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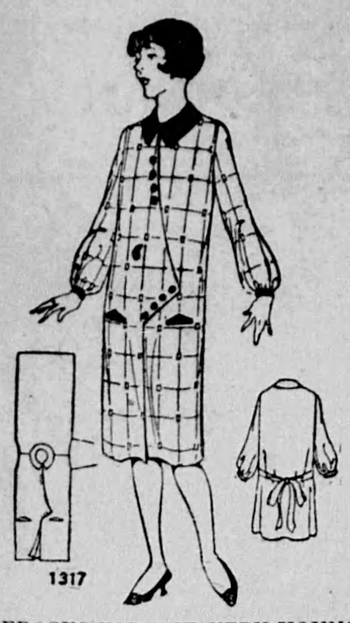

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True Politeness.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.—Goldsmith, in "The Citizen of the World."

ISSUE No. 35—'26.

Being "Twins."

The poet Byron once atoned for all the cynical things he wrote by two beautiful lines:—

"All who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a twin."

They enshrine in unforgettable fashion the truth that no one ever attains happiness alone.

I suppose no one has ever said: "From this moment I'll shun all my fellow-creatures. I'll neither marry nor make friends. No one will ever be able to say he has ever talked with me heart to heart; and I shall see for myself how far it is possible to go by being sufficient to myself."

But many men—and some women—have really lived their lives on that creed. They have not deliberately avoided marriage or friendship. They, because they were following some particular end, have simply lived in the spirit of Kipling's dictum: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." And when love or friendship offered they have turned away because they feared to be hampered in their choice of a life-endeavor, of a career.

Pursuing their object, singly and blindly, they grow old. What have they then? Some have money; some may have success and renown; some are failures. All are alone. For it is even truer that he who travels alone arrives alone. There is no more poignant, no more terrible fate than to be old and alone.

How much more than lonely is a man or woman without happy memories, who has run away from the happiness that is only to be found in being to someone a "twin"?

The happiest old person I have ever known was an old countrywoman. She sat day after day with a smile on her face: no, not a vacuous smile, but the smile that springs from contented thoughts. When she spoke her words were always of people—her husband, her children, and a multitude of friends. They had all gone: but they lived in her memory and were worth more to her than riches. She had stored up well for her loneliness because she was not loath to be a "twin."

Yes; it may be true that you travel fast if you travel alone. But what is your speed worth if you pick up no treasures by the wayside?

There is another side to this business of being a "twin." Although, strictly speaking, there are no give-and-take bargains to be enforced in the world of affection and friendship, there are very definitely debts of honor. For every kind word, every kind thought, that we receive from our "twins," we are in honor bound to return as good as we have been given. If we give a little more than we need our "twin" is spurred to give even more in return, and in a short time the world is an infinitely richer place than either of us had dreamt it ever could be.

Byron, I think, wrote truer than he knew.

Was Bobby to Blame.

Brown is very fond of his young son. He was talking to a visitor about the wonderful intellectual development and future possibilities of the little fellow.

"Not two years od yet, and he knows all the animals by proper scientific classification. He's going to be a great naturalist. Here, let me show you."

He took a book of natural history from the bookshelf, placed Bobby on his knee, opened the book and showed him a picture of a giraffe.

"What's that, Bobby?"

"Horsey," said Bobby.

Next a tiger was exhibited, and Bobby said "Pussy." Then a picture of a loin wass shown, and Bobby said "Doggy."

And when a full-page picture of a chimpanzee was displayed, Bobby exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Daddy!"

Easy!

"I don't believe in learning German, Spanish, French, or any foreign language," said a man. "Why," he continued, "I lived among a lot of Germans, and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language, but I didn't, not a word of it."

"How did you manage?"

"Well, you see, they all spoke English."

The Ruler.

There can be no pleasure equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands all made happy by wise administration.—Samuel Johnston.

No Punishment.

TeacherJ"Could a fellow get punished for something he didn't do?"

"Why, no, of course."

"Well, I didn't do my 'rithmetic."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt. Mary is very happy in her new home until a letter comes to her from Dolly. The Durhams were rescued from the wreck and Dolly says she is writing to David.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

How dared Dolly, after all she had done, contemplate asking David for money? She had not the slightest claim on him; it was outrageous.

And then she remembered that it was nothing worse than that which she herself was doing. She who had no claim on him either—she who was a stranger—a mere nobody! Dolly had at least been Nigel's wife, whatever she had done since—but for herself——

One thing remained clear to her. She must leave the Red Grange; she must leave David and Miss Varney, and the beautiful house and garden, and go back to the old weary drudgery of life as it had been when she first met Nigel.

