A . . Summer's . . Entanglement

As the train pulled out of Harbor Springs Lydia leaned back against the cushioned seat and wearily watched the porter busying himself with her luggage.

She seemed to be seeing him and the fellow passengers through a mist of heavy indifference. Indeed, the mood of apathy which enveloped her was so oppressive as to be almost a tangible weight.

Would she ever again feel bright, actual interest in people and things? Would she ever again be able to take up the affairs of life with wholesome enjoyment?

She asked herself these questions idly and the answer came with a definiteness that was like an awakening to pain.

No! Not unless she could forget Robert Howland.

"And I can't," she sighed. "I can never do that."

She turned an absent face to the passing landscape.

"I did the honorable thing at least," she told herself, with a stoic satisfaction. "I made him promise to be true to the other girl, and I wouldn't let him come down to the station to see me off."

She sighed again, then smiled with bitter amusement.

"It wouldn't have been quite so hopeless," her reflections went on, "if one of us had been free, but for both of us to be engaged—surely Fate could not have played a trick more cruel. For my part, I would have been willing to break with Clarence poor boy! It seems heartless to say it, but what course could be kinder? Yes, I would have broken with Clarence, but as for taking Robert from the other girl—I couldn't have done it. No, I could never, never have brought to it!"

After a time Lydia straightened up and struggled to find some diversion in watching the people about her. But they were all dummies—not human beings.

She bought a magazine and tried to read. But the stories were flat and lame, innocent of point and purport. Lydia put the book aside and surrendered herself once more to a heavy and listless endurance.

But she was destined to be roused from her torpor before the journey was ended. At one of the smaller stations a young woman boarded the train, and having evidently engaged the other section of the compartment occupied by Lydia, took the seat directly facing her.

But a sweet, delightful and altogether interesting girl she was! Lydia felt her apathy foresaking her. There was something so poignantly appealing in the young woman's expression—something — yes, something that hinted a sorrow concealed, a heart wound unhealed but bravely borne.

It was that suggestion particularly which appealed to Lydia and which seemed at once to set in motion currents of sympathetic attraction. The newcomer looked as if she would not be afraid to do the sensible and unconventional thing when occasion prompted, so it happened that the two fell into conversation.

From commonplace nothings they very soon touched upon closer things and then Lydia, out of a full heart, and longing to confide in some one who would understand, tentatively touched the subject that lay nearest her heart.

She spoke generally, of course, watching her companion's face for encouragement. Almost at her first words a glow of sympathy lit the blue eyes opposite.

"She understands!" triumphed Lydia inwardly. "She knows she has been thwarted in love—she has suffered—is suffering now. I knew it!"

"Yes," repeated the girl, with an expressive little smile, "it is strange how fate does seem to play with our hearts, fooling us one day into believing that we really care for some one, and then proving to us when too late that the first attraction was as froth compared to the ocean depth of the last and only love of our lives."

Lydia's wide eyes flashed the question her lips hesitated to utter. The girl smiled.

"I see you know my secret," she said. Then, leaning forward impulsively, "you won't misjudge me if I tell you about it? Listen! I must tell some one—oh, it has tortured me so! You seem to understand—I know you do. We shall never see each other again. Why should I not tell you?"

"Do!" cried Lydia, "I feel entitled to the confidence, somehow—and I—I can sympathize."

Her companion was silent a moment, then began: "This summer when I left Chicago for the Michigan farm where I had arranged to spend my vacation I was engaged to be married. I had no thought of ever allowing my mind to be diverted by another. I tell you truly that I was completely taken by surprise when the other man appeared upon the horizon. I wasn't even dreaming of it—wasn't thinking of it as the remotest possibility. Well, we loved each from the moment we met.

"There was something pre-ordained about it—something inexplicable. But oh! the sorrow of it! Not only did my own engagement to another prevent our happiness, but he also was bound to some one else. I—"

"You can't mean it!" burst forth Lydia. "Why, that is my story, too! Isn't it wonderful that we should both have had the same experience?"

The way was opened now for still further confidences.

