JACINIS DOWIBILIE PILAN By Hugh S. Fullerton.

hietic committee went into solemn meeting

consider the outlook. State college and Westerfield had each won three games, and the rubber game of the series for the college championship of the state was at hand. And Jacky was sick -Jacky Dean, the star pitcher.

State college had never been so hard pressed before. State. Never in any coffege season had State failed to sweep away its rivals, but now, with the deciding game at hand, the outlook appeared desperate. After the first three victories Jacky Dean had fallen sick with fever, and when the championship games were being played he had tossed on his bed in the hospital, where the cries of the coachers could reach him, and writhed with the burning of the fever and the desire to be out on the hall field, leading his team

They had not dared tell him when Westerfield had won its first game, nor did they dare hint to him that the next game, played over at Greenville, had gone against State. They still hoped to win the fourth victory and clinch the claim to the championship that State had held for seven years, but when the sixth game was played and State again went down in defeat, leaving the series tied, Jacky was better, and he demanded to know.

He was weak, scarcely able to sit up in his narrow, white enameled bed in the college hospital, and they feared to tell him, but the nurse, who knew of the restless, craying desire of the boy for news from the ball field, insisted and sadly and with much explanation indey, the acting captain, told Jacky of their downfall and of the desperate outlook for the game of Saturday, only ten days away.

When they left him Jacks turned over on his cot and wept from weakness and despair, and the next morning he demanded his clothes and Insisted be was well.

It was Jacky's last year at college, and he had hoped to close it with a victory. The nurse refused to let him stir from the bed, and he wept again-because he had been sick and was weak. He cried because State was in desperate straits-and he-Jacky-was unable to help her. Jacky had learned many things at college, but he had one lesson yet to learn-to give in.

Never mind, Jacky, boy," said the doctor. "Keep cool and don't worry, and you'll be up in three days, and I'll let you see the game."

And Jacky kept cool and quiet, so quiet that the nurse wondered. He ate the soups that he detested as if with relish and he no longer pleaded for real food. "He's getting better rapidly." the nurse reported to the doctor.

The athletic committee went into secret session on the eve of the contest, facing a desperate situation. Young Mosby, the freshman pitcher, was the only available man, and twice Westerfield had pounded his curves all over the

" M only Jacky were well," they mourned. Jacky had been allowed to visit the ball field each day for five days and sit in the sun to watch his fellows practice for the final struggle. He had tried to cheer them and assure them they would win-but they were beaten even then and hopeless.

II.

The day opened bright and warm, a typical baseball day. A great crowd had gathered. In the bleachers to the west of the field the invading horde of Westerfield, waving their purple and gold banners, were shouting and singing in anticipation of victory. The blue and white of State waved back deflance from the eastern bleachers. The bands blared the somes of the rival schools, the megaphone choruses tilted back and forth across the field in a Jousting match of noise.

Pretty girls, decked with ribbons, carrying gay sunshades of college colors, shouted and danced with en-

Jacky sat with Winnie, and Winnie's father, and Ellis, and Deakyn in the box at the front of the State bleachers. Jacky was in the dumps. This was the day that he had planned to score a brilliant victory over Westerfield, and tonight was the night that he had intended to ask Win-nie-the same Winnie, who for four years of their college life had smiled upon him and held him off, and who during the last two years had been mor- of a tyeant, and held him farther away than ever. He had intended to ask something this night-his last night of triumph in his college career, and now he couldn't.

"O, I hope we will win. I hope we will win," said Winnie, waving her Siate flag vigorously as if to beat down the waving banners on the other side of the field. "We won't," said Jacky, kicking vigorously at the front of the box.

'Cheer up, Jacky," said Winnie's father. "They may win-even without you." "No they won't," said Jacky. "They're beaten now.

