

A LABOR DAY ROMANCE

[Original.]

Reginald Atwater was what the girls call a catch. Thirty years old, strong and hearty, fairly good looking, he possessed \$400,000 in his own right. The nearest girl to the prize was Marian Wyman. Marian and her mother possessed just enough income to enable them to move in the best society, to belong to the country club and to return their invitations by an occasional afternoon tea.

Atwater, during July and August, had been flitting about very much to his own liking and very much to the distress of Marian Wyman, who looked upon his freedom as she would upon that of an escaped canary, thinking that he might at any time be snared by some impetuous fortune hunter. She breathed more freely when he returned to his home and spent his time with her either on her piazza or on that of the club. This it must be admitted was because most of those with whom he was intimate were still in the country.

Miss Wyman had not discovered the art of pleasing a man. She made the fatal mistake of attempting to make herself pleasing, whereas she should have made the man pleasing, not to her, but to himself. She overran her slender income by buying articles of dress she could not afford; she sought to convince Atwater of her common sense, her prudence, her wit—in short, all the accomplishments that may be considered desirable in a wife.

At this tail end of the outing season—that is, for people of moderate incomes—during the short period prior to Atwater's departure for his hunting club, Miss Wyman was very much put out by the appearance of a country cousin, Miss Lucy Trimble. The Wyman's were under pecuniary obligations to Miss Trimble's father, Mrs. Wyman's brother, for a temporary loan which was now of five years' standing, and invited Lucy to be with them for a fortnight's annual visit in lieu of interest. She had been invited for the last two weeks in July, when no one was at home, but for some reason had deferred her visit till the 1st of September. Her coming halved the hours Miss Wyman could spend with Mr. Atwater because she knew he would not countenance her showing aside a guest.

What was deficient as an art in the one was present naturally in the other. Lucy Trimble had never met so grand a man as Atwater. She sat in his presence like the timid little mouse she was, her eyes fixed on him in admiration and wonder. He never made a remark but she fancied it must contain something of profundity. She did not talk to him, but listened with the deepest interest to what he said, her only remarks being sincere expressions of admiration for his learning, his versatility. Atwater had been looking all his life for some one to appreciate him as he appreciated himself. Here was a simple country girl who not only had discovered what others had failed to discover, but was sufficiently ingenious not to be able to conceal her appreciation for him.

"Oh, Mr. Atwater," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be content with society and hunting when you would so shine in any profession! Who knows but you might be president?"

Atwater laughed, but he was delighted. He had often thought of taking

Deadly

LaGrippe Caused Heart Trouble, Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia.

My Friends Know Heart Cure Cured Me.

Mrs. C. O. Hued, 118 W. Third St., Muscatine, Ia., is well known throughout her section of Iowa as an ardent worker in the M. E. Church. She says: "LaGrippe left me with a severe case of nervous depression and nervous dyspepsia, which soon affected my heart. I suffered from sleeplessness, headache, extreme nervousness and twitching of the muscles. The slightest exertion would cause shortness of breath, a numbness of my body and hot flashes with pain. I will tell you what I am constantly telling my friends—that Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me so that all these disagreeable symptoms left me. I may add that for severe pain I have never found anything to equal Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and think the Nerve and Liver Pills are a wonderful stomach remedy."

"Our son was stricken down with heart trouble in his twentieth year. For two months we got no sleep with him at night, so we commenced to use Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nerve and Liver Pills and today he is sound and well. In fact he passed a physical examination since his sickness and is with the Army in the Philippines. I desire to add that Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have certainly been a boon to me. I am frequently troubled with sick and nervous headaches and I have never found anything that would relieve me so quickly and leave me feeling so well thereafter."—Mrs. Alice Mead, Buffalo, Mo.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

up politics, but refrained from doing so because the country gentlemen of America do not run for congress as those of Great Britain stand for parliament. He was delighted with Miss Trimble and considered how he could repay her for her appreciation.

"I have it," he said after a great deal of thought. "I'll invite Mrs. Wyman and Marian and this little chicken to go down to the seashore for over Labor day. I'll ask my chum, Bob Allison, to be of the party to make it even between us young ones, while Mrs. Wyman can be chaperon."

From Friday afternoon till Wednesday morning the party enjoyed bathing, swimming on the beach, and Lucy Trimble, who had never seen the sea, was simply delighted.