"It was my regard for the other girl's feelings that kept me from accepting this man's love," said Lydia's companion, "although, of course, I felt an awful compunction to think of breaking my engagement to the first man. Poor boy!" Her fingers reached for the locket at her breast.

"You have his picture," said Lydia pressing open her own locket. It contained a likeness of Clarence — poor Clarence!

Both girls bent forward simultaneously. Then there was a gasp from one and a little smothered scream from the other.

"Robert!" cried Lydia.

"Clarence!" exclaimed the other girl.

They both sat upright and faced each other, stunned, almost incredulous. Then realization rushed upon them. The effect upon each was the same. Amazement, unbelief and finally resentment swept both alike.

"Robert Howland, then, is the man you referred to—the man you met at Harbor Springs?" questioned the other girl, with sudden dignity.

"Clarence Shaefer is the man you meant—the 'other man who appeared upon your horizon'?" Lydia coolly interrogated. Then, with a burst of indignation, "I can't believe it of him! It isn't like him at all——"

"Nor is it like Robert! And to think of your letting him make love to you when you were already——"

"Didn't you let Clarence? And you were already——"

"It's quite different."

"I fail to see the difference."

"I shall ask Robert when he comes home to explain it all. I know he can do so."

"And I am sure Clarence can do the same."

Fortunately the journey was nearly at an end, else the painful silence and distance that separated those two might have become unendurable. At Chicago they parted with cool nods and stiff smiles.

And the men? Upon his return to town each found himself confronted with very blunt questions propounded by an indignant fiancee.

Explanations? They were easy.

"Merely the fancy of an idle summer," Robert assured his sweetheart, after he had expressed due contrition for his folly.

Clarence Shaefer convinced Lydia that it was "the most insignificant affair—really not serious enough to be called a flirtation."

So there were no broken engagements, after all. Strangely enough, each girl had forgotten her pre-ordained affinity for the "other man."

James J. Hill

Wilson Creek, Wash., April 6.—The dictatorial hand of James J. Hill is making itself felt along his line, the Great Northern, in the Big Bend country of eastern Washington the last few days. Hill has posed in many characters, but he is now assuming to wipe towns off the face of the map—at least so far as connections with the road are concerned. Mohler, a station thirty miles west of Spokane, was the first to suffer. Great Northern trains until lately have made stops there, but now all trains go through town flying, even the sidetracks being torn up. The action of the company was the outcome of a disagreement between it and the townsite promoters, Yarwood brothers, over the price of ground to be used by the railroad for additional sidetrack area. The railroad people considered the price too high and threatened to erase Mohler from its schedule as a means of forcing the Yarwoods to come down to their figures, but the latter refused to come. Mohler is now without railroad communication with the rest of the world even though a big transcontinental line runs through its center. It is reported that the citizens will seek the courts to compel the Great Northern to relay its tracks and make at least one stop a day each way.

Odessa, with a population of 600 people, twenty-five miles west of here is another town that Jim Hill is playing with. It was recently incorporated, and one of the first acts of the council was to pass an ordinance regulating the speed of the fast overland trains through the city limits. This had the effect of irritating the railroad people, as overland time is big money to them, and now they have issued an ukase to the city authorities saying that Odessa must not disincorporate or they will quit the place at once.

ELWELL RECOVERING

One of His Legs Still Packed in Ice at Hospital.

Mr. E. H. Elwell whose home is on Albert street but who has been operating his claim, 39 below on Hunker for the past six months, is recovering from a very serious attack of blood poisoning at St. Mary's hospital, a slight scratch from a horseshoe nail having caused all the trouble. He is under the care of Dr. Alfred Thompson who is confident that his patient is now out of danger. It is still necessary to keep the injured part, which is the right knee, packed in ice. It will be some time before Mr. Elwell can walk even with the aid of crutches.

Flood Brings Gold.

