

# LOVE IN A MIST

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Augusta scampered across the pasture, the very mode and pattern of innocent wickedness. Clothed all in faded calico and flapping sun hat, her new pink lawn lay deftly hidden in the depths of her berry basket, with her bronze ties and clocked silk stockings nestled snugly underneath. She was going surreptitiously to a barn dance, albeit her grandmother thought dancing among the deadly sins. She knew she would get a wiggling afterward. Still, she did not mean to let the knowledge in any way dim the splendor of the day.

The Radley house lay just beyond the berry field. Once she reached it she was safe. Mrs. Radley had indeed incited her going, offering to take her in the carryall along with her own girls. Mrs. Radley was so plump and yielding and obstinate even Grandmother Willis could not quarrel with her. She was as motherly as she was plump. Now, for two years she had been persuading her son John to marry Augusta, "so as to let the poor thing have a little fun and the chance to feel that her soul was her own." John and Augusta had laughed jointly over his mother's matchmaking. They were the best friends in the world, but had quite other views for themselves.

"Here's a hat, Gussie. I knew you never could smuggle out that fine chip that you have not worn twice this summer," Mrs. Radley said, setting a picturesque rough straw turban upon the pink lawn snapped into place. "My, but you do look pretty!" she went on. "Then over her shoulder to John. 'She'll outshine everybody, won't she, Jack?'" "Except one," John answered. "Rose Lee 'll be there, you know. That reminds me, she's to fetch her city cousin. There's a chance for you, Gus! Rose says he has more money than he well knows how to spend."

"I wonder if he has changed," Gus said, laughing, "or if he is the same little whining beast he was that summer nine years ago?"

"Why, where did you ever see him?" John demanded in open eyed wonder.

Again Gussie laughed. "His grandmother and mine were cronies at the springs," she said. "Don't you remember our going to the mountains? Those two old ladies thought I was born to take care of Jody. How I should have hated him if I had not been so sorry for anything compelled to suffer that name! He was so sickly and spoiled and just plain hateful along with it. Ugh! I'm sorry he's coming. He quite scorned dancing with me—said I was clumsy—but I always believed it was spite. I beat him so far when it came to climbing trees or even throwing rocks!"

"And you never told me a word of all this," John said a little reproachfully.

Gussie tweaked his ear, answering softly: "Of course not. You have been in love with Rose since you wore trousers. I wouldn't say things about your dear cousin that was to be, Jody Flitts."

"Six double sets were already dancing under the big bush arbor when the Radleys drove up. High above the dancers a string band played for dear life, while the leader of it called the figures in a loud, merry voice. Out under the trees other people sat, usually young people, fittingly paired and so snug one in the other they had eyes for little else besides.

A slight young fellow, with a single glass dangling from his buttonhole, leaned against a near tree trunk, looking discontentedly about. He darted at Gussie and caught both her hands saying: "How dare you be late? You must have known I was pining for another real good fight."

"You cried 'Enough!' and promised to keep the peace ever after the last time," Gussie protested. "Besides, I do not fight enemies any more."

"I'm ahead of you," Flitts said, drawing her hand through his arm. "I not merely keep the peace with my enemies; I love them dearly—one of them at least."

"Your pretty speeches must be sadly in need of air," Gussie said, with a little sidelong look at John. It amazed her to see him frown and turn away, gnawing his mustache. Flitts caught the look and smiled a little, but pressed toward the arbor, saying as they reached the edge of it:

"You are going to dance with me. Now, can you longer doubt my devotion?"

"Oh, I don't know. You were always devoted to yourself," Gussie said, smiling wickedly.

Flitts pretended to frown. "I see you are not properly impressed with the change in me," he said. "Understand, I have escaped from the Jody stage. Instead, behold Joe Flitts, very much at your service. Do you know I came down here just to find you?"

"No, and I don't think I shall ever find it out," Gussie retorted, beating time with her foot.

The quadrille was in its last whirr. Flitts raised his hand and nodded slightly to the leader of the band. Instantly the fiddles broke out in the maddest, merriest twostep.

Flitts caught Gussie's hand and said: "I've been waiting for this. Twosteps were presented especially for you. You always romped no matter what the step or the figure."

