

## HER ONE DAY OFF

By May Everett Glover

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She was such a little woman, and he was a very large man. He first noticed her when the crowd began pushing toward the reviewing stand, and he could not help thinking that it must be hard for her to keep on her feet. Just then the parade was heard approaching, and again there was great pushing, in spite of the warnings of the policeman. The large man found himself just behind her. When the disappointed crowd swayed from the other direction, she was suddenly crowded against him.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed to the man next to her. "Can't you see how you are crowding this lady?" Then she felt an arm protectingly around her. "Excuse me, madam, but I am not going to let them crush a little mite like you."

There was such a free heartiness blended with anxiety in his tone that she laughed in spite of her indignation at the liberty he had taken.

"Thank you," she said when the crush was over and she had been released. She looked up for the first time into the dark, handsome face under the wide brimmed hat, which spoke so plainly of the west. "A cowboy," she thought. "I suppose that he has been one of the rough riders."

"No thanks needed in a crowd like this. I think it is a—Then he paused, and his dark eyes scanned her questioningly. She felt her face flush. "Excuse me, have I ever seen you before?" he asked. "Oh, I know you! You are Anna! Beg pardon, I mean Miss Reynolds—Mrs. Bains' cousin."

"Mrs. Bains? Oh, Mrs. Bains out in Washington. Then you must be Phil—I mean Mr. Edmunds," she said in surprise.

"Yes, Edmunds is my name, but I am Phil." And there was a twinkle in the dark eyes. "I am glad that I found you today. I have your address and wanted to call on you. I promised Mrs. Bains that I would—wanted to anyway—but after I got here I—" He hesitated an instant. "Well, I just dreaded it. I am not used to ladies and never could get along very well with them." He laughed bashfully.

"So you were afraid to call. I don't think that I should have frightened you, do you?" She smiled.

"No, not at all, but I didn't know. I had an idea that you were very independent and wouldn't want to see a rough fellow like me, and I didn't know how you would treat me."

"Mrs. Bains wrote me that you were east on business and would call to see me and tell me all about them," she said pleasantly. "But it was strange that we should meet in this crowd and you should recognize me. I was going with some friends, but in some way we missed one another."

"You are alone then? Good! I may take care of you today, may I not?" he asked eagerly.

She looked rather surprised. "You see, we are not strangers," he said apologetically. "I have heard of Cousin Anna for years, and I have looked at your picture dozens of times. Say, I like that last one of you with that dainty thing around your neck—I don't know what you call it. I wanted that picture the worst kind, but Mrs. Bains wouldn't give it to me, and when I took it she made me bring it back."

She laughed. Somehow she could not feel provoked with him, as she would have done with any one else. There was a ring of sincerity in his tone that made her feel instinctively that she could trust him. She was rather prepared for his abrupt way, for Mrs. Bains had written:

"You will find that Phil is like a boy and blurts out what he thinks. He is not at all used to ladies' society, but he has a high opinion of women. My husband says he is true gold. He is quite wealthy, and no one stands higher in this locality than he does."

"You may take care of me today. It will be a new experience. I am not used to being taken care of," she said after a pause.

"That is a shame. Do you know you look like Mrs. Bains, and she is the only woman that I could ever get along with. She is just like a sister to me. You see, our ranches join, and I have known the Bainses for years."

"I am glad that you know them. I have not seen them for so long."

"They want me to persuade you to come along home with me. You will, won't you?"

"I couldn't think of taking such a long vacation. You know that I am a business woman."

"Couldn't you have some business out there?" he asked anxiously.

"It might need eatin'," she laughed. "What do you think of New York?"

"There wouldn't be much pasture," he said, glancing around at the pushing, swaying crowd. "I have not been here for years—not since the year I graduated from college and thought that I knew everything," he laughed. "It seems as if I am nearly smothered with all these high buildings and crowds of people. I will be glad when I get back on my ranch again, where I have room to breathe."

In some way she felt unusually free. There was something about him that made her feel that she was really being taken care of. It was a new sensation to have some one help her over streets, on cars and pilot her through crowds. They laughed and chatted like a couple of children suddenly let loose from school. They even stopped at a corner and bought peanuts and munched them

as they walked, a proceeding that would have shocked her an hour before. She could not help wondering what her friends would say if they should see her.

"Here I had an idea that you would not be at all sociable with a fellow," he said, "and I think that you are just fine. I am sorry that I did not come around and get acquainted sooner."

She looked up gratefully. They were waiting for the exhibition of fireworks, and he had found her a seat where they could have a good view and not be jostled by the crowd.

