

# At the Other Table.

By Virginia Blah.

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In the palm room of the big hotel there were just two couples, one at the little table near the fountain, the other in the corner under the musician's balcony.

There was no music now, for it was between lunch time and dinner, and the couple at the table by the fountain were having tea.

The couple under the balcony had ordered a more substantial repast, lobster and a bird and salad, and they ate with an appetite that showed that they had missed their midday meal.

"I don't think I was ever so hungry in all my life," said the girl at the table under the balcony.

"I'd be ashamed to have such an appetite," the man opposite her teased. "Your grandmother would have been satisfied with the wing of a chicken, Marta."

"Well, I'm not my grandmother, and Marta made a little face at him. Besides, my grandmother used to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and I have been whirling through miles of country. And I'mavenous Archie."

"That girl over there," said Archie, "is settled with a toasted muffin and tea. She's a pretty little thing."

Marta twisted around so that she could get a good view. "She's a beauty," she declared heartily. "That red gold hair is stunning. And that brow well brings out the lights. Oh, you ought to paint her, Archie."

"I don't know her," Archie said, "and I don't know the man."

"Why, it's Billy Butler," Marta said as she took another look. "I couldn't mistake Billy's look. There's that



"THIS IS ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS."

Bunch of his shoulders and that light shock of hair. But the idea of Billy drinking tea?"

"A man couldn't drink anything but tea with that girl," Archie told her. "She wouldn't stand for anything else."

"I never let you have anything but coffee," Marta said.

"Good old girl," was Archie's affectionate commendation. "Marta, you're a wonder! And I'll bless you as my fairy godmother if you will get me an introduction to that girl."

"I'm afraid I can't," Marta said doubtfully. "Billy Butler and I quarreled dreadfully the last time he came to see me, and we don't speak."

"Marta," Archie fixed her with a reproachful eye, "I'll bet you refused him again. You're not so foolishly, and he's evidently contented."

"She's a pretty girl all right," Archie continued. "I always thought she won't make Billy half as good a wife as I would," Marta declared. "I was cut out for marry him then?"

"Why didn't you marry him then?" Archie asked.

"Because he's so jealous," Marta countered. "He didn't like my letting you paint my picture, Archie. He said we were together too much and that girls always liked artists and that he didn't stand any chance because he was in business and all that tommyrot. So I told him he could go and not come back. But now he will marry the wrong girl. And I shall be an old maid."

"Not if I can help it," Archie stated valiantly. "We may be cousins, Marta, but if the worst comes to worst we can save each other from single blessedness."

"I don't want to be saved," Marta informed him succinctly. "I always said that if I didn't marry Billy I shouldn't marry any one. But of course I expected Billy to come back."

"Of course," sympathized Archie, "a man ought never to take a girl's 'no' too earnestly."

"Well, Billy has," and Marta smiled herself to the point of anything but a lovers' quarrel. "I don't see it in my bones that I shall have to send teapoons to that red haired girl."

"Her hair isn't red. It's gold and red lights in it."

"It isn't," Marta contradicted. "It's red," said Marta.

"It's gold," said Archie.

"That's the only way to settle it."

Marta said, "I'll go over and ask Billy."

"But I thought Billy wouldn't speak to you."

"He'll have to," Marta declared, "and while we are waiting for our parrot I'll ask the question."

Before Archie could stop her she was out of her chair and halfway across the room.

"Billy," she said as she came up to the other table, and Butler turned half around in his seat and stared at her. "Marta!"

"Where did you come from?" And he was on his feet in an instant.

"I'm at the other table," Marta explained. "I'm Archie Vandervoort. He wants you to decide an argument, and if you don't mind going over I will sit down here for a minute."

"Certainly, and I'm so glad to have you meet Miss Merriam. Ruth, this is one of our oldest friends," Marta declared.

"You won't mind his going over to the other table, will you?" Marta asked as she sat down.

"Oh, no," and Miss Merriam turned on her a brilliant glance, "not if you will say with me, I have heard so much about you, Miss Blah."

"Oh, dear," Marta questioned, "what has Billy been saying?"

"Such nice things," the other girl told her. "And now that I have seen you I don't believe that any one else."

Marta waved the flattery aside. "Dear child," she said, "Billy will say anything when he is out of my sight. I can keep him straight when I am with him."

"I just love Cousin Billy," said Miss Merriam. "He's the dearest thing!"

Marta stared at her. "You said—'couldn't. Are you Billy's cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, I might have known," Marta murmured. "Dear old Billy!" Then she went out of the room with her cousin. He wanted to paint you. He is an artist, you know. You won't mind?"

"I should love it," said Ruth.

"It's about your hair," Marta told her. "What I sent Billy over. Archie said it was gold, and I said it was red. You mustn't mind my saying it, because really I was jealous of you. But now that I know you are Billy's cousin I think you said it beautifully. I was afraid I should have to send you teapoons."

"Teapoons?" was Ruth's puzzled question.

"Yes, for a wedding present, you know."

Ruth blushed.

