

## THE GLOAMING GIRL

By AZELA FORRESTER

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"She's doing it again, mamma." At Fanchon's warning whisper five necks turned interestedly but cautiously toward the half curtained windows of the great living room at Indian Head bungalow. Five pair of anxious eyes tried to pierce the gloom beyond the soft tan net curtains, but all was quiet, most suspiciously quiet within. Only the warm, dancing glow from the big driftwood fire at the end of the room glowed with an inviting comfort in the cool of the September Canadian night.

"She's in there," Marcella went on, following her twin's lead, happily. "After we were dressed she told us she would rest for an hour before dinner, and that's the way she rests." "Hush, Marcella," said Mrs. Devereux gently, "never gossip, sweet-heart."

Marcella, serene in her fifteen years of knowledge of her mother's character, smiled wickedly over at Fanchon, and went on.

"She's got on that old rose gown, the trilly one, and she's in there on the big settee in front of the fire, with heaps of leather cushions piled around her, just waiting for him to come."

"She's got the glee songs on the piano rack, all waiting to tempt him," Fanchon added, meditatively. "I think she's a perfect cat. Every boy here under twenty is crazy over her. Tommy Allison—"

"Fanchon, I shall send you to your room." This time Mrs. Devereux's tone was ominous and the twins subsided with a happy giggle. And just at this point there came the first tender prelude to Tommy's favorite, ancient, but potent still to stir the pulse of youth:

In the gloaming, oh, my darling, When the lights are dim and low, And the shadows, softly falling, Gently come, and gently go.

"It's insane, it really is, my dear," Mrs. St. Charles, of Montreal, leaned



over to say to Mrs. Devereux. "Jean sang Grief to these male humans last evening, and emptied the room in three minutes, and that girl simply lures them singing these old songs."

"I know it," Mrs. Devereux shrugged her shoulders negatively. "And it is my fault. She is such a superior sort of a girl. I advertised for a traveling companion for the twins when we were leaving Lakewood, instead of a governess, and that's what makes the difference. There are a lot of college girls and so forth who take positions as traveling companions with the best families for the sake of a summer outing. She is one of the Delaware Leonards, my dear, second cousin, or something to J. Madison Leonard, of Leonard Manor. Oh, dear yes! But, of course, we never speak of it, as they might not like it known—the Madison Leonards, I mean. She has such a sweet influence over the twins except for this one habit, I think I may call it a habit, of singing these—these glee songs in the gloaming. And as long as the twins have no grown-up brothers—"

Mrs. Devereux's shoulders lifted the fraction of an inch, ever so slightly and expressively, and conveyed just the correct shade of meaning without giving any offense to the Madison Leonards.

"But they have a grown-up uncle," Mrs. Devereux made no comment.

The living room opened on two verandas, separate from each other, on different sides of the broad, rustic bungalow-shaped hotel. And at that precise moment, on the other veranda, Mr. Bertrand Carr sat on the rail, quite as nonchalantly as one of the boys under twenty might have done, smoking a cigarette, and listening to the soft, contralto voice within the darkened room.

Slowly his cigarette went out, leaving a long white ash at which Mr. Carr stared retrospectively, and when the music died away, he dropped the cigarette over the rail, and went quietly into the living room, to meet his destiny like a man.

He had loved Leonie Leonard from the first time he had seen her, it seemed to him. She had come up the narrow path in Glen Rossmore with the

an in the green depths below where the sound of running water broke the stillness of the place. It had not been the beauty of her fair, fresh girliness that had won him, nor the charm of her blond hair and dark eyes. It was something more than these, some heavenly gift of grace that seemed to rest upon her. He had hardly talked a dozen times to her in as many weeks, yet every night he had sat out there in the twilight and listened while she sang the tender, rare old songs that all the melody of the new schools cannot quite still. And he knew that she was aware of his presence there. Even while the "boys," as the twins called them, flocked loyally, eagerly around her, something in her voice made him know that it carried a message to him alone.

Mrs. Devereux made one sole comment. "You know you have a duty to fulfill to the twins, Bertrand. I am your only sister, and I think it would be positively vicious in you, at forty-two, to marry, and take away the twins' chances."

