

wear in this hot weather; but as every light has its shadow, so every advantage has its attendant disadvantages, and the free ingress obtained by dust must be counted as a serious one in connection with openwork. However, this is easily remedied by frequent bathing, and the delightful coolness of the stockings is inseparable from some such counter-balancing effect.

He was a struggling, hard-to-make-both-ends-meet lawyer. She was his stenographer.

He was married. She was a maiden, fancy free.

He wasn't young nor particularly handsome. Neither was she.

He didn't tell her he loved her, nor kiss her hand, nor give her flowers. Neither did she sigh her life away because of unrequited affection.

He didn't allow her an afternoon off four days in the week and pay her a bank cashier's salary. She didn't expect it.

His wife came to the office. She didn't peer through the keyhole and catch him making love to the girl. She didn't get mad.

The girl didn't tremble with guilt when the woman spoke to her. The woman liked her. She said she had often heard how faithful and hard working the girl was, and she asked her to come out to their house for supper.

The girl went.

And all lived happy ever after.

RACE FOR A PRETTY BRIDE.

"HIGH old times were they," said the old engineer. "Give me the good old days when we had wood-burnin' engines, easy schedules, with long stops, and no telegraph to bother us. We could run pretty much to suit ourselves then, and it goes without sayin', we had lots of enjoyment. Take, for instance, the fun Jim Larking and me had one night, about fifteen years ago. You see Jim and I were both courtin' the same girl, both bein' engineers on the Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta road, between Columbia and Charlotte. Ever been down there? Well, even yet the road ain't quite as good as it might be, but in those days it was a sight worse. The tracks were laid with the old-fashioned U rails on ties five foot apart and spliced with fish plate. When the wheels struck one end of the rails the other end tilted up, and I tell you it made a nervous man seasick the first time he travelled over that line. We had no telegraph wire, so we could do pretty much as we pleased around Columbia, the superintendent bein' located at Charlotte. Many a time we used to get an engine out after dark and take a ride for fun. The only trouble was that, as the engines were old

and rickety they couldn't stand much. They were wood burners, and nowadays would look top heavy with their little boilers and big stacks. When one of them got a good move on after dark, I tell you it looked like a runnin' display of fireworks, the stack throwin' out sparks and chunks of blazin' wood like a volcano. Old man Smith, that's Mollie's father, didn't like me near as well as he did Jim, but seein' Mollie preferred me, I wasn't carin' much about her father's opinion. It was no use for us to get spliced, in Columbia, for everybody knew that her father had ordered her not to be seen with me; so the only thing for us to do was to watch our chance and go off on the quiet to some place along the line. I thought it over for several days, and got the whole thing in shape. I told Mollie to come down to the roundhouse about seven o'clock one night and I would give her a little ride on my engine. She afraid? Well, I guess you don't know her. Why, she had run the machine herself many a time. I had given the hint to Jack my fireman, and he was on hand when I backed out on the main track, leavin' Jim's engine in the roundhouse. Mollie was waitin', and she jumped on the tank like an engineer's sweetheart ought to do. Just as we were pullin' out Jim came around the corner. His eyes opened, I tell you. 'Where you goin', Bill?' he shouted. 'Just out for a little ride,' I remarked, coolly puttin' Molly up on the box in front of me so I had to put my arms around her to reach the levers, I saw Jim gasp and start on a run toward Mollie's house, where he knew her father was. In two minutes we were spinning in three hummin', and in five minutes we were tearin' through the valley like a cyclone. It was a pitch dark night and not a thing could be seen ahead. 'There they come,' yelled Jack before we had gone ten miles. Lookin' back we saw a shower of sparks just visible above the tree tops. We concluded at once that that was Jim and Mollie's father, and that we would have to do some pretty tall travellin' to avoid capture. Mind you, Jim carried a gun. The engines were pretty well matched, but, of course, I was somewhat nervous. Just ahead I was a heavy grade five miles long, and I knew it would be a tough pull to get over it, but once on the other side of the hill our chances for gettin' away would be good. 'Do your best Jack to keep up steam,' I yelled across to the fireman. Mollie was restin' in my arms as quietly as if she had been sittin' on the hair-cloth sofa in her parlor, her lips half open and the wind blowin' her hair all over my face. All of a sudden we heard a whistle, and it sounded right behind us. I jumped with dismay and looked back. There was Jim less than half a mile away, comin' like a house afire. Mollie

looked, too, then her eyes fell on Jack, whose wood was gettin' low, and who had rolled a barrel out from the back part of the tank and was trying to bust the head in. She slid out of my arms, and holdin' onto the levers, got down beside the fireman. The first I knew of it, was when I saw her fishing out big fat hams from the barrel and passing them to Jack, who was feedin' the furnace with 'em. I didn't stop to ask any questions. 'Bully for you, Jack,' I yelled, as the steam gauge jumped up again. Well, that did the business. We reached the top of the grade without Jim gainin' another inch, and then we began to slide downward. Great Jupiter, how we did drop down that hill! The noise was terrific and the old machine rocked like a cradle. Lookin' back, I saw Mollie standing on the back holdin' on by the brake, her dress flutterin', her hair blowin', and her eyes shinin' like stars. I'll never forget that sight. I knew that as soon as Jim reached the top of the hill he'd be after us at a high rate of speed, and I began to fear we couldn't keep ahead this time, but all at once a thought struck me. I shut off steam and yelled to Jack to put on the hand brakes. He jumped to the wheel, Molly helpin' him, and in a few minutes we had nearly stopped. 'Jump down, quick, Jack, and open the switch,' I said, 'I'm going to run up the bark sidin'. In less time than it takes to tell it we were on the sidin', the switch reset for the main track, and then I ran up in the woods and stopped. We shut off all lights and waited. In a minute or two we heard a faint rumble, which changed into a roar, then we could distinguish the clickety click of wheels passin' over the ends of rails, the rattle of machinery and the hissin' of steam, while the puffin' of the exhaust was so rapid as to blend into hollow thunder. A whirlwind of sparks became visible, and then with a hop-skip, and a jump Jim's engine passed us like a streak of runaway lightning, the occupants never dreamin' we were in the sidin'. We hunted up the nearest preacher and got married; me, with my face all black and grimy, and Molly without any hat, for the wind had blown it away. Jack was witness and I let him kiss the bride, for I thought he deserved it. We got back to Columbia about midnight and next mornin' I took out the express as if nothing had happened. What became of Jim? Why, the fool actually run ahead all night, till he reached Charlotte next mornin'. He was the worst surprised man in the state when he found we had given him the slip. Then the superintendent wanted to know what he meant by takin' out his new engine without orders, and the end of it all was that Jim not only lost his girl, but was discharged as well.