THE ANDOVER NEWS

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AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

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TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

A Pathetic Incident.

An old woman, decently clad, at whose feet lay a handsome dog, sat on the door-steps of a house in Philadelphia one morning recently, reports an exchange of that city. The day was bright and genial, and her attitude was that of quiet, contented restfulness. An observer from an opposite window sat watching the pair for some time, with a sympathetic interest which the actions of the dog quickened into vague apprehension. He had risen, and after intently gazing into the face of his mistress, as if in perplexed doubt, had licked the hands lying peacefully folded on her lap, and no loving response following, as if impelled by an unknown terror, he had raised his head and howled despairingly. Strangely moved, the watcher hastened to investigate, and saw that which constrained a hasty summons for a hospital ambulance. Too late, however. Another and more supreme summons had preceded it! The dog, at first fiercely resisting the removal of his mistress, followed the ambulance in piteous distress, and outside the hospital gate waited anxiously for hours, till, hope failing, he dejectedly departed. Here, so far as related, his story ends; but as we art told "he was a well-kept dog," he was doubtless spared the fate of the homeless and friendless of his kind.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox thinks the successful man "is one who has made a happy home for his wife and children, no matter what he has done to the way of winning money or fame." Mrs. Wilcox will hardly find anyone to contradict her on this point. Money and fame do not always bring to the home the pleasures that are found at the club and public places of entertainment.

There is in North Missouri at least one man who no longer cares to be "shown"—if it costs anything. He forwarded $1 recently to an eastern sharper who had advertised a willingness to explain, for the consideration specified, how to prevent a shotgun from scattering. The reply which came back was: "Use one shot."

John Philip Sousa said in a recent interview: "I believe the Americans are the most musical people in the world. It's a bold statement, but I base it on the very democratic fact that one hears more music whistled in the streets of our cities than in any other country in the world. There is more of the mass love of music. The critics say that our popular music is banal from a symphonic standpoint, but at least it teaches interval and rhythm, and those are the basis for a future better knowledge. I will venture to prophesy that in from 25 to 50 years from now America will be preeminently the musical nation of the world. The inclination of the human family is to pass through successive periods of commercial activity, art and luxury. We are in our commercial period now, and when the brains from which have sprung the telegraph and telephone turn to art there will be an American age to succeed the Renaissance, the Elizabethan and the Victorian eras."

When the only American soldier in Cuba from the town of Skaneateles, N. Y., sent home his vote for justice of the peace, it was found to make a tie between the two candidates. Now, says a local exchange, all the votes have to be recounted under mandamus proceedings.

Thirty thousand fruit trees, comprising the entire orchards of D. C. and G. M. Bacon, in Mitchell county, Georgia, were recently ordered to be burned by State Entomologist Scott, owing to the ravages of the San Jose scale.

The town of McAlester, in the Indian territory, has a population of more than 7,000, all of them squatters who hope that eventually the federal government will ratify their title to the property of which they have taken possession. They have no mayor, no town marshal, no aldermen, no police. There never was a survey of the ground made for town purposes. Yet they have built up fine residences, for a frontier settlement; the houses are built in rows that have wide and fairly regular streets; the people lead moral lives and are law-abiding in spirit, though there are no particular laws for them to abide by.

W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Andover meets the first and third Thursday in each month.

MRS. G. W. PROBASCO, Press Superintendent

WHAT ARE THE MAJOR ONES?

A Medical Man Writes Under the Caption: "Minor Immoralities of the Tobacco Habit."

Dr. Matthew Wood, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, writes on this subject. If these are the minor immoralities, we should like to inquire what the major ones could be. He says: "The vulgarity and licentiousness of the press, with its mercenary pandering to vice, corrupting as it does that very fountain of national strength, the home; the lubricity, the demoralizing looseness, of the degraded drama; disfigurement of hoardings by the cigarette-soaked indecencies of the variety stage, making it difficult for our children to walk the streets without contamination; the growing fondness for certain social functions with their flimsy vaudeville adornments; the mockery of and attempted obliteration of personal purities; the gross things done by tobacco-poised young people; degradation of seats of learning by the introduction of smoking-rooms, those hotbeds of vice and agnosticism, of ballet dancing and brainless burlesque—imbecility and irreverence under the auspices of fashion; defilement of public buildings by foul receptacles provided for a people so base that it is necessary to ask them please not to spit on the floor; the unchristlike methods of some of our churches; the effeminacy of religious periodicals with their venal advocacy of successful quackery and fraud; the prevalence of the gambling mania among women, leveling all ranks, wasting energy, dissipating time so much needed in more ennobling ways; medieval grotesqueries, euchre and wine parties for the spiritual and physical benefit of the outcast and sick, made so by gambling and drink—what, unless completely engrossed in other things, could induce thoughtful men silently to submit to these but that indiscriminating drowsiness of conscience—denying nothing, doubting everything—so frequently induced by tobacco?"—Health.

