

The Blotter That Won a Bride

IN the center of the bride's table, banked around with a glorious heap of bride's roses, at the wedding of Francis R. Patton and Miss Jean Livesey, in Brooklyn, was a square, ragged, rather dirty desk blotter, ink stained and torn. The blotter, which was mounted in silver and covered with glass, was the feature of the wedding. For had it not been for the blotter there would have been no wedding—and two loving hearts would have ached for each other, perhaps in vain through all this life.

Patton is a young real estate dealer, a member of a moderately wealthy family, and Miss Livesey lived with her married sister on Brooklyn Heights and is possessed of a comfortable income of her own. Patton has been in love with her over six years, and she in love with him quite as long a time, yet had it not been for the old green blotter neither ever would have known of it.

The main trouble was that Patton is extremely bashful and just as extremely devoted to his business, and, besides, entirely too modest to think for a minute that the young and beautiful girl whose name he saw so often in reports of society events and whose beauty made her fairly well known could be in love with him. And Miss Livesey, although she confessed to herself and to her closest friend, Toadies, her cocker spaniel, that she was in love with the handsome young real estate dealer, could not tell him so, although now that she is married she declares she often was tempted to, and that she made advances that made her blush afterwards.

With a Chum Who Wasn't Bashful.

They met first at a summer resort up in Maine. Patton didn't want to go away for a summer vacation because he declared he would lose chances to put through a couple of big deals, but his brother insisted that he was working too hard and sticking too close to business, so he went, and with him went Will Hetherington, his closest chum. Hetherington wasn't a bit like Patton. His blimp of bashfulness was in-grown, and every night that they were at the resort he dragged Patton away from their hotel to dances, beach parties, drives, or amateur theatricals, and he knew every girl—at least every pretty girl—for miles and miles up and down the beach.

But Hetherington, in spite of the way he scattered his attentions, concentrated his affections upon one girl—and she was Jean Livesey. In fact, the Livesey cottage was the only place he did not offer to take Patton, and on the evenings that he went there Patton was left free to sit down in the store in the village and talk to the old sailors and fishermen who congregated there. One evening, however, Hetherington took Patton with him. He did not tell Patton that he did so because Miss Livesey had inquired: "Who is the handsome young man who is with you at the hotel?" and pointedly requested him to bring his friend to call.

Beginning of His First Love Affair.

That night was the beginning of Patton's first love affair. He fell head over heels in love with the pretty, gracious girl, who drew him out and made him forget his bashfulness. She seemed glad, too, when she learned that he also was from Brooklyn.

Hetherington noticed the change in his companion, for the next night, when he called, "Pat, get on your glad rags and join with me in the festivities," Pat did not object, as he usually did.

Also Hetherington, whose senses were a bit sharpened by jealousy, noticed Patton's disappointment when they went to another cottage to play bridge, and also he noticed Patton's change of spirits when he saw Miss Livesey also was a guest.

Just how soon Miss Livesey fell in love with Patton even she professes she does not know, but she says it was soon after they met—maybe the second night.

The rest of that vacation was gloomy for Hetherington and one whirl of delirious delight for Patton. It was Hetherington who wanted to loaf in the store and smoke and Patton who hardly could wait for evening to dash into the social whirl—only it was observed, regretfully by some of the young women, that



Patton showed a disposition to fall flat and dash out again unless he met Miss Livesey.

As they were preparing to return to Brooklyn Patton took several long walks up the beach with Miss Livesey in the moonlight, and in the final walk she asked him to call when she returned home in the fall, and he promised ardently that he would.

"Hether, old man," said Patton, the night before they started home, "I'm awfully glad you urged me to come."

"I'm not," said Hetherington, who had seen Patton strolling on the beach with Miss Livesey.

"Why not, old fellow?" asked Patton, who was two degrees blinder than most lovers are supposed to be and who had noticed nothing.

"Well, you've cut me out of the only girl I ever loved. I suppose I may congratulate you?"

"If you mean Miss Livesey, you are merely im-

pertinent. She never could love me, and regards me only as a seaside acquaintance."

