

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907.

## OLD CLOTHES AND NEW

By Frank H. Sweet

(Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKoon)

They were all in Aunt Clara's room, packing the box, when Jessie Boyd came in at 4 o'clock to ask Carrie what she was going to wear that evening to the musicale. Jessie went upstairs without ceremony. She was Carrie's most intimate friend.

"Oh, there you are," said Carrie, who was sitting on the foot of the bed with a pile of clothes on her lap. "I've been wondering all afternoon what had become of you. We're packing the box to go to mother's cousin in West Holden. Aunt Clara wants—"

"Where's the bottle of benzine?" asked Angie, interrupting. "You had it last, Carrie."

"Look on the shelf in my closet," said Carrie. "What are you going to do with the benzine?"

"Clean the spots off that tan cloth cape of mine. I'm ashamed to send it as it is now."

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed to send anything," said Aunt Clara, who was on her knees before the box, spreading some newspapers over the bottom. "They are so poor they'll be glad to get anything, no matter how old. You haven't time to clean off spots."

"They can do it for themselves," said Carrie. "Here, Auntie, hadn't you better 'seems to me' Carrie, you could wear put these old, white skirts in first?"

"That white skirt with the ruffles you sent," remarked Mrs. Brandon, who was pulling over the contents of a trunk she had dragged in from the hall. "It doesn't look at all worn."

"No, but it doesn't hang right," rejoined Carrie, "and it's too short. Besides, I despise a ruffled petticoat."

"Very well," said her mother, in a resigned tone, "but it is worn and Angie are dreadful extravagant. I don't wonder your father complains about expenses."

"Here are some old night dresses," said Mrs. Brandon. "They are so old they'll be glad to get anything, no matter how old. You haven't time to clean off spots."

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one of the girls ventured to make a remark of any sort, and Alice did not dare glance at Stella.

"That is all, I think, my dear," said the mother, as she placed on the pile the white petticoats Carrie had contributed. "I will put all the things in my closet, and examine them at my leisure."

"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," remarked Stella.

"Stella! Mrs. Brent's voice was one of rebuke. Little Ruth began to weep.

"Here, let's look at my box, Ruth," said Alice. "We mustn't forget that."

"Probably filled with soiled ribbons and discarded artificial flowers," muttered Stella, in whose black eyes angry tears burned hotly.

With fingers that trembled a little, Alice untied the pink ribbon and removed the cover of the box.

"Oh! Oh!" she said. "Mother, look here! Just see—"

And then her eyes broke and tears filled her eyes. In the box, neatly folded, lay a pretty white china silk waist, trimmed with lace, a pair of perfectly new tan gloves, three dainty handkerchiefs and twelve yards of fine white lawn.

"There's some mistake," said Stella; "this doesn't agree with the rest at all. Probably they will write to have it returned."

"Stella, dear, we couldn't expect them to send things they could use themselves."

"No, I suppose not, and I'm an unthankful wretch. Beggars shouldn't be choosers," but, and her voice quivered a little, "it isn't in me, somehow, to be a grateful beggar."

"I must not neglect to tell you," she said in conclusion, "of Alice's pleasant trip to the postbox box. The pretty gloves and dainty silk waist fitted her perfectly, and she is busy today making the lawn which will be her best gown all summer."

"Aunt Clara bit her lip as she said the latter word.

"How ridiculous of Jessie to send new things," she muttered. "And I was so particular to tell her that anything would do."

## FINDING MISS FILSON

By Nora Bayne

(Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe)

"Find Miss Filson," directed the "Old Man" and Andy Brant, with a prompt and respectful "Yes, sir," looked at the column of figures upon which he had been working.

"Well, if you had been to Cousin Rachel's, and seen how poor they are," said Clara, "you'd know that anything would be acceptable. Rachel has a real gift for turning and patching, too."

"For my part, I'm glad to get rid of my old clothes," said Carrie, "and I vote we send Cousin Rachel a box every year. It's a good deal better than making bundles for the Associated Charities to distribute. We know just where the things are going." She tossed her aunt a green sash, and saw the seams of which were frayed. "I can wear the skirt around mornings with a percale shirt waist," she said.

"Has your cousin any girls about my age?" she asked, regarding attentively the two faded waists which Aunt Clara was folding together.

"Dear me, yes," answered the lady. "Alice is just your age, and Stella a year or so younger. Then there are two little girls of ten and twelve—Amy and Ruth. I stopped over in West Holden for a day in March, on my way home from Florida, and saw the maid. They're pretty girls, too, particularly Alice. I felt so sorry for them. I don't suppose Alice ever had a pretty gown or a bunch of ribbons in her life."

"Then you'd mind if I could lend something?"

"I wouldn't want them to know, of course, but I have several things, if—"

"Oh, my dear child, yes," Aunt Clara interrupted. "Bring anything you choose. I'll pack it. No matter how old it is, they'll be glad to get it."

Jessie went home at once. In about twenty minutes she returned with a good-sized pasteboard box, with a new pink ribbon tied around it. On the cover was written "For Alice."

"You're just in time. I'm ready to have Peter call up," said Aunt Clara. "Oh, I'm not to see what you're sending. Now, my dear child, you needn't be ashamed of it, whatever it is, for they have so little that anything—I only hope Rachel will appreciate the trouble I've taken," and she followed Jessie into Carrie's room.

There, on the bed, lay the gown her younger niece was to wear to the musicale. It was a cream China silk, trimmed with lace and white ribbon, and beside it was a pair of high-heeled slippers of French kid.

"You'll wear your new China silk waist, of course, Jessie," said Carrie, as her friend glanced toward the bed. Jessie shook her head. "No, I've decided on my blue organdie," she answered quietly, and then began to talk of something else.

