

## Continued.—A List of the HOLLOWAY STUDIO, Ltd., Landscape and Seascape Photographs.

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The HOLLOWAY STUDIO, Ltd, corner Henry Street and Bates' Hill, St. John's, Nfld.

## The Queerness of Cupid.

"It seems mighty strange," observed the red-headed man in the corner, "that in spite of the warnings of the married friends, in spite of the revelations of the divorce courts, in spite of the growing extravagance of women and the eternal terrors of the mother-in-law, men will continue to marry. I don't know whether it's a fact or not, but I'd be willing to bet money that there's just as many men getting married to-day, in proportion to the populace, as there were ten or twenty years ago."

"And you'd win," said the white goods drummer. "I had occasion to look up that very point in the census reports not long ago, and I was surprised to find that the percentage was almost exactly the same in 1900 as in 1890. I've no doubt that 1913 will figure up an identical total."

"Just so," chuckled the red-headed man. "I was sure of it, though I did not know it. But why? That's what puzzles me."

"It doesn't puzzle any man who is married," said the passenger from Baltimore, "nor any man who wants to get married; so I infer that Cupid has not crossed your path."

"No," admitted the person in the corner. "I haven't met the youngster yet, and I don't believe I ever shall. I'm inclined to believe him a myth, anyway."

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure about it," advised the Baltimore passenger. "He's a pretty busy young person and sometimes he's a long while getting around, but sooner or later he nearly always arrives."

"I remember a case of that kind down in Maryland. It was a traveling man named Benton—just about your height and build, and prettily close, I imagine, to your age. Like you, also, he was inclined to doubt the existence of Cupid."

"Benton was coming in from his territory in West Virginia. As his train was pulling away from the station at Harper's Ferry, his eyes fell on a girl standing on the platform, and quick as a dash the deed was done. You never know when it comes, or how its coming, but you always recognize it when it does come."

"Benton didn't ask himself any questions. He got off the train at the other end of the long bridge, and walked back. The station agent told him the girl had bought a ticket for Cumberland, and had gone west on a train that was waiting when Benton's train passed. He was due at headquarters, but headquarters would have to wait. He had important business at Cumberland, and he climbed aboard the first west-bound train with his mind made up that, job or no job, he was going to find that girl. That's the way it will hit you yet, my friend."

The red-headed man smiled, and the passenger from Baltimore went on:

"It was two in the morning when Benton got to Cumberland, and the night force could tell him nothing. He went to bed but he didn't sleep. Soon after sunrise he was on the hunt, and after a time learned that she had transferred to another line with a ticket for Moscow Hills. A little mountain town not far from Cumberland."

"Benton was happy. He couldn't miss her, he thought, in Moscow Hills and he thought right. She was there. Her name was Rosa Lee, and she was the daughter of the cashier of a bank in the town. Benton managed to make her acquaintance without delay, spent two blissful days breathing the same air, and then hustled back to Baltimore."

"That was the beginning of a troublesome courtship. The girl had a dozen suitors, some of them with greater physical and financial attractions than Benton, but that didn't deter him. He was used to competition."

"Every time he got within striking distance of Cumberland or Piedmont he'd run over to Moscow Hills to see her. He had a good many days that way, but somehow or other he was selling more goods than he ever had, and the firm didn't kick. He was feeling like a new man. The sun shone brighter, the air tasted sweeter, his appetite was better—why shouldn't he sell more goods?"

"Yet he wasn't getting along very well with his suit. Something seemed to happen every time he got his mind fixed for the momentous question. Once he was out driving with her, and just as he'd got the conversation edged round in the right direction the horse took a notion to run and for the rest of the drive he had to be content to wait with the reins."

"Another time they were out walking and he was beginning to get sentimental when he stepped on a knot 'y end of a fallen limb and the other end flew up and hit him in the face. It made his nose bleed and his eye water, and no man can make love in that condition. That's the way I would go right along."

"Then one day the bank went broke and Rosa's father was put under arrest, charged with speculating with the bank's funds. Rosa's suitor 'windled down to two or three. Benton was one of the faithful. He stopped over at the Hills often, but he 'fore, and worked like a good fellow in the old man's behalf."

