

# POLLY'S MASQUERADE

By BELLE MANIATES

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"Hillman! Hillman!" lustily called the brakeman, thrusting open the car door as the train slackened.

Two of the passengers were roused from a state of passivity by this announcement and, gathering their belongings, hastened out into the cold night. One was a young girl with a city bred air and appointments; the other, a man distinguished in appearance. They both looked bewilderingly about them as the train slowly pulled out.

"This doesn't look like my recollections of Hillman," said the girl, looking about the small, deserted station.

"It isn't Hillman!" said the man decidedly. "What station is this?" he asked as a railroad employee came out of the depot.

"This? This is Rollins. Hillman is six miles beyond—next stop, except the siding."

The two passengers looked at each other in mutual dismay. The girl spoke



"DEAR ME! HOW CAN I TELL YOU—SHE SWEARS!"

first. She spoke one word, and that a man's word. The railroad employee looked shocked, but the other man appeared relieved.

"Thank you very much," he said. "You voice my sentiments exactly. Our common misfortune should allow us to waive all ceremony and conventionality. My name is John Winters. I have recently taken up my abode in Hillman."

"Mine is Polly Lester," she said frankly, "and I am only going to Hillman to visit. I trust I will never take up my abode there."

"It isn't an enticing spot," he admitted, laughing. "When can we get a train to Hillman?" he asked of the railroad employee.

"Not till tomorrow morning." "Then we must drive there. I presume there is no livery here, but there must be some one who will drive us over."

"I guess Hank Innis, the barkeep, would take you over in his automobile. I'll see."

He returned shortly with the barkeep and a runabout. John Winters made a bargain with him for the trip, and as Polly climbed to the seat beside him he said:

"I have some good news for you. It seems our train meets the western express three miles from here, and that train is reported late, so we can overtake our train and continue our way as we started."

Polly quite enjoyed this little adventure. She always did have a weakness and a tendency for adventures. She chatted freely with her new acquaintance. She was almost sorry when they overtook and boarded the sidetracked train, receiving apologies from the brakeman and grins from the passengers. Polly and John Winters continued their chatter until they approached Hillman. Then she said abruptly:

"Hillman is a small place, and people have narrow views regarding proprieties. It would be as well if we got off singly and separately and meeting, as we doubtless will, as strangers."

"Certainly. You are right," agreed Winters, going forward to the smoking car.

Polly was met and whisked away to the one hack by a splintered aunt.

"Has Hillman changed much—any new people moved in since I was last here, Aunt Cornelia?" asked Polly demurely as they were unpacking her luggage.

"Oh, yes. Hillman is growing fast. Lots of people, and we've got a new minister, a city fellow."

"What's his name?" demanded Polly, looking up interestedly.

"The Rev. Mr. Winters."

"Oh!" gasped Polly feebly, bending over a refractory box cover. "What does he look like?"

"I am ashamed to say I haven't seen him," replied her aunt. "First Sunday he was here I had a cold. The next Sunday it just poured. He has called, but I was not at home."

"Well, I presume he will call again," remarked Polly.

Later, when she was alone and reposing comfortably in the billowy feather bed, she laughed wickedly and delightedly.

"Oh, what would Aunt Cornelia do if she knew I swore right before the new minister! She'd leave town, I do believe. I thought I liked him very well, but I don't know. I like a minister to live up to his calling, and he should not have been amused. It was frivolous in him to know so much about the world. If he weren't a minister I know I'd like him, but as he is a minister I'd like him to be different."

The next afternoon her aunt announced that she had to attend a club meeting from which, she regretted to say, outsiders were excluded. Polly appeared resigned, however, and after her aunt's departure she wandered about the house seeking diversion. She found it in her aunt's bedroom in the shape of a wig, for her aunt had resorted to a false headgear, having lost her hair through illness.

Polly promptly donned it and surveyed herself.

"I don't look unlike aunt," she thought, "only I am young and plump. We look like the advertisements for 'before and after taking.'"

