

THE WHIRL AND THE GIRL

BY STANLEY R. OSBORN

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"THAT reminds me," said Cruller, "of the big storm at Catalpa; unquestionably the most popular storm I ever did see. Catalpa mothers used to say to little John: 'Be a good boy, son, and see what Santa Claus'll bring you.' Now they say: 'Be a good boy, son, and see what the cyclone'll bring you.'"

"At the very moment it struck the Rev. Arthur Arlington was saying: 'My dear Cruller, show me a cord of wood, show me a ton of coal (outer air already full of wood and coal)! Show me a freholder who is not wavering between the pocket-book and his beautiful shade trees; a renter who is not burning cellar steps and pantry shelves (freholders and renters in sight, obviously doing nothing of the sort)! Then look at old Herman,' thundered the Rev. Arthur; 'Herman, sitting there on his big haunches of fuel and saying with worldly grin: 'Bore for natural gas, boys, if you don't like my price. You ought to thought of this before you began calling me names. I may be flying in the face of Providence. I dare say I am, but I'm going to have all the fun I can out of this here kindling corner.'"

"My second friend got no further than these remarks, for at this the cyclone jerked the blind aside and shook its finger at him. 'I beg your pardon, doctor,' said I, but—"

"My dear Cruller, don't say a word," cried the good man; "don't say a word. Run for the cellar. I will fetch Elizabeth's canary!"

"Never in all my life had I imagined that a personage could behave in so unseemly a manner. It was positively ludicrous. First it snapped me off the bottom step as roughly as a trolley car, and the two upper windows peered down at me over the all with a contemptuous sweep of their green blinds. Then it bombarded me with a bit of chimney and a cast iron pump, wiggled the cellar stairs in a flippant, and bounded into the air a quarter mile, where, like a daylight fireworks bomb, it exploded into kindling, and out leaped the Rev. Arthur Arlington and began to soar and swoop like a hawk."

"I was proud of my friend. I never saw a man make a better appearance under the same, that is, over the same circumstances. He was dressed for the De Soto wedding, and wore his high hat and his white cravat, and his gloves and his vest and his long black coat. In one hand he still held his book and in the other he held a bird cage. Behind his back the long coat tails were signalling frantically for help, but, whether he was looping the loops or shooting the shoots or spinning on his head, he continued to wear the high hat with considerable dignity."

"The air was growing hazy with real and personal property, and I saw that my friend would soon be able to descend from his perilous position by stepping from one flying object to another. But the Rev. Arthur Arlington needed a fine, fine, fine about as much as a eel. For a man of his age and sedentary habits his performance was simply wonderful. Santos Dumont would have been a mere child. It was a pleasure to watch him dive into a flock of hurtling timbers or float leisurely across the point of some lunging missile. He imitated the surf riders, standing on a barn floor, and even improved their trick of capsize, so as to ride feet up, like the human fly. It was wonderfully interesting work."

"In that pure upper air, at least, it would appear that the ministry might escape for a moment from the efforts of the world to place it in a false light. But no! In eluding a section of chicken wire fencing that was bound to play a boss constrictor, the Rev. Arthur flew close to a girl whom I recognized as a waitress at the Mechanics' Hotel. This girl, though my friend did not know her in the least, threw her arms around him in the most demonstrative manner and forced him into a sort of waltz step with an extremely long glide. I was wild at such a thing, in sight of the whole town, too, but the good man only freed himself with gentle firmness and avoided further attention by diving through a hoppedale."

"A young man that I had not before seen now began a determined but hopeless effort to reach the doctor. He would pause to wave his arms and legs about in the most frantic way, and then would resume his wild flight. But he always appeared to swoop when my friend soared, and when he might have closed in on the level, he indulged in quite unaccountable antics. Once I thought he would win, but he stumbled over a big red wheelbarrow that flew in between them, and before he could get clear the doctor had hid in a hay stack and blown away. I could only imagine that the young man wished to arrange for his funeral service before he had been killed."

