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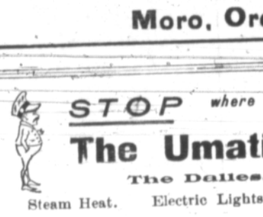

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Saving the Ticket.

By Carl Williams.

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"I suppose that all this seems very tiresome to you," said pretty Nelly Briggs as she slipped into a chair beside Carol. "It's not much like your swell parties in the city. They must be grand."

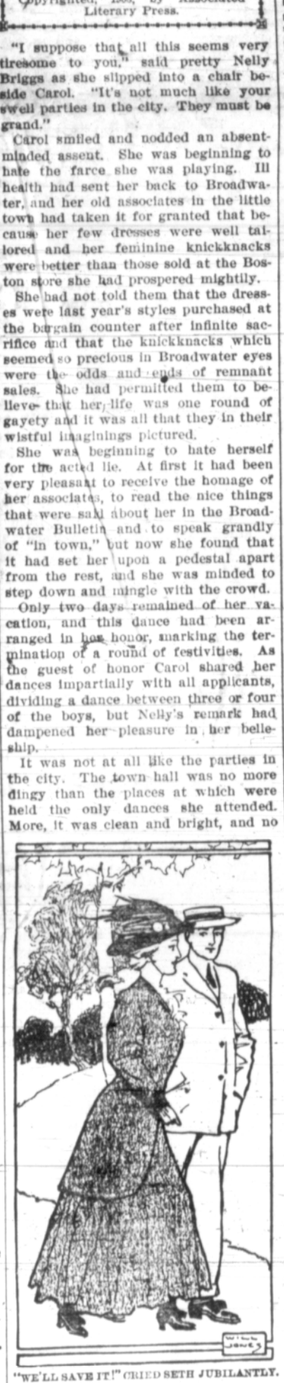
Carol smiled and nodded an absent-minded assent. She was beginning to hate the farce she was playing. Ill health had sent her back to Broadwater, and her old associates in the little town had taken it for granted that because her few dresses were well tailored and her feminine knickknacks were better than those sold at the Boston store she had prospered mightily.

She had not told them that the dresses were last year's styles purchased at the bargain counter after infinite sacrifice and that the knickknacks which seemed so precious in Broadwater eyes were the odds and ends of remnant sales. She had permitted them to believe that her life was one round of gayety and it was all that they in their wistful imaginings pictured.

She was beginning to hate herself for the acted lie. At first it had been very pleasant to receive the homage of her associates, to read the nice things that were said about her in the Broadwater Bulletin and to speak grandly of "in town," but now she found that it had set her upon a pedestal apart from the rest, and she was minded to step down and mingle with the crowd.

Only two days remained of her vacation, and this dance had been arranged in her honor, marking the termination of a round of festivities. As the guest of honor Carol shared her dances impartially with all applicants, dividing a dance between three or four of the boys, but Nelly's remark had dampened her pleasure in her beleaguerment.

It was not at all like the parties in the city. The town hall was no more dingy than the places at which were held the only dances she attended. More, it was clean and bright, and no



"WE'LL SAVE IT!" CRIED SETH JUBILANTLY.

insistent calls of the waiter jarred the sensibilities and reminded the merry-makers that patronage of the bar was considered indispensable.

A piano and cornet constituted the orchestra, and they were playing last year's selections. Carol smiled as she contrasted their playing with the fifteen piece bands at the summer parks near town, but the atmosphere was altogether different, and with a sigh she realized that in a few days she would be going back to the tawdry glitter of the city, where she was only one of the lookers on at the real events and where her own field was restricted to the people in her boarding house, the few congenial girls in the church club to which she belonged and the half dozen men in the office where she spent her days bent over a typewriter.

Seth Morey came up to claim the first half of the next waltz, and as she placed her hand in his he said, as Nelly Briggs had done before him:

"I suppose it all seems foolish to you. I guess you're used to men in dress suits and all that."

Carol thought of the men who danced with their hats on the back of their heads and only smiled in reply.

"I'm thinking of coming to the city next fall," continued Seth. "I guess I need a little polishing up."

"You're better off where you are," said Carol wearily. "If you'll take my advice you'll stay here."

"Of course we can't all be as clever as you and get ahead as fast," he said stiffly. "There's Tommy Madigan. I think he has the second chance at this dance."

