

Cupid's Pipes

By MARION DEXTER.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Jan Vanderstreet was without doubt and by unanimous consent, especially his own, the leading citizen of the little painted village of Lykheid.

Therefore when he imparted to his fellow citizens the information that he had bought a large tract of land in America, where fortunes were to be made in an incredible hurry, half a hundred very substantial and phlegmatic Hollanders marshaled their families after grave deliberation and embarked with him, after selling their queer little painted houses and tulip gardens and cows with true Dutch thrift.

Jan Vanderstreet took with him his wonderful collection of pipes, famed throughout all Gelderland and even beyond that beautiful district. He also took with him what he valued almost as much as his pipes—his very burton and still blooming wife, his blooming daughter, Ankie, and his blooming orphaned niece, Johanna de Koop.

The only member of the party of Holland adventurers who was not truly substantial, according to sound Dutch standards, was Dirk Van Pelt. Myrheer Vanderstreet had frowned on his admission as a member of the solemn exodus. But Dirk had cunningly used such un-Hollandic haste in putting his entire patrimony of \$1,000 into the speculation that he had an interest in it before the more deliberate number knew it.

Jan Vanderstreet did not like this at all. The trouble was that Dirk was altogether too fond of Ankie. If the broad shouldered, sturdy, handsome youth had only exhibited enough sense to be fond of some one not in the Vanderstreet family the myrheer might have felt quite glad to have him in the party, for Dirk was not at all disagreeable to anybody, with his kind smile and his readiness to help every one who needed it.

Myrheer Vanderstreet determined to keep close watch during the voyage. But what could one do on shipboard? Could a worthy Dutchman of five and sixty be expected to go on guard over his daughter when all the men folks were smoking their pipes on deck, telling tales of the past and speculating about the future? Truly not.

The chaperonage of Ankie was therefore left to her mother. But even on shipboard that industrious Dutch housewife could not be idle, and when one has a huge stocking and a ball of yarn, also a set of knitting needles, in hand it is not always convenient to follow a will-o'-the-wisp of a girl.

Besides, Johanna was always with her cousin, and lovingly making a third person is present is not so easy to carry on. At least so argued Myrheer Vanderstreet, forgetting that there is a language of the eye which expresses as clearly as speech what is in one's heart and that a pressure of the hand may convey an assurance of love just as plainly as if one said aloud, "I love you."

Although Dirk had little opportunity of telling Ankie of his love by word of mouth, that he was her devoted slave and wished for no greater happiness than to call her his wife, Ankie knew what was in his heart, because she returned his love.

By the end of the voyage Dirk knew that her heart was in his keeping, and he determined to wrest from the soil of the prairie a living that would entitle him to old Vanderstreet's respect.

Busy days followed the arrival of the Hollanders in the little Iowa settlement. Ground was broken, teams purchased, grain sowed and houses erected.

The Vanderstreet residence was the most pretentious in the place, but the cottage built by Dirk Van Pelt was as pretty a little Dutch house as any romantic girl would wish.

Vines were planted and soon grew about the porch, a bed of tulips displayed gayly colored blossoms in the front yard, and a kitchen garden flourished in the rear.

Things soon prospered with Dirk, and after six months of anxious waiting he ventured to call on Jan Vanderstreet to ask for the hand of his daughter. The myrheer, with unusual promptness, immediately gave Dirk to understand that he wished to hear no more of the matter and very politely intimated that the doors of the Vanderstreet residence would be closed thereafter to him.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, Dirk went slowly home, rowing to himself with genuine Holland determination that he would never give up the girl he loved.

His resolution was strengthened by the sight of Ankie standing at the window holding out a letter, which she dropped and he picked up.

The letter told him that she would be his, with or without her father's blessing, and bade him have patience. Dirk continued to work his little place industriously, hoping to hear from Ankie. But three weeks elapsed before he had an opportunity of talking with her. He left her presence, feeling much encouraged, and fell asleep that night more hopeful. He was awakened from sweet dreams of his love by the cry of fire.

Throwing on his clothes, he rushed from the house. The town was already aroused, and down the streets the people came running in all stages of dress, the clatter of their wooden shoes making as much noise as the modern fire engine.

"It is Jan Vanderstreet's!" some one screamed. "The place is doomed!" On hearing these words Dirk ran faster than before and outstripped the crowd. When he reached the place he found the family coming out, laden with plunder, and heard Miss Vanderstreet exclaim: "No more must I go back! It is not safe, and it is better to lose one's goods than one's life!"