"I never dreamed that my friend would win his way back to the cellar, but he was a regular pigeon for homing instinct. I did not see him circling down—I had half a brick in my eye at such a thing, in sight of the whole town, too, but the good man was pleasantly surprised to find him occupying the apple barrel by my side. The high hat, acting as an air cushion, had taken up the brunt of his arrival. His splendid coat tails were but mangled stumps, and the cage was as limp as a towel, and the good man's cuffs and gaiters as they stuck out of that barrel were wonderfully expressive of long-suffering resignation. The good man had forgotten his anger at friend Cruller, and I pulled Dr. Arlington out of the barrel."

"My dear Cruller," said he, "will you be so kind as to help me off with my hat?"

"Certainly," said I. "Lucky Mrs. Arlington is out of town. She wouldn't half like your flying so high."

"The good man clasped his hand over my mouth. You must not talk that way! I stared. My friend smiled.

"I mean you are to turn your back to the storm."

"Oh," said I.

"You do not know our storms. More than one man has had his jaw dislocated by talking into the face of the wind."

"I stepped aside to give a flatterer full choice of a resting place. 'You have some of the most interesting scenery in the world about your town,' said I."

"I really never could see the Baptist steeple from here before."



THREW HER ARMS AROUND HIM IN THE MOST DEMONSTRATIVE MANNER.

"I never did like that Herman piano," said the Doctor. "I do not like its tone. The piano made a joyous exult for us, but struck just beyond the wall with a cry of anguish."

"At the same moment young Herman blew in. He would have made another clean miss, but he came off a cotton-wood stump and spun around on his ear like a broken lug. He was wound up so tightly that he didn't know a thing till we had spun him around the other way for a minute and a half. Then he stared about wild-eyed."

"There, there, old chap," said I, soothingly, "you're a good second."

"Oh, Dr. Arlington; oh, Dr. Arlington!" cried the young man, "where's Myrtle?"

"I was disgusted, after all that flourish, too."

"I must find her!" cried the young man.

"Impossible, my dear Charles," said the minister. "The cyclone has blown her away. I saw her today. But she always comes along about this time. I must urge you to be calm, my dear Blair. Sit down for a moment, you are sure to find her."

"Young Blair was of an extremely ardent nature. He would not be restrained in the least. He had thrown his arms about the doctor and was apologizing to Dr. Arlington as he heaved him off his feet, when a sort of beruffled cannon ball spread out its arms at such a thing, in sight of the whole town, too, but the good man was pleasantly surprised to find him occupying the apple barrel by my side. The high hat, acting as an air cushion, had taken up the brunt of his arrival. His splendid coat tails were but mangled stumps, and the cage was as limp as a towel, and the good man's cuffs and gaiters as they stuck out of that barrel were wonderfully expressive of long-suffering resignation. The good man had forgotten his anger at friend Cruller, and I pulled Dr. Arlington out of the barrel."

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"I stepped aside to give a flatterer full choice of a resting place. 'You have some of the most interesting scenery in the world about your town,' said I."

"I still think you are wrong in being so seriously affected," I began. "The trouble of a few years ago was tight, good fitting, a trouser that could not be trifled with. But now, you must remember, it is loose, easy, accommodating. I am perfectly confident that your father was able to shrink aside in these beautiful trousers and give this atrocious splinter full position of the premises. Let us examine this fragment. Do we find any evidences of struggle, of bloodshed? No! There are even threads of lake or silk. I am convinced from the general nature of the formation that your father, having taken the alarm, was on his way to the cyclone cellar. This being the case, my dear Miss Herman, it is evident that he was running very close to the ground and that this right hip pocket, which has been torn out by the roots, was the highest, bleakest, most exposed portion of his anatomy, and that it still rode, a human Mont Blanc, when the rest of him had descended to safety. One step more, my dear young lady, and these beautiful trousers had been spattered to die a natural death."