BRUTALIZED BY DRINK.

Farmer Spends His Substance in Riotous Living and Then Comes to Want.

Arrested for drunkenness 100 times and fined in the aggregate $1,000—this is the unique police court record of James Gordon, a farmer, residing at Castleton, near Albany, N. Y.

Experience, although a dear teacher for Gordon, has not been able to steady him in his roystering habits. He will likely pay many more dollars in fines before the last chapter of his odd story is reached.

At one time Gordon was well to do. His farm in Castleton was tilled to the highest stage of profit, and he commanded the respect of his neighbors. He is a man of middle age, of good family and intelligent. The cause of his persistent inebriety is a mystery.

About ten years ago Gordon went on his first drunk. He drove to Albany, went direct through the tenderloin of the capital city and generally whooped it up. He had the regulation farmer's roll of money with him, and it soon changed ownership.

Early the following morning of the day he arrived in town Gordon was found in the south end of the city, perched on the seat of a truck and calling out to imaginary horses to keep the plow in the proper furrow—"gol darn them!"

He resisted arrest and was only gathered in after a tussle with one-quarter of the reserves of the nearest precinct. He was fined five dollars in court, but didn't have a penny to pay it. Just as he was being marched to jail he produced a bankbook showing $2,000 to his credit. A messenger was sent down and enough was drawn to pay the fine and the livery man who held Gordon's rig. Then he departed, a sadder, but not a wiser man.

Just two weeks later Gordon arrived in town again. Another big wad bore him company. He went through almost the same programme. He drank, he slummed, he danced and he whooped. It was not long before he and his jag were collected again. And this he has kept up.

One thousand dollars of his deposit has already been eaten up. A number of times he has been fined $25 for a drunk, but this caused no comment. Gordon says now that he has nothing to regret and that he proposes to drink and pay fines until his drunk account is used up.

"Then," he says, "I'll get drunk again and go to jail often enough to make up in board what I've paid in fines."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

How utterly all other questions brought before the public pale into insignificance when compared with the mighty evil that comes from the saloon—National Advocate.

Judge Desnoyers fined R. Wiseman of St. Louis, Mo., the maximum penalty, $250, for the selling of liquor on Sunday. It was the fourth offense since last July. The law prescribes for the first offense, $75; the second, $120, and all subsequent ones, $250.

The sale of "brandy drop candy" is said to be flourishing in New Jersey. James Broderick, aged six, of Kearney was found helplessly inebriated on the street at Arlington after indulging in the seductive sweets. Dealers are to be prosecuted by the W. C. T. U.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have decided that the druggists of Washington cannot sell malt extracts without the prescription of a reputable physician. This is in line with the decision of the police court that all such liquids come within the express provisions of the liquor law.

San Francisco has 3,032 licensed saloons. This gives us one saloon for every 100 inhabitants, men, women and children! The moral and physical degeneracy entailed by these 3,000 drinking places is well known to coffee-drinking city employs 557 policemen. That is one policeman for each 5½ saloons.

All women found in public bars in Norfolk, Va., hereafter will be arrested under an order issued to the police by the police justice. The decision grew out of a case involving the liability of the barkeeper or the women themselves for their presence there, and the court held the women to be responsible.

Keep Out the Saloons.

There is no poverty, no suffering, no little crime, and no strife between labor and capital at the little town of Bolivar, 58 miles from Pittsburg. The 250 men who are employed in brick-making have not allowed any saloons there for 20 years.