"Get out," said Hetherington, "that girl is in love with you. I know the signs. If I were in your place we would be engaged now."

"We will not discuss Miss Livesey," returned Patton, with dignity. But he thought all night about

what Hetherington had said, and attributed it to jealousy—unfounded jealousy.

They returned home, and in the fall, when Miss Livesey and her sister returned to the Heights, Patton called. In fact, he called twice, and then, imagining that he was intruding, he called no more. Miss Livesey felt hurt—almost as if she had been jilted. She reasoned with herself that Patton was in love with her, and she knew she was in love with him, but she could do nothing.

She waited and waited, and then, because she was giving a little musical, she sent him a personal invitation. If he had known anything he would have known that meant something—but he wrote his regrets and went over to New York that night and was miserable all night, not knowing that she was crying softly upon her pillow.

Meantime Hetherington called, and finding the attitude Patton had taken, plucked up his hope anew and set himself about winning the girl he thought he loved.

Two Years at Cross Purposes.

Patton hurried himself into the real estate business which his father had turned over to him and his brother, working ten or twelve hours every day, sometimes longer, and his work showed both on himself and on the business. It prospered and he wore down. His brother urged him to go away again the next summer, but he refused.

Miss Livesey surprised her sister by wanting to go back to Bar Harbor again, and they went, but it was a disappointing summer.

It was that way for nearly two years. Twice more Miss Livesey sent invitations to Patton, but he declined them. Then one day they met by accident in an elevated train. She scolded him for refusing her invitations and made him promise to call. Patton waited impatiently just two evenings and then he called. He found Hetherington, whom he had not seen for a year, and he cut his call short.

He told himself almost bitterly that Miss Livesey was a flirt, and then got mad at himself for hating such a thing. He did not know that she quarreled with Hetherington because he had spoiled her plan or that she cried herself to sleep that evening. He did not call again, and the girl waited six months.

Then she wrote him a note, asking him to call. He was out of town when the note came, and when he returned he wrote to her, explaining, but by that time she, in despair, had accepted her sister's proposition and gone to California for the winter.

It might have gone on that way forever, had it not been for Miss Livesey.

"For heaven's sake, why do you want to go back to Bar Harbor every year?" demanded her sister.

"I like it there," replied Miss Livesey.

"You don't. You know you don't. You're miserable every time you go there, and I believe you're in love."

Then, for the first time, the girl confessed, and told her sister the whole story. And the sister, being married, wasted no time. The next day, without saying anything to Miss Livesey, she ordered her auto, drove down to Patton's office, and began dicking for a piece of real estate. She wanted to get better acquainted with Patton and also to give him a strong hint of the real condition of affairs.

That real estate deal was one of the hardest Patton ever tried to make. He drove with Miss Livesey's sister, a nee to him, over half of Long Island and showed her every piece of property he handled, but could not suit her. He was in despair, but not more than she. A dozen times she spoke of her sister, but could not draw him out. He simply blushed and pointed out the good points of the property.

"I'll simply have to tell that man that Jean is in love with him," she said to herself.

Deciphers Hieroglyphics on Blotter.

But one afternoon she was ushered into Patton's private office to wait until he returned. The only comfortable seat in the room was his revolving chair, so she took that and began drumming on the desk. She did not mean to be inquisitive, but she found herself studying the strange hieroglyphics on the blotter. Suddenly she sat up straight and began to take an interest. Over in one clean spot near the corner she had seen the imprint of ink, spelled down and backwards, but, studying it, she spelled out, "My darling Jean."

Right there is where, according to her own story, she lost her sense of shame. She deliberately set herself to work to spell out all she could. And she succeeded well enough to satisfy herself.

To add to her crime she deliberately stole the blotter, rolled it up, and stuffed it into her muff. When Patton came in a short time later she bought a beautiful little cottage and piece of ground down on Long Island, gave her check for the first payment, and invited and insisted upon his coming to call on her and her sister that evening.

There was no escape. Patton called. He did not see his customer. Instead he was met by Miss Livesey herself.