"The storm had abated. Myrtle dried her eyes. Various star objects, having no further excuse for staying up, were coming down. Myrtle, with natural womanly instinct, was examining the pocket-book. She held up a ten-dollar gold piece, through which the wind had been driven, making a golden washer. A pair of old shoes rolled into the cellar. A skirt that any washerwoman would have been ashamed of tried to throw itself into my arms. Then Myrtle Herman in a sweetly tremulous voice, 'Charles, Charles, forgive me! You are justified.'"

"The thing would have been quite perfect if we could have had the incidental music—Myrtle, with sweetly downcast eyes, looking out, the girl said bravely, 'This has been a terrible day. Papa did work against the town in his interest.'"

"Dearly beloved," said I, stepping forward, "observe our friend, the Rev. Arthur Arlington. He looks like a stage tramp, but what do we see in his eloquent eyes? Is he here by mere vagary of the tempest? No! He started out this afternoon to perform a duty. The wind saw him first. But men of his stamp are not so easily turned from the path of duty. There in his hand is his little book. He had it when he started out; he has it now. Shall you and I have the way? No! The laborer is worthy of his hire. You know that good old saying, 'When the sky falls we shall have larks.' Then, bless you, my children—stand up, join hands, tum, tum, tum; tum, tum, tum, tum!"

"How dreadful!" cried Myrtle with a gasp. "I never looked such a fright in my life!"

"But what will become of me," cried Myrtle.

"I will!" said Charles.

"You are a forgetful girl," said I.

"This storm was a little private blow up," said Herman. "I can see fine from here—my residence, my elevator, my yard, my grocery building, my row of cottages. Smooth work, I call it, picking and choosing like that, and about the only mistake she made, I guess, was shaking you out of your scale house, Charles, and sending up the Rev. Arlington. I don't mind a bit of fun now and then with my neighbors, but I've got no right to stay on here and put their lives in danger. Anyway, I was going to retire in a few months."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but you're in the coming town, glance out and tell us why we hear such joyous cheering."

"A most unsuitable time for merry-making," said the Rev. Arthur. "I do hope none of us—"

"They are, notwithstanding," returned the Hon. Sam. They're celebrating the end of the kindling corner. They're squabbling over who shall have the stuff in the streets. The whole town, you know, is covered three inches deep with hard and soft coal, coke, shingles, sheathing, laths, dimension lumber, splinters, sash and doors, cordwood, and kindling. 'A strange lack of interest.'"

"Wrong again," said the magnate. "Interest? Well, I guess! They're out just hustling to save that stuff before it can walk back to town and take it from 'em. They don't forget me—not much!"

"But who's going to help father down?" exclaimed Myrtle.

"Hold him on the wire a minute, Myrtle," said Charles. "I'll run for the book and ladder boys."

"If I had an overcoat!" began father.

"A long, close fitting overcoat," said I. "I should be proud!"

"Speech by the Mayor, music by the band, fellow townsmen crowded below crying, 'Down with Herman; down with man!'"

"But as it is—"

"Night will soon throw her sable garment round you."

"As it is," repeated Herman, "here's to-day's Advance, blown to me direct: from the publishers and not due by train till nine P. M. Charles can get the crowd together in the square with it."

"While I drive under you with a load of hay," said I.

"And a pair of hand-me-downs—"

"Hurrah!" yelled Charles, waving the

"How shocking!" said Dr. Arlington, evidently much affected.

"I don't care," said I stoutly, "it's all ways done."

"But we have no license!"

"It was really quite dreadful, coming that way, so sudden. And they were most unreasonable about it, too; said it was all my fault."

"How could I know he was going to think of it? I asked eulky."

"You should have spoken of it yourself," groaned the Rev. Arthur. "I have been in such a whirl; I hardly know half that has happened."

