

## Wanted— A Reader

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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Jean Draper waited into the shabby little room with a copy of the morning paper in her hand. "There!" she cried exultantly. "Read that—read it aloud, child!"

The "child" was much older and larger than the young woman who addressed her and far more sedate. She had another name—Mary Brandon—but it had fallen into "innocuous desuetude" since the advent of Jean, who mothered every one, from the milkman's boy to the minister.

"You read it," Mary said, "my throat is like a nutmeg grater this morning." The animated look faded from Jean's face and the distracting little dimple in her left cheek stopped work immediately. "Oh," she cried regretfully, "I forgot your cold! You can't do it, after all. Just listen to this: 'Wanted—An educated elderly lady to read aloud to young man. Apply 2171 Dale avenue, 9 to 10 a. m.'"

Mary Brandon looked up from the button holes she was making at so much—or so little—a dozen and laughed hoarsely.

"Since when," said she, "has your 'child' become an 'elderly lady,' Jean?" "Oh, I know you wouldn't do as you are, but you make up so beautifully! Remember when you were Barbara Fritchie at the Whittier social? You have that wig now, haven't you, child? But you're hoarse, and so—"

"And so you can apply," Mary interrupted her.

"I? You know what a miserable reader I am—galloping along one page and balking at a long word or French phrase on the next. If I could choose my own book—'Easy Stories of One and Two Syllables, For Beginners,' or something like that—I'd think it no sin to deceive the unsuspecting youth. I believe I'll do it. They really don't need me now at the 'Chiroprapist's Parlor.' Dr. Gray intimated as much yesterday."

Mary laughed derisively. "Try it if you like," she said. "There may be no necessity for an elaborate makeup. It needs a reader it's probably because his eyes have given out—glasses, my wig, an elderly manner, and there you are! Nothing will give you away unless it is your laugh, Jean. It sounds so young! But you haven't laughed much lately. I've noticed." Mary looked steadily into her friend's soft brown eyes. "Come now," she said, "fess up, dear, that you care more for Dr. Tom than you imagined when you in-

stated on coming here to earn your living—poor, little living! If you had it to do over, wouldn't you?"

"Never mind what I'd do, child," Jean said quickly, the warm color flooding her telltale face. "What you are about to do is of more importance now. Behold your lay figure! Make of me what you will."

A half hour later a trim "elderly" lady went forth to seek a position as reader. Two hours later the lady returned. She fairly flew into the room and sank on the old couch, laughing and crying in the same breath.

Mary laid down her work. "Didn't you get the place?" she asked. "Aren't you engaged?"

Jean laughed hysterically. "Yes," she said; "yes, I'm engaged."

"Well, then, why are you crying? Where is your wig, and—"

Jean stopped her with a little gesture.

"Child, child," she cried, "you'll never guess who advertised. I didn't, even



"TELL ME, ARE YOU MARRIED?"

when I saw this sign! Whitney is not an uncommon name, you know."

"Dr. Whitney!" Mary gasped. "Tom Whitney in this city? Oh, Jean, what did you do?"

"Went in, of course. A maid ushered me into a dimly lighted room where a man sat in a reclining chair with a bandage over his eyes. He was big and broad shouldered, with a little wave in his hair that reminded me of Tom. When he turned to speak to me I saw

that it was Tom, but so sad faced and subdued that I could have cried to see him."

"Luckily he didn't ask my name, and fear of detection changed my voice so that my own mother wouldn't have

recognized it. 'Please be seated,' he said quietly, 'my eyes have been badly used and are on a strike at present. I'm under orders to humor them for a few weeks.'

"Then he lifted a book from the table at his elbow and asked me to read. It was a scientific work—somebody's horrid medical essays. I stumbled through the first page, and when I looked up, my face crimson with embarrassment, he was fixing his bandage, and the sad look had left his face. I'm sure there was a smile hiding at the corner of his mouth!"

"You needn't read any more," he said, 'but your voice is so soothing that I wish you'd talk.'

"'T-t-talk,' I stammered. 'About what?'"

"Oh, the days of your youth or any old thing," he said with such a boyish laugh that I knew he had recognized me. The bandage had been moved to some purpose! He needed punishment—didn't he, child?—and I promptly administered it."

"Oh, what did you do?" Mary asked anxiously.

"I adjusted my spectacles with a grandmotherly air and said, 'I will tell you of something that happened long ago. I wasn't married then, and—'"

"My listener came suddenly to an upright position and said sternly: 'Are you now? Tell me, are you married now?'"

"No!" I cried in a panic. "No, indeed! Please lie down, and I'll—I'll recite something."

"Yes," he said, after a moment's hesitation, and there was a laugh in his voice, 'recite the "Prisoner of Chillon."'

"You know it begins 'My hair is white, but not with years?' Well, I'd recited just that far when he reached out and lifted wig, bonnet and all from my head. 'No,' he cried, 'it isn't white with years,' and then he—I mean I—Jean laughed, blushed and came to a full stop."

"Yes?" Mary said encouragingly.

"What did you do, dear?"

"I—well, you remember I told you that I was 'engaged'?"

### Henry Clay's Great Memory.

It is said that no man ever had a more marvelous memory for faces than Henry Clay. The instances given to prove this are numberless. On one occasion he was on his way to Jackson, Miss., and the cars stopped for a short time at Clinton. Among the crowd who pressed forward was one vigorous old man who insisted that Mr. Clay would recognize him. He

had lost one eye.

"Where did I know you?" asked Mr. Clay, fixing a keen glance on this man.

"In Kentucky," was the reply.

