

Dr. John Dunham knew what he did not want. He could also instantly recognize what he did want when he saw it. These traits had been of use to him in working his way through college through medical school after that and into a flourishing practice now two years old.

In love as in business it was the same, only the girls he had thus far met were undoubtedly the ones he did not want. Dr. John's black gray eyes were always on the silent quest of an unknown girl the thought of whom he linked with the thought of roses. She did not appear. He was thirty-two and beginning to think he had missed her and was deciding to devote his spare time entirely to rose culture when the no longer expected happened.

In September he went, with a colleague, Frederick Mayne, M. D., to a medical convention in St. Louis. Seat ed at the formal banquet, he looked up, just across the table, at her! And then he seemed to have always known that she was small and blond, with the sweet delicacy of a pink tea rose, that her head was poised like a flower and that breeding and courage showed in every feature and gesture."

Instantly the thought of her as his mounted to his head like wine, and his look met hers with an intensity that made her eyes droop. He turned cool ly to Mayne beside him and said in a low tone:

"Look carefully at this ring on my finger, and don't giare up. I want to ask a question. Who is she?"

Strangely enough, Mayne knew who "she" was,

"Dean Carroll's daughter, Rose," he replied. Then as they both looked up carelessly he continued, "I may as well tell you that I shall try to get her." Choking back a senseless anger, trying to realize that Mayne had as good a right to want her as he, Dunham answered quietly:

"And I may as well tell you that you have me to work against. I shall do my best."

At the reception following John Dun-Carroll, shook hands and asked:

"Doctor, please introduce me to your daughter." "Certainly, my boy-with pleasure.

But"-and the old man laughed-"1 warn you!"

"It's everlastingly too late, doctor. me to her." The serious eyes of the young man checked the old man's smile. • "Upon my soul! I belleve you're in

earnest!"

"I warn you that I am." Dean Car-

his call he had learned that she was leaving the next day for home. When he reached his office he looked up the northbound trains.

Next morning at 7:55 he walked up to the station. Just around the corner in the platform he saw Rose Carrol smiling at Mayne, who carried her suit case and a great bunch of pink carnations. Before they saw him he stepped back into the waiting room bought a ticket to the next town north and kept out of sight until the train

came in. He swung on the rear plat form, while Mayne, triumphant in his moment of favor, put the lady into a seat and bestowed her luggage about her. As the train pulled out Dunham look ed from his window in the smoker and beheld the idiotically adoring face of Mayne, who was waving his farewell.

When he had smoked a long black cigar John Dunham sauntered into the next car. About the middle of the aisle he stopped suddenly at a guick exclamation:

"Why, Mr. Dunham!"

He looked down and saw, with apparent surprise, Rose Carroll, blushing and smiling. He removed his hat but made no effort to take the seat which she had cleared for him beside ber.

"Miss Carroll! So this is your train -how pleasant! Lovely day, isn't it?" "Won't you sit down?" she asked, a little timidly. And he did and went on talking so carelessly and yet so meaningly, so brightly and still so seriously, that it seemed to her but a moment or two before he looked from the window and stood up. Drawing a slender parcel from his pocket. he unwrapped a single, long stemmed pink rose.

"I must get off here in order to get back to an important case with your father. I only got on to tell you goodby. Didn't want to interfere with Mayne at the station. I can't compete with this floral generosity," and he laid the rose in her lap, "but this is to remind you that some day I shall bring you that red rose." He was gone, without touching her hand in farewell. She sat gasping-pleased, astonished, half angry, but completely interested. She looked at the pink

rose. Then she tossed the carnations from the window and wondered how In the world John Dunham had mansged to obtain her promise to answer bis letters.

Thereafter Dunham wrote her-not regularly, but when the fancy seemed to selze him-whimsleal, vigorous, joyful, masculine letters, wholesomely free from all lovemaking. She anham accosted his old professor, Dean swered, and sometimes when he was very busy he called her up on the long distance phone in lieu of a letter. Meantime Mayne had sent bushels of flowers, had written ponderously sentimental epistles and heaved many ponderous sighs. Twice he had gone to see his divinity, and on his All I ask of you is not to tell her I last call her lack of interest in his wanted to meet hor and-not to praise elaborate mention of Dunham raised suspicion in his slow but relentlessly logical mind. On his return he sauntered into Dunham's office. "Morning, old man."

"Morning, Mayne. Enjoy your vis-

It?" How the deuce did Dunham know roll looked Dr. John Dunham over he'd been away? Mayne hazarded a

Caught In a Misstatement. Homely Lecturer - Women, my friends, are invariably hard to please. Vince (in the audience)-One moment.

please. Are you married? Homely Lecturer (trritably)-Yes, sir. I am.

Volce-Is your wife happy? Lecturer (proudly and indignantly)-

Yes, sir, she is,

Voice-Then, sir, you're a liar.-Balti more American.



Mr. Nicks-So you sold that estate to the Susan family, did you? Why, she there.

