

CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE

By JUDITH SPENCER

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"I can do it!" Elizabeth said.

She sat in her small, neat bedroom—a small and delicate figure—before an open trunk. The bed, the floor and the chairs were strewn with pretty gowns and bits of finery.

A purse lay open in her lap, and she had been counting its contents.

"I can do it," she said again. "I can do it—and will!"

Then she arose—with a flush on her cheeks and a strange glitter in her eyes—and began to pack the trunk.

Elizabeth's arrival at the Pines was oddly unconventional. During the drive from the station the lightning had been incessant, the thunder ominous. The driver had made good time, but the storm broke just as he turned in at the open gate, and a heavy gust catching the clumsy vehicle broadside, over it went.

There was a rush to the rescue, and Elizabeth, shrieking and laughing and disheveled, but unhurt, was the first to be dragged from out the wreck.

But her adventures were not over yet; and as she started to run to cover another gust caught her and fairly hurled her into a man's arms. They closed protectingly about her, and she suddenly found herself lifted off her feet and carried over the wet lawns and up the steps and then set down—very carefully, as if she might break—safe in the shelter of the wide porte cochere.

"I beg your pardon," the tall figure before her was saying; "I really couldn't help doing it."

She looked up at him, small and flushed and disheveled. "Oh, but I'm really very much obliged. I don't know where I should have blown to if you hadn't stopped me."

"And—you're not hurt?" he inquired.

"Not at all, though I fear my clothes are." And she looked ruefully at the mud upon her handsome traveling gown.

Then she smiled gratefully up at him, nodded, and followed the haliboy into the office.

Her rescuer followed slowly. Her face and figure and sprightly manner had strangely attracted him.

She had signed the hotel register and a telegram had been handed to her. As she read it he saw her expression of dismay.

"Not bad news, I trust?" he could not help saying as she looked up and met his eyes.

"Read it," and flushing, she handed him the dispatch.

It was addressed to Miss Elizabeth Reed Monroe, and read:

"Will be unable to join you at The Pines.

AUNT ELIZABETH."

"My chaperon," said Elizabeth. "So I suppose I ought to go back to-morrow."

"No, indeed, Miss Monroe; don't think of it," he said. "I'll introduce you around and everyone will understand how it happened you are here alone. And by the way, are you any relation of the Loves-Monroes? They are my friends."

"I am not," said Elizabeth.

"But—how splendid house!" he said, looking at the splendid house before her.

"It is my aunt's," she said.

"I have never seen it," he said.

"Please don't."

"Certainly I shall! And I shall see to sending a telegram to your aunt."

"Oh, no!"

"And the Monroes—"

"No, no, indeed!"

"You must really let me have my way—"

She laughed merrily at this. "You have had your way, I think, for almost a week. It's my turn now."

But as she spoke she grew thoughtful again. And presently she sighed.

"You have had a pleasant time here?" he asked.

"Pleasant! It has been simply—delirious."

"And now you are going back—to what?"

She gave a little start and looked up at him.

"Cinderella," he said, "you have given yourself that name, to what are you going back?"

"To my dressmakers!" she replied quickly. "And to house parties and all sorts of frivolities and gayeties!"

He caught her hand and touched the tip of her rouged forehead.

"Your—dressmakers?" he said.

She drew her hand away. "I don't understand you," she said stiffly.

At the station there were still a few minutes to spare, and as they walked up and down Anthony said: "For the last time, Miss Monroe, will you not tell me where your home is—and give me leave to write?"

"Not until we have met at another house party," she answered mockingly.

"But—I really must know—"

"Being such an old friend," she mocked again.

"We are at least good friends, I hope?"

"You have been a good friend to

Pines were decidedly particular, they accepted Elizabeth at once.

Of course her name carried weight for the Monroe family was well known to everyone. Then she and Anthony Dunbar were such old friends, and Tony was a universal favorite. And then, too, every one was specially nice to her, so that she should not feel awkward over the defection of her aunt.

And instead of having but one chaperon, a dozen friendly matrons had offered to fill that position—with the result of leaving her a perfect and entire freedom.

And Elizabeth made the most of it! She danced, she drove, she golfed, she bowled, she walked, she rowed—and she showered her delighted smiles impartially on all.

But Anthony Dunbar did not altogether enjoy her impartiality.

So the afternoon of Elizabeth's sixth day had finally come.

Anthony had implored her for a walk, and simply attired in golf skirt and scarlet waist, and appearing more girlishly gay than ever, she had started out with him to climb Prospect Hill.

When the summit was reached they seated themselves on a rocky ledge to enjoy the view. The wooded hills were beautiful, and the hotel seemed a toy house in the distance surrounded by miniature park like grounds.

"And I have just one more day," Elizabeth was saying gayly.

"Yes—and then?" questioned Anthony. "I wish you would tell me where you are going. Is it Newport? Is it the Lenox? Why do you make such a mystery of it—to me?"

"It is you who make the mystery; I am simply—going away."

"You are a most unusual girl," he mused, looking intently at her.