The outing was ended. The party were at the station waiting for the last train to go to the city that day or the party would have waited for a later one. Suddenly Lucy Trimble put her hand to her belt and announced that she had left her watch at the hotel. There remained fifteen minutes before train time, and Atwater offered to go and get the watch. Lucy declared that she alone could find it. The two went together. They found the watch and started to return to the station. The train came along and the others, seeing them within a short distance, got aboard. The train moved out and the party waited expecting to see the two missing ones come in from the last car. When some time had passed and they did not appear Miss Wyman suggested to Mr. Allison that he had better go back and see if they had got on. To this Mr. Allison demurred, stating that he did not propose to interrupt a tete-a-tete. When the train reached the city it was discovered that the missing ones were not aboard. Mrs. Wyman proposed to return, but there was no train to go on till morning.

Of course when Mr. Atwater and Lucy Trimble returned they were man and wife. There could be no other result without the girl's disgrace. Mrs. Wyman always spoke of the matter as a deplorable accident. Mr. Allison was intentional with Atwater, while Marian Wyman said, "I must admit the little mix played it beautifully." Atwater says that he is rejoiced that an accident should have given him such an adorable wife.

JAQUELINE EASTWOOD.

AN EPISODE OF SUMMER BOARDING

[Original.]

The farmhouse was small, but it was wonderful how many summer boarders it was capable of storing away. Among others were a girl and her mother and the young man to whom the daughter was engaged. The lovers were supposed to have gone to the country for constant cooling, but somehow, so far as the other boarders were concerned, they saw very little of it. During the first few days they took walks together in the morning, but always came back looking bored. In the afternoon the girl went to sleep.

On one of these afternoons the lover sat on the porch with another girl. "Did you ever walk down that lane?" she asked.

"No," he said. He had walked it every day with his fiancée since they had been at the farm.

"It's very pretty; shaded nearly all the way."

"Would you mind showing it to me?"

"What would she say if she saw us going out together?"

"She won't see; she's asleep."

They arose and went into the lane, she chatting glibly.

"Don't talk so loud," said the young man in a half whisper.

"Why not?" asked the girl without lowering her voice.

"It always makes her cross to be disturbed in her nap."

"Oh, I see. I'll speak lower." But by this time it made no difference, for they were out of hearing. The girl led the way to a rustic seat and sat down, the man placing himself beside her.

"I come here every evening to see the sunset," she said. "Isn't the view a pretty one?"

"Very."

"Tell me about your ladylove. Are you desperately wrapped up in each other?"

"You must judge for yourself. You have seen us together a great deal."

She was sitting with her face, he with his back, toward the house. Her eyes had caught something. He turned to look, but saw nothing unusual.

"Let's go on to the brook," she said. He assented, and they walked on. Before they came to the brook the girl led the way from the lane to a meadow. When they reached the bank she said:

"How provoking! We can't get across, and there's a much prettier view from over there than from anywhere hereabout."

"There's a bridge below."

"It's too far."

"You can step across on those stones."

"I'd fall in."

"I can carry you."

"Dear me, no! What would she say?"

"If that's your only objection, since she's not here to see, I'll undertake it."

And, picking her up, he carried her across.

They went to the spot where the view was fine and looked at it so long that

they came in late for supper. His fiancée did not notice them, but sat munching her food moodily. After supper she and her lover walked in the lane. The days were long, and there was plenty of light.

"I am fortunate," she said, "in so early discovering your flippant character."

"If my character is flippant you certainly are fortunate in finding it out."

"A man who is caught by every pretty face during his engagement is not likely to make a very constant husband."

"I presume you refer to my walk this afternoon. If you go to sleep and leave me to myself—"

"I was not asleep when you went away. I heard her boisterous talk and you trying to keep her quiet that you might get away with her unobserved. I followed you—"

"Eavesdropped?"

"Call it what you like. I saw you carry her over the brook."

"Well?"

"Well, you are free to carry her through life for me."

He accepted his fate with resignation, and they walked back to the house, the girl going up to her room. He sat on the porch for awhile, then strolled back into the lane. Again he was followed, this time by the other girl.

"Has she dismissed you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"It didn't take much of a cause to make her do it."

"I suppose the cause was sufficient."

"Who's her correspondent in the city?"

"I didn't know she had any?"

"I was at the post office the other day when the mail came in. She seized upon a letter addressed in a man's hand."

"You don't mean it?"

