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The Marrying Parson

By HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH.

I.

"Miss Winthrop, Hope, I asked you out here this afternoon to—" Randall was interrupted by a vivid flash of lightning. He looked about him, startled. Hope screamed.

"I—I'm afraid of lightning! What shall we do?"

"Better stay here where we won't get wet; the trees are thick here," Randall began, but Hope shook her head.

"We can't stay here! It is dangerous! [illegible] me!" She held out her hand to him. "Hurry!"

Hand in hand the pair raced along the [illegible] path to an open space some [illegible] ahead. The clearing offered no form of shelter. A double line of rail [illegible] disappearing around a curve [illegible] the only sign of civilization and [illegible] first drops were splashing down.

"There [illegible] that siding," panted Hope. "There must be a station [illegible] shall we run for it?"

Randall pressed her hand dramatically [illegible] forward. "Why not seek [illegible] an empty car?" he suggested [illegible] with open arm [illegible] open door. "Are you game?"

Hope [illegible] "Quick! I'll race you to [illegible] down the slope [illegible] over the low [illegible] leaped forward to [illegible] hurtling from his arm [illegible] he had been carrying for [illegible]

"[illegible]," he said, [illegible] from his reasoning [illegible]

"Yes, but I [illegible]," she retorted triumphantly. "[illegible] you have done to [illegible]?"

"Quick, here comes the rain in good earnest!" Throwing the bag, Randall beat and made a step of his hands, as if he were mounting [illegible] on a horse. Then he, too, scrambled in, while the rain descended in torrents.

Well satisfied, Randall peered into the dim recesses of the car. During his entire vacation he had waited patiently for an opportunity to see Hope alone to tell her his innermost thoughts and desires—in short, to propose. And the empty freight car merely promised isolation. But Randall was forgetting the circumstances; he turned to his companion and saw her shiver.

"You are soaked! Here, put on my coat," he commanded. "It isn't as wet as that thin waist."

"No thanks—keep it for yourself," returned Hope with a shivery laugh, "there is a sweater in my knitting bag."

"I always wondered why they were called knitting bags and now I see it is mere camouflage," laughed Randall, plunging his hand into the gay cretonne bag that swung from his arm.

"Is this the thing you call a sweater?" he asked, and lifted out a filmy garment of deep rose pink. "It looks more like a cobweb at sunrise; the sort of thing we used to call fairy tents, you know."

"How romantic we are getting," scoffed Hope, as she wriggled into the knitted slip-over. "It is a very substantial cobweb, I assure you. 'All wool and a yard wide.' Ugh! How it presses these wet sleeves against me! And my feet are blocks of ice, aren't yours?"

Ruefully Randal gazed at the dainty foot thrust out to display its muddy, sopping pump and its wet silk stocking.

"Shan't I rub 'em with my handkerchief?" he offered meekly. "Or," as she shook her head, "wrap 'em up in one of these?" He picked up an empty sack from a heap in one corner and inspected it. "It's dingy but it looks fairly clean. Had potatoes in it, I think."

Hope declined the offer and tried not to shiver.

Suddenly Randall whirled about with a new idea. "We'll dance ourselves warm. I'll be orchestra, as well as partner. Miss Winthrop"—with a low bow—"may I have the honor of this dance?" He whistled a bar of dance music and held out his hands invitingly.

Gladly Hope surrendered herself to his arms, and long after Randall's whistling breath gave out the pair kept up the rhythmic turning, their rubber-soled shoes tripping noiselessly over the rough board surface.

They were still at it, indeed, when a sudden jolt sent them, breathless and startled, against the side of the car. Then the car began to move.

"What the—!" Randall sprang to the narrow slit of doorway.

"We're going! We're being carried off!" Hope was pardonably redundant.

"Hi, there! Hi, you outside!" shouted Randall, shoving with all his strength against the stiff door, which slid unwillingly back upon its rusty hinges. He shouted again into the blank walls of rain: "Hi, you there, stop! Stop! Let us out! What do you think you're doing, anyway? Stop, I say!"

