitted across my mind. as Penelope ever got married."

I hated Roy Grey, and yet there was something about the boy I couldn't help liking, after all. I could not forget my window, and I heard him say, the first day I sat up in a big easy chair:

"Well, I'm not sorry that Pen is better. She's a queer little concern, but I busy as bees. should have missed her if she had died."

I was just fifteen when he went away to Venezuela, and he told nie the night before he sailed, that "he did think I was the queerest girl of my age he had seen-in fact, nothing less than a particularly courteous criticism.

"I am glad you are going away," I cried, imnetuously.

"So am I," said Roy, indifferently, "There are monkeys there, and I dare yours."

little we fancied then that it would be ranged as I knew Edith would like it. twenty years before we saw each other

country, and came back to onjoy it among his friends. Ah! to thick that there were so few left! Of course we

had a great deal to say to one another, CAN'T REALIZE and a thousand and one questions to it! And, what's ask; and, as I don't claim to have anymore, I don't think thing of the saint in my composition, I I ever shall. If it don't deny that it did make me feel wasn't for the ring just a little hard when I saw him sit on the third finger down by Edith Lonsdale and talk to of my left hand, I her, and look into her honest blue eyes. certainly before I had half told him what had think I had been happened in the village during the asleep and dream- dreary years of his absence. But the feeling didn't last long.

"It's natural enough, I'm sure," I reasoned with myself, "and only what I ought to expect. She is as pretty as a

the blessing of a good man's love." So I persuaded myself; yet it was a little hard to feel myself shut out from woman's natural lot. I think I never maid quite as acutely as I did that village inn, and Edith lay sleeping on the honeysuckles came wafting in at every stir of the dewy night breeze. Well, he came often to our house, and I used to make all sorts of little exwent up stairs to sit by myself and weave little threads of romance in and One day Roydon Grey came to me, for young Burnham had called, and was chatting with Edith, and I dare say

"Pen," said he, "what do you think I

am going to do?" A dim idea he was going to make me

"I don't know," I shid, smiling. 'What is it, Roy?'

"I'm going to refurnish the old house. It looks dim and dusky and old-fashthat when I had the scarlet fever, and loned now; and I want it to be fresh get fourteen toxes, worth at the most lay at death's door. Roydon sat under | and sunny and winsome. Will you help | \$28, but they smiled at it and thought me with your advice and counsel?" Of course 1 promised; and for the next two or three weeks we were as

"We mustn't let her know what we

are about," he said that night, with a motion of his head toward Edith. "Oh, no, to be sure not," I answered:

'it would spoil the surprise." How pretty we did make the old place! Every room was like a casket fright!" I burst out crying at the not ready to receive a jewel; the bright carpets glowed in bouquets and mosses and trailing arabesques of Persian brightness, all over the floor; the windows were draped with neat and tasteful shades; the pictures on the walls metal angel, with ourspread wings, say they have got faces much like scemed prospective of tropic sunsets poised on the top of the big dome. This and soft Alpine moons; while every That was our parting. Dear me, how vase and stand and bookcase was ar-

"Roy" said I guardedly the after. noon that our work of transformation was complete, and we stood congratulating each other on our successful endeavors-for up to this time I had been without receiving at least one offer of very discreet, and asked no questions "when shall the queen of this enchanted realm take possession of her offer. All the girls who had grown up fairy bower? In other words - and I could not help laughing at his puzzled

CHARMS OF ROD AND GUN. Why Do Lazy Men Choose Hardest of Ways to Earn Living?

"There is one thing I don't understand," said the old fisherman, "and that is why so many men who are born lazy take up fishing as a way of getting. a living. Now, take any town on the borders of the Adirondacks, for instance, and you will find in it a man or two, or even more, who live by fishing almost entirely. They fish morning, noon and night, all day long and all night, too, sometimes, and then sell their trout at 40 or 50 cents a pound. They are tireder when night comes than if they had been working their farms. They have expended more pounds of force than a carpenter, or even a blacksmith. The reflection of the sun on the water has blistered their faces painfully, and the chances are that they have caten only a bit of bread and hard-boiled erg for lunch. In the cold days of early spring, just after the season opens, they nearly freeze, but ask one about it and he says it is fun. All tired out, he sinks back in his chair after his day's fishing. smoking a pipe, and the chances are with a smile on his face that tells of genuine comfort. He is really happier after his hard day's work than anybody I ever saw after his regular legitimate labor. Now, what I want to know is, what is there about the labor of one of these fellows that is so comforting? I can't understand it a little bit." "Yes," said another man, who hunted

