



"Mebbe So." I've never been right positive. It ails me my way to hesitate about most everything I do or say. An' so I wouldn't like to lift my voice above the throng...

When people want to be civilized, an' clever, an' astute. It seems right tough; hard luck enough, 'bout Mebbe so. But I dunno.

"The young man came nearer. "The young man," he said, with a premonitory cough, "may I say what I came to say this evening?"

"I-I think you may, Mr. Yipperly," came softly from her lips. "Then," he proceeded, "I may venture to hope that it will not wholly surprise you. Mylap, dear girl, your own heart has told you already what it is."

He had placed his arm along the back of her chair, and, observing that she did not appear to shrink from it, he went solemnly to the window.

"Not with the boldness of one who feels that he may presume upon a favorable answer with absolute certainty do I venture to ask the momentous question now trembling on my lips, but rather with the dread of a reply that may forever blast all my hopes and drive me forth a wanderer and a vagabond upon the face of the earth!"

"Therefore, beloved of my soul, I may have seemed all one who would have been content with a simple 'no' or 'yes' to me. Inasmuch as I have not been entirely free from the suspicion of being one, furthermore, 'Who will not put it to the touch, To win or lose it all."

but while endeavoring on the one hand to avoid the imputation of unmanly cowardice and on the other the equally reprehensible and more offensive charge of overweening confidence and self-conceit, I am impelled by a feeling stronger than my own will to lay bare my heart before you, once for all, and end the suspense that is weighing upon me."

"How beautifully you express yourself!" she murmured. "Listen, Buenavista McCorkle! Impressed with my own unworthiness as I am, deeply sensible, as I must be, of the inestimable value of the prize to which I aspire, I yet dare in my folly to rush in where an angel might fear to tread. Gentle girl, your image possesses my heart absolutely. 'Buenavista, Buenavista!' the heart of a marble statue, my window has seemed to move in a dream. I could see your face in the moon. Your eyes twinkled in the stars. The winds, as they blew softly through the trees, seemed to murmur, 'Buenavista, Buenavista!' The birds that sang beneath my window twittered 'Buenavista! Buenavista!' and their music echoed in the chambers of my soul. The clouds as they moved majestically across the heavens—

"O, how beautiful!" "—took your form and seemed to beckon me and yet mock me as with a vision of the unattainable. In my dreams, when sleep has ended my visions, I have seen you as a Greek goddess and worshipped you afar off with despairing, death-like devotion."

"The young man removed his arm from the back of her chair, thrust his hand in to an inner pocket, and brought forth a folded manuscript. "For fear you might not remember it in all its majesty and beauty, Miss McCorkle," he said, "I have written it all in typewritten form. You will see that you missed the really eloquent, spell-binding part of it. The pervasion would be a valuable addition. It is absolutely unique. You don't know how grateful I am for it, as a work of art."

"I shall lose an ounce of flesh or a wink of sleep over it. I hired a literary chap who was hard up to write that thing for me, Miss McCorkle. No, you can keep it. I've got another copy somewhere. I have tried that production on five or

six other girls, and it's had the same effect on all of them. I'm getting an interesting collection of negatives. I guess I was pretty badly swindled. Well, I must be going."—Chicago Tribune.

WAR OF THE FLAT-DWELLERS. Dreadful Contretemps That Befell Two Chicago Women. There was only a narrow air shaft between the two flats. It was a bright, cool, clean, innocent-looking air shaft, and when the Clarkes first moved in, Mrs. Clarke said it would look so pretty when she got her box of plants outside, only she did hope the people across would keep their curtains drawn, and not try to see every time she turned around.

And while the Tupperes across the way watched the unloading of the moving van, Mrs. Tupper said she knew by the looks of that woman and the way she fixed things to move that she was mean, and she hoped they'd keep their blinds shut and not try to find out what color wallpaper she had. All of which was merely the overture, a soft, tinkling prelude to the drama which followed for a whole year from May to May.

seated at the rear of the car jumped up in violent conversation. "Good gracious, Marr," she exclaimed to a companion in an adjoining seat, "a fire and a funeral! I wouldn't stay in this car another minute for a hundred dollars." She didn't stand on the order of going, and her friend bustled out at her heels. "Opposite me were three men of a rather sporty appearance, who had been talking together about the race. They pricked up their ears at once. 'Say, she's right about that being a hoodoo,' remarked one of the party. 'We'll have had kick if we stay on this car.' All three got off, followed by a red-headed lady, who pretended she saw some one on the pavement.

