

# ON THE REBOUND

By GARFIELD MACNEAL

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Lillian Treadwell awoke on the morning of her thirtieth birthday to the sickening consciousness that she was an old maid. She parted the cretonne curtains of her bed, curtains covered with red roses, suggestive of summer sunshine, and turned her eyes toward the window. Rain beating against the panes and dull gray sky proclaimed a cheerless November day. She sighed. Then, stretching out a shapely arm, she took a silver hand mirror from the nearby dressing table and carefully studied her features. In the language of Shakespeare she saw "no deeper wrinkles yet," face long and oval, patrician in outline and expression, skin rather olive, eyes brown, deep and luminous, a mouth generously molded, and a wealth of brown hair. On the whole it was a notable face and one of character.

Dropping the mirror on the bed, she called, "Lois!" A French maid, neat, trim and smiling, appeared with the breakfast tray.

"Ah, ma'm'selle! A thousand congratulations on your birthday."

"My thirtieth, Lois! But thank you just the same."

"Ma'm'selle is still young, and already fame has come to you. And when your novel is published the world will be at your feet," said Lois with a comprehensive sweep indicating the world.

"Oh, yes, the novel," murmured her mistress, sitting up and starting in on her coffee and rolls, while the maid laid a bundle of letters and manuscripts on the bed.

Miss Treadwell opened the one bulky package and looked at the accompanying letter. It was from a great publishing house, formally expressing regret that they were unable to accept her novel.

She gulped down something in her throat. Her novel declined! Her first really original work, to which she had given the leisure hours of six years! Truly, this was a most delightful birthday gift.

"Lois," she said—and her voice trembled—"Lois, my novel has been declined."

"Ah, ma'm'selle, I am too sorry!"—with quick sympathy—"but some other publisher will accept it."

Her mistress shook her head. "I shall not send it out again. I shall stick to hack work. I can at least make a living at that." Then she added reflectively, "my life has been a failure."

Lois protested. She worshiped her mistress. "Ma'm'selle has been successful. You have a pretty apartment and everything you want."

"Other women, too, have pretty apartments and everything they want."

"Ah, yes, but they did not work for them," said Lois with a worldly shrug as she went in response to the electric bell, which at this moment buzzed loudly in the hall.

She reappeared with a huge white box. "Flowers, ma'm'selle, and a note," she said gayly.

Miss Treadwell cut the ribbon that held the box and disclosed a mass of violets. They seemed to look up at her tenderly yet shrinkingly as she bent over them. With a sigh of pleasure she took the note and studied the bold handwriting of the superscription. Her heart jumped. Surely it was Jack's! Dear old Jack had remembered her!

She slit across the end of the envelope while her fingers trembled and eagerly unfolded the paper.

"Dear Lillian," she read, "may I hope that this remembrance of your birthday will prove that I have not forgotten you? I have been in town two days. I secured your address from C's Magazine and send these flowers to warn you that I am coming to invade your sanctum sanctorum and talk over old times. Always your friend, Jack Ainsworth."

She started up, scattering letters and manuscripts on the floor. "Lois," she said decidedly, "I want you to lay out my new morning gown, the sea green one with the train."

Sitting down at her dressing table, she began a careful toilet. Her thoughts were busy with the past. Jack had been her girlhood friend in the little inland town where they were both born and bred. Again she was twenty-four and he was twenty-six. Why had he never spoken? She knew he loved her, and, perhaps, she had loved him, too, then. But when her mother's death left her alone in the world, she was seized with the desire to come to New York to try her fortune. Jack had advised against it, but a strange perversity made her deaf to his warnings.

At first they had kept up a correspondence. Soon even that link was broken as she was drawn more and more into the absorbing whirl of newspaper and magazine work. For five years no letters had passed between them. To be sure she had heard of him indirectly, how he gradually forged ahead from clerk in the railroad office to manager of the whole system, and she had been glad for his sake.