That's half the game." "Look, look, they're starting," said Whale, Johning

her sweet voice in the long yell of State and waving defiance to Westerfield. The crisp, staccato, barking yell of the confident Westerfieldlans broke upon the air as the State team trotted

out upon the field, the umpires took their stations, and the game started. A moment of tense silence, then Nixon, Westerfield's first batter, cracked the ball to center. The crowd stood up, screamed with apprehension a moment, and fell back with cheer of relief as the ball settled in Madden's hands in left field. Westerfield's yell of triumph ended in a choking sound, and the long yell of State burst forth. Two more men went out quickly, and, to the volley of triumphant

yells and the fluttering of many flags, State trotted in from the field and faced Groves the Westerfield pitcher. Again three men retired in succession and this time the Westerfield bleachers broke forth into pseans of triumph the team trotted out on to the field Mosby was left at the ting in the box, clasped her hands tightly around her flag, as State trotted back on to the field.

"I'd just go and hug that little fellow if he'd win," said Winnle. Jacky looked grim.

Silence fell suddenly. Then Westerfield's first batter drove the ball safe down the first base line. The Westerfield bleachers broke forth into noise, and a silence fell on State's side, the band heroically trying to lead the chorus. him back to the hospital." Mosby was plainly rattled, and he gave the next man a base on balls, then fumbled the bunt that was meant for sacrifice hit, and the bases were full. Westerfield's short fly, and State burst forth into song, but the next ball came over the place. Instead of bitting it he pushed bleachers were in full cry. Two hits in succession sent the runners scampering over the home plate before any and, when the danger seemed over Aikens. Westerfield's hausted and laboring, at first base. The bases were full

00000000000000000000000

Then, after hard work, the side was retired, and State, The situation was desperate, and the distressed and disheartened, came in dejectedly "Where did Jacky go?" asked Ellis suddenly, turning "He was here a moment ago. I didn't notice him move

-I was so anxious." Again State retired without a run, and again Westerfield attacked the ball, and, by the aid of Mosby's wildness, made another run, making the score 5 to 0 against



like his old time form, and this time not one of the in-

was pale and drawn. His eyes were shlaing. Winnle, sit-

two batters for State bit safely. Jacky was at bat. In

The fifth inning passed with no change. Jacky's face

and a torrent of noise, and there was silence and gloom on the State side. Two errors gave State a run in its third inning.

Suddenly the crowd in State's side of the field caught a sight that sent first a whisper of surprise, then a wave of applause across the field. Jacky Dean, pale, determined, clad in his uniform, was arguing with the players at the

"Pean! Dean! Dean! Three and a tiger for Dean!" yelled the leader of the "rooters," and the crowd, arising, majority-6 to 1 against State-li appeared hopeless caught up the cheer and thundered it out in defiance of Westerfield's song of victory.

"He's a young fool-he'll kill himself," muttered the doctor, whose box was next to the one in which Winnie There was a short argument at the bench, but when

bench, and Jacky, his face set, his lips white, stepped into the pitcher's box. Again the three and a tiger for Dean broke upon the

air, and even Westerfield, with its lead of four runs, quaked at the sight of the youth who for four years had held them helpless.

best litter, cracked out another hit and added a run to the and none out.

"He'll win for us yet," said Winnie.

Jacky began slowly. The first man up went out on a

ning the bases had worn Jacky out. He lay stretched on the grass, panting, walle the next three men went out. The score was 6 to 4-but now Westerfield was anxious and State was beginning to cheer wildly, and the megaphone chorus and the band broke forth in a desperate was afraid you would make yourself sick again." effort to rattle the visitors.

Down on the field Dr. Hartman argued, threatened, and

scolded Jacky, but all that young man would say was: "I can't help it, doc. I'll go back to your old hospital boy. You seniors do not deserve them." tomorrow, but not until this game is won.

able to score. The strain was telling on Jacky. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes growing dull, and he wabbled when be walked. The eighth came on, and again Westerfield tried valuely to solve the mystery of Jacky's curves. He had lost his speed, and was pitching slow curves and out his arms toward Winnie. twisters, and, occasionally, by desperate effort drove the ball fast across the plate.

