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COMPANY

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## WHY SOME GIRLS STAY SINGLE Weary of Watching for the Right

Switch.

When a beautiful woman remains unmarried and amilingly chooses the celibate state, her friends look on in amazement and the world wonderingly asks, Why? Does she really prefer single blessedness to the joys and jars of domesticity? It is self-evident that she has had plenty of chances to wear the matrimonial shackles, but a steadfast refusal to do so indicates perfect satisfaction with her present mode of life.

Perhaps the real reason why many fair -and otherwise-women remain

The moon Woman's intuition, or the faculty of shines as bright as day! Our honeymoon

there, dearest?' She nodded, her cheeks white and red by turns.

"I'll be going," said Mr. Stockton. "I'll ride ahead of you, and get the papers in shape. Come along,-ah-Link. We're not needed here any longer. What!"

My Lady of the Spur and I rode home ward through the pines. A woodpecker called from a topmost bough. A dreamy haze wrapped the woodland.

"Sweet," I said. "I heard Mary Pederses tell Bram that if he had you, he'd have Morvan-I don't understand."

She checked her horse. "Don't you know? Lord Berkeley's grant to John Morvan was on condition. If the owner is ever absent from the manor for twenty years together. the saddle at a single bound. His heels or falls to spend at least one year in every twenty, then it goes to the next heir. Your-Henry Morvan's-twenty years was nearly up.

> "Oh, ho! If I-if Henry Morvan had been frightened away, then your father would have had Morvan at once." She hung her head. "Yes."

"That's one of the reasons Arnold wanted to marry you-and Bram?" Her head bent still lower. "Yes."

"But you're going to marry me, after

(THE END.) well formed already I declined to try the experiment. To a woman of any spirit this 'molding' process would only have been the name for a perpetual series of

discords, or else a married life choked

with the smoldering fires of discontent

"The man who practiced small economies

during his courtship I declined without a

regret. Married life with a miser is the

"My friends who are married have often

pitied my lonely state and, while I think

there is something tragic in having missed

the most beautiful thing in life-love-I

do not regret my faculty for looking into

the future and seeing men not as they are

but as they will be several years hence"-

Delivered the Goods. .

"That new man we sent to Mexico cer-

"Why, in the report he wired us of

**Never Grow Old** 

the last great battle, where two horses

were killed and an insurrecto shot in the

(Toeatrical World)

Nothing concerning the profession

eems more puzzling to the dear old pub-

lic than the perpetual youth of our fem-

forty years ago and she doesn't look a

year older now!" Of course allowance is

made for make-up, but when they see us,

How strange women generally haven't

young! How simple a matter to get an

ounce of mercolized wax at the drug

store, apply it like cold cream, and in

the morning wash it off! We know how

this gradually, imperceptibly absorbs old cuticle, keeping the complexion new and

neck, he used the word hecatomb twice."

Why Actresses

another explanation.

and suppression.

most tragic fate of all.

New York Telegraph.

ainly did fine."

'How's that?"

Man, They Go Asleep at the

"old maids," "bachelor girls," or whatever you prefer to call them, is that they are not so much enamored of independence as that the right man never came along. In each

man who proposed they saw some fault which, though slight at the time, would have grown into an unbearable bugbear, they knew, if it were necessary to meet that same fault every day.

> discerning character almost at a giance, has been the basis of many refusals. Of course there are many girls who do not care to exercise their intuition in the choice of a husband, for if they looked with clairvoyant eyes upon their admirers

very few marriages would ever take place. They close their eyes to the faults and take a chance on making the man over, or of marring their own happiness for

the rest of existence. inine members. How often we hear re-marks like, "Why, I saw her as Juliet One woman whose continued state of single blessedness has been an enigma to her friends gives the following explanation of her condition. She says:

"The first proposal I received was from off the stage at close range, they need a man who answered to the description of the 'average man.' That is, he was

neither passionately romantic nor abso- learned the secret of keeping the face lutely matter of fact. He was not gifted nor was he really stupid. He was the sort who would be perfectly content to travel along in the commonplace route, never aspiring to the heights nor sinking to the apths of feeling and imagination. My fresh, free from fine lines, anlowness intuition told me that if I accepted him 1 or over-redness. We know, too, that this should be doomed to long years of hum- mercolized wax is the reason actresses drum existence in which he would become don't wear moth patches, liver spots, more and more set in his ways, more and pimples and the like. Why don't our

more averse to receiving fresh truths, sisters on the other side of the footlights all," I cried exultantly. I stopped and more and more convinced that I should be learn the reason and profit by it ?- Adv.