instead of fishing for fun, "I see just, such fellows when I'm out hunting. They'll carry a pack basket weighing 50 or 100 pounds fifteen miles on their backs, besides rifles and leading dogs. They kill a deer and eat some of the meat and sell the rest with the head for \$10-two weeks' work. They will trap furs all winter, walking ten or fifteen miles a day over the meanest trails, and come out smiling, having made 25 or 50 cents a day on an average. Why, I knew two men to bunt sixty days and they had done well. In the same time, working no more hours a day driving a team, sitting down most of the time, they would have made \$128 at the lowest. But after all, I guess the only way to look at it is that they have fifty weeks of vacation a year instead of two or four, like us, and I don't see but what they get as much fun out of living as we do, or more. It all depends on how you look at it."

An Angel Without Wings.

One of the principal decorative feainces of the new city ball in San Francisco was to have been a great whiteangel has been the subject of much crabbed controversy between the gruff mayor, Mr. Sutro, and the commissioners. The mayor criticised the angel

CIRLS OFTEN GROW WEARY OF "fliritation" is too bleak and exposed for comfort. EOOKS AND TEACHERS. Sometimes, though, it is not safe to

risk staying over Sunday, and the col-West Point Military Academy Is Near here girls must hie them back to Alma by and the Students Manage to Take plater after the hop. There is a con-Occasional Strolls Thitherward The venient up shore train to Poughkeepsie at 10:30, and so one eye is kept on Brother a Room.

Valuar Letter.

murning sweet nothings. And then THE houpy leap year the scramble to catch the train, and privileges which the exercise if one fails to get there? 1896 britan thay be "A valuable ring was lost and must be areat movellies to cearshed for" dress was tern and had some wiris, but it to be mended watch was too slow so is leap year all the sorry. And one give berually went to year routid and the length of falling down hill with every year with the the idea of straining her ankle. She Vessue girl. The did more than that, and had to be taken "struct" rules of the past, to the hospital; but there were college on the holl comprisentions. She still breathed the linck of Pought since of with the "beloved object,"

many visits from it would puzzle the average man to ternous provent young men, and the still structur tubes invent the storpes which used to do of the meanest man's schege, at West duty to account for colds cought "erol-Point, keep the men from attempts at ling off" in low-out gowns when the breaking Vassar's laws, so Mahomet hops were held in Grant Hall. Now poes to the mountain. Like the Arabis, they are in Arademie and conditions the Vacuur malden folds her cent and are impreved, plenty of unlighted Heatly signly away. To the unlited on- well heated rooms being available for ervers at the Paint it or often a mat- the "ceeling-off" process . for discontinue.

Point, to the analyzement of the afore- So these visits "under the rose" are mentioned thoughtful elserver. Two indeed a real been to the west pointer.



WHERE VASSAR GIRLS RESORT.

the clock, while the other tries to gaze

sculfully at the gray-clad youth who is

FLIRTING AT VASSAR. Sentry boxes serve in winter for a which brings the observer nearer ho slight shelter from cold -and observa- sees the same gray-coated sentimentaltion. The gymnasium dues duty when ist standing redately apart.

A little poem in the "Howitzer" some months ago showed how a maiden made the "retort discourteous" to the advances of the overbold young soldier ;---

She was a meety Vacuar girl,

A West Point spoonoid he:

They sat and watched the waters swirl, About the Point of Gee.

He to his heart would press the maid, Alast she held aloof; And when his arm around her strayed, Thus harshly gave reproof:-

Young seldler, you cannot, I'm sure, Protect 'gainst war's alarms Your nation and its flag if you're So carcless of your arms!

Was she really and taciy a Vassar maiden? Echo answers not.

When the "Hundred Nights" play comes off many are the devices of the Proghkeepsle students to get an invitation, and sad and devious are the ways to which some of them have to resort.