"I—unusual? Oh, no; I am very ordinary. It is strange you have not discovered how very ordinary I am."

"I wonder if you are never serious?" he mused, still watching her.

Her eyes gleamed. "But this is my holiday—why should I be serious—now?"

So they chattered and bantered and laughed like children as the golden minutes slipped away.

"Hello!" Anthony cried suddenly; "what is all the smoke over there? By Jove! It's the hotel—the west wing is on fire!"

With a low cry of dismay Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

Their first impulse was to hurry down—but the hotel was two miles distant, and the fire would be out or would have done its worst by the time they had reached there, so they stood and watched it burn.

"My room's in that west wing," Anthony said stoically.

"And mine!" murmured Elizabeth. "Ah, the flames are bursting from my windows now. I felt it was too gloriously unreal to last—for even another day."

He stared at her oddly. As yet the flames were bursting out of the dormer windows only. Why had Miss Monroe been lodged up under the roof?

"There they all go!" she cried. "It's the new version of Cinderella—but fire comes, instead of the stroke of midnight, and Cinderella runs home—in golf skirt and flannel waist! Alas—all my pretty, pretty gowns!"

"It's a real pity," he said; "they were so desperately becoming—"

"Mr. Dunbar," Elizabeth said suddenly, "I must catch that six o'clock train."

"But you will go back to the house first?"

"Why? My weeks' board I paid in advance. My room is burning, my finery is gone! Luckily I have my ticket with me—and the station is but a mile away. I commission you to make my farewells, should anyone give me a passing thought in this flurry of excitement. Thank you for being so nice to me, and—good-by!"

"But—I shall go with you and see you off—"

"Please don't."

"Certainly I shall! And I shall see to sending a telegram to your aunt."

"Oh, no!"

"And the Monroes—"

"No, no, indeed!"

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"We are at least good friends, I hope?"

"You have been a good friend to

me," she replied more seriously. "and I thank you for everything—I really do."

"Then let me write to you!"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"But in the old story of Cinderella, you remember, there was a prince, and when she disappears he follows her until he finally finds her again."

"But in the modern version there is no prince at all," she answered quickly—"and Cinderella simply disappears—forever. Here is my train—good-by!"

"Conductor," said Dunbar, "I put this young lady under your special care."

A long, slow week had passed.

Elizabeth sat in her small, neat bedroom, stitching away on a last year's gown. She looked very small and delicate—and depressed.

Once she paused and gazed dreamily into space.

"You had your week—almost," she said at last, severely. "Your splendid, gay, irresponsible six days—and now you've got to pay for it!"

Just then there came a tap upon her door, and good-hearted Mrs. Wilkinson, who had "mothered" the girl for years, stood there with wonderment upon her face.

"There's a gentleman downstairs, my dear, who wants to see you," she said. "And he said tell you his name is Mr. Prince."

Elizabeth could recall no Mr. Prince, but she went down, devoutly hoping that the gentleman had children to be taught.

When she saw it was Anthony Dunbar she drew back with a low cry.

"You? Oh, why did you come? I never wanted you to see me again!"

"Don't say that! The prince had to find Cinderella; the story says so. And, Miss Reed, I came to bring you—not your slipper, but this tell-tale handkerchief marked E. M. R."

"Miss Reed? Oh, oh! Then you know all! How did you find out? How did you find me?"

"I saw the Monroes, and I saw the conductor," he replied concisely. "And I only know that Miss Elizabeth Monroe Reed is the cousin of my friends."

"But so distant that few of them know of her."

"A cousin, nevertheless, of whom they might well be glad—"

"Oh, but you do not know me at all!" she cried with desperation. "I was mad, I think; it was all a make-believe. I have no Aunt Elizabeth—I sent that telegram to myself, to explain my being in that big hotel alone. I am just a poor music teacher—quite alone in the world—and I never was at anybody's house party in my life! But I've read about them in the papers—and it didn't seem just fair—I've always longed to have one real good time. So when the chance came I couldn't resist it. Now you know—and you must despise me. I wish you would go away."

"But I am not going—and I don't yet fully understand. You certainly did not present the appearance of 'just a poor music teacher.'"

Her face flushed. "I am also a poor relation," she said, "such as are remembered with periodical bundles of old clothes. But when Mr. Monroe died and they went into mourning Cousin Elsie sent me a trunk filled with the loveliest new gowns, which were absolutely impossible for this quiet, out-of-the-world little town. And then—I was tempted. I wanted to wear them—to have a good time—to see if I could be like the girls I read about if once I had the chance. And when I found I had just enough saved up for a week at The Pines and my excursion ticket, I couldn't resist the temptation, I simply couldn't. And—and you know all the rest."

"All but the reason you changed your name."

"Just because the trunk the things came to me in was marked E. M. R."

He looked down at the sweet, shamed face. Then he took her hand and once again touched the needle-roughened finger tip.

