Her Beautiful Rival

When They Met Again In After Years

By LUCY MEDFORD

"You got awfully sunburned to day, Jim," said Jim Lancaster's nice little wife as she handed him his cup.

"I guess I have. My hat blew off just before quitting time, and I wouldn't come down from the rocks for it." He leaned back in his chair contentedly. "Mrs. Holman has company," he announced.

"Has she? Who?" Nan looked eager.

"You can't guess." He was teasing her.

"No, I can't. I'm not good at guessing. Tell me—do!"

"Well, it's Mrs. Abner McClure."

Nan sank back in her chair.

"You mean Molly Stewart?" she asked.

Jim nodded.

"When did she come?" Her voice had changed.

"This morning. She brought a trunk, so I judge she is going to stay quite a spell."

Nan caught her breath and looked at her husband, eating his supper and apparently all unconscious of the strife which he had suddenly renewed in her heart. Long ago—very long ago in the days when she had only loved Jim and never expected to be his wife—Molly Stewart had been his sweetheart.

A wave of jealousy surged through Nan's whole being, a feeling she had not experienced since the old days, when she used to look upon Jim's sweetheart as some one who was keeping from her the one man she had ever loved.

In those days Molly Stewart was a rare beauty, one of those to whom nature has given and given until it seems she can add not one thing more. And she had ways. No other girl could charm as she could, or dance or sing or laugh.

Nan had never known what came between him and Molly. He said he had not asked Molly to marry him, and she had hinted that he had and that she would have none of him.

Nan remembered the first time he walked home with her from church and how the people stared. She was not pretty, like Molly, and she had not Molly's good clothes or Molly's way of wearing them. She was just a sweet, dainty looking girl, with a heart capable of love and happiness. Jim had always been her ideal, her hero. When he turned from Molly Stewart to her she could not understand it.

Molly had married Abner McClure soon afterward and had gone away with him. She had now been away seven years, and still people remembered and spoke of her young beauty, which had reached its transcendent point on her wedding day. Now of a sudden she had come back. The news oppressed Nan. She did not know why.

"I didn't tell you, did I, that Abner McClure's dead?" Jim asked later in the evening.

"No. Is he?" Nan returned in what she tried to make a careless tone. Then she rose and went into the next room for something.

A little while afterward he said, "You needn't put up any luncheon for me tomorrow. I'm going to eat at Holmans'. There's some timber there that I promised to look at long ago, and I guess I'll do it to morrow."

The hot day subdued itself into a hot night. Jim slept heavily, but Nan could not. She lay looking out of the window at a certain star which struggled wearily to free itself from a cobweb of cloud in which it had become entangled. Varied and very bitter were her thoughts.

Molly had come back a widow. Nan could see her in her black things, with her vivid face and coppery hair. It was said Abner McClure had money, and Molly always would dress well anyway.

Nan had heard of what a beautiful widow may do, and tomorrow Jim, her Jim, was going back to Holmans', straight into the old net that had enmeshed him. She clinched her hands in the darkness and prayed.

Toward morning she fell asleep. At 6 Jim aroused her. He had been up an hour.

"I let you sleep as long as I could," he said. "Don't fuss over the breakfast. Just make me a cup of coffee and give me some bread and butter. I'm in a hurry today, dear."

Nan got breakfast. She did not eat any herself. She kissed Jim passively at the door.

"What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well this morning, Nan?" he asked anxiously.

Nan watched him up the hill. Then she lay down on the lounge and had her cry out. Noon came. She made some tea and drank it. It braced her up wonderfully. Indeed, she felt almost feverish. It came to her that she would not [illegible] it a moment longer. Jim was there and he was her husband. She would go there too.

After noon a breeze sprang up which relieved the hot day. Nan dressed carefully in a [illegible] with pinkish spots, a dress [illegible] [illegible] red. She loosened [illegible] [illegible] about her face and [illegible] drop [illegible] lower toward the nape of her neck.

[illegible]

"[illegible] Nan, how [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. McClure [illegible] Jim told you? Yes. Well, [illegible] [illegible] We'll [illegible] [illegible] cooler than in the house."

