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Waneda.

By Flora MacDonald.

WAS she an Indian girl, with a trace of Italian or Spanish blood, or was she the daughter of an East Indian pundit, who had come to this country to teach Christians a better philosophy and had fallen in love with some squaw?

No matter. Waneda had the soul stuff of centuries behind those wonderful black eyes, and all the gloss and brilliancy and heat and cold of sunbeams and moon glints in the bundles of wavy black hair.

Where had she picked up the band of jingly coins which she wore on her head? No one ever saw Waneda without her coins.

Then the short skirt, with that broad band of Mexican embroidery in Persian colorings. What a mixture of design and shades, put together with a bold recklessness, and yet never an inharmonious note in her whole costume!

Beautiful, wonderful, inspiring Waneda—dreaming dreams or building castles or remembering—for, after all, are the dreams of our imagination only memories, or perhaps prophecies?

And what shall we say of him, of the first and only man who had ever quickened the pulse or dyed the dusky cheek of Waneda?

He was from a far-off city, had bid a wife and daughter an affectionate good-bye but a week before. He was civilized and scholarly, cold and calculating.

Even the laurel wreath which had rested lightly on his brow for almost a score of years had only convinced him that he was endowed with an intellect and wise enough to make use of it. He possibly knew that it was an advantage to be over six feet high, of magnificent physique and handsome face, but a student clever enough to see so much beyond that what he had accomplished did not appear much to him or make him conscious of his greatness.

He had wandered some five or six miles from the small Mexican town, and sat down on a fallen palmetto tree at the edge of a grove.

What difference where Waneda came from or who she was?

"Why, my beautiful princess, have the gods sent you to break the monotony of the dullest day of all my life?"

The lips smiled, the bright eyes flashed.

"Yes, I have come and you have come. A better seat is just inside the grove."

Without a word, he followed her and when they were seated.

"Tell me," she said, "why you came."

"I came to see you." And it did not sound like a lie.

"Tell me what I shall call you."

He laughed, and thought of Shakespeare's rose. Then he thought of his own important name, that looked so well in print, and then he told another lie that sounded like the truth.

"My name, dear girl, is Bill. Just call me Bill and what shall I call you?"

"I am Waneda, and I do wish you had a nicer name than Bill. It sounds so hard, and one has it quick."

"Quite true, Waneda. Yours is a name one can linger over, and, having finished saying it, repeat it over to listen again to its music—Waneda."

"If you are rested, we will walk."

"Just as you wish, little princess. Now tell me where you got your name, Waneda."

"I never got it; it was always mine. I grew up with me, and you were always mine, but you have been such a long time coming."

She placed her little, dark hand in his and silently they walked for many minutes.

What had he found? Was it possible that a little, dark, weird thing, however beautiful, could actually affect him?

Why, he was wise, and had such keen analytical ability. He had reasoned out this thing called love long ago. Yes, of course he loved his wife and daughter, but after all it was just one of the phases that went to make up the drama of life. Now—now as he walked he seemed to be intensely alive—fear—wonder—sublime ecstasy.

"Do you know, Waneda, that you have intoxicated me? Let us go back and sit down, that I may look into your beautiful eyes. And so you have been waiting for me, dear one. Now that I have come are you glad?"

Tears came into the wondrous dark eyes. She cuddled up close to his arm and leaned against him. A tired sigh blended with the words "So glad." He put his arm about the little crouching figure.

The sun had almost faded from the sky, and far above it the little new crescent could be seen in silvery pale gleam.

Her wavy black hair scintillated in the dying light. With his free hand he brushed it back from her forehead and lovingly stroked stray bunches of it. The only sound to break the stillness was when one coin jingled its metallic edge against another.

He wished that time had stopped and this could be the eternal now of life. This must be that sage thought of when they spoke of heaven.

Quick as lightning's flash, Waneda leaped from his arms, jumped upon the fallen tree and threw her arms about his neck.

"Now I must go, but you will come again to-morrow. Yes, each to-morrow you will come, and each night you will stay later, for the moon will grow. Then when it is round and full and all the stars are twinkling and laughing, then we will be married, you and I."

A little brown hand was on each side of the handsome, intellectual face. A moment she looked in his eyes. Her lips met his. He was about to clasp her in his arms, but she made a dart and disappeared among the tall palmettos.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" came the unromantic remark. He called himself a few fools, took off his hat, and started back to the clearing. Having crossed a railroad track on his way with Waneda, he decided to follow it back to town.

A train passed him when part way there. He was never more grateful for any happening in his life. The fiery headlights, the rumble and roar of the engine, all suited his mood. He could have yelled with delight, sworn with madness, cursed with disappointment, and when the sound of the train had died away in the distance he was beginning to analyze.

Back to himself.

pretty girl—true, a queer, wonderful little thing—and different.

When he reached his hotel, being thirty after his long tramp, he drank a glass of ale and retired.

No—not to sleep. Waneda had in one short hour become part of his very life. Of course he'd never see her again—madness to dream of it. And was he such a fool as to fall in love even with a weird, wondrous creature who talked so wildly about having waited for him?

Morning came, and he wandered aimlessly about the town. Would the afternoon never come?

Long before the sun began to fade "Bill" (and, of course, his name was not Bill) was on his way to the grove.

He wandered about for some time and then, not seeing Waneda, drifted in to their seat on the fallen palmetto tree.

The moon became visible. He was becoming impatient, anxious, almost fearful, when a light step and the jingle of coins told him he had not waited in vain. He sprang to his feet, and, like something wild, she leaped into his arms.

He kissed her passionately and then, putting her at arms' length, said: "Waneda, who are you, and what has thrown you across my path? I fear for what will come of it."

"Who am I? Just Waneda. You see me—what I am. Now, you are hard and cold. Surely you love me!"

