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Wilma's Own Wedding

By ISABEL NEILL

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WILMA slipped quietly into the great church, deserted now at the dinner hour rush time. It was dim there, in the great quiet building, and cool, after the warmth of the June day outdoors.

A faint odor of flowers hung heavily in the air. The chancel was massed with green, and there were great baskets of white lilacs and delphinium here and there.

Another wedding, probably that morning! The old church had stored away the memory of many weddings—the delicate, drifting odors of millions of bridal blossoms, threads of satin frocks, bits of veils; echoing murmurs of hushed voices—and happiness! All of it was concentrated here—the happiness of others.

Wilma closed her eyes and let the spell steal close around her. She had come often to the old church—it was on the way to her work—but not to pray.

She came here to see her own wedding. When she closed her cloudy blue eyes tightly she was able to forget that she was only Wilma Wilson, an underpaid clerk in Watson's great department store; she was Miss Wilma Wilson, one of the season's popular brides. She could see herself sweeping down the aisle, not in her cheap little tweed suit and felt hat, but in a misty, floating chiffon dress, and a creamy lace veil over her brown hair. There were silver slippers on her feet, and in her arms were flowers. The flowers weren't orchids such as most brides carried. Wilma was particular about that. They were the flowers she had known and loved in her grandmothers' garden—nodding, pearly lilies of the valley, sprays of pink and blue forget-me-nots, dancing, silvery columbines, a tiny pale rosebud or two.

Wilma knew she was a lovely bride. It compensated her for being a rather indifferent clerk, one who wasn't able to speak up and take her own part as the city-bred girls did, and one who had to bear the brunt of much of the displeasure of her department manager.

Yes, there she went, down the aisle; Miss Wilma Wilson, one of the season's most beautiful brides. The wedding march was played softly, and every one was turning to look at her.

And waiting for her—ah, that was the sorry part of the dream! She was never able to see his face. She had dreamed the dream dozens of times, but she had never had a single glimpse of that bridegroom standing so quietly there at the altar.

The music was playing on. She was walking down the aisle; she was almost there—he was turning—turning to her!

It was a hand on her shoulder that roused her. She started up, her dreaming forgotten. A young man was standing at her side, staring at her.

"Pardon me—I was afraid you were ill," he was stammering.

"I wasn't ill," Wilma said frankly, but confidingly. "I was tired tonight, and I slipped in here to rest for a minute before going home. I—I was day-dreaming. I'm sorry I troubled you."

"I'm the one to apologize. I'm afraid I interrupted a lovely dream. Tell me about it. You see, I've noticed you before. I drop in here now and then, and I've seen you praying, or dreaming, or whatever you'd like to call it."

Wilma had started out of the church. On the great stone steps she paused a moment.

"It was nice of you to waken me," she said softly.

"Maybe you'd let me walk away with you," suggested the young man. "I'll wager that you haven't eaten, either. Come on—I know a dandy little place on a side street where we can get fried oysters for forty cents. Eat with me and tell me more about your dream."

Over the clean, white table Wilma learned that the boy was Glenn Martin, that he came from a small country town, that he worked for a real estate firm, that he made fifty dollars a week and that he was soon to get commissions as well.

"You didn't tell me about that dream," he reminded her.

"I'll tell you—a year from today," laughed Wilma.

"I'll hold you to that," smiled Glen. "And I'll be back Sunday evening to remind you of your promise."

A year from that day Wilma saw another wedding; not in shadowy St. Mark's in the city, but in the simple country church she had attended as a child. The wedding march, ground out wheezily on an old organ, sounded like celestial music to her ears. The daisies and June roses set about the church looked more gorgeous to her than the delphiniums and lilies of the city.

But her bouquet was just as she had dreamed it, and down at the altar, waiting for her, was Glen, his face turned eagerly toward her.

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Closed Contract With Proffer of Iced Pears

New stories about O. Henry seem almost as constant as his fame as a short-story writer. One of the best concerning his charming idiosyncrasies is related by Bob Davis, newspaper man and editor, in the Golden Book magazine.

In his early New York days O. Henry had a quaint way of changing addresses without notice to anyone, disappearing from his friends for weeks. Davis, then a stranger to the author, had been instructed to find him and to offer him first $40, then $50, and, as a limit, $60, to write introductions to a series of stories. After searching five buildings he finally found the author in a dark, cheap hall bedroom—but with a half dozen fine pears buried in a bowl of ice, as a relief from the heat.

"I have three propositions," he announced. "But I shall make the last one first." And he made the $60 offer.

"If that last one is the best, you needn't make the other two," drawled O. Henry. "And moreover, mister, you can have the rest of the pears."

Mutton Dear to Both Stuart and Hanoverian

Mutton used to be regarded as having a definite if somewhat indefinable association with loyalty to the throne. When "thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen zealously attached to the Protestant succession of the house of Hanover" founded the Kit-Kat club for the furtherance of their principles, they ordained that the standing dish at all their dinners should be mutton pie, to which they attached symbolic significance.

Why mutton should be thus identified with the Hanoverian dynasty is far from clear, but possibly George I, like George II, esteemed boiled mutton and turnips the daintiest dish that could be set before the king. The Kit-Kats, however, must have overlooked a similar fondness on the part of the Stuarts, especially in the case of Charles II, whom Rochester dubbed "our mutton-loving king."—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

Wooden Bowl Has History

An extravagant sum of money, the exact amount of which has not been made known, was paid for the famous bowl known as the Pepys mazer, for four centuries the property of the Edward VI almshouses at Saffron Walden, Essex, England.

The Pepys mazer is a small bowl of maplewood standing 2 3-16 inches in height and 7⅝ inches across. Around the lip is a plain band of silver-gilt, a little deeper outside the bowl than inside. It bears the London half-marks of 1507-8 and the head of the maker's mark, which is the head of a saint. Inside the bowl is a circular medallion, a plate of silver-gilt, and an engraving of the Virgin and the Child in a glory of long rays. It now comes to America. It is so called because it was referred to in the writings of Pepys.

Coleridge's "Dream Poem"

Coleridge himself told how he came to write the poem "Kubla Khan." In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair, at the moment when he was reading a sentence in Purchas' "Pilgrimage," beginning "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto." He slept for about three hours and on awakening wrote down all the lines of the poem that have been preserved. Then he was called away on business, and on his return was unable to recall the remainder of the lines that had been composed by him in his dream.

Use of Nutgalls

Nutgalls are hard nut-like galls, especially those from the Asiatic oaks, which are produced largely in Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, Cyprus, Italy, etc. The Chinese and Japanese nutgalls of commerce, however, are from trees of the species Rhus, and they are large and irregular in form. The nutgalls are rich in tannin, which makes them valuable in the leather and dyeing industries, in the making of inks, the preparation of medicines, etc. Several New York firms are listed as importers of nutgalls from China and other countries.

Water Purification

The latest process in the purification of water is chlorination. This was first used in Lincoln, England, in connection with the great typhoid epidemic there, and has reduced the number of deaths from typhoid due to water from 17 per 100,000 in 1900 to the present low rate of 1 per 100,000. The chlorination of river water not only renders it safe but keeps it sweet and pleasant to taste and smell.

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