"I saw her following us while we sat on the rustic seat."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I thought she wanted an excuse to break her engagement with you, and—men are so stupid—I thought you might—"

"Give her a chance. And you permitted me to carry you across the brook knowing she was looking on."

"I told you she mightn't like it."

"They went on and sat on the rustic seat."

"What did you do it for?" he asked. She looked down and smoothed her dress; then she looked out at the view, then down again and smoothed her dress.

"Come, tell me your object—"

"You're too good for her, and she didn't want you anyway."

"Am I too good for you?"

"That's for you to decide."

He was bending close over her. Kissed her.

CLARENCE STORMS SHALER.

From Brute To Man

[Original.]

The mutineers had killed the captain, two mates and won the Alida. The third mate, Edward Webster, had given them so much trouble, killing two of their number, that he was reserved for a death by some prolonged torture. They were trying to devise something unique. When passing an island one of them said:

"I tell you, mates, what we'll do. Let's take him ashore and when the tide's out bury him up to his neck in the sand. Then when it turns he'll get the slowest drowning man ever had."

There was a shout of approval to this, and several of the men went forward to drop the anchor while others lowered a boat from the davits. When all was ready Webster was put into the boat and rowed ashore. The tide had just passed the flood, and it would be eleven hours before another high water. The mutineers dug a hole at the highest line of foam and put their captive in it, leaving his head free, his arms pinned close to his sides. Filling in the sand, they stamped it down about him so that it was impossible for him to move. Then they took to their boat, guying him as they pulled away.

So long as Webster had them and the ship to look at his mind did not wholly rest upon his condition. He watched them till they went aboard, saw them raise the anchor and sail away, keeping his mind upon them till the last ray of sunlight faded from the ship's sails.

Above the horizon where the bark had disappeared hung a dark cloud like a sea gull with outstretched wings. Then there was a faint flash of lightning. "There'll be a storm," thought the captive, "and it will shorten this agony, driving the tide in earlier and higher. May it come quickly."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening when Webster was buried, and till midnight a three-quarter moon sailed between black, ragged clouds, while occasionally a flash of lightning added to the terrible splendor of the scene. It was the ocean—the black, heaving, tumbling ocean—its merciless waves falling heavily on the beach with monotonous regularity, that was the chief horror. The captive watched the receding tide, saw it turn and then crawl slowly upon him. No stealthy jungle beast could be half so terrible.

And what was his chief thought for

the world which he was about to leave? Alas for humanity, the instinct of the brute creation predominated. With his sufferings was mingled a hatred for the men who had caused it. At such intervals as his mind reverted to aught but his situation it fell upon methods of revenge he would delight to inflict on his murderers.

Slowly the relentless ocean advanced. Had it life it would not have been so awful. Its unreasoning, inevitable purpose was its greatest horror. He knew that he was helpless, but could not refrain from an effort to free himself. Had he been able to move even infinitesimally he might in time loosen the sand about him. It was his inability to stir at all that pinioned him.

Soon after midnight the storm burst. As the tide rolled in the breakers increased in size and strength. Then came the dawn of day. By this time the extreme line of foam encircled the captive's neck.

And now came a ray of hope. Webster noticed that when the first wave to reach him receded it took with it sand from under his chin and left sand at the back of his neck. Another wave came and took more from in front, leaving more behind. Then as the setting foam passed over him he held his breath, regaining it when the water had withdrawn. Each receding wave piled sand behind and scooped sand in front. He bent forward; his arms were loosened; he dragged himself from his hole.

He went to the crest of a dune and, throwing himself down, slept. When he awoke the tempest had lulled, but the ocean was chafing more fiercely than before. From his elevated position he saw a mile to his left a stranded ship and knew from her rigging that she was the Alida. He ran down to a point opposite her and saw men putting off on a raft. It tumbled for a moment on the curl of a comb, then capsized, leaving its crew in the water.

Webster saw a man being driven toward a protruding rock. Rushing to its outermost edge, he caught the helpless creature, saved him from being dashed to death and drew him away from the turmoil of brine. Another was thrown senseless on the beach and was about to be carried back when Webster dashed in and saved him. A third was swimming on the breakers. At the risk of his life Webster went out beyond a foothold and dragged him in. There were ten men on the raft, and these three were all that came ashore alive.

Then the three men who were saved stood before their rescuer, whom they had intended to barbarously murder.

