LOVE AND PAINT.

Why Miss Baxter Cave Up Her Chosen Profession

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy lines. opalescent glint of glassware and quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter, who had but recently feft bertin dropped into a seat and ed back a moment, dated by this lavish waste of color. Meanwhile, the insistent sunshine took liberties with dull brown of her severely brush d ran burning fingers through it, edged it with coquettish gold. throw a pale blue square of shade her corner of the table, sighing as settled down again and all the mul scenes of the evening before surging back.

ac felt half a notion to lay her head the table and ery outright. She need down instead and fingered her -his ring-while her glasses grew She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The ques-tion was still undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible mor and turned to the menu card Dining-car breakfasts are not timed to wait on the settlement of subleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made the "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head, she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handkerchief to her eyes; but she then put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took definite shape before her.

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better." "Do you mean to say that you've

been on this train all this while—after
. . after last night?" Miss Baxter
maked with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it, the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination." "Never mind, Mr. Woodson; you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own

career-we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she concluded, reflectively. "A little longer, in fact. I made a

mistake and got here half an hour carly-read the time-table backwards. once these clothes. But now, see re, small girl," Woodson went on with great deliberateness; shaking out his napkin into his lap, and gazing inently into the blurred, blue depths of Miss Baxter's glasses. "See here, now, do you suppose just because a girl jilts me—" Miss Baxter interposed a deprecating gesture-"yes, I repeat it. ou suppose, just because a girl jilts ne, and I have reason to believe is gong to the ends of the earth to get where she will never see me again, that my sense of responsibility ends till Pvo seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York unin-habitable for you, and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colorado or Kamschatka or wherever it is you are going. Now what shall I order for breakfast?"

"Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good chance to continue my outdoor work.

"Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now-and stay."
"But I forbid your doing any such

foolish thing." "To tell the truth, Grace, I thought

of staying all the time-of going into some business there." "Why, you never told me of it be-

"Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night. Then it occurred to me I might go into sheep or cattle or omething like that."
"At Manitou?"

"Why not?" "It's a summer resort." "So much the better. I'd only want to be there in the summer, anyhow." "Harry, you're a trifler."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow -if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand the one

she was making a sad mess of. "Harry, I never can forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the

whirling blur of green through the car window

"Well, I never could forgive myself if I hadn't—and there it was," he asserted, dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange be-fore her.

It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Maniton; but one morning they exchanged the cushioned weariness of the train for that blue hollow of the hills, with its gayly-colored roofs and Come, see your career through my gables showing here and there up eyes." the eanyon, like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of delight. What color there was! The earth accmed bung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame.

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies un-der way at once-putting in blues where Woodson saw greens, and pur-ples where he saw nothing but nonde-script sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of the luministra.

Woodson sat by and climfied life couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke.

He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances be explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle bushness; a man was going to bring him s

er out the think

herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became him immensely and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis sults of summering Maniton. Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One day was hosoroed and sarranes. One day an idea struck blim. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch-to send home, you know, You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why, of course, I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming," Woodson broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way, but I want you-your sketch, you

The place was quite a distance away. over the mesa. They set out for it the next day. "Here it is," Woodson exclaimed,

after quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plaift to where a row of cot-tonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air.

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rosy frame, through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes in truly artistic intentness.
"Well, never mind that; get the char-

to reside in cobalt, however tresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the fiaring heavens, disturbed her, too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the horizon the whole thing ended in a painty muddle.

Every Skin Disease, whether torturing disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, biedding, scally, pimply or blotchy—in fact, from Pimples wall, pimple, wall, pimple wall, pimpl thing ended in a painty muddle.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day!" Grace exclaimed, petulantly, wiping her troubled brow with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked, with serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggles with the regulation blues and

"But I don't see them so," she murmured in a moment of absorbed ef-

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything, Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your indepen-dence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he-well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it, come-"

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up, Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed. "I'm a brute, a miserable brute!"

Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force, as he watched her striding toward the half-dry creek. "But some one ought to have told her. Her art is all foolishness. Look at Fleming, even. He's forty. and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same, a heartless

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper penance on his part to wash her brushes-he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up, he started to-ward the creek. When he got there he

could see no sign of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made aim eatch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket, and came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.
"Grace," he called out, "why, what's

the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I

didn't think you'd take it so."
"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began grasping about and feeling aimlessly around with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen

"Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping to-ward him and stumbled against him. "Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course I can, small girl, you're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed around

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses!" she exclaimed, palling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them, you see better without them, blue eyes. Confess now, you never really saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent.

But still she held back at arm's length, really defiant. His fingers left a white circle where they clasped her wrists. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead. You'll get my glasses if I promise?"

He nedded. Suddenly throwing her arms about his neek she said: "I always liked your eyes," and pressed a kisson either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art," she added, seriously. "But—this needn't interfere, need it?"

"Interfere! why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into

and we'll turn the whole herd into

Then he reached over and carefully naged her glasses from the twig where he had seen them hanging as he entered the thicket.-G. Malville Up-ton, in Kate Field's Washington.

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So Grace denned her big blue aprount and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, berning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however tresh from only substance known that will prevent tendency

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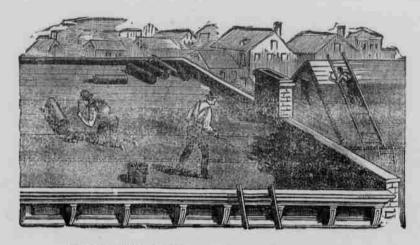
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Leave Warsaw.....
Arrive Goldsboro
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5,10 a m. | 3.45 p. m Le Be'field, Le Jarratis, 5 44 a.m. 3.52 p. m 6.00 a.m. 4 10 p. n Le Stony Creek 8 15 n.m. | 4 33 p. ne Arrive Petersburg. | 6,50 a m. | 5,12 p. m All trains run solo: Weldon to Washir;

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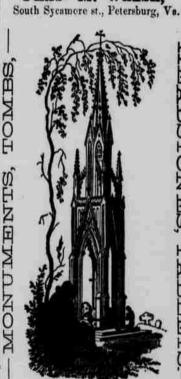
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