San Bernardino, April 2.—The wild flood from the mountains brought some gold nuggets down into a ditch near Redlands yesterday and they were discovered by a small boy who was splashing around in the stream. He struck what he thought was a sharp rock, and picking it up with his toes he discovered that it was a nugget of gold. Wading up stream to the opening where the water was rushing out, his eye caught a gleam of yellow ore and it proved to be another nugget of the real stuff. The boy raced home and brought out his mother, who pulled off her stockings and with a sieve they began filtering the pactolian stream, taking out several pieces of gold worth many dollars each. The excitement and strangeness of the pair attracted one after another who, seeing how the old ditch was panning out, jumped in and with screens began a wild scramble for sudden wealth. Soon a free fight ensued, the widow was knocked down and the boy was cheated of his treasure by thieves. The police came and the fire department was called out, and the once peaceful zanja became an amphibious Donnybrook fair.

One theory of the episode is that the valuable collection or ores stolen from one of the wealthiest citizens on the heights by a burglar some time ago was dropped into the gutter as he stumbled upon the bridge at the corner of Cajon street and Highland avenue.

Eastman Kodaks, $10 each. Just over the ice—at Goetzman's, 128 Second avenue.

The Fable of the Mercantile Slave

Once there was a Youth who tackled the Mercantile career at a very light Stipend.

His Chief Ambition in Life was to get so far ahead of the Game that he could afford a nice Cutaway Suit, a swell Derby for Sunday and a 14-karat De Beers set in a massive Gold Band.

He learned to embrace the Country Trade and talk 175 Words per Minute, so that in a little while he had an Offer from an Opposition Concern. Whereupon he said he hated to leave, but—and the House stood for an Increase.

He came into the Cutaway and the Ring, and then he found that he needed a Spike-Tail and a Folding Hat and a Cape Coat. His Glad Raiment carried him right into Sussiety, and he began to meet Gazelles that suited him, so he figured on the Probable Expense of keeping house.

He thought that if he could annex a good-looking Tottie with large, soulful Eyes and take an Apartment and keep a Girl, then he would be fixed for sure.

So he went out for more Salary and carried the Bank Book next to his heart. At last the Proud Day arrived when he had his own Flat with a rented Piano in the Front Room and Tidies on the Chairs. Before the Lease expired Pet discovered that the Dining Room was too small and began to dream Dreams of a House of their Own in which they could Entertain. So he tucked back his Cuffs and took a fresh Grip on the World of Trade and boned like a Turk, making payments on the House. He was beginning to look round-shouldered, but he drank plenty of Coffee and smoked fat Cigars and buckled down.

He had it all planned to take a good Rest as soon as he had lifted the Mortgage. He went so far as to send out for Time-Tables and look at the Pictures of People sitting around in Steamer Chairs enjoying the Sea Air.

He would have taken a nice long Vacation, only he saw a Chance to break into the Firm. Accordingly he went in Debt up to his Eyes. He would lie awake at Night casting up his Liabilities and computing Interest. He talked to himself on the Street and acted just the least bit Dippy. But he was determined to swing the Deal, and then as soon as he was out of the Woods he could sake a trip and hang around Picture Galleries and ride in Gondolas and have the Time of his Life with nothing to worry him.

For Years he had said that it was a Crime for any one Man to pile up more than $100,000. As soon as he went above that Figure it was a Case of sitting up Nights to count it. As soon as he had that Hundred Thousand raked up and tied in Bundles, then for a Quiet Spot near a Body of Water and a Naptha Launch and the free, open Life of the Golf Links.

To the 50-cent Table d'Hote Fellow 100,000 Samoleons in one Lump looks bigger than the Union Station, but the Man who is being gnawed by the Mazuma Bacillus thinks he is a Pauper unless he can count up Seven Figures. He is always sizing up alongside of Rockefeller and Morgan, and he feels like a Piker sitting in a stiff Poker Game with one White Seed.

Just about the time the Business Man counted up $100,000 to the Good he discovered that he needed seven Servants around the House. And the Missus could float down town on a sunny Afternoon and make $1,000 look like a Pinch of Small Change.

He set his Mark at One Million. Then when he had that, out to the Sylvan Dell. He was going to be a GentlemanFarmer.