"And now for my confession," he said. "I will be honest with you, Cinderella. I suspected something of all this. That little tell-tale finger, the handkerchief you dropped on that first day, and your pathetic enjoyment of the simple pleasure that came your way, all these hinted something of your secret. And it didn't make me despise you; it made me like you more and more. So I am going to see that you go back to The Pines next summer—to the fine rebuilt west wing—and that you have a better time than ever. Only, before you go, you will have to change your name once more. You couldn't go back as Miss Monroe, and you wouldn't want to go as Miss Reed, so I'll have to persuade you to go as Mrs. Anthony Dunbar."

She looked up startled into his smiling eyes. She could not credit her own ears.

"You—don't mean it!" she breathed.

"Ah, but my little Cinderella, I do indeed!"

And once again she found herself enfolded in his protecting arms and lifted off her feet.

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Pennsylvania Nurseries' Good Work.

The Pennsylvania state nurseries, in 1906, sent out no fewer than 160,000 white pine seedlings, besides 400 pounds of seed, to be planted last spring. This is in addition to the extensive forestry work under way at the coast of the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona, and of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation company in Schuylkill and Carbon counties, and the work upon the state's own reservations. This is a good beginning for one of the ten states which now have reservations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"OPHIR" IN AFRICA

DR. PETERS CONFIDENT HE HAS FOUND FAMOUS LAND.

Well-Known Explorer Brings Forward Many Arguments to Prove Claims of Dark Continent to Distinction.

Dr. Carl Peters, so well known in connection with the opening up of Africa, has started on a lecturing tour in Germany with two objects in view—first, to win recruits to the cause of German expansion in the dark continent; second, to prove that he has found the famous gold land of Ophir.

The reader who has forgotten where the word "Ophir" occurs will find it in the biblical books of Kings and Chronicles. One thousand years before Christ King David and the wise Solomon, his son, sent to Ophir ships which brought back from thence gold and precious stones, ivory and valuable timber, which these magnificent rulers employed in building their gorgeous temples and palaces.

Peters began to think of this subject after he had discovered an old Flemish map of the eighteenth century on which he saw the word "Ophir" printed across one of the least-known districts of southern Central Africa. The first thing that struck him was the similarity of the names Africa and Ophir. There was first the Arabic word Afr (Ophir), which when Latinized became Afer. It was an easy translation from Afer to Africa. He thought further and deeper and began to read Christian tradition. All pointed to South Africa.

The ancient literature he read made Peters also acquainted with the fact that at all ages since Solomon's time Ophir had been sought in numerous parts of the world—in Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, India; it had even been sought in America, and there are ancient Spanish records which state that among the early conquistadores of Peru and Mexico were not a few who believed that they had found not only El Dorado but Ophir as well.

Suddenly it occurred to Peters that the famous gold land must be in the neighborhood of Simbabwe in southeast Africa. It was an inspiration.

He was attacked for this belief, and theologians and others with a different theory cast on him the reproach that he was not a Semitic scholar.

But he maintained that he was right. The ships of Solomon, he said, passed through the Red sea and skirted the coast of Africa until they arrived at their port. And they certainly must have brought back millions in gold.

Only Africa could have produced that quantity of gold. Arabia and India have never produced gold in remarkable quantities.

In his description of the Zambesi territory Peters says he has seen innumerable traces which compel him to believe that there and nowhere else was the land of Ophir. Forsaken mines by the score are there, and no less than 75,000 places where gold has been dug at depths of from 30 to 40 feet. Ruins of towns and villages, remains of temples and palaces speak eloquently of the past glories of the region.

They point moreover to Phoenician origin. Mighty terraces and towers raised by the hand of man are still traceable. These builders were certainly of a race superior to the negro. One still finds in the graves remnants of things which point to the worship of Baal.

But Peters' weightiest argument is that in the Septuagint translation of the Bible Ophir is called Sofala, and the Arabs to the present day call the Zambesi district indifferently Sofala and "the land of gold."

Diana of Philadelphia.

At the mint in Philadelphia there are to be seen coins far more precious than any which find their way into circulation. These form a collection of curios, and many of them date from times of great antiquity.

Perhaps the most interesting of them is a handsome coin bearing on its face the profile of a woman, which has a striking resemblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own country. Underneath is the single word "Demos," which is the Greek for "the people."

On the reverse side of the coin is a beautiful figure of the Goddess Dianna, arching her bow, and the inscription, translated into English, reads, Dianna, Friend of the Philadelphians.

This coin was minted some 2,000 years ago at the city of Philadelphia, in Asia Minor, where, as we know, there grew up in later years one of the seven churches of which St. John writes. The prize was discovered some years ago in Europe by a Mr. Mickleby of Philadelphia. By him it was appropriately presented to the mint at Philadelphia.

Just Naturally Lazy.

"Do you mean to tell me you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for 20 years?"

"That's right, stranger; 20 years."

"But I don't see what you find to keep you busy?"

"Nothing, stranger. That's the reason I like it."

Willing to Elope.

Said She—If we appear together so much people will talk about us.

Said He—Well, suppose we disappear together.



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