Again the doctor met him, and argued and fought with him to quit, ordered hum to bed. In the box Ellis was distractingly and said: "If's-rather-unusualcheering himself red in the face, and Winnie's father, who played on his college team when they pitched straight arm and the first bound was out, was growing apoplectic from applause. Winnie, suddenly silent and atarmed, was eroughing in her chair, her fair face flushed red, then pale, as she watched the movements of the straining youth out twitching mouth State drew another blank. Jacky, shaken, but begin-

ning to warm to his work, was pitching with something in the center of the Hamond. Beaten by two runs State came in for the eighth. It apoplectic was plain that Groves was in distress. The constant battery of noise, the shouting of the coachers, and the anxious. Winnie," said Jacky, miserably, silence from his own side of the field told on his nerves. hit. A run scored as the next man went out, and, with a Again Westerfield was blanked, and this time the first man on third and one needed to tie, Jacky came to hat

This time the infielders were waiting for a bunt. They knew the batter was sick, weak, and exhausted, and to Jacky, threw her arms about him. other days the crowd had cheered wildly for him as the mainstay of the club in hitting, but this time there was no Groves, regaining part of his confidence, burfed the ball across the plate with great speed. The first one was wide cheering. The doctor, seeing the weakness and paleness 'He can't do it," muttered Ellis. "They ought to drag of the boy, climbed over the front of the box in which and Jacky let it go without an effort. The second ca he sat and started to the bench to order him out of the straight for the plate. Jacky crouched and shortened up his grip on his bat as if to bunt. The second baseman and apoptectic parent towards the door.

Jacky faced the pitcher with an effort at a smile. The first baseman, seeing the move, dashed forward. With a short, chapping stroke Jacky drove the ball on pered Jacky. singled, and stole second. Another out put him on third, it with his bat down past the pitcher, and stopped, ex- a line just over the apstretched fingers of the second baseman, and, before the ball came back to the infield, he was "Jacky, this is the second winning double play you've perched on first and the lying run had scored.

State went wild and a dense allenes (all over the World crite ht blenchers.

Air vain the checomasters parented up and down and excorted the crowd to cheer. Over in the box Ellis was leading up and down. Winners father was standing on his chair, walving up and Wiecie her Bay (world litte a hand, sat with hav glowing, watching every move but never moving berself.

As Graves pitched the first ball the batsman caught Jacky's signal-the old trick. As the beliceone up again the butter, suddenly leaning forward, acred as if to buse: The whole infield dashed forward to not the bunt, the batter quietly drew back his but, let the ball go on into the catcher's mirt, and Jacky scurried down to second, while the disgusted catcher found no one at the buse to whom he

could throw; Mason was at but again. He cracked the first bull sitched to right centur, a long hit, and Jacky, staggering the plate, threw himself across it just as the hall acked the catcher's hands, scoring the run that put State abend.

The crowd in the Flate bleachers went into hysterics. creaming and cheering, while the freshmen marched up and down in a frenzy or delight.

Eiths, old stager that he was; realized the peril. Jacky. could scarcely stand from exhaustion. The victory that the freshmen thought was won was in more danger than over. It seemed impossible that Jacky, after the des perate efforts that had yielded the needed run, could pitch: effectively and, when he went into his place, staggering from weakness, Ellis' fears seemed about to be realised. He was pitching slowly and with great effort. The first man went out, but after that two in succession dreve the hall safe, and, to add to his trouble. Jacky hit a batter, filling the bases.

Already Westerfield was aroused and the yells of hope were arising. A silence of dread fell over State's side of the field. To win a game in such a way and then lose II seemed more bitter than over.

Slowly and with his pain apparent to every one, Jacky prepared to pitch ugain. Turner, Westerfield's heavy fifter, was up. Jacky steaded blusself a moment, and with an agentsing effort threw the ball. There was a erack. Jacky, with a despairing effort, leaped into the air. He threw up his glove I hand, dragged down the ball, threw to first-and, almost before the crowd knew what had cappened, the double play had been completed—the game as over and State had won the game and the championthin Ity a more of 7 to 6.

