

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield  
At night when the sun went down  
One held a lock of thin gray hair,  
And one held a lock of brown.  
One thought of his sweetheart back at  
home,  
Happy and young and gay,  
And one of his mother left alone,  
Feeble and old and gray.  
Each in the thought that a woman cared  
Murmured a prayer to God,  
Lifting his gaze to the blue above,  
There on the battle sod.  
Each in the joy of a woman's love  
Smiled through the pain of death,  
Murmured the sound of a woman's name,  
Thought with his parting breath.  
Pale grew the dying lips of each,  
Then, as the sun went down,  
One kissed a lock of thin gray hair,  
And one kissed a lock of brown.  
—Town Talk

THE DEMAINE DYE.

"Tell," the girl pleaded coaxingly,  
with her soft cheek against his.  
"Ask me anything but that and I  
will grant it," answered her lover.  
"That is a matter which concerns my  
honor, and so not even for you can I—"  
"Oh," she interrupted pettishly. "I  
am sick of hearing that cant about your  
honor. You only promised your father,  
and I am sure if he had known me he  
would have told me, but you—you are  
as hard as adamant. You can't care for  
me properly, or you would do what I  
ask you—the very first thing I have  
ever asked you," she ended pettishly.  
Alan Demaine smiled at the pretty  
exhibition of childish wrath. Then he  
said gravely, yet firmly:  
"It is no use, Elsie. You are causing  
both yourself and me needless pain by  
constantly teasing me on this matter.  
Once and for all I cannot tell you, so  
now let us talk of something pleasant.  
What is the last new gown like?" he  
ended, smiling lovingly down at her.  
The girl looked at him, a curious  
glance, half morned, half mischievous,  
then veiling her eyes, drooping before his  
ardent glance, she allowed herself to be  
coaxed, flattered and petted into a seem-  
ingly forgetful mood.  
"I wonder why the little witch is so  
eager to know the secret—a trade secret  
too?" thought Demaine to himself that  
night as he smoked a quiet cigar. "A  
childish whim, I suppose, or woman's  
curiosity."  
And, so thinking, he dismissed the  
subject from his mind.  
But he would not have dismissed it  
quite so easily if he could have looked  
into a distant chamber in another part  
of the house and seen a little fairy ex-  
citedly pacing the floor and murmuring  
to herself:  
"I will get to know it yet, whether  
by fair means or foul it matters little,  
but I will get it, and then—"  
"I must be off to the works at once."  
Alan said next morning to his mother  
and sisters. "Tell Elsie, when she  
comes down, that I am awfully sorry  
not to be able to take her for a drive, as  
we arranged yesterday, but something  
unexpected has turned up, and I am com-  
pelled to attend to it. No eye like the  
master's—eh, mother?" he finished  
laughingly.  
Mrs. Demaine looked fondly at her  
son.  
"You are just like your father," she  
said proudly. "It was my duty before  
pleasure with him, but I'll tell the  
lassie, Alan, and maybe you'll be  
home by dinner time."  
"I can't say, mother," he answered  
cheerily, "only wait for me."  
And then they heard the hall door  
close and knew he was off. The day  
wore away. Elsie declined Enid De-  
maine's offer to drive her in place of  
Alan and went off for a long walk by  
herself. Enid and Cicely looked curi-  
ously after her as she walked down the  
drive, and then Cicely said half dream-  
ingly:  
"I do think there is something odd  
about Elsie. I wish Alan had not fallen  
in love with her. Do you know," low-  
ering her voice to an awestruck whis-  
per, "I'm afraid she is not true-  
worthy."  
When Alan came home that evening,  
he seemed in uproariously good spirits.  
He laughed and chatted and joked and  
reaved until his mother declared that  
he was "tey." After dinner he invited  
Elsie out on to the terrace, to "see the  
moonlight," he declared mendaciously.  
Very fair and sweet the girl looked  
in her pretty white gown of some shim-  
mering material, and so her lover evi-  
dently thought, for he suddenly caught  
her to his breast and rained passionate  
kisses on her brow and lips. Then, just  
as suddenly, he thrust her from him  
and stood facing her in the moonlight.  
The girl was half frightened at his man-  
ner.  
"What is the matter, Alan?" she  
asked timidly.  
"Nothing, my pet," he replied in his  
old manner, "only you looked so be-  
witching I think I lost my senses."  
"I think you did," she retorted co-  
quettishly. "Alan," she continued  
earnestly, "do you really and truly love  
me?"  
He looked at her curiously, then,  
recollecting himself, replied:  
"Was a foolish question to ask?  
How many hundreds of times have I  
told you the old, old story?"  
"But," she persisted, raising her face  
to his, "I never, never can believe it  
until you tell me that secret."  
His face darkened at her words.  
"Did I not tell you last night that  
your persistency was worse than use-  
less?" he retorted, looking coldly down  
at her.  
"Well, then," she answered passion-  
ately, "until you do tell me I will  
never marry you—never!"  
There was a long silence between  
them. Finally the man broke it.  
"Do you mean what you say?" he  
asked in a low, tense voice.  
"Certainly," she responded in a hard,  
determined tone. Then, changing her  
manner to one of winning sweetness:  
"But I know you will tell me. You

could never, never be so cruel as to re-  
fuse."