"The play is going to be fine this year: yea ought to see me in girl's clothes,' wrote an unwary "yearling," and his inamorata wrote back by next mail, Thanks awfully, old boy. I'll be there for the play. I hoped you were going to ask me." Whereat the trapped one tore his halr and thought longingly of the "fem" for whom he had really meant to use that invitation.

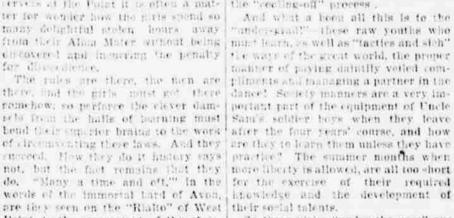
"If you will promise to refuse, I'll ask you to the Hundredth Night play," a wiser man, who had been "bitten," wrote frankly to his second best girl. "Then you'll have the fun of saying you were invited, and I can ask some one clas."

TREATMENT OF ORCHIDS. How Our Grandfathers Slowly Discover-

ed Their Disposition.

The essential cultural requirements of orchids were not known till long af-





again.

I was an old maid in good earnest when Roy came back. They say no woman passes the age of twenty-five marriage, but I believe I was an exception to that rule-1 never had an at my side married, and became blooming wives and happy mothers; but Pen-Lilhaven remained unsought and unwooed.

It used to mortify me dreadfully un-



TWIT ME WITH MY PUG NOSE. til I got to be thirty, and then by degrees I left off caring for it, and made up my mind to be as happy as I could all by myself. So, as my near relations were all dead, and I had a tolerably snug little sum to fail back upon, I took a pretty little cottage, and had my niece. Edith Lonsdale, to live with me, fc . Edith was pretty and penniless, and I felt as if Providence meant me to stand in the place of a mother to that poor, motherless child,

She was seventeen, and as pretty as the freshest rose in all my garden. Tall and slim, with deep blue eyes, hair like heaven's sunshine, and a complexton all pink and white, you loved to look at her just as you loved to look at a flower or a statue, or any other beautiful thing.

"You'll be married some of these days, Edith," I said to her, "for you're too pretty to be left long with the lonely old maid, and then I shall be, oh! so busy and so happy, helping you to furnish your house, and make up your pretty wedding things."

We were sitting on our little porch in the summer evening twilight, my niece and I, when a tall, straight figwonderingly to see who it was. With bronzed by years of sun and exposure, features straight and clearly cut, and there lingered a strangely familiar bie to Harry Burnham's care. light, he stood there smiling down into my face.

with the utmost gravity. "Yes, sir," I answered, "but-

"Don't you remember me, Fen Lilbaven? Don't you remember Roydon Grey?"

And then, sure enough, I did remember the boy who had gone away twenty odd years before. Well, he had made his fortune in watch may will may washington, D. C. FICUNOF'S URSTOFIE

look-"when shall you be married?" "So you have guessed it, you demure little Oedipus?' "Yes, I have guessed it."

"Well, what do you think would be

an auspicious time?" "Let me see: this is July. Why don't

you say the first of August?" "The first of August be it then," he assented. "You are sure there is everything here you can possibly think of?"

"Yes, everything."

"Because," he went on, "when you come here to live-

"Am I to live here?" I asked. "But, Roy, perhaps she wouldn't like it." "She? Who is she?" he inquired. "Why, Edith, to be sure."

"What has Edith got to say, I should like to know?" cried Roydon, laughing. 'My darling little Pen, if you are satisfied, the rest of the world may say, do, and think what it pleases. Since you have promised to be my wife-"I!" The cozily furrished little break-

fast room seemed to swim around me. "Stop, Roydon, for a minute, please; I

-I don't quite understand." "You said yourself, the first of August !"

"But I thought it was Edith!"

"Edith, indeed! A mere child-a schoolgirl, whose whole heart, moreover, is wrapped up in Harry Burnham! Why, Pen, where have your eyes been?" Where, indeed? Could I have been blind all this time-so resolutely, incorrigibly blind?

"Do you love me, Pen? Don't look the other way; I will be answered!" I did love him; I had loved him long and tenderly, and I told him so, not Keep evergreen boughs and straw con without some blushings and misgivings, however.

"Oh, Pen," he whispered, holding me close to his heart, "if you knew the years and years I had been looking forward to this time!"