At that particular moment the twins' chances on the Carr millions would have brought about fifteen below par. The long, low-ceiled room was empty save for the two figures at the piano, and suddenly one of these rose and crossed to the fire. Bertrand followed eagerly, his face set with a determination that had stood him in good stead in other battles.

"Oh, it isn't you I am thinking about," Leonie exclaimed, her head uplifted, as she leaned back against the high rock fireplace. "It's Mrs. Devereux and the twins. The girls have been splendid chums of mine, not just girls I was paid to talk to and travel with. And they told me all about you before you came up here, told me just what it meant to them having such an uncle, and such prospects. It gave them a grip on society that would carry them straight ahead to sure success as debutantes. I just can't be disloyal to them, and spoil it all."

"Spoil it, God bless your darling eh?" laughed Carr, as he gripped her hands fast in his, and held them to his lips. "You shall not spoil them. You shall bring them out at the biggest cotillion of the year. You shall present them on the other side, and do anything you want with them. You shall be their fairy godmother—"

A noise behind startled them both, and they turned to find the twins smiling at them, joyously, wickedly from the arched doors.

"May we come in, Uncle Bert?" asked Marcella, innocently. "We couldn't help but hear what you said, and we sympathize with you immensely, Pan and I, and we just want to say this: We'd rather lose the millions than Leonie as an aunt."

"I will give you both fifty thousand each this minute if you will go away," said Carr, calmly. "It is a go?" "Done," the twins returned, as quietly, and vanished.

It was very still in the long, darkened room, and then Carr laughed happily, as he raised his head.

"It was worth it," he said.

AN END-OF-THE-WORLD REVEL

Hungarian Peasants, Expecting the Final Cataclysm, Indulged in the Wildest Kind of Debauch.

The scenes of dissipation that have recently taken place among the Hungarian peasantry serve to remind one of the old truism that human nature has not changed very greatly in a thousand years, the London Globe says. The Magyar laborers were convinced that the end of the world was at hand and took the arrival of the comet to be an augury of the near approach of the catastrophe. The parish priest, good, faithful man, warned them to prepare themselves by due penitence and the proper religious exercises, but the pleasure-loving folk instead gave themselves over to rioting and feasting. They and their priests were soon disillusioned when the appointed day passed without anything unusual occurring; but their fright had exactly the same effects as the universal belief that the end of the world would come in the year 1000. The chroniclers of those times tell us that people gave themselves over to drunkenness and vice, rather than to religious exercises; the contemplation of so awful a catastrophe was apparently too much for human nerves. At the same time it had been observed that whenever a sudden earthquake in tropical countries has convinced people that the actual day of judgment was upon them illicit unions have been hastily regularized and many a son has found a father who never before acknowledged him. Such, at least, has been English experience in the East Indies, and the same was noticed in the great earthquake during the Venezuelan revolution a century ago. It appears that men must be convinced that the disaster has actually arrived before they will lay bare the innermost secrets of their hearts.

Tribute to the Mother. Wherever you find a family of exceptional quality growing up, you are always sure there is an unusually good mother.

No Difference. There isn't much difference between a bossy leader and a leading boss.—Washington Post.

One of Nature's Marvels. One of nature's greatest marvels is the way in which she makes a human

## FOR WOMAN'S HOSPITAL IN 1935.

Remarkable Will of Aged Philanthropist Contains All Details.

The beautiful mansion on Main street, between the Old South and Piedmont Congregational churches, for half a century the home of the famous inventor and philanthropist, Thomas H. Dodge, is to be a part of the "Eliza D. Dodge and Cora J. D. Dodge hospital" in 1935. This is made obligatory, the Worcester correspondent of the Boston Herald says, under the will of the aged philanthropist, made when he was 84 years old, and which has just been filed for probate.

Mr. Dodge, who died at the age of 88, had always taken a great interest in movements for the betterment of the social conditions of women. His idea for many years was to found a woman's hospital to perpetuate his name. He had plans made and his will even goes to the length of directing the kind of building material to be used, the dimensions of the various air spaces in the building, the ornamentation, the style of the building and its exact location, his mansion house to be a part of the general scheme.

