

# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Zelda brought her hand to her forehead and looked at the curb—'but I've lost my key. Can you tell me?'"

"The girl stepped to the curb and down the easiest way across town. She was small and trim of figure and had very blue eyes."

"Thank you," said Zelda, and Zander went forward. "You are Miss Dameron," the teacher said, hesitatingly.

"Zelda turned toward her in surprise. "It has been a long time since I saw you," she said. "You are as pretty as ever."

"You are my cousin, Olive—is it?" "—please don't tell me that," she said. "That is just right."

"I'm glad to see you," she said. "I've been waiting for you. I've been waiting for you."

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"Whatful in Zelda's tone as she spoke, standing between the firelight and the lamp, something, too, in the glance of appeal she gave the little room, that broke down the antagonism in Mrs. Merriam's eyes. She put out her hand again."

"Yes; I hope you will come. We shall be glad to see you."

Olive followed Zelda to the steps, and saw the runaway turn in the narrow street and whirl away. She watched it until Zelda's erect figure passed like a flash under the electric light at the corner and disappeared into the dark beyond."

"What miracle is this?" asked Mrs. Merriam of Olive. "Nothing short of a miracle would account for it."

"I met her down at the school-house. She had lost her way and asked me how to find Jefferson street. I called her by name—she seemed to remember me, and then she insisted on bringing me home. She seemed rather pitiful; she said she was lonesome and wanted a friend."

Olive sat down on a stool at her mother's feet. She was afraid to show too much interest in this new-found cousin. Her mother was clearly puzzled and troubled; the moment was difficult; but she felt that it was important to determine their future relations with Zelda Dameron now."

"She is very like her mother. It gave me a shock to see her. Margaret had that same impulsive way. In any one else it would have seemed strained and theatrical, but no one ever thought of it in Margaret. Every one always said, when she did anything a little odd, that it was just like Margaret Dameron. Your father hadn't any of that; he wasn't like the rest of the Merriams. He tried to be on good terms with Ezra Dameron, though Ezra never appreciated it; and the rest of them dropped us for countenancing him. But Zelda—what do you think of her?"

"She didn't give me time to think. She charmed me! I never saw anybody like her in the world. She has such an air of mystery—that doesn't seem just the word, but I don't know what to call it. She's adorable!"

## CHAPTER VI.

Rodney Merriam and Morris Leighton walked up High street to the Tippecanoe Club, which occupied a handsome old brick mansion that had been built by the Merriams who had afterward lost his money. Merriam usually went there late every afternoon to look over the newspapers, and to talk to the men who dropped in on their way home. He belonged also to the Hamilton, a much larger and gayer club that rose to the height of five stories in the circular plaza about the soldiers' monument at the heart of the city; but he never went there, for it was noisy and full of politics. Many young men fresh from college belonged to the Tippecanoe, and Merriam liked to talk to them. He was more constant to the club than Morris, though they often went together."

A number of men were sitting about the fireplace in the lounge-room. The lazy blazing logs furnished the only light. A chorus of good-evenings greeted the two men in unmistakable cordiality, and the best chair in the room was pushed toward Rodney Merriam.

"Mr. Merriam, Captain Pollock; and Mr. Leighton."

A young man rose and shook hands with the newcomers. Merriam did not know most of the group by name. He had reached the age at which it seems unnecessary to tax the memory with new burdens. It was, he held, good club manners to speak to all the men you meet in a club, whether you know them or not. The youngsters at the Tippecanoe were for the greater part college graduates, just starting out in the world and retaining a jealous hold of their youth through the ties of the club.

"Captain Pollock has been telling us about the Philippines," said one of the group. "We've been trying to find out whether he's an imperialist or how about it, but he won't tell."

"That shows his good judgment," said Merriam.

"It shows that I want to keep my job," declared Pollock, cheerfully. "And I'll be cashiered now for certain. If I don't get back to the Arsenal, Major Congreve expects me for dinner."

Baker, who had brought Pollock to the club, shook himself out of his chair and the others rose.

"I'll see that you find your way back to the reservation," said Baker.

"That's very kind of you. And I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Merriam."

It was a soft voice, and as they went out into the hall, Merriam looked at the owner of it with interest. He was a sun young fellow, with friendly blue eyes, brown hair, and a slight moustache. His carriage was that of the drilled man. West Point does not give a degree in the usual academic sense; but his scintillating eyes were all soldierly. The young man with whom he had spent an hour at the Tippecanoe Club had been gathered up by Baker, who had met Pollock somewhere and taken a fancy to him. They all left the club together except Merriam and Leighton, who went to the newspaper room. But Merriam stared at the evening paper without reading it, and when he got up to go presently, he stopped at the desk in the hall. He put on his eye-glasses and scanned the page. The ink was fresh on the last signature:

"Frank Pollock, U. S. A."

