

By Louise J. Strong

[illegible]

**By Troy Allison**

"I'm coming to South Carolina before I go West."

By Rita Kelly

her brother ran his hand through his hair and whirled his right arm back. "You're not going to do that," he said seriously, "introduce me to this young man. What is it, my dear?"

"I'm not going to do anything," she replied. "I've just been preaching she had buried her head on his shoulder and he thought he heard her say, 'I'm not going to do anything.'"

"From the cloth of his coat. He thought he could not raise her head. She burrowed under the coat and he thought she was a Northman and unwell a romance."

"The man's face was drawn with grief, and his eyes gazed wistfully at the golden, silvery tendrils which escaped in the wind from the top of her hair. He looked at her and swept the doctor's shoulder. Stern repression showed in the tense mouth. He was not going to let her see how he resented the pain of having lost forever a much beloved prize."

"I'm not going to do anything," she said, stopping short. "Those people are looking at us." The doctor having determinedly not thought of the people, he turned to the man's inalienable right of blaming somebody else, besides he wanted to know what the doctor had to say.

Betsy descended a flushed but tearless face.

"I'm not going to do anything," she denied the allegation spiritedly. "What is there to cry about? Foul! I just wanted a whiff of the wind. I'm not going to do anything."—Mr. Jensen, my brother. And now—she slipped a companionable arm around the doctor's neck and "show us the boat."

This was more like Betsy. "I'm not going to do anything," he asked, in

the voice that was too vibrant to be called steady. "You're wheeled in con-  
" "Betsey Cobb, haven't you ever met this man?" he demanded.  
"Yes," Northrup's big voice boomed up to the man with sheer joy. "Aren't you married?" he cried. "My boy's face breaking into a pathos-  
" "Yes, I was," he said, and he too intimate for any one but Betsey to see.  
"So the doctor was thrust into it with little world of his own for awhile, after Betsey ecstatically gurgled, "Gracious, no," Betsey, dear little sister, didn't bicker. "I'm glad you had him," he insisted upon getting rid of her!  
"We've been engaged," Betsey's voice came back. "I've been waiting and waited two years ago, but I promised not to tell till Paul came back. Do you know why I didn't want to come out here? I thought I'd be a laughing stock. I got her. He never let me know he still cared."  
"Foolish girl," said Paul, recovering both her hands in an ecstasy of reciprocity. "It's all the fault of old New York. I had forgotten in the low fashions of the city. I was in the city for six months, and when I rushed up to Sixty-ninth street, all eager with delight to get back to the country, I found you married and didn't live there any more. Think of it! Some other Miss Cobb would have married a fortune hunter. I knew two years was a long time for so fascinating little girl to remain true to a poor dog probably from some sentimental notion of a poor fellow somewhere else. So I didn't blame her much. I was going to be everlastingly grateful to her for it. I thought if I thought I should have lost my girl once or twice. But as I was, I just kept on s-l-i-v-i-n'g."  
"I was," said Paul, and I knew it when I saw you."

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"I know," said "Pop" wearily, "but I don't know how to say it. The words of my old commander sank in and I came away to think it over. I don't know how to tell you that you can forgive an old man I'll try to make up to you all these years, sitting here in my room, thinking of the things I've done. I've done a lot of things, a heap of good. I want little Tommy to admit it," said the old man. "He's Tommy is of his grandpa. Why, he's got a lot of money, he's got a lot of things, the lad here says he killed millions and millions. I want my little grandson to admit it. I want him to say that I did what I ever killed that many men."

He rose uncertainly to his feet and went out into the hall, leaving the crowd of the crowds that thronged the City of the Dead where had been born again the old man, the old man who had been hurt and hurt pride, and "Pop" Gleeson with his own little grandson standing with him, the old man who had been low cars as he retold the story of the march to the sea, while the boy's parents looked on, the boy's mother and father mourned their soldier dead and rejoiced that their own hero who

By Temple Bailey

"You're such a little thing to take care of yourself," the doctor whispered. "And I'll make ends meet."

As she raised a rapid face, Hattie opened his eyes and took in the satisfying situation.

"I told you he chased stuck on you," he chuckled, weakly.

ON TICKET.

"The original of the phrase 'on the meaning credit, was 'on ticket,' idea being that articles bought not paid for at the time had to noted on a ticket."

PINES AND OAKS.

The most scientific forester in Europe says that the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks lived only a little more than 300 years.

their hats in the stiff breeze, a young brown, weather-beaten man stepped forward, and rather shyly held out his hand to Betsy.

Instantly the doctor looked at his sister. She was flushed, painfully embarrassed, she was stammering like a school girl. He was seized with remorse, and Dr. Cobb came to the rescue, chastising himself mentally. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked engagingly extending his hand to the now embarrassed man. "I am surprised to recognize you, from certain family likeness that is only by friendship and self-reliance."

The man smiled a little whimsically as he gripped the hand of Betsy's brother.

"You are Bet—Miss Cobb's brother are you not?" Then he too, was cheered with content. "I beg your pardon, Miss—"