"Can you wonder? All my dancing has been done under the rose," Gussie said, yielding herself to his impulsive. "Fast, faster, faster, they went up and

down the arbor, eyes brightening, breath quickening. A bare half dozen other couples dared to follow them. Few were so straitlaced as Grandmother Willis in the matter of dancing. Still there was a general feeling that quadrilles, or at most cotillions, were the proper things for big public companies. Even the Radley girls waltzed only at home.

John felt himself grow hot as he watched Augusta and young Flitts through their madly gay rush. No harm in it, of course, but she had never waltzed even with him. His brows drew so portentously together Rose Lee smiled significantly as she came up behind him and touched his arm. Evidently she had it in mind to say something—something a little bit out of the common. But a great clattering stir at the arbor's farther end silenced her. A family carriage, rusty and ancient, had drawn up there, the horses panting and flecked with foam. Out from the door of it strode an awful figure, Grandmother Willis, in dead black, the plumes of her best bonnet nodding hoarsely over her forehead. As she caught sight of Augusta whirling half inclosed by a stranger's arms she gave a cry that silenced every string and brought the sparse dancers up standing.

For half a minute no words would come. Then, with the hissing fall of molten iron, she cried: "Wanton! Shameless wanton! Never, never shall you darken my doors again!"

All in a flash Flitts appeared to comprehend. Lightness fell away from him. He stood upright and said clearly: "Madame, I have the honor to ask your granddaughter in marriage?"

"Who are you? I do not know you; I—I have no granddaughter," Miss Willis said lily.

Gussie had grown white. She left Flitts and went close to the furious old woman, saying as she bowed her head: "Grandmother, don't, don't curse me, for my mother's sake—and your own. Let me go home with you. It was wrong to trick you!"

Madame turned away as though she had not heard. Softly Flitts held out his hands. Before Gussie could reach him John had leaped to her side and was holding her close in the face of all the world. "You're a trump, but mine is the older claim," he said, holding out a hand to Flitts, who wrung it hard. As for Gussie, she was too happy and too miserable to say a word either way.

### Modifying a Bow.

Travelers received by the sultan of Morocco were at one time required to make the customary obeisance of the country, but that ceremonial is now omitted. The reason, according to Lady Grove in her "Seventy-one Days' Camping," goes back to a slight social awkwardness involved in carrying out that prescription.

A distinguished naturalist had been presented to the sultan, and as he bowed his head to the ground, instead of supporting himself with his hands, he placed them behind his back; consequently his forehead came against the marble floor with a loud bang, and he had some difficulty in recovering himself.

The sultan was amazed. "Has not the gentleman had the honor of entering the presence of his own sovereign?" he asked another visitor later.

"Probably he has had that honor, your majesty," was the answer.

"Then," said the sultan, "he should have learned the art of making salutations without the occurrence of such accidents."

Thereupon his majesty learned with astonishment that this lowly form of obeisance is not observed at European courts, and he immediately decreed that none but the usual customs demanded by European sovereigns should be required of Europeans when they entered or left his presence.

### A Close Combination.

"They can get up combinations in the west to beat the band," said a Philadelphia drummer who had come in off a trip and had a shortage to explain. "In a town in western Iowa I had a difference of opinion with a landlord and called him a liar. He was a deputy sheriff, and he arrested me. His brother was prosecuting attorney, and he was against me. The judge was his brother-in-law, and he tried the case. I said I'd take ten days in jail sooner than pay the fine, but when I came to be locked up the jailer said to me:

"You'd better pay. I'm the father-in-law of the judge, and it will be my duty to put you in a cell with a prisoner who's gone crazy and wants to kill somebody."

"I paid and was released," said the drummer, "but I wanted revenge. I went to the only lawyer in town with a reputation and stated my case and asked him to take it."

"Yes," he replied, "but think how it would look. I'm son-in-law to the jailer!"

### Ugly Hindoo Women.

The men among the Hindoos of Bombay are by all odds handsomer than the women, the fashion among the latter of wearing in the left nostril a huge hoop of silver adorned with precious stones not tending to enhance the modicum of beauty they already possess. This ring is often so large that the mouth and chin are covered by it. The married women also chew the leaves of the betel palm, and so their teeth and lips are stained a vivid and disagreeable yellow.