Rodney Merriam then walked toward his own house, tapping the sidewalk abstractedly with his stick.

The next morning he called for his horse early. He kept only one horse, for he never drove; but he rode nearly

every day when it was fair. His route was usually out High street toward the country; but to-day he rode downtown through the monument plaza and then struck east over the asphalt of Jefferson street, where a handsome old gentleman of 60, riding a horse that was remembered with pride at Lexington, was not seen every day. Rodney Merriam was thinking deeply this morning, and the sharp rattle of his horse's hoofs on the hard pavement did not annoy him as it usually did.

Arsenal is a word that suggests dreadful things, but the Arsenal that had been maintained through many peaceful years at Marion, until the town in its growth leaped over the government stone walls and extended the urban lines beyond it, was really a pretty park. The residences of the officers and several massive storehouses were, at least, inoffensive to the eye. The native forest trees were aglow with autumn color, and laborers were collecting and carrying away dead leaves.

Merriam brought his horse to a walk as he neared the open gates. A private came out of the little guard-house and returned Merriam's salute. The man gazed admiringly after the military figure on the thoroughbred, though he had often seen rider and horse before, and he knew that Mr. Merriam was a friend of Major Congreve, the commandant. The soldier continued to stare after Rodney Merriam, curious to see whether the visitor would bring his hand to his hat as he neared the flag that flapped high overhead. He was not disappointed; Rodney Merriam never failed to salute the colors, even when he was thinking hard; and he was intent upon an idea this morning.

The maid who answered the bell was not sure whether Major Congreve was at home; he had been packing, she said; but the commandant appeared at once and greeted his caller cordially.

Major Congreve was a trifle stout, but his gray civilian clothes made the best of a figure that was not what it had been. He was bald, and looked much better in a hat than without it.

"You'll pardon me for breaking in on your packing. I merely came to register a kick. I don't seem to know an iota of the local news any more until it's stale. I've just heard that the Arsenal has been sold, and I want to say that it's an outrage to tear this place to pieces."

"It is too bad; but I don't see what you are going to do about it. I've already got my walking papers. The incident is closed as far as I am concerned."

"To give us an active post in exchange for the Arsenal is not to do us a kindness. We've got used to your gentlemen of the ordinance. Your repose has been an inspiration to the community."

"No irony! The town has always been so good to me and mine that we've had no chance for repose."

"But the Spanish War passed over and never touched you. I don't believe the powers at Washington knew you were here."

"Oh, yes, they did. They wired me every few hours to count the old guns in the storehouse, until I knew every piece of that old scrap iron by heart. If we'd used those old guns in that war, the row with Spain would have been on a more equal basis."

"I suppose it would," said Merriam, who was thinking of something else. "But I'm sorry you're going to leave. We never quite settled that little question about Shiloh; and I'm convinced that you're wrong about the Fitz-John Porter case."

"Well, posterity will settle those questions without us. And would you mind walking over to the office with me?"

"Bless me, I must be going! This was an unparadiseable hour for a call."

"Not in the least; only I've another caller over there—Pollock, of the quartermaster's department, who has been sent out to take charge of the new post site. He's a nice chap; you must know him."

"I'll be very glad, some other time," said Merriam. "Which way does he come from?"

"He's a Southern boy. Father was a Johnny Reb. Another sign that the war is over and the hatchet buried."

"Pollock, did you say? Tennessee family? I seem to remember the name."

"I think so. Yes, I'm sure. I looked him up in the register."

(To be continued.)

**A Wonderful Snake.**

Snakes on the pampas of South America have many enemies. Burrowing owls feed on them, and so do hawks and storks, which kill them with a blow of their pavelin beaks. The tyrant bird picks up the young snake by the tail and, flying to a branch or stone, uses the reptile as a flail until its life is battered out. The large lizard of the pampas, the iguana, is a famous snake killer. It smites the snake to death with its powerful tail. Mr. Hudson in his "Naturalist in La Plata" tells this story:

One day a friend of mine was riding out looking after his cattle. One end of his lasso was attached to his saddle, and the remainder of the forty foot line was allowed to trail on the ground. The rider noticed a large iguana lying apparently asleep, and, although he rode within a few inches, it did not stir. But no sooner had the rider passed than the trailing lasso attached the lizard's attention. It dashed after the slowly moving rope and dealt it a succession of violent blows with its tail. When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had passed by the iguana, with uplifted head, gazed after it with astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before.