CHAPTER XXV-Continued. arm with one hand, while passing a great | "Henry? Confound it! you'll always be | plans to capture-to break up the Pine | a look almost of reproach. "Captain,

Four armed men came swiftly onto the river bank., Mr. William Hancock, two freeholders of Morvan village, and last, Evans, the landlord of Pole Tavern. At sight of him I knew the game was up! "Stand!" cried Mr. Hancock very pompu

ously. Now that the blow had fallen. I felt a real relief. I very nearly laughed in his

"Hoity-tolty! What's all this?" I demanded. "Mr. Hancock, why this Praetorian guard? Don't you see in whose presence you are, sir?" 'In the presence of a damned highway-

man!" exclaimed Evans. "Hold your tongue, fellow," I said, very

stern. "You're in the presence of your betters, my man. Mr. Hancock, are you blind that you don't see a lady before you?' that you don't see a lady before you?' "Then you can let him go," said the ball-The old gentleman hurriedly doffed his iff. "He didn't rob the Britisher. I did

hat, and bowed to Ferriss. His motion that job myself!" was followed respectfully by the two villagers, and sullenly by Evans, "Your pardon, Miss Dayton," said Mr.

Hancock. ma'am. The execution of my duty must soft arm stole about my neck, and clung be my excune-yes, my official duty. Very there a bleased instant. painful duty, too, Miss Dayton." "Mr. Morvan-ah-air, your pardon, also,

if a mistake's been made. But we've been ost convincing testimony's been ught forward that you're not Mr. Henry Morvan-no, ma'am, not the Squire of of questions and explanations went on pocket-pardon for what you never did

Bell, the notorious highwayman." "Til swear to it!" cried Evans. "There's draver at Mullen's above Trenton. I'd Jeeringly from the forest. now him anywheres."

iss furned away. She stood very

"Don't forget to say I got that wound trying to keep the drover from slitting your hroat, Evans," I said quietly, "You have such a scar!" exclaimed Mr.

fancock. "Why, Why! I'd hoped Mr. forv-I'd hoped, sir, that this all might beyou're Tom Bell?"

Morvan. No, no-the Squire not the overhauling of Sir Geoffrey's dispatch box. him as hard as nails." Squire, at all! Gentlemen, advance your It may be necessary, in the broad sense, to I nestled my check as pleces! Tom Bell, you're my prisoner. Do resort to such stratagems-yes, necessary "I've no complaint to make," I said with you surrender to the law?"

"I surrender, sir. Don't frighten Miss the narrow. What! It's a little beyond Dayton ,if you please, gentiemen." A harsh voice spoke behind the posse.

"One minute." Unnoticed, Hubbard and Mr. Stockton had emerged from the woods.

"One minute," repeated Hubbard. "Mr. Hancock, you're arresting this gentleman on a specific cause. I suppose.

"Certainly, certainly," said the old gen tieman. "On the only crime he's actually known to have been concerned in-the rob. bory of Sir Geoffrey Walton by force and

I heard no more distinctly. While a very thunder of exclamations rang about my ears I sat down on a log, and buried "Your very humble servant, my face in my hands. After a while, a

## CHAPTER XXVL

A Beginning. For a long time, it seemed to me, a babel

and Mr. Stockton's sharp ones, but what nized you in Carilsie, and learned you they said I did not heed. Then feet shufscar over his right ear-under his hair. fied, and men's steps moved away from anapes wrote the governor, and where he was knifed by a drunken me. Presently the bluejay began to call promptly published you in every corner

Then soft fingers fluttered over my hair. smoothing my crown as one consoles a down to General Jackson. Andy himself straight, her face held steadily toward the hurt child, and touching with exquisite ferreted out the whole affair in the secre tenderness the long scar above my ear. I archives at White House. By the Eternal! looked up at last.