Partner-Well, I sold it to her husband, and he said that was just the reason why he wanted it .- New York World,

Excess Freight.

Bob had been sent to the railroad station for two pieces of baggage, but returned with one only. In reply to his master's question as to why he did not bring both he said:

"Dey all say 'yo' cyarn hab de big trunk 'twell yo' pays de twenty cent Magazine.

Inexperienced. Dick-They tell me Harry is going to

marry? Jack-Well, why shouldn't he? He's comfortably well off.

Dick-That's just it. Why doesn't he remain so?-Boston Transcript.

Barred. Bobs-Do you believe in the simple life?

Jobs-Yes, but I can't afford to practice it. I'm kept on a furious hustle to support my family .- Detroit Free Press.

Her Confidence. She-I told him you would consent. Papa-Why are you so sure about it? She-Why, I know you are sensible enough to see that we'll get married

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FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1905.

WOOD YARDS.

WOOD! WOOD! WCOD!

Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any

kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly,

carefully from head to foot. Then he held out his hands.

"I wish you luck," he said slowly "You're as open now as you were dur ing the four years I knew you at college and in your success since. Your tactics are worthy of a general and victory. Come along. But perhaps you'd like me first to suggest to her that you're a dangerous character?" John laughed contentedly.

"Better that than encomiums."

Rose Carroll met her father's old pupll none the less graciously because he was tall and strong and because the heavy, dark hair framing his handsome face was touched with gray. In fact, he was so interesting that she met him with an armor of protective resistance beneath her graciousness. She was used to easy victories over her admirers, but not anxious, though she was by he got her and went straight to on the alert, for her own Waterloo. There was time enough for that.

John began well. While deferential, he was not adoring; while entirely appreciative, he was not insistent in his enjoyment of her society, which he accepted with a sort of seemingly transient spirit of camaraderie that piqued her a little. Several times during the evening he drifted carelessly back near her and watched with amusement Mayne's breakneck endeavor to make use of his time to impress his rather ponderous personality upon the girl. Dunham asked permission to call next day.

He did call and was carelessly entertaining. He let himself go, showing his real self, speaking of his youthful adventures in the west, of his roses at home and leaving a sort of an impression that he was a man into whose life women had entered little and that they were to him a sort of pleasant relaxation from workaday cares.

Rose found herself putting forth un usual efforts to please this man, who was not, as others, apparently in the Ceast subjugated by her charms. He did not stay long, but as he arose to go he unwrapped a long, slender parcel he had been holding, crushed the tissue paper in his fingers and put one perfect white rose into her hand He laughed down into her eyes.

"I wanted to give you a red one only"- The significance of his tone and his hesitation made her rise to his throw.

"Only you dkin't dare!" she finished for him.

"Oh. I dared," he replied coolly "but I thought I wouldn't-yet! The best for the last, you know!" And he left her trying to decide whether he meant anything or nothing. As with a large florist's box, and during

guess. "Yes, called on Miss Carroll. Write to her, don't you?" Taken off guard, Dunham admitted the soft impeachment and was instantly sorry. Mayne saughed with unctuous amusement. "Thought you were too astute for that. Bet she's got you going-has me! Stringing you for all she's worth! Practiced hand! Great girl-no end popular. Knows how to do it, Miss Carroll." Dunham's anger rose, but

he answered carelessly: "Look to yourself, Mayne. Guess I can take care of Johnny." But after Mayne went the tide of his anger Jurged toward Rose Carroll, When he could stand it no longer he went to the phone, closing the door of the funer office, and called up St. Louis and Miss Carroll. After an hour's de

the point, "That you, Miss Carroll? Know who This is? Yes! Lovely spring day! I want to ask you something. Forgive my bluntness, but I must know. Miss Carroll, in your letters and all have you meant everything or have you been playing with me?" A long pause, while he listened intently.

"No, I did not think so-I simply asked. I have not the time nor the temper to play. You will forgive me for asking you? No, I can't tell you what made me think of such a thing. Yes, fome day I will. Certainly I believe you! What? May I? May I come this week? Of course I want to! But, I can't reach you till Saturday even-'ng and will have to start back Sunday morning. It's a long way, and connections are bad. All right-goodby--till Saturday !"

At 4 in the afternoon of June 1 John Dunham'stepped from his train at St. Louis and went to a hotel to get rid of his travel stains and appease his hunger.

About 7 he emerged faultlessly at tired, visited a florist and took a cab to Dean Carroll's stately old home.

Rose came to him in the dim candlelight of the library, a vision in shimmering gray. He had intended meeting her in his usual easy way, but the clamor of his heart and the wine of a certain proud yielding in the glance of her blue eyes swept him into speechlessness. He stood long looking at her. her hand still in his. Then he dropped the small hand back at her side and strode out into the hall.

In a moment he came back and clasped her warm little fingers about the stem of a glowing red rose.

"The red rose," he said simply-"the time for it is now, isn't it?" he queshe went out he met Mayne entering tioned quietly, stepping back with his