"But my pipes! My precious pipes!" cried old Jan, all his phlegmatic restfulness gone. "I must get them!"

His wife seized him firmly by the arm. "That you shall not do. Everything is in fire. I will not let you risk your life for a set of worthless pipes."

"Worthless pipes?" thundered Jan. "How dare you speak so? They are a part of my life. I have been collecting them all my life long, until now more than a hundred hang in my rack. And must I lose them all because of your hard headedness? Let me go, I say, let me go!"

He struggled wildly in her grasp, but it was in vain. Mistress Vanderstreet was a very strong and a nobly determined woman and held him in so firm a grip he could do naught but writhe and groan.

Dirk Van Pelt had a great emotion and reached a great determination with an almost American swiftness. He knew that the rafters of the blazing house would fall in soon—might tumble in crimson ruin at any moment. But not in vain did he have in his veins the blood of the wonderful race that cut the dikes and drowned their beloved land rather than yield it to the invaders.

He went to a tank of water and wet his coat. Throwing it over his head, he plunged into the burning house, not heeding the shrill cry of distress which issued from the lips of the trembling Ankie.

Five minutes of dreadful suspense followed, during which the rafters fell in and sent the sparks flying upward in a mad shower. Surely no one could live in such a place. Ankie, moaning piteously, sank to the ground, heedless of the crowd of spectators, and burst out into wild weeping.

Suddenly a shout of joy arrested her attention, and, sitting up, she saw through a mist of tears the form of Dirk issuing from the burning house. He staggered like a drunken man under the weight of a huge rack which held the precious pipes, not one of which was missing.

Straight to the man who had refused him his daughter's hand stumbled Dirk Van Pelt. Then as old Jan took the burden from him the young man fell senseless at his feet.

When he opened his eyes, Jan Vanderstreet was standing by him, tears streaming down his cheeks. He took Dirk's hand, saying brokenly: "A house one can soon acquire, but such a treasure of pipes—ah, that takes a very lifetime to acquire. Such a deed as yours, Dirk, is worthy of any reward. What can I do to repay you?"

Raising himself on his elbow, Dirk summoned Ankie, who was hovering near. Then, with a determined glance, he signified to her father what reward he wished.

"So," said Jan slowly, "you still want Ankie? I have already told you she was not for you, but—take her, Dirk Van Pelt. She is yours. Ah, what a collection of pipes! What coloring! What noble bowls and what grand stems!"

"Ankie is worth all the pipes that ever were made or ever will be made," protested the happy lover, holding her hand tightly in his own and gazing adoringly into her tender blue eyes.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," muttered Jan absently, "but such pipes as mine!" He turned and summoned a man to help him carry the rack of matchless pipes to a place of safety and left the lovers still looking happily into each other's eyes.

Arbitrated. Conversation among travelers is frequently absurdly trivial. After several days together, as on shipboard, every one is idle and talks about the most unimportant matters with the deepest interest. R. H. Milligan in a book entitled "The Jungle Folk of Africa" recounts with what complacency the conclusion was reached that the thirteen colonies should never have rebelled and that the blame was all on the side of England.

One man, moreover, disclosed the fact that he always wore safety pins instead of buttons and despatched upon his preference with such enthusiasm that he made at least one convert.

One night we put in practice the principle of arbitration, of which we were all adherents. An argument had arisen among us as to which was the more simple of the two currency systems, dollars and cents or pounds, shillings and pence. At last, the captain arriving, we decided to refer the matter to him and to surrender our judgment to his arbitration.

The captain, an Englishman of the very stolid sort, after a period of reflection replied very slowly and with all the gravity of a judge: "Pounds, shillings and pence is the simpler system, for don't you know that when you are told the price of a thing in dollars and cents you always have to convert it into pounds, shillings and pence."

There was a little objection to this theory, but in general it was perfectly satisfactory so long as the voyage lasted.

In Practice.

"What kind of an auto are you going to buy?"

"A secondhand one."

"Good as new, I suppose."

"It ought to be. It has killed three men."

The Good the Ill Wind Blew

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

"Nothing could be more unfortunate," said Miss Cynthia.

Mazie agreed dejectedly. "If she had come at any other time."

"She will expect to be entertained," Miss Cynthia chimed in.

Mazie, tying on her veil before the mirror, decided: "We can have some good times with the girls. But there won't be any men, and Constantia can't exist without men."

"Nonsense," said Miss Cynthia. "She'll have to when she comes to Hillsboro."

Mazie talked the situation over later with Serena Sears.

"You see, I met Constantia at the

seashore the summer I went with the Merrills, and I had lovely clothes, and we lived at the best hotels and did everything in the most approved way."