"Had you lost your eye before then, or have you lost it since?" was the next question.

"Since," answered the old man.

"Turn the sound side of your face to me so I can see your profile," said Mr. Clay peremptorily, and the man obeyed. "I have it!" said Mr. Clay after a moment's scrutiny of the profile.

"Didn't you give me a verdict as juror at Frankfort, Ky., in the famous case of the United States versus Innis twenty-one years ago?"

"Yes, sir!" cried the old man, trembling with delight.

"And isn't your name Hardwicke?" queried Mr. Clay after another minute.

"I told you he'd remember me!" cried the old man, turning to the crowd.

"He never forgets a face; never forgets a face!"

### The Harp of Brian Borohme.

In the museum of Trinity college, Dublin, there are hundreds of thousands of relics, but the one in which most people take the greatest interest is the harp which once belonged to Brian Borohme, or Brian Boru, as he is most commonly called. Brian Borohme was the Irish monarch who was killed in the great battle at Clontarf in the year 1014 A. D. Brian left his harp and his crown to his son Donagh, who succeeded as king. Soon after Donagh was deposed by a warlike nephew and was forced to retire to Rome. He took his father's crown and harp with him, and they were kept in the Vatican collection for several centuries, the crown, which is of massive hammered gold, being still numbered among the pope's treasures. The harp, however, was sent to Henry VIII., and he presented it to the first Earl of Clanricarde. It was deposited in the museum mentioned in the opening in the year 1872. The harp is thirty-two inches high and of good workmanship, the carving on the oak frame being equal to anything that could be done today. It is well preserved and does not look to be an instrument upward of 1,000 years old.

### Children's Answers.

A young teacher in one of the public schools was telling a friend of hers about the humorous answers made by some of her pupils. Here is the answer of a bright boy in the geography class: "The mariner's compass was invented by a man always pointing toward the north." In another instance the teacher had said to the class, "No matter what the size of the circle, what does it always contain?" She meant, of course, 360 degrees. A boy, with an air of wisdom, promptly replied, "A

note." During a physiology lesson another boy, in answer to a question regarding the use of the human trunk, said, "The trunk is that part of your body which keeps you from being legs all the way up to your neck." The teacher, in distributing pens for a writing lesson, happened to give one child a stub pen. The child walked up to the desk and, looking earnestly in the teacher's face, said gravely, "Please, Miss —, I can't use this here pen; it's a substitute pen."—Philadelphia Record.

Opponents think that they refute us when they repeat their own opinions and take no notice of ours.—Goethe.

### A Praiseworthy Record.



Rev. Sproggins—I'm pleased to hear your grandson is so well behaved, Mrs. Buddie.

Mrs. Buddie—Ah, sir, he's just like his pore, dear father. He always had a bit took off his sentence for good behavior.—Tatler.

### The Tables Turned.

Mrs. M. had corrected her four-year-old son five times within the hour.

"Robbie, dear," she had pleaded after the last offense, "I hate to punish you so often. Why don't you try to be good?"

"Why, I do, mother," the child replied, "but you don't know how hard it is. I just wish you'd try it and see for yourself some time."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Equator on a Tear.

They were holding midyear examinations in one of the public schools. The subject was geography. One of the questions was, "What is the equator?"

"The equator," read the answer of a nine-year-old boy, "is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth."—Judge.

### Going to Bed.

TELL you what, when everything is snoring in my head  
Bout pirates or a storm at sea  
Or Injun scouts or battles—gee!  
I hate to go to bed!

I want to know, so awful bad,  
Just what the end will be.  
An' when that loud old clock goes whirr  
I keep as still—I never stir—  
But mother looks at me

An' says: "My dear, it's time for bed.  
You know we can't allow  
This sitting up." But then I tease:  
"Aw, just this one short chapter, please!  
It's so exciting now!"

Then 'tain't a minute till dad says,  
"A lengthy chapter, son!"  
An' mother says, "Come, come; enough!"  
An' dad he says: "That boy's a bluff!"  
Come, youngster, scuttle—run!"

An' then dad chases me upstairs  
To make me go to bed  
An' spans me, an' I thump him back,  
An' then he gives me one more whack  
An' stands me on my head.

I hate to start to go to bed,  
The same way every night,  
But dad, he makes it all a game—  
I have to mind, though, just the same;  
I tell you, dad's all right!

Then mother comes an' hears my prayers,  
An' dad gets me a drink,  
An' then dad hugs us both real tight,  
An' we hug back with all our might—  
It's kind o' nice, I think.  
—Edna Kingsley Wallace in Woman's Home Companion.

### Nimrod at Home.

A certain Deacon Sam Knowlton in his day had the reputation of being a great hunter. At the beginning of every hunting season he would go into Cumberland county, and on his return he was always laden with many stories in which he figured as hero. But the fact remained that while his supply of stories was always large his game bag was usually empty.

One of his neighbors, a physician, heard his stories until he was tired. One evening at a social gathering the matter was being discussed.

"Deacon Knowlton a great hunter! Of course he is," exclaimed the doctor. "He is the greatest hunter in the state of Pennsylvania, but darn me if he was ever known to find anything!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Retort Courteous.

A patronizing young woman was recently being shown through one of the government schools for Indians, when she came upon a fine looking Indian girl of perhaps sixteen years of age. The Indian girl was hemming napkins, and the other girl watched for some moments in silence. Then she asked the Indian, "Are you civilized?"

The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work and glanced coldly at her interrogator. "No," she replied, as her eyes again sank to her napkins, "are you?"—Woman's Home Com-

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