Any day, almost any hour now, Dolly's letter might reach David, and then— She found herself crying softly. She did not want to go. It seemed so impossible to walk away from this new, wonderful life, and go back to the tear and bustle of London on a few shillings a week; and yet how much more impossible would it be to stay here, dreading discovery every moment of every day—acting a lie.

Once she had thought that she could go straight to David herself and tell him, but she knew now that she could not. How could she tell him that she had shamelessly called herself his brother's wife? How could she tell him that she had once believed herself to have loved Nigel, when now—at this very moment—there was another man for whom she cared with every beat of her aching heart?

They were so very different, these two men. For brothers they were amazingly unlike, and yet at one time each in turn had been dear to her. She had lost one, and now she must lose the other also.

She crept into bed and lay awake, staring into a darkness that seemed pulsating with throbbing thought.

The gray ghost had warned her to go. Well, she would take the warning.

But with the morning sunshine her determination weakened; her cowardly heart pleaded for just one day more—just one more day.

A few more hours with David—A few more hours of forgetfulness—and then she would write the finis to the story with her own faltering hand, and steal away out of his life.

CHAPTER XL.

FOUND OUT.

Her eyes sought David's furtively at breakfast. Supposing he had already heard from Dolly? Supposing already he knew of the cheat that had been planted on him?

But he smiled, meeting her gaze, and asked if she were going to take him out for another drive that morning.

She assented nervously. She was beginning to be afraid of him now; or was it only of herself?

It was after breakfast, when she waited at the hall door for him, that it came over her with full force all that she was giving up by leaving this house. The freedom, the luxury, the little attentions from the servants, Miss Varney's quiet affection. She had never had any of them in her life before, and she had not believed how much they would all come to mean for her.

Soon— in a few days—she would look back and smile incredulously to remember that she had once driven David Bretherton's car. It would all seem like some wonderful, unreal dream, as she jogged homewards on a penny omnibus, tired after a day's grind in the city. She started from her reverie at the sound of a man's step on the drive which led to the road. She raised her eyes.

A man was coming towards her—a man whose face and figure looked vaguely familiar, and yet she could not place them. As he drew nearer, she saw that he, too, was staring at her with a curious interest. After a moment he raised his hat, hesitatingly, and then she knew him. It was Montague Fisher.

For a moment their eyes held each other's, and Mary felt the color slowly leaving her face; even her lips seemed cold and white.

Monty Fisher! David Bretherton's best friend, whom she had met once before—the year of Nigel's marriage.

He knew her now. He spoke her name with blank amazement.

"Miss Furnival! Why, I thought—I heard—" He broke off, stammering.

Impulsively Mary flung out a hand to him.

"Don't—not now. Oh, please!"

There was shame and terror in her voice, and a very agony of entreaty in her eyes.

"But—but—" Fisher was completely mystified. "I thought—I—" A sudden light filled his eyes. He stood staring at her blankly.

David's voice sounded behind them in the hall. After a moment he joined them.

"Monty!"

It was not all pleasure in his voice, and he gave one swift glance at Mary before he took his friend's hand.

"What in the world has brought you down here?"

"I wanted to see you on business. No, it's nothing very important, but, to tell you the truth, I wanted an excuse to get out of London for a day, so here I am."

David began an introduction to Mary, but she stopped him with a little laugh.

"We have met before, haven't we, Mr. Fisher?"

Fisher bowed gravely; there was a sort of unwilling admiration in his eyes.

"We were just going for a drive," said David. "You must come with us. Mary has just learned to drive the car herself; she is quite an expert."

"Mr. Fisher doesn't believe me, I can see," said Mary. She felt as if she were moving and speaking on a stage. She did not dare to hope that Fisher would keep her secret; there was a sort of stern gravity in his face that made her heart sink.

She remembered that he was David's friend, and that Dora was his sister; and from her own observation she had guessed that Dora meant to be mistress of the Red Grange. Was it likely, therefore, that he would stand by and see David imposed upon? It was a desperate situation. She would have given anything had it been possible to excuse herself from the

"You think she is Nigel's widow, I know, but—"

drive. She would have given anything for just a few moments alone in which to recover her self-possession.

A sudden weakness laid its hand upon her. She looked at David appealingly.

"I don't want to drive this afternoon. Will you, please?"

He assented at once, but insisted that she should sit by his side. Fisher took the back seat.

Conversation was impossible, save in snatches but whenever Mary half turned to speak to the man behind her, she found his eyes, watchful and curious, fixed on her face.

CHAPTER XLI.

"I KNEW IT."

It was a lovely afternoon, but she had never enjoyed a drive less. She was thankful when it had ended, and they were back once more at the Red Grange. She nerved herself for the inevitable scene. When she saw Fisher follow David into his study, she stood for a moment with her hand pressed hard over her eyes.