She stepped [illegible] door. "Molly!" she called. [illegible]

"She'll be down [illegible] [illegible] most through dressing," she [illegible] back to Nan. "How nice you look in that dress! You're one of the few women I [illegible] who could wear pink and keep their complexion [illegible]"

That did Nan good. She [illegible] [illegible] heart [illegible] when a [illegible] rustling of skirts on the stairs announced Mrs. McClure. Nan rose to meet her.

"Why, Nan Farrell—Nan Lancaster, I should say!" Molly cried, embracing her [illegible]

[illegible] She held Nan off and looked at her. And Nan looked at Molly. In that moment her doubts, her long-[illegible] [illegible] blew away like a piece of thistledown in a strong breeze. She found herself sitting in her [illegible] again with Molly beside her [illegible] [illegible] It was all over.

"You [illegible] [illegible] Nan," Molly was saying. "I asked Jim if you had [illegible] and he wouldn't say. He said I should judge for myself. What have you done to keep your complexion like [illegible]"

Nan laughed. She [illegible] now Molly's [illegible] glory had faded [illegible] [illegible] was thin and [illegible] [illegible] coarse [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Presently [illegible] strolling up [illegible] Mr. Holman. [illegible] [illegible]

"Just as much in love with you as [illegible]" Molly said [illegible] [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] hand some [illegible] carefully so as best to display its cut and finish. But Nan did not note. She was thinking of Jim. Molly had been an illusion, and the illusion was dispelled.

Old Mosque Legends.

The great Begova mosque in Serajevo is the largest mosque in Europe after those of Constantinople and Selim's mosque in Adrianople. In its courtyard stands an old stone across the top of which there is a groove precisely the length of a Turkish ell. Tradition says that it was placed at there to checkmate the local merchants' habitual use of false measures in defiance of the express commandment of the Koran.

But another of Serajevo's hundred mosques has a much better legend. Before this may be seen the tombs of the seven holy dervishes who were beheaded 200 years ago for a great theft. After the decapitation each body tucked its head under its arm and walked into the mosque. So these eadery [illegible] are worshiped as saints to this day.

Something In the Eye

[illegible]

[illegible] a pint of water, either hot or cold. This will wash it out quicker than you can wait to neutralize it in some other way.—Benton N. Colver, M. D., in Good Health.

WOODCARVING FOR SHIPS

Some Historic Memories of a Once Famous Industry.

An almost forgotten profession [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was profess[illegible] The [illegible] United States [illegible] of battleships [illegible] America, [illegible] [illegible] and presented to France [illegible] will give some idea of the extent to which this was carried.

The figurehead was a female figure crowned with laurel, representing America. The right arm was raised, pointing upward. On the left arm [illegible] [illegible] ground carrying thirteen stars. On the stern of the ship [illegible] cabin windows, appeared two large figures [illegible] representing [illegible] "Tyranny and Oppression" bound [illegible] and bleeding [illegible] [illegible] On the back of [illegible] [illegible] was a large figure of "Mars." On the highest part of the stern appeared [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the greatest [illegible] designer [illegible] the United States [illegible] ship [illegible] [illegible] Rush. [illegible] he was [illegible] a rival and [illegible] wonderful [illegible] [illegible] of beauty [illegible] genius for composition.

Rush was the first carver to give [illegible] of life and motion to [illegible] ships' figurehead. Each of his figureheads was [illegible] the representation of a person or some symbolic conception expressed in exquisite carving. His most noted production [illegible] "Nature" for the Constellation, the "Genius of the United States" for the frigate of that name and "The River God" for the [illegible] These [illegible] [illegible] feet high and [illegible] [illegible] for repair or alteration.—Washington Star.

Barring Out the Wolves.

