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THEIR HONEYMOON

By W. T. HEAD.

Dollie Milburn was the cutest and happiest and cosiest little bride in all Millville. She was so very young and so very innocent, so very inexperienced, and altogether so saucy and dancing and childishly irresponsible, that the older girls still unmarried agreed that it was really a shame that such a chit of a child should be allowed to marry and really it must be a great trial to Harry.

Harry, however, managed to struggle along very nicely under the load of his child wife. In fact, shocking as it may seem to appear, he seemed positively to like it. The truth is, Cupid himself had taken possession of the Milburn home and the young couple were living one long dream of bliss. Of course Harry was compelled to spend long hours down town doing foolish things in order that the home could be maintained. But that was only incidental and to be put up with in order that the delightful little doll's house could exist and have its being.

So Harry went whistling to his work among the musty law books and Dollie sang away the day serene in the assurance that he would soon return.

One bright morning when nature itself seemed in the ecstatic mood of the young couple, Dollie stood on the little front porch, watching for Harry's last salute at the corner, whose turn lost him to view, she noticed with the searching eye of love that he had changed his clothes and wore the gray tweed instead of the blue serge he had been wearing of late. Afterward in clearing up their bedroom, sure enough, she found the discarded blue serge suit piled helter-skelter on a chair and left with the carelessness characteristic of the sons of Adam.

It was then that the great tragedy of her life happened. As she was picking up the coat preparatory to hanging it neatly upon a frame, as was her loving custom, a letter dropped from one of the pockets—a dainty little square envelope such as women use, and carrying the odor of delicate perfume. It fell addressed side up, and the superscription lay there on the bed so close before her eyes that she could not help seeing it. The address was written in a delicate, feminine hand: "Harry Milburn, Esq., Room 930, Security Building, City," and down in the corner was the word, "Personal."

The incident gave her a distinct shock. She stopped her merry whistling in the middle of a bar and looked at the bit of paper with an expression of annoyance growing on her face. What woman was this, writing scented notes to Harry? And why was it marked personal, and why had he not told her about it? She leaned forward and examined the date stamped on the envelope. It was four days old. And he had not said a word to her about it. Good heavens! was he deceiving her? Was there another woman? Was he untrue? She gave a little shriek at the very thought.

Then she laughed. It was all most ridiculous. She was nervous or something and was making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Surely a lawyer has to receive communications from clients and witnesses and—and all sorts of people. Harry was a man of affairs and not simply a plaything to have about the house. She started to whistle again, when the word "Personal" caught her eye. She stopped again in the middle of a bar and her face again commenced to wrinkle with perplexity.

"I will read the letter and find out," she said. Then she blushed and drew back. The very thought of such a thing filled her with shame.

She determined to put the whole matter out of her mind and went on about her work. But the green-eyed monster had slipped one little tentacle into her young heart and somehow she could not whistle or sing as she worked, and her rebellious mind would forever turn to that bit of paper lying on the bed, for she had not had the courage to touch it.

Late in the afternoon she made up her mind to give Harry a good fright anyway. Then he would explain and they would make up in the most lovely manner. And she smiled and blushed softly at the thought of the making up.

So when Harry arrived at early dusk he found no outstretched arms to greet him on the little front porch. Bounding inside in disappointment and alarm, he found Dollie on her knees beside the bed, with her head in her arms, sobbing.

"Dollie," he exclaimed, "what is it?"

"I found the letter," she sobbed. "Oh, Harry, how could you?"

He was strangely silent and when he did not come down beside her she glanced quickly up. A great fear entered her soul as she saw his white face and troubled eyes—a fear beside which the worryings of the day were as nothing.

"Dollie," he said, slowly, "I hoped you would not find it. I knew I left it and worried all day lest you should happen to find it. Oh, Dollie, Dollie, I was a blind fool, and the woman got me before I knew what happened, but I hoped to get through it without causing you any worry."

A pall as of the grave settled upon her. She could not have moved if she wanted to.

"Dollie," he said, "cheer up and we will get through this all right." He laid a hand on her head.

She shrank from him and cried fiercely, "Don't touch me. Don't dare to touch me."

He walked silently from the room and the house. She never moved. She did not know how long it was, but after a time he returned and threw himself down beside her.

"It surely is not so serious as all that, Dollie," he said. "I am almost sure I can get the money in such a way that it will not make us pinch very hard. What hurts me most is to have been so gullible as to be fooled by a common adventuress—and the insolent note is the last straw. But you see, Dollie, a man cannot always be wise and we learn some things only from experience. It is a common thing you know, for a lawyer to go on a client's bond, and I had no suspicion she would run away, with all her social connections here."

