

A Reunion

By JOHN TURNLEE

My father spent his money as fast as he made it and when he died left my mother, my sister Edith and myself penniless. Mother did not bear up long under the misfortune, and when she died my sister and I, not having any near relatives to take an interest in us, were relegated to an orphan asylum. Edith was eleven years old and I was five.

A lady came to the asylum one day looking for a child to adopt and, taking a great fancy to Edith, took her away to her home. I remember that young as I was I cried bitterly at parting from my sister, but the day came when she passed completely out of my mind. I passed through many vicissitudes—hardships would be a better word—during which I received a few years of schooling, and at the age of seventeen enlisted in the regular army of the United States. I was not of the required age, but I was considered excellent material, and the recruiting officer winked at my being a year too young to comply with the army regulations.

Having enlisted in the cavalry I was sent to post beyond the Missouri river. The commanding was Major Thorne, a man about thirty-five years old, a fine soldier and a gentleman. His wife was an attractive young woman some twelve years his junior. I saw her often, of course, for we were of the same garrison, but being a private and she the wife of an officer—the commanding at that—I did not come very near her till her husband chose me for his orderly.

I was a smooth faced boy, and I suppose I showed my birth in my person. Mrs. Thorne took a fancy to me and did me favors, which I was anxious to return. So I used to do odd jobs and errands and carry messages for her.

The Indians had not all at that time become pacified, and we had some trouble with them. The worst of these was on an occasion when they broke away from their reservation and began to murder and plunder the settlers. The command marched against them and, being but two companies, the major contented himself with one orderly as his only personal attendant. During the fight that occurred his horse was shot under him, and an Indian raised his tomahawk to dispatch the major. I had a revolver in my hand with one charge in it, which put out of existence the would be slayer just in time to prevent his tomahawk being buried in the major's skull.

When we had accomplished our work and returned to the fort Major Thorne gave a good deal of this act of my saving his life. I shall never forget the look on the face of his wife when she first saw me after hearing his account of the matter. It seemed as if she could scarcely keep from throwing her arms about me.

It was Mrs. Thorne who suggested a means of rewarding me for the service I had done her husband. She proposed that they make an effort to secure me an appointment to the United States Military Academy. In those days the congressmen, who held the appointments, used them for political purposes. But the president has at ways held a number of appointments which are intended for the sons of army officers. Mrs. Thorne decided to go herself to Washington and ask for one of those appointments for me.

The day before she was to start for the east she sent for me to come to the commandant's quarters and receive me in her living room.

"Jack," she said—she always called me Jack and did not know any other name for me—"I'm going to Washington to see if I can't secure you an appointment to West Point. I don't do this alone to make some return for your saving the major's life, but because I have liked you from the first moment I saw you. I have a brother somewhere in the world, if he still lives, who is about your age. I have not seen him since he was a little boy of seven, but there is something about your expression at times that recalls him to me."

It did not occur to me that I had found my sister. Indeed, I said nothing and asked no questions to establish such a relationship. I simply thanked her from the bottom of my heart for her kind intentions.

"What's your name, Jack?" she asked.

"Walker," I answered.

"Walker? Why, that was my name before I was married."

Still it did not occur to me that she might be my sister. But it occurred to her that there was a possibility of my being her brother. She asked me a few questions as to my parentage and childhood and suddenly surprised me by throwing her arms about me and with eyes wet with tears, covering my face with kisses.

Thirteen years before, as children we had drifted apart on life's ocean, and now we had come together again. Edith had been brought up a lady and married a gentleman. I had not been polished by such influences, as had formed her, but I was not unrefined, and later a four years' training at West Point took away any cause for my sister being ashamed of me.

Some persons would have concealed the fact that they had passed through an orphan asylum, but Edith and I have never made any secret of our experience. Our chief feeling in the matter is gratitude to Providence for bringing us together after years of separation.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Margaret Kildney of Newark, N. J., has celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

Dr. Beatrice M. Victor of Philadelphia is the first woman to win the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. E. F. Morgan, who was elected mayor of Brecon, Wales, has proved to be invaluable to the city because of her economic municipal work in the city.