So 1 was married-quietly, of course, are came up the walk, and I looked and with no bridesmaid but Edith; but labeled for future reference. I think the sun never shone on a haphair black as a raven's wing, skin pier bride. And I live in the old place, and Edith is here with me; but next week we are to have another wedding, be planted before the middle of this eyes in whose dark, mirthful glimmer and my blue-eyed blossom goes from

But, as I said before, it all scems like a dream; and as I sit alone in my "Is this Glen Cottage?" he asked, beautiful home, I almost fancy myself a solitary old maid again, until Roydon's footstep in the hall, and his voice calling for his "dear little wife." rouses me to a sense of my new life and new happiness.

And I dare say I shall get used to it' after a while!

severely and rather ridiculed the whole

thing. But the big angel was at last visits a term is supposed to be the rule. and he taken "the goods the gods pro- ter they had attracted the attention of finished and ready for hoisting to its Perhaps it holds good with some of the vide" and is thankful. He considers the horticulturists, says Garden and Forplace on the dome. Then it was discovered that its wings offered too much sail space and that they would unwings were sawed off and a wingless angel will surmount the dome .- Ex-

change.

Didn't Follow Instructions.

Irate Patron-You advertise to cure concumption, don't you? Doctor-Yes, sir; I never fail when my instructions are followed. Irate Patron-My son took your medicine for a year and died an hoar after the last dose.

Doctor-My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years. -Tit-Bits.

Giving Her a Lend on Cuba.

The young king of Spain recently described an island to his geography teacher as a body of land almost entirely occupied by insurgents,

POINTERS ON FLOWERS.

Loosen the leaves and other winte. covering from about the hardy bulbs. The beds for the summer plants may now be thoroughly spaded and fertilized, although the plants must not be set out for some time to come-no mat- these fair undergraduates were claimed ter how tempting and balmy are the April days.

Don't be discouraged if the garden is small; fertilize heavily now, and plant closely a little later, and with careful planning a surprising quantity of flow- not there except to sleep and eat. It ers may be raised in even the tiniest is no place for fun-that quiet and reyard. The crocuses are now in full bloom.

budded. But don't neglect them because them seem so perfectly hardy. venient for a light covering on cold

nights. Now is the time for planting and transplanting hardy shrubbery. Pack the earth firmly about the roots and allow each bush plenty of room to grow. See that all new varieties are carefully

Remember that it is not too early to plant the sweet peas outside the very first day of April and they should surely month if they are to make good growth and withstand the summer heat. Don't be in a hurry about planting other flower seed outside for some time to come.

The peoples are now sending up thick red stalks and sprigs of green iris are forming thrifty clumps in the borders. Loosen the soil about the clumps, then spread dry leaves or straw over the

loosened earth. This loosening of the

Vassar girls. But there are many more Vassar girl fair sport and a splendid est. It is interesting to note the strugfrom whose minds the ways of the field for "practice spins" in flirtation gles of our great-grandfathers to disfree and independent West have not and the two-step. He has small regard cover the conditions most suitable for doubtedly in the first high wind pull yet faded, who scorn the trammels of for her feelings, physical or mental; he the angel down from its perch. The eastern rules and "effete convention- tramples on her toes and her feelings shoulder blades were too narrow for the ality," and take the law in their own | indiscriminately, for is she not there for wings to be properly braced. So the hands. When fancy dictates and there the purpose, and he knows that his eleis a hop or concert on at the Point, "then's the time for disappearing," and they "bob up serenely" at the govern-

ment dock with gripsack or brown paper parcel containing festive ralment; also a bex of candy for the loved. cadet. When accommodations are scanty sometimes a dozen or so of girls club together and take one room, and also one trunk, much to the detriment of their voluminous skirts.

At any rate, or any how, and on any train they come, and the stage which runs up from the landing on such occasions is temporarily their own. They take entire possession of the 'hus and quite fill it up with themselves and their impediments. Vasaar songs and class calls, stock jokes and personal remarks about the "sweet creatures" they are going to see enliven the progress up the hill, and woe to the outsider who creeps into this truant com-

No false ideas of conventions and priety damp their ardent spirits if they have to come without a chaperon. They come just the same, and matronize one another by numbers. Ten of by one elderly man as his daughters, his good nature not being proof against their appeals for so-called protection. Not having a chaperon does not trouble them much at the hotel, for they are spectable parlor. There are much bet-

ter chances at other places. The hop and many of the outdoor hyacinths or concert which alternate on Saturday nights, with ispection Saturday after-

pany.