The only response was a steadily increasing rate of speed. The two passengers stared at each other helplessly.

"What shall we do?" asked Hope.

"I—I'm afraid we can't do anything until the blamed thing stops. Then—then we'll get off."

"Off where?" Hope gulped down a sob.

Randall clenched his fists. How he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, if only he had the right. If only he could have finished his proposal before that hateful thunderstorm broke! But hang it, he could not propose now; the situation was too awkward. He must get them both out of this scrape first. "I wish I knew," he answered dully, and a silence fell.

Then Hope saved the situation by bursting into a laugh. "How ridiculous it is! But it won't carry us far. Freight trains never travel a great distance at a time."

"That's right," he agreed, immensely relieved, "I say, you are a trump to take it like this. "I'm—I'm awfully sorry!"

"You could not help it. Neither of us could, so let's make the best of it. I wonder what time it is?"

Randall consulted his wrist watch, then held it to his ear. It had stopped. He peered outside. The thunder had ceased, but the rain was still pouring down and the sky was dark. He pulled the door to again, leaving only a narrow opening for light and air, and cast around in his mind for a way to make the time pass pleasantly. In this he had good luck.

"Do you play chess?" he asked suddenly.

"I have our misfortunes have not gone to your head," suggested Hope politely. "In such cases I believe the rule is to humor the patient. Yes, my father taught me how to play."

Randall smiled tolerantly, arranged a head of bags as near the opening as the rain allowed and invited Hope to be seated. Then he produced a wallet and opened it, revealing a miniature chess-board, with pockets in which to fit the men.

As every chess lover knows, the game is an engrossing pastime, and the pair soon forgot the rain, their uncomfortable quarters, even their grotesque situation, until they were forced to stop by the increasing darkness.

"It must be terribly late," sighed Hope. "How worried mother will be when we don't turn up for dinner."

"Why did you mention dinner? I'm famished, and you must be, too!"

"Whereupon Mrs. Swiss-Family-Robinson aain resorts to her camouflage bag," laughed Hope, and produced a cake of sweet chocolate, crumbled but edible. They munched and talked nonsense and then they waited expectantly for a little while; but still the train moved noisily, steadily onward. Hope's spirits were sinking perceptibly, while Randall racked his brain for amusing anecdotes, and wondered if he dared broach the subject next to his heart. Suddenly Hope sprang up.

(Concluded in next issue.)

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

Giving Old Furniture a New Lease of Life.

She had just come back from a visit to a friend to whom money was no object. Everything had been "right." Furniture of good lines and fresh, unmarred finish, floors perfectly finished, rugs in tone with the decorations and furniture, and draperies that just fitted.

Her own home had looked good when she went away, but now everything jarred. She really looked at it for the first time in many busy months. Money wasn't so plentiful here as at her friend's, and everything showed signs of the wear which a family can give furniture. The couch and easy chair showed sagging springs, varnish was noticeable largely by its absence. Carvings and applied decorations on sideboard, and table added to the work of keeping them clean, and detracted from their appearance. At first she was discouraged and a little inclined to self-pity. But she got no further, for she was an up-and-doing woman. If things weren't right, why make them right! And she could see a dozen ways to improve the looks of her belongings.

She began with the sideboard. It was one of those golden oak boards, with a high top, little shelves abutting a mirror, leaves and fruit glued on, and fruit and leaves carved in. If that top were taken off, and the decorations amputated and a new finish given it. Straight to the telephone she marched and called up the handy man who did odd jobs for the women of the neighborhood.

A half hour's consultation started her on her way to three weeks of doing over, which left her house in a holiday dress and herself in a contented frame of mind.