"I told Constantia that when I was at home with Aunt Cynthia I didn't have all the advantages and I cut my outfit with the Merrills was just their farewell treat before they went abroad. But Constantia can't understand what life at Hillsboro is, and she will expect a gay time."

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Serena sententiously. "Perhaps she will live up to a bit."

"Constantia could live up to a nursery," Mazie told her, "but Hillsboro is hopeless."

Letters coming from Constantia told of her preparations.

"She is getting lots of pretty clothes," Mazie reported to Serena, "and where is she going to wear them?"

But Serena, true to her name, would not worry. "She will delight our eyes with them," she said. "I haven't seen any to date going for so long that I'd rather gaze on it than on a Rembrandt."

The day of Constantia's arrival Mazie put the big old fashioned house in order, while Aunt Cynthia baked delectable tarts.

Serena Sears came in the afternoon. "If Constantia hasn't the good taste to enjoy this lovely old room and Aunt Cynthia's tea and muffins and cocoa- nut cake she's a benighted individual," said she.

"But think of Constantia trailing pale blue broadcloth on this old rug!" wailed Mazie.

Mazie walked to the station, but she brought Constantia back in the only cab the town afforded. It was shabby and ramshackle, but the little house was plump, and so was the driver.

"We feed people and animals well in Hillsboro," Mazie explained to Constantia. "Eating is our only diversion."

Constantia dimpled. "I think Hillsboro is dear," she emphasized.

But after they had driven a little way she said suddenly, "Mazie Langley, I don't believe I have seen a single man since we left the station."

"There aren't any," Mazie informed her. "I warned you. I told you in my letters that Hillsboro was deadly dull."

Constantia's laugh ripped. "Oh, you gossip!" she said, "as if I cared! It will be a rest, if the girls are nice—a sort of bachelor girls' paradise."

Mazie nodded. "There is nothing for men to do in these Hampshire hills," she said, "and except a few merchants and the minister and the doctor there aren't any."

"Well, I wish Bobbie Dwyer could hear that," Constantia murmured. "Who is Bobbie Dwyer?" Mazie demanded.

"Bobbie," Constantia explained, with elaborate and strangely earnest scornfulness, "is a kind of creation. I was engaged to him until one day, of course, I broke it off and told him there were some worse things than being an old maid, and he hung back at me that he should live single for he could never trust a woman again, and then I told him that an old maid was happier than a bachelor, and he said if I tried I'd find out, and oh, I wish you had heard us!"

"And in spite of the tragedy of her recital Constantia laughed. "And I'm glad there aren't any men here—I hate them!"

Mazie's face glowed. "We will have a lovely time if you feel that way," she said.

Just then the ramshackle cab rounded a curve, and there was the old house, with Aunt Cynthia at the window and the light shining out behind her, and she went in and had tea and muffins and little cakes, and Mazie feasted her eyes on the picture Constantia made in her modish gown.

The next day Serena Sears came over.

"Mazie told me how pretty you were," she said quietly, "and I told her I'd rather see you than a picture, but you are better than a whole art gallery."

And that afternoon a lot of girls came, pretty and fluttering creatures, who hung about Constantia admiringly.

"I love girls," she said when they had gone away.

That night more girls came, and in the afternoon there was a girls' tea, and at night a feminine galaxy came over and sat around the fire and popped corn and sang college songs.

When Constantia and Mazie went to bed that night the pretty guest remarked, "I love girls," but her voice lacked eager enthusiasm.

Several days later Serena Sears gave a dance.

"Of course there won't be any men," she said, "but we can all dress up and dance with each other, and the girls are crazy to see that white chiffon of yours, Constantia."

But when Constantia was arrayed in all her glory she surveyed herself thoughtfully in the mirror. "It seems a bit wasted," she murmured. "Bobbie always liked me in white."

The dance was not a great success. It lacked something, and that something Constantia said equivocally was men.

In the days that followed the girls still fluttered and admired, but Constantia looked at them with speculative eyes.

"It's a pity," she said over the tea-cups to Mazie, "that so many lovely girls should not marry."

"I thought old maidhood was the happiest state," Mazie ventured.

"Of course for me," Constantia said hastily, "but for you and Serena and the others—oh, you ought to meet some nice men."

And all that evening she was dreamy, and before she went to bed she wrote a letter.

Then she planned to give a collation before she left town.

"I will have the favors and refreshments sent out from the city," she said. "Everybody here has been so kind that I want to be hostess before I go."

