

IN THE RAIN

By S. GODFREY.

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Ralph Allen left the train at Carlinville Junction. A heavy rain drove and splattered viciously on the platform; he buttoned his macintosh closely around him and stepped under the projecting roof of the little station. The village was a mile distant and the prospect of floundering through the downpour was not agreeable. He muttered some adjectives relative to the weather, and was surprised to hear a feminine voice close to him ask:

"I beg your pardon; can you tell me the means of getting to the village at once? Of course, I mean a carriage."

Ralph threw his cigar, freshly lighted, across the track, then wondered why. He was not in the habit of discarding cigars upon being addressed by persons with whom he was not acquainted. He answered:

"Don't know, I'm sure. I hope—er, a carriage can be secured, I had decided to wait inside for a time."

He opened the door and bowed as she passed through, observing that her attire was faultless, and tried to imagine what brought her to this deserted country station. Ralph inquired of the ticket agent if he could get a carriage to drive to town at once, and being informed in the negative, seated himself beside his new acquaintance.

"There doesn't seem to be any way out of it," he said, "unless we walk."

"Then I suppose I must wait for the rain," she said.

"We if you do not object," he corrected. "I should be honored to act as porter," glancing at her smile, "and escort."

"Thank you indeed, if you will be so good, though I fear it would be presuming too much upon your kindness. The kindness will be entirely in your allowing me to assist," he said. Through the haze of transparency of the veil he could distinguish handsome outlines, and eyes that shone and laughed. There could be no shadow for weariness in her voice sounded as the voice of one he had heard often, somewhere. A suggestion of a smile, that modulated drawl was pleasing. Who only the shell of the cluster made by among his feminine acquaintances possessed that peculiarity of accent. Subtly he turned toward her and scrutinized her intently.

It was in London, three years before, he recalled, that he had met her after meeting her he had postponed his return to New York. Her party traveled to Paris and over the seas forming the shell are quiet, but content, and singularly, his plans within the shell strange things are got took him to the same place. When they parted he had promised to write. It is here that the heart is grateful he is enabled to fulfill his great duty. And the duties are not unlike those in his relative, and she had never seen her own when we are old.

The bees are packed loosely within of which had been smooth when she knew him in Europe.

"I've run out here on a live wire stock business, and you're not expected, and there's no one here to meet me. Other-wise my transportation facilities would be entirely at your service."

"If it comes to that, it is I who should excuse myself for being here," she replied. "I have been invited to the wedding of a college friend, and thinking I could not resist the request. Then at the eleventh hour I managed to get away," smiling, "and so—"

"And so we're here."

She looked at him questioningly. He wished he had an invitation to that wedding. He only said:

"The rain has ceased. Shall we start?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

"I ought to introduce myself. My name is Ralph Allen. My home is in New York."

"That statement did not sound very smooth, but he had opened a subject."

"I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Allen. I can't thank you enough for bothering to help me tonight."

"I should like you, please, not to speak of that again. Once for all, it is a privilege. But it is so pleasant now, and I was thinking of a girl I knew once. She was very much like you. That's why I speak of her. You—you don't mind?"

"No, I should like to hear," she said slowly, looking away from him. Then he continued:

"She was in England several years ago, and we met. He spoke as though recalling memories to his own mind, and did not look at the woman at his side. "I only knew her a month, and perhaps I shouldn't have taken the liberty. But I couldn't help thinking—so much of her."

"And you?"

"I had to return to New York. It would not have been fair to tell her so soon."

"You think so? Selfish."

"I wrote to her, and she would have answered, I thought, but I never heard from her."

"Tell me, do you make a practice of leaving your correspondents to guess at your address? She—she may not have known where to write?"

"I don't understand. She knew I lived in New York."

"You might have been thoughtful enough to mention your residence or your office number."

"That was like her, that remark. I thought you told you. Do you think I care?"

"Why—why don't you ask her?"

"The satchel fell to the walk. He sought behind her hands and held them in his."

"Do you, Mabel, do you?"

"The veil was not over her face now, and she said:

"Yes; oh, yes."

BETTER THAN ANY TORPEDO

Col Harza Beetem Says He Employed Powerful Sawfish to Complete Discomfiture of Enemy.

"Speaking of submarines," observed Col. Harza Beetem, "I must tell you of a little experience I had while in China some two odd years ago."

