

A PARADISE LOST

By L. G. MOBERLY

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I was an unwilling witness of that most idyllic of love scenes in a garden that was in itself an idyll.

The murmur of voices from the path, immediately outside the entrance to the pergola, where I was lounging, was the first intimation I received that someone besides myself had discovered this fragrant corner of that most lovely garden.

It was a man's voice that spoke first, in French, eager, impetuous, and, as I imagined, youthful.

"Beloved," he said, "is it true? Are you sure? Will you love me?"

"Enough?" The answer evidently came from a girl; the tones were so fresh, so clear, but with a penetrating sweetness in them. "If you know how glad—how glad I am that I am free to choose love, to follow my heart! Love is enough."

The last words were very simply said, but they held a depth of meaning that made my foolish old heart give a leap of sympathy.

"But you give up so much," he said doubtfully. "I take everything; the sacrifice is all yours."

"Sacrifice!" she cried, a ring of glad pride in her voice. "Do you think I care for rank and all that rank brings? I am glad I was born too late to have to wear a crown that is so thorny—so thorny," she repeated almost dreamily. "I am free to give myself to you. Sacrifice?" she laughed softly. "There is no sacrifice in going into Paradise."

As she spoke those words, the two paused in their walk along the path, and through the delicate wisteria and banksia leaves I caught a glimpse of them both.

They were young, but there was no immaturity or lack of purpose in either face.

"Beloved," he said, and his voice shook, "will you never regret all that you will lose if you come into Paradise with me?"

"Never," she said quietly. "To enter paradise with you, Armand, that is enough." And she turned her beautiful face to his and let him kiss her softly on the lips.

I caught my breath as they turned away.

Standing that evening on the terrace of the hotel watching a rose-colored sunset behind the great pile of Monte Rosa, I saw the girl again. She was walking across the garden, an elderly lady on one side of her, the young man on the other.

"Do you see that girl?" a hotel acquaintance asked eagerly.

I nodded.

"She is a great personage, in spite of her simple dress and manners. She is the Princess Theresa, daughter of (and he named the king of a well-known and flourishing little kingdom).

"But for the fate which has given her two elder sisters, she would be heir to the throne; she has no brothers. As it is, I fancy it looks as if she intended to renounce all regal rights and be happy in her own way with the young fellow beside her."

Two years later, as I was journeying homeward from a long tour in the East, which had taken me far out of reach of all newspapers or tidings of the western world, I resolved to stay for a night or two in a town on my route which, it so happened, was the capital of that kingdom where the Princess Theresa's father reigned as king.

My thoughts naturally enough flew back to her as I drove through the quaint and picturesque town, and a vivid picture of her as I had last seen her arose before my eyes. As I drove, I became aware that the streets were gaily decorated with flags and flowers, and that people's faces wore an unusual look of festivity and rejoicing.

"What is happening?" I asked of my driver. "Is this a national festival, or the anniversary of some great victory?"

"The gentleman does not know?" he said. "Our princess is to be married to-morrow—the crown princess, the heir to the throne, be it understood, he went on for the further enlightenment of my dull foreign understanding. "She marries our neighbor, Prince Frederick, and we rejoice."

"So," I reflected, "the Princess Theresa's eldest sister was to be married, and no doubt the younger princess herself would be at the wedding." I then and there resolved that I would make at least an effort to see something of the morrow's ceremony.

The town was astir betimes, and I was astir with the town to take my place as near as might be to the steps of the fine cathedral in which I learned the wedding was to take place.

I found myself well amused watching the guests stream into the building, listening to the comments of the populace, and learning from my neighbors who was this grandee, and who that. Then at last a murmur ran round: "The royal household is coming," and I craned forward with the rest to watch the lords and ladies in waiting pass up the steps. Once I started violently, for I saw a face I knew, but a face grown from youth to manhood since I had seen it last—the face of the man called Armand. And, as well as the youth, all the gladness had gone out of it; it was strong and pure as ever, but infinitely sad; and I wondered.

Next there came a pause, then a blare of trumpets, a great shout from the multitude, a pealing volume of sound from the organ, and out of a magnificent state carriage, into the

sunshine on the steps, there came, leaning on the old king's arm, a tall form in trailing white garments, her diamonds flashing till she seemed to move in a blaze of light.

And when I saw the face of the bride, I caught my breath and uttered a low exclamation, for the face under the bridal veil was not the face of a stranger. I looked once again upon the face of the girl I had seen walking with her lover in the garden at sunset time—the girl who had entered into Paradise with Armand!

The same, yet not the same! The exquisite contour was there still; the eyes, blue and deep as the sky overhead; the beautiful curves of mouth and chin; the gleaming hair. But the coloring, instead of making me think of apple blossoms in spring, was white, white as a statue; and the radiance was all gone! The face was set and still as though carved out of marble, lovely beyond words, but cold with a coldness that froze my heart.