"I feel just like crying," said Myrtle. "Oh, cheer up, said I. 'We'll get you a license somehow.'"

"But my dear Cruller, I really could not consent—began the good man."

"To anything illegal!" interrupted Myrtle.

"If you could help it," added Charles. "Which you can't," I concluded. "No man can put asunder you know." "Even if we did drop in informally," said I, "we have not fallen short of a wedding breakfast. Here is a case of champagne with two bottles unopened."

"And some things put up in cans," said Charles.

"And a lovely leg of mutton," said Myrtle.

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"At this an answering voice spoke up. It was a calm voice, an impersonal voice. It said: 'Oh, don't mind me, Myrtle. You can have the good will and the rubbish leap for a wedding present.'"

"We stared at one another. 'Father's voice!' quavered Myrtle. 'Father's voice from heaven!'"

"The voice chuckled. 'No,' it said, 'they put me off the very first station on the line.'"

"We turned our eyes up and discovered a remarkable object roosting in a tangle of wires. It wore a bit of art glass window and a ruff made of coats and vests, and a baby carriage on its foot, which hung down like a pendulum. It crooked a finger and smiled at us through a red and blue fleur-de-lis, and Myrtle, after staring at it for a moment with the greatest astonishment, said, 'Father!' in a dreadful tone. 'I, myself, recognized the familiar trussing.'"

"Needn't shout so, Myrtle," said the Hon. Samuel Herman. "Needn't shout so. There's trouble on this line, but I guess I've caught everything said so far."

"And you've seen it all?" cried Myrtle. "Got here in time to see her father given away by the bride. My own pants seat, go! Regular—er—turn coat, I call it, comforting the enemy that way."

"It may have grown confused in the storm," I ventured.

"You became separated during the excitement," said Charles.

"And you could hardly expect it to recognize you, you know," said I, "having scarcely seen your face."

"Herman scratched his chin meditatively on the art glass."

"If I ever get down from here," said Herman, "I take the first train out of town. I want some place where the judgments of Providence ain't so high geared."

"The magnificent trophy, the silver cup donated by Hon. Wm. Pugsley, minister of public works, for the best animal of any age in any class, to be won three times, not necessarily consecutively, before becoming the property of the exhibitor—no animal shall win more than one cup—was won by the silver cup of Amherst, with a yearling grade Hereford steer in a strong competition with high grade Shorthorns."

A special prize of \$25, donated each year by Percy B. Evans, of St. John (N. B.), to exhibitors, who have never heretofore exhibited, has proved a great incentive to getting new blood in the show ring and this year there was as a result of this six new members in one section and five in another. The prizes were not yet awarded in this competition."

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A discussion arose as to the improvement of the prize list and exhibition facilities. A committee consisting of Rev. Father Burke, Prof. Jos. Landry and Seth Jones was appointed to decide upon how to fix the sweepstakes cups contemplated by the poultry interest. The judges, Messrs. Jarvis and Hutchins, addressed the meeting, the former declaring that many of the birds outside the winners at this fair were superior to prize winners at many of the western fairs where he had judged."

The following is the result of the election of officers:

President, E. L. Fenerty, Halifax, reflected; vice-president, New Brunswick, Walter McMonaghy; for P. E. Island, Rev. Father Burke, and for Nova Scotia, Mr. Thompson, Halifax. The directors are for Nova Scotia, Messrs. Clark, Jackson and Ball, for New Brunswick, Messrs. Jones, Ayer and McLeod; for P. E. Island, Messrs. Hazard, Ross and Russell."

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SILVERWARE

BY MAIL

OUR Mail Order Department and Catalog is your door to our store. We are availing ourselves of its opportunities. If not, then we are not doing our duty. We are offering you a selection of our silverware, including plates, cups, saucers, and more. The prices are low, and the quality is high. We are offering you a selection of our silverware, including plates, cups, saucers, and more. The prices are low, and the quality is high.

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