Centralia, Mo., has a flourishing organization known as the Backbone club. Every member must sign a pledge that he will not use tobacco during 1900. The rules provide that if any member shall break his pledge, he must wear on the lapel of his coat a badge bearing in large letters the words: "I Have No Backbone."

RECORD OF THE PAST

No Stronger Evidence Can Be Had.

Look well to their record. What they have done many times in years gone by, is the best guarantee of future results. Anyone with a bad back; any reader suffering from urinary troubles, from any kidney ills, will find in the following evidence proof that relief and cure is near at hand:

Mr. S. C. Stevens, of 17 Atlantic street, Salamanca, proprietor of the leading livery stable, says: "I allowed my experiences with Doan's Kidney Pills to be published in our local paper in July, 1896, and it has appeared again and again under the heading of 'Local Evidence.' I had a weakness of the kidneys, especially during the spring and fall, when I contracted a slight cold. Procuring Doan's Kidney Pills at a drug store, I took a course of the treatment and it removed the attack which annoyed at the time. I have never had a pain in my back nor have my kidneys been out of order since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I never had anything more satisfactory in the way of medicine, and I can as warmly recommend them now as I could when I gave my testimony over 18 months ago. I am only too pleased to allow my opinions of Doan's Kidney Pills to be published in Salamanca."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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The motto of THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD is improvement. It strives each year to be better than it was the year before, and public confidence in it is shown by the fact that it now circulates more than twice as many papers every week as any other newspaper, not a daily published in America. Subscription price $1 00.

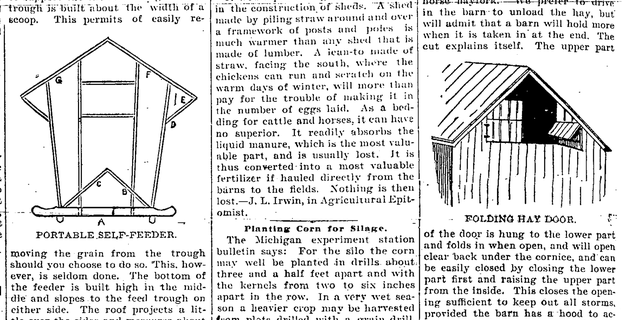
TO THE DEAF—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, gave $10,000 to his Institute so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 6042, The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

FARM & GARDEN.

PORTABLE SELF-FEEDER

Total Cost, Including Lumber, Hardware and Labor, Will Not Exceed Sixty Dollars.

A correspondent of the Breeders' Gazette describes a self-feeder successfully used on his farm. The frame work is all bolted together, as nails will not withstand the strain when pulling the feeder from one field to another. The runners are made of heavy 3x10 oak planks, each 16 feet long and placed 6½ feet apart. The runneds are rounded at both ends so that it can be pulled either way. Nine 2x4 joists, each nine feet long, are bolted onto the runners, about two feet apart. These joists are then fastened together by 2x6 joists, which project over the runners far enough to support the the feed trough. The trough is built about the width of a scoop. This permits of easily removing the grain from the trough should you choose to do so. This, however, is seldom done. The bottom of the feeder is built high in the middle and slopes to the feed trough on either side. The roof projects a little over the sides and measures about 14 feet from eave to eave. A door or cover is provided at either side for the feed trough. If one has cows in the lot at night, but wishes calves to grain from the feeder during the day, he can simply drop the lid when the cows are in the lot and raise it on turning them out. Calves can then eat oats or shelled corn or whatever you may have in the feeder for them. Cut the rafters for the floor out of 14-foot 2x4's, making them each 3½ feet long; 36 rafters of this sort will be needed for the bottom of the drop on the sides.



PORTABLE SELF-FEEDER.

After the feeder is sided up with shiplap or flooring, the roof of 1x3 sheeting is put on, which is afterwards covered with shingles. It is good idea to put several braces across the feeder from eave to eave. Bolt these to the structure by running a half-inch rod the length of the feeder and making it fast just below the grain doors. The feeder is about 16 feet long, and has a capacity of about 1,600 bushels of corn. Total cost, including lumber, labor and hardware, will be about $50 or $60. From 50 to 60 cattle can be fed at one of these feeders. Have slides in the troughs so the amount of grain can be adjusted to the kind of feed.

USING STRAW STACKS.

