

A Revival Of Romance

By SADIE OLCOTT

Miss Josephine Warren, a prominent society girl in an eastern city, being tired of the winter social gayeties, pined for something different. In the first place, she had had half a dozen proposals, not one of them having in it anything like real love. They came from men who wished to marry from some interested motive. One wanted her because she would bring her husband some means, another because she would give him a better social position and still others because they wished to marry and she was considered one of the prizes of the season.

Miss Warren's father owned, among other things, a ranch in the far west, which had fallen to him through a foreclosed mortgage. One morning during the early spring Josephine heard him say that his ranch, which he called his western elephant, would ruin him if he did not go out and look after it.

"Do go, papa," she said, "and take me with you."
His having his daughter's company decided him, and within a few weeks father and daughter were in a western ranch house and Miss Warren instead of receiving the attentions of young men in silk hats and spats was surrounded by cowboys with sombreros and spurs.

One night Josephine was awakened by a serenade under her window. A man, accompanied by a guitar, was singing with a voice smooth as a running brook. Moreover, his whole heart seemed to come out with his voice, and his song was one of passionate love. Josephine could not help comparing it with the lovmaking she had listened to from the glided men of the eastern social world.

Rising from her bed, she went to the window. The moon was at the full and shone directly upon the face of the serenader. He was in cowboy apparel except for the hat, which lay on the ground beside him. Whether it was the moonlight or that his face was really more refined than the average cowboy or the effect of the music, he certainly appeared to Josephine as a superior being.

He sang but one song, which seemed altogether too short to the listener, then went away, leaving Josephine in a sort of ecstasy she had never felt before. Oh, that she might be wooed in such fashion by one of her own station!

The next morning she asked those in the house who was the serenader. They had heard the serenade, but no one knew any cowboy who could sing anything except ragtime music, and there was no musical instrument among them except a banjo. Josephine was disappointed. And yet what benefit would she derive from knowing which of the many herders had poured forth an impassioned love song? She was not for such as these; she would return to the east and settle down to the artificial life of a woman of society with some man who spent a part of the day in trade, the rest at his club and his evenings escorting her to social functions.

Josephine hoped that the serenader would favor her again. Every night she lay awake till sleep conquered her, hoping to hear those delicious notes once more. When she rode out, which she did a great deal on horseback, she scanned the face of every man she met looking for that of the serenader. But no one appeared with the same features, and Josephine at last concluded that the moonlight had given the one she had seen its heaven born expression.

When her father announced to her that he had done what was to be done in respect to his investment, which was to sell the ranch to a neighboring ranchman, her heart fell at the idea of leaving. The last night she spent at the ranch was one of regret. She was going to sleep thinking of her serenader when again that melodious voice came up from under the window.

The next day the father and daughter rode twenty miles to the train, and soon after boarding it Mr. Warren brought a man to his daughter and introduced him as the purchaser of his ranch. He was about thirty years of age and evidently a gentleman. It soon appeared that he was one of those young men who, having inherited means, prefer a free life to one of confinement and go in for ranching. He was going east to raise funds to pay for the property he had bought from Mr. Warren.

The ranchman traveled all the way to the Atlantic coast with the Warrens and upon arrival became, for the time he remained in the east, a frequent visitor at their home. When he had converted some securities he owned into money he paid for the ranch he had bought, received a deed for it and, the transaction being closed, asked Mr. Warren for his daughter's hand. He was referred to Josephine, was accepted, and she informed her father that her fiancé would remain in the east till

...dding, which was fixed for an
...date.
...When the couple, after a quiet wed-
...ing—considering the social standing
...the bride—were speeding westward,
...the groom asked his bride how it came
...that she had accepted him in prefer-
...ence to one of her eastern suitors.
...“Because,” she said, “they never woo-
...ed me. In this commercial age it is
...supposed that romance is dead. It will
...never die with us women. Your wooing
...was delicious. Your serenade”—
...“My serenade! How did you know?
...You did not see me?”—
...“You forgot the moonlight.”

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