Westerfield sat stunned. State arose us a man and burst into cheers—then, suddenly stopped. Out in the middle of the field Jacky stood, awaying in his tracks an Instant, and then dropped like a log to the ground.

The doctor had leaped over the barrier again and was running across the field. His fellow players were bending

Winnie's fingers were clutched upon Ellis' coat sleeve and her face was turned agonizedly toward the field. "Whew!" whistled Ellis, looking at her " Is it as bad as that? Lucky boy, Jacky." But she heard nothing. Winnle's father, despite his apoptectic tendency, had

clambered over the railing, dropped on to the ground, and was sprinting across the field. "Put him in my carriage and take him up to my house," he said to the doctor.

"All right-drive back that crowd." Slowly Jucky's eyes opened. He looked around, smiled foobly, and said: "It's all right, doe. Just felt a little

weak. I'll be all right in a minute. The word flashed across the field and, as they realized that Jacky was coming around, the crawd-both State and Westerfield-stood and, while the doctor and Winnie's father led him to the carriage, gave three cheers and a tiger, and then the loag State yell for Dean.

When Ellis and Winnie, who had walked up, reached the house they found Jacky stretched out luxuriously on a lounge, with the doctor and Winnle's father standing by "I hope the young idiot hasn't killed himself," said the

"Can't kill him," raid Ellis, as they came in "Great game, Jacky boy. You're a famous man in this school for the next four generations.

Jacky, confused at the sight of Winnie, strove to arise "Lie down, please," she said, with color suddenly flushing her face. "You did beautifully today. Only I I was trying to earn the reward you promised

"I only promised that as a reward for a real young

"Did Jacky tell you," said Winnie's father, "that he The seventh passed without event, neither side being goes west after commencement, right away, to go into business with his uncle? He thinks he is getting too old for foolishness like that of today."

Before any one could speak Jacky astounded the company by sitting bolt apright on the couch and stretching Old enough to think about a-a-a-wife," he burst

out, stammering toward the end, but finishing bravely, Winnie looked down, then raising her head, she smiled "Rather!" said Ellis, choking with a desire to laugh,

Winnles father roared. "You put me off so-all the last two years," stammered Jacky. "When we were alone, You would better ask father," said Winnie, with

"No, don't, Jacky," said that individual, growing more

"No one's consent is worth much it I can't get yours, His face was burning with embarrassment, shame,

He gave the first man a base, then Clements rapped out a saxiety, and fear. What if he had offended her mortally Winnle," he said, pleadingly, Winnie cast one scathing glance upon the convulsed

Ellis and the apoplectic parent and then turning suddenly "If you are determined to win you will win anyway, Jacky," she said. "I want you to marry me," she added, hurriedly, burying her burning face on Jacky's shoulder.

"All out but two," said Ellis, starting to march the "I've loved you ever since I came to college," whis-

"Bless you, my children," said Winnie's father. made today."

HAPPY MAN. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. SUCCESSION of dry days was end- knowledge moves, and with sighs and thirsty

rain. On a wild common, uplifted in untamed ioneliness above the valleys. stood and marked how the horizon of leaden blue merged slowly into the clouds that darkened above it. Yesterday the west had flamed at sunset hour; now increasing gloom had the sun; and already one doubted whether it was the sere leaves that pattered on the heath, as they flew unrestful, or the

noise of the first drops of the rain.