Every Farmer Who Is Raising Small Grain Has This Rather Weighty Problem to Solve.

If he is a good farmer he will not allow the stuck to stand and rot down. Aside from waste, there is nothing about a farm more unsightly than old straw piles. A neat and energetic farmer does not have them. He finds use for all the waste on his farm, and therein lies the secret of success. There is wealth and prosperity for the man who utilizes all the waste. One way to use straw is as a feed. By the usual method of stacking, its value as feed is very soon destroyed, however. It is the common practice to put the boys on the straw pile when threshing. Such a thing as stacking the straw to keep it is rarely thought of. The only idea is to get it away from the machine so that the threshing may progress as fast as possible. Well preserved, bright straw fed to cattle is a rough feed worth more for great value.

It would prove of great value, also, in the construction of sheds. A shed made by piling straw around and over a framework of posts and poles is much warmer than any shed that is made of lumber. A lean-to made of straw, facing the south, where the chickens can run and scratch on the warm days of winter, will more than pay for the trouble of making it in the number of eggs laid. As a bedding for cattle and horses, it can have no superior. It readily absorbs the liquid manure, which is the most valuable part, and is usually lost. It is thus converted into a rather valuable fertilizer if hauled directly from the barns to the fields. Nothing is then lost.—J. L. Irwin, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Planting Corn for Silage.

The Michigan experiment station bulletin says: For this purpose corn may well be planted in drills about three and a half feet apart and with the kernels from two to six inches apart in the row. In a very wet season a heavier crop may be harvested from plots drilled with a grain drill, every tube sowing, but the greater yield of protein and other nutrients was found in our experiments to be in the crop planted with less seed per acre.

SCOURS IN CALVES.

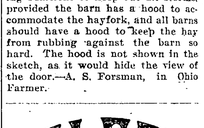
Causes of the Disease and How to Treat It with Reasonable Prospects of Success.

Calf scours are usually due to one or more of three causes: First, and most frequent, damp, ill-ventilated and filthy quarters, or badly cleaned feeding vessels. Filth or decaying milk generate ptomaines or poison germs that set up the disease. The vessel from which any animal is fed milk should be rinsed with cold water immediately after using, and then scalded every day. After scalding it should be set in the sun to dry, drain and sweeten. Second, feeding cold milk that chills the young calf and checks digestion. From 90 degrees to 100 degrees is the proper temperature for calf milk. Third, too long time between feedings; as a consequence the calf gets so hungry that it gorges itself when fed. From two to three quarts is as much as the ordinary six weeks old calf should be fed at a time. It should be fed not less than three times a day until it begins to take solid food. The remedy is to feed sparingly for a day or two. Give one or two ounces of castor oil in a little milk, and two hours later give a tablespoonful or teaspoonful of the following: In a little milk from a bottle in which an egg has been beaten. Tincture of ginger, four ounces; tincture of opium, three ounces; spirits of camphor, two ounces; tincture of rhubarb, two ounces, and essence of peppermint, two ounces. Mix. In very bad cases give every two hours; in mild cases give every four or six hours, until the discharges become more natural. If the calf is small and young, one ounce of oil and a teaspoonful of mixture will be a dose. Keep the calf warm and dry.—Jersey Bulletin.

GABLE BARN DOOR.

On Most Farms It Is Worth While to Add This Convenient Arrangement to the Barn.

It has always been a good deal of trouble to close the end door to a barn where hay is taken in with a horse fork. We prefer to drive into the barn to unload the hay, but will admit that a barn will hold more when it is taken in at the end. The cut explains itself. The upper part



FOLDING HAY DOOR.

of the door is hung to the lower part and folds in when open, and will open clear back under the cornice, and can be easily closed by closing the lower part first and raising the upper part from the inside. This closes the opening sufficient to keep out all storms, provided the barn has a hood to accommodate the hayfork, and all barns should have a hood to keep the hay from rubbing against the barn so hard. The hood is not shown in the sketch, as it would hide the view of the door.—A. S. Forsman, in Ohio Farmer.

WRECKED BY GRIP.