**Bill Too Material.**

"Now," said Mrs. Dresser, "don't you think my new hat is a perfect dream?"

"Well, no," replied her husband; "to be a perfect dream the bill attached to it should also be merely a dream."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Dates Back.**

"Who built the first Dreadnought?"

"Noah."—Kansas City Journal.

Never say die till you are dead—and then it's no use.—Spurgeon.

**A Cautious Game.**

"Does Bilgins ever bluff when he plays cards?"

"Never until he gets home and explains where he has been."

## PREACHER LOSES \$2 OF FEE

Young Man Charged for Marriage License Has Unique Plan of Getting Even With Clerk.

The clerk filled out the marriage license and handed it over. "Thank you," said the young man. "Hold on! That's \$2."

"Two dollars!"

"Yes; did you suppose we gave those things away?"

"I certainly did. Chargin' a man \$2 for a sheet of paper that didn't cost the county more than a nickel at the outside is robbery. Have I got to pay it?"

"You'll pay it or you'll hand back the document."

"All right," said the young man, taking a bill out of his pocket, tenuring it to the clerk and waiting for a change, "but I can tell you right now you ain't robbin' me. You're robbin' the preacher. He'll get just \$2 less than I was goin' to give him!"

Pocketing the change and tilting his hat back on his head, he stalked out of the office with the air of a man who had been imposed upon, but who knew how to get even.

**Another Catch.**

Gunner—What's the latest news to-day?

Guyer—George Washington's auto sold for \$500 in New York.

Gunner—What are you trying to hand me? There were no autos in George Washington's day.

Guyer—Who said anything about automobiles? This refers to his autograph.

**The Mystery Explained.**

"See here, my man," said the philanthropist who was doing an investigating stunt on his own account, "you are an interesting puzzle to me."

"Is that so?" queried the other.

"Yes, it's so," answered the party of the philanthropist part. "You are too lazy to work. How do you manage to live?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I get trusted."

**The Real Difference.**

Jack—What's the difference between a plumber and a poet?

Tom—That's old. A plumber lays pipes and a poet pipes lays.

## MODES of the MOMENT



THE young girls are benefiting by the prevailing note of girlishness which characterizes this summer's dresses, and for once at least they have a distracting number of models from which to choose. Some are lovelier than others and all have lines of grace and beauty. The majority of those intended for afternoon wear are quite simply made. The materials are a combination representing daintiness and inexpensiveness, and trimmings are limited to fancy collars, entreeux, tucks and soft silk belts and ties, writes a fashion expert in the New York Herald.

Muslins, lawns and lincens are the favorite foundations for dresses to be worn at tennis and garden parties, for driving at fashionable resorts and upon the other pleasant occasions in which girls who are not yet in the debutante class are permitted to participate. These simple names of materials do not convey all that they might, however, for the reason that muslins and lincens in the finer qualities are really glorified fabrics, sheer in weave, delicate in texture and offered in exquisite colors.

Half a dozen of these thin afternoon dresses are not too many for the average young girl to possess, and it goes without saying that two of them will be white. A white lingerie and a white linen are almost essential to the summer outfit. This leaves four, or more if liked, to be chosen in the wearer's most becoming colors. The shades from which young girls may choose are somewhat more limited than for older women, but the list includes pink, blue, gray, cream or pale yellow, brown and rose. The darker shades are suitable for lincens and similar materials, while the sheer fabrics cannot be too delicate in their colorings, if the rare to be made without the veiled effect, which is one of the fads of this season.

Among the simpler materials are charming marisettes, showing delicate pink stripes alternating with an openwork pattern, and there are dotted and figured cotton marisettes and muslins which have all the beauty of silk and are much better suited to the youthful wearer than even foulards or some of the softer weaves of silk.

The cotton volles, new in weave and finish, were never more alluring, and they drape a girlish figure as no other fabric does. With pink and white, rose and white, green with white figures and in dull gray pin stripes a brilliant touch of color is used, perhaps a satin bow or a piping on a narrow collar, to give the dress an air. Narrow Valenciennes insertions are used for the most part on lingerie dresses, and even these are now often trimmed with other laces or with embroidery to differentiate them from the ubiquitous ready made garment.

NOTHING is prettier in cut for a simple lingerie dress than the one made with a straight line across the neck reaching from shoulder to shoulder, after the style of Italian dresses worn in mediaeval days. The line is horizontal, and the front and back are filled in with bands of lace run crosswise. A marisette or dainty muslin dress made in this style would have an inch wide strip of trimming, either a hand embroidered strip or good lace, finishing the top of the waist, front and back. Then from the point where the two strips meet on the shoulder they would unite and continue down the sleeves on the outside of the arm in a single band.