TYPE OF VASSAR GIRL.

noon and chapel Sunday morning, keep them on the go. After chapel there is an hour, a chance for a parade, informal, of course, when each cadet has his "fem," if there are enough to go around.

The damsels are also in demand Sunsoil is very important, as the winter day afternoons. No matter what the fact, one may see wondrous vistas of a covering may become so packed and Bold by Droggiste, The.



ANOTHER TYPE.

vating society is a sufficient "quid pro quo." He lends her his cast-off buttons, waist plate, chevrons and class ring-in fact, all the decorations on which he can lay hands. And the moth ed in for upward of thirty years. We of a "plebe" who scents coming joys afar decorates her hop card with times is essential, that many orchids sketches "in kind"-hits on the older men and general "post jokes."

So the Vassar girl who has a brother or a "brother" at West Point is a popubook would furnish interesting chapin the spaces.

"facile decensus Averni." One evening on the stairs or in an unlighted anteroom; a walk on "Flirtation;" a note asking her to come again next week; an answer; an answer to that, with an added touch of sentiment and aspiration after "the love of a true woman." with verses and so forth "ad infinitum" and "ad nauseam;"-graduation. oblivion, and two sets of wedding cardswhich perhaps cross in the mails and recall an "affaire" of two years ago.

Sometimes the cadets, a stray one here and there, in furlough time, get off to Vassar and are feted and made much of. But opportunities are more numerous down the river, and the leap year ening sights are seen on "Flirtation." In the twists and winds of that historic "Academy of Social Science" the callow youth learns the use of his arms, and also the use of his feet and jumping muscles for emergencies when the sound of an advancing step is heard. At one turn of the walk, when the leaves are few, and the wanderers, after a blessed "solitude-a-deux." forget the

World's Fair Highest Award.

them. We who know all about it are surprised that any intelligent cultivator should have tried to grow epiphytic plants "in common soil in pots

plunged to the rim in a tan bed." Teak baskets, sphagnum moss, peat fiber and charcoal appear to us to be exactly what. any intelligent schoolboy would have recommended as supplying the right material for an epiphyte. But, like all useful discoveries and inventions, simple as they appear to us they were not worked out without much thought, experiment and the sacrifice of many plants. One of the shrewdest of botanists working in the van of the horticultural art of his time, Dr. Lindley, stated in a paper read to the Royal Horticultural Society in 1830, that "hightemperature, deep shade and excessive humidity are the conditions essential to the well being of orchids." Thirteen years later another orchid authority. Mr. Bateman, recommended the same treatment, adding that a resting season was necessary. This treatment became the only orthodox one and was persistnow recognize that fresh air at all enjoy bright sunshine, that while some require plenty of moisture all the year round, others require it only for a por-

tion of the year, and that some even lar maiden, and her sitting-room is a thrive only when treated as if they were gathering place for the clans, and her caeti. The temperature for exotic or-"teas" are much frequented. Her scrap | chids varies from a purely tropical to that of a few degrees above freezing ters of history, with imagination to fill point, and while some species during growth are kept in a hot, steamy atmos-"Affaires de cocur" move rapidly at | phere and after growth is completed the "post." Introductions are easy, and are removed to comparatively cool and dry conditions to afford them a rest. others suffer if the conditions are not fairly uniform all the year round.

May Abbott in Japan.

Annie May Abbott, the Georgia "electrie magnet." whose feats of strength created a sensation in this country some years ago, is amusing herself now with the strong men of China and Japan. The Japanese wrestlers, whose physical strength is celebrated the world over, were unable to raise Miss Abbott from the floor, while with the tips of her fingers she neutralized their most strenuous efforts to lift even light methods hold. Beautiful and enliv- objects, such as a cane from a table. The Japanese papers say this is hypnotism, while the Chinese journals accuse her of being in league with the powers of evil.-Exchange.

Religious Women.

Are not women more religious than men? Even at the time of Christ women displayed more religious fervor Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.