Carol knew as well as Seth that Tommy was not next in turn, but she accepted the exchange and went whirling about the hall with him, while Seth sat in a corner glowering upon the crowd of dancers and fiercely assured himself that he was foolish to imagine that a girl like Carol would care for a country fellow like himself after she had met so many smart men in the city.

Humbly he admitted the truth of her suggestion that he could not make progress in town, and he succeeded in becoming thoroughly miserable.

He was glad when the two piece orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the girls hurried to the dressing room for their wraps. He waited at the door for Carol.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked as she came from the dressing room in her smart coat and furs.

"If—if you won't be cross again," assented Carol, slipping her arm through his. "You know very well," she added as they descended the stairs, "that Tommy Madigan was not next on my list, and yet you got angry because I urged you to stay here at home instead of trying your luck in town."

"I know I was foolish," he asserted, a little sadly. "I'd stand no chance with those city bred fellows. You always were clever and could get ahead."

"It isn't that," explained Carol. "I'm going to tell you all about it, Seth. It's all been a big mistake. Everybody up here supposes that I am doing so well that I can afford to come home for a rest without waiting for the summer vacation. That's not it at all."

"But you're here, and it's only April," he reminded her.

"I'm here," she went on, "because I broke down trying to live and dress myself and do everything on $7 a week. I had to have nice clothes or I could not get a place. I had to put my money on my back instead of into my food. They have no use for a girl who does not convey the impression that the office is a prosperous one. I'm sick and tired of it all, and I loathe the idea of going back."

"You wouldn't care to stay on here," he declared incredulously. "You don't have half the fun. This was a big event tonight for us. Just contrast it with the times you have in town."

"I have; that's what makes me so miserable," she confessed. "In town I don't go to the great balls you read about unless it's to stand outside in the street and catch a glimpse of the rich people as they go in. My balls are in halls smaller than this town hall, and they're horrid. When I go to the theater, it's to climb to the top gallery to hang over the rail and see only a part of the stage."

"And you'd rather stay here in Broadwater?" he asked. "You'd rather live in this sleepy old town than in the city, with all the lights and life?"

Carol looked about her. An April rain that afternoon had left the air cool and sweet. The scent of moist earth and of growing things filled the air with fragrance, and the moon touched with kindly light the little huddle of houses gleaming white against the soft new green of the budding trees.

Then she thought of the city, with its noisome streets, the trenches smelling of gas pipes and sewers, of the reeking pavements and the harsh glare of the electric lights.

She contrasted the quiet of the night with the hurrying, jostling throng of humanity, men and women who never were rested, who thought only of themselves and had no time for others.

"You don't know—the city," she said, with a little sob in her voice. "It's a vampire, merciless and menacing. It sucks your lifeblood and throws you aside for fresh victims."

"Then why go back?" asked Seth quietly. "I haven't spoken before because I thought that you never would be content with Broadwater again, but if you want to stay, dear, can't you stay—as my wife?"

The glad light sprang to Carol's eyes, but the eternal feminine within her rose. It seemed too easy a surrender.

"I have the return half of my ticket," she objected. "I can't waste that."

"I'll get one, too," he suggested, "and we'll go together—on our honeymoon."

"I'd like to go back to the city—for a honeymoon," said Carol shyly. "It seems a shame—to waste the ticket."

"We'll save it!" cried Seth jubilantly. "I'm grateful to the city since it sent you back home—to me."

Satisfied.

"Please, sir," piped the tiny customer, whose head scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" asked the shopman.

"Father said you was to fill this," said the little fellow, handing over a half gallon can.

It was duly filled and handed over.

"Father will pay you on Saturday," said the recipient casually.

And then the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here," he said. "Gimme back the can!"

Meekly the little lad handed back the can, which was emptied and handed back to him, with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he wants to do, and I think you 'ave, sir."—London Scraps.

Most Important Work.

A reporter recently took a journey of considerable length for the purpose of interviewing a rising literary light as to his next novel. On reaching the house he discovered the author seated in his garden engaged in earnest conversation with a little boy who had a large towel pinned around his neck. The author received his visitor cordially, but seemed rather absentminded.

"Are you willing to tell me a little about your next important work?" asked the reporter.

The literary man clicked a pair of shears and patted the boy on the shoulder.

"We were just talking about it as you came up," he said. "Willie thinks I ought to do it with a bowl, but I think I can do it without. What would you advise? You see his mother has always cut it before, but she's away just now!"—Home Magazine.