Miss Fanny Marriage of Chelmsford has just held a sale of jams and pickles made by herself in aid of the cancer wards of the Middlesex (England) hospital and realized £98. In eleven years Miss Marriage has raised £1,000 for the hospital.

Miss Elizabeth Weaver of Los Angeles, Miss Kate P. Johnson of Indiana, Miss Elizabeth Egbert of Connecticut and Miss Catherine Sellers of Ohio, all of whom are connected with government departments, have been admitted as members of the bar in the District of Columbia.

Education Notes.

"Teach the facts about your home city in the public schools," urges the bureau of municipal research, New York city.

Having introduced medical inspection in 1872, Elmira, N. Y., claims to have been the first American city to adopt health supervision of school children.

The equivalent of one school year of more than 400 children is lost because of contact with minor contagious diseases, according to figures recently compiled for Pittsburgh.

The junior high school at Grand Rapids, Mich., consisting of pupils of the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, has grown in two years from a school of 430 pupils and 15 teachers to one of 861 pupils and 36 teachers. More boys and girls have stayed in school under the new plan.

Impertinent Personals.

Mr. Taft is sixty pounds lighter. Ails, too late; the race is over—Chicago Tribune.

"Little" Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver has just married. And after years of political experience in a suffrage state at that—New York American.

Ambassador Page has appeared in Scotch kilts, but he will not be received into full fellowship until he takes a few lessons on the bagpipes—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hair ribbons for men, it is announced, are the latest Parisian fashion. Wouldn't a pair of olive green ones look dainty on Senator Jim Han-Law's pink whiskers?—Topeka State Journal.

Epigrams of an Epicure.

Flavor is the soul of food, as expression is the soul of music.

The highest laws of health demand of us that we get as much pleasure out of our meals as possible.

The making of a menu requires as much taste and judgment as the arranging of a concert program.

A poor appetite is a danger signal—a thing to arouse pity and to be cured, just like a headache or a fever.

A true epicure would no more dull the edge of his appetite for future pleasures of the table by overindulgence in food or drink than a barber would think of whittling kindling wood with his razor.—Henry T. Finck's "Food and Flavor."

Current Comment.

It seems sometimes as though the real arctic explorers never come back.—Washington Post.

Bichloride of mercury as a sensation has given way to the poisoned needle.—Detroit Free Press.

Scientific experts declared it was impossible to loop the loop in air. Some time ago they declared it was impossible to throw a curved ball.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To match surgery of the heart and brain the doctors are now tanning the jugular vein. Where are the "vital parts" old fashioned people talked about?—New York World.

Town Topics.

Since Indianapolis is to have a police censor at all dances public and private, joy at last will be confined in one way or another.—New York Sun.

Los Angeles has a Chinese policeman—what do you think of that? One would like to see him attempt to arrest a native son.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cincinnati and Cleveland now have but one saloon to each 500 of the inhabitants. Will St. Louis wait for a constitutional amendment or will it voluntarily provide against one?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Aviation.

The mortality among the air men of the United States army is greater than that of any other country with the exception of Italy.

A longer distance was covered every day in 1913 by air men than the combined distance of all flights in the entire year 1909.

The aeroplane designed by a Boston inventor is so arranged that an aviator can drop his motor, propeller, wheels and gasoline tank in case of an accident.

SUDDENLY MARRIED

By JOHN T. LARNED

My mother and I, house hunting, were referred by a real estate agent to a two family house, the upper part of which was vacant. I went to see it and found it one of about thirty buildings all exactly the same also, built on the same plan, and so far as the rear was concerned, exactly alike. I would have declined to rent the flat, but we required but little room, and there was nothing else offering. So we signed a lease of it and moved in.

