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**One Eleanor—
And Another**
By Rita Kelley

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Boyd Thompson was putting in his second day at the St. Louis exposition. Even though he had seen the wonders of two continents since leaving college, he was a little awed, even oppressed, by the very tremendous amount of ingenuity and beauty spread before him. He stopped at the end of the Grand basin and, pushing back his straw hat from his handsome dark face, drew out his tobacco pouch and carefully rolled a cigarette. The air was sizzling. The sun beat down on the immensity of white buildings and sparkled maddeningly in the folds of the cascade and the ripples in the wake of the gondolas as they darted to and fro. He was telling himself that all this was too much for one man to see alone. He blew out a wreath of smoke and looked disinterestedly at the passing throng. Yes, if he did not run across some one he knew before night he was going to pull out for home. He strolled toward the main entrance and stopped to admire an extremely pretty girl in cool green linen standing by one of the pillars of the Liberal Arts building.

"By Jove!" he said as he made a wide detour behind her and came around at the other side. "I know that girl. Hang it! What's her name?" He walked slowly past her again. She was absorbed in a scrutiny of the Triumphal causeway. How refreshingly cool she was in that green dress! Her hair gleamed gold in the sun. That was just the trouble—her hair! If it were only brown! Boyd ran over the names of all the blonds he had known. Bertha Semple, Caroline French? Bah! They had been fat and pudgy. He doubled on his steps and stroled back nonchalantly, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. But wasn't she a princess! He tried to smooth out the pucker in his brow and look pleasant. Hang it all! She was as much alone as he was, and she would be gone in a moment. His mind raced frantically among the girls of two continents in search of the missing name.

"If she just had brown hair, now," he said, staring at her unmistakably gold curls. Suddenly he realized that he was standing stock still and the brown eyes of the girl in the green dress had swept from the Triumphal causeway and were looking into his with ill concealed amusement. Instantly his face cleared. He swept off his hat with a charming bow and went toward her, smiling.

"Miss Haskell?" he said, holding out his hand. "Miss Eleanor Haskell?" She looked at him amazed, but at sound of the name she smiled, too, questioningly.

"I fear you have the better of me, though," she said as he took her hand. "you are?"

"Boyd Thompson, yes, of Northwest-ern," he finished for her.

"Oh, I don't remember." She passed one slim hand over her brow and looked embarrassed. "But I've sure enough been to Northwestern," she said, flashing a smile at him, "and," triumphantly, "yes, I remember your face."

"One's memory for names is often fickle. Why, do you know, I had the deuce of a time recalling yours just now, and I was afraid every minute you'd take a notion to go before I could get it by the tall feathers, so to speak. But I did, you see, and I always remember faces." He leaned over and smiled down at her. "Are you enjoying the show?" he asked sweetly.

"Yes, but it's too overwhelming to enjoy alone, and my friends are not due for a week or ten days, so I've decided to go home. I was just taking a farewell look as you came along."

"Come, now, that's jolly. I'm in the same fix. What do you say to doing the fair in partnership?"

And so it was finally arranged.

Later in the evening as he left her at the Hotel Napoleon Bonaparte he said, coming a step nearer: "You'll forgive me for staring at you so hard? I just couldn't remember your name on the instant."

"Yes, of course," she laughed. "Because, do you know, I haven't been able really to place you yet, though I remember your name and your face perfectly."

"Well, we're even," he called back, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, he sauntered toward the lobby.

Strange he should have thought she had ordinary brown hair, he said to himself, when this particular shade of gold was the prettiest thing for hair he had ever seen. Blondine? He threw away his cigarette. She wasn't that kind.

He thought of the few times he had seen her at armory parties and remembered that she danced divinely. He had not known her well, and she was a trump for not thinking him presumptuous speaking to her now. As he picked his way through the crowded lobby he saw all around him slender girls in green dresses pulling gold hair away from their faces with a pretty movement of their hands.

They were sitting at the end of the Grand basin some nights later, a little back from the balustrade overlooking the water. Boyd was speaking as he slowly rolled a cigarette.

"Do you know, I am amazed to think how mistaken I was about you."

