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BROTHERS.

The Love That Kept One
Drove the Other Away.

By OSCAR GRUENDER.

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Two brothers in love with one and the same girl, three hearts struggling with the agony of love and hope and fear—this was the horrible dilemma that fettered John and Dick Cummings and the beautiful, bewitching Edith Starnes.

For months it had been brewing—this immense struggle of hearts. And yet on the surface there was not a ripple. The brothers vied desperately, but good naturedly. Their companionship was not strained; it suffered no agonies of jealousy or anger. The most exemplary good fellowship prevailed, but somewhere in that good fellowship lurked the silent, irrefragable conflict.

And John and Dick knew it. They felt it. Nevertheless the subject was never broached. Each in his own way sought to win the laurels of love, like-wise dreading the crucial moment, for one, only one, could win.

The climax came suddenly and unexpectedly. John had come upon them—Edith and Dick—unexpectedly in his own elysium, a little spot in the wilderness of Iron Grove. He had gone there to dream of her. When he beheld the two, the reverie left his brain as a rocket leaves the earth, and he seized and trembled with excitement.

At once he was a frenzied eavesdropper. He must hear. Surely he had a right. Cautionally he made his way through the hedges; he drew himself forward on his hands and knees.

He beheld them seated far apart on the old log. Edith was playing the soft ground with a stick. She jabbed thoughtfully and at random. Her soft hazel eyes were riveted on the ground, and her attitude was pensive. Dick, with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, was a dupli-



EDITH WAS PLAYING THE SOFT GROUND WITH A STICK.

cate in pensiveness. Verily it looked like a quarrel, and into John's heart there stole a bit of diabolical joy.

Dick was the first to break the ominous silence. "You say that you love me, Edith," he said hoarsely, "and that you do not—cannot love John. Very well. But you must tell him so too. You are now bound by your very love to explain. Now that we know and understand we must confess. Deception must cease."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Edith, digging a little more savagely. Then impulsively she dropped the stick, and down beside Dick and put her arms around his neck. "He is your brother," she said feelingly, "and, oh, how I do hate to pain him. But I will tell him, only I want to break it gently. I know he half expects—What is that noise?"

"Nothing, nothing," broke in Dick impatiently. "But that noise was something. It was John wriggling through the hedges. He had heard enough—too much—already. Would he never get out of that shrubbery?"

Once clear of the spot he threw himself on the grass. For a time he could not think. Before his eyes there flared and ambled a dizzy world. But bit by bit the mental chaos cleared itself out, and there remained only the sickening realization.

This, then, was the truth. She did not care for him after all. It was Dick she loved, and Dick alone could make her happy. But, then, he could do little, too, in making her happy. He might go away and save her the pain of telling of breaking it to him. That would bring a little joy anyway. Of course she would never know, but what did it matter? Would he not carry in his heart the conviction that he had done something for her—that, after all, he had not loved in vain?

Yes, there would be that conscious-ness. He told himself so again and again and that he would go away.

But where? To the Philippines. There was some fighting there, and Uncle Sam was calling for volunteers. He would answer the summons; he would serve his country and serve his love.

He bade adieu to Iron Grove. His gaze wandered to the little spot in the elysium, once. An ache stole into his

heart, and a lump rose in his throat, but he fought it bravely and turned away.

Within two hours he was back in the city and in the recruiting office. The examination he passed with ease. But his luck did not stop at that. He was told that duty began on the morrow. A few weeks in the eastern barracks and then the Philippines!

That night he dreamed of fighting in the tropics. And then came visions of the dear fatherland and of Edith. Delirious, kneeling, his arms outstretched, he beckoned her to come across the waters. He called her by name; he called and called, and in his voice there was the wail of a broken heart.

In the morning there were a few more things to pack. With alacrity he proceeded to jam these into the trunk. While he was thus engaged Dick entered the room.

"I suppose you have already heard," said John, tugging hard at the strap "I've enlisted."

"Enlisted?" exclaimed Dick, his eyes starting from his sockets. "Yes. You see, Dick, one of us ought to go. Besides, I'm getting tired of hanging around home. I want to go out and see a little of the world."

"But, I—I thought you cared?" ventured Dick.

"Cared what?" snapped John, almost angrily. "Dick said nothing, but reddened all over."

"I never cared—never!" John gave the brasses a little such vehemence that something like an incubus toppled off Dick's breast.

"But you can do me a favor, Dick. You can bid me goodbye for me. You see, I'll hardly have time for the day 'til he happens presently. Ah, there comes my man now," and he yanked his trunk toward the door.