Aunt Cynthia was induced to consent, and the girls of Hillsboro got out their best gowns.

When the caterer came with his host of assistants Aunt Cynthia sought Constantia in a great state of excitement. "You have ordered far too much," she said.

There was a faraway look in Constantia's eyes. "They will eat it up," she promised.

"But girls have such delicate appetites," Aunt Cynthia protested.

"Oh, girls!" Constantia murmured and dropped the subject.

But when she came downstairs to greet her guests she was so radiantly beautiful in pink and silver, with her eyes like stars, that Mazie caught her breath as she looked at her.

"Constantia!" she cried. "What has happened?"

Just then from without came the "honk honk" of a motor horn, which was echoed by another and another, and as Mazie flung open the door, with the levy of pretty girls behind her, there rolled up to the step a big red car in which were half a dozen radiant youths, and in the second car, in the third and the fourth, so that in all there were twenty-four men to match the twenty-four girls that Constantia had invited.

"I told Bobbie to bring them," Constantia said as she made the introductions, and when they had all danced away together she said to Bobbie Dwyer, who was hanging over her shoulder, "Men have their place—at a dance."

"How about husbands?" he demanded very promptly and authoritatively.

Constantia dropped her lashes over her happy eyes. "Oh, well," she capitulated. "I should hate to condemn you to bachelorhood, Bobbie, dear."

But it was Serena who summed things up when three months later half a dozen engagements were announced in Hillsboro, among them Mazie's and her own.

"I told you the ill wind would blow some good," she said. "It blew Cupid into Hillsboro with Constantia!"

Tale of a Car Ticket.

There was a goodly proportion of young men in the sixteenth street car when she got in. It was a car with seats running longwise, so that the doubly blessed youths on the opposite side of the car could gaze at their hearts' content. And gaze they did, for never did car carry lovelier freight.

Unaware that her advent in the car had changed the heart action of any of its passengers, her glorious brown eyes glanced serenely along the palpitating line of masculinity opposite as she tore a ticket from her strip and placed it between her rosy lips while she replaced the strip in her tiny purse. Lucky ticket!

The enraptured young man nearest the door would have parted with a five spot to possess that equivalent of four and one-sixth cents. But here comes the strangest part. The conductor also noticed this most delectable resting place of mildly's car ticket. And the conductor was young and not half bad looking, and the conductor was also smitten. A tiny hand reached up to the distracting mouth, and removing the ticket, handed it to the conductor. It is said that he blushed. Certain it is that he took the fare tenderly between two fingers and glanced at it pensively. Then—and the young man nearest the door is ready to swear to it—he deposited it carefully in an inside pocket, far removed from the storing place of all common tickets. And the question is, What did he do with it?—Pittsburgh Press.

In a Perfume Factory.

Musk is perhaps the most valuable and delightful of all perfumes, yet the refiner as he opens the musk pods must wear thick cloths over mouth and nostrils, so repulsive is the odor that the pods emit. Indeed, this odor, inhaled for any length of time, causes nosebleeds. (Cret, karagulline and abergis have in small quantities a delicate perfume but in large quantities they smell so abominable as to give the worker nausea. The hawthorn blossom is delicately sweet, and perfumers prize it highly, yet a roomful of hawthorn blossoms smells like a charnel house. This, too, is true of the tuberose.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JIMMIE'S AMBITION.

A school I don't stand very high. Cause my deportment's always bad. The teacher says—I don't know why.

If we would move that I should be glad I would they wuz no 'rithmetic! And folks could spell the way they please.

I never try to do a trick. But what the teacher always sees. Most every day she keeps me late. For fightin' or for sayin' things. It's awful to have such a fate.

Instead of havin' sproutin' wings. I've got to do the best I can. For peen' touchin' doesn't pay. I want to be a master man. Then ma thinks pa is, anyway!

My ritin's horribel, I know. Pa says it looks like chicken tracks. I'm our best football player, though. And champion of the quarterbacks. That boys would laff to learn at all. They don't get anything on me. When I am playin' basket ball.

They say you've got to know a lot. To be a hero in the state fair. The boy that don't learn much has got to work for others all his life. So I must do the best I can. And try to be a buggin' brow.

I want to be a greater man. Than ma thinks pa is, anyway! —Chicago Record-Herald.

Why He Called.

"What! Are you here begging again?"

"No, lady. I have just called as er delegate from de Tramping Toms' association ter notify youse dat if youse don't improve yer cookin' de association will have ter cut youse off its route."—New York World.

Didn't Look Right.