"I'm sorry to have disappointed you,"

she said.

"But you didn't. That's just the point." He leaned over suddenly, and his face took on a new seriousness.

"And to think I missed all that good time because I was fool enough to be afraid of you!"

"What good time?" she asked quickly.

"Why, knowing you better before, don't you see? You're the jolliest girl I've seen for a long time. If you had thrown me over that day at the Liberal Arts building I never should have really known you probably. I'm glad you didn't. And the reason I couldn't think of your name was because I thought you should have brown hair instead of 'from all sure gold.'" he laughed.

She sat up straight with a start.

"Oh!"

"Why, what is it?" he asked solicitously. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing. My feet just hurt from walking so much. I have blisters on both my heels."

Boyd looked grieved at this announcement.

"Why didn't you say so? I wouldn't have kept you going so much. If you'll forgive me I'll promise to do better."

"Thank you. Possibly I shall not have to bother you any more. My friends come in the morning." Her voice was icy.

"And you are going to dismiss me like this? Why, we haven't seen a third of the show. I thought I was to guide the whole party."

"Thank you, I can manage very well. My cousin, for one, is quite capable of taking care of herself. She has been to Northwestern and—she has brown hair."

"Eleanor Haskell? What do you mean?"

"Yes, that's her name too. I might have known we looked alike, but nobody ever said so before. People are always falling in love with her and coming to me to be pitied. I hate her; I hate everybody, and I'm not going to have you hanging around like all the rest worshipping her and pouring your troubles into my ear. Heavens, there she is now! Go to her. I can get a car by myself!"

She was tired and unstrung.

Boyd turned and saw the original Miss Eleanor Haskell—the one he had met before—standing not ten paces away. She stood apart from her party of friends, looking over the balustrade at the gondoliers welding thin, flashing poles. He shrank farther back into the shadow of the shrubbery. She was tall, stately and dark as of old, and the peculiar feeling of mingled admiration and fear came back to him. Neither he nor the girl beside him stirred. He felt sure she was watching him, and he waited. The party called to the dark girl, and she finally turned away. They heard her say calmly, unemotionally: "Yes, it is rather good. I'm glad we got the night view first. Do you suppose there is any chance of our finding Eleanor?"

The two on the settee in the shadow were motionless as the group passed by, not noticing the young people seated close together in the shadow.

When they were well out of hearing Boyd leaned over suddenly, letting his cigarette drop between his feet.

"I have much to thank your cousin for," he said slowly, "for without her I should not have known you." He stopped and picked up a bit of gravel from the path. "And without her advent here tonight I should not have dared to tell you for some time that I love you."

The girl beside him moved away just a trifle.

"You will think me an unutterable cad for saying this, but it seems necessary to speak or lose you, and I don't want to do that. If you don't care for me please believe that I am sincere."

After a pause.

"Do you?"

"What?"

"Believe I mean it?"

"Yes."

Another and a longer pause.

"Do you?"

"What?"

"Er—er—care for me?"

"Maybe!"

The Greatest Treasure.

Recently a gentleman entered a prominent bank in Berlin and said to the cashier: "I understand that you take charge of title deeds, jewelry and other treasures, and as I am about to start for America and will be absent for some time I wish to place in your hands something very valuable and which if lost could not be replaced."

"All right, sir," was the reply. "Bring it here whenever you please."

"And will you take the greatest possible care of it?" asked the gentleman.

"In our hands it will be perfectly safe," answered the cashier, "for it will be placed in a box in our vault, which no burglar can enter."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all," exclaimed the gentleman, "for it would die without fresh air."

"Fresh air?" cried the astonished cashier. Then, recovering his usual self possession, he asked, "What is the treasure which you intend to place in our charge?"

"My wife," replied the gentleman, with a smile.—New York Herald.

Skaters Adopt Rules.

New York, Jan. 24.—It has been decided by the executive committee of the National Amateur Skating Association that all skaters who enter events under the rules or direction of the association, must be registered the same as in the ranks of the Amateur Athletic union. Skaters or clubs who do not comply with the order will be blacklisted. Dates for a number of championship events were announced.

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