Well, it seems that it is claimed in China that the first submarine was invented by Chew Hang Bang 2,000 years ago or so. A very serviceable craft it was, too, and the Fee Sins, in their war against the Bow Gits, across the Yellow Sea, were using them with great success. The idea of the things pleased my interest, doncha know, and with my usual luck I was given command of the U' Chop, a completely fitted undersea fighter, equipped with self-starter one man top and running water.

"Well, but Jove, the second day out Chow Dong, at the telescope, sighted an enemy cruiser. 'Me eye shipper,' he yells, and the gunners leap to their torpedo ejector, only to find that we had, through some inadvertence, left two without a single blessed torpedo! Well, gentlemen, at that moment a giant Chinese ting-tang, or swordfish, the strongest and deadliest of the species, began to deplay about the U' Chop, looking for a chance to gnaw us in half."

"With my usual instantaneousness of action I saw the way to kill two birds with one stone. Manuevering the U' Chop so that the ting-tang was always forced to keep his nose toward us, I drove him at lightning speed, tail on, toward the enemy cruiser. When that steel-like saw of a tail gugged into the side of the cruiser and then began to thrash about you can imagine the result, gentlemen!"

Detroit Free Press.

BEES WORK TO KEEP WARM

Another Example of the Remarkable Intelligence Displayed by the Little Gatherers of Honey.

The bee upholds his reputation for industry throughout the winter months as during the summer. Being susceptible to cold, the bee must have some means of supplying warmth.

It was found by experiment that modulated drawl was pleasing. Who only the shell of the cluster made by among his feminine acquaintances possessed that peculiarity of accent. Subtly he turned toward her and scrutinized her intently.

This arrangement is perfect for condensation of the heat within. Except upon an occasional shift of positions the party traveled to Paris and over the seas forming the shell are quiet, but content, and singularly, his plans within the shell strange things are got took him to the same place. When they parted he had promised to write. It is here that the heart is grateful he is enabled to fulfill his great duty. And the duties are not unlike those in his relative, and she had never seen her own when we are old.

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READ WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG

Six Hours of Concentrated Serious Work a Week May Spell Success in Life for You.

Were I twenty-one again, I should do a great deal of reading. I believe in reading. I don't recall having ever read anything that didn't do me some good. I wish I had read more when I was young.

If I were twenty-one again I should read many books. I should read the standard novels to get a good way of expressing my thoughts. I should study the great philosophers, but with the temper of an iconoclast. The study of philosophy is a wonderful stimulant to the intellect, but must be undertaken with a mind alert to fallacy.

There are books which present actualities in statistical form and couple such statistics with authoritative comment. I refer to the various government reports on various subjects that engage the interest of the man who wishes to be well informed. Our government wastes thousands of dollars printing these reports, which need not be wasted if only our young men would read.

Read! I cannot too strongly recommend good reading. Six hours each week of serious reading is not much, but it may mean the difference between a \$20,000-a-year executive and a \$25 clerk. Read! Learn to think with—and against—the deep thinkers of the world.

All of the time while you have been studying and reading and learning to disagree with the philosophers, when their logic falls foul of your own reasoning, you should be doing something that is "productive" of well-earned money.—William Maxwell, in Collier's Weekly.

JOB FOR OFFICER FLANNERY

New York Policeman Undertook Some Contact When He Sought to Find Firm Little Woman Wanted.

The existence of a hitherto unknown corporation in Washington Heights was brought to the attention of policeman Flannery when a meek little woman approached him and over an armful of bundles asked for information regarding this mysterious firm. With one brazen hand the policeman held up traffic from all four directions while he read a receptive ear to the little woman.

"I'm so sorry to bother you, Mr. Policeman," said the shopper, "but my grocery bag moved his shop from around the corner here, where he used to be, and I thought you might know where he is now. I want to get some eggs, and he always kept such fresh ones."

"What was the name of your grocery store?" asked Policeman Flannery, one of the most polite of the patrol officers. "If you will tell me his name I will see if I have a record of his change of location at the station house and let you know."

"Well, the man who always wanted me," replied the little woman, "was named Tom. I don't know his last name. And the name of the firm that was painted on the door was 'Push and Pull.' I do hope you can find them for me, because I need some fresh eggs at once."

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