Every Office Building on Earth is congested with hollow-eyed Prisoners who are planning to be Gentleman Farmers. About next Year or Year after—away from the Hurly Burly, and nothing to do except raise Chickens.

All of them have those Chicken Dreams. This Business Man Whom we are describing even went so far as to pick out the kind of Chickens he was going to raise — Plymouth Rocks. He figured out how many eggs he could get per Hen, and sometimes when the Pencil was working well he estimated that he could make the Place self supporting.

In the meantime he was humping Himself and eating Pepsin Tablets and taking a little something every night to make him Sleep.

The Business had developed so that he had fourteen Push-Buttons in front of him and kept two Stenographers busy, and was jumping from the Long Distance Phone to the Private Office most of the Time and chewing up 30-cent Cigars and in other Ways giving a correct Imitation of a Man who has a large and ambitious Family on Hand.

He began to look Wild out of the Eyes and had a Severe Case of the Jumps, but he had to postpone that Rest for a little While because no one else understood all the Details of the Business.

When the Doctor hinted about Nervous Prostration he said that he was trying to get the whole Organization down to a System so that some one else could step in and run it, after which he expected to take a Place in the Country and raise Chickens. He told the Chicken Story so often he began to believe it himself.

In order to systematize the Large Business so that he could turn it over to some one else and then have his Vacation he began to put in sixteen hours a Day and landed in the large Corner Room with a Trained Nurse putting Ice on his Head and Telling him he would be all right in a Day or so.

He had a Ticker put in at one side of the Bed and kept a Stenographer on hand up to the Afternoon that he departed this Life.

It is said that when he went to his Rewasd he was met by a Celestial Attendant, who proved to be the Recording Angel.

"If you're the Recording Angel, get out your Book," said the Business Man. "I want you to take a few Letters for me."

MORAL: The Chicken Ranch is always in the Future Tense.—Geo. Ade.

Another Mystery

Los Angeles, April 13.—A shocking murder, closely similar in manner with the murder of "Old Man" Sowards in this city on January 30th, was committed here last night and promises to go down in criminal history as another baffling mystery.

The corpse of Thomas Cummings, battered and chopped, was found this morning in a corral hut at 1635 San Pedro street, where Robert Sherer & Co. have a horse market.

Cummings was corral boss for the firm, and had been an employe of the company for the last ten years. He was known as an industrious and capable man and of peaceable disposition. As far as can be ascertained Cummings went to bed about 10:30 o'clock last night in the corral shack which served him as his home. He was not again seen alive. This morning an employe of Sherer & Co. found the corpse of Cummings stretched on the bed in the shack.

Under the floor of the shack the police found a blood-stained pickhandle, but some other and sharper weapon must have also been used by the murderer.

The police have not succeeded up to tonight in unearthing any clew, nor do they attempt to ascribe a motive. They suggest that there must be a woman in the case.

NOT CONTINUOUS

Drunks Must Sober Up to Meet Courts Convenience

Mr. Justice Macaulay does not propose to regulate his sittings in police court to suit the convenience of those who are too drunk to appear for hearing at the morning session, otherwise he would require a slate on which to make such notes as "John Smith, bagged at 2 a. m., will be sufficiently sober for trial at 2 p. m.," and Bill Jones, painting all night, bagged at 7:30 a. m., ready for trial at 6:30 p. m." In other words his lordship will not hold an afternoon session of his court for the express purpose of trying a case of d. and d.

For the above reasons S. S. Paulson who was not fit to appear in court at 10 o'clock this forenoon will have until the same hour tomorrow to undergo the sobering process and eliminate his dark brown taste.

IS MUCH NEEDED

Eagles Will Petition for Fence to Enclose Cemetery.

At a regular meeting of the local aerie of Eagles Sunday evening it was decided to petition the Yukon council at its present session to authorize and provide for the construction of a suitable fence around the cemetery on the hillside which cemetery is now exclusively used for burial of Dawson's dead. Other fraternal organizations have been asked to join with the Eagles in the praiseworthy movement.

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