The ridges of the land, albeit tuned to that somber time, yet stood clear out above the dim winter green of the fields. The naked elms towered there; and yet, seen close at hand, they were their hibernal garb no longer, for already bloom buds thickened and the rosy inflorescence was preparing to deck each giant with innumerable flowerets. Stipules were swelling in the heart of the woods; the honeysuckle budded; the elder's lush foliage, scorched a little by the last frost, expanded; a thousand budiets strained their cases and wrote life in every hedgerow; the blackthorn was foaming against the

dark background of the woods. I stood upon a heath and heard the song of the rain coming with the wind. It shrilled through dead heather, and its husky tintinanbulation was not unmusical; it sighed in they fallen acres of the red bracken; it whispered where after birches stood, like columns of silver, beneath their winter veil of amethystine twigs. These, like a robe of rain, wept around about them. Glittering hollies were scattered over the heath, firs broke the covert edge hard by, and the highest color note that touched this scene was the glaucous bloom of juniper foliage.

The waiting before rain is a time of mystery, and at such moments I have seen, as were, a sentlent gleam touch those unsentient creatures of woods and wastes. Even as among the birds and beauts, so amidthe trees, least herbs, and fleeting annuals

ed and already the wind, turning expectance, with closed petals of murmar south of west, blew chill and told of of young leaves, they welcome the delayed thunder cloud and prepare to drink their fill. A figure moved upon the heath, and there came a young man to me. He whistled as he went, and smiled upon the face of nature, as though she, too, smiled. We met, and he bade me " good day " with such heartiness that I responded in like manner, and marched along his path to learn, if I might, the secret of his generous contentment and joy of life.

"The wind is cold, and the rain will be

colder," I suid. "Be it?" he asked. " Can't say as I've feit it strike chill; but no doubt 'lis so, mince you

" A lonely place this," I remarked. "You might call it lonely in a manner of speaking," he answered; "but there's houses within a mile. My young-" he broke off and whistled again.

The man was absolutely of commonplace type and demeanor. He had been spreading manure on a mendow, and he carried his fork over his shoulder. Yet from him there beamed a wealth of happiness. I sought the subject most likely to cast

him down. "Heavy work on the land soon," I said. Ess. thank God," he answered: "more work, more money." Then I perceived that this man was for the moment sorrow proof. Already gold flamed on the crest of the

gorse, and the warm fragrance of it breathed out like a blessing. "A good sign," I said. "Perhaps you neither knew that rain was falling nor that know that kissing's in season now the furze

He smiled indulgently. ""Tis always in season—so long as you've and laughter; tomorrow it saddens noon and got somebody as'll kiss's," he answered. moves darkly beneath its own storm cloud Right! And you're one of the lucky

He eyed me cautiously, a Who might you be, master?" he asked. " What be your hours, then?" "All the twenty-four."

vaders could reach first.

He laughed. "Then you don't waste your time, I'll We all waste our time. When you're

not working you're wasting time." " No. by God, I ban't!" he said, with great conviction, and his thoughts turned inward. 'And she's wasting hers, too-come,

He stared. 'The murder's out, then!" he said. "How did you guess as we were tokened?" "Why, it's all over you, mate!"

" "Tis true enough, for that matter," he confessed; "an' the best woman in the world, but I'm shamed that the thing do look so clear to the neighbors." "I know the signs. You're a lucky man, and I congratulate you."

"I'was on this very heath two days agone "Twill never be a barren heath again to

the juniper us sat under, come to think of " Maybe the tree grew for that end." Cold rain began to gweep the evening light and I retreated before it; but my lover went on his way indifferent and whistled at

the durkness as it guthered, and the wind as

it walled over those desglate spaces. He

"Exactly so-no more it won't. I can tell

So the heart of man makes its own weather. Today it turns night into dawn of suffering. The young man marched hand lonely avenues of grief; love and life beckoned him onward to the gates of spring; love and death led my spirit back into winter.

HER WEDDING DRESS.

hushed June night, when the silken to her. whisper of the leaves above them was the only sound in the world beside their own

as she stood leaning against him, that the lights in the harbor looked like stars that had stolen down to hear him say he loved Her mother opened a drawer of the great,

glossy chiffonier in the only guestroom, and out of yellowing tissue paper drew a foll of ivory silk embossed with satin chrysanthe-

"Your Uncle Willie brought it home to me years ago from Japan, dear," the elder woman said, stroking the beautiful fabric. and I saved it for your wedding dressor Sylvin's."

