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THE GREAT MOMENT

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

He had just asked her to marry him, but even when he took her in his arms and kissed her gently, as a brother might have done, Milly felt that she was being cheated of her birthright. For it is the sum and substance of every girl's life to love and to be loved, and Milly knew instinctively, as it is always given to girls to know, that while Dick Carter passively held her there in his arms he was thinking of Juanita Estes and of what a joy he would have experienced in possessing her. But Juanita had wantonly jilted him six months before.

Since the days when she was hailed by boisterous schoolmates as "Freckle Face" because of the fine dusting of brown flecks across the bridge of her pretty nose, Milly had loved Dick, and because of that love of ten years' growth she had felt a comforting sense of possibility when she heard the welcome news of his jilting by the proud, cold beauty, Juanita. With no compunction of conscience, Milly had set herself the happy task of comforting him and now he had asked her to marry him, but Milly did not feel the wild elation of heart and spirit that she had so hopefully anticipated. After all, she reflected, as she stood there, her cheek resting lightly against his regularly beating heart, she had gambled with the odds against her and she had won him, but she had lost the thrill of that great moment in every girl's life when the heat of a man's passion kindles the fire of her own. Suddenly she remembered old Grandma Winston's eagerly proffered advice, "Two people never love each other in the same degree. It's safer to marry a man who loves you better than you love him."

"You are going to marry me, Milly, dear, aren't you?" questioned Dick in that rich, throaty voice of his to which the cords of her heart had always responded like the strings of a musical instrument to the hands of a master.

"Oh, yes, Dick, you know that I will. I have always loved you," she answered without a moment's hesitation. Then she was hurt, humiliated over her confession, for Dick had not said that he loved her. He had merely told her that she was the very finest girl he knew and that it would make him very happy indeed if she would marry him.

But he held her a little closer at that and a flush crept over his face. "I don't deserve you, Milly," he said thickly, "but I am going to try mighty hard to make you happy."

And Milly, with age-old wisdom, out of the mother heart of every woman who loves truly and is therefore forgetful of self, slipped her arms around his shoulders in utter abandonment of pride to help him through what she felt was a trying situation. He was giving her the best that he could offer. Fate had cheated him just as it was cheating her, and more than anything else in the world, she wanted her love for him to help him, to comfort him, to make him forget the girl who had held the priceless boon of his love so lightly.

"What kind of a ring do you want, dear?" he asked then. "I want you to have it before the dance tomorrow night, if," he smiled down at her whimsically, "if you will do me the honor to wear it then."

"I'll love to wear it, Dick. I want a solitaire, if that suits you. A gold band, but the stone mounted in platinum," she answered directly.

"You're so sensible, Milly. You're going to make me a wonderful wife." She knew why he wanted her to have the ring before the next night. Juanita would be there, home from a six-months' visit in New York, where she had promptly taken herself after jilting Dick.

Milly had always been much more economical than she really needed to be, and when her mother chided her about her lack of interest in new clothes, the girl had always told her that she was going to be an old maid and that her parents would have to support her as long as she lived. It was not like having a daughter who would soon be married and off their hands for life, she said.

Her mother, of course, was thrilled over her engagement. She was beginning to fear that Milly would indeed be an old maid, which state of affairs invariably seems to hurt the mother more than the daughter. It is a sort of shock to their own pride to feel that they have produced something which no man wants. Milly's mother was delighted when, the next morning at breakfast, the girl expressed a desire for a new evening dress. "Something nice, math-

er, and a hat. No homely girl can dress up as suddenly appear to be a ravishing beauty, but fine feathers make fine birds, and a masseuse, hairdresser and really gifted buyer for a ready-to-wear shop certainly did do wonders to Milly on that momentous day. Dick actually blinked his eyes a bit as he stood at the foot of the stairway and watched her walk slowly down. She wore an apple-green tulle dress with a long floating veil caught at the shoulders and worn like a court train. Her yellow hair was held high on her head by a man-shaped Spanish comb, and a string of lustrous pearls circled her slim throat. Dick folded the heavy green velvet wrap with its short cape of ermine around her and then caught her close to him with arms that trembled a little. Happiness lighted her eyes and curved her smiling lips.