A trust fund for the maintenance of the hospital, which is to be for women and children and not for contagious or incurable diseases, amounting to about \$50,000, is to be set aside, to be placed on interest, and it is figured that at the expiration it will amount to \$1,600,000. Invested at 4½ per cent, which would double itself every fifteen years.

A provision of the will and the bequest is that there shall stand in the corridor of the new building, to be seen plainly from the entrance, three life-sized standing portraits of himself, flanked on either side by pictures of his two wives, Eliza Daniels and Cora Dodge, the maiden names of the inventor's wives. The will specifies the exact style of frame in which the paintings are to be placed, even to the style of gilt to be used, the width and depth.

In this remarkable will Mr. Dodge went into the most minute detail, even to providing for the extension of the plank walk on the north side of the present mansion house and the rail of the steps leading to the back door of the mansion being extended to the entrance to the proposed hospital.

Mrs. Cora Dodge, the widow of the philanthropist, is pleased with the will. She entirely approves of the hospital idea, although the will was not made subject to her approval, and regrets that she will not see the carrying out of the plan of her husband. She will remain in the mansion, living with her sister, who is a teacher in the classical high school, and has confided to friends that she will never marry again. She is but a little more than 40 years old, and her life work has been devoted to the Y. M. C. A. in connection with which work she met Mr. and Mrs. Dodge nearly twenty-five years ago. During the latter years of Mr. Dodge's life she acted as his confidential clerk.

CRYING FOR QUARTER.

When Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia by inoculation with a virus was first practiced at Paris, there was much suspicion and dread in the minds of patients. In "The Captains and the Kings," by Henry Haynie, who was then living in Paris, a chapter is devoted to Pasteur and his method of treatment. Four little boys had been taken over from New Jersey for treatment, and Mr. Haynie accompanied the doctor who had them in charge to the office of Pasteur.

The last arrivals, apprehensive as to the results of their injuries, and not oversure of this method of treatment, expressed surprise at the calm confidence shown by those who had preceded them. It was easy to see that they were asking themselves the question, "How is it that they are able to take things so easily, and laugh and talk so merrily over it all?" Then they would brighten up with hope, and when their turn came they entered the private office with confidence, seated themselves on the operating stool, and stood the ordeal well.

When our turns came, Doctor Billings and myself took the boys in, one at a time, to where the illustrious Frenchman awaited them. He did not understand English, and so I whispered to Billings to notice closely this apparently unemotional being, and he would find him possessed of a tenderness and sympathy far beyond that of ordinary women.

One of the victims, Eddy Ryan, was but a little more than three years old, and he showed fear at the first inoculation. Mr. Ryan, who was of the party, took the boy in his arms and tried to reassure him, but could not. Tears of sympathy gathered in the master's eyes, and as he wiped them away he said to me, in French: "Tell her to stand over there where the little one can see us care first for the others—it will encourage the dear little fellow."

One of the other lads, Patsy Reynolds, also grew frightened, and rebellion was imminent. I took him to one side, and put it to him that, as a young American, he ought not to be outdone in pluck by a French boy who had just come out of Pasteur's room looking perfectly happy.

"Well, sor, will yer give me a quarter if I bate him?" whispered Patsy, and when I shoved a silver piece into the hand of the young rascal, he went in without the slightest show of fear or suffering.

A woman needn't expect to take a man to church after she marries him, just because she succeeded in dragging him in for the wedding.

A compliment that isn't exaggerated

## RELATIONS BY FRIENDSHIP.

Helena Finally Found One Woman Who "Understood."

"Paul," said Helena, so suddenly that her brother almost jumped. "Paul, I want to give some parties."

"Good idea," said Paul, cordially, returning to his book. "Yes, but, Paul, do listen. I really want to give some nice ones. People have been so good to us ever since we've been in Hillsboro, that I think we ought to begin to return their kindness. They can't be anything elaborate, of course, because we haven't a maid, and really, we haven't any lavish amount of money, either. Housekeeping's dreadfully expensive here. But they all understand, and something simple—"

her voice dropped off into thoughtful silence. "Oh, go ahead," said Paul, reassuringly. "They know I'm only instructor, and they won't expect nightingales' tongues, even if I do teach Latin. And you used to get up corking chafing dish suppers when I was at college. Whom are you going to have?"