She passed into the building with that free, stately step I remembered, then I turned with a question to a man behind me.

"Yes—that is the crown princess now. Her elder sisters both died. Yes—it was sad, very sad. They said the young Princess Theresa had been about to resign her royal rank, to wed for love; but—her sisters had died, and she had become her father's heir—and—well, of course, it was easily to be seen that she must wed the son of a royal house," and so on, and so on.

I waited to hear no more. I could not bear to see that beautiful cold face again.

It was a tiny churchyard on a hillside in Switzerland. Below it the waters of the lake shimmered in the sunshine, above its terraces arose vineyard above vineyard, till they were lost in the woods that hung upon the sides of the great brooding mountains. I walked slowly along the little paths among the graves, reading the names of the dead who lay in their peaceful resting place amongst the roses.

All at once my slow steps were arrested; a few feet in front of me I saw a woman in black and alone, kneeling beside a grave over which was a trelliswork covered with white banksia roses.

Yes, oh, yes, there was no mistaking her beautiful features. Though years had gone by, they had not dimmed her loveliness; and though her eyes shone through a mist of tears, their color was still the same wonderful deep blue.

The grave was marked only by a simple stone. No date was upon it; no text; there were no wreaths upon the simple grass plot. Only it was wrapped about by the trailing branches of the roses.

"Armand—au revoir!"

I have seen her once since then, a crowned queen and her people's idol. She was driving along the streets of her capital, her little son by her side; she was dressed all in white, and her loveliness was something to dream of and remember. I thought I had never seen a smile more infinitely sweet; and yet the sadness in her eyes brought a mist before my own.

For a moment the street, the people about me, the swiftly rolling carriage, faded from my sight. I read I saw a far-away garden, fragrant with the scent of pale wisteria flowers and banksia roses; radiant with sunshine, full of the songs of birds—the glory of spring. I saw the face of a girl, glad with a wonderful new gladness; I heard a voice, the most soft and musical it has ever been my lot to hear before or since, say gently—

"To enter Paradise with you, Armand, that is enough!"

The vision faded, another took its place.

A hillside cemetery; the deep, still lake, the brooding mountains—"roses, roses all the way"—and a little grave amongst them, a grave whose simple stone bears only those three short words—

"Armand—au revoir!"

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"Armand—au revoir!"

"Armand—au revoir!"

"Armand—au revoir!"

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"Armand—au revoir!"

"Armand—au revoir!"

"Armand—au revoir!"

THE GREAT SANDTOWN TURKEY THEFT

A Story of a Mean Man and a Mean Deed That Was Its Own Reward.

Noah Wamskittle was a mean man; one of those mean people who hate to see others prosperous, even though it does not interfere with them at all.

He lived in Sandtown and raised turkeys, like everybody else. He earned a lot of money, because he fattened his turkeys well. It was his only generous deed, for he begrudged even the food that he gave himself, and as for others! Well, Deacon Vandertassel once said that Noah Wamskittle was so mean that he would walk three miles to borrow a match rather than use one of his own to light his fire in the morning.

Noah Wamskittle did not like Deacon Vandertassel at all, and he liked him even less after he heard this. So some days before Thanksgiving day, he went to a poor man in Sandtown and said to him:

"You know that we will all have to ship our turkeys to-morrow. Now, you have only 50 and if you do not get a good price for them you will be hard pressed for money this winter. Well, I know a way to make the prices higher for you. If you will go to Deacon Vandertassel's place with

twisting and turning, till Noah was nearly dead and only his great meanness kept him going.

At last, scratched and bruised and full of mud, weary and suffering, he fell into a deep mudhole, which, strangely enough, had been avoided cleverly by poor but honest Bill.

"Never mind," whispered Bill, helping him up, "we have arrived."

Noah looked through the underbrush, but he could see nothing except a black mass of something in the darkness.

"Those are the barns," said Bill. "Here, take this saw and saw holes into the walls there and I will creep around the other way and scare the turkeys so they will come out."

Noah madder and meaner than ever, worked hard and sawed big holes, out of which the turkeys scuttled. Then, as Bill scared them up, off they flew into the woods until the whole big flock had vanished.

As soon as the last one had gone, poor but honest Bill seized Noah and said: "We must hurry back and we must go the same way we came."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," groaned Noah.



"I See It All" He Moaned.

me to-night we can cut holes into his turkey houses and let all his birds fly into the woods. He will be quite unable to catch them again in time for shipment and the people in the city will be glad to pay you high prices for yours."

The poor man, whose name was Bill Leggo, made believe to agree with the mean man. But really he did not agree with him at all; for he came of poor but honest parents, and was very much like them himself. So he devised a cunning plan.

