

SUTHERLAND'S China Sale Is On

During the China Sale we are now having, we have made a lot of remnants, such as Salad Bowls, Cake Plates, Celery Trays, Fruit Sets, Chocolate Pots, etc., as well as a number of odd dozens of plates, all of odd sizes; these we will clear out at Half Off Regular Price.

Remember, all our French China Dinner Sets One Quarter Off.

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Anglin's Proposals

His Own Love Affair and That of His College Chum.

By HENRIETTA G. ROBINSON

Halfway down the steps of the fraternity house Anglin turned and went thoughtfully back to the room that he shared with Beresford.

"You're dead sure you'll not change your mind and come?" queried Anglin. Beresford, with a volume open on his knee and a pipe gripped between his teeth, nodded emphatically.

"Then I suppose you don't mind if I take your skates. They're sharper than mine."

"Take them, of course." But when Fred Anglin had slung the skates over his shoulder and buttoned on his thick gloves he still lingered. It seemed as though this were not what he had come back to say after all.

"I ought to tell you, Tom—we've been such pals right along—that I'm going to put my fate to the test tonight. The Tremaine girls will be at the skating party. And tonight I intend to speak to Gerla."

Beresford jumped up and wrung his friend's hand enthusiastically.

"Good for you!" he cried. "Go in and win! As long as it isn't Geraldine I can endure the thought of your happiness if she says yes. I'll be able to listen to your raptures without experiencing a perfectly legitimate desire to sling you through the window."

"Thanks, old man," laughed Anglin, adding: "Lucky we've not set our respective hearts on the same sister. Now, I'm blessed if I understand your infatuation for Geraldine. But as long as you are her captive why do you hold back? You are older than I am, and—"

Beresford shook his head with a grim smile.

"It isn't that. You've a wealthy father and a settled income. I've only enough to pull me through this final year. When I get my diploma—well, I shan't have much more in a material line. I don't dare ask Geraldine to wait until I have attained—achieved—arrived. It wouldn't be fair to her."

"It would—her promise—a tremendous incentive to you."

"Oh, I know that. But she must be considered first."

There was another handclasp, a firm and silent one. Anglin swung away for the tramp into the country, where the skaters were to assemble at Pilgrim's pond.

The star studded night closed down early. When Anglin reached the appointed place the amusement of the evening was already in full swing. The expanse of ice was clean swept and of an opaque, turquoise tint. Strings of Chinese lanterns dangled in the multi-bead propriety from bare tree to tree and from pole to pole. In a declivity semi-shaped by a fly tent a royal fire blazed and crackled. In and out, around and about in dullness under the sullen stars or in red relief where the flambeaux, set at regular intervals, flared fantastically, sped and flashed the dark figures of the skaters.

Fred Anglin got on his skates as quickly as possible and started out across the frozen pond. Many turned to look after the athletic young figure, darting through their midst with such easy, swallow-like grace of motion.

But he noticed neither their presence nor their admiration. He was looking for one particular little figure. She would wear a short skating costume of blue velvet, the Russian blouse, which was girt with heavy cords that swung backward when she moved. The high peaked cap would make a penthouse over a mass of fair curls and mischievous eyes, bluer than any violets that ever mocked the blueness of a June time sky. And—

"There she is!" he said suddenly to himself.

Alone in the shadow of the wigwag shaped refreshment tent, apparently fancying herself unobserved, a slender young form was whirling on heel and toe, cutting a pattern of intricate tracery on the ice.

"Come with me!" he cried as he dashed to her side. He held out his hands, crossed at the wrists in the old approved carry-the-lady-out-of-town style.

Together they swung gracefully down the strip of gleaming ice which was least covered.

But when they were quite away from the merry crowd of skaters, whose voices came to them musically through the frosty night air, Anglin turned their impetuous progress to one very deliberate. And then, as he took a firmer hold of her wilted hands, he began, after the manner of many another lover who has been compelled to force his courage to the sticking point.

"Dear," he said desperately. "I can't keep silent any longer. You know how I've cared for you ever since—well, ever since I entered college. Al though I've never been obliged to consider ways and means, still a lawyer has made it possible for me to ask you to give me your hand."

"I know," he added hastily, "you won't care about this sort of thing, but I must, to mention it. There's only one question now—do you think you will ever love me—a little?"