"Well, your department, of course, and the Bickfords—they've been the nicest of all—and the Smiths and the Trueman and the Dean and Mrs. Sedgewick—he's a dear, and she's a whole lesson in living—and, oh, everybody!"

After her brother had gone to recitation, Helena sat down to make out her list.

"I won't telephone them," she said, half-aloud. "That's a little too informal. I'll just make what Paul calls a 'personally conducted canvass' and ask them myself."

List in hand, she started out in her prettiest frock and with happy anticipation written in every curve of her smiling face.

"My dear, it's awfully good of you," said Mrs. Bickford, when Helena asked her. "But don't feel that you must have us! You haven't any maid, and in this heat—"

"But," began Helena, flushing a little, "I've kept house for years, you know, and really, Paul is so easy to satisfy that I don't have a hard time at all. And I'd love to be nice to all of you, you've been so good to us!" And then Mrs. Bickford hesitatingly consented.

At most of the houses the girl met the same well meant, reluctant acceptance; every one was afraid that she "would overdo," and repeated in different ways what she knew already—that "she had no maid," and that "the weather was abominably hot."

At the dean's house she paused a moment in perplexity. "Is it worth while going in?" she questioned. "They mean to be kind, I know, but can't they understand that I want to do my part, too?"

Mrs. Sedgewick met her cordially at the door. She was a large, fair woman, eminently lovable. Helena always thought of her house as a safe harbor of souls.

"Mrs. Sedgewick," she began, doubtfully, "we're giving a little piazza supper Wednesday night. Will you and the dean come?"

"Why, dear child, we'd love to," answered Mrs. Sedgewick, blithely. "I've been hoping you'd ask us; and your piazza is really the prettiest in all Hillsboro for a summer supper."

"It will be very simple, I haven't a maid, you know," warned Helena, but her spirits were rising.

"All the more fun," said Mrs. Sedgewick, laughing. "And you're so clever you'll manage it easily."

Helena rose to go; her eyes were full of tears. Impulsively she turned to the older woman. "Why don't you discourage me like the others; tell me that it's too hard, that I haven't a maid and all the rest of it?" she asked.

"Because," said Mrs. Sedgewick, gravely, "I would almost rather have you break down than see the fine flame of your hospitality quenched."

"Oh!" cried Helena, happily. "That was what my mother always said. You understand, too?"

"And that," said Mrs. Sedgewick, kissing her good-by, "is because we're relations by friendship!" — Youth's Companion.

Christian Burials at Jerusalem.

Until about fifty years ago Christians in Jerusalem, and Franciscans as well, were buried without a coffin, the latter simply in the habit of the order. At the grave the hood of the deceased was sewed shut over the face, and thus he was bedded in the earth. The former burial place of the Catholics was in the valley of the Cedron alongside the Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, where the Jews are still buried to-day.

Only a century ago a new churchyard was laid out on Mount Zion, the place where King David and his successors are still buried. The exact spot is unknown, although many attempts have been made to find it. An old tradition says that about the fifth century some workmen accidentally penetrated this vault. They looked in and saw the magnificent sarcophagi, but in trying to enter the chambers of the dead they were repulsed by flames of fire bursting forth from within. The frightened workmen closed the entrance to the vault, the exact location of which has been forgotten.

Nearing the Goal.

"How is your society getting along in its efforts to abolish war?" "Well, we've offered \$25 for a prize essay."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What has come of the old-fashioned man who thought it smart to swear

## IS PUT ON PROBATION

AMERICAN WIFE FAILS TO PASS THROUGH HEAVEN'S GATE.

St. Peter Is Too Well Posted on the Way She Has Conducted Her Household and Spent Her Time.

"Next!" called St. Peter.

A tall, comely woman arose from the bench and came forward graciously. She was dressed rather for style than for comfort. Her clothes rustled vulgarly and her hair was manifestly different from what God intended it to be.

"Name, please." "I am the American Wife." "Are you sure?" "Here is my marriage certificate." "I mean are you sure you have been a wife?"

"As to that, I—"

"What do you understand the qualification of a wife to be?"

