DAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910

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OOD'S WAY SYRUP Without Am

coughs, All Affections nd LUNGS.

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THE MIST.

W

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A dull misty, lowering day, especially if it comes in the long slant of winter, when the soul is alread, a-weary with the drear of the lingering, whitened death of the year, gering, whitened death of the year, is one of the things which takes the heart out of life. It is much the same whether one can see the outer aspect of sky and earth with the eyes of the body or not. The sense of blankness, of hope dead, of desolation, is a matter of the soul, rather than of the physical sight. Father Marvin was having this borne in upon him this morning a little more than its usual weight. borne in upon him this morning a little more than its usual weight. A library, with two full windows facing respectively north and east and sweeping a half circle of lovely country, should, beyond doubt be a a pleasant room. Let it then have a cheery rug or two, four or five green-leathered chairs, with a Mis-sion table, as a sort of crown piece; and let the books lining the walls on the two clear sides and stacked up between the windows be, every one of them, old and trusted friends.

W

W

of them, old and trusted friends. This, surely, is a place where one might defy the dreariest day. When however, that library comes to mark the confines of one's daily life through long months, which have nothing at the end of them; when a book, no matter now long-standing a friend it may be, comes to be known from its fellows only by the nown from its fellows only by the shape and feeling of its back. snape and teering of its back; when every friendly looking chair becomes a stumbling-block of sorry humiliation; add to these the mist, sweeping indefinably in from outside, with its clammy suggestion of ghost-wraiths; and the library may not be altogrether a place of ion Months had followed each other in

Months had followed each other in gray, serseless succession, since that midnight when the last hope of seeing a light of this earth had left him. His books had stayed with him more steadfastly than any other thing. But this morning, whether it was the mist, or merely the telling of the long confinement, he had been pressed by the fear that he was losing his hold on them, too. With a diffident, fevered touch, he was going over the lines of them, fingering the lettering and the trace. fingering the lettering and the trac-ings on the back of each. The dread would crowd strong upon him as he ould come upon one, now and then that was non-committal, in smoothness of its back, and he would be forced to take it down and try the paper for marks of memory. Even that would fail with some, and he would be forced to go back in humiliation and count the books in the line. This, though, was not the worst, for often, as he opened a book, and a well-used, softened page would bring the passage into mind, he would find himself stumbling over places where always before they would swing clear and true to his memory. Probably he knew that it was only his nervous consciousness of himself that made his mind waver. But the knowledge did not seem to help much. Moving along the middle row, his fingers came upon the old school copy of Faber's Here surely was a to of friendliness. Fingering, with the delicate sensitized touch of the dark, he turned the pages to the lines headed "The Thought of God." smoothly the lines came through his mind, in a clear, steady flow:

'Tis like that soft invading light Which in all darkness shines—shines—darkness shines—"

Suddenly the verse broke off, and Suddenly the verse broke off, and his memory went trailing off after stray threads, only to be brought back by a dead sense of loss and defeat. Not only did these lines seem to be slipping from him, but more than all, the sureness of the fine memory which had kept these months full, was gone. months full, was gone.

"brr-brr" of The insistent the door-bell brought the reality of things back to him, and he wonder-ed why it was not being answered. Finally the hope of adventure led him to make his way along the hall

library table.
"Well, whenever you are ready,
of course?" Father Marvin ventured.

"Naturally; to tell me what brought you out this morning."

"Oh, it wasn't much—that is—cer-"Naturally; to tell me

tainly. I just came out to see how "I am still waiting."
"Well, then, I just wanted to ask

a question."
"You might have 'phoned,

'Oh, it isn't that kind of a question. I'd have to see you you were answering it."
"I think I know the kind."
"Now, if you're going to funny things, I'm sorry I came."

'Please go on, Betty; I'm all reverent attention."

a fellow be engaged to two men at

'Two-!'' Father Marvin groaned. The last time he had seen Bet-ty she had been in a blue frock; tak-ing ship to a Paris convent. "Please, Parrain, it's worse than

"Pardon me, girlie, I wasn't laughing, really. Maybe, if you'd tell

"That's what I'm going to do. But it isn't so easy as I thought it would be."

"Where did it begin? Perhaps it

"Oh, it began with Frank Stanton, a long time ago. But he isn't the trouble. He's— Let me begin my own way. I had it all said over; on the train; but I guess I've

over, on the truth, our I guess I ve forgotten how it went.

"You see, Frank has always been at hand. I can't remember a time when I didn't know him and fight with him. You know, when I little, after poor mamma was g his mother used to take me to country with them. We got You know, when I was gaged.

see; propinquity, and so forth. Would it be any harm to ask how old you were?"
"I was ten, and he was eleven nast."