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

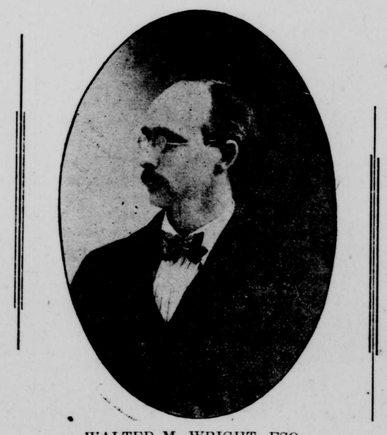
"Why, I went on the bond of that Mrs. Talson, who was arrested for stealing the furs at the Blakeman house during the reception. And now she has run away and leaves me this insolent note saying I can pay the money and add it to my bill for fees, and then frame the bill. I don't care so much for the money—"

"Money!" shrieked Dollie, springing to her feet. "Money! Is all this about money—only money?"

"Why—what else?" asked Harry, now bewildered himself.

And a minute later it would have taken a very close analysis to tell which was Dollie and which Harry.

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WALTER M. WRIGHT, ESQ.,
of Choptank, who with Capt. Charles W. Wright, of Baltimore, is not stopping at expense in giving to Denton an up-to-date hotel

CHINESE AND MILLINERY.

Speaking to a Chinese gentleman the other day, an Englishman asked him if the Chinese ladies will emulate the men and go in for western headgear, in reply he beamed a smile most childlike and bland. Pressed for something more definite, he remarked: "Did you not know that it is a well-known fact among the Chinese that the reason so many European husbands look harassed and care-ridden and the further reason why so many of your young men refrain from marriage is this very question of millinery? Ladies' hats cost so much that they spell ruin, and so we Chinese have told our womenfolk that we absolutely forbid them to follow western fashions in this regard, whatever they may do in other directions."

ALUMINUM PRODUCTION.

More than 32,000 tons of aluminum was produced in the United States last year.

GARDEN OF EDEN LOCATED

English Engineer Satisfied That He Has Found Biblical Spot Hidden In Turkish Arabia.

Forty miles west of old Bagdad, in the vast level valley of the historic Euphrates, near Hit, of the Hittites, lies the traditional Garden of Eden. Such is the interesting conclusion of Sir William Willcocks, the famous Egyptian engineer and Bible student, and many other authorities agree with him.

"Out of Eden came a river which watered a garden, and from thence it was parted and became four rivers." And these four rivers, known in Bible days as the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates—the ancient "River of Babylon"—have been identified by Sir William.

It was while studying, surveying and mapping Chaldea previous to starting work on the giant irrigation scheme planned for Mesopotamia, that Willcocks became convinced that the real Garden of Eden lay in the region described.

The Garden of Eden lies away over in Turkish Arabia, too far from the beaten tourist trail to draw many sightseers. Probably not a dozen white travelers see it in a whole year. To reach Chaldea the safest and surest route lies through the Suez, over Pharaoh's bones in the Red sea, through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, up the hot Persian gulf, and thence 500 miles along the winding Tigris and Euphrates.

REVEL IN BUTTONS OF PEARL

London Costermongers Probably Wear Most Unique Costume of All Civilized Peoples.

Fashions come and go, but the London costermonger still delights to have pearl buttons fastened to his outward clothing; and the man who can boast that he has more buttons to display than his neighbors claims to be the "pearly king" of his district.

Bank holidays and donkey shows, such as those organized by the Dumb Animals league, gives the pearly kings the opportunity to appear in all their glory and sometimes they exhibit delicate patterns woven in pearl upon their full-skirted coats and their bell-mouthed trousers.

One man at a recent show had what was considered to be "a wery saucy" design in a whip of green buttons running through a horseshoe of white buttons, but the man who lays claim to the homage due to a king does not often waste time in pretty designs. He simply has his clothes covered with buttons, sewn as close as the scales of a fish, and he treats the clothes of his wife and children in a similarly improving way. Of this class is the "king" who boasts a total of 60,000 buttons on his coat alone.

HORSE NOT YET EXTINCT.

To show that there is still room for the horse in spite of the automobile, it has been figured that last year 110,000,000 horseshoes were put out in this country. From 1900 to 1910 the number of horses here increased from 13,000,000 to 21,000,000, and their value, per head, rose from $42 to $96. It is estimated the number of work horses increased 465,000 last year.

FOR THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

"My son has just been graduated from college. What would you advise him to read?"

"The Help Wanted' column."—New York Times.

SEA GULLS ARE TOWN'S PETS

Inhabitants of Lerwick, in Shetland, Seem to Have Tamed One of the Wildest of Birds.

The village of Lerwick, in Shetland, possesses but on street and one tree. This tree is the resort of the famous pet seagulls of the place, birds of which the Shetlanders are very proud and to which they are very kind. They are the pets of the children, and to visitors they are always shown as the chief sight of the little town.

