

The Romance of a Survey

By FREDERICK HART

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On Friday the familiar "back pasture" was much as usual; the cows grazed contentedly, the little brook talked to itself as it had done for the past thousand years, the scattered trees wore the same air of permanency as the surrounding hills. On Friday; on Saturday the scene had changed radically. The cows fled in terror, the brook babbled angrily; even the trees seemed indignant. The cause of all this disturbance was the appearance of a number of young men in flannel shirts and high laced shoes, some of whom performed strange feats with tripods and long red-and-white poles and interminable steel tapes, shouting and waving their arms in a way to frighten any self-respecting cow into bovine hysteria, while others drove stakes in the ground. It was all very strange, thought the cows and the brook and the trees; no one had ever acted that way in the back pasture before. These sentiments were echoed by pretty Mary Langhorn when she made her morning trip to the back pasture. But Mary shared none of the cow's terror. She walked straight to the young man who seemed to be in charge of things and demanded of him who he was, what he wanted there, where he came from, what he was doing and why he was doing it, all in a breath. The young man took off his hat—it was a hot morning, and he was working hard—and mopped his brow with a handkerchief before answering. He had a rather nice brow, thought Mary; in fact, he was rather nice to look at, in his rough clothes, with the upturned sleeves showing his muscular forearms and his shirt, open at the throat, revealing the white skin below where the sun had not tanned it. But she waited for her reply without giving any sign of this admiration. The young man seemed apologetic, and was quite nice about it.

"Well, you see, Miss—"
"Mary Langhorn's my name, and this is my father's Jonas Langhorn's farm."
"Miss Langhorn, we're surveying for a railroad line that's to run through here. Your father was to see our attorneys this morning. We're running the preliminary now."

Mary hadn't the slightest idea what he meant by "running a preliminary," but he really was nice, even if he was on her father's land; and then, the mention of attorneys was reassuring and business-like. So she treated the young man to a smile, which he seemed to appreciate to the full, and returned to the house, where she found her father in a state of excitement.

"What do you think, Mary—girl?" he began. Her mother, standing behind him, echoed "What do you think?"

"They're goin' to run a line o' railroad right through the back pasture—I was talkin' to their lawyer just this mornin'—an' they're goin' to pay \$500 an acre for the right o' way! Why, it comes to more'n \$5,000! It's a big thing for us, Mary—it means school an' college for you, fer one thing. Ain't ye glad?"

"Oh, Dad!" The dream of Mary's life was to be realized at last, and she could hardly find words to express her happiness. Then her mother said:

"That young man, that surveyor, the gang—Andrews, I think his name is—Andrews—is goin' to stay here; they put the brook in a pen, and he can find out, he has to. He'll 'tend to some job—gradin' or somethin' like that—an' the lawyer an' I could I put him up, an' of course, she said yes. So we'll have him around fer awhile. Did you see him when you was down to the back pasture this mornin'?"

"Yes—I saw him. He—he looked rather nice."

"Well!" Jonas Langhorn's word was short. "I'm glad you liked his looks. He'll come in fer dinner."

At dinner he appeared, and the Langhorn family "took to" him at once. He was quiet, but had a fund of humor that kept them all laughing when he chose to exercise it. He was handsome, too, thought Mrs. Langhorn as she looked at the bronzed face that Mary had admired in the forenoon. And he seemed to like the farm cooking, which was the surest way to kindly Mrs. Langhorn's heart. But Mary was silent and subdued before him; in fact, through the months that followed—the waiting for materials and the endless surveying and re-surveying—she grew more and more quiet. Her father saw fit to rally her on the subject, but she would make no direct reply.

"I wonder if the child's feelin' well?" inquired his wife of him one evening in an anxious tone. But he reassured her.

"She's a little peaked, I'll admit," he said. "But you jist wait till fall, when she goes to school. It'll make a new girl of her. You jist wait." So Mrs. Langhorn dutifully waited.

Mary was to leave for school on the fifteenth of September. The night before her departure the young engineer announced that the first shipment of material would arrive the next day, and that work on the dining an' sleeping car would begin. He said that the dining car was to be finished by the first of October, and that the sleeping car would be ready by the first of November. After the evening meal she slipped

away for a moment and did not return at once.