"I certainly shall remember this day," she said.

"I know that I shall," and there was a strange look on his dark, handsome face.

"I will think of it when I get lonely," she said slowly, as if half to herself.

"Do you ever get lonely?" he asked.

"Sometimes. I think that there is no place where a person can get as lonely as in a large city. Of course I have my work, but there are times when I feel it very much." Her voice trembled in spite of herself. "There," she exclaimed suddenly. "You are the first person to whom I have ever acknowledged that I ever got lonely," she laughed.

He leaned over and brushed a fallen leaf from her hat.

"You see, this has been my one day off, and it has spoiled me. I do not often give up a day to pleasure."

They were silent for a few minutes. Cheer after cheer went up from the crowd as the brilliant fireworks shot high in the air, but they did not seem to see them.

"Do you know that"—he suddenly paused—"I will get lonely too when I am on my ranch and think of you here, and I just can't go home without you. There it is out!" he said impulsively. "Anna, won't you go with me? I have never cared for any one before, but I think I have been loving you for years. I have known it for a long time. I heard so much about you and I learned to love your picture, but when I got here I could not summon up courage enough to call. I know that I am abrupt and not used to society; but, Anna, will you marry me and go home with me? I—I do love you."

It was nearly dark, and those around were taking care of their own affairs. He leaned close to her. "I know that it is a great deal to ask you to give up everything here and go on a ranch, but I will try to take good care of you and do all that I can to make you happy," he said pleadingly.

She did not answer. He waited a few minutes.

"Forgive me, Miss Reynolds," he said, a new dignity in his tone. "I must be wild to think for a moment that you would ever dream of marrying me." His voice trembled. "I can't help loving you, but you must forget it. I thank you for the pleasure that you have given me today. It will be the one bright spot in my life. I shall often think of it."

Still she was silent. She was living the years to come—the days with her books and papers, the lonely hours she must spend and the longing that she would feel to have some one to care for her in spite of all her talk of womanly independence. And then she seemed to feel that protecting arm that had been slipped so unceremoniously around her in the crowd and the strong hand that had guided her. She asked herself if it had been only for a day that she had been so taken care of, and she knew that she would miss it on the morrow unless—She looked up at the man who had come so suddenly into her life and in whom she felt perfect trust, who would make her life so different if she would only allow him to do so, and then—she slipped her hand in his.

"I'll go with you, Phil," she whispered. "I don't believe that I can get along without you. I'll miss you so."

**The Rattle's Call.**

"What is the rattle's rattle for?" asked the zoo keeper.

"It is a call," he resumed, answering his own question. "The rattle-snake with it calls his mate. A man was telling me the other day that he studied the rattle question last year in the west. He said it is mainly as a call that the rattle is used, though different sounds can be made with it, and these sounds appear to have different meanings."

"Once this man saw seven hogs attack a rattlesnake. The reptile began to fight pluckily, and while he fought rattled loud and long. Three other snakes came with great speed and courage to his aid. A dreadful battle followed. The snakes, though they fought well, were all killed."

"The rattle is also said to charm or hypnotize birds, so that the snake can seize them easily, but in this story my friend doesn't take much stock. It's as a call, he says, that the rattle is used most—a love call generally, with which the male snake summons his mate."—Philadelphia Record.

**Having a Hard Time.**

"Here I've been running for years," said the hall clock, "and I haven't moved an inch. I wouldn't mind that so much, but every evening about 8:30 the young lady of the family turns me back because she says I'm too fast and then in the morning the old man comes along and grumbles because I'm too slow."

**Fancy Work.**

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without erecting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."

**A Pampered Ambition.**

"That boy says his only ambition is to make a living without working."

"What are his parents going to do for him?"

"Make a politician out of him."—Detroit Free Press.

## NOT IN THE BIBLE.

### Quotations Popularly Attributed to the Good Book.

"There are a number of sentences not in the Bible which everybody thinks are there," said a clergyman. "The chief of these sentences is, 'Be temper the wind to the shorn lamb.' You would search the Bible pretty thoroughly before you would find that sentence in it. Where you would find it would be in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.'

Sterne gets a good deal of praise for the origination of this sentence, but it was originated, as a matter of fact, before he was born. In a collection of French proverbs published in 1594 we find, 'Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tonde!' That convicts Sterne of plagiarism.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Everybody thinks that is in the Bible. No sleep came to him, and he tossed about struggling with a desire to get up, go to the door and look at the church, after which he knew he would go back to bed and to sleep. It was near 2 o'clock in the morning before he gave way; then, rising, he went to the door, opened it, looked at the church and was about to turn when he saw or thought he saw a flash of light at one of the windows.