"And now, Dick, I must say good-by," he put his hands on Dick's shoulders and looked into the very soul of him. "I'm going far away," he continued huskily, "and I know I'll feel a bit lonely. But by and by I'll get used to it. And if you'll only think of me a little—well, I'll be glad. And I'll be happy. You promise? Good! Good! Bless you both. There—now, don't, Dick! Goodby, goodby!"

Where Eloquence is Wasted. It might have been supposed that Addison, the most polished writer of our Augustan age; that Burke, with his versatile intellect and exuberant eloquence; that Macintosh, with his modicums of learning, and that Jekyll, who had set a hundred dinner tables in a row, would one and all have achieved conspicuous success in the house of commons.

But, as Macaulay has pointed out, exactly the reverse was the case. Their speeches produced no effect. They wearied and bewildered their audience. And their rising to speak was too often the signal for a general exodus. In fact, as was said of Burke, he poured out a torrent of words with such headlong fluency as to confuse his hearers as well as to baffle the quickest of parliamentary reporters. Bulwer Lytton, again, could recite an admirable essay, but his delivery was bad, and the scornful gestures which accompanied his speech were as "grotesque as those of an old-fashioned postboy."

In our own generation no two men probably have had more highly cultivated minds; than John Stuart Mill and John Morley, but as far as their parliamentary utterances go their names are "writ in water."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Reverend. He was asking the old man for his daughter in marriage. He was talking tremulously, hesitatingly, as you read in story books. Now came the old man's turn to speak, and as he began his face was white with passion and his voice shook with excitement. "You want to marry my daughter?" he said. "Ah! Twenty years ago your father crippled me in a business deal, and since then I've been a beggar, and now you come to ask me to give you my daughter?"

He paused for breath, and the aspirant for the maiden's hand was about to beat a hasty retreat in the face of supposed defeat when the father broke forth again:

"Yes, sir; I swore to be revenged and I'll now strike the father through the son. I want my daughter, and I'll take her, and may she prove as expensive to you as she has to me."

The old man dropped into his chair worn out with the excitement of his plot, and the young man fainted.

An Object Lesson. A certain miserly old gentleman pulled up his horse and trap at the door of a shop the other day and beckoned to a seedy looking individual who was singing in the streets. "Here hold my horse a minute," he said, "and I'll give you a good lesson in the middle of a verse and took up a position at the animal's head. When the old gentleman came out of the shop he bestowed a halfpenny upon the man and he left no time in scrambling into the trap. The recipient, having gazed at the coin for a moment, jumped on the step. "Take it back, sir," he remarked tragically. "It means ruin to you."

"What do you say, sir?" thundered the old gentleman.

"Ah," was the solemn reply, "once I was just like you. I'd heaps of money and I threw it about like water, and look at me now! Ah! I a subject lesson. Keep your wealth. I come to you now."—London Standard.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

By JOHN C. ARMSTRONG.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

When I was twenty-five years old I passed a crisis in my life at which I shudder today, though it happened forty years ago. For two hours I was suspended, so to speak, between a life of comfort and a prison, and the two hours ended with five minutes between life and death.

This is how it happened:

When the Union Pacific railroad was building it was taken up by one of its influential directors with a view to pre-empting. The only position he could secure for me at first was paymaster, but promised if I proved worthy to do better later on. My work was to go over the line as far as completed in a pay car and pay off the employees. Well, on one of these trips I reached Julesburg, then the terminal, though Laraine was to be the terminal in a few days. I paid off at Julesburg, having between \$4,000 and \$5,000 left for the force at Laraine, and I was to go there the next morning.

To kill time I went over to a hotel near the station, where I found a number of men playing poker. I sat down to watch the game and had not done so very long before I observed that some of the players seemed to know very much about the game. I had a hundred dollars of my own in my pocket besides the money I was to pay off with at Laraine. I had played poker a good deal for small stakes with my friends and was considered by them as an adept at the game. It occurred to me that I might as well take some of the money that was passing to and fro between these men, and—well, I foolishly took a hand.

I was what they were playing for, and they continued to play for me till they had got my hundred dollars. Then came the temptation to recoup with the company's money, yielding, and the loss of nearly all of it. I knew by this time that the men were card sharps and were cheating me. But I knew also that to accuse any one of them would bring on a row that would expose me. As to fighting them with their own weapons, cheating, if I did so and was detected I would get a bullet in my brain.

A terrible situation like this doesn't usually arise one at the time as it does after it has passed. Though I have for years looked upon it with horror, at the time my feelings did not get the better of my equality. I presume this to keep my head was my only chance.