The engineer thought he would take a last look at his stakes, to see that no mischievous small boys had extracted any of them. He went down to the back pasture in the twilight. His line of stakes stretched clean and true across the green, and he was about to leave when he heard something that caused him to check himself. It was the sound of some one sobbing as though her heart would break. He looked about and saw Mary, a huddled white heap on the grass, crying her heart out. In surprise he went up to her.

"What the matter?" he asked.
"Oh, please go away and let me alone!" sobbed Mary. But he was not to be put off. He sat beside her until her sobs had given way to sighs, and then once more inquired gently, "What's the matter?"

"I—I just was coming down tonight to say goodby to the old pasture—I loved it so—and you're going to make a track run across it—and I'm going away tomorrow, and—and I just couldn't bear it! I loved the old pasture so, and the little brook, and all."

Young John Andrews' heart went out to her in her distress; but even more than sympathy was the feeling that flooded him at sight of her tears. He took her hand in his.

"Mary—dear," he said, "you're no sorer than I am that you are going away tomorrow. I can't let you go without telling you that I love you and that I want you to love me—even if I did spoil the back pasture. Won't you make me happy, Mary dearest?"

She looked at him, at first in amazement, then with swiftly deepening tide of crimson flooding her features. He saw in her eyes the response that she could not put into words, and the next moment the disaster to the back pasture was forgotten and she was in his arms.

"And, sweetheart," said John Andrews, "I'll be waiting for you when you come out of school, and—let me tell you a secret—I'm to be the chief engineer of this whole division! Won't it be wonderful, dear?"

To which Mary could only reply that she loved him, indeed she did, and she didn't care a pin about the back pasture. Which was all very right and natural under the circumstances, and they went home hand in hand to break the news to the family. The cows had long ago been driven into their shed; but the trees and the brook seemed satisfied, somehow, that their sacrifices had brought happiness to the little girl they had known and loved for so long.

ROYAL REVENGE ON MILTON

Great Poet's Book Publicly Burned by the Hangman When Charles II Came Back.

When the restoration of Charles II became imminent, Milton, who is possibly best known to the world as the author of "Paradise Lost," found himself in a position of peril, as many of his writings contained sentiments which Charles and his court could not be expected to tolerate.

In "The Iconoclast," and "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," much was to be found that was inimical to the Restoration, and when he added "The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth," Milton was obliged to go into hiding. But the people were tired of the commonwealth, and so welcomed Charles home again. Though Milton escaped, his books did not, and the house of commons passed a resolution that his majesty be humbly moved to call in Milton's books and order them to be burned by the common hangman; and that the attorney general do proceed against them by indictment or otherwise.

On August 27, 1660, no many copies of the three offending books as could be found were publicly burned. Three days after an act was passed which relieved the poet from further necessity of concealment. In fact, the search had only been perfunctory and the chase had been purposely allowed to slacken.—Chicago Journal.

Born to Command.

In front of Gen. Winfield Scott's house in Elizabeth, New Jersey, were several shade trees in which certain song birds had made their nests. One day when the general was at work in his garden trimming a quince tree with a large hooked pruning knife he suddenly started with huge strides toward the street in front. There on the corner was a boy with a shotgun, gazing up into a tree.

The youngster did not observe the general's approach until the veteran had arrived within twenty paces of him.

"Young man," Scott then called out in a voice that might have been heard by a whole division of soldiers, "are you going to shoot my birds?"

The boy for a moment lost the power of motion; but he quickly recovered and took to his heels, running as if chased by a mad bull.—Youth's Companion.

Culinary Measures.

We have just discovered the genesis of an old jest. You remember how when Bridget was asked why she sang a certain hymn while cooking the breakfast, she replied: "It's for the eggs, mum. When I want 'em soft I sing one verse, and when I want 'em hard I sing two verses." About 300 years ago Sir Kenelm Digby published a book where in giving the directions for cooking eggs, he said: "If you desire 'em soft sing very leisurely."—Boston Transcript.