"The idea," she said, "why, every one knows that Billy's dead in love with you. He has told me so a dozen times."

Marta gave a sigh of relief. "I was afraid he had stopped," she said. "And I should miss Billy's adoration dreadfully."

"I shall never stop," said Billy, who had come up behind her. Then he went on as if he were in the most commonplace declaration. "Archie says you are to come back and ask your parrot, Marta."

"I would rather eat it with you," said Marta unhappily. "I'll tell you, Billy, you bring Archie over here and we will introduce him to Ruth. He wants to paint her picture, and he would rather talk to her than eat, and you can come over to the other table and have parrot with me and every thing will be lovely."

"Yes, everything will be lovely," Billy agreed, but Ruth said in a startled way, "Oh—"

"Oh, you needn't mind," Marta said when Archie had been presented and was seated opposite the red gold beauty. "Billy is my champion you from the other table. It will be perfectly proper, for we are engaged, you know. And, with a sparkling glance at her lover, she swept past the fountain toward the balcony."

"Well, of all things," Billy ejaculated. "They held out his hand to Archie. 'Congratulations,' he said. 'I don't know what made her change her mind, but I've been working for that for a year. And, with happiness fairly radiating from his handsome countenance, he made his way across the room to where the lady of his heart awaited him."

A Beat of Many Lids.

When the specialist to whom they had taken their case was now thought of on account of what seemed to be a case of incipient melancholia diagnosed the case as one of eye strain and ordered prompt treatment from an oculist, the parents of a young New York girl were astonished. Eye strain seemed so remote from melancholia as would corns on the feet. Their astonishment was proportionately increased when after a few treatments and acquiring glasses the child showed noticeable improvement.

Later day medical science traces to eye strain many ills which seem so remote from the eyes that formerly physicians never thought of establishing a connection between them. Sick headache, nervousness, melancholia, insomnia, are but a few which have of late been laid to the door of weak eyes, the proper treatment having been neglected.

Nervous diseases of the nature of St. Vitus' dance are now thought to originate frequently in eye trouble. The weak eyes blink incessantly, and this leads to a general contortion of the facial muscles, which grows on the subject through constant repetition.

Exchange.

Explaining His Advice.

"Dr. Blah advised Cypersmith to take up motoring."

"But I thought Blah disapproved of motoring."

"Yes, he does. But in some way he had secured a second-hand motor that he wanted to sell."

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# Skirt Sales.

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# CUBA TOWNSHIP

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Kuhlman have gone to their home in Libertyville.

Ben Clinge is substituting nights for Will Dawson at the round house, Barrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kraft of Waukegan were visitors several days this week at Fred Klein's.

Mrs. Cora Stewart and Mrs. Mary Melners of Cary were guests of Mrs. Edson Harden, Wednesday.

Charles Spencer who lived in Cuba township years ago was in this vicinity this week. He is railroadng on the Isthmus of Panama.

A young fellow who has been working recently for Charles Davlin was accidentally shot in the leg Thursday afternoon in Waukegan while fooling with a revolver.

Gottlieb Kuhlman and John Grether have returned from South Bend, Indiana, near which city Mr. Grether has purchased a farm. Many Cuba farmers attended the Grether sale southeast of Barrington last Wednesday.

# School Notes.

Miss Bernice Hawley, teacher, was absent from school Wednesday on account of illness.

Miss Florence Smith, teacher was away Thursday visiting schools.

Miss Shiphman of Montana is now teaching in the high school and the daily program has been changed giving different studies to the teachers than were assigned when school began.

Miss Walker of Chicago is substituting this week in Miss Dickenson's room. Miss Dickenson is still ill in the city.

No school was held in the high school Friday. The teachers attended a high school teachers' meeting in Chicago.

Wednesday afternoon four or five girls and boys of the high school were disciplined for misconduct and told not to return until they had seen the President of the School Board. The young people called on the gentleman immediately and were good naturedly sent back to school with a note reinstating them.

A Paripatetic Investment. When the scallop is full grown it is able to swim with great rapidity by spreading and closing the valves of its shell. This curious fact, says What to Eat, was unknown to an unfortunate Frenchman who undertook a few years ago to establish a scallop plantation on a quiet New England beach. He deposited several thousand scallops in shallow water, expecting them to breed, but when he looked for them the next day all of them had fled.

Literary Exercises. Wife (serenely)—Oh, I've no doubt you were at your literary club reciting poetry all the hour or the night. And pray, what were you reciting? Husband (reminiscently)—I think wash something about "Chips That Ash in the Night."—Baltimore American.

His Cleverness. "Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there."  
"But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of me to find a place at the bottom, where there isn't so much room."

Her Nets Was Final. The proprietor of a large drug store recently received this curt and haughty note written in an angular feminine hand: "I do not want vasoline, but glycerine. Is that plain enough? I person you can spell."

An Exacting Trainer. "Who won that long distance walking match?"  
"He did! Who was his trainer?"  
"His ten-year-old baby."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fate leads the willing; but drives the stubborn.—French Proverb.

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