His words, voice, even the tendril with which he retarded her flight.

Revised figures show the toll of the Queenstown tragedy to be 12 dead and 92 injured.

holding her hands tight pressed to his side, did not escape the girl's alert consciousness. But she answered in unsteady accents. There was trepidation in her tone, as well as dread, the dread of a sweet girl experiences who hates to give pain.

"I'm sorry—sorry—sorry that I've ever been about anything in all my life," she began. "I—I did not dream it was I for whom you—cared. Had I done so I never would have permitted you to say—this."

As one stunned he relaxed slightly his grip on her fingers, while he accelerated their speed.

"Don't worry!" he answered bravely. "I must have been awfully stupid to have fancied—you are sure you're quite warm enough? We are almost at the tent now. I'd better bring you some hot coffee, Gerla."

They were at the tent. Yellow streaks of light from his canvas apertures were blinding out at them. The girl came to a standstill, her hand still on her companion's arm.

"What was that you said?" she asked sharply.

"Gerla, I suppose I should have said Miss Tremaine," and then, as she did not at once reply, he wheeled swiftly and confronted her.

She had dashed back the peaked hood of her skating coat. He saw a little, dark, mignonette face looking up at him in the wavering amber light—a face that looked uncertain as to whether it ought to break into smiles or quiver into tears—the face of Gerla's twin.

"Geraldine!" he exclaimed as he fell back in astonishment.

It was her turn to be amazed. "Why, did you think it was Gerla?" she cried. "Sure," he added, with enthusiastic relief. And then when her merry peal of laughter had died away he queried, "But how do you happen to be wearing Gerla's costume?"

"She laughed again—a relieved sort of merriment that made Anglin think suddenly of his roommate."

"Oh, that's what—what fooled you, was it? Why, we changed them just for fun. But if Tom—she flushed furiously at her slip of names—"I mean if Gerla had thought—"

"What?" exclaimed Anglin ambiguously. "Geraldine—do you think?"

"Oh, as to Gerla," she broke in. "She is coming back of you. Ask her yourself." And she skated swiftly away.

The next instant Anglin was facing a girl in a suit of wine colored velvet. The peaked cap was drawn high over tousled golden curls and eyes of deep-set blue.

"How you stare!" she laughed. "Am I an uncanny spirit?"

"I've proposed to one girl tonight," he confessed as he whisked away to the waltz the band was playing, "and I don't want to make a similar mistake again, for she was not the girl at all whom I meant to ask to marry me."

"Are you quite sure you're not mistaken now?" she asked quizzically.

"Quite," he assured her. "But I would like positive proof—and corroboration."

And both Fred Anglin succeeded in securing before he strode home to ask Tom for congratulations and to hearten him with the fondest of hopes.

Watch in a Pearl

The feat of making a watch in a pearl has been accomplished by a watchmaking firm at Chaux de Ponds, Switzerland. This wonderful watch, the only one of its kind in the world, was finished a few days ago. A pearl which weighs forty-five grains and has a diameter of about half an inch contains all the works. It took an employee of the firm fifteen months to hollow out the pearl and fix the wheels. The watch is guaranteed to keep good time and may be worn as a ring on the finger.

Taxes in China

One dollar to get married, 10 cents to go to college and 50 cents to graduate are some of the items in the new regulation "governing the affixing of stamps on certificates concerning human affairs" which were recently promulgated in China.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT

Drowsiness.

Drowsiness is sometimes a sign of disease. It is often a symptom of a poisoned system. When therefore a person begins to show unusual and inexplicable drowsiness he ought to find out what the cause is. It may be that malaria or indigestion or some form of kidney disease is poisoning the blood. A diminished blood stream can also produce somnolence, as in the case of the aged, who often fall into a succession of little naps at day long because the amount of blood that circulates through the brain is so small that there is a constant condition of cerebral anemia. Abnormal drowsiness also results from tumors of the brain or injuries to the skull. Then it is usually caused by the pressure that interferes with the circulation of the blood. In diabetes drowsiness occasionally comes on with great suddenness. It is then generally the precursor of the unconsciousness or coma that accompanies the late stages of that disease. The treatment of drowsiness must be determined by the cause. Old people should be permitted to drowse freely. Young people who are anemic should try to improve their blood by tonics and diet and cultivate a habit of living and sleeping in the fresh air.

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