"Yes, 'tis easy enough to love you, but . . ."

He said no more.

She was looking at him with those wondrous eyes, that seemed to know and live worlds of thought and reason.

He sat down and took the brown little thing in his arms.

She chatted away about birds and flowers, daylight and dawn-time and black nights, when so much more could be seen. Occasionally a little brown arm would slide about his neck. He thought of a diamond ring belonging to his daughter, that she had given him to have cleaned. He had neglected giving it back to her, and now took the tiny leather case from his pocket, opened it and handed it to Waneda.

The fading light reflected back the rainbow glints from the precious gem.

Waneda gave a cry of delight. "I will place it on your finger, small, wild girl."

She was about to allow him when suddenly she objected.

"No, loved one; not to-night. The moon must be full, and we must say the words."

"You are talking of the marriage dear, but this is not a wedding-ring. This is just to show you that I love you."

He slipped it on her finger and with pardonable pride watched her admire the seven-hued lights that caught the pretty stone.

She laughed a happy laugh. "This is the ring I have dreamed about."

She jumped upon the log, put her arms about his neck, kissed him quickly and violently, and disappeared as on the night before.

This time he said, "The devil!" But never in all his calm, reasonable life had such a cyclone of emotions surged through his being.

This night he slept, but only to dream of Waneda.

Night after night he was by the fallen palmetto, and as the moon grew large he was allowed to stay later.

She seemed so at his mercy, but he very confidently in him was her guardian angel. He had given up reasoning. He simply lived—satisfied to hold her hand if so he willed. Sometimes she would climb up and sit on his broad shoulder and he would make a footstool of his hands for her dainty little feet.

"Soon, dear heart, the moon will be full, and then we will be married."

"Who will marry us, Waneda?"

"Why, we will say the words and the Great God will hear, and the moon and the stars will be witnesses. Thus it will be written with our thoughts on the face of the heavens, man and wife."

"Then, Waneda, what will we do?"

"It will be nearly midnight, and we will walk up the track to the little station and you will take me away on the twelve o'clock train with you, and we will always be together."

As the night of the full moon approached he began again to analyze. Yes, he would marry her. If only the Great God were a witness, he could not be arrested for bigamy. He had a month's more holidays, and then he could explain how he would have to leave her for a time, but would come again. Yes, it was worth the risk—a month of love with her.

The night before the wedding came. What a night! The great, full moon flooding the earth with her soft mellow light!

How brilliant and beautiful Waneda looked! How delightfully entertaining she was! And how he adored her!

Willingly would he have sacrificed all he owned, or all the world owed him of honor or of fame for her.

As she kissed him good-night she whispered:

"I will come early to-morrow night, dear heart. And you can tell me all you would have me be to be worthy of the Words you will say. I will have to give up my coins and wear different frocks. But on moonlight nights I will put on my short dress and my jingling coins, and we'll live over again these glorious nights."

"Yes, Waneda, we'll live over again these wonderful nights."

He took her in his arms.

"Good God! 'His hard to part!'"

"But just till to-morrow night. Then we will part no more." And she went.

Long he sat, with his head in his hands. What had he reasoned out? He took out his watch. Just a half hour to midnight. He was ghastly pale, as with clenched fists he flew towards the track, but did not go toward the town. Hurriedly he rushed in the opposite direction to the little flag-station, explained that the midnight train must be stopped, telegraphed where to have his baggage sent, bought a ticket, boarded the midnight train—and, as he thought, saved Waneda.

The moon was full. Silver lights gleamed and glinted, reflected from leaf or bush or log. Myriad stars, dimmed slightly by the brilliant moonlight, twinkled and sparkled in "that inverted bowl we call the sky."

Waneda was first at the palmetto log. "He is late to-night, but I have been impatient."

Minutes passed—long anxious minutes.

The night so beautiful, but waiting so weary.

Not a sound. What could have kept him?

An hour dragged slowly along. Was this a longer night than ever night had been before?

Ten o'clock and he had changed to ten o'clock tears. Had all the universe changed still?

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Everybody cannot be rich because there is not money enough to go round, but everybody can have a good stomach. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will give it to them. Thousands of Canadians will tell you the same story that Edward Rousseau, of Bruce Mines, Ontario, relates. He says:

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Army Uniforms.

Red uniforms present the best marks for the enemy's shot, rifle green comes next, brown third, while Austrian bluish gray is found to be the least fatal.

A Rat With a Conscience.

In New Mexico there is a species of rat which nature has endowed with a conscience. It forages in pantries, as other rats do, taking what it can carry off, but always leaving behind a stick or pebble or piece of twig as if in payment.

DISLOCATED HER SHOULDER.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Ferguson Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep, which she had not done for several days. For sale by all druggists.

The Sea.

Although the sea covers three-fourths of the earth's surface it does not provide in the same proportion for man's wants. Only about 3 per cent of the people in the world gain their living directly from the sea.

Austria and Tobacco.

The Austrians spend over \$40,000,000 a year on tobacco.

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The peculiar cough which indicates croup, is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all druggists.

THE ENEMY.

Unskilled in Letters, and in Arts unworried; Ignorant of empire; bounded in their view By the loose blowing veldt, where they up grew.

And great alliances; as people named Apart—the far-sown seed of them that erst Met Alva's sword could tame; now blindly hurried Against the march of the majestic world.

They fight and die, with dauntless beams of cure. Crazy if you will; demented, not to yield Ere all be lost! And yet it seems to me They fought as nobles! Englishmen did use To fight, for freedom; and no Briton Who to such valor in a desperate field A knightly salutation can refuse.

—William Watson, "In Time of Estrangement."

Like a farmer, every chicken is interested in its own crop.



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Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence F. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared."

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S. F. GARDINER,
Manager.
Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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