"You're beautiful, Milly," he said, and then added, unsteadily, "and you're mine. You make me think of spring, eternal spring, and apple trees in bloom."

She had made a good beginning, Milly thought, as he slipped his arm back of her in the automobile and bending toward her, whispered, "Let's go home a little early. I'd like you all to myself for a while."

But her period of happiness was doomed to be short. Juanita was already in the bathroom, regal, superb in sheathlike white satin, and from the time Dick entered the room everybody there was instantly aware of the astonishing fact that Juanita had evidently changed her mind again and that she not only openly wanted Dick, but that she had also decided to take him. That it would not be an effortless task was a foregone conclusion, for everybody knew that Dick had adored her and that he had been crushed when she had jilted him.

Milly was instantly surrounded, for men naturally gravitate toward beauty as flowers grow toward the sun, but she was not so entirely surrounded that she did not hear Juanita's soft voice murmur to Dick: "Dick, dear, I've missed you terribly. See, I've saved half of my dances for you."

In the ear turned a little toward the two Milly heard Dick say: "Well, you're mighty kind, but I'm fully up, all but one," and Dick's voice was reassuringly steady. There was not a hint of regret in it.

Even when the news of their engagement spread like a little running forest fire in the dead leaves of small talk, Juanita still angled for Dick. Milly's heart under the soft green tulle was as heavy as lead. She was just a dog in the manger. She could never make Dick happy, and she was keeping him from Juanita, who could crown his life with joy. Behind some palms that screened them from the ballroom where they were sitting out a dance, Milly turned to Dick and, stripping off her shining new engagement ring, said heroically: "Dick, you've always loved Juanita. I want you to be happy. Nothing else matters to me."

She was wholly unprepared for what followed, for Dick seized her in arms that appeared to have been hungering for her for untold ages. He kissed her with a passion that kindled the fire of her own. His heart pounded like the heavy waves of an angry sea. "Oh, Milly, girl," he said brokenly, "I love you more than I ever loved anybody before. I never dreamed that there could be a girl in the world for me like you, so beautiful, so sweet, so unselfish. I think that I have been in love with you ever since I called you 'Freckle Face.' Remember, sweetheart? I feel a blissful contentment with you that I never before experienced. You're my girl. You're going to be my own dear little wife. When, Milly, dear? Don't put me off! I found out today that I could buy the Henderson place, way up there on the hill, if you like it, dear. Home there—with you waiting for me—When, Milly? I love you so. When?"

He was not to be denied. "Soon, Dick, if you really want me," she said happily, but there were tears in her eyes when he leaned down to kiss the sparkling ring on her finger and the little pink palm that fluttered in his hand like a homing bird.

Life had not cheated them out of the thrill of their great moment after all.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh.

On and after January 1, 1921, newspapers and periodicals posted in Canada by newsdealers and addressed to subscribers or to other newsmen, will be liable to postage at the rate of two cents per pound.

Count Magri, the second husband of Mrs. Tom Thumb, the famous dwarf, died last week in Middleboro, Mass. He was 37 inches tall and weighed 55 pounds.

Read the Guide-Advocate "Wants."

IS "SPRINTER" AMONG BIRDS

Australian Emu Unable to Fly but Gets Over the Ground With Remarkable Speed.

"The emu is a large bird, half the size of an ostrich," says Lee S. Crandall, curator of birds in the New York zoological park, writing of "The Troubles of Father Emu" in Boys' Life. "It is found only in Australia, where there is also a closely related bird—the cassowary. The wings are rudimentary, so that the bird is unable to fly. But it does not suffer from this lack, for its strong legs enable it to run with great speed and agility. In fact, the emu is hard to catch and a dangerous opponent when cornered, for it is as elusive as an eel and can kick with tremendous force. When engaged in combat it leaps high in the air, and launches a triphammer blow strong enough to send a heavy man head over heels.

"The feathers are loose and hair-like, with much the same consistency as dried seaweed. Each feather appears to be double, for the after shaft, a small feather which accompanies the main feather in some birds, here reaches an unusual size. In spite of its apparent inefficiency, however, the plumage is quite waterproof, and the emu can endure almost unlimited amounts of rain, snow and cold without discomfort.