Just as sparrows live in the streets of a city, so do Lerwick's gulls have the run of its one street. In the morning one may see a seagull on every chimney pot, from which they swoop and hover over every roof of the town. It is said that each house has its own familiar bird, for which there is a nickname. The feeding of these birds is an interesting sight, since it is accomplished by the town children. Each bird, it is said, knows what provender is meant for it and makes no attempt to get away what is provided for its neighbor.

At night the gulls leave their street and their chimney pots and take flight to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss.

QUITE A TRAVELER



Little Dog—You've traveled some, haven't you?

Big Dog—Well, I should say! I've crossed the water on my bark several times.

BY NO MEANS MODEL CITY.

Ghent, Belgium, has its seamy side, though many visitors will fail to notice it. The proportion of married women who work in factories is in Ghent nearly one to three, as compared with one in twenty in Liege. In the five years, 1907-7, Ghent's infant mortality averaged 23.1 per 100 births, as against Liege's 12.9. Ghent's general death rate per 1,000 is given as 21.7 And in 1906, a year of industrial prosperity, 1,193 Ghent families were receiving poor relief, not through sickness, disablement, old age, or winter seasonal difficulties, but on account of low wages and large families.

CONCERNING PLAYS.

"There's two kinds of plays, you know. The one with the ordinary plot—"

"Yes?"

"And the other with the conspiracy behind it."

"I see. You mean the ones where they hold you up for $2 to get in."—St. Louis Republic.

AT THE ANCESTRAL CASTLE.

Old Retainer (confidentially)—Yes, sir; most of us in the servants' 'all 'as been in the hearl's family 40 years.

The Earl's Father-in-Law (from Chicago)—Well, I'm sorry for you, but you can't git any 40 years' back wages out of me!—Puck.

OBEDIENCE.

Mother—Mabel, why do you take two pieces of cake?

Mabel—'Cause, ma, you told me not to ask twice for it.—Puck.

LITERAL FACT.

"So your star says she married an angel. All brides think that."

"But this was a real angel. He backed the show."

HIS FAD.

Mr. Oldbatch—You say your wife is a suffragette. What's your fad?

Mr. Littleshrimp—Me? Oh, I'm just her partnerette.

BUSH LEAGUE CALIBER.

"My dear."

"Yes, John."

"I think we'll have to send this new cook back to the minors."

READY WITH AN EXPLANATION

Incident That Proves, if It Was Necessary, That You Can't Corner the Health Resort Proprietor.

Congressman A. W. Lafferty of Oregon declared the other evening that you can't lose the man who runs a health resort, and backed the statement with an interesting story.

Some time ago, he said, a woman who was a little worn out, but much of an invalid, went to a widely heralded health resort to recuperate. Half reclining in a big chair on the pleasant veranda of one of the hotels, she addressed the proprietor, who was looking after the comfort of the guests.

"My doctor, you know," said the invalid, in a languid voice, "told me to come here, that I might get the benefit of the south wind. Are the winds here always south winds?"

"Oh, yes, madam," was the prompt reply of the wise proprietor, "you may be assured of that."

"So I have understood," weakly replied the invalid, "but the flag on yonder pole surely indicates that the wind is now coming from the north."

"You are quite right, madam," was the easy explanation of the proprietor, "but it is a south wind just the same—a south wind coming back."

SENSE OF DANGER



First Deer—Do you know the expression in your eyes is positively human?

Second Deer—Don't say that. One of these excited hunters may mistake me for a guide.

DID NOT MEAN HEAVEN.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the great Shakespearean actor, who has just been knighted by the king, related at the annual meeting of the Actors' Orphanage Fund held in London the other day, an experience that befel Lady Bancroft. She was once accosted, he said, by a sturdy youth who reeled off a long, whining story. "Oh, lady, won't you help me?" he concluded. "I'm only a poor orphan."

Lady Bancroft, with her quick wit, looked up sharply: "Where do your father and mother live?" she asked. "Up this here court, lidy," was the prompt response.

WILLIE'S REMORSE.

Mother—It shocks me awfully to think you took the penny. Remember, it is as much a sin to steal a penny as a dollar. Now, how do you feel, Willie?

Willie—Like a chump! There was a dollar right alongside the penny.

JIMSON'S PREDICAMENT.

"Jimson doesn't get enough exercise."

"Why don't he try walking?"

"He'd like to, but his wife recently bought a touring car, and he is ashamed to walk for fear people will think he don't know how to operate the machine."

A SIMPLE ANSWER.

Mother—Well, dears, did you meet anyone you knew?

The Three Children (who have just returned from their morning walk)—Yes; Ruby and Derek.

Mother—Where did you meet them?

Barbara (the youngest)—At the same place as we was.—Punch.

When Tuberculosis Threatens

get fresh air, sunshine and above all the cell-building, energy-producing properties of SCOTT'S EMULSION. Its prompt use often thwarts tuberculosis. 13-29

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