A certain drill sergeant, whose acervity made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by the way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the line formed by the two

rows, saying as he did so: "Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention!"

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round and regarded them with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two.

"Your guide is tight and your ranks are right, but you haven't got that look of respect you ought to have,"—Modern Society.

The Man Escaped.

A wild-eyed man clutched the policeman's arm.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you a bucket shop in action—right under the nose of the authorities!"

"Lead me to it," the policeman commanded.

The wild-eyed man led the policeman around the corner and halted him in front of a milliner's shop.

"Look," he cried.

The policeman looked.

"Why, thin ain't buckets?" he said.

"This is the latest styles in hats for girls!"

But when he looked around the wild-eyed man had slipped away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mystery Explained.

"Why?" we ask of the eminent savant, "why do you suppose, were the arms of the Venus of Milo broken off?"

"Because," he ventures, "after the sculptor had chiseled a perfect form he was afraid she would try to get her self into a straight front and back corset!"—Chicago Post.

Evergreens Done Brown.

"Did you say that was an evergreen you had outside your window?" he asked dubiously. "It doesn't look so very green."

"No," said she. "I think it's an evergreen. Anyway, it has been like that ever since I got it!"—New York Press.

Her Object.

"But why did you send the man on?" Why didn't you give him a refund the moment he began trying to flirt with you?"

"I wanted him to make a confession so that I could boast about it to my husband!"—Minneapolis Journal.

Morning Paraphrase.

Professor A. (inventing Professor B. wheeling his baby in a perambulator): Ah, taking your son out for an airing, eh?"

Professor B.—No, I'm taking my belt out for a sunning.—Woman's Home Companion.

Getting Painters.

Emeralda: How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes?"

Gwendolen: If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time.—Chicago Tribune.

As It Happens.

Bobbie: Papa, when a foreign count gets engaged to an American girl is she his fiancée?"

Robert: That is a matter of opinion, son. Usually she is his fiancée.—New York Press.

A Cash Paradox.

"There is something paradoxical after all in paying one's debts."

"What's paradoxical about it?"

"Why when you pay down, you set 'em up!"—Baltimore American.

Lyin' horses, and it won't bring her back.

"You may search under de stove and all de benches and stools in de hall and you won't find Brudder Comelung tonight. You can't find a man in Paradise hall who am forty miles away and still gwine ober de dirt road at four miles an hour. What's happened?" you ask. Nuffin much. Brudder Comelung thicked stoves and did whitewashin'! Sometimes he alrined \$8 a week, sometimes \$12. He had de reputation of bein' level headed. He was neber knowin' to go to the theater and de man wud ruge to sell on de installment plan called at his cabin for hundred times a year and couldn't make a sale. Oh, you dan twenty different occasions I have held Brudder Comelung up as a safe man to follow.

"Well, what's happened? Three months ago he found a parcel of papers in de street, and de loser I waded him wid \$300 in cash. We all knowed it, and we all complimented him. Didn't seem to be a case for advice. Nobody doubted dat de brudder would make de best sort of use of dat money. We was all lookin' to hear dat he had bought a Texas live well and doubled his capital when de surprise cum. He walked in yere one night and presented sich a picture of gorgeonsness dat some of us high feluted away. But he can't remember all he had on, but he was splendiferous. We wasn't hardly tech him wid de tips of our fingers. Instead of buyin' an ale well or a silver mine he had started in to be a swagger. It was hard to credit at first, but we soon found it was so.

"It hadn't much use in gwine ober de pertiklers. It was plug hats and gold headed canes and high teas and theater parties till de lump come. De bump allus comes, and it generally comes mighty sudden. In dis case de cream man, de coal man and six or de bell at de same time, and fifteen minits later de tragedy had been played. De swagger bizness had been taken a skate. Mrs. Johnsing was lyin' in a ded faint on de floor, and Brudder Comelung was headin' southwest by compass pin. Nobody kin say if he will ever return.

He Condemns White's Undoing.

"One mo' case. We took into dis yere club two years ago a humble man by de name of Nicodemus White. He was gentle and mild. He was industrious and savin'. He couldn't alrude \$2 a day he tried to alrude one, and his wife went out washin' to help things along. No frills on dat family. Jest went right along like an old fashioned clock, allus dere, and allus to be depended on. If any one had suggested to Brudder White to rent a postoffice box or attend a vaudeville show he'd have almost fallen dead in his tracks. Ober and ober I said to myself dat he was a man to be to and dat his advice and example would alrude be good.

"Den comes de surprise. In dis yere account in de matter of sad Estate, and

Herman Muller, John Fisher