

## ROMANCE OF MISS EVERTSON

All Came About by Moving From the Old Home.

And Being Blinded by a Snow Storm in Hunting for the New—The Girl Blushed.

She was an uncommonly pretty girl, and it was not mere beauty of feature and coloring, there was something more in the face. Perhaps it was the expression of the blue eyes that changed in sympathy with one's mood, or perhaps it was an indescribable something about the small mouth, which was smiling one moment and serious the next. At any rate, I went to Mrs. Parker's dance quite fancy free, and came away that night minus my heart.

Her name was Helen Everson. We had danced together three or four times, had eaten our supper in a dimly lighted corner of the great, square hall, and at parting I had helped her on with her long, fur trimmed cloak, and held her hand in mine for a moment. Then she had vanished into the carriage that was waiting at the door—and that was all.

I strolled home, determined that very shortly I would ask Mrs. Parker, who was an old friend of my mother's, to take me to call upon Mrs. Everson. Some two weeks later we moved from the home where my boyhood had been spent, my father having bought a house farther up town. Our new residence was one of a row of houses that extended over half a block, each one being the exact counterpart of all the others.

This made it rather confusing at first, particularly as the numbers were on the lower panels of the doors, and, in consequence, quite useless after dark. The first few evenings, when returning home from business, I counted the houses to avoid any possibility of mistake, after which I came to know our own door instinctively and ceased to give the matter any thought. The Christmas holidays had come and gone and I had still no opportunity of following up my acquaintance with Miss Everson. I called several times at Mrs. Parker's, but had always been so unfortunate as to find her out. At last I wrote her a note, to which she replied, saying that she was just going to Washington for a few weeks, but would be glad to take me to call at the Evertons' on her return.

I left the office one afternoon in a blinding snowstorm, and lighting from the car at the corner of our street, hurried along through the gathering gloom, feeling thankful when I found myself at the door of my home. I turned the key in the lock, and entering the house closed the door after me, giving, as I did so, a sigh of satisfaction and relief. The house was all in darkness, but not knowing where to put my hand on a match, and taking it for granted that the maid would light the hall gas presently, I did not trouble myself about it, but made my way up to my own room, which was in the third story.

I had just reached the upper hall when the front door opened and then closed, after which came the sound of an unfamiliar footstep on the stair. It was lighter than father's and quicker than mother's, and could not possibly belong to either of the servants, who were both middle aged and moved slowly. Along the second story hall and up the next flight of stairs came the strange step, while I grew more and more curious. I had to hunt some time to find the matches, which were not in their accustomed place on the mantelpiece. I discovered them at last, and as I struck a light I heard a stifled exclamation from the head of the stairs. Hastily lighting the gas I turned around and at the same moment the door of my room was closed with what seemed to me most unnecessary violence, and the sound of the key being turned in the lock fell upon my astonished ear.

Down the stairs flew the feet which a few moments before I had heard coming up, and once more the front door was opened and then closed.

Wondering very much at these singular proceedings I rattled the knob and called all to no purpose. There was no bell in my room and it was evident that father and mother were out. It was useless to try to make myself heard by the servants.

At last, deciding that this must be a joke on the part of one of my young cousins, who occasionally visited us, and who had probably arrived that day during my absence down town, I took off my overcoat and sat down before the grate-fire that I had lighted.

It was very soothing and comfortable to feel the warmth stealing over my well nigh benumbed limbs, and, lost in

day dreams, I soon forgot that I was a prisoner. I do not know how long I had sat there half dozing, when I was aroused by the sound of voices in the hall.

"He is in there," came in an audible whisper.

"Oh, do be careful, I have no doubt he is armed!"

The next moment the door opened, and a tall, muscular Hibernian, wearing a policeman's uniform, entered the room.

He looked considerably astonished at seeing me sitting quietly before the fire, but quickly recovered himself, he laid hold of my arm, saying as he did so:

"Will you come along with me quiet, or will I have to make yer? It's under arrest ye are. What does a decent looking man like yerself want to be snaking thavin' for an' scarin' young ladies out of their wits?"

I stared at the man in amazement. Looking about I assured myself that I was surrounded by my own familiar possessions, while my uninvited visitor's vise-like grip on my arm convinced me that I was awake.

"Officer," I finally managed to utter, "there is some mistake."

He gave a sarcastic laugh as he answered:

"That's what they always say, every toime. Come along with me now."

"But this is my father's house, and this is my own room!" I exclaimed.

"I don't know the young lady to whom you refer may be, but I should say she had come a considerable distance out of her way to get frightened."

"He is quite right—I am the real intruder," said a gentle, feminine voice.

A very much mortified looking young girl was standing in the doorway.

"Miss Everson."

"Mr. Clark, I do not know what I can say how I can explain this mistake," she stammered. "We live in one of these houses, and my room is the one corresponding to this. When I came home a little while ago I let myself in with my key and came directly upstairs. Seeing you in what I supposed to be my room I thought of course that you were a sneak thief. I did not have time to recognize you, and the halls were dark, and the possibility of having gotten into the wrong house never occurred to me. When I came back with this officer I was guided by my own recent footprints in the snow, which accounts for my second mistake—I cannot tell you how sorry and ashamed I feel."