Report of the Condition of Wasco Warehouse Milling Co. Bank, Moro, Oregon, at close of business May 14th, 1908, made and published in accordance with a call by the Oregon State Bank Examiner.

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Wooed Sister In Nun's Attire.

Hirsch Won Her Love, and, Disguised In Boy's Clothes, She Tried to Escape From Omaha Convent—Lover Wins Out by Habeas Corpus Writ.

Florence Tinsley, a sister in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, has joined her betrothed, Maxwell Hirsch, outside the convent walls in Omaha. The nun was released by a writ of habeas corpus, which proved that she is of legal age.

Miss Tinsley's mother, then a widow, placed her, a mere child, in the convent seven years ago. Eventually she joined the sisterhood. About six months ago Hirsch, a handsome, light haired fellow of twenty-five years, came here from Chicago and got employment in the laundry of the nursery.

One day he saw Miss Tinsley leaning over the railing of the elevator shaft on the floor above the laundry, looking down on him. She had never heard a man's voice since she entered the convent save when a priest delivered a sermon there. She had never been outside the convent walls.

Not a word passed between them, but three months ago they began to write to each other, exchanging notes, hidden in the bundles of laundry left at the convent.

The girl sent a nun's wrap to her lover, and the smooth faced Hirsch, donning the robe and dropping the veil, was enabled to visit her several times. Hirsch won her promise to escape to marry him. Solemnly by mutual agreement they established a common law marriage, which they considered as binding as their vows were chaste.

They planned that Florence should escape from the nunnery a few days ago. Hirsch smuggled to his ladylove a suit of boy's clothes. Wearing them, with a cap pulled over her bright eyes, her face smeared with dust, a pipe in her mouth, the girl sauntered from the laundry with Hirsch, but the mother superior's sharp eyes penetrated the disguise, and Hirsch was instantly dismissed and threatened with arrest.

Not despairing, Hirsch wrote to Florence's mother, who has married again, Mrs. Debrumer, 5 West Second street, Salt Lake City. She sent the anxious lover proof that Florence is more than eighteen. On this evidence he got the writ of habeas corpus which gives his bride to him.

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR'S EYES PENETRATED THE DISGUISE, AND HIRSCH WAS INSTANTLY DISMISSED.

Man Walks on Clouds In Trip.

Early Arbutus Gatherer In Search For Bigger Flowers Steps Off Hill on to Near-nebulous Nothingness.

Thomas Connor of Thunderopolis, O., who had such a narrow escape from death the other day, hesitated to tell the thrilling details because he thought some persons might not believe him.

"I went to the mountain top," said Mr. Connor, "to gather arbutus and was so busy that I did not notice a storm gathering. I had not observed that the storm had driven the clouds into the valley and packed them so tightly that they formed a vast plateau.

"I stepped off the mountain and started to cross the valley on the top of the clouds. It was soft, but it sustained me until I got to a spot where there was a rift in the clouds. One step more and I would have tumbled off the edge of the clouds and fallen a mile to the earth below.

"By this time the sun was beginning to come out, and the vast plain commenced to melt. At one time I sank to my waist in the white, downy mass, and only after the most strenuous efforts did I drag myself out and reach a cloud that was a trifle harder.

"Before I reached the mountain the whole field began to break up, and several times I was compelled to jump from cloud to cloud like Eliza crossing on the ice. When at last I reached the mountain side I was faint from exertion and terror."

Does Her Work While Asleep.

Remarkable Case of Young Woman Student Who Writes, Reads and Crochets In Trancelike State.

One of the most remarkable cases of sleepwalking ever recorded has just come under the observation of physicians attached to the General hospital in Birmingham, England. It is that of a young woman of twenty, a stenographer, teacher and student of music.

Every morning at 2 o'clock this latest subject of somnambulistic phenomena gets out of bed in a half conscious state, writes letters in German and English, reads a book and does some crochet work. Though she does not seem to be asleep, she does not recognise any one and has no realizing sense of her surroundings. On one occasion she wrote an intelligent musical essay on "The Sonata Form" while in this strange, trancelike state and at another time, when absolutely in the dark, wrote a postal card to a relative in Canada, of which she declared the next day she had no recollection.

While in this state she cannot stand any light at all, and, though the doctors have repeatedly examined her eyes in an effort to determine how she can read, write and do fancy work in total darkness, they have been unable to find any explanation for the phenomenon.