They were opening the box in the sitting room at West Holden when Alice Brent came in, breathless. She was a slender girl, with soft eyes.

"Has it come?" she cried. "How glad I am I got here in time."

"Yes, but we weren't going to unpack it until you came," said Stella. "We just wanted to have it all ready. It's a family treat, to be enjoyed together."

Jessie's pasteboard box came out first, as it was on top.

"Something especially for me," cried Alice. "How lovely! But I won't open it until the last. Take out the other things, mother dear."

The other things were taken out. One by one Mrs. Brent unfolded them and laid them in a pile on the floor. Not

to the matinee, will you? Might as well do what as tramp around town for nothing."

Bess nodded, and Andy sat on the front steps smoking a cigarette while the girl dressed. They had only cheap seats in the rear of the balcony, but it was a treat, and occasionally could feel the slight pressure of the girl's arm against his own, emphasizing her nervousness.

"That's not much of the vaudeville performance. What mattered the accomplishments of the trained seals and the toe dancer when he could lean back with closed eyes and conjure up visions of light housekeeping with Bess as the housekeeper? He was earning enough to pay for two. After all, she need not take that place with Lowell & Lowell."

"Isn't that great?" asked Bess. Andy roused himself with a start to observe the accomplishments of a pair of acrobats.

"Sure thing," he assented. "I was thinking of something bigger and greater."

"What's that?" she demanded. "I was thinking," he explained, "that perhaps you wouldn't meet Miss Austen's place in the office. What's the matter with us getting married? We could get a little bit of a flat and live—"

"Not board."

"We've got the distinction eloquent, and the girl's gray eyes gleamed. "But you don't know anything about me," she protested, wistfully.

"I know you're the girl I want to marry," he insisted stoutly. Mrs. Lennon's known me for a year, and the Old Man had me working for him for three years. You can write to Brewster and find out the rest about me. You want to know where I'm from, Missouri, where you're concerned."

There was a sudden darkness as the lights went out for the motion picture. In the gloom a boy hand sought his, and was quickly captured.

"It is yes?" he asked, his breath coming in a gasp. "I can't write back home," she said softly. "But if you will take me as I am, Andy, I'll be yours for life."

"That's nothing wrong," he declared stoutly. "But if you were a shopkeeper, I'd marry you just the same." The matter was settled. The girl's hand was no longer, and his call was the result. "If he should die before morning, come back what should I do?"

"Send a cable," advised Duncan promptly. "But there's not going to be any more of the kind of the physical to children has stepped in. May I see your patient?"

"He's dead," he said. "The boy's room. Tad's face lighted as he saw Duncan, and his fingers twined fondly about the man's arm. He had been so long, and his call was the result. "If he should die before morning, come back what should I do?"

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## DUNCAN, P. C.

By Emile Girard

(Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague)

Marion looked up, hopefully at the card was brought her. Even the announcement of Duncan's name was comforting. But the little oblong of cardboard bore in addition to name the initials P. C. Perhaps it meant "penitent culprit."

Duncan was doing odd things. The magic comes back to his expression of regret.

But when he came briskly into the room there was no potential sorrow in his countenance, only the same merry twinkle of the eyes, the old lifting of the corners of the mouth.

"All me that Tad is no better," he said as he took Marion's hand. "As you will perceive from my card I am a physician to children."

This, then, was the meaning of the card. He was worried about her brother. For a moment she was minded to renew the old quarrel, but she needed help and sympathy, and so she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out her troubles.

Her father had been obliged to go to Europe on business and had taken his wife with him. Marion had been left in charge of her nine-year-old brother, and almost before the ship had passed Sandy Hook Tad had come down with typhoid.

His robust constitution had thrown off the disease, but the battle had left him weak and listless, and even the gray-haired physician was worried.

"There is no actual danger," he explained to Marion, "but he must be nursed from this lethargy or he will go into a decline."

He had confided the same fear to Marion when he met the latter on the street and the younger man had asked after his little chum. Then, despite the misunderstanding between them, he had been so long, and his call was the result. "If he should die before morning, come back what should I do?"

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band in one corner laboriously going over unfamiliar music.

A stout man nodded to Henry and stopped to greet Tad.

"You're going to have a circus all to yourself," he explained. "Want to feed the elephant?"

"I haven't any peanuts." Tad's lip began to quiver, but Henry drew a bag from his pocket.

"You must have peanuts to go to a circus," he explained. "Come on old chap."

He led the way to one of the barns, where Tad fed the elephant and was permitted to get much closer to the lion's cage than he could at the big circus. A man standing by even picked a hair from the lion's tail and presented it to Tad with due ceremony.

Then they went back to the big building and sat through a long, delightful dress rehearsal of the Boston Brothers' Unparalleled Railroad Circus and menagerie. He was even permitted to see the cars, shining in their new paint, and was permitted personally to talk with the clown while Duncan talked with Manager Boston of the chances of an early season in the South.

"Good luck to you," Henry said, as they shook hands in parting. "You've saved one youngster's life and the season is not yet open."

"He'll be a mascot," said Boston, as he waved a farewell. "Glad you brought him back."

It was supper time when Duncan turned a very sleepy little boy over to his sister. Tad looked up drowsily as Marion put him to bed.

"There is a circus," he announced. "Really and truly one like Henry said. And I got a lion's tail," he added, as his sleep-heavy head closed.

Marion came into the parlor where Duncan paced the floor.

"Are you a magician?" she asked, smilingly. Duncan shook his head.

"I know Boston was going to take his show South early this year, and got the permission to bring Tad to the dress rehearsal. Have I earned my fee?"

"How can you earn what was already yours?" said Marion. "You've saved one youngster's life and the season is not yet open."

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