And now, after all this time, they were to meet. She wondered what he would be like. Doubtless he had lost the fresh, boyish beauty she so well remembered. He was past thirty now, she reflected with a sigh. Doubtless, too, his career as a man of affairs had made him brusque and cold. She had visions of bearded cheek and chin, and

perhaps—glasses! Horrors! Had it really come to that? Well, she would live in the old days, and pay no attention to externals.

When at last Lois announced that Mr. Ainsworth was in the drawing room, she swept to her mirror and surveyed the graceful figure reflected there. Her gown of sea green fell in shimmering folds. Her hair was done beautifully, and some of the violets were clasped in the silver girdle at her waist. She could not fail to be satisfied.

This consciousness helped her to enter the drawing room with the perfect self-possession of a woman of the world. With outstretched hand she greeted him as if they had parted but yesterday.

"Jack! How good of you to come to see me on my birthday—and to send me these lovely flowers," turning to a center table where the violets were displayed.

Jack Ainsworth gasped. Could this elegant woman with her perfect hair and silvery voice be his old friend?

"Lillian," he said, still grasping her hand, "is it really you?"

She smiled, and it was her old smile.

"Yes, Jack, it is I. You see, I am going the way of the world."

"Nonsense! You are perfect!" he cried vehemently.

She was no less charmed. There was no evidence of beard or glasses, though the boy had grown into the man—tall, athletic, clean shaven, with strong jaw and deep voice. His honest gray eyes feasted on her beauty. She flushed.

"Tell me what you have been doing all these years, Jack," she said finally.

"Oh, working hard—and following your career."

"Yes," she said, "you have done well for yourself and I am proud of you. As for my career, it has not amounted to much."

"Lillian," Ainsworth said, leaning forward eagerly, "do you know that you have not written a line I have not read. You ceased to write to me, but I did not forget, dear."

Miss Treadwell had forgotten the rain and the unfeeling publisher.

"Tell me, Jack, what brings you to New York?" she asked.

"I have been elected vice president of the road and must live here," he replied.

"Then I suppose you will marry and keep up an establishment?" with a pretense of lightness.

"I don't know," he said dubiously. "There never was but one girl for me, and she—she has achieved fame. She would not think of giving up glory to become the wife of a railroad man."

A feeling long dead woke in the woman. "But she might be willing, Jack, if you asked her," she said almost wistfully. "She might gladly give up all her false glory to find real happiness."

"If I thought that," said Ainsworth breathlessly, "I'd ask her in a minute."

She thought of the novel, of the hack work, of the loneliness of her life which this friend of the past brought sharply before her.

"Jack," she said, "I've decided"—She paused, then went on rapidly, fingering the violets in her belt, "to give up literature for good."

Ainsworth started forward. "Do you really mean it, Lillian?"

"Yes, I do," she replied bravely.

"But why?" he inquired, doubting, puzzled.

She looked up at him, and he read in her shining eyes.

He leaped forward and folded her in his arms, crushing the violets in his eagerness. "My darling!" was all he could say in trembling tones.

As for Miss Treadwell, with that embrace came the realization that woman was not made to live on mind alone.

"Lois," she called, after a little, "bring me the manuscript of my novel." She took it from the wondering maid and turned to Jack with a radiant smile. "Come," she cried gayly—"come to my study fire and help me make dust and ashes of my literary pretensions."

"Mamma's Art Criticism.

The old negro "mammy" of the antebellum type is fast disappearing, and when one does meet with the genuine article there is generally reason to remember the occasion pleasantly, says the Baltimore Sun. Recently a gentleman was making some purchases in a small grocery in west Baltimore, when there entered the store one of those characters belonging to the days gone by.

Hanging conspicuously on the wall of the store was a large lithograph depicting an airily clad youngster in a field of waving grain. The picture immediately caught the eye of the newcomer.

"Who dat?" she asked the clerk.

"Why, that is George Washington," replied the clerk, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Huh!" grunted aunty dubiously. "Hit luks mo' lak Moses in de ambush."