From the first it was difficult for me to tell my abode from the others, and several times I entered the wrong house by mistake. One afternoon I went home when mother was away and on feeling in my pocket for my keys remembered that I had left them hanging to a drawer in my desk in my office. I am, or was then, a good climber and could easily have got up on to the roof over the stoop and in at a window, but, not caring to be seen burglarizing my own flat and called down by a policeman, I went around to the rear, where by one of thirty trellises—all alike—I could reach a window in our apartment.

Our flat was either the nineteenth or the row from the west or from the east, I couldn't remember which. I counted from the west, and it seemed to me the nineteenth house must be ours—indeed, I was quite sure of it. I climbed the trellis, found a window unlocked, stepped into a room and pulled the ash down after me. I was passing out of the room into the hall when I ran up against a girl, who gave a shriek loud enough to waken the dead.

My first impulse was to look about me. This I did and saw signs of difference between the flat I was in and mine.

"I—I've got into the wrong house," I stammered.

"Take everything," cried the girl, evidently too frightened to have heard me, "only don't kill me."

"My dear young lady," I protested, "do I look like one who would kill you? I tell you, I've got into the wrong house. I live in one of those houses."

My manner rather than my words seemed to reassure her.

"Oh," she gasped, "how you frightened me!"

I went back in the room toward the window with the intention of going out the way I came, but the girl interposed.

"For heaven's sake, don't go out that way! Are you sure no one saw you come in?"

"I don't know. What way shall I go out?"

"This is my bedroom. If any one saw you come in—"

"My dear girl!"

"Come with me. Go out the front door."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Tread softly. I live with an old woman who is a great stickler for propriety. I am her companion. I read to her and take care of her pets. She has seven cats, two parrots, three dogs, a pair of rabbits, squirrels and other animals. If she caught a young man in the house not a burglar I don't know what she would do."

"Edith," came a cracked sound from a front room, "who's there?"

I made a dive for the window and was raising the sash when the girl caught me by the coattail.

"Don't! It's too late. We must invent a story. It would never do to tell the truth. She's coming! For heaven's sake get me out of it!"

An old woman whose face alone was enough to scare the life out of a stuffed rat came running the hall and knocking me down. The girl gave me an appealing look. There was no time to deliberate. I jumped into the first plan that came into my head.

"Madam," I said, "forgive Edith. I assure you it is not her fault that she had not told you that she has a husband. I positively forbade her doing so."

The old scratch of a woman looked at me broadly. She had no teeth, so she brought her gums together over her lips as an indication of determination.

"So you are Edith's husband? Perhaps you expect me to believe that statement. Edith is a truthful girl and would not lie to me. If you have deceived her—"

"I assure you I have not. We were married just before she came to live with you."

"If you have married her you surely can have no objection to marrying her again?"

"Certainly not, but—"

"Never mind the but. I'm not going to have an unsophisticated girl deceived right under my nose. You shall either marry her or go to jail under a charge of bigamy."

She hobbled to a telephone and called for the Rev. Starkey, who lived in the next block, and, although so near, it seemed to me that he must have swooped down upon us in an aeroplane. The old woman told him to marry us and when Edith demurred she started for the telephone to call the police. I whispered to Edith that the marriage would be under duress and not binding. So she consented, and twenty minutes after I had climbed in the back window a bachelor I went out the front door a groom.

Edith and I soon met again for consultation and decided to let matters rest for awhile. We kept putting off the announcement of our marriage till we finally decided to let it stand.

The Good Friend.

With fevered brain he lunged from bed and shaved and bathed and combed his hair. And kicked the cat, dressed, ate some food. So quickly that it was not noticed. Then lighting up a big cigar, he hopped into his motorcar. Threw on the clutch, yelled back "Good-by!" and took the corner turn on "high."

His face bent over the steering wheel. He did not hear or see or feel. He struck a peddler's cart and horse. But on he went without remorse. He struck a man—the corner man. Came out and yelled at him to stop. But on he went, he did not pause. He broke the speed and broke the law.

