

THE IMAGE IN THE MIRROR

A Story For Allhallow Eve

By ADELAIDE BURNHAM

Edward Dix was a sportsman from the crown of his head to the tip of his great toe. One October evening, when he had been hunting in the woods all day, he came to a little lake nestled among the hills. Its surface covered with fallen leaves of every color from the lightest yellow hue to the deepest crimson. And looking down a valley he saw a landscape that filled him with delight.

"What a place for a summer cottage!" he exclaimed. "Some day I'm going to build one here."

And he did. Now, I'm going to tell you how he came to carry out what was but a thought.

Looking to his right, he saw the deep red of a brick chimney against brown limbs of trees. He knew that where there was a chimney there must be a house and started to go and make an investigation. He came upon a very pretty cottage, with a broad piazza around it, a Queen Anne roof and quaint windows.

"And I'm fixed if I don't build a match to that," he added to his first assertion.

There was not a living thing in or near the cottage, and it was evident that it was intended only for summer use. Mr. Dix went up on the piazza and looked into the living room through a window. The apartment contained cottage furniture, but the chief attraction was a large fireplace.

"I've a good mind to sleep there tonight," he said to himself and tried the window to see if it were securely locked. It was, but Mr. Dix hunted for a place of ingress as energetically as he had hunted for game and found one by getting on the piazza roof—a window not well secured. Going downstairs, he opened a door from the inside, admitting him to the wood house, and in a few minutes had a fire blazing on the hearth. Then he settled himself down in an easy chair before it, and, looking at his reflection in a mirror on the mantel opposite him, he remarked:

"Your countenance is only equalled by your assurance."

And straightway he fell asleep.

Now, it happened that this was Halloween, and a party of girls were coming to spend it at this very cottage. Flora Stebbins, a daughter of the owner, was the hostess, and the others were her guests. Mr. Dix went to sleep about dark, which comes early at the last of October, and the young ladies arrived about 8 o'clock.

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Stebbins. "There's some kind of a light inside. It looks as if there were a fire on the hearth. Wait a minute till I reconnoiter." She went to a window and saw the slumbering Mr. Dix sitting before a fire that was still blazing merrily. She beckoned to the others. They came and saw the same sight.

"Girls," said Flora, "there is the best chance to celebrate Allhallow eve I ever heard of. Let one of us go in stealthily, make just enough sound to awaken him so that he'll see his reflection in the mirror on the mantel and get away before he can catch her."

The idea was eagerly caught upon, and Flora was urged to play the part. The others returned to the vehicle that had brought them and waited for the play to be over and her to join them in a retreat.

Mr. Dix was awakened by the falling of some article behind him and, opening his eyes, saw a girl's face reflected in a mirror before him. But only for an instant. If he had been wide awake he would doubtless have arisen from his chair immediately and made an investigation. As it was, he delayed just long enough to allow the conspirators to make good their escape. He did not even hear the sound of wheels, for the carriage had gone far enough to prevent that. Flora getting into it near the gate.

When Mr. Dix got fairly around he did what he would have been expected to do. He went to the hall and out through the front door. He encountered nothing, and all he heard was a distant sound of laughter, but so distant that he was not sure whether it was or was not laughter. He was very much puzzled.

Mr. Dix had a job of hunting on his hands far different from following up game. He was a methodical chap and began by learning to whom the cottage belonged. Then he went to the winter residence of its owner ostensibly to peddle books. He could not be driven away until he had caught sight of Flora Stebbins, whom he at once recognized as the reality of the image he had seen in the mirror on Allhallow eve. She recognized him, but pretended ignorance of him.

"You are my fate," he said. "I saw your face in a mirror or what I have since learned was Allhallow eve. It will be useless for you to attempt to escape the husband that!"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, blushing very red. "It was you who saw my face in the glass, not I who saw yours. Allhallow eve does not count for men."

"But it did count, for then and there, or rather on Allhallow eve, commenced a courtship which ended, if it ended at all, with marriage. And when it became evident that the Dix family needed a summer cottage of their own, I went into the land on which the cottage was to be built and secured the right of the four acres by the father-in-law. But one article of the purchase that was in the letter has been removed to the furnace—the building place in which Mr. Dix's fate was revealed to him."

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BELLES OF THE ORIENT.

Beauty Baths and Cosmetics Are the Light of Their Lives.

If the woman of fashion of London, Paris or New York spent as much time over her toilet as her sister of the far east she would have very little left in which to attend to her social and domestic duties.

The oriental belle devotes most of her day to the preservation of her health and beauty. She uses many wonderful cosmetics for coloring her eyes and brows and for beautifying her skin. On arising her hair is dressed by her maid, who massages the scalp with oil made from aloe wood or coconut. The eastern woman will never interfere with the color of her hair, for the long silky blue black locks are considered her chief charm.