They Still Name the Cook.

A queer custom, which prevails at no other court than that of Great Britain, is the announcement at the beginning of each course at a dinner of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served. The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II, who made a great favorite of one of his cooks, promoting him to the rank of chief over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures which were laid upon the king's table. Greatly incensed thereby and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the king in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth whenever a dish was placed before him the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in an audible tone.

### The Moon Kept on Shining.

A certain well known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very impudent counsel. To the surprise of everybody, the judge heard him quite through, unconscious of what was said by those present, and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day and when all were assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court folk had their refreshments, one of the company asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impudent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company, among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a little story. My father, who we lived in the country, had a dog, a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused, as if he had finished.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, but the moon kept shining on, just as if nothing had happened."

### One of Our Vices

It is peculiarly necessary that we in America should understand the danger of morbid self-consciousness, for it is one of our two most distinctive national vices, being equalled only by our irreverence. It is no accident that more books are written about American than concerning any other land, nor does it mean that we are more interesting, except to ourselves, than the rest of the world. It does mean that we are so self-conscious, so oversensitive to praise and blame—above all, so anxious to know what our neighbors are saying about us—that any traveler, however inane and incapable, who spends a few weeks upon our soil may return home and write his book about us, and we buy it by the hundred thousand. We are doing great things, thanks to our opportunities and our forefathers, but how much greater might we do could we use in quiet, simple action the time and energy we spend in plumbing ourselves upon our achievements.—Edward Howard Griggs in Ladies' Home Journal.

### The Side De Morny Cared For.

The Duc de Morny, half brother to Louis Napoleon, was ambassador extraordinary to the emperor of Russia during the coronation festivities and wrote home that the French might learn something from the Russians, if it were only how to light 10,000 candles in five minutes. De Morny was in Paris the night before the coup d'etat and spent the evening at the opera. Between the acts he went into one of the boxes to speak to a lady of his acquaintance.

"What shall you do, M. de Morny," asked a lady, "if the national assembly is swept out of doors as threatened?"

"Madame," he replied, "I shall try to be on the side of the broom handle."—Gentleman's Magazine.

### Army Shoes and Corns.

"If a law could be passed," said a chiropodist, "prohibiting the wearing of any shoe in this country except the pattern army shoe worn during our civil war, the corn doctor's occupation would be gone. That war was for the time the greatest corn eradicator ever known. I never knew a single case of a soldier in that war who suffered from corns a month after he began wearing his regulation army shoe, and I was four years a soldier in it myself. That shoe seemed to be made just right for comfort."

### Quite a Difference.

The department store is useful and convenient, but the multifarious nature of its activities sometimes leads to a dilemma.

"Where shall I find something nice in oil for the dining room?" asked a stout, smiling woman of the floorwalker in a western department store.

"On the third"—began the floorwalker. Then he paused and looked doubtfully at the inquirer. "Did you mean a painting or something in the sardine line?" he asked.

### No Uprising There.

Elderly Gent (clinging to strap)—There are a good many conditions affecting our governmental system today that are very oppressive, and their continuance may some day lead to a popular uprising.

Lady (also on the standing committee)—Perhaps, but (with withering glances at male occupants of the seats) you would never look for it to begin in a street car!—Richmond Dispatch.

### How to Make Glue.

To produce liquid glue which will keep for years break pieces of glue and place in a bottle with some whiskey. Cork tightly and set aside for a few days. This should be ready for use without the application of heat except in very cold weather, when the bottle should be placed in hot water for a few minutes before using the glue.

### A Month Without a Full Moon.

The month of February, 1863, was the most remarkable month in the world's history. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. This had not occurred since the creation of the world, and, according to some astronomers, the same thing may not occur again for a period of 2,500,000,000 years.

### Silently Assented.

The Nervous Pedestrian ran plump into a Stolid Individual standing in front of a Clothing Store.