Caste, that strong divider of class, is indicated on the women by stripes of various colors on the forehead. Their arms, which are mostly bare, are fancifully tattooed, and their toes and ankles are ornamented with silver bangles and rings. This latter ornamentation is shared by both sexes. In downright ugliness many of these women approach closely an American Indian squaw.

### CHINESE FESTIVALS.

#### Six Curious Feast Days That Usher In the New Year.

The first day of the Chinese New Year's feast is called Bird's day (Kai-Yat) and is supposed to bring to mind the utility of the feathered tribes as food. On this day all orthodox Chinese abstain from eating flesh, and they sometimes observe it as a day of fasting. The second day is Dog's day (Ku-Yat). This day is especially held sacred to the canine hosts of the Flowery Kingdom. The Chinese, notwithstanding the fact that they eat the flesh of the dog and esteem it a great delicacy, honor their dogs more highly and take better care of them than any other race of people. In every large Chinese city there is a workman whose sole trade is that of making coffins for departed canines.

The third day, Hog's day (Chen-Yat), is celebrated in honor of a hog that once drew a valuable manuscript out of a bonfire of trash. The fourth feast, Sheep's day (Yaong-Yat), is honored in memory of Pun Koon Yeng, a shepherd who clothed himself in leaves, grass and bark of trees, refusing to make use of any part of the sheep, either for food or clothing. The fifth day is Cow's day (New-Yat). This day is consecrated to the cow that suckled the orphan who afterward became rich and built the celebrated Temple of Cows. The sixth day is Ma-Yat, or Horse day, and is set apart to call to mind the usefulness of that noble animal.

#### Notable Paintings.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and on the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface, so the story goes, could be covered with a grain of corn.

In contradistinction to this the largest painting, exclusive of frescoes and panoramas, is Tintoretto's "Paradise." It is hung in the grand saloon of the doges' palace at Venice and is 84 feet wide and 34 feet high.

Michael Angelo's fresco in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican completely covers the vaulted roof, which measures 133 feet in length and 43 feet in width. This painting delineates the creation of man, his fall and the early history of the world, with a reference to man's final redemption and salvation.

#### Reassuring.

"Oh, Harold," wailed the lovely maiden, in whose expressive features grief and indignation seemed to be struggling for the mastery, "how can I believe you in the face of all this evidence of your perfidy and double dealing? The letter to Blanche, in your own handwriting; her photograph, found in your possession; the fact, as told me by a dozen witnesses and tacitly confessed by you, that you kissed her the other evening when you were together in the conservatory—how can you reconcile these things with your continued professions of love for me?"

"All these things, darling," said the hero of the story, the light of truth shining in his dark brown eyes and the impress of sincerity stamped upon his noble forehead, "will be satisfactorily explained in the next chapter!"—Chicago Tribune.

#### No Time to Read.

"Pause, O youth or maiden," wrote Andrew Lang in the Windsor Magazine, "before you accustom your lips to this fatal formula, 'I have no time to read.' You have all the time which for you exists, and it is abundant. What are you doing with it—with your leisure? Mainly, gossiping. Our modern malady is gregariousness. We must be in company chattering."

"To be always with others, always gregarious, in troops, chattering, like monkeys in tree-tops, is our ruling vice, and this is the reason why we have no time to read and why you see so many people pass their leisure when alone in whistling or whittling. They have time to whittle."

#### Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci, the celebrated Italian painter, sculptor and architect, died in 1519. He was born in 1452 and became well versed in all the sciences and arts of his time. His most famous picture is "The Last Supper," painted on the wall of a convent at Milan. He is said to have anticipated Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus and others in their astronomical theories and also some of the discoveries of recent geologists, though his views are expressed in somewhat vague language.

#### A Successful Test.

At a small town in Kent a gentleman employed a carpenter to put up a partition and had it filled with sawdust to deaden the sound. When it was completed, the gentleman called from one side to the carpenter on the other: "Smith, can you hear me?" Smith immediately answered, "No, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

#### Favored the Clarinet.

"So ye're goin' to make yer by a musician," said Mr. Rafferty. "I am," answered Mr. Dolan. "I'm goin' to have 'im learn to play the clarinet."