A pink dotted muslin was made in this fashion with an inch wide piece of Cluny insertion outlining the neck and forming the sleeve trimming. The sleeves were a narrow kimono cut, with a band of the lace finishing the bottom at the elbow, where an undersleeve of fine white tulle lined was seen. The blouse was drawn in at the waist under a crushed belt of pink silk and the skirt fell a bit full at the waist, but rather scant at the bottom and had a ten-inch band of fine embroidery worked across below the knees and falling over a plain skirt of the striped material.

There is scarcely any dress designed now for a young girl which does not show a low collar or the neck cut away to disclose the throat in a comfortable and pretty way. Older women have adopted the style to a great extent, but it is one universally becoming to youth, while only occasionally so to women who have passed their girlhood. Low round collars of embroidery are almost always seen on the linen dresses, and any severity of cut is thus offset by the graceful neck trimming.

A deep rose colored dress which would sound a striking note at a tennis afternoon has been selected for a girl with dark hair and excellent coloring. The blouse is simple and untrimmed, except for the rolling collar of rose linen embroidered in rose and edged with a narrow frill of Valenciennes lace set onto the collar with a narrow black satin piping. The dress buttons in the front and has a simple linen belt and cuffs to match the collar trimming. With this dress the

girl wears a wide brimmed rose colored straw hat trimmed with a huge black satin bow at the left side toward the back.

White and black pin striped marisette or muslin make a becoming and useful dress for almost any afternoon affair, and it can be given much of an air by the trimming used to brighten it. The dull gray tone of the material combines well with rose color or pink, while certain shades of blue or yellow often lend a delightful touch. A dress of this design was made with a slightly cut out neck and a collarless effect was achieved by an application of trimming to surround the neck. The trimming was nothing more than a shaped piece of rose colored silk with ends which fell almost to the top of the wide crushed belt of the marisette. The sleeves were finished with a cuff of the same rose satin and lace frilling, while the skirt, which was short and narrow, had a deep band of the material cut the other way so that the stripes ran around. This band was headed by a tiny fold of rose satin.

Underleeves are a feature of many summer dresses and these show a little below the elbow or more, from half way between shoulder and elbow to half way between wrist and elbow. There seems to be no hard and fast rule about the length of sleeves for such dresses. As a usual thing they come midway to the hand, but sometimes they end just below the elbow. Few of them reach the full length of the arm, a length which detracts from the cool, summery look of almost any gown. Above the undersleeve the sleeve proper is finished with some trimming, a fancy cuff—perhaps adjustable, which can be freshened from time to time—or with a closely fitting band of embroidery or lace. This may go straight around the arm or turn at right angles on the outside of the arm and end in an upward point.

A buff linen dress buttoning down the front has the skirt cut in a graduated panel and a deep plaited founce reaching all around from the sides of the panel. The blouse also has buttons in front, following a diagonal line, and there is a medium width belt fastening with buttons. A round, flat collar of fine embroidery finishes the neck and the three-quarter length sleeves have cuffs to match. The blouse is given fullness by having a wide plait laid backward at the shoulders and stitched part way down.

Pointed lines in trimming are utilized effectively in a dress made of sheer batiste with a tiny all over embroidered flower. The skirt has a graduated founce headed by a band of cross tucking which is edged on either side with Valenciennes insertion. This trimming forms a deep V in front and slopes upward at the sides, reaching almost to the belt in the back. The same scheme is carried out in the waist trimming and it is repeated in the sleeves. A soft crushed pink silk belt and some loops of the silk at the neck suggesting a tie complete this charming afternoon costume.

To Put on a Veil.

How many women know how to adjust a veil? Very few; and when carelessly put on, no matter how beautiful the coiffure or how becoming the hat, the entire effect is ruined. Many women never acquire the trick of adjusting a veil neatly, therefore they should dispense with it altogether, or take time when there is nothing more urgent on hand, to learn the art of disposing of the ends and giving it a finished, tasteful appearance. A veil cannot be put on hastily and look well. In this respect it resembles a shirtwaist, regarded by many as a simple garment, but how often do you see the wearer of one looking as trim as this little garment demands that she should! Unless carefully and persistently attached to the skirt, it is bound to bag; a little extra strain, and it becomes completely detached, leaving an ugly space between the waist and skirt, while the belt offers no reasonable explanation for its presence.—Delineator.

Medical College Hymn.

"Have you heard the new medical school hymn?"

"No what is it?"

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest."—Yale Record