

BUR AND BACHELOR.

By TROY ALLISON.

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Jarvis selected a comfortable looking rock, lit his pipe and leaned against the chestnut tree.

"This is the loneliest spot in the neighborhood," he said, after a meditative puff. "It's my favorite place to come alone and think."

The woman raised her eyebrows quizzically.

"So sorry if I disturb you," tranquilly, "but an old bachelor never knows when he is favored by the gods. It's useless to cater to his pessimism. A woman more or less doesn't increase his misery to any great extent. It was too far for me to come alone, you see."

"Oh, I don't mind you! Don't take it to heart." He fitted his back more comfortably to the tree trunk and fixed his eyes upon the blue ridge of mountains that circled around the valley beneath them. "I get on well enough with women—if they leave me out of the pink tea business and don't expect raptures. I've passed the rapturous age."

She had put some chestnut burs on the rock in front of her and was pounding them with a small stone. She left off long enough to look him over reflectively.

"One might reasonably wonder if you ever had been young enough to rhapsodize—it's hard to associate you with the idea." She put a plump chestnut between her teeth and crushed it with obvious pleasure. "It would really be worth one's while to spend some effort trying to make you rhapsodize. I'll admit that I also have partially outgrown that stage—most women of thirty have—but it would be rather amusing to my blasé mind to see you struggling through a proposal."

His month in the mountains had given him a good coat of tan, but she saw a swartly flush rise to his face.

"You are all alike," he grumbled, "always wanting compliments and wanting a man to act the fool generally."



SHE GATHERED THE LAST BUR WITHIN HER REACH.

I've only known you a month and was fool enough to think I had found a woman who didn't care for them."

"There is no such woman in existence, dear man." She pounded open another bur energetically. "You need not ever let one fool you in that way. Now, as for me, I have kept you thinking me sensible for a whole month. I let you talk about the Isthmian conditions and the trust problems—I even flattered myself that I conversed intelligently enough upon the subject to hold your attention—but as for compliments, I just love 'em!"

Jarvis turned his gaze from the mountain back to her animated face.

"I should have thought you would have grown tired of them long ago," he said in unconscious tribute.

"That does very well, coming from a woman hating bachelor, but it might be improved upon. For instance, the 'long ago' sounds a bit doubtful."

"There the woman speaks again," he grumbled. "She can't bear the idea of any one's even approximating her age. Now, I know you have been a widow seven years, yet you would probably be pleased if I refused to believe you were a day over eighteen."

She gave a little irrepressible gurgle of amusement.

"We don't marry quite so young in our part of the country; but, even so, it's better than reaching the forlorn state you have achieved."

"It is rather an achievement," he said complacently, "when all one's relatives and friends seem afflicted with a mania for matchmaking."

"Then you should not be so fascinating," she said, with impudent sarcasm. He sat erect, bracing both hands on the ground beside him.

"So what?" he shouted in a mirth that set the rocks echoing.

She beat open another bur nonchalantly.

"Oh, well, you are rather good looking, you know. If your manners were a little better you might be—or a tiny bit fascinating. I am not speaking about your achievements," he said, "merely your potentialities."

"Say, are you trying the compliment

rocket on me?" he demanded suspiciously.

"No, indeed!" A man of more experience in reading the female expression would have detected too great a show of innocence in her eyes. "I never referred to your looks at all—in fact, I don't know that I should call you exactly good looking. Just strong and muscular looking."

This time the flush on his face had a tinge of gratification in it.

"That's all the looks a man has any business caring for," he agreed and felt a sneaking desire to tell her that he had been the star man on the football team at college and that there was not a man at the club now who could bruise him with a boxing glove.

"You see, we are all more or less alike—men and women." She contemplated him from the corner of her eye.

"Now, I have a special weakness for being told that my hair has a tinge of red in it, and you like to be called—strong." She again gave a little gurgle of merriment.

"You ought to have been named Delilah," he said in disgust; "there was the very essence of treachery in the way you rounded me up then."

She climbed up the rocks to reach a limb that hung heavy with huge burs. She broke them off gingerly, throwing them one by one at his feet.

"They remind me of old bachelors," she said, holding a large prickly one between her thumb and forefinger, "but with a little experience a woman of intelligence can manage them fairly well and avoid the prickles. I don't suppose, if I hadn't been a widow, with a certain amount of knowledge of the characteristics of man, that I would ever have got you sufficiently tame to have been allowed to take these woodland strolls with you."