"At the next corner every single one of the remaining passengers made a rush for the door. I couldn't stand the pressure, and I went, too. The conductor grinned at me ironically as I passed him. But I didn't care. I wasn't going to take any chances."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JUST A WOMAN'S WAY. Little Wife Undoes All Hubby's Wise Precautions. The man with the red mustache happened to be in the neighborhood of his own home at 1 o'clock the other day, so he concluded to go in and get a bite to eat. His wife and the maid were both out, but the box had a supply of cold and uncooked viands and he helped himself and sat down to a meal of his own preparation. While he was drinking a second cup of coffee he heard a man in the lower hall bawling out some information which might have been a trainman's statement of incoming and outgoing trains or a crier's call to court, or any other unintelligible warning. Thrice was this strange cry repeated and then the man with the red mustache went out to see what was the matter. When he stepped into the hall the rumpus appeared at the top of the staircase.

"Oh—oh—ah—ah—ah—ah," he shouted, vigorously. "Hello," said the man with the red mustache. "What's the matter?" "Hello," returned the strong-lunged individual. "I'm looking for my concern. 'You live here? I was just going to ring you up. Water main's broken in this great. Water will be turned off in 3 o'clock. Turn on the water. Won't be turned on again until tomorrow evening. We've sent men around all through this neighborhood to tell everybody, so you can draw off enough to last you for the next 24 hours."

The bearer of evil tidings passed on up the floor above to notify the tenants there of the impending water famine, and the man with the red mustache returned to his luncheon. When he had finished eating he made a calculation as to the amount of water that would be required to tide a family of three over 30 hours of absolute drought. As a result of his reckoning he made stupendous preparations for the approaching dry spell. He filled the bath tub with water, likewise the wash-bowls, four pitchers, the dishes, the silver, the kettles and the teakettle. Then he went back down town, thanking his lucky star that he chanced to be home in that particular hour of need.

When the man with the red mustache got home in the evening he found his wife fretting and fussing around hysterically. "I'm glad you're come at last," she said. "I've had the most terrible time. Everything has gone wrong. Patty hasn't come home yet and, to make matters worse, she went away leaving the luncheon left unwashed. Besides that she left the bathroom and kitchen all slopped over as if we had been going through a Spring deluge. And now, can't get any water to cook supper with. I've pounded on the pipes till my hands are sore and called down the tube to the janitor till I'm hoarse. The water pipes only respond with a hollow echo, and the janitor doesn't give me even that much satisfaction. Whatever I shall do I don't know, for there isn't a drop of water to be had for love or money here."

The man with the red mustache stopped on the threshold and peered cautiously into the kitchen. "No water?" he said. "Why, you ought not to have any trouble on the score. I happened to be here when the man came around to notify us that it would be shut off, and I filled everything about the place so we'd have plenty to do up."

His wife looked back at the teakettle and the dishes and the row of pitchers with a despairing glance. "Oh," she said, weakly, "I emptied all that out when I first came home—New York Sun.

NOT HERB, AFTER ALL. Clever Car Conductor Turns Tables on Thieving Woman. Just as the North-Street electric car slackened its speed at Randolph and Dearborn yesterday morning a young man at the lower end of the car jumped off ahead of the other passengers, leaving, in his haste, a paper parcel behind him. When the conductor passed through he noticed it and, turning to a woman who was rising from her seat, he said: "Is this yours, madam?" "Yes," she calmly replied, extending her hand.

"I beg your pardon," said a lady opposite, "that parcel belongs to a young man who got off before the car stopped. It dropped on the floor and when he picked it up he laid it here beside him."

"It's no such thing," protested the other woman, "that package belongs to me."

The conductor hesitated a second, then, with a manner worthy of a Judge of the Supreme Court, he said: "Madam, if the parcel is yours, you can have no objection to saying what is in it."

The woman turned red. "That's none of your business. Give me my package."

"Not until you tell me what it contains."

"Well, if you must know, it's—it's some of my wearing apparel."

as possible, amid the laughter and jeers of the few interested passengers who had listened to the brief controversy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"THAT FALLAR MASALF." Experience of Swede Who Had Ticket for South Dakota. The duties of the claim agent's department would be reduced to a minimum if all cases were like one recently related by a railway employe. One evening a short time ago the engineer of one of the trains running west from Chicago, which was slipping along at good speed over the prairie, became suddenly conscious of the presence of a man on the track immediately in front of him. He had hardly time to take in this impression before he felt a slight shock and a dark mass vaguely outlined by the headlight described a large semicircle in the air to the right and disappeared in the darkness. Shocked and sickened by the event, but conscious of blamelessness on his own part, the engineer pulled the train up at the next station and wired to division headquarters:

"Struck a man mile back from Cedar Grove. Shall we go back and pick up the waiting instructions."

There was some delay over the wiring, and a little group gathered around the engine listening to his story, and conversing in low tones over his bad luck. "I only got a glimpse of him," he said, "before he disappeared. He went into the air so high that I saw him by the light of the headlight, and he must have struck some way from the track. I suppose his clothes must have held him together. Then, after a pause, 'That's the worst I ever had. I hope it's the last.'"