[illegible] village is surrounded by a stockade some ten or fifteen feet in height. This erection is to prevent the sheep and cattle from wandering into the forests and so falling a prey to the wild animals which swarm therein. In addition to this each village makes common property of an enormous number of dogs of the wolf-hound breed, which are kept for protection from the packs of wolves which in winter, desperate with hunger, descend upon the villages. Such dogs are [illegible] and though they belong to nobody in particular, are [illegible] fed and cared for. They are huge beasts, almost as savage as wolves themselves.

Idle Gossip

In [illegible] the want of occupation [illegible] the plague of society [illegible] of solitude. Nothing is so apt to narrow the mind; nothing produces more trifling, silly stories, mischief [illegible] than being eternally shut up in a room with one another [illegible] the only alternative to be constantly twaddling. When everybody is occupied we only speak when we have something to say, but when we are doing nothing we are compelled to be always talking, and of all torments that is the most annoying and the most dangerous.—Rousseau.

Nuggets of Wisdom.

We make mountains of our troubles when there are hills enough to climb without them.

It's the way of the world to ask the fiddler to knock off a dollar from the dance bill after you've had the time of your life.

To folks who can't see the light there's always one more river to cross, the ferryman gone and the hurricane coming.

Praying for a change in the weather [illegible] all right—unless the wind [illegible] the wrong direction.—Atlanta Constitution.

Chinese Ear Tickling.

The Chinese are a great nation to [illegible] dandy little things—things that no other people in the world [illegible] think of. You can [illegible] into the street almost any [illegible] and buy an ear tickler. [illegible] a living going round [illegible] An ear tickler is a little [illegible] cotton on the end of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sensation.—[illegible]

Natural Curiosity.

They [illegible] [illegible] museum and were looking [illegible] the statue of a Roman gladiator. [illegible] of his arms was broken off [illegible] leg ended at the knee, his helmet was battered, and there were several patches on his face. He represented "Victory."

"I say," said one of the visitors to his companion, "if that fellow won I would like to see the bloke who lost."

OLD TIME PUNISHMENT.

Agony of a Day In the Stocks For a Fit of Bad Temper.

A record on file in the library of congress contains an account of the adventures of a certain Hubbard who in the good old days of [illegible] long ago was sentenced in Boston to the stocks for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper.

When he had taken his seat for the day there came along a drove of [illegible] which seemed to cast upon [illegible] those leering looks that only a [illegible] can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet and making itself unpleasantly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] stocks, crowed [illegible] [illegible] presently a rough fellow [illegible] [illegible] ugly taunts, threw at [illegible] [illegible] and a dead [illegible]

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, [illegible] famed injury, rushed at Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright, which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter, for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage dashed off. The bull made a dash at the stocks and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of the said Hubbard.

And [illegible] the [illegible] man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and [illegible] [illegible] of a November day.

Music.

Music is defined [illegible] [illegible] ties is the art which employs [illegible] as a medium of artistic [illegible] for what is not in the [illegible] literature, of sculpture or painting, of acting or of architecture. [illegible] been said, again, that music [illegible] embodiment of the [illegible] [illegible] of which all other arts [illegible] exhibit the effect. In other words music is an attempt at the expression of the highest aspirations and the deepest fears of the human soul. After we have spoken and written all that is possible and [illegible] our finest [illegible] [illegible] in beautiful pictures [illegible] remains a feeling that [illegible] [illegible] and music is the effort to satisfy that feeling.—New York American.

It Looked Suspicious

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in front of [illegible] stepped out [illegible] opened [illegible] umbrella. Out of it fell a jeweled hatpin, a pair of gloves and two men's handkerchiefs. On its face it seemed like a case of shoplifting, but as she gathered up the articles the woman said:

"Well, if here isn't Mary's emerald hatpin and the gloves I was looking for last week and two of George's best handkerchiefs. I never thought of looking in the umbrellas for them."—New York Sun.

The True Education.

A boy or girl who loves a beautiful picture, a sunset, a rosebush, a robin, a sky full of stars, a fine old melody, a courtesy, a generous deed and a good book is better educated than a boy or girl could be without them even if he could work all the sums in algebra and parse everything in Vergil. Parents and educators should give more heed to this view of education, for it is the phase of it that makes life true.—Ohio State Journal.