Terrible Pains in Head, Neck and Spine, Weak Back, Appetite Gone, no Sleep for Weeks and Nerves all in a Commotion. Relief came with

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

No disease plays such havoc with the delicate nervous system as that terrible scourge, LaGrippe. It tears and strains at your spinal column, it twists at your neck and seems to fairly split your head wide open. In vain you strive to throw it off. In vain you try to get away. You are racked and buffeted until your strength is worn out and your vitality is gone—then left to die. Dr. Miles' Nervine will help you. It is a wonderful nerve-healer and health restorer. It has closed up the lacerated wounds of thousands of grip's unfortunate victims and started them on the road to recovery.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is a nerve food as medicine, and it not only feeds but heals the nerve tissues, makes new fibers, increases the red corpuscles in the blood and strengthens the brain cells. When you find yourself so nervous, restless and irritable that you cannot sleep at night, Dr. Miles' Nervine will soothe your weary nerves and bring restful, refreshing sleep to your tired and worn-out brain. When you are weak, exhausted and run down so that you have no desire for food and no ambition for work, Dr. Miles' Nervine will stimulate your appetite, invigorate your digestion and build up strength for body and mind.

"La Grippe left my stomach so weak that I could scarcely eat any kind of food and was nervous and sleepless. I took three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and was cured."

Mrs. Wm. B. Swank, Miamisburg, O.

"Last February I was taken with the grip and it brought on nervous prostration which lasted for three months. I was so weak and exhausted in body and mind that I could not sleep and my nerves were all in a commotion. I had terrible pains in my head, the back of my head and down my spine, my back and legs were so weak that I could not walk, my appetite was gone and I had no sleep for nearly nine weeks. Nothing that the doctors gave me seemed to do me any good, and at last I sent for a bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine. The first dose brought refreshing sleep and from that time on I improved very rapidly. I used three bottles of nervine and two phials of Nerve and Liver Pills and my health was restored."

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O. H. JONES, Room 508,
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Not a Writing Man

By Constance Cotterell.

THE Boy stood and looked and looked at the Girl. It was by no means the first time he had met her, and he would have been extremely glad to know that it was the last. That is to say, he would have wished, of all things in the world, never to part from her again. But this, he acknowledged to himself, was past hoping for. All her people were so clever, everybody she knew had written something or other, she was only used to the very most intellectual persons. Why, even this party that he was now at was given in the great room at the end of her father's garden where he wrote his wonderful books. And he—he was such a countrified fellow. He only had money and a ridiculous, quite intellectually useless strength of body. He could only shoot and hunt, and play games, and manage dogs and horses. Boorish pursuits, he thought, despairingly. Once he brightened for a moment as he looked round the crowd of nervous, narrow-shouldered men.

"I'd just like to show them what I could bring down a pheasant at a hundred yards!" he said, and almost chuckled to himself.

Nobody took any notice of him. He felt that he had hardly any right to be there. If he had taken a composition prize at school, or even so much as written a letter to the papers, he felt that he need not have stood there so ashamed. Once She in her capacity as a young hostess had come and spoken to him. Very shyly. What single thing in common with her could such a stupid fellow as he have? And so she had left him on the outskirts, talking to one or two girls whom he supposed to embody genius in its most terrible form, the feminine specimen, and who therefore found, and left, him dumb.

So he wandered off into a far corner, for it was a large room, and when he had put himself behind a small grove of portfolios he could watch her without being seen or being in anybody's way. For a long time he stood in the very fair and in white, with what he called a lump of black velvet against her shining white shoulder. Then at last she was lost to him in a throng far away at the other end of the room. He turned his back on everybody, and looked with a curious, ingenuous wonder at some Inca drawings which were in the corner on the wall.

He did not observe that the noise of voices grew less and less, and then ceased altogether. He was lost in a dream of Her until suddenly he was awakened by the electric lights going out altogether and the sound of a key turning in the lock of the door. He listened acutely then, and heard the gay voices growing fainter outside, as the guests went along the Chinese lantern path into the house to supper. He started out of his corner to rush for the door and try to make somebody hear him. But he entangled himself among the portfolios stands with a loud noise, and when he extricated himself and felt cautiously round in the darkness for landmarks he found that he had lost his bearings. The sounds outside died away.