Next a very hot bath is prepared, and in this she remains for two or three hours. In place of soap numberless unguents are used, which render the skin as soft as velvet. These delicate perfumes are secret preparations of the bathing woman.

The hair of the oriental beauty is beautifully long and soft, and they have a way of arranging it which adds a distinct charm. The face is washed over with milk into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed. Perfumes permeate the garments, but are seldom if ever used on a handkerchief. Detroit Free Press.

JUST A BOY'S IDEA.

It Made the Invention of the Reaping Machine a Success.

In 1830 Obed Hussey of Ohio was inventing a reaping machine, the first ever designed in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting device, which was three large sickles set in a frame and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It would not work satisfactorily.

A young son, watching the experiments, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them.

Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw toothed blades which are in common use today on harvesters, the cutting action being quite similar to that of scissors.

From the boy's suggestion he perfected in one week a machine on which he had in vain exercised all his ingenuity for the preceding two years.

The principle of that cutting device is the principle of all of the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farming industry of the entire world has been unsurpassed by any other invention for use on the farm.—George F. Stratton, in St. Nicholas.

No Great Eater.

The Rev. Dr. Elderberry had been upon a voyage to the south seas and brought back a young cannibal. The young cannibal was called Beebo. Beebo was turned over to Mrs. Elderberry to be civilized. For full four weeks the good lady instructed her charge in the theoretical principles of Christian doctrine and conduct until she thought he was ripe to put his training into practice.

"And now, Beebo," said she one day, "you shall see that what I have taught you is more than mere words. You are to accompany me to the public kitchen, where I serve fifty poor schoolboys. You shall help me."

But the little cannibal shook his head sadly.

"Oh, missy," he said, "I'm not hungry. The most I could eat would be one very little schoolboy!"—New York Post.

Remains of Joseph's Well.

The remains of the original Joseph's well are to be found at a spot situated directly on the canal route from Schenectady to Memphis, about two miles southeast of Cairo. The well itself is in the courtyard of some barracks belonging to the army of occupation. Near by is "the citadel," the second largest mosque in Egypt. The well bears signs of having been bricked up. Yet it is easy to see that Joseph's discomfort could not have been so great as one might imagine, for this well, like all the wells of Egypt, is of a circumference much larger than these of today, and Joseph would have been able to exercise his limbs with ease by walking around it. Moreover, when the Nile is low these wells are quite dry.—New York Sun.

Diverting His Attention.

Cook (7 a. m.)—Please, ma'am, the dog got hold of the steak that was for breakfast. Shall I go out and get another? Mistress—Is there any news in the morning paper? Cook—Yes, indeed, ma'am—big accidents an' horrid murders an' bomb explosions an' rumors of another war. Mistress—Very well. Warm over something left from supper and place the paper by my husband's plate.—Puck.

Fictitious.

Little Joe (reading)—What is a fictitious character, aunty? Aunty—One that is made up, dear. Little Joe—Then you are a fictitious character, aren't you, aunty?—Chicago News.

The Secret.

Blotbe—There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret. Blotbe—What is that? Blotbe—To find it out for herself.—Philadelphia Record.

Sure of His Judgment, Anyhow. A girl may not love the man who tells her she is beautiful, but she is pretty sure to respect his judgment.—Chicago Record-Herald.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic.

Bandon Lodge, No. 130, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications Master Masons cordially invited. C. R. MOORE, W. M. PHIL PEARSON, Secretary.

Eastern Star.

Occidental Chapter, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evenings before and after stated communications of Masonic lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend. L. KATE ROSA, W. M. ROSA BINGAMAN, Secretary.

Rebekah.

Ocean Rebekah Lodge, No. 126, I. O. O. F., meets second and fourth Tuesdays at I. O. O. F. hall. Transient members cordially invited. ELVA MILLER, N. G. MINERVA LEWIN, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

Bandon Lodge, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

D. C. KAY, N. G.

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Knights of Pythias.

Delphi Lodge, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend. ERNEST SIDWELL, C. C. B. N. HARRINGTON, K. of R. S.

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"With Charity Towards All" Seaside Camp, No. 212, W. O. W. meets Tuesdays, K. of P. hall, 8 p. m. Visitors are assured a hot welcome. By order of W. A. KELLER, C. C. C. M. GAGE, Clerk.

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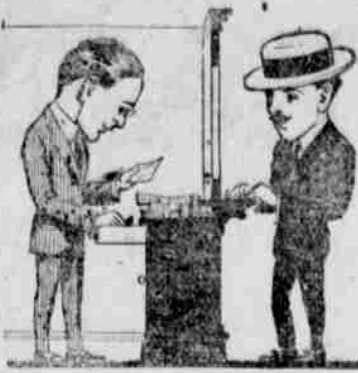
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