"Yet he never got an opportunity to tell her of his love, and she had never given him any indication of stronger feeling than friendship to ward him. That's the way matters stood when, after a long trial, Rosa was acquitted, and he and his daughter disappeared."

"Where they had gone nobody knew. Benton, who was just then in Baltimore, received a brief note from the girl, thanking him for his kindness. 'We are going away,' she said, 'going where no one will know us, and where we can begin life over again.'"

"Benton traced them to Pittsburgh but beyond that he could find no clue nor could the private detective agency he had put on the case."

"Two or three years afterward Benton accepted an offer from a big 'obbing house in Memphis. His new territory took in Northern Arkansas, Southern Missouri, and a part of Oklahoma. It is for the most part in a rough, mountainous country, much like that he had been accustomed to in West Virginia, and its people have much the same characteristics."

"He had travelled up and down over this territory for about three years, when on a stormy winter night his train pushed its way through the Southern Ozarks. Benton was in the sleeper, playing a game of solitaire

and a woman's hand was the stake. "He still loved the girl from Maryland, but he had given up all hope of ever seeing her again. Besides, he reasoned, she was, no doubt, married long before this. And over in Tennessee there was a rich and handsome widow who would make a mighty pleasant companion. Should he ask her or should he not? The game of solitaire was to decide."

There was a sudden grinding of wheels, a quick stop, and Benton was thrown forward, smashing the table and scattering the cards over the floor of the car. He picked himself out of the wreckage and joined the other passengers, who were running to the doors."

"The train was standing on a high embankment. The engine was within 25 feet of a bridge over a deep river, and the bridge was on fire. But for the sudden stop the train and all its load would have gone through the blazing timbers. That was in the days of wooden bridges, you understand."

"The engineer told the story. The bridge was approached by a curve which cut off the view, so that he could not have seen the fire until it was too late. He was thirty minutes behind and was trying to make up time when a woman waving a blazing torch suddenly appeared in the middle of the track on the other side of the curve. He had instantly reversed his engine and applied the brakes."

"But where was the woman? The engineer didn't know. She had stepped from the track just in time to escape the wheels and then, her duty done, had apparently gone her way."

"Boys," said Benton, taking off his hat and putting a bill into it, "what ever she is, we've got to find her and show our appreciation. D'own into your pockets now and come up right."

"They dug. In less than a minute a hat was overflowing with money and he was appointed chairman of a committee of all the passengers of the train to look for her."

"Down the track went the party, Benton and the engineer in the lead. 't was just about here that she flagged us," said the pilot, as he stopped and looked round. Down in the valley, half a mile distant, gleamed a light."

"That must be a house," says Benton, "let's go down there and inquire." "Down the steep hill they climbed, and trudged towards the light. Soon the outlines of a house could be discerned through the darkness. Across the front of the house was a broad verandah and a wide door gave entrance."

"Benton knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again, louder. Then the door flew open, and the ramed by the lamp light, stood Rosa Lee."

"Yes, sir," said the Baltimore passenger, as he paused. "Cupid is a queer little chap. He likes his joke but he nearly always squares them in the end. There was seventy-five or eighty people on that verandah, but she didn't see anybody but Benton."

"Somehow or other neither was surprised, and when he recognized the meaning of the glory that came into her face he dropped that hat full of money and without a word gathered her into his arms as a mother gathers her tired child. What's more he's still holding her."

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Much evidence has lately been adduced to show that gas is more useful than the electric light in promoting efficient ventilation of air. It is for this, amongst other reasons, that gas is being frequently substituted for the electric light. The latest example is, perhaps, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has recently installed gas on its premises, after experience with the electric light.—Dr. Jamieson B. Hurry.

He would merely add that no member who had experience of their meeting room under the old conditions could deny the improvement that had taken place since gas had been substituted for the electric light and the new system of heating and ventilation had been installed.—Dr. Reginald Dudgeon, before the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

I have in my mind's eye, at the moment, a hall which, in the old days, was lighted by gas, and in which a large audience could, with comfort, sit through an hour's lecture, or with leisure through a three hours' dinner, but which, with the march of civilization, had its illumination changed from gas to electricity, the latter being employed with all the latest refinements to effect the lighting under the best conditions, with the result that any large gathering within a walls leads to a state little short of apoplexy.—Vivian B. Lewis, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.—Nov. 3, 1913.

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