

FACE IN THE CROWD

By Keith Gordon

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After awhile she came to look for him when the train stopped at the Fifty-third street station in the morning—she fell, broad shouldered man with the aggressive chin and determined mouth. She felt vaguely disappointed when she did not see him. Instantly he became the touch of romance in the dreary monotony of her days, five and a half out of seven of which were spent in Wall street, a place where the advantages of being a woman are not glaringly apparent. Often during the laughing afternoons of summer, when business was dull and the hands of the clock approached 5 but slowly, she would sit resting her face on her hands and wondering about him. Who was he? What was he? Was he married or single? The noise of the street below, dulled by distance until it was as dreary as the humming of a fan at noonday, drifted softly in her ears a sort of living melody, and her thoughts defied office hours and went far afield in a fantastic search for the reality about him among the crowd of possibilities. Over and over she gave him a local habitation and a name, but these changed always with her mood. No name that she could hit upon seemed to express his personality, and she finally discarded them all and thought of him only as "The Man."

to dine with Renwick, the closest of his college friends. He had just time to catch him by telephone before he left his office, which he did, arranging to meet him at the elevated station and go up town with him. The first effervescence of their meeting over, Stoughton's beaming eyes roved over the other passengers. A slight figure at the far end of the car held his glance. He looked again to be sure. "Pardon me a minute, Jack," he said, rising and making his way toward the girl, with whom a moment later he was shaking hands cordially and talking with the ease of long friendship. Presently he returned to Renwick, and as he did so a revealing look passed between the two. A bridge at last! "It's Natica Alton, a cousin of mine, you know?" he explained to Renwick. "Tough luck they had, I tell you. But she's a plucky girl. She has earned her own living now for four years." "Will you present me?" demanded Renwick eagerly. "Certainly. I'll take you up there with me. Natica will be glad to receive any friend of mine." "Thank you, old fellow; thank you," Renwick paused awkwardly. He seemed to have something else to say, but scarcely knew how to say it. "When I said—asked you to introduce me—I didn't mean the usual thing, I'm going to ask you to do something queer and to do it without asking too many questions." "What kind of a mystery is this?" inquired Stoughton. "If I didn't know that there isn't a grain of romance in you I should certainly think so." "Now, don't think—there's a good fellow," soothed Renwick. "Just follow instructions. Tell Miss Alton all about me, and mind that you tell her everything good that you can or I'll wring your neck, and make an appointment for me to call. Don't make any mistake. I want to see her and see her alone. I don't want you there." When noon, mystified Bill Stoughton broached the subject to Natica her behavior was doubly mysterious. No, she didn't want to know anything about him. Then a moment later: "Did you say he is a bachelor?" (Innocently.) "I thought he was a widower." Stoughton, indignantly, "I thought you knew nothing about him?" "I don't, but he wore mourning." "That was for his mother." In the dim little parlor of the small apartment where she and her mother lived they met for the first time alone since the death and gone Alton that looked down upon them from the walls. Surely never was such a first meeting before. When the maid ushered him in, Natica, looking rather more like a lily than usual in her soft black gown, rose with every intention of greeting him in the most formal manner. Then a most unlooked for thing occurred. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Then he stretched out his hands toward her, and she placed hers in them. A moment later she was swept up into his arms as if she had been a child as he murmured softly: "My dear, dear love!" "What shall we tell mamma?" wailed Natica in despair a half hour later. "How can we ever explain ourselves?" "We can't," replied Renwick comfortably. "We might just as well resign ourselves to being thought mad. It all comes from the ridiculous supposition that in order to know people you must talk to them." And then—well, then they forgot the world and its opinions to talk of far lovelier things.

The Pariah. It is to be remembered that, as in the apostolic age the work of converting the world started from the great towns, so was this emphatically the case in Gaul. How early or how late the precise becomes general of calling the country cure the parish and the episcopal see the diocese I have never been able to discover. As early as the fourth century we find mention of country churches with lands belonging to them, and in the next century the numbers of these foundations so much increased that Sidonius (A. D. 480-488) mentions a visitation he made of the rural churches in his diocese (Aisne), and we notice that by this time these settlements are sometimes called parochiae and sometimes diocese. Later on Gregory of Tours (A. D. 530-593) more often calls the country cures dioceses and the episcopal see the parochia. But, call them what you will, we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul, and I have a suspicion that what was true of Gaul was true, mutatis mutandis, of Britain. I have a suspicion that if we had for British history anything approaching to that wealth of original sources which we have for early French history during the first five or six centuries of our era we should have evidence that some, perhaps many, of our English parishes existed as ecclesiastical parishes, with pretty much the same boundaries as they have today and are survivals of a condition of affairs anterior to the Saxon conquest.—Nineteenth Century.

Felon and Felony. "Were you in the garden for the purpose of committing a felony?" asked the English judge of the small boy. "No, sir," said the boy. "Me and my cousin were after the gentleman's fowls and eggs." Forfeiture of lands and goods and "corruption of blood" (loss of hereditary standing) were formerly the penalties for felony. Before they got their technical sense, however, "felon" and "felony" (connected either with Latin "fallere," to deceive or "fel, gall, bitterness") connoted wickedness, anger, courage or melancholy, as the case might be. "The admiral began to laugh for felony," says Caxton, meaning that he laughed, not feloniously, but recklessly. Also a boll or whitlow was a "felon" and cholera "felony." "What makes Peck look so worried?" "He's been contesting his wife's will." "Why, I didn't know his wife was dead." "That's just it; she isn't."—Cleveland Leader.

He who speaks for any length of time in the presence of others without flattering his hearers awakens their displeasure.—Goethe.

The Drummer's Furlough. Countless drummer boys have swelled the rolls of heroic deeds, and the heart of many a stern officer has been moved to pity for the childish drummers in his regiment. In the critical days of the civil war an order was issued that under no circumstances should a furlough be granted. Just then "General Scott," an Ohio drummer boy, aged thirteen, became terribly homesick and hungry for a sight of his mother. Poor little General Scott! He had been in many battles, always obedient and fearless. But he was beaten at last. His lip quivered and his eyes filled with tears. The bandmaster wrote out a brief statement of the case, but carefully avoided asking for a furlough, and sent General Scott with it up the line of officers. Generals Conly, Hayes and Crook each added a line, and then it was laid before Sheridan. "No furlough to be granted," wrote the hero of Winchester, "but General Scott is hereby ordered to repair to his mother and to report again at headquarters in thirty days." Thus it was that one drummer boy went home on duty.—Youth's Companion.

Personal. "Do you really maintain that these exist dogs who are more intelligent than their masters?" "Certainly. Such clever animals are rare, but I've got a pointer—what are all you chaps laughing about?"

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