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THE TOILER

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By ISOLA L. FORRESTER

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Why—ah! perhaps you do not believe me, but I have money, dearest. It will be yours—yours and—mine. June.

"And we will be married, monsieur," she whispered. "For a moment he did not answer. A dark flush stained his cheeks, spread quickly to his neck and ears as he brought her sparkling orbs to his.

"Ahem!" It was a very loud cough, and it came from the gallery of masks. "Your father," whispered Nugent, dropping her hand and staggering a little on the polished floor.

"Monsieur Vernon," he said, playfully enunciating her name, "you said monsieur might come tonight, and he is here. Where is more here? I want to see him. Tonight? Yes, tonight. I want him June. When he says 'Oh!'

"How much?" persisted Hammond. "Monsieur, monsieur, eat is not for sale. No, no! Eat is a real false face," gulped the muffled voice against his breast.

"In Fex, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light veranda running round it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open out into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis-work.

"Ah, mon pere," she breathed, smiling up into his face, "surely you are early, mine. M. Nugent, he will not come until 4, and I give him one hour. M. Hammond, he will come at 8, and."

"June," he began, very tenderly. "Oh, M. Nugent!" she responded, with a swift upward glance, and went on retouching the royal bluebeard.

"June," he murmured, and his voice thrilled and trembled, "you know that what I want is priceless. I cannot buy it. No man can ever buy it. June, I want love, your love, my June, and, throwing discretion to the winds, he came perilously near the table.

"We can't do a blessed thing," cried Daisy hopelessly. "Something broke when that last bump came, and we may be here in the road for hours before help comes, and I expect to see papa whizz around the corner any minute. It's dreadful!"

"Don't cry, sweetheart," said Ralph, added Mrs. Lambert merrily, "and then what a moist, forlorn little bride you'll be. Stop getting her, Ralph, and talk sense. Can't you fix it?"

"Isn't it lovely?" she said. "Daisy, sit up and look at your wedding day. I see a little white spire over the top of those hazel bushes, Ralph."

"Several" laughed Mrs. Lambert, "but selfishly. One is never an angel until one is a guardian angel. An impersonal angel is not recognized, I have found. If you should happen to run across a village blacksmith and can think of earthly things you might tell him there is work for him on the pike."

"The intensity of sound is, of course, by no means so great behind a screen as in front of it, and every one carries with him the screen of his own head, which may prevent a particular sound from being heard so well by one ear as by the other. If, then, the head is turned until this inequality disappears, and both ears hear equally well, we know that we must be directly facing or turned from the source of sound, and our previous rough idea of its whereabouts generally prompts us to face it.

"When linen is translucent. The whiteness and opacity of dry linen, as of writing paper, are due mainly to the fact of repeated reflexions at the surface, so that the light is wasted in these reverberations before it can reach the eye.

"The Logician Waitress. At a London restaurant the other day a middle aged woman entered the place and, taking a seat at one of the tables, carefully scrutinized the bill of fare. She concluded to try some ice cream pudding. After it had been served she looked it over carefully and, calling the waitress back, said: "Do you call this ice cream pudding?"

"Right over there, Judge," she said sweetly. "And Ralph is with her. They have gone to be married." "There was a dead silence except for the clear, sweet song of a bluebird hidden somewhere among the blossoms. Mrs. Lambert stole a look at the judge. He was staring down the narrow vista of the pike. There was the same clear cut, purposeful profile and thick, wavy hair that had belonged to Jack Norton. The years had only added silver to the hair and strength to the profile—the

turned his head, and their eyes met. Some electric spark of thought suddenly, long dead, seemed to flash to life. The color slowly rose in Mrs. Lambert's cheek. The judge's voice was almost gentle when he spoke at last. "Is it quite fair to me? She is all I have, Ruth."

"But she loves him so," Mrs. Lambert leaned forward eagerly, with tender, pleading eyes. "Ralph is a good boy. You don't know how they love each other."

"Perhaps if I had possessed a little of those qualities years ago I might have met with his success." She smiled down at him through eyes that sparkled with tears. "Perhaps you might have, Jack."

"Am I too late, Ruth?" he said gently. "May we not seek the white spire yet?" When Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carewe came across tides they found the chauffeur alone.

"Where is papa?" asked Daisy. And there was no fear in her voice, only joy and pride and new-fledged dignity. "Mrs. Lambert and he have gone on down the pike together," said the chauffeur. "They left word to you to take this auto and go where you pleased, but not to follow them."

"The bride pair looked in each other's eyes and smiled. "Let's go home," said Daisy. "And when the judge and his wife came by an hour later only the crushed flowers and scattered dust bore witness to what had been, but among the blossoms somewhere the bluebird was still stinging to its brooding mate.

"The machine is the invention of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, the millionaire the original man of New York, and is capable of turning out, with the assistance of twelve girls, 10,000 cigars per day. At present the average output of twelve cigar-makers is about 3,000 per day. Mr. Hammerstein has refused an offer of \$1,000,000 for the machine patent, and values it at more than \$5,000,000. Being an old cigar-maker himself, he has worked upon the idea for years and in New York City he runs a small factory from one room to another to work out and perfect the machine and find that it is a realizable commercial degree of usefulness, in fact, to the public, that the machine will do.

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know nothing beyond a mention of the name of Myrtle's letters. He was doing well, but she would not make any further inquiries, as he

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