There was a glimmer of admiration in his eyes as she stood on the gray, moss covered rock, her slim figure reaching up to the deep green of the chestnut bough. She gathered the last bur within her reach and threw it at him energetically.

"That is for you to keep as a souvenir," she commenced, but her voice broke in a gasp of alarm as she lost her footing on the mossy rock and fell on the ledge below.

Jarvis, his face anxious and white, lifted her gently, and her head fell on his shoulder.

He gazed helplessly until the stillness of the woods grew oppressive.

"My dear, oh, my dear," he said anxiously, putting his cheek against hers, "if you would only open your eyes—your beautiful eyes."

The corners of her mouth betrayed her to an involuntary smile. She gave him one look, then put her head back on his shoulder.

"I'm not hurt—much." There was a mixture of emotions in the mirth of her voice. "But I do so love to hear you say that, and I told you that neither a bur nor a bachelor was hard to manage—if one knew how."

Coming to His Title.

Titles have rarely been conferred upon native Americans by European sovereigns, but several have succeeded to titles by inheritance. One of these was Sir John Davie, the first town clerk of Groton, Conn., who was graduated at Harvard in 1681. The story of his reception of the news of his succession to a baronetcy is told in the pages of "In Old Connecticut."

One day Davie was hoeing corn on the plains in company with John Packer, a neighbor, both men in homespun and barefooted, with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows and their trousers up to their knees, when a stranger clad in the latest London fashion appeared and asked the official if he were John Davie.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I salute you, Sir John Davie of Creedy Park, Devon," said the visitor.

Tradition says that the new baronet finished his row—he was hoeing on a wager with his fellow worker—then he accompanied his visitor to the brown homestead, treated him to cake and wine and learned the whole story—how his uncle, Sir John Davie, Bart., had died without male issue, leaving his nephew sole heir.

In a short time the Poquonock farmer exchanged the brown farmhouse for an English estate. He never forgot his native land, however, and always retained his interest in Groton. He aided the settlers to build their new church and when it was finished presented it with a silver communion set. He also made gifts to his relatives and was one of the early benefactors of Yale college.

Hunting In Bygone Days.

What long apprenticeship the would be huntsmen had to serve in bygone days! Gaston de Folx considered a beginning should be made when the child had reached the age of seven, when it should be placed in the kennels. King Charles says that to become a perfect huntsman the young gentleman who is intended for the post of veneur should be taken at the age of twelve. He must be healthy and well built; he must have good sense and especially a quick and prompt judgment. One of the principal things required is that he should be painstaking. Alas, 150 years later we have D'Yauville telling us that a man needs two years' tuition to qualify as a huntsman! It was not only the paid gentlemen of the hunting establishments, however, who became real connoisseurs, for their royal masters took such personal interest in everything connected with the chase that most of them knew all their hounds by name and on the eve of a day's hunting would name each bound that was to be taken out. They also prided themselves on being able to faire le bois themselves—that is, go out with their lymers in the morning and quest for and harbor the stag.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

LOTTERIES.

Attitude of South Carolina Toward Them in the Past.

It may be news to some of our readers, so we will tell in a few words what the old time people of Carolina thought about the conduct of lotteries.

March 4, 1651, a stringent act was passed forbidding "private" lotteries. Again, Sept. 13, 1762, another act of a like nature was adopted.

But by act of March 25, 1784, the city council of Charleston was permitted to have a lottery. There were grave doubts as to the propriety of encouraging any species of gambling, but lotteries continued to be permitted.

Dec. 19, 1813, under act, one or more lotteries were established, the profits to be applied to the erection of Masonic halls in Columbia and Charleston for the grand lodge of South Carolina, Ancient York Masons, and for building a lodge room in Georgetown for lodge No. 69, and commissioners were appointed to conduct the same.

Dec. 13, 1871, the trustees of Newberry academy were allowed to hold a lottery to raise a sum of money not exceeding \$5,000.

Under an act adopted Dec. 20, 1820, \$10,000 was the tax to be levied upon any person who should sell lottery tickets for any other lottery than those authorized by the state.

Dec. 16, 1824, the vestry and members of St. Peter's Roman Catholic church of Columbia were empowered to establish a lottery to raise \$10,000 for the use, benefit and support of the church.