The good-natured Irishman indulged in a hearty laugh in which I joined, and Miss Everson, too, notwithstanding her embarrassment, could not help seeing the ridiculous side of the situation. We proceeded downstairs, where we met my father and mother, who had just come in, and to whom it was necessary to explain the persence in their house of an officer of the law and a strange young lady. They enjoyed the joke, and seeing Miss Everson's embarrassment, endeavored to put her at her ease. And then, with no thought of cold or snow, I put on my hat and coat and escorted our fair neighbor to her door. One Sunday afternoon in the spring I was calling at Mrs. Parker's, and as I was about to take my departure my hostess said:

"The weather is lovely, now. We must go and call upon the Evertons very soon." I felt conscious of coloring up like a girl as I answered: "You are very kind, Mrs. Parker, but I have been without waiting for you. In fact, I go there almost every evening, and Helen and I are to be married in June."

What to Eat.

The Story Grandma Told.

Mollie's father was a shipbuilder, and the next day one of the largest ships ever built in his yards was to be launched. The wonderful thing about this event, in Mollie's eyes, was the fact that she was to launch in the Ariadne and christen the great ship as it plunged into the water. The little girl had seen many a vessel sent down the long "ways" to take its magnificent plunge into the water, but there's lots of difference, so Mollie thought, between seeing a thing and "being right into it!"

"Did you ever launch in a vessel, grandma?" she said that evening. She was up in Grandma Pingree's room, talking over her coming experience.

"Why, yes, dear," said grandma. "I launched in a vessel all alone once when I was a little girl."

"Why-e-e, Grandma Pingree!" gasped Mollie.

Grandma smiled. "Yes," she said, "and the queer thing about it was that I didn't know it until the launching was all over!"

Mollie was too much astonished now even to say "Why-e-e!"

Then grandma went on. "My father built ships down on the banks of the river where we lived. In those days they built vessels in the late fall and winter and worked at turning in the summer. When I was 7 years old, fa-

ther had a vessel ready to launch the 1st of April. I used to go down every day and play in the cabin in the shavings the carpenters had made.

"The day before the vessel was to launch I was playing in the cabin all alone, the workmen being employed in the yard outside. An unusually big tide came in that day, and father decided that as everything was so nearly ready they would better take advantage of the tide and launch at once. So the workmen began to wedge up the blocks, forgetting all about me, and pretty soon the vessel slid gently off into the river."

"Just as the big ropes began to tighten and hold it I went up on deck for something or other, and a more surprised little girl I guess never lived. Father came off in a boat to get me, and he called me 'cap'n' and asked where I was 'bound.' When we got ashore, he said they would name the vessel the Elsie, after me."

"Well," said Mollie with conviction in her tone, "if I had been having such a good time as that I should want to have known it."—Webb Donnell in Youths' Companion.

For Personal Reasons.

"I'm an anti-expansionist clean throo," said Meandering Mike with great earnestness. "I hadn't given the question much thought, but I'm convinced now dat dis country's spread over too much ground already."

"I don't see as it makes much difference," responded Plodding Pete.

"American institutions is all right. But I would like some place left to travel to where from de last o' November till de middle o' January you don't git no hand outs except mince pie an' cold turkey."—Washington Star.

Willing Just Once More.

He found his hair was leaving him at the top of his head and took his barber to task about it.

"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man. "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Rough on the Reporter.

The late Sir John MacDonald once gave orders to the leading Ottawa paper that his speeches were always to be reported verbatim, as he prided himself on the perfection of his extempore style. But on one occasion, when he spoke after dining generously, the reporters' notes turned out so incoherent that the editor took fright and sent the young man to get Sir John's own revision of his remarks. That statesman gravely corrected the reporters' literal transcript of what he had said and as gravely said to him on taking leave: "Young man, let me give you a piece of advice, of which I tear you stand in need. Never touch liquor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Hamlet's Bowl of Gruel.

George Melville, an English actor, was fond of telling a funny story at his own expense. He was acting Hamlet in Bristol. It was the actors' rule to take a bowl of gruel in the course of the evening, and his landlady sent over the usual refreshment from the lodgings in Queen square. She happened to have a new servant girl, who was explicitly directed to get to the stage door by the entrance from Bank street and then carry the gruel into the greenroom. She arrived at a moment when Mr. Melville was "on." Being unused to the ways of the theater, she asked a man at the wings where Mr. Melville was.

"There," said the super, pointing to the stage.

The actor was in the middle of the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," when the girl advanced toward him, bearing the bowl, and said, "If you please, Mr. Melville, sir, here is your gruel."

She Defied Tradition.

Princess Nazi Hanum has paralyzed Cairo society by giving a reception to which both men and women were invited. She is the niece of Ismal Jasha, and wife of the ex-minister of foreign affairs at Constantinople. The reception was elaborate and magnificent, and most of the distinguished people in Cairo of all nations were there. The princess is said to be deeply versed in Eastern and European politics, literature and art, besides possessing much charm of conversation and manner. No Moslem princess has ever before ventured to hold a mixed reception.

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Under and by virtue of a judgment of the above court and an order made by the Hon. Mr. Justice Craig on the 20th day of August, 1900, there will be sold by Public Auction by R. J. Ellbeck, Receiver, at the Court House, in the city of Dawson, at 2:30 p. m., on Monday, the 24th day of September, 1900, the following described mining property:

HILLSIDE CLAIM OPPOSITE THE LOWER HALF, LEFT LIMIT, OF CREEK CLAIM NO. 3 ON MAGNET GULCH, IN THE TERANOK MINE DIVISION OF THE DAWSON DISTRICT, IN THE YUKON TERRITORY.

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This property has already been partially developed, and intending purchasers may inspect the same before time of sale.

Twenty per cent of purchase money in cash at the time of sale and the balance in 30 days thereafter.

Further particulars may be had by applying to the Receiver.

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