"To take charge of the household and—"

"And do as little as possible in it, eh?"

"But you could not expect me to do the heavy work, could you?"

"You expected other women to do the heavy work?"

"Servants. They are a different class."

"And you were peevish when they didn't do it just so?"

"But—"

"And you were always complaining that things weren't going right?"

"Let me—"

"And when your husband came home at night he had to hear all your little ailments, physical, mental, domestic and social."

"But, don't you—"

"Your idea all the time being to divorce yourself—"

"Not divorce—"

"From real usefulness of all kinds in order that you might engage in the most trifling occupation."

"Don't you think a woman should have some pleasure in life?"

"Sitting around the bridge table or at the matinee and eating rich food until you got fat and then haunting beauty doctors until you got thin. Wasn't that your highest ideal of pleasure?"

"I went to clubs and to church."

"To show your clothes."

"I had children."

"But you found it a terrible nuisance to take care of them."

"I could afford to hire nurses and governesses."

"But you couldn't afford to give them any of your own very valuable time."

"But my husband didn't want me to work myself to death."

"No, of course not. It is no better to work yourself to death than to loaf yourself to death. But, after all, your husband has nothing to do with it. We'll deal with him separately. You had your own life to live. His being foolish doesn't excuse you."

The American Wife burst into tears as she saw her chance of heaven fading away.

"Here, none of that," commanded Saint Peter. "Tears have no effect on us." Then he turned to his clerk.

"Clerk, get this woman a gingham apron and set her to work peeling potatoes and other odd jobs. Let me see her again in about six months."

When Lovely Woman 'Phones.

"Business will be held up in this drug store for the next ten minutes," growled the impatient man. "Even the prescription clerk is holding his breath. Two good-looking women are getting ready to use the telephone. That is why. When a handsome woman talks over an open telephone everybody within earshot takes a vacation and listens. A plain woman might talk half a day and nobody would pay any attention, but a good-looking woman at a public telephone draws a bigger crowd than the president of the United States. Everybody takes it for granted that she is going to say something worth hearing and they become vitally interested."

"If you are in such a big hurry," said the impatient man's companion, "why don't you go down street and attend to that other errand while they are putting up your prescription here?"

"Oh, no," said he, "I want to hear, too."

Passing of Prong-Horned Antelope.

The prong-horned antelope, an animal peculiar to North America, is in danger of extinction. This antelope, which has so many peculiarities that naturalists class it in a family by itself, once existed by thousands on the open western plains. The naturalists of the country fear its absolute extinction in the near future unless protection is given to the few remaining.

In 1908 the biological survey estimated that the total number of antelopes in the United States had been reduced to 17,000. Of these about 10,000 were in Montana, Wyoming and the Yellowstone National park, and the remaining 7,000 were distributed in 12 other states.

Reform That Failed.

"Has the reform element ever had any success in this town?"

"Not to speak of. We elected a reform constable once, but when he tried to carry out the provisions of his platform the bum element ducked him in a goose pond back of town, so he resigned and we've sort of been runnin' along on the old lines ever since."

## Are You Poorly?

If your digestive system is weak, the bowels clogged, the liver sluggish, you cannot wonder that you feel "half sick" all the time; but listen—

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is a good remedy for such ills as well as Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it today.

Makes You Well Again

Wouldn't Be a Preacher.

J. H. Libby, the cement contractor, was discussing the future of his little grandson, Harry Hoffman. "We haven't any person in the family," he said "I guess we'll just make a minister of Harry." "No, sir," the boy stoutly protested. "No preaching for me. I'm going to be a ball player!"—Cleveland Leader.

## SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but It Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me."

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Experience Boy Will Remember.

While exploring one of the big disused Martello towers, near Waterford harbor, Ireland, which was formerly used for military purposes, a boy named Charles Cummins had a terrible experience a few days ago. When he pushed open one heavy iron door it suddenly banged and shut off his fingers. In agony, he shouted for help, but he was kept a helpless prisoner all night, and till late next morning, when he was rescued by a passer by.

The Lengthy Lobbies.

"Why do they call Washington the city of magnificent distances?" "Because," answered the office-seeker, "it is such a long way between what you go after and what you get."

## A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Ayer's You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.