"You are alone here, and I am not

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

My Grief Girl

A Vacation Experience

By F. A. MITCHEL

I invariably choose the seashore for my summer vacation—that is, I did so until two summers ago, when I met with something so saddening that I have never since gone there.

On this occasion of which I speak the hotel at which I stopped was full of young fellows and girls-young men are not usually found in abundance at such places-and, although they were constantly coming and going, they formed little groups for boating, fishing, bathing and such salt water pleas-

There was one girl who never joined any of these groups. Whether she was not invited to do so or kept aloof from choice did not appear. The moment 1 saw her I was struck with her appearance. Never have I seen a young face so tinged with sadness. It was not a temporary expression, but one stamped indelibly. I sat watching her one day on the hotel piazza to see if there would not come some momentary change. I scarcely took my eyes off her a moment for a whole bour and during this time could not detect the slightest relaxation of her features Into anything approaching a smile.

I met several attractive young la

dies, but somehow could not get interested in them. The fact is I had become preoccupied with the girl with a grief. The first night after seeing he



"WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

when I lay my head on my pillow and tried to sleep I could not. I found it impossible to shut out those death in life features. I began to fear that she would cast a shadow over my outing period and I would return to the city unrefreshed. It was long past mid-night before I lost myself in slumber. When I awoke I resolved to keep away from the "grief girl," as I called

ber, not knowing her name, but during the day chance kept throwing her in my way. Not only did my heart go out to her in sympathy, but she exercised a strange influence over me. While I was speaking with the clerk of the hotel she passed through the apartment where we stood, and I asked him who she was. He replied that he did not know. I inquired by what name she had registered, and he said that she had not registered. Upon my asking who was with her he replied that she was alone. She had asked if she might be accommodated at his hotel without entering her name or otherwise becoming known. He had told her she might do so, and that was all the information he had to offer con-

cerning her.

So far as I noticed, the guests of the hotel were too much occupied with their own affairs to pay any attention to a girl who was alone, unknown and by this time—I was satisfied—bent onkeeping aloof from others. She had not only become a mystery to me, but had thrown over me (unconsciously, of course) a spell. I could not banish her from my mind. I boated, I fished, I bathed, but everywhere, like the reflection of a cloud in the waters, was the face of my "grief girl."

At last I gave up the struggle and resigned myself to the unraveling of the mystery. When I saw her sitting on the beach watching some bathers I sut down near her. Then suddenly I

especially interested in any one. Would you mind my making your acquaint-ance in this unconventional manner? I have no wish to obtrude myself upon you or your affairs. I merely wish for your companionship for my brief vaca-

said to her:

tion or as much longer as you may care to know me."
I watched her while I said this, and when she replied to my overture I saw both a frightened and a hungry look in her face-frightened at something I knew not what, hungry for companionship and sympathy. I saw that a struggle was going on within her; that now she was about to give vent to a sudden burst of confidence, now to

pentup tears. I gave her time, and at last she controlled herself, refraining from an expression of emotion, and said quietly: "You are certainly very kind-you who may have all the companionship you wish—to seek me out. I accept your offer, but merely for the time we remain here and on condition that you

do not seek to discover who I am. You may call me Miss Deane." I could only acquiesce in these conditions, hoping that before we separated I might get something of her confidence. I intended not to be with her so much as to attract attention, but I found her attractive despite the pall that hung over her. Though young, her grief, whatever it was, seemed to have brought out a philosophic vein that was latent in her and rarely, if ever, found in youth, especially in girls. She spoke feelingly of the injustice in the world, wondering why an all powerful Creator had introduced it when he could as well have made all things just. But she did not complain of people being unjust. She seemed to consider that they acted out the natures which had been implanted in them. When I said that mankind were improving and a time would come when perfect justice would prevail she shook her head mournfully and said: "No. There can never be justice in the world. From the nature of things it is impossible. Fate rules in all things. We are its

taught in childhood." When man and woman become mutually attractive, intentions, resolutions, limits and the like are broken like ropes of sand. I had agreed to be companionable with Miss Deane for a natter of ten days and to make no effort to learn her identity. None of these conditions was kept. I ignored them, yielding more and more to the spell in which I was held. Then suddenly I became aware that it was an
animals kept roaring during the whole
of the curious scene—"talking togeth-

slaves, not its masters, as we are

We were sitting on the rocks when the crisis came. A declaration of love that meets with a favorable response is usually remembered with pleasurable emotions. Not so my declaration to Miss Deane. I recall it with horror. It seems that

she had been drifting, like myself, not fully conscious of where we were going. When I somewhat abruptly told her that she must be happy, for my of terror that came on her face was appalling.
"Oh, my God!" she cried. "What

have I done?"