"Why don't ye learn 'im the violin?" "Because I want 'im to have every advantage. A violin makes fine music, but a clarinet is a heap more to be depended on in a scrimmage."—Washington Star.

#### Casey's Generous Gift.

"When Mr. Casey died, he left all he had to the orphan asylum." "Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?" "His twelve children."—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Remarkable Race of People.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race of human beings called the Kubus. They are the most timid and bashful people in the world, being too shy to mingle with the other races of the island. They dwell in the darkest recesses of the mountain forests and have seldom been seen by white men. One has never been known to willingly face a stranger. This being the case, their trade with the Malaysians is carried on in a very strange way. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The shy Kubus then approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat the trader's gong and retreat. The trader then returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient to pay the purchase price of the goods on sale.

He then disappears for a second time, this to give the Kubus a chance to return and consider the bargain. After many withdrawals, approaches, gong beatings, etc., an understanding is arrived at, and each party carries away its bargain. This remarkable race knows nothing of a supreme being, heaven, hell or evil demons. They have no system of marriage and never bury their dead. They live on snakes, ants, bugs, grubs, etc.

#### The Creation of the Camel.

There is an Arab tradition cited in Burton's "Gold Mines of Midian" regarding the creation of the camel which illustrates the popular but erroneous opinion that this animal is ugly in form and temper.

The story goes that when Allah determined to create the horse he called the south wind and said, "I desire to draw from thee a new being; condense thyself by parting with thy fluidity." The Creator then took a handful of this element, blew upon it the breath of life and the noble quadruped appeared. But the horse complained against his Maker. His neck was too short to reach the distant grass blades on the march; his back had no hump to steady a saddle; his hoofs were sharp and sank deep into the sand, and he added many similar grievances.

Whereupon Allah created the camel to prove the foolishness of his complaint. The horse shuddered at the sight of what he wanted to become, and this is the reason that every horse starts when meeting its caricature for the first time.

#### Where Gannets Swarm.

One of the most remarkable sights in the world is Bird Island, in South Africa, for the reason that during some months of the year it is literally covered with gannets. Not a foot of ground is to be seen anywhere. Day after day thousands of gannets strut around, and they are so close to each other that the whole island seems actually alive. Those who have seen this sight say that it is one which can never be forgotten.

#### The Self-Effacing Aet.

Myer—in olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible.

Gyer—Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it?

Gyer—By marrying famous women.—Chicago News.

#### Significant.

In a well known thoroughfare in London outside of a noted restaurant there might be seen the following notice: "This is the best restaurant in London! Our fish cannot be approached!"—London King.

#### Today.

Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank todays.

#### A High Testimonial.

Lady (engaging a maid)—Was your last mistress satisfied with you? Maid—Well, mum, she said she was very pleased when I left.

#### Poverty Itself No Disgrace.

"At the same time, you do not contend that poverty is a disgrace." "Well, no; not unless it drinks and borrows money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### AS IT IS WRITTEN.

##### A List of the Greatest Ten Men the World Has Known.

Who are the ten greatest men the world has known? Dr. J. McKeen Cattell gives Napoleon, Shakespeare, Mohammed, Voltaire, Bacon, Aristotle, Goethe, Julius Caesar, Luther and Plato. "The method I followed," says the author, "to discover the 1,000 men who are pre-eminent was this: I took six biographical dictionaries or encyclopedias—two English, two French, one German and one American—and found the 2,000 men in each who were allowed the longest articles. In this way some 6,000 men were found. I then selected the men who appeared in the lists of at least three of the dictionaries and from these selected the thousand and from these the greatest average space. Thus was obtained not only the thousand men esteemed the most eminent, but also the order in which they stand. According to this list, the ten most eminent are given above. It is curious that these ten pre-eminent men are so widely separate in race and age—two Greeks, two Frenchmen, two Germans, two Englishmen, one Roman and one Arab and two in the fifth century and one in the first century before Christ, one in the sixth, one in the fifteenth, two in the sixteenth and three in the eighteenth century. The ten names last on the list are Otto, Sertorius, Macpherson, Claudian, Domitian, Bugeaud, Charles I. of Naples, Fauriel, Enjantun and Barbary, names hardly ever heard."—Philadelphia Record.