He turned away and began pacing  
the lawn in an undecided, wavering  
fashion, quite unlike his usual firm  
step. The girl followed him and laid  
one hand on his arm.  
"Tell me," she whispered beseech-  
ingly. Then she raised herself on tiptoe  
and kissed him.  
"I cannot resist," he murmured, then  
stooped suddenly and whispered some-  
thing into her ear.  
"Is that all?" she asked, in evident  
surprise. He nodded.  
The next afternoon Elsie refused all  
offers of companionship and went off  
for a solitary stroll. As she approached  
a little wooded copse about half a mile  
from the house a young man sauntered  
slowly toward her.  
"Well, what success this time?" he  
demanded, without troubling to make  
any preliminary greeting.  
"Wait a minute, Hugh," the girl an-  
swered. "I am quite breathless with  
hurry. That tiresome Enid wanted  
to come with me. And I wasn't at all  
sure of Alan not coming too."  
The man stood for a minute or two  
in silence, then glanced at his compan-  
ion impatiently.  
"I have got it," she answered quiet-  
ly, returning his glance.  
His whole face changed and glowed  
with triumph.  
"You little darling, you clever little  
darling," he exclaimed, and then took  
her in his arms and kissed her passion-  
ately. She lay quite passive in his em-  
brace, her dark eyes gleaming with ten-  
derest love.  
"Now we can marry," he whispered.  
"But you have not told me yet, Elsie.  
Are you sure you have got the exact  
details?"  
"It is all written here, word for  
word, as Alan repeated it to me," she  
replied.  
He read the paper greedily which she  
handed to him, then placed it in his  
pocketbook and drew a deep breath of  
relief.  
"So that is all the secret of De-  
maine's wonderful purple dye," he  
said. "Well, I rather think now that  
the monopoly is destroyed. Won't the  
old fashioned firm be astonished when  
they find themselves undersold in the  
market by a dye exactly like their own."  
And he laughed a cruel laugh of tri-  
umph. "I always hated Demaine," he  
continued, "always. This will be splen-  
did revenge, besides making all our for-  
tunes. But come, Elsie," he added, "it  
is time we were moving. I'll see you  
to the park gates, and then I must get  
back to town."  
A month passed away, and Elsie was  
still visiting the Demaines, still out-  
wardly engaged to Alan, of whom nev-  
ertheless she saw very little.  
"Hugh," Elsie said to her lover one  
evening, "don't you think"—and then  
she stopped in confusion.  
"Think what?" said Hugh idly, with-  
out looking at her.  
"That it is not very nice or pleasant  
for me to be staying in Alan's home,  
when I have—betrayed him?" she ended  
bravely.  
"I don't see what else you can do,"  
retorted Hugh lazily, "unless you go  
back to your aunt's."  
The girl crimsoned to her brow.  
"Couldn't we be married now?" she  
whispered in a shamed tone.  
He looked at her sharply, then replied:  
"Look here, Elsie, it is best to be  
straightforward, so we may as well end  
this farce at once. I am engaged to my  
cousin Marian, and we are to be mar-  
ried next month."  
There was a long silence. Up in the  
bright blue heavens a bird was circling  
merrily, and in a strange, mechanical  
manner Cicely counted five daisies which  
were in a cluster at her feet. Then she  
spoke:  
"So you just used me as a tool,  
Hugh?"  
"Yes," he acquiesced shamefacedly.  
She laughed—a strange, hard laugh.  
"It does not hurt very much after all  
—not very much," she repeated pite-  
ously, and then without another word  
turned and left him.  
When Alan Demaine reached home  
that night, his mother and sisters met  
him with the news that Elsie had been  
suddenly summoned to meet her aunt.  
"Though when she got the letter I'm  
sure I don't know," added Enid suspi-  
ciously. Her brother made no reply, but  
went straight to his own room, and  
there, on the toilet table, lay a tear  
stained note.  
"I have been a wicked, deceitful  
girl," the letter ran, "and now the  
greatest punishment I have to bear is  
the knowledge that I have brought ruin  
upon you." Then followed an explana-  
tion concerning her curiosity about the  
dye, and the note ended with a plea for  
forgiveness.  
In reply Alan wrote as follows: "My  
forgiveness you have fully and freely,  
and I sincerely wish you every happi-  
ness in the future. You must not dis-  
tress yourself about 'ruining me,' as  
the 'secret' (?) which I told you concern-  
ing the purple dye is no secret at all,  
but a very ordinary chemical prepara-  
tion well known in the trade. For-  
give me for deceiving you. I overheard  
your conversation with the scamp who  
ruined you as his tool, and I could not  
resist my little piece of revenge. The De-  
maine dye is a secret still, so you may  
cease fretting about that. My mother,  
who knows nothing about this, sends you her love.  
In a day or two I shall simply tell her  
that the engagement is dissolved."  
Three months after the dispatch of  
this letter Alan's manager ceased from  
troubling, for the new firm failed irre-  
trievably.  
"Hang it all!" said Hugh to his con-  
fidential assistant. "We have got the  
correct ingredients, man. It must be in  
the mixing that we fail."  
And when his speech found its way  
to Alan's ears he simply laughed. "It  
was Deilah who failed," he said to  
himself, "not the mixing." And then,  
with a new, glad hope springing in his  
heart, he joined his sisters and his sis-  
ter's friend Monica in the drawing  
room.—London Sun.

**Notice.**  
I will be in Tillamook City Septem-  
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