Putting on his clothes and taking his lantern and the key to a door opening into the vestry, he hurried over to the gloomy pile, now dark within, though lighted dimly without by a waning moon. Opening the door, he entered and, passing through an arch, stood on the chancel steps with his lantern behind him, that it might not interfere with his vision, and peered at the pews, aisles, naves—indeed, at those things with peculiar names that go to make up the interior of a church.

Seen at that hour by the faintest glimmer of moonlight shining through the windows, nothing could have been more inviting. Even a sexton may have feeling, and old Pollock, although he had seen the sight many times before, remarked to himself that he would rather be opening a grave by daylight than standing there gazing over a sea of emptiness. But, not seeing anything unusual, he was about to take his departure when he heard a fumbling at the great front door lock. Not wishing to be seen, he blew out his light and got into one of the choir pews, where he could watch any one entering the church.

Sure enough, the big door opened and some one came in. Then came the scratch and clash of a match and the lighting of a candle. By its faint flame Pollock saw a man enter the church, leading a shrinking girl up the center aisle, who shuddered at every step. The pair came nearly to the chancel, where the man waited, listening for a sound, while the girl sat in front pew, her face buried in her hands. They were evidently expecting to meet some one.

Then the clock in the tower struck 2. A moment later Pollock saw a light moving in the guild rooms, and presently a man dressed in the vestments of a clergyman came in, holding in his hand a small lamp. The man before the chancel met him at the rail and whispered something to him. Then he turned to the girl.

"Grace, dear," he said, "this is the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne, rector of this church. He will marry us."

From this moment Pollock saw through what was on foot as well as if he were intimately acquainted with the parties. He had served as sexton with Dr. Hartshorne for twenty years and knew full well that the man before him was not Dr. Hartshorne. A young girl was about to be ruined by a mock marriage.

But what was he to do? He was an old man incapable of overcoming these two rascals and did not think that to appear and accuse them would be of any avail. At any rate he did not dare to let it for fear of bodily injury. The girl was almost dragged to the altar.

There was light enough for Pollock to see that the man was well dressed while the girl was in the garb of the poorer classes. The mock clergyman began the service and had reached the words, "Grace, will you have this man?" when Pollock gave a groan that echoed through the church with all the despair of one suffering from melanoma insanity.

The groom and the mock clergyman looked at each other with startled faces.

The bride had to be supported.

"Go on," said the groom under his teeth with an oath, and, after considerable urging, the service proceeded.

"Do you, Grace, have this man?"

There was another groan, this time down in the body of the church, for Pollock had slipped around by a side passage and got in among the pews. The pretended clergyman dropped his book.

"You'll burn for this!" came a voice from a still different direction.

By this time the groom had lost his nerve as well as the clergyman and, picking up the bride, who had fainted, hurried down the aisle with her.

"Drop her!" roared a sepulchral voice.

The bride was dropped in the aisle and the men frantically made for the door.

Pollock, fearing they might gather courage to return, picked up the girl and carried her out of the vestry door and he went and got his razor strop.

Lena Bruce remained with the old couple till they died, they believing that Providence had caused the sexton to take his resolution on that very night and break it after midnight for the purpose of saving the girl and giving them a daughter. Lena, who was a good Christian, only yielded to the villain's solicitation to a clandestine marriage on his promise to take her to a church. No church was available except at an hour when all the world was asleep. But how they got the keys old Pollock never knew. He did not again think of going to bed without his last look at his charge and often got up in the night to do so.

BELLE ATWOOD.

## A SEXTON'S HABIT

(Original)

Old Pollock, sexton of St. James' church, and his wife were childless. Mrs. Pollock pined because she had not a girl to keep her company and Pollock shared in her wish.

Pollock had a habit of stepping to his door every night before going to bed to take a look at his church, not that he expected to see anything unusual—it was a mere matter of habit. His wife told him that it was a habit and begged him to break it up. He gathered his resolution for an effort to do so.

This effort took place one night in November. At 10 o'clock Pollock put out the lights in the house and went to bed. This was only the beginning of it. No sleep came to him, and he tossed about struggling with a desire to get up, go to the door and look at the church, after which he knew he would go back to bed and to sleep. It was near 2 o'clock in the morning before he gave way; then, rising, he went to the door, opened it, looked at the church and was about to turn when he saw or thought he saw a flash of light at one of the windows.

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