First, they attacked the sideboard. The top was taken off entirely and all the glued-on decorations chiseled off. The brass knobs, which were tarnished badly, were removed, and the holes left by screws skillfully filled with pegs of wood and putty. The carving was filled in with a mixture of putty and cement, smoothed off so cunningly that not a line could be seen, but this extra work was not done until the old varnish had been removed.

This was rather a hard job, and it was done in this way: She made a paste of gold dust and hot water, of the consistency of cream, adding sal soda to soften the water, and applied it with a paint brush. This was left on a half hour, then scrubbed off with a wire brush borrowed from a decorator and meant for this purpose. It was a sticky job, but effective, when all the varnish was removed, the board was sandpapered, first with coarse sandpaper, then with fine.

The old top was made use of to finish the board. The beveled-edged top was cut off and fastened to the sideboard to give the back a finish, and the mirror was cut out, leaving a frame about an inch wide. Then mirror and board were given two coats of black finish, with a most satisfactory result.

One good feature of the remodeled board is the arrangement of the space for dishes below the drawers. There was originally one large compartment. A shelf half the width of the space was put in, to leave sufficient height in front for tall pitchers and other dishes, and still give extra room for plates and smaller pitchers and salad bowls. This feature is worth copying in cupboards where shelves are so close together that some dishes cannot be put in the cupboard at all. Tables and chairs were stained to match the board, and the dining room was complete.

But the frenzy of refurnishing was upon her, so the whole house was metamorphosed. The ragged fringe on the leather couch which went around both sides and the end, came off, and enough good fringe was secured to go across the front and end. The back, shoved against the wall, needed no fringe, anyway. Springs were retied, cushions refurbished, and the couch was as easy a resting spot as a new davenport would have been.

Bedroom chairs and dressing table received coats of white enamel. Wicker chairs were scrubbed and varnished, loose rockers and rounds in easy chairs were glued in, screws tightened up, leather rubbed with a coat of oil, and velours dusted and freshened. The kitchen cabinet, which had been scarred with the food chopper, was planed down and varnished, and everything that showed the signs of use or old age had its bit of renovating. It took three weeks for the housekeeper and her handy man to do the work, and the result justified the time and expense. New furniture didn't seem half so necessary, and anyhow it wouldn't have had the associations of the old.

A Surprise Shower.

Let all those who expect to take part in the shower plan to meet at the house to which the recipient is invited. Each guest should bring her gift neatly wrapped. When the guests arrive they give the packages to the hostess, who writes upon each package the name of the person for whom the shower is intended. The packages are then put in a secret place until they are needed.

After a few games or contests the hostess calls the guests together. She announces that she is about to distribute some packages among them, and that each guest will find written in her package some special thing that she is expected to do. While the packages are being passed she further announces that they are being given out indiscriminately, and that, if one of the guests should get a package with the wrong name upon it, she will please exchange it in order that each may get her own package. Since all the packages bear the name of the honor guest, they will all go to her.

That method of presenting the gifts is more effective if all the guests are kept in ignorance of it until the climax.

A "Your Bent" Sociable.

If your church or club wishes to raise money, suggest a "your bent" sociable. It is simply a sale at which every girl sells something that she has made, and that she knows how to make especially well.

First obtain the use of some hall. Then elect a managing committee and have them send invitations to a number of persons, asking each to make something for the sale and to be on hand to sell it.

One community that tried the plan met with a generous response. A girl who liked to bake made tempting doughnuts and tea cakes, served them hot, and allowed each patron to buy the recipes.

Another girl who could make good salad dressing sold jars containing different kinds. While the customers waited she showed them how to make delectable oil and boiled dressings. Then she sold on commission the salad oil that she used, and in that way made an additional profit.

There were so many counters where eatables were sold that the guests preferred to call at the various booths and select their supper.

Some girls found that their bent was sewing. They displayed aprons in different sizes. There were pretty tea aprons, common kitchen aprons and useful cover-alls. That group also sold patterns and cut to fit from a bolt of percale, on which they received a commission.

