

The Matchmaker

By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

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Katherine opened her eyes with a start and looked over the edge of the hammock. Below her on the green velvet grass sat a two-year-old baby, wrinkling up his chubby face and letting out little gurgles of laughter.

"Oh, I know your joke, young man," she laughed back at him. "You kissed Katha, didn't you, and woke her up? Now, come here, you rogue, and I'll pay you back in your own precious coin."

Without any pretense of denial or defense, young Reginald allowed himself to be gathered up into a shapeless, dimpled mass, squeezed, shaken out and spanked. Suddenly, waving the conventional of announcement, a man interrupted this glorious game of retribution. In a flash Reginald turned state's evidence.

"Man say—kiss Katha," he said, pointing an accusing finger at the approaching interloper.

"Why, no, Reginald," Katherine remonstrated hastily, "man didn't say anything of the kind."

"Kiss Katha—man," transposed Reginald, with conviction.

At this Katherine sat up straight and forbidding.

"Mr. Kingsley," she began, and her tone was very chilling, "will you be good enough to carry Reginald into the house and then come back again? I have something to say to you."

"Sure, Katherine," asserted Jack Kingsley, his natural light heartedness quite unabashed at the hint of an impending reprimand. "I'll be back so soon you'll never miss me."

When Jack returned Katherine still sat in the hammock, her spirits as visibly crushed as her filmy summer frock.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Jack," she said disconsolately. "Believed what, Katherine?"

"That you'd do what the baby said. 'Kiss you?' he asked bluntly. 'Take such an advantage of me—kiss me when I was asleep,' differentiated Katherine ingenuously.

"But I didn't," Katherine looked at him searchingly.

"But Reginald said—" "I realize," interrupted Jack, with good natured sarcasm, "that compared with whatever that two-year-old prodigy may say any words of mine—"

"Just the same," broke in Katherine, "it wouldn't be the first time that

"When shall we tell the others?" he asked softly.

truth has come out of the mouth of babes."

Jack laughed appreciatively, but Katherine maintained an injured silence.

"It couldn't have been the baby," she announced at length, as if thinking aloud. "He isn't tall enough. But I'm determined to find out who it was."

"What will you do to him," asked Jack—"punish him as you did the baby?"

Katherine very properly ignored the suggestion, but Jack was undaunted. "You're sure it was a man?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Why, of course it was!" flashed Katherine scornfully. "Who else would?"

"Exactly," Jack agreed. "Who else would?"

Katherine made a desperate effort to keep back the tears of vexation and succeeded to a very commendable degree. One or two, however, refused to be kept within bounds. She made a quick little dab at them with her handkerchief, hoping Jack did not notice.

"Tell me all about it," he urged sympathetically. "You haven't given me a very definite idea of what really happened yet."

"Oh, I was asleep in the hammock," explained Katherine, as if the details bored her, which they did not, "and woke up suddenly. Some one had kissed me. I thought it was the baby—the villain!"

"Reginald a villain!" exclaimed Jack with feigned astonishment.

"You know whom I mean," answered Katherine, unresponsive to any further

moor in the situation. "No, really I don't. Whom do you mean?"

"The person who kissed me," Katherine replied, blushing over the unavoidable baldness of the admission.

"Oh!" commented Jack placidly. "Well, granted it was a man, would you recognize it a second time—that is, if you had your eyes closed and the same man kissed you again, could you identify the kiss, do you think?"

"How perfectly horrid of you to suggest such a thing!" accused Katherine. "You don't consider my feelings in the least. Just like you brutal, cold blooded lawyers. You can't be human if you try."

In spite of his effort at control the bearded young attorney burst out laughing. It was a most unfortunate thing for him to have done, for immediately Katherine buried her face in the hammock cushions and began sobbing convulsively.

Jack watched her perplexedly. She looked very appealing in her graceful slenderness. He could think of only one thing to do—and he did it.

Katherine was on her feet in an instant, her cheeks tear stained and flushed with indignation.

"So it was you the first time after all, Jack Kingsley!" she exclaimed. "I think you're too contemptible for words. You're a thief and a—and you don't tell the truth, and—"

"Not so fast, not so fast," begged Jack gently. "I really wasn't the first one, Katherine, upon my honor, but—"

"Well, what in Cupid's name are you two quarreling about?" called Bill Hemming from the near background. "Can't an unmarried man—pardon me, I should have said an ineligible man—find one undisturbed spot in this hygienic garden? Just passed two other lovers down the path who seemed to be a bit out of tune. It must be the weather."

"I assure you the weather has nothing to do with it, Mr. Hemming," answered Katherine haughtily.

"She's right, Bill," asserted Jack genially. "The cause of our seeming disagreement is purely—"

"Imaginary," interrupted Katherine, with such manifest alarm that both men laughed heartily.

But in spite of this little diversion the conversation dragged along apathetically, and Bill at length gave up his attempts to mend the situation.

"Well," he said, yawning ostentatiously, "guess I'll go in and play with the infant. He's nearer my level than you self absorbed grownups. By the way, Miss Katherine, how did you like our little joke?"