He stood still and wondered what he should do. And where was She? What more worthy man was handing her to supper? His teeth came together at the thought. It had been his one final daring hope, to take her into supper this very last time—and then retire to vegetate and slowly die in the empty country. And even this had been denied him. He felt a chair near and sat heavily down.

Then his sharpened senses seemed to take in a breath and a soft rustle a very long way off, and there came a low, sweet voice: "Are you there, Mr. Penwin?"

Rapture. "Are you?" was all he could say, and he bounded from his chair.

She laughed gently. "Yes, I—I got left behind—as you did, you know!"

"I can't imagine how I did it," he said.

"You were dreaming something beautiful in your corner—"

"I was!" he cried out, eagerly, and began to make his stumbling way toward her voice.

"—something that I shall perhaps read some day in a great book!" she breathed, softly.

He stopped groping with a gasp. Heavens! this was worse than anything. She took him—him, for a writer! He blushed as he stood there in the darkness. And, of course, how could she suppose that any guest of her father had not written, or was not about to write, some world-stirring masterpiece? It thrilled him for a moment to think she had thought him capable even for an instant of writing something, anything. But the despair was all the faster afterward. Well, it certainly was all over now; the only thing was to get away from her as quickly and with as little betrayal of his stupidity as possible. So he blundered out:

"Tell me what I can do to let you out."

"Us," she said, very gently, he thought.

"Us," he echoed, and his heart seemed to him to stop beating as he said it. That she should put herself into one word with him and say "us!"

"There aren't any windows," she said, in a voice that struck him as oddly calm, coming through the tumult of his feelings. "Father has it lighted from the top, so that he shan't see anything to distract his thoughts, or we could have got out that way."

"Does he, really?" said Penwin, in overflowing admiration of this iron type of genius. "Splendid man!"

"Do you think so?" she said, slowly. "I think the blue sky or the great clouds and the trees and flowers would help to make one's thoughts beautiful—and true."

He became more ashamed than ever, feeling that her reverence for poetic things was high, indeed.

The only thing he could think of to say was: "Where are the switches? Can't I turn on the light?"

"Outside." Then she laughed gayly. "I'm afraid we really are locked up till they remember us!"

"We!" "Us!" It wrought upon him so that he could hardly bear it. Surely she did not understand what she was doing to him! "If you only knew," he began, recklessly, and then pulled himself up.

"What?"

"Oh—you know everything!"

"Indeed, no; there are some things I would like very much to know." He heard that she sighed softly. This was torment. Why was he not a learned man, so that she could have asked him and he could have told her?

"I think I noticed a candle on that table," he stammered, dismally. "The one with the prickly edge."

"Yes, if one only knew where it was," she said. "I'm quite lost, aren't you?"

"Quite," he said, forlornly.

"I don't know where anything is."

"I do."

"What?"

"You," he said, simply.

"That's an idea," she said, as if it were an agreeable one.

"What? How?" he cried, in delight. Was it possible, then, that he had ideas without recognizing them?

"If we find each other we shall at any rate have found something."

He was speechless. Then he said, almost trembling.

"May I come to you?"

"Y-e-es," she said. And well might she hesitate in that heavenly, dainty way, he thought. To find him was but a poor hope for her, even if to find her was to him just everything.

He heard again the soft rustle.

"Are you coming to me?" he asked, incredulous of his joy.

"Of course. I must meet you half way."

"If you could—Oh, if you would—"

"I am doing it," she said, and laughed softly again.

He heard several bumps and noises close to his own knees and shins and supposed that he was making them with his own person, but he could not take account of that when she was "coming half way." Next moment his hand grasped a soft one, put out to feel its way. Before he or she could stop he had touched her, herself, and his nostrils caught up the scent of her hair.

She withdrew from him with a soft surprised "Oh!"

He, too, could only echo the "Oh," and the hand loosed itself from his longing hand that dared not keep it.

Neither spoke for awhile. He feared he should never be forgiven, and even furiously wished that he had written something. Then he would have had a right at least to want to touch her.

"I think I am standing near the table where the candle was," she said faintly at last.

He found his matchbox in humble silence. There was only one match in it, and he struck it. It turned out to be the wrong table, but he succeeded in bringing the match alight to the candle, though he really did not see it. He only saw her. She was pale, he thought. She must be very angry. The candle had been, so it happened, pinched with a wet finger the night before. It sputtered and spat in a vixenish manner and went angrily out. The match, too. There was silence again.