Soon they would come for her—soon she would be called down there to answer the accusation Fisher would make against her.

But the moments passed, and nothing happened. She could hear their voices rising and falling, but nothing happened, and she went slowly upstairs.

But behind that closed study door, Fisher had turned on his friend with excited impulse.

"David, who is that woman?"

Bretherton raised his eyes from a cigaret he was lighting.

"What—woman?" he asked slowly.

"That girl—Mary, as you call her?"

"Well?"

There was a little pause, then Fisher broke out again excitedly:

"Who is she? You think she is Nigel's widow, I know, but—"

"I never said I thought so. I know as well as you do who she is." Bretherton's voice was rather flinty. "She is Mary Furnival," he added deliberately. "I have known it all along."

Monty Fisher stared at his friend for an instant without speaking. Then:

"You knew it all along, my dear fellow! And you allowed this woman to deliberately deceive you, and pass herself off as Nigel's widow?"

"I knew it all along."

There was something in the quiet answer that Fisher resented.

He had been David Bretherton's closest friend for so long that it struck him unpleasantly to realize that he had been shut out from all this.

Mary Furnival's influence must be great indeed.

After a moment he tossed his cigaret into the fire, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course it's no business of mine; but I admit I can't understand you. What is the result going to be? How in Heaven's name are you going to get rid of her?"

"I am not sure that I wish to get rid of her," said Bretherton.

Fisher stared. A dawning suspicion crept into his eyes; he thought of his sister, and her anger that night when she came back from the Red Grange. She, too, had seen what a hold this stranger woman was obtaining in the house, even though she had been a thousand miles from guessing the real truth.

(To be continued.)

Contented to Know He Had It.

Dad—"You don't know on which side your bread is buttered, young man!"

Bad Boy—"And I ain't goin' to drop it to find out neither, I'll say."

Minard's Liniment for Insect bites.

Keep it in.

A yardmaster was interviewing applicants for the post of driving of a motorbus, and among the volunteers was an Irishman.

"Can you drive a car?" asked the yardmaster.

"Can Oi drive a car?" repeated the Irishman, scornfully.

"Well, run the bus into the shed."

Pat climbed on the trembling vehicle. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever, and pulled it for all he was worth. Zip she went into the shed. Pat was a bit put out. He saw trouble ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever. Out she came—in again—out again. The yardmaster yelled:

"I thought you said you could run a motor car?"

But Pat had an answer ready:

"Oi had it in here three times. Why didn't ye shut the door?"

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Sunset on the Lawn.

Out of my open window I can see a lawn. It lies like an oval pond of green water surrounded by heavy trees. It is trimmed closely about the edges where beds of brilliant flowers drop their petals gently upon its stretch long sharp shadows, for the evening sun is about to slip away behind the cloud pillows.

The lawn is richly toned and richly covered, and an impression of something prosperous and stately rises to my window, something of abundance, of true restfulness. The shadows of the branches are dignified; they fall like the folds of a lady's train resting upon a rich carpet. Almost, in the half light, one might fancy the trees to be gentle personages, standing together, conversing in undertones; every now and then there seems to come the slow, graceful movement of a hand, or the bow of a head, or the almost timid flutter of a fan.

From side to side of the lawn can be traced a mower's pattern—light and dark, light and dark; and where the oldest tree rises in the middle, there is a circle. I cannot now detect that most reminiscent of scents that rises from freshly mown grass; maybe the morning claimed it for its own. The air, rather, is full of evening—no special scent, but a breath of something golden and brilliant and purply-blue.

High in the mauve sky a tiny moon is resting. The trees look up and rustle their fine gowns. One of them, I think, has dropped a diamond upon a blade tip. To-morrow I will rise very early—maybe I shall find it!

A Fair Question.

"I wonder," said Legget, 'why old Tomlinson changed the name of his new bungalow?"

"Changed its name?" repeated his friend. Surely not. He was rather proud of it, because he's thought it out by himself. It was called the Nutshell,' wasn't it?"

"That's right," said Legget; 'all the same, it's altered."

At this point a third man spoke.

"Tomlinson," he said, "got tired of that name because small boys used to ring the bell and ask if the 'kernel' was in."

Heart Trouble.

The young woman travelling with her stern-looking father was evidently not in the best of health. She was decidedly pretty, but her cheeks were pale.

A kind — if inquisitive — passenger sitting opposite leaned forward and addressed the stern parent.

"Your daughter seems very ill," he remarked, sympathetically.

"Yes," replied the father. "It is an affection of the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no! Only a lieutenant in the Navy."

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