"The voice of the emu is a resonant boom. In the male it is a rapid, comparatively light tattoo. The female possesses a large air sac, which hangs down below the chest, and with this she makes, at short intervals, a sound like the steady beating of a drum. These notes, with variations, are used for all vocal purposes, including courtship. In the emu, advanced creature that it is, the female makes the advance and it is then that her ventriloquial throbs are heard at their best."

Cremation Robes of Asbestos.
The first known use of asbestos was in the manufacture of cremation robes for the ancient Romans.

SEND IN THE NEWS
The Guide-Advocate would appreciate it as well as all our readers if subscribers would inform us regularly of all items of interest in their locality or community. However, please do not send anything of an advertising nature, such as entertainment notices, etc., unless payment is made therefor.

ZUNI INDIANS FLEET-FOOTED
Remarkable Racing Tournament in Which Runners Usually Defeat Mounted Competitors.

The Zuni Indians of Northwestern New Mexico occasionally hold a racing tournament in which a number of the fleetest runners of the tribe contest for prizes to be given those who first complete on foot a circuit fully 25 miles in length, after a week of severe preparatory practice. The contestants are compelled to kick a small stick the entire distance of the race. Sometimes they bare the right foot and grasp the stick between their toes so that in taking a step they can fling it a surprising distance in front of them as they run.

The rule of the race is that this stick is never to be touched by any part of the body other than the foot. The contestants may get into severe difficulties when the nomadic piece of wood happens to fall into the midst of one of the large thorny clumps of cacti which abounds in that country, or if the river has to be crossed in the race. So extraordinary are the endurance and speed of these runners that they often cover the entire 25 miles in a little more than two hours. Sometimes Indians mounted on swift ponies enter the race against the foot runners. At the end of ten miles the horses begin to show signs of fatigue, and when 15 or 20 miles have been traveled they have often to be withdrawn from the race. The foot runners are almost always able to win the race over their mounted competitors, and seem to suffer no serious effects from the great muscular strain to which they have been subjected.

Annoying Both Ways.
Miss Elsie De Wolfe said at the club:

"Servants—and not necessarily good servants—now get \$15 a week, and at that they are hard to find.

"A young girl about to marry said to a middle-aged matron the other day: "I suppose housekeeping has its annoyances?"

"It certainly has!" the matron answered. "You've either got a servant or you haven't."

Its Natural End.
There is one occupation which no matter how well a man succeeds in it is bound in the end to go down hill.

"What's that?"
"Mountain climbing."

What are Peps

Peps provide a new treatment for coughs, colds and lung troubles. They are little tablets made up from Pine extracts and medicinal essences. When put into the mouth, these medicinal ingredients turn into healing vapors, which are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes. The Peps treatment is direct. Swallowing cough mixtures into the stomach, to cure ailments and disorders in throat and lungs, is indirect. Peps are revolutionizing the treatment of colds and their price is within the reach of all. All dealers, 50c. box. Send 1c. stamp for FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.

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D. A. MCLACHLAN, Principal.

A serious accident happened on Thursday afternoon at a silo filling Plympton. Joseph Scott was on his on the farm of Gordon Campbell, way from the engine to the cutting box when the belt broke, wipping him up in it and carried him twice around the flywheel before the engine could be stopped. One shoulder and wrist were broken and a severe cut on his head and leg.

Nature's Mirror



When a woman is well and healthy—there's a sparkle in her eyes, a roe tint in her cheeks, and she has rich red blood. After taking Nature's Tonic which Dr. Pierce called "Favorite Prescription," there's elasticity in every movement and a spring in her step. Love comes to every woman who has bounding health—but when she is pallid, dull eyed, languid, she has no magnetism nor does she appeal to any man.

SAVED A LIFE
Elmira, Ont.:—"I have a very kind feeling for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for it once saved my mother's life. When going through middle age her health failed very fast, she suffered with pain in her head and backache, in fact, she had pains all through her body. She lost weight, was very nervous, would become dizzy and at times faint and fall wherever she chanced to be. This necessitated our watching her all the time, we dared not leave her alone. She was as miserable as one could be and live. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was recommended to her. She took six bottles and was completely restored to good health."—MRS. B. E. UPTON, GROVE, Box 223.