Asked to Explain, and It Comes Out.

They chatted for an hour on ordinary topics, and then Patton, ill at ease, arose as if to go. Miss Livesey said: "Stay a moment, Mr. Patton, I have something I would like you to explain."

And from another room she brought the blotter. "My sister took it from your desk," she said. "There was something on it that interested her."

Patton gave one look, turned red (purple, his wife says), and began to stammer.

"Perhaps there is some other Jean," remarked Miss Livesey, calmly.

"No—no other—only one—never was but one—" Patton was mumbling and stammering.

Then suddenly he recovered himself—and in an instant he was holding Miss Livesey in his arms and trying to make up for all the kisses lost by his five years of bashfulness.

"Why didn't you mail the letter?" demanded Miss Livesey, when they were sitting on the sofa some time later.

"Which one?" asked Patton.

"Why, the one you blotted?"

"I blotted them all, I expect," said Patton, kissing her again.

"All! Did you write more than one?"

"Why, yes. I've written one almost every night since I first fell in love with you, but I was afraid to mail them."

"You—you—I don't know what," said Miss Livesey in exasperation.

"It would serve you right if I never married you at all."

And she didn't marry him for seven whole weeks.

From Near and Far

<p>CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN DAHOMEY.</p> <p>This form of capital punishment was practiced until a short time ago in Dahomey. The victim was crushed between great stones fitted with sharp points, which caused immediate death.</p>	<p>VOTING FOR KING.</p> <p>Ja</p>	<p>TRAVELS ON WATER OR LAND.</p> <p>T. Richmond of Jessup, Ia., is the inventor of this machine, whose operation on land is shown in the photograph. In the water a set of hinged paddles, which can be attached to the wheels, automatically open and close as the wheels revolve. For an ice boat spikes are fastened to the driving wheels and a runner placed under the forward wheel; two runners are also placed beneath the craft inside the driving wheels. Any of the three changes can be made in a few minutes.</p>	<p>WARNING TO THRIFTLESS.</p> <p>A quaint tablet is fixed on the exterior wall in the center of almshouses built for four widows by Mrs. Hester Clark in 1735. The tablet has a curious figure of a man wearing a cocked hat. Formerly the figure held a hatchet in his right hand, but the hand having dropped off, the hatchet is now suspended against the wall. The following inscription appears below the figure:</p> <p>"He that gives away all before he is dead Let 'em take this hatchet and knock on ye head."</p>	<p>FOR AUTOMOBILING.</p> <p>This is the latest style in auto togs worn by Frenchmen.</p>
<p>OLDEST BALLOON</p> <p>This air balloon, now in the arsenal museum, Vienna, was captured by the Austrians at Würzburg in 1794. It is one of the six made by the French Aeronaut society during the years 1784-9 for use during the war, and is the only one of them now in existence.</p>	<p>COBRA'S HEAD.</p> <p>In this head are the fangs of India's deadly snake.</p> <p>MEDIEVAL SWING.</p> <p>In the middle ages swings were hung by an ingenious pulley device. The ropes were passed over a grooved wheel that was fastened to the ceiling by a bracket. The one who was swinging was not only pushed from behind by one of his fellows but was also helped from the front by striking with his foot the outstretched foot of another comrade. This sport was a favorite pastime of pages.</p>	<p>WEDDING RINGS OF STONE.</p> <p>In the ancient church of Kirk Braddan, in the Isle of Man, leaning against the north wall, as can be seen in the accompanying photograph, are ancient rings of stone, through which, in days of long ago, before the jeweler's windows glittered with wedding rings at all prices, the bride and bridegroom joined hands. It is said, and were wedded.</p>	<p>TO WASH DISHES.</p> <p>This is the kind of machine that is used in hotels to wash dishes.</p> <p>MUCH DRESSED GOAT.</p> <p>Pet of the sailors of the British ship Mildura.</p>	<p>SERMON BY THE KAISER.</p> <p>Emperor William usually preaches the sermon when he spends Sunday on his yacht.</p>