

The Affair of the Count.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Of course I do not wish to marry the count," said Miss Bernard petulantly.

"Poor auntie loves a tittle," sighed Jean, ruffling her pretty hair distractedly.

Emory got upon his feet with sudden alacrity. There was fire in his red brown eyes and determination in the lines of his strong jaw.

"If Miss Leigh marries the count, will you marry me, Jean?" he asked delightedly.

Miss Bernard stared; then she laughed merrily.

"Why not? With auntie's craving for a titled position satisfied, I believe I might—Don't—not yet!" She waved off Emory's impulsive movement and sought refuge behind a high back-



"WHY—WHY," STAMMERED MISS LEIGH CONFUSEDLY—"WHY NOT?"

ed chair. "And now be off about your business, Mr. Marriage Broker!"

"What are your engagements for this evening, Jean?" he asked calmly.

"The dance at the Bicknells, of course!"

"And Miss Leigh—and the count?"

"They dine with Mrs. Frake and come to the dance afterward."

"I will see you at Bicknells, Jean. Come early, dear," he said brazenly.

"Run away, you bold, bad, mere American!" retorted Miss Bernard saucily; then she watched him as he strode down the path and on to the shore road, a warm light in her gray eyes.

"I would whether auntie married the count or not," she murmured mysteriously.

"Et ees ze beautifulness of ze evening sat appeals to my lovable soul," gurgled Count Leon Despagne as he joined Miss Dorinda Leigh on the veranda of the Frake mansion.

Miss Leigh adjusted a lorgnette to her high bridged nose and peered up at the star jeweled sky and then over the moonlit bay, with its hundred anchor lights vaguely indicating the whereabouts of pleasure craft.

"It is very pleasant," she replied practically, "but of course it cannot compare with your own country! The romance, the beauty, the statelyness of the old chateau—" She sighed luxuriously.

"Ah, eet ees glorious, ze vale de Loire, ze magnificent Chateau Despagne. Ah, mademoiselle, what ees all of eet without your beautiful niece? You haf been so kind, so gracious, you are quite—sure?" His voice quavered doubtfully.

"There is no doubt about it, count," returned Miss Leigh in a tone of decision. "Of course Miss Bernard is quite young, but I assure you she is not as thoughtless as she may appear, and I am quite sure that your affection is reciprocated."

The count grasped her thin white hand with an ecstatic cry. At that moment a servant approached them. "A note for Miss Leigh," he said.

Miss Leigh went to the drawing room window and perused the note in the stream of light that sifted through the lace draperies. When she turned her face was quite white and her hands shook tremulously.

"Order my car around, please," she said to the servant, and as he departed she whispered to the count: "This is terrible! I have just received news that my niece has eloped with that villainous young Emory! Will you join me in the pursuit, dear count?"

"Sacre!" muttered the count bitterly as he followed Miss Leigh to the drawing room to make their adieu. Five minutes later they were seated in the tonneau of the huge vehicle and whirling rapidly along the shore road toward the east.

As the miles curled out from under the tires Miss Leigh gasped scanty particulars of the flight.

"Zere are so many cars," whimpered ze count, turning up the collar of his light overcoat, "we cannot identify ze villain." His thin voice shook with rage.

"It is a white car. There are not many going this way. You see we are meeting some. None of them is white. I have ordered Francois to spare nothing to make the time." The chauffeur, bending low over the steering wheel, let out the speed a little more, and the machine swayed from side to side with a sipping, tearing grind that precluded any further conversation.

Watchful and observant, Miss Leigh and her guest sank into silence, and an hour passed as they whirred their way through town and village, eluding vigilant constables with reckless daredeviltry on the part of Francois, who was drunk with a lust of speed. On the outskirts of the city Miss Leigh ordered him to slow down, and presently the machine panted motionless at the roadside while Miss Leigh and the count took counsel together.

At that instant, out of the darkness behind them, there shot a triangular ray of light, and a white car swooped down and stopped beside them.

"Oh, Aunt Dorinda! How could you?" came Jean's reproachful young voice.