Why She Wept.

The wedding ceremony had come to a close. The mother sniffed convulsively, and the bride dabbed her pretty eyes with a handkerchief, while one of the bridesmaids was also affected to tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked a groomsman of the bridesmaid. "It's not your wedding."

The girl looked at him sorrowfully.

"That's the reason, you stupid."

And she sighed.—Exchange.

Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Tatler.

CASTLE WILLIAMS.

History of the Ancient Fortification on Governors Island.

All New Yorkers and most visitors to the city, especially those who approach it from the sea, are familiar with the old round fort on Governors island in the city's upper harbor. The name of the fort is properly Castle Williams, although it is frequently and erroneously called Castle William. The history of the ancient fortification, now valueless as a city defense, is given in "Military History of Governors Island," by Edmund Banks Smith:

Castle Williams was begun in 1807 and completed in 1811, as the crumbling dates in the stone over the gateway set forth. It was designed and built by Lieutenant Colonel Jonathan Williams, engineer corps. The material of the castle is Newark red sandstone. It rests on a bed of rock at the extreme northwesterly point of the island. In form it is three-fifths of a circle, 200 feet in diameter. The walls are forty feet in height, casemated with bombproof arches for two tiers of guns. Guns are also mounted on the top, to which access is had by two interior stone turret staircases. The walls are eight feet thick on the lower tier and seven feet on the upper tier. The arches are thirteen in number and are of thirty feet span, two feet thick and twenty-four feet long.

The cross walls are seven feet thick between the arches and twelve feet at the termination of the segment. The guns are mounted in such a manner that the center of motion is immediately under the muzzle of the guns, so that, although the angle of fire is fifty-four degrees, the mouth of the gun occupies always the same place, which permits the throat of the embrasure to be so small that a shot could not pass between the gun and its side and the lines of fire cross at twenty feet distance.

The wall arches are turned over each pair of embrasures, so that if it were possible for the enemy's fire to batter a break into the lower tier the upper one would rest upon those arches and exhibit the appearance of a bridge composed of very solid tiers. The outside cut of the wall is laid in Flemish bond and each stone dovetailed in such a manner that no one could be dislocated without first being broken to pieces. It contained in 1812 two stone powder magazines and an inexhaustible well of finest water, from which all the shipping might be watered with ease.

Homemade Paste.

What child does not like to cut out pictures and paste them? Here is an inexpensive paste that will keep indefinitely. If it gets too thick add some cold water and cook and stir until it is smooth.

A cupful of flour, a teaspoonful of powdered alum, half a cupful of cold water, two cupfuls of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of lime water, a few drops of oil of cloves or wintergreen. Mix the alum, flour and cold water and beat until perfectly smooth. Add the boiling water slowly, stirring all the time. Place on the stove and stir until it boils, then put in double cooker and cook about thirty minutes, stirring often. Keep in covered jars or cans.—Rural New Yorker.

Perforated Stamp Sheets.

Perforated sheets of postage stamps were unknown before 1854. Until that year postage stamps were issued in sheets, which the purchaser had to cut up in any way he found convenient. The perforating machine was invented by an Irishman named Archer. When it was submitted to the British government the treasury offered him $3,000 for his patent rights. As Archer had spent over four years in perfecting this machine, this offer was indignantly rejected. Eventually Archer was awarded $20,000.

The X Ray.

The X ray, so called, was discovered on Oct. 8, 1895, by Professor W. C. Roentgen. The professor was experimenting with a Crookes vacuum tube, electrically excited, and enveloped in a black covering, when he noticed that some of the rays proceeding from the tube passed through the black paper and affected a fluorescent screen some two or three yards away. In such way did his great discovery come to him, when he was least expecting it.

European Tattooers.

Tattooing is not by any means confined to savage peoples. There are races in Europe which make it a regular practice, and men, women and children bear on their bodies ornamentations that are as ornate and queer, although not as extensive as are markings on the bodies of the south sea savages. These European tattooers are among the Albanians and Bosnians, who live in the famous Balkan peninsula.

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