

VERY HAPPY OVERSIGHT

What Happened to a Young Girl at a Museum.

Met an Old Man Who Was Horrid, but Who Had a Love of a Nephew.

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a. m.—Just now, when I took dad his cup of coffee, I found him poring over a bill and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that the Weekly Wag is wagging all the wrong way and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it. "In a word, the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded bitterly.

As I came up stairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when named by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to make the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I were whiling away an hour in the British museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile reared for the moment his clean shaven, scrutable face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dear. I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as we passed on into another room.

Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a well-bate as well as a celebrity. But he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in its columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of The Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p. m.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning directly the dear, unsuspecting dad had started for the city, I put on my sailor hat and sallied forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Olive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my finger tips. "You are a little simpleton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre, instead of a wit," I said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card I subsided into an easy chair. As I did so I caught sight of myself in a pier glass, and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and "the celebrated Mr. Rutland" entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel-gray eyes as they alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two girls" would rather deal with the lesser. Producing the current number of The Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and, instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture.

"This is a most preposterous request, young lady! It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of The Weekly Wag."

The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glance he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having troubled you with this preposterous request," I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow, I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could summon. At the same moment the hall door was hastily opened, and a clear blurred vision of a tall, straight figure in cricketer flannels made me redouble my efforts to repress my indignation to burst out crying.

Removing his cap the young fellow

held the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought!'" I reflected briefly, as I descended the deep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was not due for 15 minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the flaunting posters of many a prosperous compeer of the luckless little weekly I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning in my perambulation I was surprised to see the flannel clad figure of my tear blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig has repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made. "I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a savant, and only writes for the scientific journals."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But, really, knowing you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have great expectations in that quarter, and have kept my frivolous talent a dead secret from him," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said impulsively.

"I should certainly have rued it sadly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to The Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on, and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight, I helped aunt to improve our menu and then hastened to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again, and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1898, 10:45 p. m.—My wedding eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the spur given it by Rolf's pen, The Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again.

"But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Exchange.

To Save His Soldiers.

London, Nov. 23.—Lord Roberts sends from Pretoria a striking appeal to his countrymen to refrain from turning the welcome of the home coming troops into a drunken orgy. He expresses the sincere hope that the welcome will not take the form of treating to stimulants and "thus lead to excesses that will tend to degrade those whom the nation delights to honor, and lower the soldiers of the Queen in the eyes of the world which has watched with undisguised admiration the work they have performed for their sovereign and country."

"I therefore beg earnestly," says Lord Roberts, "that the public will refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the imperial army. I am very proud to be able to record with the most absolute truth that the conduct of the army from first to last has been exemplary. Not a single case of serious crime has been brought to my notice; indeed, nothing deserving the name of crime. I have trusted to the men's own soldierly feeling and good sense and they have borne themselves like heroes on the battlefield and like gentlemen on all other occasions."

"The most malicious falsehoods were spread by the authorities of the Transvaal of the brutality of Great Britain's soldiers, but the people were soon reassured that they had nothing to fear from the man in the khaki, no matter how battered and war stained his appearance. This testimony," concludes Lord Roberts, "I feel sure will be very gratifying to the people of Great Britain and those of greater Britain whose

sons shared to the fullest extent the suffering as well as the glory of the war, and who helped so materially to bring it to a successful close."

Lord Roberts explains that he thus appeals because of the distressing and discreditable scenes resulting from injudicious friends speeding the parting soldiers by shoving bottles of spirits into their hands and pockets.

Wholesale Theft.

Vancouver, Nov. 30.—The whole Kootenay and Boundary mining districts are stirred to their depths over a railway investigation now being held at Nelson. It is claimed by the secret service agents of the C. P. R. that a regularly organized ring has existed in the mining country for some time past whereby the railway company was defrauded out of many thousands of dollars by means of fraudulent tickets originally purchased—undated—at the company's offices, to be taken up by the conductors in the "deal" and returned to the special agents of the trainmen's syndicate, and by them sold over and over again. Hotel runners were, in the majority of cases, the go-betweens; and two conductors, among the best known in the interior country and employees of the road for years—are said to have organized the scheme. Two station agents are also implicated. Every man connected with the big railway company on the division is anxiously watching the outcome of the investigation. One of the conductors has already been discharged. Chief of Detectives Burns, from Montreal, and H. A. Janson, of the secret service department for the lines west of Fort William, had the conduct of the inquiry which has led to the expose.

Death on Dominion.

A claim owner of Hunker creek named D. Derwerde, who a short time since started with two partners for Clear creek, died last Sunday morning at No. 6 below lower discovery on Dominion, where he was taken sick on the way about a week before. The cause of death was pneumonia contracted by exposure. The body was sent to the city for burial.

Up the Line.

Reports from all points between Dawson and Bennett is that the warm wave continues. No steamer from below had arrived at Skagway during the 24 hours previous to noon today, therefore no telegraphic news has been received in Dawson today from the outside world.

Seventy-Six Millions.

Washington, Nov. 30.—The official announcement of the total population of the United States for 1900 is 76,295,220, of which 74,627,907 are contained in the 45 states representing approximately the population to be used for apportionment purposes. There is a total of 134,158 Indians not taxed.

The total population in 1890, with which the aggregate population of the present census should be compared, was 63,069,756. Taking the 1890 population as a basis there has been a gain in population of 13,225,464 during the past ten years, representing an increase of 21 per cent.

The tabulated statement shows that the population of New York state is 7,268,009, against 5,997,853 in 1890. The number of Indians in the state not taxed is 4711.

Notice.

Any person who went to Seattle on steamer City of Seattle that arrived about July 4th will confer a favor by seeing A. D. WILLIAMS.

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A Merry-Making.
There will be a grand dance given at 60 roadhouse, lower Bonanza, next Thursday night, December 20th. Good music; excellent supper. Everybody is invited and a good time is assured for all.
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A good sign cheap; see Vogee. c19

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