"Count, I am sure you can make some explanation!" thundered Emory in stentorian tones.

"How could I what? What do you mean, Jean? Such impertinence on your part, Mr. Emory! Why—I understood—I received a note saying that you and Jean were eloping, and of course—of course—the count and I were pursuing you!"

"It didn't look like it, Miss Leigh," said Emory in a muffled voice. "It would be most ridiculous for Jean and me to elope, for Jean is going to marry me anyway, but as soon as we heard of your elopement—that is, as soon as we heard that the count had kidnaped you—"

"Eet ees a lie! I haf not done zat thing!" vociferated the count's voice out of the darkness. "Eet ees ze young mademoiselle zat I love! Without her I am—despairing beggar for love!"

"You are making a scene, count," remonstrated Miss Leigh coldly. "As for you, Jean, you have broken my heart. I did not know you were so deceitful! When I spoke about the chateau and—"

"Mademoiselle," whispered the count with passionate intensity, "why not console my loneliness—and go wiz me? We will enjoy ze pleasure—ze beauty of Loire—"

"Why—why," stammered Miss Leigh confusedly—"why not?"

Learn to Obey.

Learn to obey! By obedience I do not mean a merely outward submission to outward force and authority, but the voluntary subordination of one's own will under the will of a better and higher intelligence. He who has not learned to do this in childhood will have great difficulty in learning it in later life; he will rarely get beyond the deplorable and unhappy state that vacillates between outward submission and uproarious rebellion. No greater wrong can be done to childhood than the one caused by our desire to spare it the necessity of obeying. Whoever conceives the duty of the educator to consist in giving in to all desires of the child, in gratifying all its wishes, makes himself guilty of the gravest sin toward his child. He denies it what, in view of its future mission, it cannot afford to lose—namely, the exercise in voluntarily subordinating its own will under necessity, be it a natural or a social one.—Professor E. Paulson, University of Berlin, in Educational Review.

Strange Feats of Eye and Hand.

An expert who prided himself upon the smallness of his writing sent the president of the French academy a grain of wheat on which he had written 221 words. A Polish poet wrote all of Homer's "Iliad" on a piece of paper which could be rolled up small enough to go into a nutshell.

In the sixteenth century a man named Mark offered to Queen Elizabeth a gold chain of fifty links. The chain was so fine it could not be seen unless it was put on a sheet of white paper. To prove its lightness Mark tied it to a fly, which flew away with it. The most curious fact in this matter, which required so extraordinary a facility of touch for making this ornament, was that Mark was a blacksmith, accustomed to all kinds of heavy tools all day long.

A Spaniard, Joseph Faba, made a carriage as large as a grain of wheat. Under a magnifying glass it was possible to see the interior fitted up with seats, every detail being carried out to perfection.

Sure of Water.

Sir Joseph Prestwich had bought in 1864 a small estate near Sevenoaks, on which he built a residence, but it was high up on a dry and treeless chalk down. Where was water to be found?

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply that he at once engaged an old well digger to sink a well 108 feet deep. The boring proceeded, but when a depth of 108 feet was reached the two workmen went to the city and sought an interview with their employer, whom they found at his desk. They explained that there was no sign of water and that in their opinion it was useless to bore to a greater depth. "Go on," was the quiet rejoinder. "You will come upon water tomorrow. You are within two feet of it." Next day it proved exactly as Prestwich had foretold, and ever after, among many of the denizens of the valley, he had the reputation, much to his amusement, of not being quite "canny."—Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich.

GRAFTING.

A Lesson in Horticulture With One Serious Omission.