EAGLE TAKES RIDE ON SALMON'S BACK

This Veracious Tale Is Vouched For by Every Man Aboard the Roosevelt.

Seattle, Wash.—Every man aboard the schooner Roosevelt, from the master to the cook, in from a recent voyage, said they would take an oath that they saw a huge bald eagle take a wild ride on a salmon's back in the stretch of water between Cape Mudge and Seymour Narrows, Gulf of Georgia. And they brought the eagle to Seattle to prove it.

The Roosevelt was on its way to Seattle from the fishing banks in Hecate strait. Shortly after passing Seymour Narrows members of the crew said they noticed a bald eagle flying



Drove His Sharp Talons Into the Fish's Back.

close to the water, near the vessel. As they watched the big bird skimming near the surface, a spring salmon, estimated to weigh about twenty pounds, leaped clear of the swift-moving current. Quick as a flash the eagle dove his sharp talons into the fish's back.

There was a great splash as the big springer dived, taking the eagle beneath the surface. All hands rushed to the rail to watch the struggle. Three times, they said, the fish and the bird disappeared in the water while the Roosevelt steered a course close behind them.

Finally the eagle loosened its hold on the salmon and flopped over on the surface of the water completely exhausted. It had put up a game fight but had lost its prey. The crew of the Roosevelt pulled the bird aboard with a boat hook. The eagle was nearly drowned, but on deck it soon recovered and showed fight.

While the battle between the eagles, the Roosevelt's men were around the vicinity screaming. Capt. Barney Pedersen, however, captured eagle to one of the public parks.

LOCKS SELF UP WITH BEAR

Former Circus Animal Trainer Did It in Bravado but Was Bitten.

Cumberland, Md.—Charles W. Miller, a former circus animal trainer, was badly injured by a bear at the zoo of John W. Snyder the other day, after he had locked himself in the cage to show a Pittsburgh party that the animal was afraid of him.

As soon as the bear heard the lock on the cage door click he pounced on Miller, knocking him down twice, biting him through the knee and the muscles of one arm to the bone.

Doctor Mitchell, who was a member of the party watching the attack, engaged the bear's attention from outside of the cage. This, aided by the use of a club that Miller had got hold of, prevented the animal from tearing his trainer to shreds.

The bear was secured by Snyder at Conneville, where it had been on exhibition several years.

Two Suitors Forced Girl to Pick One as Husband

Miss Margaret Corcoran of Minneapolis, Minn., was forced to make her choice between two sweethearts, and was married at once to Howard Rebeck. Donald Walp at Rebeck visited her home, each armed with a marriage license. Margaret fainted. Her parents favored Donald. As the men glared at each other the girl recovered, picked up Walp's license, tearing it to shreds. Then she fainted again. When she awoke her parents' ceremony was performed.

THE FARMERS' SANTA CLAUS?



Uncle John's Joke

I HEAR THEY DON'T NEED STOVES IN RUSSIA ANY MORE. TROTZKEY'S HOT AIR KEEPS THE HOUSES WARM.



Polish Children Deeply Grateful for Saving Gift of American Food



Holiday or "play day" to school boys and girls in Poland means marching in a procession and carrying an American flag. Because they receive a daily meal of good hot American food at their noon recess, these children want to show their gratitude to their benefactors, and so they laboriously make out a list to carry in a public march. They have placed the stars in the wrong corner and they probably do not know the good old traditions about our thirteen colonies for which the stripes stand

but they are clear on the question of who is their friend. They have gone—a million of them in all parts of Poland, day after day and week after week since the Armistice—to the kitchens of the American Relief Administration European Children's Fund, and have been fed. They still face starvation without their daily ration of nourishing soup and cocoa from the kitchens, but the resources available to the European Children's Fund will furnish the child feeding stations with supplies only until January.

For the means to carry on the work after that date Herbert Hoover appeals to American generosity. Mr. Hoover is chairman of the European Children's Fund, which is a branch of the American Relief Administration, of which he is head. The Fund gives one meal a day to a million children in Poland and a million and a half in the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia and Austria. The gift of \$25,000,000 from the American people will mean the continuance of the child welfare work until next summer. Without the gift the children will starve.

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