"Men," Webster said, "last night when I saw the black fiend coming to drown me I longed to torture you to death. That, I suppose, is the brute in me. Then when I saw you struggling for life I felt something move me to pull you out. That, I suppose, is the man in me. At all events we're all living who should have been dead."

There is a sequel to this story, a volume of incidents, but it may be stated in a few words. Three brutes became men. For many a year they sailed with their captain, Edward Webster, and many a time their watchfulness saved him from some impending calamity. One of them died under a blow that was intended for him.

F. A. MITCHEL.

MISS WIGGS' PRIZE STORY

[Copyright, 1922, by T. C. McClure.]

"A letter for you, Miss Wiggs," said the postman, smiling.

Little Miss Wiggs extended a trembling hand.

She carefully cut the end of the envelope with the scissors and drew out the letter. It was very brief:

"The editors of The Story Magazine take great pleasure in presenting the enclosed check as payment of the prize offered for the best short story submitted in their recent contest."

That was all. But a dozen pages of praise could not have pleased little Miss Wiggs more. It was not a large sum of money, to be sure, but to her it meant a great deal. Ever since that day three months before when she had mailed the story and the required subscription money she had waited and hoped with all the fervor of her little body.

There had been little sewing for her to do of late, and she had watched her income dwindle away with growing fear. She had never thought of trying to write till Cordelia Brown one day brought her a copy of The Story Magazine to read. Cordelia was seventeen years old now and well along in high school, but she had never forgotten Miss Wiggs' kindness of former days.

When the girl was gone, Miss Wiggs picked up the magazine. Almost the first page to meet her eyes was an advertisement offering a prize for the best short story submitted before a certain date. It was then that the idea of trying to write a story first occurred to Miss Wiggs.

She had a tale of the first settlers in her memory handed down from mother to daughter, as such stories are. Moreover, she possessed a good education, a clear mind and plenty of leisure. Nothing was more natural, therefore, than that Miss Wiggs should write a story.

In due time the story was completed. Miss Wiggs copied it in her best hand-

writing and, inclosing the dollar demanded as one of the conditions of the contest, mailed it to the magazine. Then she told Cordelia what she had done and even read her the first draft of the story.

When she had finished, Cordelia shook her head. "I am sorry, dear Miss Wiggs," she said gently, "but I am afraid the story will hardly suit them."

"Then, with all the kindness she could command, she explained to the woman the needs of the magazine. It used little else than love stories, she said, and for that reason the editors would scarcely take the trouble to examine manuscripts of another character.

"But why not try again?" she finished brightly. "Our subscription has expired, and you can send in our renewal with the story. Please do, Miss Wiggs."

So Miss Wiggs did try again. Somehow as she sat in the darkened parlor a plot came to her, an idea for a love story, unique, clever, interesting. She told it to Cordelia, and the girl clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh, it's ever so good, Miss Wiggs," she said. And when the story was written and read to her she gave it exactly the same praise. And now the story had won the prize.

The back door opened softly, and Cordelia entered the house. It was some time before she discovered Miss Wiggs in the parlor. As the girl entered the room the woman looked up with a smile lighting her thin face.

"See, Cordelia," she said, with childish glee. "I won the prize."

Cordelia did not smile. Drawing a chair close to Miss Wiggs, she opened the magazine in her hand.

"I am going to read you a story," she said slowly, "that was printed several years ago."

Miss Wiggs smiled at the girl loyally as she listened to the first few words. Then the smile gave way to a look of wonderment that in turn changed to one of pain. When the story was ended, she looked up at the girl with tears in her eyes.

"You don't think, Cordelia," she began brokenly.

Cordelia sprang to her side and placed an arm caressingly around the woman.

"Dear Miss Wiggs," she said quickly, "perhaps it was merely a coincidence or it may be you once read this story and then forgot it till it came back to your memory, apparently an original idea."

They sat silently in the little parlor till twilight fell. Miss Wiggs bravely kept back the tears, but the hand that Cordelia held trembled constantly.

The postman's step sounded on the front porch, and Miss Wiggs opened the door for him. He handed her a long blue envelope.

"My story of the first settlers," she explained to Cordelia, noting the name of The Story Magazine on the envelope. She tore it open and slipped out the manuscript. A little note came with it.

"Read it, Cordelia," she said. "My eyes are not very clear today."