"You Dummy!" he shouted.

The Stolid Individual ignored the Accusation. A Second Glance showed the Nervous Pedestrian that he was Right.—Los Angeles Herald.

### DISTRESSING ASTHMA.

To Be Cured This Disease Must Be Fought in Early Stages.

In popular usage asthma is a term employed to describe a well known condition, yet it is significant of the broadened knowledge of diseases in general that, as a distinct disease, the name is applied in a more and more restricted sense by physicians.

For example, the asthma of which Dr. Johnson complains in his later years, as recorded by Boswell, is so clearly set forth by the faithful biographer that the modern physician is even now able to determine that an affection of the heart was responsible for it.

Asthma is often a family affection and is frequently traceable to parents, grandparents or great-grandparents. Most sufferers are of an excitable, emotional or nervous temperament. It bears a rather striking analogy to epilepsy in that its attacks are characterized by suddenness and influenced by strong emotions, like fear or grief, and not infrequently occur at night, when the sufferer may be plunged from deep sleep into an attack. In both diseases excitement during the day is often followed by attacks.

Physicians believe, however, that a high strung organization alone is not sufficient to develop the disorder, but that some other source of irritation must be added—that is, some faulty state of the system elsewhere, like disease of the digestive tract, harmful factors circulating in the blood, obstacles to free breathing in the nose and others.

Whatever may be the source they must be dealt with energetically and at an early stage, since long standing cases of asthma invariably develop changes in the lungs and heart which are permanent. The disease can then be dealt with only by measures aimed at palliating and cutting short the separate attacks and with no reasonable hope of an actual, permanent cure.

For the young sufferer and for those in the early attacks of asthma the writer would emphasize the necessity of a thorough search for and the removal of any and every error in hygienic living in order to avoid the suffering of the chronic asthmatic and the further diseases which it brings in its train.—Youth's Companion.

### Sponges.

Sponges grow in odd, fantastic shapes. Some of them have an overgrowth resembling huge warts. There are some suggesting hands, hats and figures of idols. These are curiosities and not marketable for practical use. In trimming them into shape many small sponges are made which are used for children's slates, for blacking shoes and in making paper. The uses vary according to size.

One of the largest sponges known is in New York city. It is fan shape and some three feet in diameter. For practical use it is worthless, but as an exhibit it is valued at \$100.

The best sponges are imported from the Mediterranean, although Florida produces very fine varieties. These vary in price from a cent to \$20 apiece, although occasionally fine specimens bring \$50 a pound. The best of these are used in surgical operations.

Other sponges are the mandraka batt, the elephant ear, velvet, grass and sheep's wool, which is best for washing. The cheap sponges are used in washing carriages and by painters.

### A Curious Indian Custom.

In the original settlements in British Columbia a peculiar institution occasioned gala times for the red men now and then. This was the "potlatch," a thing to us so foreign, even in the impulse of which it is begotten, that we have no word or phrase to give its meaning. It is a feast and merrymaking at the expense of some man who has earned or saved what he deems considerable wealth, and who desires to distribute every iota of it at once in edibles and drinkables among the people of his tribe or village. He does this because he aspires to a chieftainship or merely for the credit of a "potlatch," a high distinction. Indians have been known to throw away such a sum of money that their "potlatch" has been given in a huge shed built for the feast, and blankets and ornaments have been distributed in addition to the feast.

### Celt and Saxon.

One of Sheridan's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt.

"But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment ye on the quickness of yer perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.

### A Turquoise Peculiarity.

About one woman in three cannot wear turquoises without turning them green. Some turquoises will turn green after being worn by any woman. Jewelers of the first class guarantee to replace turquoises if they turn green, and the annual cost of the replacements is stupendous. One jewel house has tried the experiment of having all its employees go around with dozens of turquoises strapped next to their skin to try to detect the green ones, but even when they have passed this test some of them will be brought back by customers, having turned a hideous green. No reason is known for the changing of color.

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