There was \$4,500 in the pot, or just the amount I had lost. On the previous hand I had picked up several cards, and I was now in a position to slip one of them up my sleeve. I was so desperate that I resolved to cheat and if I did not win the big pot on the table let the others see that I was cheating and get a bullet in my brain. When my hand was dealt me there were two kings in it. I drew three cards, one of them being a king. The card I had picked up off the ace, and I had given up an ace, and so on one could hold four aces. The hand was dealt four kings was a royal flush, a pretty hard hand for any one to purposely make up while being watched. If I could get in my four kings I could save myself. But what would I do with the extra card? I was desperate, as I have said, and resolved to trust to luck to get rid of it without detection. A device occurred to me. Drinks were coming on, and seeing some sad-looking fellow waiting to be sent out to another party, I called for one of them. As soon as I had secured it I uttered an exclamation and looked fixedly through the open doorway. Every man turned his head, and I slipped my extra card into the sandwich. When the man turned I was eating bread, meat and card altogether.

I won the pot, but one of the party, looking at me fixedly, said, "stranger, what do you see when you're out going out suddenly just now?"

My success gave me confidence, and I kept my coolness, but I could think of nothing probable for a reply. "I thought I saw a friend of mine," I replied, "out there whom I supposed to be in Chicago."

"Are you sure you ain't got a deck up your sleeve or somewhere?" "What do you mean?" I replied, bristling. Rising, I shook my sleeves and turned my pockets inside out, showing that no card could be concealed on my person. Then, scooping up the pot, I said:

"Gentlemen, I have been accused of cheating, and I will play no more. I am loser by about \$75, so that I have a perfect right to quit."

Though I knew my life hung in the balance, nothing could equal the relief I felt as I turned squarely away and walked out of the house. They doubtless felt sure I had purposely deceived them, but I had not been detected, and the difference was the difference between life and death.

It would be impossible to describe my feelings as I walked to my car. Horror, relief and so many other emotions were mingled that I didn't know where I walked, staggered or flew. When I reached my car I threw myself on my bunk and shook like a leaf in the wind.

The crisis passed, I was sure never to be caught again. I was rapidly promoted, became one of the principal officers of another road and have had a successful life.

MYSTERIOUS MISS ASTOR.

By WILLIAM D. WHITE.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Whence she had come no one knew. The guests at the hotel had spent days trying to solve this mystery, for every one knew there was a mystery—every one, from the round faced bellboy to the rheumatic old millionaire who smilingly nodded from his seat in the sunlight whenever she passed by.

The girl wore plain clothes, but they were so dainty, so well worn and so tastefully chosen that no one guessed that she possessed a single evening gown. She was retiring, almost shy, and seemed to be herself only when with children. The presence of strangers seemed to render her most unhappy.

She had rented a large front room and had sought a tiny table in the dining room away from the others. She had registered as Margarette Astor in

about her head she waited for him under the great tree in front of the hotel. She was hatless, but she carried a parasol dotted with tiny silk rosebuds. Even in their envy of her the members of the rocking chair fleet could not help the admiration that forced its self into their glances as they beheld her. She was indeed pretty.

Davis and Margarette strolled along the country road listening to the birds and to the steady click-click of a mowing machine in a field near by. For a time they walked in silence, neither one finding words to fit into the exquisite tranquility of the scene.

At length they came to a running brook and halted by its side. They stood on the bank gazing into the mirror-like water. As Davis studied the reflection of the girl in the brook he fancied he saw her brush away a tear.

He turned suddenly toward her to make a remark. He sought her eyes and saw within them unshed tears. With a fervent cry, he stepped toward her.

Margarette shrank back nervously, hysterically. "I—I can't," she said, looking into his outstretched arms. "I—I have devoted you. I am not at all what you think I am. I—I—But she could say no more. She burst into sobs and covered her face with her hands.

Davis, ashamed, drew back for a moment. Only the girl's sobbing and the whispering of the wind to the leaves fall about them broke the silence.

"Tell me," said the man very softly at last.

"You see," said the girl, her face turned from him, "I am not Margarette Astor at all—I'm only Mabel Arndt—and I work for a living. I haven't always had to work—but but—these things were long ago, so long that no one remembers them, so no one knows now," she said wearily.

The man waited for her to go on. "Each year, instead of taking the vacation that was due me, I have saved my money until I could accumulate enough to spend a short time in the way that I used to live—the way I always dream of living again. Perhaps you think I'm foolish, but I've pinched and saved and waited and managed—and dreamed. I've saved even car fares to have these few days of ideal living, free from work and care and worry. I—I even changed my name so as to make my castle more nearly real." She paused, breathless, and a weary little sigh escaped her.

"What else?" asked the man. "There isn't anything else—only I—I'm not the girl you believe me to be. I'm not the girl who has been in your chin and raised her face to his own. "Would you commercialize love?" he asked earnestly. "Would you care less for a man who was poor?"

