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now is the time for  
that carpet



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### Appearances to The Contrary.

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX.

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Mrs. Holton entered her sister Susan's room and, sinking into the nearest chair, undid her collar. This was preparatory to the rite, sacred in Milltown, of dressing for the afternoon. Susan, who, notwithstanding the fact that she had just returned from an art school and did not deny being artistic, refused to be called Suzanne, was doing something to her face, with the aid of a hand glass and many unbecoming grimaces.

"What are you going to wear this afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Holton in an elaborately careless voice.

"Nothing—that is, I'm going to wash my hair, since there is not a place in this metropolis where I can have it washed for me."

"But, Susie, not in the afternoon! There will surely be callers."

"Just say I'm not at home and don't bother," said Susan, drawing out her hairpins and letting her red hair down over her yellow and brown and tan kimono.

"You forget that you are not in New York," said her sister sharply. "Do try to forget that you have been to art school and be decent to people. 'Not at home' won't go here. Every one in this village knows that you are at home, for you couldn't possibly get away without some one seeing you go. And, anyway, I asked that Mr. Bates over to call on you."

"Kind of you! What Mr. Bates?" asked Susan, dropping her comb and stooping to pick it up.

"Mrs. Barton's nephew. He's from the east somewhere, and he has the nicest manners. I thought maybe you would like to have some one come who is a little more like the men you are used to," she added.

"I would," said Susan emphatically. "And it was nice of you to think of it. Perhaps he'll come late in the afternoon and my hair will be all dry. I'll hurry!" And she ran down the hall and slammed the bathroom door after her.

"There's something familiar about the name," she said to her face in the glass while the water was running. "And—and I don't particularly want to see any more of the Bates clan—but if Bessie should find that out she'd never let me forget it. So I'll see her Mr. Bates and try to get interested in this place."

She played croquet with her little niece while her hair dried, and the latter half of the game brought her into full view of the street. She got down on her knees and bumped the gaudy ball with care and precision against the little post, and while she knelt a young man walked up the straight walk to the front door.

And so it happened that three minutes later as she entered the sitting room, with her glowing, wind-blown hair and flushed face, she was just in time to hear her sister's "company voice" say:

"Come right out into the sitting room, Mr. Bates. It's so much cooler there."

She gained the stair closet just in time and softly pulled the door shut after her. And then, safely hidden, she called herself a goose.

"Why didn't you go back out into the yard and reach your room by the ladder? No one but Bessie would live in a house that has no back stairs."

She hoped the caller would not stay long, but she knew there was no telling what false hopes her sister would hold out to the young man to keep him until Susan should appear. She did not know that Susan was in the closet, and if she had known it she would not have known how to get her out of it.

"But if she had one grain of sense, which unfortunately she has not, or she'd not be trying to make a match for me, she'd know that I, presumably in the back yard, could not get to my room in any way save through the place where they are sitting."

The closet was small, airless, dusty and full of odds and ends. Susan hardly dared move for fear of knocking something down.

"Not that I care for being discovered," she reasoned, "for that would serve them both right, but I do not care to bring Jim's golf sticks or Indian clubs down on my defenseless head. I'm not much of a club woman." She searched cautiously for a keyhole and found none.

"Of course not," she muttered disgustedly. "I am dented even the small comfort of watching the dismay on Bessie's face as I fail to appear. So I must think upon my sins and be patient, I presume."

She sank back on her heels and mopped her hot face with one corner of her kimono. "I hope it doesn't fade," she thought.

Presently she rested her forehead on her knees and forgot time and place and heat and discomfort. Her thoughts were busy.

"I suppose he and Maude Forman are married by this time. I wish I knew how that happened. He always said he did not care for her baby kind of prettiness. It must have been her talent. No one can deny that she had the rest of us beaten all hollow. That little characterless, baby faced thing could paint better than Dan himself."

"Maude knows how I feel about it—and so does he. That's what hurts the worst. I could not help showing it that last day. And she—there was such triumph in her silly little face when she came out of the studio, and

we knew she had got the prize. She looked at me, and then she walked straight up to Dan, and they forgot I was there. Oh, the humiliation of it! And then old Carton had to cap the climax by telling me that I never would make an artist. I knew it well enough. All I wanted was— If he'd only stopped there instead of telling me that I should be married."

"I have seen that you are in love, Miss Susan, and I advise you to marry the good man and help him make a career."