"Whose—what little joke?" demanded Reginald's and mine, of course. We watched you asleep for awhile; then we thought it would be great fun to wake you up. So we kissed you."

"Mr. Hemming!" gasped Katherine. "You don't mean to say that you—"

"Bless you, no, my dear. I just helped Reginald."

"But what—what did you run away for?" Katherine pursued inquiringly.

"Oh, that's a little habit of mine. Miss Katherine," was Hemming's cabalistic reply as, musing, he walked toward the house.

"Queer old duffer, isn't he?" commented Jack by way of giving Katherine time for a bit of mental readjustment.

"The rest of the house party call him 'Bill the Matchmaker,'" she remarked. Her manner was wholly impersonal.

"I don't wonder," Jack assented. "There was an awkward little silence."

"Jack!"

"What is it, Katherine?"

"What were you going to tell him was the cause of our—our quarrel?"

"I started to say the cause was purely—oscillatory."

"Jack!"

"Well, wasn't it? Tell me, Katherine, were you really awfully angry with me?"

Katherine nodded. "For two reasons," she said, with emphasis, "one because I thought you had been the first one who kissed me and that you had lied about it."

"And the second?"

"Because if you weren't the first I—was sorry you had not been, Jack."

For several seconds there was untroubled quiet in the "hymeneal garden." Then Jack broke the serenity with a question.

"When shall we tell the others?" he asked softly.

"Oh, not for days and days," declared Katherine jealously. "It's such fun to have a secret."

But inside the house, without waiting for authority, a two-year-old baby was babbling to the admiring group gathered about him.

"Man say—kiss Katha. Kiss Katha—man." And all smiled comprehensively.

The Girl Graduate.

Did you ever have a girl graduate from the high school out of your family? If so, you know what it is, but if you have not you have missed about all that is worth anything in life. There is nothing like it. The happiness, the satisfaction, the success that has come is worth many times the money and effort put forth. What is the finest product of America? Secretary Loeb insists it is rabbits, Carnegie stands for libraries, Mrs. Hetty Green considers it ready money, while Secretary of Agriculture Wilson crowns over the American hen. They are all wrong. It's the girl graduate. As Daniel Webster remarked of Massachusetts: "Gentlemen, she needs no apology. 'Here she stands!' For years father has poured out his money in buying her

frocks and faces and hats, in paying for her chemistry and music and chewing gum. Mother has spent years of her life in teaching her morality, truth, the catechism and the proper way to do up her hair. And they feel that she's worth all the trouble and care and money she has cost.—Lawrence Journal.

WORKED WHILE ASLEEP.

Curious incident in the career of Novelist Crockett.

S. R. Crockett, the novelist, told a rather remarkable story of an incident that befell him in his early writing days, before fame and fortune had come to him and while he struggled on for a living. At that time he was obliged to write for very small sums indeed, and among the publications to which he contributed columns and half columns was the St. James' Gazette, a London penny evening newspaper. One morning the postman brought to Mr. Crockett a letter from the editor of the St. James' Gazette containing a small check as payment for a contribution. Mr. Crockett knew that nothing was due to him, that he had been paid for all his articles, and—remarkable man—he did the check up in an explanatory note and returned it to the editor.

The next day back came the check from the editor—remarkable man—with a note saying it was due. The St. James' Gazette had published an article from the pen of Mr. Crockett which had not been paid for; hence the check. Again Mr. Crockett—remarkable man—returned the check, and still the remarkable editor re-forwarded it, this time with the article cut out of the columns of the St. James' Gazette.

Now comes the curious feature of the incident. When Mr. Crockett clapped eyes on the article, he was astonished to find it one of his dreams materialized. One night, going to bed extra tired, he dreamed that a good idea for a St. James' Gazette column had occurred to him; that he then and there sat down, wrote it and posted it. Next morning he remembered his dream and made up his mind some day to write the article exactly as he dreamed he had written it. When, to his astonishment, came article and check from the newspaper. Few writers earn checks while asleep.

A Good Definition.

A foreign journal says that a small boy who had been playing nearly all day with a newly arrived acquaintance of the family, a gentleman who had nearly reached his fiftieth year, said to his father when the gentleman had gone away:

"When will that young man come again?"

"Young man!" exclaimed the father. "He's older than I am! Will you please tell me what a young man means to you?"

"Why, a young man," answered the boy—"a young man is one that has a good time."

Poor Papa!

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping for life."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantages for observing things that I have."

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LOST—ON SATURDAY NIGHT, a 1-year-old net, over 200 fathoms long, 45 mesh deep, with 9-inch mesh and buoy marked "M. K. A." Finder please notify M. K. A. Anderson, 1395 Franklin; reward. 8-4-3t

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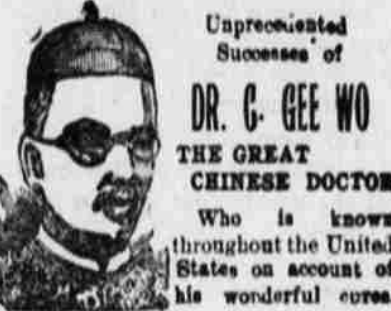
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