Dec. 19, 1809, the president and trustees of the Second Presbyterian church of Charleston were authorized to run a lottery to raise an amount not exceeding \$20,000.

Dec. 12, 1795, a lottery was authorized to raise funds to remove obstructions in Savannah river between Vienna and Cambellton and Augusta.

From 1800 to 1837 numerous acts were passed allowing towns, societies, churches, etc., to raise moneys by way of lotteries, and about 1877 we had the famous Academy of Music lottery in Charleston, in which so many goody-goody people bought tickets with the hope that fortune would give them a slice of buttered bread, but the majority of whom received only a backhanded slap in the jaw.—*Beaufort (S. C.) Gazette.*

Being Good at Church.

A little east side girl went to church the other Sunday, having promised her mother that she would be good and not talk. She listened to the music and seemed very well satisfied with the sermon for some time. She then began to get restless, but she did not say anything. The minister was preaching a sermon to his congregation in which he was admonishing them to always be on the alert to be good. All at once he emphasized the words "Sleep not!" The little girl noticed it and at the same time saw a man asleep. She could restrain herself no longer and said to her mother: "The preacher is scolding that fat man over there for sleeping. Ain't I better than he is?"—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Great Men and Their Cats.

That the cat always falls on her feet is a proverb, but not many perhaps have heard that this enviable faculty is a miraculous privilege bestowed by Mohammed, Richelieu, it seems, kept twenty cats. Tasso had the "fancy," and merely to mention Baudelaire, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Beranger and Maupassant one always regrets to learn that Petrarch, after so far departing from the spiritual tone of his sonnets to Laura as to half cherish thoughts of suicide on her death, finally found consolation in the carcases of a cat, whose skeleton may still be seen in the museum at Padua.—*London Globe.*

As Father Saw It.

He gazed upon her in fond admiration. He loved her to distraction. Lovers had loved before, lovers might love again, but no lover might, could, would or should love as he loved Dora. And then Ferdinand exclaimed with startling suddenness:

"What in the world ever induced you, Dora, to care for a fellow like me?"

"I really don't know, but pa threatens to send me to a brain specialist."—*Stray Stories.*

A Fur Lining.

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head and took his barber to task for it.

"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—*Detroit News.*

CITY'S LOST ISLANDS.

Illinois Has Three That Once Belonged to St. Louis.

St. Louis has lost three islands, though the names are as well remembered now as when the islands themselves were actually in existence. One is Bloody island, just opposite the city. The old timers used to go there to fight their duels, and in those days the river channel ran on the Illinois side of the island, and except in high water there was only a slough between St. Louis and the dueling ground. The government and railroad works put Bloody island on the Illinois side, and now a good part of East St. Louis is built over the sand bar that was once a thicket of willows.

Arsenal island, too, used to be on the St. Louis side of the river, and boys rolled up their trousers and waded across the narrow slough from a point a little south of the workhouse. The boats went on the other side of the island, but the channel began cutting into the Illinois farms at such a rate that the government threw up a dike just across from the arsenal, turned the river to this side, the island was joined to the Illinois shore, was finally purchased by the state of Illinois from the city of St. Louis, and the former bed of the river is now covered by farms.

Duncan's island was a big sand bar that began near the foot of Lami street and extended north to Geyer avenue. It was purchased by the Iron Mountain Railroad company, which wanted to locate its yards in that neighborhood and filled up the site with earth from Picot's hill in Carondelet. The names still live, for the people of East St. Louis make a difference between the "island" and the mainland, just as the farmers in the bottom still talk about Arsenal island and the switchmen in the yards south of Chouteau avenue tell one another that a certain car is down on Duncan's island.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

An Exchange of Good Wishes.

A successful schoolteacher who is loved as well as admired by her pupils says that during her first year of teaching she received a little lesson which taught her what St. Paul probably meant by the "foolishness of preaching."

In the middle of a term one of her pupils was obliged to leave school, as the family was about to move out of town. When the teacher said goodbye to the little girl, who had been an intelligent and well behaved pupil, she felt moved to add a few words of advice.

"If I never see you again," she said, with much earnestness, "I hope you will never forget to do your best wherever you may be, and whatever tasks you are called to perform I hope you will always be an honest, upright woman, truthful and brave."