In pursuance of the resemblance she tried on a black silken gown of her aunt's. She had just pinned on a long, pointed lace collar and fastened it with a huge cameo pin when she looked out of the window and saw her fellow traveler coming up the steps.

"Coming for a ministerial call. He won't recognize me in this outfit, and he has never seen aunt. I shall personate her!"

She hastened to admit the caller. "How do you do—Mr. Winters, is it not? I am Miss Cornelia Laffin. Be seated, please. I thought I was never going to meet my pastor. I was so sorry I was out when you called before."

He politely regretted the fact also and proceeded to talk of the church matters.

"Hypocrite!" thought Polly. "I'll test him further."

"Mr. Winters, I don't suppose I ought to tell you my troubles on our first meeting, but I feel I must unburden my mind and ask your advice."

"Certainly, my dear Miss Laffin. You may command and trust me."

"I have a niece visiting me—a well meaning girl, but brought up in a worldly way, and, Mr. Winters, will you believe me, she actually at times—dear me, how can I tell you—she swears!"

"No, Miss Laffin! You amaze me! It cannot be possible!"

"Horrid hypocrite!" thought Polly again.

Hearing voices on the porch, she looked out and beheld her aunt entering in company with a man. Dismayed, she snatched the wig from her head regardless of the effect upon the minister. She had just concealed it when her aunt and companion entered.

"I made a mistake in the date, Polly. This is our pastor, Mr. Winters. My niece, Miss Lester, Mr. Winters. I met Mr. Winters on his way here."

"Well, John, what are you doing here?" asked the minister after acknowledging the introduction to Polly. Let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Winters, though I presume you have introduced yourself."

"Yes, I introduced myself," he replied cheerfully.

"Polly!" exclaimed her aunt, staring at her niece. "What in the world have you got my dress on for?"

"Why, Aunt Cornelia, I was just trying it on when Mr. Winters rang and I had no time to change."

"And do you know," said John, compelling Polly's averted eyes to meet his, "for just half an instant as you opened the door I thought you were Miss Laffin, and then I at once recognized you as the young lady I saw alighting from the train last night."

### Mixed Path to Happiness.

"How nice and fit you look this morning! You always look so fresh after a shave," said Myers to his wife as he entered the breakfast room.

"How pretty that little house dress is that you have on!" she answered, with a smile.

"What on earth are you two people talking about?" inquired the friend who was visiting them.

"You see, we read an article in a magazine supplement once, entitled 'Recipe For a Continuous Honeymoon,'" said Mrs. Myers. "It gave a list of the phrases that husband and wife should say to each other every morning before breakfast. George was so tickled with the idea that he cut them out and pasted them on the doors of our respective bedrooms. We were to use one of the phrases every morning. But it happened that he pasted the two sections exactly wrong, so that the husband's list was on my door and the wife's on his. And now when he comes in and says to me, 'You don't know how well that waistcoat sets off your great deep chest,' I answer, 'What a dear, lovable little thing you are!' That's the answer. We have a lot of fun out of it. Great scheme, isn't it?"—New York Press.

### After Communion.

"Are you going to take your son to business with you?"

"Not now. I'm going to wait till he has forgotten all his business."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Too strenuous.

Green—"I'll never patronize that fashionable dentist again. He has a double pull."

Brown—"Why, how is that?"

Green—"After pulling my tooth he proceeded to pull my leg."—Columbus Dispatch.

## MODEL DOUBLE DWELLING.

It Has Many Attractive Special Features—Cost \$4,000.