'Um- Romantic age! How did

it happen?"
"I hit him with a piece of plank."
"Rather a crude method, don't
you think? But, of course, youth is
inclined to blurtness. Was there no other way to get him to pro-

"You're irreverent. We were climbing trees, and there was one that I tried and tried on, and could not get up. Then he came over from his tree and climbed mine right before me. I was furious at him, and bit my lips to keep back the But when he came down and politely offered to give me a boost up, it was the last straw. I grah-bed the nearest thing, a good-sized piece of lumber, and struck him over the head with all my might., He turned white, and looked queerly at me for a moment; then he made of rush and caught me and kissed in till I cried. And—that was how.

"That has been the way always, since. Oh, I don't mean literally that way. He does not dare now, of course. But always I have teased him and hurt him, and always stands it to a certain point, and when I have been unusually mean I see that look coming into his eyes and I temporize."

"Maybe if he'd wear that look all the time," Father Marvin was ready

with the suggestion.

"And that is just Frank always. He is so sure. No matter what, or how, he will always do the right thing at the moment it should be done. He is ever so terribly right that he tantalizes me-sometimes. You know, I would rather do the wrong thing at the right time and then make it up."

"Yes, but then not many people have your way of making up. And

things back to him, and he wondered why it was not being answered. Finally the hope of adventure hed him to make his way along the hall to the door himself. There were so many possibilities in the ringing of the door-bell, to one in the dark.

"And this is the welcome I get, Parrain, when I've come out all the way from the city on this awful day to see you? Why, I've nearly pulled the door bell out of place, trying to waken some one in this old house of yours."

It was Betty, Father Marvin's niece, who, in addition to ruling the life and establishment of her father in town, was accustomed to make occasional descents upon the rectory and disturb in general the tenor of ways there.

"Sorry, Betty, but I guess no one else heard the bell, and you know I am not the regular attendant. Tell me, though, what whisperer told you that I needed you this morning above all other mornings?"

"Well, maybe you can find something to soold me about. That helps, doesn't it?"

"Immensely. You came without your rubbers, of course."

"No, honest, Parrain, I kloked them off outside your door, when I was waiting to be let in."

"Sure it wasn't in the train." This in triumph.

"That sounds—convincing, but let it pass. I can lend you mine when you're going home, anyway."

Her silent scorn of this proposal was sufficient to seat them both quietly, each in a confertable green.

just free from my books. I was furious—and, Parrain . . I know it was wrong, I just set myself to be nice to him."

"He would have had more chance nder the 'plank' method, I would Y." Father Marvin semed to weigh the odds, for and against the

"Truly, honest, Parrain, I didn't do anything to attract him. But he has such a way of looking at you, and seeming to be putting things around you, and sepayou, and seeming to be putting things around you, and separating you from everybody else, and forcing you to think that there is nothing between you and him. The second day out he spent most of the time with me on deck, and Isabelle discovered suddenly that she was 'a poor sailor.' She passed the remainder of the voyage in her stateroom. "Marsh was the best company. I

"Marsh was the best company I ver saw. It was not so much e said, though he did talk brilli he said, though he did talk primant-ly; it was more the way he had of understanding, of meeting your thought half way. He seemed to be back of your mind, prompting and bringing out your best things, and then turning them over for you was then turning them over for you until you were really surprised to see how good they were.

"That wasn't all, though. The "That wasn't all, though. The third night on board I had just gotten to my stateroom, after an evening on deck with Marsh, when Mrs. Trainer came in to talk to me, in a motherly sort of way. She didn't say that, of course, but it was easy to see that something was coming. to see that something was coming. She was solicitous in a brooding, clucking manner, and wondered if it was good to sit so late in the spray. Before I knew how she got to it she was talking the she was talking the same than th Before I knew how she got to it she was talking of Marsh. He was such a charming man. He must be wonderful to a little girl like me, who had not yet met men of his world yet. I agreed indifferently, that he made good company, for a iresome voyage. Even that did not seem to be enough, though, for her conscience. She remembered that I was at least a half-orphan. She wondered if any one had ever told me anything about Marsh. I replied quietly that there was hardly any need for that first the constant of the constant o eed for that, since I had met him with her party. Oh, of course, she had not meant anything of that sort. How could I have understood her that way? Indeed, Mr. Marsh was really the most desirable sort of

really the most desirable sort of man, iamily position, talent, money—she charted it like a charm. That wasn't what she had meart at all. Well, in fact, it was a little difficult to say just what she did mean. I ought, though, to keep in mind that he was a good dear older than I. At this I was innocently puzzled, confessed that I did not quite follow her, and would she please be more explicit? It should seem that his age would make him all the more his age would make him all the more a proper person to talk to. I was careful to insist that I was always

been taught to respect age.