"Well, we saw how we were standing," she said. Her voice was very low.

"Yes," so was his.

"But I don't seem to remember—"

"Nor do I!"

Another silence.

"It's so annoying," he ventured.

"It is," she said, but quite softly.

"So horrid for you!"

"So tiresome for you," she was saying at the same time.

"Oh, I don't mind."

"And, you see, it's—it's my father's room," she added, in an explanatory manner, so that he could not but feel that something had been explained. He would have been glad to have been told what.

"I suppose we can talk?" she said, nervously.

"Yes."

There was a long silence. He heard that she sat down and he moved close to her silently.

"I suppose—" he began, desperately.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Yes?"

"I didn't think you were so near!"

"Did I frighten you?" How he forbore to call her "dearest" he did not know.

"Oh, no."

"Then?"

"It startled me. But I think I like to have you near. It's so dark."

"It is—very dark." He came nearer. It was delicious to think she could be afraid of the dark. He had feared she was too clever.

"What were you going to say?" she asked.

"I suppose," he said, despair coming on again. "I suppose there wasn't anybody here to-night who hadn't written a book?"

"Most of them, several." He fancied she sighed again. It must be boredom, this time to think of the brilliant people at supper while she was shut up with him. He fancied that it was with an effort she turned to him and said:

"And when's your book coming out?" She did speak wearily.

"I—I don't know," he stammered.

"You are a slow writer, then?"

"I can't even spell!" he blurted out.

"Oh, I don't know that that makes any difference."

There was another silence. Then she appeared to make another effort.

"And you really can't tell me when it would be of any use putting it on my list?"

"Oh, how can I bear it?" His voice came out of a dream.

She supposed his work had not been accepted and reproached herself for conversational clumsiness. And then somehow went on to make it worse.

"They generally don't mind," she said.

"Mind what?" he murmured.

"Being refused."

He felt himself grow burning hot.

"Have I been refused?" he stammered.

"You know."

"I didn't dream I had dared—I don't understand. How did you guess what I—"

"It's so usual," she said.

He found he was fighting for breath.

"But you mustn't mind," she said, with sudden kindness. "You must be proud, and say like the others, that it's gross blindness and prejudice, and that somebody else will recognize your merit."

"The—the others?" he stammered. "What others?"

"All those who have been refused."

"Were—were there many?"

"Hundreds."

Penwin laid hold hard of the edge of her chair.

"You mustn't mind so much. Indeed, you mustn't, dear Mr. Penwin. Everybody begins by being refused. Please don't mind so."

"How can I help?" he demanded, almost with a sob.

She put out a ministering hand and it met his cheek, which was bowed down. There was a tear on it. He seized the hand and kissed it, and then, they neither of them knew how, he was on his knees by her side.

"Make up to me for it—a little," he said. "It is as hard as death."

Her hand was still in both of his. He felt a subtle change in it. It quivered, and then seemed consciously to surrender itself to him. He kissed it again.

"After all," she said, by and by, in a new voice, "somehow I should not have thought you were a writing man."

"Why not?"

"You don't look like it, you know."

"I don't," he admitted, miserably.

"And you never ask how much So and So got for So and So, and you never seem annoyed at anybody's book being a success, and you never say a good thing and then seem to think you've wasted it, and you don't talk about form and local color and—"

"You see," he pleaded, "I'm quite a novice!"

"And always when you came into the room there seemed to come a breath from the mountains where nobody hunts for unusual words and where one can live with real and beautiful things instead of writing about them, and I—liked that."

He was so sad and so happy that he was dumb.

"Do you know, I'd—I'd rather you didn't write!"

"Dulcie!" He had never dared even to think of her by her name, but now it seemed the greatest gift the world that had ever been given him.

"Yes," she whispered, softly.

"Don't you like writing men?"

"I'm sick to death of them."

"Could you like a man who could put two words together?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid I do."

"Could you—could you love him?"

"I'm afraid I do."

For one sharp moment happiness seemed a greater agony than despair. Then he leaned his face to hers, and the agony was gone.—Good Words.

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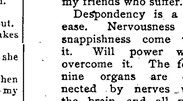

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