"Thank you," said the little girl, her round, eager face upturned to her teacher, "and I hope you'll be the same."

Nothing Like Praise.

Jack—"I'll tell you what's the matter, George. You don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please whether they are successful or not. Women like praise and lots of it."

George—All right. I'll remember it.

George (at dinner same day)—My dear, this steak pie is just lovely. It is delicious—ever so much better than those my mother used to make. She couldn't equal that pie if she tried for a month.

George's Wife—You made fun of every pie I ever made, and now—

George—But this is lovely.

George's Wife—That came from the baker's.—*Strand Magazine.*

Retort of the "Boy Wanted."

A certain prosperous business man posted on his office window a notice which read, "Boy wanted about fourteen years."

A lad of that age, with little that was prepossessing in his appearance, came into the office and stated in a quiet matter of fact tone that he had read the advertisement.

"Well, do you think you would like to have the position, my boy?" asked the business man.

"Yes," came the prompt answer in a meaning tone. "I want the place, but I don't know that I can promise to keep it for the full fourteen years."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

So Fatiguing.

"So young Richey Kadd isn't to marry Goldie Stiles after all?"

"No; he got scared."

"Well, well! And I heard they had gone so far as to rehearse for the wedding."

"Yes, that was the trouble. They had rehearsed five times, and Richey said the preparations for matrimony were such hard work he was afraid he couldn't stand the real thing at all."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Duncan, P. C.

By "MILE GIRARD."

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Marion looked up hopefully as the card was brought her. Even the announcement of Duncan's name was comforting. But the little oblong of cardboard bore, in addition to the name, the initials P. C. Perhaps it meant "penitent culprit." Duncan was always doing odd things. The magic letters might be his expression of regret.

But when he came briskly into the room there was no penitential sorrow in his countenance—only the same merry twinkle of the eyes, the old lifting of the corners of the mouth.

"They tell me that Tad is no better," he said as he took Marion's hand. "As you will perceive from my card, I am a physician to children."

Marion's face darkened. This, then, was the meaning of the card. He was worried about her brother. For a moment she was minded to renew the old quarrel, but she needed help and sympathy, and so she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out her troubles.

Her father had been obliged to go to Europe on business and had taken his wife with him. Marion had been left in charge of her nine-year-old brother, and almost before the ship had passed Sandy Hook Tad had come down with typhoid.

His robust constitution had thrown off the disease, but the battle had left him weak and listless, and even the gray bearded physician was worried.

"There is no actual danger," he explained to Marion, "but he must be roused from this lethargy or he will go into a decline."

He had confided the same fear to Henry Duncan when he met the latter on the street and the younger man had asked after his little chum. Then, despite the misunderstanding between Marion and himself, he could hold out no longer, and his call was the result.

"If he should die before mother comes back, what should I do?" wailed Marion.

"Send a cable," advised Duncan promptly, "but there is no going to be any more worry now that the physician to children has stepped in. May I see my patient?"

Marion led him to the boy's room. Tad's face lighted as he saw Duncan.



TAD FED THE ELEPHANTS.

and his fingers twined confidently about the man's firm hand. Duncan was shocked at the thinness of the fingers, but he gave no sign.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he demanded, with a voice now wonderfully gentle. "They tell me you don't find the world any good any more."

"I'm tired," said Tad plaintively.

"I'll bet you'd be too tired to go to a circus," said Duncan.

Tad shook his head.

"There ain't any," he said. "I was asking Dr. Stanton. He says it's too early for them."

"Circuses are no good if they are picked before they are ripe," admitted Henry, "but if you don't want to big a circus I think I can get one for you."

"I don't want a play circus," explained the boy. "I've got some play circuses. One's in a book, and the other's in the cupboard."

"We got him a toy circus and a circus book," whispered Marion. "He's somehow set his mind on a circus. It will be a long time before one comes."

"There are no more circuses," reiterated Tad sadly. "They've all gone away."

"Rats!" laughed Duncan. "That shows all you know about circuses. Will a little circus do—a real circus, only with one ring?"

"Real horses, real everything?" demanded the boy.

"Everything except the tent and the red lemonade. You see, in winter they keep circuses in houses, so the elephant won't get his ears frosted. I bet if you had ears as big as an elephant's you wouldn't like to get your ears frosted."

The boy laughed in delight at the fancy and beat the counterpane with his fragile hand.