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We herewith present to our readers a model design and plans for a two family dwelling, the cost of which is estimated by the architect at \$4,000. They can be used on a large or a small lot with excellent results. Among their special features are the private entrances to each apartment, the rear stairs, which run from the cellar to

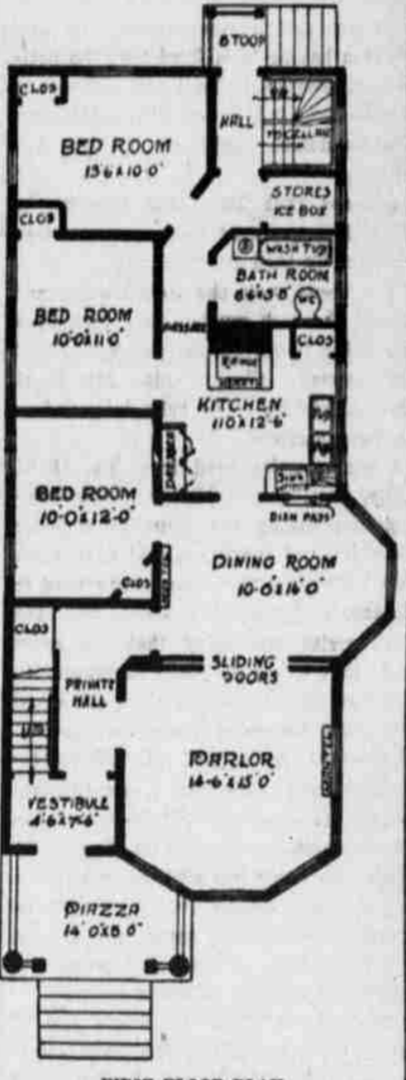


FRONT ELEVATION.

the attic floor; the six rooms on the first floor and the seven on the second floor.

There is a cellar under the entire house, with walls of stone and a cemented floor. In the cellar is the heating apparatus, with separate coal bins and storerooms for each apartment.

The frame is of hemlock lumber and timber, sheathed, papered, sided and shingled. The main roof is covered with cedar shingles. The windows have outside blinds of white pine and

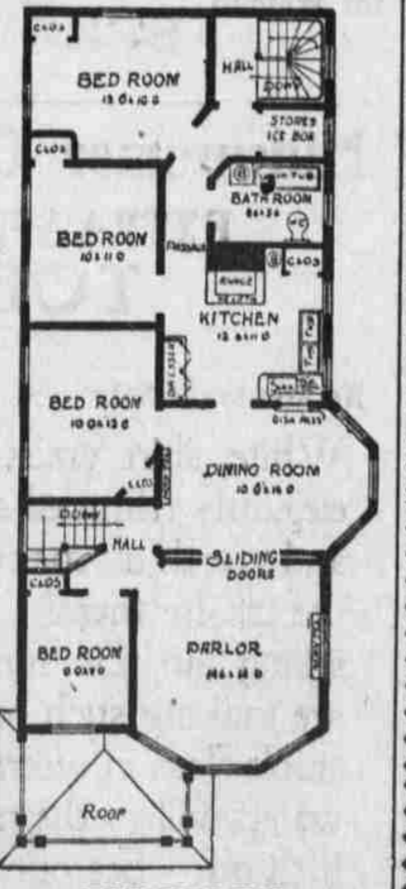


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

rolling sills and are hung with wrought iron angle spring hinges and back hooks.

The floors are of narrow yellow pine, well blind halled. The interior walls are plastered with two coats of patent plaster sand. The interior trim is of clear cypress of special designs, with plain molded heads. The doors are of quartered oak, with beveled mirrors, tiled facings and summer pieces.

The house is piped for gas, separately for each floor. The stairs are of cy-



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

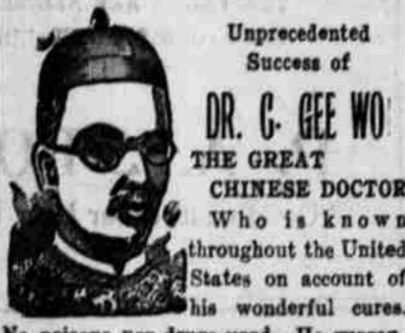
press lumber, with oak newels, rails and balusters. The hardware throughout is of plain wrought black iron, with combination knobs, roses and escutcheons. The bathrooms and kitchens con-

tain complete modern plumbing and fixtures. The walls of the bathrooms are laid off in tile on rock wall plaster white enameled.



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Constable—Philosophically his denial of guilt. That's always a suspicious circumstance.—Herald & Blatter.



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