That night he went to Noah's house and said to him: "Let us go to do this deed. But we will have to go into the woods just behind your house and work around through them for several miles, so as to approach the deacon's place through the underbrush in the back. It would never do for us to be seen."

"That is a good idea," said Noah. "But I do not know the way through the woods."

"I will guide you," said poor but honest Bill. "I fear, however, that you will find it rough going, for we cannot dare to carry a lantern."

He took hold of Noah's arm and off they went, up and down and in and out, through thick and thin and thorn and swamp, this way and that way,

But he followed, and once more he was dragged through mudholes and creeks and over stumps and rocks until his shins and nose were skinned and every part of him was sore.

At last they emerged on a road and in a few moments they were at Noah's front gate and the mean man hurried to bed.

The next morning he could hardly get up, because he was so sore. But he crawled out to feed his turkeys.

When he got to the barnyard, his heart nearly stood still. There was not a single, solitary turkey in the place.

He stood with his mouth open, wondering. Then, slowly a terrible suspicion entered his mind. He limped as fast as he could to the back, and, sure enough, there he found great holes in the walls of the houses.

"I see it all," he moaned, sitting right down in the mud. "That villain took me through the woods and back to my own turkey houses."

He was quite right.

When poor but honest Bill went by the house, carting his 50 turkeys to the town, Noah Wamskittle shook his fist out of the window, but Bill Leggo only laughed, and so did everybody else in Sandtown when they heard of it.

THE FESTIVAL OF HOME.

Thanksgiving Pre-eminently the Day of Family Gatherings.

The good old New England festival of Thanksgiving is one that age does not wither nor custom stale. Originally, and still nominally, a distinctly religious festival, it appeals to all, whether old or young, whether professedly religious or not, and whatever may be their religious belief or convictions.

To college boys and football teams the day may seem to be of special significance in reference to triumphs or disasters on the gridiron field, but even to these it carries another and deeper significance which will grow with the years. And to those of mature years, men and women past 40, for example, this gracious, time-honored festival serves to punctuate their

lives, so to speak, and marks the passage of years perhaps even more distinctly than New Year's day or birthdays. For Thanksgiving is pre-eminently the festival of home, the day of all others when home ties and associations assert their sway the strongest, linking the present with the past and binding all to the future. All who are happy enough to have a home and hearty turn gladly to it for rest and refreshment of body and mind, and, whether present or absent from the home circle, that is the center and inspiration of their thoughts.

Perhaps to none is the day more full of associations and memories than to those who cannot thus join the home circle. The toiler in the city or in the country, unable even for a day to quit his duties, still takes pleasure in thinking of those at home, and in imagination, at least, takes his place at the annual home gathering and shares the pleasure of the day.

INCOGNITO.



Rooster—For heaven's sake, Strut, old boy, what are you doing in that garb? Been in a wreck?

Gobbler—Psst! No; not so loud; you know it is not safe for me to be recognized this time of year.

THE LURE OF GOLD.

FORTUNE HUNTERS INVADE TERRA DEL FUEGO.

The Most Desolate Spot on Earth Taking on Hilarity on Aspect of Frisco in '49.

The world is using more gold and mining more gold than ever before in its long history since the glitter of the yellow metal first caught the human eye. As each new gold field has opened up it has found the hordes of adventurers ready to risk life, and comfort to invade its territory and win if possible the riches which lay hidden away in the soil. Alaska, far to the north, was the last Eldorado, and now it is Terra del Fuego, far to the south, for it is said that this land south of the southern end of South America, separated only by the Straits of Magellan, is rich in gold.

Had Ferdinand Magellan, after whom the straits were named, ever dreamed, when his ships graced the shoals of the stormy straits that they had crunched into sands of gold, the great circumnavigator would in all likelihood have gone no further. But he knew nothing of the treasure that was under foot and it remained undiscovered and unsuspected until found by wretched, wandering convicts in the early eighties of the last century.

After the days of Popper, an Anglo-Austrian, who developed much of the gold land, things languished. Organized labor ceased. Chaos and the elements resumed their reign. The country had never comprehended its wealth and resources. It merely had assumed there was gold all over the surface of the country, but too thin to pay. Everything lay hidden, awaiting the man, and the man eventually appeared in the person of Lieut. Edson W. Sutphen, a young Knickerbocker graduate from Annapolis in 1882. In a visit to Terra del Fuego he got a vision of possibilities, and after awaiting his opportunities, returned thither.

The wonders of the new gold dredging plants in New Zealand had come in frequent reports, and with the reports a realization that these same methods might avail in this bleak south land. Following many preliminary borings, denunciations and claims, the best gold bearing lands were silently secured. Everything of promise was taken in without opposition or suspicion on pioneer government mining grants. Sutphen suffered little competition and no rivalry.

