

THE WAYS OF FATE

By M. QUAD

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Miss Dorothy Campbell knew that it had rained and frozen during the night. She opened the door and stepped out to find that the top stone step was still a glare. Miss Dorothy was falling and screaming when a male pedestrian who happened to be passing at that moment, rushed part way up the steps and received her in his arms. The shock landed both of them on the walk, but on their feet and they suffered no injury.

"You will excuse me, miss," said the man as he raised his hat.

"Not only excuse, but thank you," was the reply.

"And you were going out without rubbers?" he queried.

"I never wear them."

"You run a terrible risk such a day as today."

"Oh, I am pretty surefooted," she laughed as she noticed that he had provided himself with a pair. "Thanks again."

As Miss Dorothy was moving away she noticed that her rescuer was a man of perhaps twenty-five, with a professional look about him. He had dark hair and eyes and a smile that was good nature itself. He was still standing, and she realized that he would watch her until she had crossed the street, and, though there was ice under her feet, she stepped out boldly. She saw two or three pedestrians slipping and falling, but she would take no warning. By sheer good luck she reached the destination she had set out for, and in time she started to make her way home. She had made half the distance when a rough neck of a man in passing her seemed to give her his elbow with intent to make her fall, and fall she did. But Miss Dorothy didn't go right down amid the slush. A pair of strong arms prevented her, and as she was lifted on her feet again she turned to find the man who had saved her before.

"Why—you—you?"

"Yes," he smiled. "I was not following you to act the part of a guardian, but I had to come back this way and had only just seen you when the big loafer brought about the collision. I was near enough to save you from a fall."

"And I owe you my thanks again," she said.

It was about the middle of the next May, and there were early roses instead of slush and ice that Miss Dorothy Campbell arrived at a little country railroad station twenty miles out of the big city. She had come down to pay her sister a brief visit, and they were to meet her at the station with an auto. The auto had not arrived yet, and the girl was standing on the platform, waiting.

"Look out! Look out!" shouted a dozen voices in chorus, and then there was a mad scramble among those on the platform. One of the freight cars being pushed along by the locomotive had partly left the rail and broken loose from the train, and it would be almost sure to bump into the platform.

Miss Dorothy was about the only one in the crowd who did not see the danger. Most of them had got away, and she was still standing and wondering, when an arm went around her waist and she was lifted up and half carried and half dragged to the far end of the platform and thence half way across a street. She turned to find

"that man." He lifted his hat and calmly explained:

"I have come down here to visit my brother, who is to meet me here. I was on the car with you, but you did not see me. I am glad to have been of service to you. Three or four people have been hurt and will require the aid of a surgeon. You, doubtless, have friends coming to meet you. Will you excuse me while I go and see what I can do for those who have been injured? I am a physician, you know."

Just then her sister came up in the auto and called to her. So she and the young man had met once more, though she had never expected to see him again.

After she recovered her composure and had been asked a dozen times over for the particulars of the incident, she related her whole story from the beginning.

A week passed away. If Dr. Roy Goodsend took any measures to discover where the young lady was stopping, no one but his brother knew. If Miss Dorothy Campbell was rather anxious to find where the doctor was located she kept it to herself, but Fate solved the problem. In walking about her sister's gardens Miss Dorothy stepped in a hole and fell forward and broke an arm. A telephone call was sent out over the country neighborhood for a doctor—and a doctor that could come with a rush. Half an hour later Dr. Roy Goodsend appeared at the house, and in less than an hour the broken bone was set and splinted and bandaged, and about all he said of any consequence before he took his departure was:

"I was sorry I was not at hand to catch you as you fell. Really, Miss Campbell, you seem to need the care of a guardian."

Before the broken bone had completely knit Dr. Roy Goodsend had something to say. He sat amidst the roses climbing over the veranda. He hadn't a wife and two or three children, but wanted them, and Miss Dorothy was sensible enough to let him rescue her for the fourth time.

The Diplomat.

"Were you lonesome while I was away, Bertram, dear?" asked his wife when she returned from her visit to her mother.

"Yes, love, I was dreadfully lonesome," replied Bertram dutifully.

"But, why didn't you write to me oftener? I had only two letters from you the whole time I was away."

"Well, you see, my dear, I tried to write you, but I couldn't make the letters sound cheerful, and I was afraid you'd discover how lonesome I was and come right home. I wouldn't have spoiled your visit for the world, love."

And he really thought she believed him.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Two Headed Symbols.

Both Russia and Germany display two headed eagles on their standards. Yet this symbol is considered by some heralds to be merely the result of the heraldic practice of "dimidiation." This was simply a child's way of impaling two coats of arms on the same shield by the primitive method of cutting each in half and taking the dexter half of one and the sinister half of the other and placing them back to back, as it were. Strange two headed beasts naturally resulted—as, for instance, when a lion and an eagle were halved and joined together. The griffin is supposed to have been evolved from two lions rampant by dimidiation.—London Spectator.

Putting Him Right.

Guest—A broiled chicken with celerity! Waiter—Celery, sir, his the way hit's pronounced, sir.—Boston Globe.

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