This called up some reminiscences of the experience of others of the group. They were interrupted by a panting voice coming out of the darkness behind the group: "Des train go to Dakota!"

The speaker being informed that that was the Dakota train, breathed a sigh of relief. "Vall," he continued, "Ay tank Ay run 'bout fast' a rolpre tram. Ay bot (seek to) Sout' Dakota, on todest man hay tak ma sax toller feery cents on tola may Ay skal go tan tonight. Ay meet tan back here halways on ben run lak yack rak."

Just then the reply came from headquarters. "You're to go on, Jim," said the bearer of the order, "and we're to get out a freight engine and send back from here for the train you struck." The Swede became interested.

"Vat fur dees engine go back?" he asked, and then some of those standing near looked at him for a moment. His hat was gone, his clothing was in strings, and what there was of it, as well as the exposed portions of his husky person, was covered with mud. Some one explained in a few words. The train was just moving.

"Ay tank Ay get tam gude yoke on rolpre tram," he chuckled, as he climbed the steps of the smoking car. And then, as he moved away into darkness he yelled back to the little group: "Ay got yoke on rolpre tram Ay bane that fallar masalf."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SPANISH WAR WIDOWS. Experiences of War and Naval Officers With Them. Some gruesome tales come from the War and Naval Departments apropos of the removal from Cuba to this country of the remains of those killed in the recent war. Not long ago, a widow of one of the victims of the battle of Santiago called at the Navy Department. "I wish," she said, "to secure the remains of my husband, who was buried in Cuba, which I understand is being brought soon to arrive." The official to whom this request was preferred asked her to consider, suggesting that it was much better to have the remains of her husband buried in the National cemetery at Arlington, where she would be always cared for, and where she could visit it from time to time, but whether she would it or not, others would reverently lay wreaths upon the mound.

"I know," she admitted, "we should be grateful for the care bestowed upon the graves of our dead ones. I thought, oh, so much—that the body of my husband shall lie beside the remains of my children in the little cemetery at home. My parents lie there. I shall be laid to rest close by them, and I had been happier to know that what is left of my husband was there near us." No argument that Mr. X. advanced availed to move the determining woman.

"I am sorry to tell you," he said, finally, growing quite despondent, "but in the climate of Cuba wood decays very rapidly, and the coffins holding the remains of our heroes, so it would, in many instances, have all gone to pieces, and the bones all fallen together. While we know that in each grave six were buried, we cannot establish the location of the bodies, so it would, you see, be quite impossible for me to separate the body of your husband from those of the five comrades with whom he was buried. The heart-broken widow replied for a moment in deep thought. "Would you mind," she said, "giving me one of the six? I will take my chances."

Another woman, it is said, wrote to the War Department, asking if the remains of her husband, who had been killed in Cuba, would be brought to this country, as she was most anxious that they should be buried in the family plot in the local cemetery. Receiving a prompt answer in the affirmative with the assurance that the Government would pay all expenses, the thrifty widow replied: "I am grateful for the good news you send me, but if it is all the same to the Government I should prefer to let my husband's body remain in Cuba and receive instead a check for the amount the Government would expend to send it hither. I have need for the money just now."—Leslie's Weekly.

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"Red." The night wind sang a sound of earth in the midst of a silent plain. For Death has kneeed with his icy lips The feverish brow of pain. An' 'stead of us tried to keep down a lump Because it was all for "Red."

The lad who drilled in our awkward squad And shared in our short career, For he was a soldier, a regular soldier, A regular engineer.

He wasn't the man for a drawing-room Or afternoon teas at all. The deepest impressions he ever made Were those of a soldier's drill. He wasn't a saint of the stinging kind, Unless he had drunk some beer; For he was a soldier, a regular soldier, A regular engineer.

I guess he must have believed in hell. For every time he'd sweated a lump He told some fellows he did not like To start on a journey there. And also did not say too with "Red," As was a foe to fear.

For he was a soldier, a regular soldier, A regular engineer. A happy-go-lucky, contented lad, Who just didn't care a damn For anybody or anything. But the Major and Uncle Sam, His views on expansion were somewhat dim, But his duty was very clear. For he was a soldier, a regular soldier, A regular engineer.

He did not know the intricate dash Or the thrill of the charging line, His work was to model the shattered bridge Or to mend a broken-down machine. A helpless target for every gun, Without the soul-stirring cheer; For he was a soldier, a regular soldier, A regular engineer.

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Stack on the Show. The day they put the posters round An' 'luminated all the town With pictur gal'ries were an' there, You'd see 'em chasin' ev'rywhere, A-readin' ev'ry bill an' more, An' 'stead of us tried to keep down a lump Because it was all for "Red."

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