There was a needlework booth where girls who understood designing sold wool embroidery, bead-work, and attractive motifs of many kinds, selling the cutting designs as well as the working motifs.

At another counter a poster announced that for a modest sum lessons would be given in various branches of work and play—candy making, manual training, expert mending, and so forth.

Throughout the evening an entertainment committee proved where their talents lay, for their songs, readings and pantomines kept the guests contented and amused.

Are Animals Brainy?

Of course, all animals and insects have a certain amount of brainpower, but some are actually brainy.

Take, for example, a certain kind of ant which build their nest by the sewing together of a number of leaves. If a rent occurs in this flimsy home they soon set about repairing it in the following manner:

The ants form a line one side of the tear, and reach across till they are able to seize the other side in their mouths. Then altogether they pull with one gigantic heave till one edge overlaps the other. Even now the work is by no means finished. The females scurry away, to return with their infants, which possess spinnarets, though the adults do not. Holding their little ones securely, the ants pinch them, till, in self-defence, they start spinning. They are then moved from side to side of the rent, the minute threads attaching themselves in the process, and finally making an almost invisible mending of the torn edges.

Then there is the ape, who when gathering nuts is not deterred by the hard shell. He overcomes the difficulty with a couple of large stones, between which he will crush the nut with just the necessary force to crack the shell without crushing the kernel inside. When a desirable banana is out of his reach, he will also fetch a stick with which to knock it down.

Story of Pitcairn Island.

The merciful mutineers of the good ship Bounty, a British frigate, set their officers afloat in a dory, took the ship to a lonely lot of land in the southern Pacific, called Pitcairn Island, and inaugurated a new nation. This was in 1790.

In 1920 the population of the island is 275, says the staid British census-taker. Behind that dry figure lurks a fingernail history, gripping in romance. For once the mutineers had burned their ship in Bounty bay, they set to drinking, gambling and quarreling over the Polynesian wives whom they had imported from a larger island in Tahiti.

One man, John Adams, who had been leader in the rebellion, was at length the only full-grown man left alive. A virtual king, he resolved to bring up the sons of his former cronies as decent men. He set up schools, a government, and when the ship Tagus touched there, quite by accident, in 1817, Adams told the skipper he'd like to have his nation made a part of the British Empire.

It was decided not to molest the pitcairn islanders and then the little pinpoint on the map—the island is but two by three miles in dimensions—slipped out of notice until this year the census-taker, that man of many pains, went there and counted noses. He found the islanders a happy lot, as proud of their ancestry as though they had landed from the Mayflower instead of from the Bounty.

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Disturbing.

"Thump-Rattlety-Bang!" went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,'" she answered.

"Well, I know you were playing with your feet," he said grimly; "but don't step so heavily on the keys—it disturbs my thoughts."

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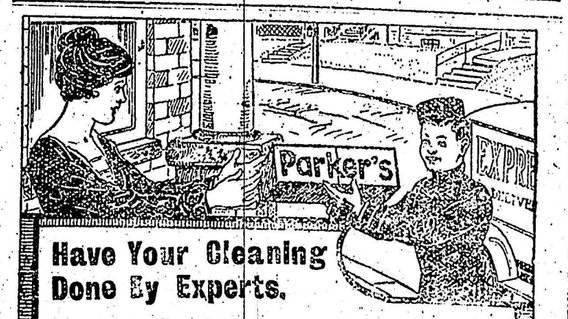

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SOUNDS THAT WERE SEEN IN WARTIME

NOISES TOO LOUD FOR MAN TO HEAR.

Animals and Birds Can Hear Sounds That Human Beings Cannot Distinguish.

During one of the big battles of the war the sounds of the terrific cannonading in progress was seen moving across the sky.

Great parallel arcs of light and shade were viewed passing swiftly across the clouds, not by one person only, but by all members of a battery of artillery. These bands moved with the exact speed of sound waves, at the rate of a mile in five seconds, and the space between the bands was larger for the big guns than for the small.