He reached his office door at eight. Glanced at his watch—was he ten late? Nay! here he grinned and said, "At that, I made it here in twenty flat!"

Did death or fortune, then, betide that he should take the trustee's side? Against his time he sought to win. And see what he "could do in."

Disproving a Proverb.

Lady Cook (Tennessee Clafin) was talking in Pittsburgh about time's changes.

"Woman used to wear the hoop-skirt," she said, "and the wind blew it up outrageously. She now wears the slashed skirt, a much more modest affair."

"Time changes all things," added Lady Cook. "I said to a young man the other day:—"

"Distance lends enchantment."

"But not," he answered, "when you are taking your girl home in a taxicab."—New York Tribune.

The Perfect Street.

I know a street where all is fair; In splendid lines the houses loom, And tapers (fragrant) fill the air. As if red roses were abroad.

No noisy riot mars the scene; Peace and perfection there abide; The steps are white, the grass is green. The lawns are green and wide.

It ever will be as it was— A perfect street, a sublime fair, That leads to paradise because One day she walked beside me there. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Wonderful.

"Say," calls the bright youth to the honest agriculturist who is working in his garden, "why don't you get a hen on your experiment?"

"Ma set one on 'em last year," answered the agriculturist, barely looking up.

"Did she? Hatch anything?"

"Yep. Hatched out that bad of cock combs by the fence."—Puck.

The Difference.

When a man's single he money he'll hoard. He carefully squanders his riches; He buys lovely colanders and spoons many dollars. On white vests and delicate coats.

When a man's married he's worried and hurried; He wants things that will not show dirt. His wife takes his money and buys for her boy.

A forty-cent mud colored shirt. —Pittsburgh Post.

Tactless.

"I say you with my first husband on the street yesterday, Mr. Singleton."

"Yes, Mrs. O'Flawd."

"By the way, did he say anything about me?"

"Not a word. We were just having a pleasant little chat, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

Strenuous Times.

Father's in the garden Straining all his nerves, Mother's in the kitchen Straining her nerves, Brother's straining muscles, But we can't rejoice, For sister's at the organ Straining her poor voice. —Yonkers Statesman.

Revenge.

Girl Shopper—Why did you make that poor salesman pull down all that stuff and then not buy anything?"

Second Ditto—Why, the man fellow was in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him, so I just decided I would get even.—Boston Transcript.

An Attic Room.

Said the roomer in language emphatic: "My location, I find, is erratic. I could live in a tomb. But this small attic room is certain to make me rheumatic." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good Business Scheme.

"What are you figuring there?" inquired the friend.

"This machine I do gets \$200 a week," I'm told," answered the druggist.

"What of it?"

"I was just wondering if I could hire him to draw soda for me."—Washington Herald.

A Peculiar Patency.

Oh, wondrous strange is fatery's way! However thick they serve it. If you're the object of the praise You're sure that you deserve it! —Washington Star.

Case of Turn About.

"That joke you printed about your wife—did it make her angry?"

"Bless you, no. I spent a half hour trying to explain the point of it to her and finally got angry myself."—St. Louis Republic.

The Goat.

All kindly humor makes a bit With men of sense, But few of us care much for wit At our expense. —Exchange.

Playing by System.

"They teach the children to play by rule now."

"Yes, a kid has to have a cookbook to make a mud pie."—Lombville Courier-Journal.

A Proposition, Not a Proposal

By EUNICE BLAKE

It is a wonder, considering how much young men and girls realize these days, that when they meet and know and are prone to take up with some new acquaintance, that we have a proportion of marriages turn out well. I repeat had a narrow escape. I am a happy wife and the mother of children and yet it was all arranged that I should marry—

This is the way it happened. I was a playmate of Mark Warren. I have known him well as I have known my brother. He was a practical man of business. He was a good, sensible chap and, so far as I could see, a good fellow. When he was twenty-one and I twenty he was day and night in the office, and I, in order to fulfill a certain desire, must marry some one. Why not marry each other? You will know what you are getting and so will I.

