

THEIR WEDDING DAY

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILMORE
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Impelled by some whimsical notion, the girl turned abruptly and discarded the neat blue walking suit she had just doffed for a leopold of billows, business apparel that lay spread out over the bed. Afterward she contemplated her reflection critically in the oval mirror of her dressing table, noting the details with some curiosity.

No, her three years' absence on another continent had made very little difference beyond, perhaps, intensifying each feature a mere trifle. The sun tints of her hair had deepened to a more metallic gold, the blue of her eyes to misty violet, and her mouth, red, finely lined, dropped a bare fraction at the corners—that was all.

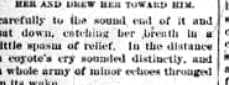
With a final wistful glance at the straight young figure in its white stilette loveliness, she turned and ran down the stairs as fast as she could, plucking her hat on as she went.

Half an hour's brisk walking brought her to the entrance of the park. A few minutes later she found herself completely hemmed in by an unfamiliar wilderness of trees and hedges. She paused and looked about her desperately. On either side was a formidable tangle of thorny hedge, with mass upon mass of impenetrable shrubbery everywhere she looked.

After a moment's rest on one of the benches she got up again, more than ever determined on her quest. At the end of a harassing hour she stood on familiar ground at last, a tumbler of emerald surging all through her being as recollections crowded up thick and fast.

There was the same old log upon which they had sat on that eventful day—the day, the very hour of their betrothal—now crumbling in decay, but the very same nevertheless.

Lifting her skirts, all sagged and limp with dew, she picked her way



carefully to the sound end of it and sat down, catching her breath in a little spasm of relief. In the distance a coyote's cry sounded distinctly, and a whole army of minor echoes thronged in its wake.

The pink gulf of early morning hung an enchanting tulle over everything, and the air was suddenly viced with the mutual chirping of thousands of birds.

Presently the girl got up and began to search along the side of the log for something. She came to it at last. Any one looking at her just then could have detected that from the unmistakable signs of emotion all at once visible on her face. She tore crimson at her eyes as she looked and splashed unheeded on her interlocked hands.

side of the log. In an instant his face lit up only to cloud swiftly, while a look of pain made his clean, clear features look almost sharp. He sat down and dropped his face in his hands with a sort of hopeless despair for expression. After a little he lifted his head wearily and stared straight ahead of him at nothing at all. Then, all at once, he started, raised and jumped to his feet, every nerve quivering. On the soft turf exactly in front of him were footprints—a woman's footprints! And a bit further on lay a tiny scrap of lace, vaguely evocative of a subtle odor—her favorite perfume.

Gordon stooped quickly and possessed himself of the handkerchief. If one corner were the initials he already expected to see there. He cradled it against his lips with a passionate rush of tenderness, and a wonderful light came into his eyes. "Dearest of all women," he murmured to himself, "I shall go to the ends of creation to find you if it takes me all the eternities to do it!"

The girl held her hands tightly over her heart, lest Gordon should hear his turbulent throbbing. Her teeth, caught unconsciously over her lip, left a clean row of pink indentations for a long time afterward.

As he turned to come past her she shrank back a bit and her foot slipped fatally. The next moment Gordon was bending over her, and his breath, coming in little quick jerks, lifted the fine hair from her temples in tiny gold wisps.

"I—I'm afraid it's going to be serious, Jack, don't believe I can walk a bit." Quite involuntarily she had reverted to the old familiar title.

The world seemed to stop revolving for a minute. Then Gordon slipped a hand across her forehead and drew her toward him. "I am going to carry you," he said.

"But it's too far. You could never in the world get me home!"

"Less than a quarter of a mile from here is St. Luke's."

She laughed a little unsteadily, trying to smother the catch of pain in her throat.

"Mr. Applegate is there right now. I saw him as I came along," he continued.

"But I dislike to trouble any one with—"

"The reverend gentleman will not, I assure you, object to being troubled in this way. He likes it. You see, it helps him to get out an article. Besides, it wouldn't be precisely fair, would it, to cheat the old fellow out of his legitimate fee?"

The girl averted her head suddenly and did not speak, but Gordon took heart of her silence and, bending, touched her blood-burnt cheeks with his lips. "You haven't forgotten what this is, Emily?"

"I haven't forgotten," she responded in a little tremulous whisper, fit to our wedding day.

