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## The Tryst

By BRUCE M. PATTERSON

The night wind blew the loosened tent-sails stiffly. Tap, tap, back and forth it rattled, vaguely persistent, until Eversham finally awakened. He opened his eyes and looked out into the dim perspective of the forest. Yes, there they were, the tall straight conifer trunks without number—hoary, pathless, suggestive of impenetrable mystery.

Eversham did not stir—he breathed very quietly. He wished to cheat time into forgetting him and the ecstasy of the forest dream—the dream that he had dreamed every night since first he took the fever; more than that, the dream that had been his soul's life for twenty years, since she failed to keep the tryst and the joy of life had died.

Now he was dying—so the strange nurse and doctor who moved about his bedside had said early in the evening. When he heard a triumphant cry, he knew that tonight at last he should know the truth—the dream would not break off, a fragment, as it had always done before.

It was so cool in the murmuring forest—just such a night as that other long ago when he left his tent and went down to the river to meet her. Was that twenty years ago or only the last afternoon, as it seemed? It had been a wild country in those days; strange things often happened, and when she did not keep the tryst and never was seen again no one had wondered very much. They said that others had loved her as well as he, and that some young Lochinvar had come out of the West and borne her away down the river—the swift swirling river that had only chattered on tauntingly as the sun went down and the dark came on and he waited alone and she did not come. He could hear the faint murmur of it now.

What was that? The doctor was trying to rouse him, but he lay cunningly still. They could not rouse him back from the forest again—the time was far too short.

The balsam bough on which he lay were very sweet, and then there was the moon just rising over the pointed hemlocks. He could not see the moon, but he knew that it was up for the reflection struck the still of water in the tent. It was a bliss, worn-out old moon, neither silver nor gold, but the drunken copper color of a useless candle burning out toward daylight. He would look at it.

Eversham crawled to a mossy growth log that lay moss-covered outside the tent—ah, now he could see the black, swift river with the eddies and rapids on the other bank. There was where the red campfire had burned each night. He fancied he saw the lurid fire now, dancing and glowing with ethereal light over half forgotten faces of old companions. Wild swatches of their songs and laughter seemed borne on the night wind down the river—down toward the trysting place that stood out a shapeless mass of rock above the seething current.

Eversham suddenly drew a sharp, painful breath of wonder. Something was moving at the trysting place—something vague and indistinct but surely neither shadow nor mist. What was it? Could it be she? Had she come at last to keep the tryst now that he was dying? The thought made him tremble with ecstasy—he could not bear so much joy all at once.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he whispered imploringly, with all the pent-up love of twenty years in his tone.

Yes, there she stood, beckoning and smiling, elusive, a shadow among shadows. Her lips moved as if she spoke, but the words were lost in the roar of the water.

Eversham sprang to his feet—he cared no longer for the nurse and the doctor; he could not hold him back now. He was dying and he cared not for that—was she not waiting to keep the tryst? The useless old moon was almost set, and it was very dark as he groped his way through the fantastic lace network of shadows down to the rock on which she stood.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he cried, stretching out his arms.

But she turned from him, and bowed her head and went.

"Look into the treacherous river," he heard her say. "What do you see? I slipped and fell—Ah, why did you not know?"

Eversham grovelled at her feet in agony.

"My darling, my darling," he cried again.

But his voice met only the echo reverberating from across the swift flowing river. He stood at the tryst alone.

"Come rest with me," a voice crooned from the swirling water far below. "Come rest with me in my river bed—Twenty years—have I waited, dear heart. Come rest with me, forever."

Eversham gave a mighty cry—he leaped out into the darkness; and then there was quiet.

The old moon had set, the tryst was kept. The doctor and the nurse who had watched by the bedside since early evening knew that the fever with its restless phantoms would trouble Eversham no more—he had found peace at last—Peace, Peace.

## THE GRACEFUL GIRL.

Have you ever noticed the great amount of admiring attention which the graceful girl attracts? Even at moderately good-looking, and not prettily or smartly dressed, there is an air of natural superiority about her which forces her upon our notice. This superiority lies in the fact that the graceful girl knows how to hold her body correctly; how to walk and sit beautifully. Consequently no matter what the words or what her features may be like, she always appears to the best advantage.

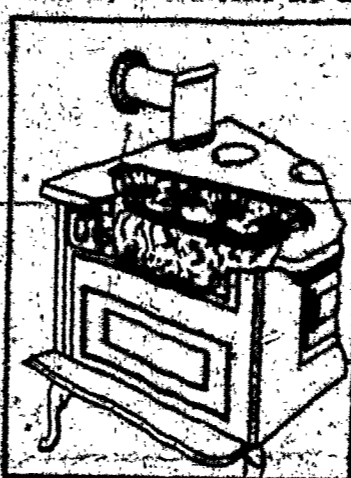
A plain girl who knows how to stand, move, and sit with ease is far more admired than the beauty who is clumsy and awkward. Some girls are naturally graceful. But there is no reason why those who are lacking in this respect should not add to their charms by carefully cultivating the art. An erect carriage, a graceful walk, a graceful manner of sitting and rising are necessary if a girl wishes to be really charming. And it is quite within her own power to acquire these virtues. In the first place she must steady her own defects and the faults of other girls in order that she may avoid them.

Do not try to copy the graceful girl of hand, so speak by forcing yourself into what you would be unaccustomed to do. That is not the way to cultivate gracefulness. In fact by doing so you will probably only make yourself more awkward and ungainly. It is better to try to hold the little faults which prevent a girl from becoming graceful, you will as time goes on find yourself drifting quite naturally into the ways and manners of the graceful girl.

## SMOKER'S GRIDDLE.

Odors as Well, Are Carried Directly Up the Chimney.

A smokelike and odorless griddle and broiler, which has been lately patented, has advantages which will be readily recognized at a glance of the accompanying cut. The front plate of the stove being removed, the new griddle is seen and at the same time falls below the stove top. In this manner the heating surface is brought nearer to the fire and all smoke, soot and odors are carried



up the chimney. The griddle is open at the top but for the purpose of broiling it is desirable that a greater heat should be secured, and this is brought about by making a lid over the top. When the latter is lowered, the meat being cooked gets the full benefit of the heat, but when it is raised every opportunity is offered for its examination—Washington, D.C.

## Ordeal Fused Mothers.

Across the aisle from me sat one of the "nanny" kind of mothers with her little girl, evidently about five years old. The mother didn't leave the child in place for one minute. She took her hat; smoothed her hair; she repinned her collar; she wiped her face with her pocket-handkerchief; she took her train bag and stood her on the floor to straighten her frock; then she sat her back again. She took off her hair ribbon and tied it; she looked in her eye to see if there was a cinder in it; then she began at the beginning and did all these things over again.

The child grimly endured. Evidently she had been accustomed to it all her short life. The world to her was a queer, tiresome place in which mothers exhausted their energies and got their nerves on edge by paying useless attention to little girls.

A physician who sat behind me watched the scene.

"Does the woman 'do sense?' he said to me in an undertone. "Every touch pushes that child nearer the institution that will one day open its doors to take her in as sure as fate."

"Poor little one!" I said. "There's no hope for her?"

"Not with that mother," grimly replied the doctor.

Garibaldi's Granddaughter.

It is Garibaldi, a granddaughter of the great Italian patriot, is at the head of the Methodist Girl's Home School at Rome. Miss Garibaldi is a Methodist, a graduate from a Methodist school in Rome.

Hope for Eversham.

Every time you walk down a street you meet a man with a white coat and a long string and light.

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