"No—no—no," she said, her face flushed. "I drew her to himself and kissed her. And only a tiny frolicking squirrel perched high on a nearby pine saw what followed.

It was on the fourth morning of her stay that Harry Davis, a young and wealthy lumberman, was struggling through a stormy lane, not far from the hotel. All at once he heard a shrill cry, and at the same moment he noticed a riderless horse leap over the fence.

Rushing quickly to the spot whence the sound had come, he beheld a somewhat frightened, dark begrimed young woman. She had been picking berries when the runaway horse dashed through the bushes and frightened her.

She gave vent to a little cry at the sight of Davis, and as he offered her his strong arm to assist her she looked into his eyes. She murmured her thanks and wondered at the fluttering of her usually well behaved heart.

Much as Davis disliked the average type of young womanhood, he became greatly interested in Miss Astor. Though he had intended to spend only a day or two in the country, he found himself postponing his return indefinitely. There seemed to be so much to talk about, there were so many places round about the hotel that Miss Astor never had seen, and altogether he found the time passing far too quickly.

The tongues on the veranda began to wag vociferously. Fond mothers who yearly spent small fortunes at summer resorts trying to find eligible partners for their daughters longingly wished that these same daughters had golden hair and appealing blue eyes. While their daughters sat in dejected twos and threes wishing vainly that they might travel alone, Miss Astor and Harry Davis wandered here and there in utter oblivion to it all.

On the very day on which Davis had decided in his own heart that he loved Margarette Astor and could not be happy without her he received a telegram urging his immediate return to the office. Business that could not be transacted by his subordinates called him home.

He sought the girl and told her what had happened, asking her at the same time to go for a last walk with him. In her simple white frock and with her shining golden hair coiled softly



SHE HAD RENTED A LARGE FRONT ROOM AND HAD SOUGHT A TINY TABLE IN THE DINING ROOM AWAY FROM THE OTHERS. SHE HAD REGISTERED AS MARGARETTE ASTOR IN

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Monkland Cash Store
C. A. NISH, Manager.

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roll down the hallway. I ignored the paper and made a snatch at the cent, which, however, eluded my grasp. The sudden exertion and strain caused my eyeglasses to fall from my nose, both lenses being broken, of course. Just then a gust of wind from the open windows of my apartment caused the door to close behind me, and there I stood in my shirt sleeves in the hall, my penny gone, my glasses gone and my newspapers, too, for that had in the meantime blown down the hall and out of the window. In addition, my rear suspender buttons were torn by my sudden lurch at the penny, and incidentally I crushed a half dollar's worth of cigars in my vest pocket. Altogether I felt that that cent cost me just \$6.00.—New York Tribune.

The Exception. "Everything comes to him who waits," quoted the moralizer. "How about the opposite side of the street?" asked the demoralizer.—Judge.

As Men For These Who Still Use the Old Brown Smokehouse. In the home smoking of meat I have learned something by experimenting that is a great saver of work and of

I placed an old heating stove, with the legs taken off, on the ground about eight feet from the side of the smokehouse, put an elbow on the stove and ran a pipe in through the side of the smokehouse. Then I started a little fire in the stove, and as the smoke poured from the funnel it occurred to me to turn the smoke down, so I put on an elbow with mouth pointing down, and as that worked all right I put a length of pipe on that and watched to see what the smoke would do. In a moment it poured from the pipe right down near the ground. The end of the pipe is four or five inches from the ground and nearly on a level with the bottom of the stove. It works finely.

The cooled smoke rising from the ground conveys no heat to the meat, though quite a little fire is kept in the stove. The fire needs but little attention, as the stove is kept about closed all the time. It is very satisfactory.

Blessing Chess. There was an adolescent of short time ago from a Boston suburb, and after a brief honeymoon the bride returned to the parental roof.

"And you will give us your blessing," she asked.

"Freely," replied the old man. "No trouble about the blessing, but board and lodging will be at regular rates."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Applicable. Bleeker—What's the matter, old man? You look like an illustration of a hard luck story. Meeker—Domestic troubles. Had a scrap with my wife this morning. Bleeker—Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you. A thunderstorm clears the atmosphere, you know. Meeker—Yes, but that doesn't help a man who has been struck by lightning.—Chicago News.

Not Quite Sure. Little Jean's parents were enthusiastic wheat players, and Jean was more or less familiar with the sight of cards. At Sunday school one day the teacher had been giving a talk on David. Finally she held up a little colored print of David dressed in royal robes and asked, "What child can tell me who this is?" Out of the silence piped little Jean's voice. "I think it's a king, but it may be a jack."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA