

## STORIES IN PASSING.

It was about eleven at night and the two young men sat on the porch. They had just got back from a picnic and were awaiting the third young man who had a "solid girl" and consequently was delayed a little longer than his companions.

Suddenly they saw a bright light not far down the street. A flame darted up above the trees, topping them with red and lighting up the surrounding houses.

"That's a fire!" exclaimed one of the young men and instantly the two were off the porch, across the lawn and running rapidly toward the flame.

"What's up?" came a voice as the two nearly upset a dark figure at the corner.

"Hello, Charley; been waiting for you—fire, near F. urteenth, I guess—come on." And the young men ran down the pavement, one after the other, the tall, slender one leading.

"Watch out for the mud! Cut to the right!" And they made a sharp swing to the sidewalk where the pavement ended. They cut across a lawn, became entangled in a little back garden, vaulted a fence, and found themselves in the presence of four young ladies who stood out on the back porch in their night clothes.

"Oh, don't look at us, don't look at us. Just see how we're dressed," with which rather mixed up remark the four vanished into the kitchen and the young men turned to the burning barn.

The fire companies had not yet arrived but a distant clanging foretold their coming.

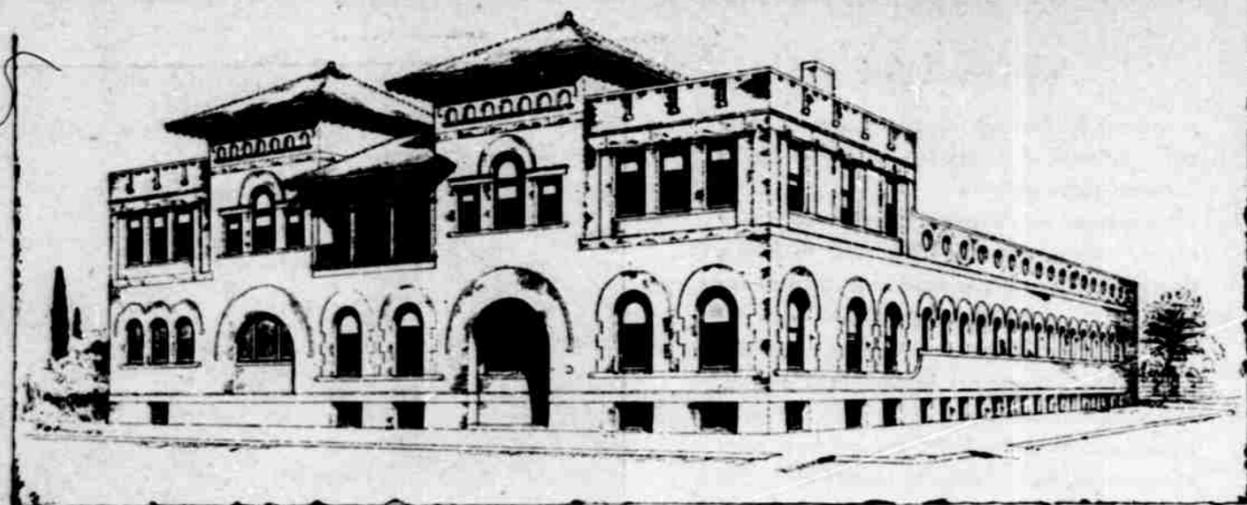
"Oh-oh, Lord, oh-o-oh!" a woman's voice rang out on the night air, and a figure with streaming hair and a flying shawl about her shoulders, came running down the alley.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" asked Charley.

"Oh-oh Lord—oh, my poor cow!"

"Your cow? Where? In there?"

"No—up there!" and she pointed to a



### Sulpho-Saline Sanitarium, Cor. 14th and M

All Kinds of Baths—Scientific Masseurs. A Deep Sea Pool, 50x142 feet.

Shaving—Hairdressing.

DRS. EVERETT, Managing Physicians.

barn at the end of the alley, out of all danger.

"Oh, for God's sake, woman, shut up that gab and go back to bed!" And again the three young men turned to the barn. It was old and dry with the summer's heat, and burned like kindling wood. Immense volumes of smoke poured into the air while the flames hissed and crackled like fire in a pinery.

The three young men entered the barn to save the contents. The fire department was just entering the alley, but in the excitement and the noise of the fire they did not know this. They cut loose an old grey horse and drove it out. There was no buggy—nothing but an old trunk, a tool chest and some unused bedding. Two of the young men seized the tool chest while the third, the tall, slim one with glasses, stooped to fill his arms with bedding. Just at that moment there was a sudden loud

hissing and sizzling sound, a rush as if mighty waters, and a two inch stream from the fire hose entered the door, ploughed up the earth at their feet and tumbled the three young men over the bedding into the corner.

Out on the back porch of the house four young ladies were watching the fire die out. They had hastily pulled mackintoshes and cloaks about them and now gazed at the scene with laughing eyes.

The three young men crept out of the barn, wet and dirty and bruised, followed the shadow of the fence without looking toward the porch, scrambled into the alley, and fell to running rapidly toward their home.

At the end of the block a woman in white with pale face and streaming hair was leading a cow in safety back up the alley.

A few weeks ago a prominent attorney whose reputation has become much more than a local one, was on his way down town. This particular morning he preferred to walk, partly for the exercise, partly for the enjoyment of his early morning cigar and partly for the opportunity for thought. He was deeply absorbed in the problems of a certain well known case of magnitude when just as he was about to turn into the upper end of O street, he was halted by a shout a block behind him.

"Charley! Charley! wait a minute!"

It was a tremendous voice—the kind that is felt as far as it goes—the kind that will carry right through the roar of a fire engine on the pavement and be heard on the other side. It brought clerks to the doors on both sides of the street. Windows were opened along the second story and heads appeared in all directions. All teams, pedestrians and business stopped for a block.

The attorney paused and waited. Several acquaintances lingered to see what the important matter could be until quite a little knot was gathered round him. The man with the shout proved to be Beggs a small truck gardener who was working a little plan up the Antelope. He was not generally known but happened to be acquainted with the attorney. He ran at a lively pace until he approached the waiting group. When he showed up, puffing and blowing with the race. He came up to the attorney, clapped his hand in a familiar way upon his shoulder.

"Say Charley, do you want to buy some nice string beans?"

A year ago I often passed a cottage that seemed to be a pleasant home. The newly married couple who lived in it had troops of loving friends going in and out. It seemed to be always bright and cheery around the place. The piano had little rest. There was song and often

bursts of laughter. The merry life there brightened up the old street wonderfully. But the sounds have been dying out. Quiet has come where there was mirth, and silence instead of song. It is as still as any home now and the young couple walk around or sit on the porch in a sober serious way.

I went to a funeral the other day and they were there. It was the burial of an old man, one who was no relative or of any especial interest to them. It was a lonely funeral, with hardly a relative or friend of the old man present. As the small audience followed the body out of the church I lingered until the last, and noticed the young couple still sitting in silence in their seat. They saw no one but sat like statues looking into the shadows of the church's corners. I said to the friend by my side:

"They are going to remain here alone."

"Yes, they are very sad."

"Are they in any deep trouble?"

"Don't you know? The doctor says she can hardly live the year out."

I glanced back from the doorway at the two silent figures who, white as marble, sat looking off into the dreadful gloom and darkness that was settling not simply over the church but over their lives; and the picture comes back to me over and over again.

—H. G. SHEDD.

Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) has used for her last novel a study of New York, Newport and Boston life, which promises to be read with wide interest by all who are interested in American fashionable life. No one knows the society of these three centers of fashion better than Mrs. Cruger. From her girlhood up she has had every opportunity to observe, and we have had no American woman of more brilliant powers, not only of reading the human heart, but of putting her impressions in delightful fashion.

A charmingly fresh Massachusetts girl is sacrificed in her youth to the ambition of a "rich marriage." Deprived of love, she throws herself into the race for social leadership, and we follow for twenty years, with ever-increasing interest, the career of this able and beautiful woman as she captures outpost after outpost, failing in Boston only to change her base of operations to England, and then attacking the main works of the enemy at New York, and so on to Newport, and finally beholds the capitulation of Boston itself. The first chapters open in the September *Cosmopolitan*.

Remember the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Company is still furnishing its customers with best grades Pennsylvania hard coal at \$8 delivered.

## LINCOLN STEEL RANGE



Best  
on  
Earth

We make them in all styles and sizes and sell them on monthly payments and guarantee them in every particular.

Call and see them before you buy.

RETAIL STORE  
1028 O STREET.

Buckstaff Bros. Mfg. Co. Makers.