That was all he said. Just think of talking to a girl like that! Not a word about love, nothing but the bare statement that we would better marry each other than some one we didn't know much about. I just said he was a fool.

"Mark, I would as soon marry a wooden Indian as a man who would propose like that. No, sir, when I marry I'll marry some one I love."

He smiled, and I know he had expected about what I had given him. He didn't push the matter, and not long after that Howard Perkins came along and captivated all the girls in town. With all the others, I liked him.

Mark saw what was in the wind and asked me one day who was my new found friend. I told him that Mr. Perkins had been introduced to me at one of the assembly dances, and it had been told that he was of an excellent family.

Not long after that Howard Perkins introduced his friend George Monroe. Monroe was not a very aristocratic person, but had the art of making friends. At least, he was a half fellow well met with everybody and never spoke ill of any one. He seemed to have a great admiration for Mr. Perkins and told me that he was one of the finest fellows he ever met. The result was that Howard Perkins and George Monroe were at our house a great deal. Mark Warren didn't seem to fancy either of them—through jealousy, I supposed—and came very seldom. One day he joined me on the street and said:

"I see you have two strangers coming to see you frequently. Don't be so foolish as to trust either of them without hunting up their records."

"Oh, I suppose you mean to warn me against marrying any one whom I have not known all my life and who would propose to marry me to save himself from making a matrimonial blunder?"

"Just so," he replied, with one of those insinuating smiles of his, and left me.

Howard Perkins carried me right off my feet. There was something very fascinating about him. Besides, he took me out a great deal. He had a way of spending money as though it had no value for anything except to purchase luxuries. He proposed to me and I accepted him.

One day when Mr. Monroe and Howard and I were together Howard said to me:

"I would like to leave an envelope with your containing \$200. It's after bank hours and I have to go out with some fellow this evening and be up till after midnight."

I told him that I would keep it for him, but would not be responsible for it, whereupon he stepped up to the clock and, opening a door in it, put a roll of bills inside, remarking that they would be as safe there as anywhere, and no one need be responsible for them.

He left me soon after this, making an appointment with Howard for the next day. Howard died with me and did not leave me till late in the evening. When we parted at 1:30, I do not little dreamed that it was the last time I would see him.

The next morning I took up a newspaper and read of the arrest of one Edmond Edsall, who, under the name of Howard Perkins, had been passing checks on banks, where he had no funds and otherwise swindling.

I had read this far when my head swam, and I could read no farther. But, recovering myself, I went on to learn that a detective passing under the name of Monroe had landed the culprit by putting some marked bills in a clock for safe keeping when the latter was present.

Great heaven! The man had stolen money that had been left in my house from his own friend.

I was dreadfully cut up and, comforted, Mark Warren came to see me to console with me.

"I'm sorry, Sue," he said sympathetically, "that you should have had such a bitter experience. But just think what a dreadful fate you escaped."

"Did you know what sort of man he was?"

"No, or I would have warned you."

"Or that Monroe was a detective?"

"Certainly not."

"Isn't it awful?"

"Don't you think you'd better take some one you know all about?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, consider my proposal renewed."

"Proposed!" I exclaimed. "I don't consider it a proposal! It's a proposition. However, it's accepted. I don't get romance. I'll not see a villain."

I got a lot of comfort. The wedding came after the conference.

BORES AND BORN.

P. M. Pearson, who thirty years ago was a student in high school in St. Louis, is now a professor at the University of Missouri. He has just received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Arthur Tappan, who has been included as patron of the Erie in a study of Kentucky and educated at Georgetown, has been elected to the position of president of the Erie Association.

Lord Rossmore, who is now having a rest in the home of his wife, has been elected to the position of president of the Erie Association.

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