"Then there's the giraffe," went on Duncan. "Why, when he starts to cough it's a full minute before it wriggles up his throat. So they keep circuses in bothouses, just like plants."

"And there really is circuses?"

"You get rested up and we're going to one tomorrow," assured Henry.

"Really and truly?"

"Man's word," declared Henry as he

put out his hand. "Now, you get better quick, so Dr. Stanton won't say that you can't come. I'll be here at 11."

With a pat on the curly head, he rose and left the room. Marion followed him down the hall.

"He will be awfully disappointed tomorrow," she said doubtfully.

"Don't believe it," laughed Duncan. "You leave it to me, and that boy will be champion scrapper of the block in another month. I have Stanton's permission to assume the case. He admits his inability to meet the situation. My fee is very large, though," he warned. "It is nothing less than a wife by the name of Marion."

"I don't think you will be kept waiting for the fee," she replied, blushing. "I'm sorry I was so mean."

"So am I," he agreed absently. "That is," quickly, "I mean I am sorry I was mean. I'll be around in the morning."

She watched him stride up the street with his springy step and turned back into the house greatly comforted. Somehow Henry Duncan always brought comfort where he came. She had been so foolish to allow a petty misunderstanding to come between them!

Tad was sitting up, ready dressed, when Henry drove up to the door the next morning. Already the queer medicine had commenced to act, for he was far more like his old self, and a slight flush of excitement tinged the cheek that had threatened to fade into the waxen pallor of death.

Duncan wrapped the boy up warmly, and, with a flourish of the whip, they were off. Away out past the town they went into the country, not yet freed from the thrall of Jack Frost, though there was a promise of spring in the soft air.

It was to a place very unlike a circus that Duncan drove, a collection of long, low barns and one large, square building, but when they entered the latter, behold, there was a real circus ring, with a band in one corner, laboriously going over unfamiliar music.

A stout man nodded to Henry and stooped to greet Tad.

"You're going to have a circus all to yourself," he promised. "Want to feed the elephant?"

"I haven't any peanuts," Tad's lip began to quiver, but Henry drew a bag from his pocket.

He led the way to one of the barns, where Tad fed the elephants and was permitted to go much closer to the lion's cage than he could at the big circus. A man standing by even plucked a hair from the lion's tail and presented it to Tad with due ceremony. Then they went back to the big building and sat through a long, delightful dress rehearsal of the Boston Brothers' Unparalleled Railroad Circus and Menagerie. He was even permitted to see the cars shining in their new paint and was permitted personally to talk with the clown while Duncan talked with Manager Boston of the chances of an early season in the south.

"Good luck to you," Henry said as they shook hands in parting. You've saved one youngster's life, and the season is not yet open."

"He'll be a mascot," said Boston as he waved a farewell. "Glad you brought him out."

It was past supper time when Duncan turned a very sleepy little boy over to his sister. Tad looked up drowsily as Marion put him to bed.

"There is circuses," he announced, "really and truly ones like Henry said. And I got a lion's tail," he added as his sleep heavy eyelids closed.

Marion came into the parlor, where Duncan paced the floor.

"Are you a magician?" she asked smilingly. Duncan shook his head.

"I knew Boston was going to take his show south early this year and got permission to bring Tad to the dress rehearsal. Have I earned my fee?"

"How can you earn what was already yours?" demanded Marion as he drew her to him.

Saved From Disgrace.

In one of the old families of Charleston, S. C., writes Mrs. Ravenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butler. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry Izard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in town. From the judging of the wines to the arrangement of a sautois there was nothing which these withered brown potentates did not decide and maintain. Nothing would have astonished either more than that master or mistress should dissent from his verdict.

Jack was intolerant of anything which he considered a breach of the etiquette of the table. Nothing could have induced him to serve a gentleman before a lady, or a younger before an elder brother. To place fruit and wine on a tablecloth instead of on the mahogany was to him a falling from grace. On one occasion he was much annoyed when a senator from the up country twice asked for rice with his fish. To the first request he simply remained deaf; at the second, he bent down and whispered into the senatorial ear. The genial gentleman nodded and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room he burst into a roar and cried: "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eats rice with fish.'"

A Scriptural Bull.

Even the Bible is not free from bulls, in chapter thirty-seven of the book of Isaiah appears the following confusion of ideas: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."