"The editors of The Story Magazine," read Cordelia, "return the enclosed manuscript with much regret. Well written and readable as it is, the plot is somewhat hackneyed, and for that reason the story is returned."

With a sudden suspicion Cordelia turned to the manuscript.

"Oh, Miss Wiggs," she cried, "it was your story of the old settlers that won the prize, after all. They have returned your love story."

Miss Wiggs smiled through her tears. "Cordelia," she said, "we won't have to write that letter returning the check to the publishers tomorrow morning. We will take a little outing instead."

LESLIE W. QUIRK.

ALABAMA PROGRESS.

RESULTS OF BUILDING GOOD ROADS IN MADISON COUNTY.

Improving the Highways of the District Brought Growth and Prosperity—The Taxable Value of Property Greatly Increased.

About twelve years ago in the county of Madison, Ala., paralyzed as it was by the effects of war, about a dozen men, seeing the horrible condition of things, their homes devastated and turned over to ignorance and poverty, saw that something had to be done, said Charles P. Lane in an address delivered before the national good roads convention. We could see nothing else to do but to build three turnpikes, so a campaign was inaugurated. We went into this great campaign, and the legislature passed a bill providing for the issuance of \$35,000 in bonds.

We went before the people. We had in my country that class which calls itself "the conservative class," men who do not want to improve. I call them "muzzle loaders." They belong to the dead past; they do not want any innovations or changes; they fought us, and at the first fall they beat us 1,005 votes before the people. That was in the fall, when the roads were good. We immediately went back to the Alabama legislature and obtained sanction for another election. We tried then in February, and never shall I forget that campaign, made on horseback over hills and bottoms, and before October and November there was a change of sentiment from 1,005 votes against us to 1,365 votes for free pikes.

We issued bonds and we put down the pikes. We did it in rather a crude way at the start, but we learned as we went along and as we gathered experience. And when we had built about a hundred miles of pike a bowl went up in Madison county that was heard from the Tennessee mountains to the Tennessee river, demanding another hundred miles of pike, and I believe another \$125,000 or \$150,000 has been issued to build another hundred miles of pike.

And now what was the result? You can start from the beautiful and historic city of Huntsville today—mark you, she had but about 4,500 people, the county almost depopulated, scarcely any northern men there at all, and no white people lived in the country—you can start out today from that beautiful little city and go out on a good country road, the Milton pike, and if you can find a briar patch in ten miles from Huntsville I will agree to eat the briars. All along that road from Huntsville to Milton, a distance of fifteen miles, there are beautiful homes, fences straight, barns painted and an air of general prosperity and civilization prevails. Not only that, but we so greatly increased the taxable value of the property of Madison that we paid off those bonds and scarcely knew when we paid them.

I remember when as a child we were in the war that the horrible roads killed more horses and mules than our guns. It was a terrible destruction.

We do not want any more war—God forbid—but we do want good roads and easy transit. We want it because the people are entitled to it. We want it because it is our duty to our people to build the roads. It is not only our privilege to do it, but it is our duty as civilized, progressive men. When I see the prosperity of the town I think this prosperity will be multiplied a hundred times by the prosperity of the rural products, and when I say this I do not go off on any fancy school-teaching theory about it—it means money.

The best way to get that money is by a bond issue, and begin your roads at the centers of counties and carry them out. You can get money on 3, 4 or 5 per cent on good bonds for twenty years and build your roads and so greatly increase your taxable value and so greatly attract the people that you will scarcely feel the expense of putting those bonds. They will liquidate themselves. A sinking fund will grow out of the increased value and pay the bonds, as it paid them in Madison county. That can be done. If Madison county can do it, why cannot a county in Missouri, Maine or Vermont do it?

Value of Good Roads. Good roads will economize time and force in transportation between farm and market.

Enable farmers to take advantage of market fluctuations in buying and selling.

Permit transportation of farm products and purchased commodities during times of comparative leisure.

Reduce wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles.

Enhance the market value of real estate.—Good Roads Magazine.

Silencing Von S. Von Blumer—I came near being taken for a deer in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Von Blumer—That's singular when you're such a bear at home. Life.

Miss Ida M. Snyder.

Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

"If women would pay more attention to their health we would have more happy wives, mothers and daughters, and they would have more observe results they find that the doctor's prescriptions do not perform the many cures they are given credit for."

"In consultation with my druggist he advised Mr. Elmer's Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Drug, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with restored health, and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, white and bloody. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a dear baby to homes that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

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