"Somehow, I guess she thought that I was getting the best of it, and she came out with what she really had to say. The sum of it was that Marsh was a man whom women generally liked, and that this had made him a little bit too ready to try his success in various ters. Especially, and here was her sting, he liked to try his charm of manner on naive young girls. There sting, he had been fumors of his engagement manner on naive young girls. There had been fumors of his engagement many times, but they had invariably proven premature. Even there was something between him and Isabelle. Of course, she could not say that there was anything de-finite. But I would understand how unfortunate it would be for me, my very first season, and so forth, she drifted off into vagueness. . . . But that was the implication: that he was amusing himself with my newness. Also, which was the real trouble, that I was interfering with certain plans of her own for Isabelle. I thanked her as prettily as I knew how, for her kindly interest, and promised that I would remember—above all things, I would remember. I did remember. Before we saw Sandy Hook he had proposed, and made ne secret of it And

ed, and made no secret of it. had been accepted.

'Please don't jibe, Parrain. will cry in earnest. I couldn't help it, honest, Parrain. I had my revenge on him, and Mrs. Trainer. But it was too big for me. He fairly swept me off my feet. He was so subtle and so perfect in his understanding of things. standing of things. I never know to face him, or to turn him back from any direction that things had taken."

"The soft-wood method was the more-satisfactory, after all," Fa-ther Marvin moralized reminiscent-ly. The interruption merely gave a rest pause.

"Frank was at the dock waiting for me, and the sight of his face fitting into the old restful things that I knew meant home and every-thing that I really cared for made me hurry off with him, almost without a word to Marsh. We left him standing on the dock, looking as though he wanted to follow us and demand explanations. Frank asked who he was, and I told him that he was some one I met with the Train ers. I was so frightened that could't say anything else.

'The next week he came over to "The next week he came over to Philadelphia, and he was just fine —Marsh, I mean. Didn't remember about the dock at all; took every-thirg for granted. By the time we had talked for an hour he got—to the point where he was insisting upon making the engagement and I had to beg. Parrain, beg for just a little more time. I had to tell Daddy then. He wanted to be angry at first; but then I cried, and got sensible and said they were he got sensite and said they both nirnies, or worse, to be thering his little girl. That sweet of daddy, wasn't it? Budidn't help much, for he didn't derstand, you know."

"And I am, ther, thought to be earned in these matters?"
"Yes, you will know, Parrain, You

always know

"Would it be any breach of trust then, to ask what I am expected to know in this case?"
"Why, don't you see, Parrain, I've fessed, and you are to tell me what I will do.'

"What you will do! That's a little too much, Betty, for any man has to come to that, doesn't it?"
"It does come to that, girlie, somewhere, always."

"Then, what is it, Parrain, dear?
I'll do it, truly."
"Betty—"

'Yes, Parrain?"

"I. can't get that plank out of my mind. Suppose you were to hit Marsh with it?"
"Wait. Parrain—let me see what you mean. Oh, yes; I think I see. If I were to be just myself to him, in my new your real to held to h in my every-day faults. trums, sometimes. Is that it, Per-

'It has to be that in the end,

'And would he make me be good And would be make me be good as Frank does? No, he'd be stand-offish, and he'd wonder at me, and I'd go away and pout alone. You're right, Parrain. I'll go straight, home and write to Marsh, while I

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Yours sincerely,
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vou, Betty?"

"You will tell him-about Marsh,

Must I, Parrain-would he understand?' 'He will have to try, like the

rest of his bewildered sex."

Yes, I guess so. There couldn't be any other right way, could there? One has to pay, somehow. And then," brightening, "it won't be quite so bad, after all. If he doesn't understand at once, I can make it sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so be a sound so bad and horrible that he'll so bad so bad and horrible that he'll so bad so bad and horrible that he'll so bad s get angry, and then—and then—it will be all right."

"Must you go so soon, Betty? I was hoping you could stay all day."
"Must, must, Parrain. But I'm coming out another day, to bring daddy. And—"
"What is it, girlie?"
"And nicesee Parrain.

"What is it, girlie?"
"And, please, Parrain, some time when you're near to God, say a word for wicked Betty. No, don't come all the way to the door. You just want to make a fuss about those old rubbers. I'm sure that's it. Well, I know I did leave them there. Some one must have taken them. Why if they work! there. Some one must have taken them. Why, if they aren't on my feet, and they've been there all the time! Why didn't you make me take them off in the house? Goodbye. And see, Parrain, the mist has cleared!"

And when her step had died away And when her step had died away he went straight up to the row of books, and, taking the one with which he had stopped, he fingered gently for the page. Swiftly, surely the good lines ran through his mind now:

"Tis like that soft invading light, That through all darkness shines, The thread that through life's somber web

In golden pattern twines."

—Richard Aumerle, in Benziger's Magazine

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED.

"The stupid reporter who called to see me wrote me up as a peerless beauty," sobbed the heiress and so-

ciety belle. ## "Isn't that flattering?" asked the

right. Parrain. I'll go straight home and write to Marsh, while I have the courage. A nice, kind letter—the poor man."

"You are not forgetting Frank, are "Isn't that Hattering?" asked the chum. "Flattering! When every other girl in our get has married or is engaged to a foreign nobleman?"—Philadelphia Times.

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