The wedding was to be in July, for his holiday was over and he had to go back to London. So the seamstress came and stashed with Ignorant scissors into the slik. and, pins in her mouth, measured and fitted it to the slim young figure in which the heart beat so lightly. And one evening, when every one else slept, the bride-elect hung a dressing gown over her keyhole, so that her father on coming upstairs might not see the telltale light in her room, and tried the wedding dress on. And when she saw herself arrayed in the wonderful sitk, whose splendor conquered even the quaint cut, she sunk to her knees and thanked God that she was pretty and would please him on their wed-

ding day. . She was plous, with a sweet conventional piety, and her clear voice led the singing in the little church where she had been christened and confirmed, and where her old father was to marry her. She could not be buried there, for " his people should be her people. where his ancestors slept. There was work were it herself at the wedding.

THE rectory stood on a green hill, facing for the parson's daughter to do in the poor. The elder sister, now old looking and plain, the blue seaf On the lawn grow a parish, and she had always loved the work, great lime tree, and under it one but these last few days it was doubly dear

Three days before that which was to be voices, they became engaged. She thought, the wedding day her father called her into his study and told her that-there was to be no " He finds that that he does not love you."

the aid man said in the sternness of his suppressed grief. "I told him that I would tell She said nothing. There was nothing to

say. No one said much The father and the mother prayed. She herself did not pray; she only worked. And the wedding dress was hidden away, with sprigs of lavender in its folds.

came home from school, and the house became less quiet. Sylvia was bubbling over with little jokes and joys; her laugh rang like silver. And one night there was to be a ball in the neighborhood. The elder sister had been invited, but no one even considered her going. Sylvia eried all the afternoon, for she had no gown and could not go. Then her down, bits of dried lavender falling from it,

and gave it to Sylvia.

Two or three years later there was a wedding at the rectory, but pretty Sylvia was the bride. The bridegroom was a soldier, a forward to their life in India as the other mister had formerly tooked forward to here and when she had to leave him-if God was pennies for the bride, bethought her of the it as long as she lived. good and took her first-she must be laid away and Japanese wilk, had it dyed black, and Then Sylvia gave it to the cook, who is

BY BARONESS VON HUTEN. .

said never a word; sewed herself nearly blind over the garment, and helped her mother put it on that July day. She said nothing, but as she fastened the collar her pale lips

The black nown lasted for cen years, nided by an occasional making over or retrimming. The daughter, now in her bleak, joyless 40s, looked almost as old as her pretty white mired mother when they went to the dull seas and dinners of the countryside. People had forgotten that she ever had been young One day came a parcel from the Midland town where Sylvia was now settled, and on opening it they found a beautiful soft silk gown for the old lady.

" Now, dear," she said, " you can have the Japanese silk!"

She had forgotten that the Japanese silk A year later Sylvia, her younger sister, had been her daughter's wedding dress; but her daughter remembered. The eastern fabric was pitilessly good, however, and would not wear out. So for six or eight years the rector's daughter wore the black brocade, and girls who had been in their cradles when she had been their age laughed at her oldfashloned figure and absurd old frock!

When she was 50 like died. She had worn sister went upstairs, opened the drawer, and herself out with work, and had no strength took out the silken gown. She carried it to resist the cold she took nursing a poor woman through pneumonia.

An hour before she died she called her When the girl had gone off to the ball, the mother, "Mother," she said, "I want to be one who staid at home went out to the lime buried in the Japanese silk. Promise me. tree and stood looking down at the lights. It-it is as good as new --- " Then she closed

her eyes and drifted away. prosperous Sylvia wept with her. But they had not understood, and buried her in poor man, but they were happy and looked white lawn garment that cost more than they really could afford. As they were now in mourning they made the Japanese silk in London. The mother, saving all her skirt into a petticoat and the old lady wore

wearing it still-on Sundays.