"He wasn't so smart as he thought he was or he'd have seen that Maude wasn't content with getting the painting prize. She had to take everything, even"—Forgetting where she was, she sprang to her feet, bumping her head against a pile of empty boxes, which fell with a deafening clatter.

Then the door was flung open, and some one seized her arm and drew her gently out into the sitting room. Susan gave one glance at her sister's horrified face and then laughed helplessly. It was fortunate that she could not see her own face, which was stained in an elaborate pattern from the kimono.

"I was hunting for my comb"—she began and stopped, for the man, whose face she had not yet seen, came around in front of her.

"Did you find it?" he asked. Susan turned white and then red and white again before she said a word. And when her lips finally opened they uttered the one thing she could have bitten her tongue out for saying.

"Where is Maude?"

"Maude? Oh, she's safely married and on a wedding trip. Whatever made you run away that day when old Carton told Maude she had won the prize? We hunted for you to tell you, but you were gone."

"I didn't need to be told. I saw," she said, and then grew white again. "But why—if you are married—why isn't Maude here too?"

"Maude?" Suddenly the man gave a shout. "Do you mean that you think I am married to Maude? That's a good one. She is my sister-in-law now. She was engaged to Fred for five years, and they never had money enough to marry on 'til she got that cash prize. That was why she worked so hard to get it."

Susan began to back toward the stairway. She felt it was time to escape.

"No, you don't," said the man, and he caught one corner of the kimono and held her.

"I'm not dressed," she murmured. "So I perceive," he answered. "But was that the reason you ran away—because you thought Maude?"

"Old Carton told me I'd never make an artist!" she evaded.

"Did he? The brute! But that was no reason for running away from me. What else did he say?"

"He said I had better get married," said Susan. "And that was why I ran away."

As she had hoped he would, the man dropped the kimono in his amazement, and she darted up the stairs, leaving him looking after her with fear in his eyes.

"Susan—tell me!"

She leaned over the banisters and smiled at him. "But of course I can't get married until some one asks me," she said, and before he could get to her the door of her room had slammed.

**Circus Folk Hard Workers.**

The amount of physical work done by the performers of the circus is scarcely believable. These people make the care of their bodies their religion, and they will do nothing that militates against their strength or their health. When the performers rise in the morning they hurry to the cook tent for breakfast. Then they must get into their trappings for the parade, failure to report at 10:30 involving a fine of \$5. If the big tent is up early the chances are that the arena will be filled with performers practicing for an hour before the parade. After the street display the performers have their dinner, and then they must dress for the grand entree, from which none is excused. Only a very few of the circus folk escape with a single act. Nearly all of them do two and most of them three acts, for each of which they must change their costume. A woman performer often works in a gymnastic act on the ground, another in the air, rides in a menage act or two and in the flat races at the end of the performance. In addition she will very probably "do a turn" in a concert after the show, and she must change her costume for each appearance.—Everybody's Magazine.

**A Trick That Won.**

"Once, when 'Long John' Wentworth was mayor of Chicago," said an old time resident of that city, "a hot campaign was in progress. The rough element was showing signs of turbulence, and 'Long John' knew that the police force was totally unable to cope with it if there should be a riot. There wasn't much of any police force in those days. The few officers that there were didn't have any uniform outside of a plug hat. On the front of this was a semicircle of tin with the man's number on it. There was no money to pay for additional officers, so 'Long John' betthought himself of a bright scheme. He had a figure 0 added to the number on every one of those hats. On election day the different members of the force were stationed conspicuously where the trouble was most likely to break out. The roughs saw the numbers, '250,' '290,' '350,' etc., where they had before seen only '25,' '29' and '35.' The word went around that 'Long John' had added several hundred men to the police force, and the tough crowd were so intimidated that they never dared to do a thing."

**What He Missed.**

One of the officials of the Indian office at Washington was visiting a reservation in Montana on government business once when a certain chief who had taken a fancy to Uncle Sam's agents invited him to attend the wedding of the Indian's daughter.

The Indian office man was, to his regret, unable to be present at the festivities, but the Indian laconically described the function subsequently in order to indicate what the agent had missed.

"Five dogs," said the chief, "and plenty pie."

**Faith in the Doctor.**

An English exchange quotes a story said to have been told at a "charity dinner."

A man was brought into the accident hospital who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, "He is dead." The man raised his head and said, "No, I'm not dead yet," whereupon his wife admonished him, saying, "Be quiet; the doctor ought to know best."

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