

SIGN-BOARDS ON THE UP-ROAD

Hamilton B. Williams

If the Lord Christ should come again in the flesh... If He should speak His word in hamlet and in crowded streets... If He should show the road that leads the multitudes of folk...

Love and Luggage By JANE OSBORN

Lee Ormsby was making an omelet. That is, he called it an omelet, but that is because the mixture of eggs that he proceeded to fry on his little one-burner gas stove sounded more scrambled eggs...

That as he would have to wait until morning to arrange at the bank to forward some money on the strength of his next monthly remittance...

Two days later came a night letter from Lee's home town in the South. "The trunk was so heavy that dad had it opened. We discovered the equipment which showed how money had been spent."

Accidents Will Happen By FREDERICK HART

When Ethel Dorrance opened her eyes the first thing which she became conscious was a pair of gray eyes very close to her own, and a handsome face on which anxiety and relief struggled for mastery.

That money still worries you," Lee laughed. "Well, I suppose I must explain. I have been extravagant, shamefully so. There was certain equipment I would have to have when I started out, and I figured if I got it now it would be useful to me now."

bell and opening of motor. The crowd parted, and a spruce young interne assisted the man with the gray eyes to place Ethel in the car. She made a last effort.

"Who was it?" she asked. "I don't know. He disappeared after the accident. But the doctor at the hospital said that if it had not been for his first aid you might have been here the only complete sentence."

"Ethel my dear, I have a surprise for you," he said. "Some one is going to call on you in half an hour—some one you don't know yet, but whom you will before long."

"Ethel," began her father, "this is the young man to whom we owe your life. May I present Mr. Harris—my daughter, Mr. Harris, I want her to tell you herself how grateful we all are for your prompt aid."

ed at the roundtable beginning of their company. They made a confession to her father. "Daddy, he did ask for his hand," and I told him that I wanted to keep it to remember him by. And daddy, now I can keep it always—and I'm so happy!"

"Daddy, I think he's splendid. How did you find who he was?" "Well, it was a curious coincidence. Old man Morton, of the big firm of lawyers, wrote in to ask how you were—he's an old friend of mine you know—and said that this young man who was a new member of the firm and a very clever one, had been there and picked you up. It seems that after you left he went to his office to find out who I was, and told the whole story to Morton, swearing him to secrecy. But Morton thought that he was foolish not to let us thank him, so he spilled the beans, and I got hold of young Mr. Harris for lunch and made him promise to come up here. What do you think of him?"

"Daddy, I think he's just as nice as he can be!" "And did you return his handkerchief?" "A little blush ran across Ethel's face. "Well, he didn't ask for it, and I thought—I thought I'd like to keep it for a souvenir of the occasion."

"Oh! Well—I see!" And Mr. Dorrance left the room laughing heartily, to the great indignation of his daughter. But several months later, when the engagement of Ethel Dorrance to the rising young lawyer, John Harris, was announced and the newspapers blurted out the fact, she was sitting at her dressing table, looking at a handkerchief which she had just discovered in her pocket.

"The Handkerchief is Marked 'J. H.' It" prayed to be an ambulance, which drew up with much ringing of bell and opening of motor.

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