There is but one dredge as yet in Terra del Fuego, but another, a \$200,000 structural steel monster, the largest of its kind ever made, is on

the way, under charge and construction of Sutphen's right-hand man, Capt. Albert Burstine, formerly of the navy. This dredge has a minimum digging capacity of 200 cubic yards of gravel per hour to a depth of 40 feet. The old dredge, running steadily night and day in eight-hour shifts, sluices through 200 cubic yards of gravel per hour to a depth of 25 feet. Both machines are steel throughout.

Sutphen ran his dredge full blast all the while, and the news went traveling broadcast to the gold mining fraternity throughout the world. Word came from prospectors that all was velvet—gold plentiful and more accessible, with wood, coal and water handler than elsewhere in the mining world, the Transvaal and Alaska not excepted. Naturally, upon the heels

of such tidings every ship brought throngs of mining experts, engineers and capitalists, and Sandy Point resembles now the halcyon days of Frisco in '49, its town—Punta Arenas—being a booming place owning water and electric outfits and in telegraphic touch with the outer world.

All the gold so far secured in Fuego, by much wear and erosion, shows it has traveled far from the veins where it first cooled and set. When gold goes traveling it is with the rush of water or ice, and when gold has been traveling for ages in such a sloping country as Terra del Fuego some of it lingers on the route in nooks and crevices in river bottoms, but most, from the hurry of ice and water, will be swept along until it comes to rest in a permanent pocket, or until met by the dash of the surf of the sea at the mouth of the river.

Some of the Alaskan miners now making New York headquarters until Alaska opens in the spring say surface beach gold which pans out \$2.50 per day, which is the unbroken record of Fuego since 1880, means something big below. They say, moreover, that nowhere on the Alaskan coast, not even at Nome, would such surface sand pan out similar sums.

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Gossip of Sportdom.

One of the saddest stories in the history of American racing was recalled by the recent announcement that the stewards of the Jockey club had planned to aid Grover Cleveland Fuller, two years ago the greatest rider in the country, and whose name will ever have a place in the annals of the turf alongside Snapper Garrison and Fred Archer, the world's greatest stars of the saddle. Fuller will receive \$25 a week for a year from the Jockey club.

In the spring of 1905, when riding in one of the big handicaps here, Fuller's mount fell and one of the jockey's legs was broken in several places. Blood poisoning set in, and for a time his life was despaired of. Nevertheless he recovered after a long siege in the hospital, but is now a hopeless cripple, utterly unable to again straddle a horse. In the few years that Fuller rode his success was the sensation of the turf. He won the American Derby with Highball, the Futurity with Hanover Belle, the Suburban with Africander, and numerous big classics. He also won an additional fortune for Big Tim Sullivan, for whom he rode, and Archie Zimmer, Sullivan's trainer and the man who brought the lad out, became rich backing Grover's winning mounts.

Fuller is a Chicago boy. The lad's first mount was an Evelyn Byrd at Worth in the fall of 1902. He rode such a bad race that the trainers and swipes at the track that day nearly burst with laughter. Zimmer was touting the boy as a coming Tod Sloan, and after the exhibition they had a lot of fun with big Archie. Nothing daunted, Archie secured another mount for Grover at Robey. This time it was Rassias that Fuller was entrusted with, and the boy surprised every one by riding a beautiful race and get-

ting the second best horse home in front. Then Fuller went to New Orleans and led all the jockeys at the track. From there he journeyed east and electrified the metropolitan racegoers. Grover Cleveland Fuller, however, could not stand prosperity. He earned too much money and his head heaped upon him from day to day. He developed the liquor habit and finally became incorrigible. Zimmer tried every way imaginable to get the boy to mend his ways and save his money, but Fuller heeded not, and when all hope was lost Zimmer cut loose from him and passed him up entirely.

Now Fuller, scarcely out of his teens and having spent a fortune, is down and out. The allowance the Jockey club has made him will keep him comfortably for a year, but after that he will have to shift for himself.

Cause For Alarm.

"Maria," said Mr. Billiams, "what ails this roast?"

"Never mind the roast, dear," said Mrs. Billiams. "I'm more concerned to know what ails you. This is the first time for 25 years that you haven't been able to tell exactly what ailed the roast and everything else on the table. Aren't you well to-day, John?"—Chicago Tribune.

Both Easy.

Miss Youth—It's the easiest thing in the world to flatter a man.

Madam Wise—Yes, and it's about as easy for him to catch on that that's what you're doing, too.—Detroit Free Press.

Incompetent.

Lawyer—Well, what was done in the interim?

Witness—I don't know, sir. I didn't go into the interim. I staid in the anteroom.—Puck.

Woman, Woman.

"Ah, dearest, now that we are engaged I feel that the eyes of all the world are upon you."

"O, George, do I look all right behind."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Too Noisy.