Ferriss stood close, smilling down at me, democrat if General Jackson ever stands her eyes very mlaty. Link had come from for the presidency again." his cedar covert and was squatted on the "Tou have such a scar?" exclaimed Mr. ancock. "Why. Why! I'd hoped Mr. grass at a little distance, regarding me splained. Why, why! Do you admit surre Tom Bell?" "I do." "God bless my soul! This is terrible-srible!" He tried to balance his fire-with is performed an indig-surre to a faithful hound. No one elss was visible save Mr. Stockton, who was softly striding back and forth in front of me. He jerked himself to a halt. and shock his jury finger at me. "By the Distance!! Henry," he began. "By the Distance in the back of the back the pardon in order that his

in the broad, but confoundedly hard in a contented sigh anything I've known since the first war." I had reached up to take Ferriss' hand of course-that you'll not be leaving Mor-

avid

in mine. "A little," I agreed absently. "More than a little-more than a little! Hubbard was employed direct by the sec retary of state to turn the trick. He'd strict instructions to throw suspicions on

necessary. Sir Geoffrey made an in ternational matter of it. Within a month Hubbard arrested-ah-young Tom Bellwild young Tom Bell, if I may say so. No accusation was made that young Bell had ever been engaged in any other crime, but he was known as a reckless fellow-he

been seen in the neighborhood of the crime within the hour. What! Hubbard had no difficulty in getting the poor fellow convicted. Deviliah impertinent, but deviliah cool, I call it."

"I remembered his face the instant ] saw him at Morvan." I said. "I've been wondering ever since why he didn't pro-

claim me on the spot. "He had the president's pardon in his Morvan. It's deposed or oath he's Tom about me, 'I heard Hubbard's harsh tones. You see, a meddlesome jackanapes recog-

> the state. His duty, as he thought." "When Hubbard heard of it, he poster

"Why didn't Mr. Hubbard let Henry have than ever. "Captain," said a voice at my shoulder

Mr. Stockton's eyes twinkled, "I judge from what I see-only from what I see, van for some time-Mr. Bell."

His words recalled me from my fool's paradise. I started to my feet. Stockton," I said, "I thank you, sir, but your conclusion is wrong." I turned and comeone else, of course-if necessary. It bowed to Ferris, very low. "A beggar can't plead for such alms as your heart." A beggar?" exclaimed Mr. "What! "Thomas Bell, esquire, a beg-Stockton. Your Essex

gar? Nothing of the kind. property has been in the custody of the 'Islands," I said. "Ferriss, wouldn't it be chancery court during your-ah-eight a good place to hide from the world a years' vacation. Hubbard tells me you're while, after-after tonight? had no family to come to his defense-he'd worth at least \$5,000 per annum, sir-\$5,000 per annum, if a penny."

"What! I-" With a very shout of joy. I bounded to the crest of the ridge. "Jerry! Jerry!"

The boy started up from the pine log where he had been nodding. "Yas, sah."

"Jerry, ride like the devil to Dr. Garrett. Tell him to come up to Morvan at once There's going to be a wedding, Jerry." "Tell him to send up my clerk, too. Henry," cried the lawyer, "We'll need Frithian to draw up the papers."

"Jump now, Jerry!" I said. The boy gaped upon me. "Who's a-goin' to git married, Mastah Henry?"

I had clean forgotten Link. He had ap-

proached, and now stood regarding me with

"Who? You young idiot! Miss Ferriss and I, of course, "Glory be!" The boy hurled himself into

drumming the horse's sides, his arm I've always been a whig, but I'll turn going like a flail, he vanished in an instant. I turned back to find Mr. Stockton laugh-

ing, and my dear lady both laughing and blushing "I'm not sure I'll consent, sir." "Oh, Ferrissi" I cried in such dismay that she laughed and blushed more adorably

silk handkerchief over his face with the Henry to me. You've been a victim, my Owls mightn't be disturbed. Duty is first came all the way here to tell you it's a other. "The Squire of Morvan a highway- poor boy, all these years. I always sus- with Hubbard. He's a just man at bottom good time to come to the lodge while the man? No, a highwayman the Squire of pected there were high politics in that -a just man, but his business has made hunting's still good. Too good to miss, Captain.' I nestled my check against Ferriss' palm. "Ah, Link," I said. "I've more important business on hand."

> "But the slashes are fair black with ducks, Captain," he protested. "Geese, too-they go callin' over the place every mornin'." Something of the Indian's imagery showed in his words as his earnestness grew. "The wind sighs in the reeds, Captain. I believe I heard a wolf howl two "Mr. nights ago. Every day, just after sunset, a buck comes to the edge of the water, and challenges. The snow won't fly for a month yet. Captain, and the moon

## shines bright as day." I touched Ferriss' arm. "He's speaking of my old hunting lodge in the marsh