This strange sight lasted for about ten minutes, and appears to have depended upon the relative positions of the observers, the guns, and the sun.

Sound, as we all know, [illegible] by waves in gases, liquids or solids. In a vacuum—an empty space—sound does not exist. If you [illegible] a twelve inch gun from the [illegible] Everest, the sound [illegible] feebler, but [illegible] Could you carry [illegible] discharge would [illegible] are rays of light [illegible] not see, and [illegible] which [illegible]

[illegible] yourself if [illegible] Any [illegible] is also [illegible] of the hill [illegible] himself [illegible] optionally [illegible] is too high [illegible] is per [illegible] that is [illegible]

Silence To [illegible]

[illegible] years ago anthropologists [illegible] a whistle [illegible] audible [illegible] hill that [illegible] by human [illegible] here is [illegible] the sound [illegible] was [illegible] coldly [illegible] is and [illegible] than [illegible] war. It [illegible] East [illegible] phenomenon [illegible] by the [illegible] set of [illegible] children [illegible] use of [illegible] than [illegible] of other [illegible] at all. [illegible] travels [illegible] rosa land [illegible] has been [illegible] water [illegible] a person [illegible] heard [illegible] reading aloud [illegible] 1400 [illegible] hereas on [illegible] only [illegible] called 750 [illegible] ice, for [illegible] hard [illegible] sound [illegible] Lieut. [illegible] pit Fe[illegible] period [illegible] with a [illegible] other than [illegible] the [illegible] of a b[illegible] and [illegible] arter with [illegible] silence [illegible] most [illegible] has imagine [illegible] quiet [illegible] try, [illegible] boom in the [illegible] always [illegible] seconds. [illegible] only [illegible] in [illegible] once [illegible] es, and [illegible] phenomenon [illegible] tion.

It [illegible] effort [illegible] is the [illegible] they [illegible] catch [illegible] such a [illegible] one's [illegible] heart and [illegible] throughout [illegible] the arteries [illegible] cept [illegible]

Wet Clothes Turned Into [illegible]

Ladies [illegible] cotton [illegible] textile [illegible] actors [illegible] brought [illegible] about [illegible] cover [illegible] in rose [illegible] of oil [illegible] fibres. [illegible]

The [illegible] King [illegible] widely [illegible] and [illegible] satisfactory [illegible] are [illegible] tons [illegible] or [illegible] Germicide [illegible] it is [illegible] lent [illegible] and very [illegible] A [illegible] pails [illegible] white [illegible] obtained [illegible] wool [illegible] or [illegible] bulrush [illegible] in bed [illegible] and [illegible] ter than [illegible] time [illegible] St[illegible] grass [illegible] pray [illegible] difficult [illegible] a [illegible] arm [illegible] taline [illegible] rel[illegible] to a [illegible] and [illegible] three [illegible] grass [illegible] stan[illegible] surface [illegible] cate [illegible] ds. [illegible] woven [illegible] this [illegible] than [illegible] cial [illegible] from [illegible] scrub[illegible] cordin[illegible] the [illegible] A [illegible] per of [illegible] many [illegible] now [illegible] tion of [illegible] per [illegible] not to [illegible] e confused [illegible] yarns [illegible] infusion of [illegible] during [illegible] war, [illegible] cutting [illegible] per inch narrow [illegible] ting the [illegible] and [illegible] threads [illegible]

If [illegible] clothes-[illegible] boiling [illegible] ater they [illegible] long.

Mice [illegible] test the smell of black pepper. Put a good sprinkling of this about the [illegible] acres, and they will soon disappear.

Last call for fall fruits

Do not miss your chance to preserve these last sun-ripened gifts of summertime. How your folks will enjoy them, and how pleased you will be to serve them when canned goods made with top-priced sugar are out of reach. The time for preserving foresight is when the fruit is still in season.

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