And so it was.

Broken English.
English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in an eastern college tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break." "I begin to understand your language better," said my friend M. de L. to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions. I saw your friend Mrs. S. just now. She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."
"Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."
"Because her health is broken into."
"Broken down? Oh, yes. And indeed since the fever has broken up in her tower."

"Broken out. Will she leave her house alone?"
"No. She is afraid it will be broken—broken—How do I say that?"
"Broken later."
"Certainly. It is what I meant to say."
"Is her son to be married soon?"
"No. That engagement is broken—broken."
"Broken off? Ah, I had not heard."
"She is very worried about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right?"

"No, merely broken"—Harper's Weekly.

Furious Fighting.
"For seven years," writes Geo. W. H. Adams, of Haver, Wash., "I had a letter-bottle, with three stomachs, a diaphragm, but at last I won, and cured my ailment, by using of Electric Bitters. I unhesitatingly recommend them to all and don't intend in the future to be without them in the house. They are certainly a wonderful medicine, to have cured such a bad case as mine." Sold under guarantee to do the same for you, by the Barrington Pharmacy at 50c. a bottle. Try them today.

"Too much prosperity for the run and too much prosperity for the poor" is the way a social philosopher accounts for the innumerable wife desertions reported. Perhaps an exchange of the handbag by discontented husbands would help the situation.

The Washington Post thinks a winning ticket for 1908 would be Jerome and Folk or Folk and Jerome, either way to keep the combination. This augurs that it sometimes appears as though the tail were wagging the dog.

No surprise should be felt because consulting engineers are unable to agree on the kind of cement we should have. Learned experts seldom agree, and the greater their learning the wider their disagreement.

Carnegie does not play cricket, never rides nor follows the hounds and does not shoot, but he plays golf a little and is fond of trout fishing. And the canny laird of Skibo castle never smokes.

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Norway's Choice as a Monarchy.
In spite of the democratic tendencies prevailing in Norway the people of that land by a vote of almost 4 to 1 decided to call a king to rule over them. They were given the choice of a republic or a monarchy. Doubtless the Norwegians will continue in the enjoyment of a full measure of civic freedom. They had it under the dual monarchy. The secession from union with Sweden was not a protest against kingship nor because of specific acts of oppression. The people of the two countries are racially dissimilar, and friction resulted.

Norway is surrounded by powerful monarchies, and republican institutions would have alienated her from alliances calculated to protect her interests in case of aggression by some strong neighbor. An alliance with Sweden and Denmark has been desirable, and the choice of a Danish prince for the crown of Norway may be a step toward the realization of that combination. Besides, the new monarch, Prince Charles of Denmark, is the son-in-law of King Edward of England, and in taking his place among independent sovereign states Norway enjoys at the outset the advantage of close ties with the heads of other industrial monarchies.

The Duchess of Somerset, who, by the way, is childless herself, has recently forbidden the reading of fairy tales to the children on her estates because of their untruthfulness. She orders her teachers to stick to history and especially to the lives of great men, as Caesar, Napoleon and the like. Now, Caesar himself wrote a few fairy tales that are interwoven with the real history of his time, and if the fairy tales had been eliminated from the curriculum the children would be little left to attract readers, whether young or old.

News Speed in South Africa.
When Lord Ashanti was crossing the Praah he found a white cord stretched from tree to tree along his route. It was a native fetiche, copied from the British telegraph wire, which was believed to possess some sovereign magic virtue. But the native has his mysticisms of his own, which the white man often poses unable to fathom. It is said that no one understood how it worked until one day a Zulu and a white man were passing such a narrow cord. The Zulu, during the night, saw a woman who threw the cord over her shoulder when she went to bed. The white man, seeing this, said to himself, "I will try it." He did so, and found that the cord would indeed work. The Zulu, seeing this, said to himself, "I will try it." He did so, and found that the cord would indeed work. The Zulu, seeing this, said to himself, "I will try it." He did so, and found that the cord would indeed work.

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According to the Technical World Magazine, anti-sulfur riots are not at all new under the sun. When steam locomotion was introduced about eighty years ago there was a craze for steam wagons on common roads, and the offenders were stoned, clubbed and hauled in and fined. One advantage the people had then which does not exist now—the best roads charged toll, and the excessive rates were piled on to the owners of steam wagons.

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