Then for the first time it occurred to me that this grief under which she suffered was something that would be

an impossible bar to marriage.
"What is it?" I exclaimed.
heaven's sake, tell me!"
"I cannot; I will not." Her eyes were wild, and she was

trembling from head to foot. Nervous spasms were coming over her like the waves rolling in upon the rocks.
"You must tell me. The hardest thing in the world to bear is uncertainty—suspense."

"Not now. It would kill me, and if you love me it would kill you too." She arose and fied, I knew that it would be better to leave her to herself for awhile, so I did not follow her. I remained where I was and suffered from emotions that I cannot describe Later I went to my room and still suf-When it was growing dark I went downstairs and out on to the piazza. Miss Deane was sitting on the rock where I had made my declaration. I hurried down to her and found her perfectly calm.

"Do you wish to know this terrible secret?" she asked. "I do. What you suffer I shall suf-

"But you will not link your fate with mine."

"I will."
"The secret!"
"I am Jessie Sharpe."
I felt my blood I felt my blood freezing in my veins, the marrow hardering in my bones. "Jessie Sharpe, the"-

"I am Jessie Sharpe, the murderess, It seemed that the dome of the heavens was falling down upon us. Jessie Sharpe had been the central figure of a murder case, and nearly every one believed her guilty. She had not been convicted for lack of such evidence as the judge deemed requisite under the

I did not offer to make good my pro-

posal. I knew such a marriage would wreck my life as hers was wrecked and be a stain on our children. One thing, however, I resolved on.

"Is there a hope of the mystery of the murder being cleared?" I asked. "It can only be cleared by the confession of the murderer." "If that confession ever comes will you send for me?"

"No. If it comes you will hear of it."
"And I will seek you to the uttermost bounds of the earth."

Meanwhile the darkness had enveloped us. We sat together till late, mutually agreeing that we would not

meet again. When we bid each other

farewell we were seen only by the Eight years passed, and I was still a bachelor. One morning in taking up my newspaper I saw a heading: "Burglar shot, confesses to a murder. Jessie Sharpe vindicated."

The words were to me as a message from heaven. For years I had suffered all this girl suffered. And now the cloud that hung over us both was lifted and the sun shone as through receding rain. Not for a moment had I doubted her innocence. This vindica-tion had been a faint hope.

I sought her and found her receiving an ovation from the citizens of the place in which she lived. There was a second ovation the day after my arrival-the celebration of our wedding.

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The Lion's Story.

When lions were still numerous and easily observed in southern Africa they were sometimes seen instructing one another in voluntary gymnastics and practicing their leaps, making a

bush play the part of the absent game.

A hunter tells the story of a lion which had missed a zebra by miscalculating the distance repeating the jump several times for his own instruction Two of his comrades appearing while he was engaged in this exercise, he led them around a rock to show them how matters stood and then, return ing to the starting point, completed er," as the hunter who watched then said.

One of the supposed niceties of speech which to many ears seem overnice is the pronounciation of the word program when the French termination "me" is left off. These careful folk try to shorten the sound of the "a" with the shortening of the word. But "gram" snells "gram" in Englis may safely be so pronounced wherever it is found. Nobody says telegrum. Why, then, say progrum? - Christian Science Monitor.

Both Worried. "What's the matter, dear?" asked a woman of her troubled looking hus-

band. "Oh, I'm worried about the money market," he testily responded.
"And I'm bothered about the market money," quietly remarked the wom-an as she counted the contents of her purse.-London Tit-Bits.

Judging From Results. "Has Polly got her music lesson mixed up with her gymnasium hour?" "Of course not. Why do you ask?"
"I thought from the way she was playing she might have thoughtlessly taken the piano for a punching bag."-London Stray Stories.

Financial. A woman carries a purse in her hand so that other women will see it. A man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife will not see it.—New Orleans Picayune.

Got the Whole List. "Acquainted with her?" "No; just been introduced to his mother."—Detroit Free Press.

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Fall Fair Dates The Western District Fair Association

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Sept. 24-25
Parkhill
Sept. 25-26
Wyoming
Sept. 28-27 Wyoming.....S

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