My neighbor Brown came to the garden fence and said: "How do you do your grafting?" "My grafting?" said I. "Yes—grafting apple trees. I want to try it myself."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Yes, yes! Well, in the first place, I begin by lying—that is, I lie in bed to think the whole thing out in every detail. I watch my opportunity, and on the first fine day I steal a few hours from my business. Then I borrow a saw—a steel one—and with it I rob the tree upon which I want to graft some of its larger branches. This I try to do in such a way that the loss of the branches will not be noticed. These limbs should not be left lying—that is, lying on the ground. They are unsightly and may attract the attention of passersby. They should be hustled behind the lattice-work screen at once. So far so good. Now, let me see—oh, yes! I rob another tree of a few twigs having buds on them and insert them in the ends of the sawed branches on the tree. Then I take some beeswax and tallow and melt them together. This must be thoroughly mixed. Work it for all you're worth to make it pliable. Finally with this I try to hide all appearance of the graft, from sunlight and air, and there you are—the job is done."

"I see," said Brown, "and I think I'm foxy enough to do the trick the first time trying. Many thanks."

Shortly after I heard Brown telling his wife how I explained the process. This is the way he had it:

"First," he says, "you must be a good liar; then you watch your chance and steal a half day from the company's time; then you steal a saw; then you defraud the tree of some branches, which you must hide, so nobody will get on; then you rob somebody's tree of twigs, put them in the ends of the branches and cover your tracks with beeswax and tallow."

Said Brown's wife: "I don't think that man can be trusted. He has two kinds of grafting mixed, and, besides, he didn't tell you where to steal the apple trees."—Judge.

A LACING.

The Result of Little Edwin's Questions and Comments.

"Say, maw!"

"Well, what?"

"How do they get holes in lace?"

"Why, they make the lace round the holes, my son."

"But it ain't lace without it's got holes, is it, maw?"

"No, Edwin."

"Well, how do they get the holes in the lace they put round the holes to make the lace, then?"

"Child, you will yet drive me to distraction."

"Where do they get the holes, maw?"

"Why, the holes are just air."

"Oh, they're air holes?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, there's air holes in paw's hat. Does that make it a lace hat?"

"No, no, no."

"A Swiss cheese has holes in it. Does that make it a Swiss lace?"

"Hold your fool tongue! Do you hear?"

"Didn't you say all lace had holes, maw?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got shoe laces, but they ain't got no holes in 'em."

"Leave the room and permit me to finish 'Lady Lingerie's Lost Lover'; or, How Lord Lumbago Was Lured Away by a Lissom Little Lallapalaza of a Laccemaker!"

"Maw, kin you make lace?"

"No, Edwin; that is not one of my accomplishments."

"I didn't think you could, maw. Mrs. Knockenberger said you was so fat lacing wouldn't do you any good."

But "maw" wasn't too fat to give Edwin a lacing that did him some good.—Chicago Journal.

The Mouse Trap.

"The child is father to the man," said an inventor. "For instance, there was a miller's son who invented, at the age of seventeen, an automatic mouse trap, a trap that used the recoil from one mouse's capture to set itself for another mouse. This trap worked well, caught eleven mice at the first go off and soon rid the miller's mill of its mice myriads. Well, sir, the boy inventor of that mouse trap used the trap's recoil principle for his greatest invention, the Maxim gun, for it is Sir Hiram Maxim I'm talking about, and if you go to the Maine village of Bangerville they'll show you there one of the automatic rapid firing mouse traps that presaged the famous Maxim gun."

Fort Sumter of the Revolution.

At the mouth of the Piscataqua river, three miles below the historic town of Portsmouth, N. H., nestles the only sea-coast fort in the United States which includes within its confines a combination of all the styles of fortification from the colonial stone redoubt to the present barbette battery of concrete faced with earth. Moreover, Fort Constitution, as it is named, was the Fort Sumter of the Revolution.—Army and Navy Life.

There Are Others.

"Some women are foolish! That convicted burglar gets lots of flowers from women, I s'pose?" "Yes," answered the warden. "Put the lady murderer on the next tier has had forty-seven offers of marriage to date."—St. Louis Republic.

See that your children be taught not only the labors of the earth, but the loveliness of it.—John Ruskin.

GIRLS WHO WORK



Girls who work for their living are especially exposed to the dangers of organic feminine disorders. Standing all day, or sitting in cramped positions; walking to and from their places of employment in bad weather all tend to break down their delicate feminine organism.

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