##### Shaving Among the Hindoos.

The Hindoo is a contemner of beards, and one-half of his head is devoid of hair, he only leaving a long lock which grows from the back of the head. This is a relic of the belief that has taught Hindoos the angel of death used this cue to drag them to heaven.

Women are great patrons of the barber, for the Brahmanical law is very explicit on this score and provides that widows must keep their heads shaved. This rule is most rigidly enforced, and the unfortunate widow has to make herself as ugly as possible, and gracefully submits to an operation which deprives her of her greatest ornament, for Brahman women have splendid heads of hair and their coiffure sets it off to exceptional advantage. It is put up in a coil. The rich partially cover this huge knot with a thin platter of beaten gold, while the poor twine in it the gorgeous flowers of the marigold.

##### Frogs That Sing.

In some cases the glottis of the frog presents a considerable analogy to the upper larynx of birds. Cuvier compares their mechanism to a kettledrum. Dr. Abbott to a steam whistle. Various species of the hylodes, or tree frog, found most abundantly in South America, make the best approach to song. Some of their sounds are flutelike, others metallic, others again a clear, loud trilled rattle, sometimes piercingly shrill.

That under certain circumstances the effects are pleasing we can gather from such a keen observer as Darwin. He says, "Near Rio Janeiro I used often to sit in an evening listening to a number of little hylae which, perched on blades of grass close to the water, sent forth sweet chirping notes in harmony."—London Answers.

##### Coal Bin Measurements.

A solid cubic foot of anthracite coal weighs ninety-three pounds. When broken for use, it weighs about fifty-four pounds. Bituminous coal, when broken up for use, weighs about fifty pounds. The consequent rule for the approximate measurement of coal in a bin or box is to multiply the length in feet by the height in feet and again by the breadth in feet and this result by fifty-four for anthracite coal or by fifty for bituminous coal. The result will equal the number of pounds, and to find the number of tons divide by 2,000.—Popular Mechanics.

##### A Fire Extinguisher.

A man made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked: "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?" "Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

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#### Mistake in the Locality.

That keen rivalry which western towns feel is probably responsible for the story about Seattle, which may well have been said of some other place at some other time. It concerns a Seattle man who died and went to the hereafter.

"I don't see," he remarked, after a casual survey of his new quarters, "that heaven is so much better than Seattle."

"But this isn't heaven," explained a bystander.—New York Tribune.

#### Love in Spectacles.

He—I suppose now that I shall have to ask your father for his consent. She—No, Harry. After the first time you called, pa said I might have you if I wanted you. Pa and I have understood it for a long time.—Boston Transcript.

#### Most Important News He Had.

"Well, John, I am going to your native town, and if I see any of your folks what shall I tell them?" Proud Youth—Oh, nothing, only if they say anything about whiskers just tell them I've got some.—Stray Stories.

#### Hard Patients.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure? Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with 'em.

#### Saving the Pennies.

Some people's idea of economy is to break every dollar they get hold of so as to save up the pennies they receive in change.—Baltimore American.

Give the world more sunshine and less whistling.—Dallas News.



## SECRETS

#### At the Price of Suffering.

Woman on her way to semi-invalidism caused by pregnancy suffers much pain. Ignorance prompts her to suffer alone in silence and remain in the dark as to the true cause—motherhood.

Mother's Friend takes the doctor's place and she has no cause for an interview. She is her own doctor, and her modesty is protected. Daily application to the breast and abdomen throughout pregnancy will enable her to undergo the period of gestation in a cheerful mood and rest undisturbed.

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is a liniment for external use only. It would indeed be shameful if the sacrifice of modesty were necessary to the successful issue of healthy children. All women about to become mothers need send only to a drug store and for \$1.00 secure the prize childbirth remedy. Healthy babies are the result of using Mother's Friend. Our book "Motherhood" mailed free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.