

## UNEXPECTED IMPRESSION

By Bennet Musson

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If one were looking for a cure for bashfulness carbon paper would seem an unlikely thing to select. But it was a piece of this paper which, if it did not exactly cure John Kendall, at least overcame the effects of his shyness.

John's bashfulness was most pernicious, and while it had not retarded his career as a successful manufacturer in the flourishing town of Schuylerville, it proved a very embarrassing possession when he was smitten with the tender passion.

In the first place, Margaret Little was an "authoress," and that alone was an awe inspiring circumstance. To be able to write stories which met with occasional acceptance, to have the postman sometimes bring her thin letters containing checks and not to be the grinning bearer of bulky packages of rejected manuscripts, placed her on a plane above other women—in John's eyes; not that she needed such placing, for it would be futile to chronicle the angelic qualities with which he endowed her.

The trouble with this endowment process was that it was not disclosed to Margaret. John could write and did write letters teeming with sentiment. Of course it was unfortunate that these letters never were sent. It was more unfortunate that he found himself unable to express in her presence the feelings which agitated his six feet of manhood.

He had made three attempts at a proposal, each of which had ended in stammering confusion and dire failure, and it is probable that the number would have been extended indefinitely had not a rival appeared on the field.

Any one who showed Margaret the slightest attention was a rival in John's view, and it seemed impossible that the editor of a New York magazine would come fifty miles to Schuylerville for the sole purpose of consulting Margaret about a series of stories for his periodical. If this innocent purpose brought the editor, something emotionally attractive in Margaret's pretty face must have induced his reappearance within a month, and it was during this second visit that John spurred himself to action.

On a June afternoon he deserted his desk and determinedly strode toward the Little homestead. His courage usually lasted until he passed the front



ACROSS THE ORCHARD CAME MARGARET AND THE EDITOR.

gate, but on this occasion he was surprised to find it upholding him even after he had reached the veranda. It evaporated when he rang the bell. A maid told him that Miss Little had gone for a walk with the gentleman from New York. This information, coming as a respite, at first relieved John. Then jealousy renewed his courage, and he boldly said that he wished to leave a note for Margaret.

In the matter of impassioned misadventure John Kendall was no coward, and he sat at Margaret's little desk and dashed off a few glowing periods on a sheet of her manuscript paper. When the effusion was finished it proved satisfactory, being, in fact, a condensation of the others which he had left un sent. He folded it neatly and was reaching into a pigeonhole in the desk for an envelope when he happened to glance out of the window.

Across the orchard came Margaret and the editor. The latter, a small, blond, handsome man, was walking close beside his contributor and looking smilingly into her beautiful eyes.

After viewing this scene John was seized with panic at the thought of Margaret's reading his note immediately. The next instant he was striding away from the house, scattering bits of white paper to the June breezes.

He did not see Margaret for a week, and during that time deep despair held him for its own. Then an urgent business affair led him to call on her father, who was suffering from a slight illness and was unable to leave his home.

When the interview with Mr. Little was at an end and John reached the front door, he found Margaret sitting on the veranda. He thought to pass her with a formal greeting, but his intentions usually went astray where she was concerned, and he was soon seated near her in a wide armed veranda chair.

"I am sorry I missed you when you called last week," said Margaret after

her father's illness had been discussed. "I'm sorry, too," John replied, mentally condemning the memory of the maid, who he hoped had forgotten the incident.

"The girl said something about you leaving a note," continued Margaret. "Yes—er—an invitation to a picnic," John said weakly, "but the affair was postponed."

"Before you could write the note?" "No. I thought it would be postponed, so I changed my mind."

Margaret was looking demurely at a rosebush. "It has been postponed before," she murmured softly, but her companion did not hear the remark. "John," she said in a louder tone, "I suppose it is only an invitation to a picnic that you would address me as your dearest Margaret."

John Kendall turned slowly and regarded the object of his affections with bewilderment. He wondered if any of the torn bits of paper had been picked up and placed together by Margaret, but he had scattered them so widely that that seemed impossible.

Miss Little, who had transferred her gaze from the rosebush to her lover's face, seemed to enjoy his expression. Then John rocked violently in the veranda chair in the hope that the action would induce mental stimulation, but it did not.

"Will you come with me for a moment?" Margaret asked, rising and entering the house.

John followed her to her study. There, on the little desk, was the pile of manuscript paper. Margaret took a note from the bosom of her dress, unfolded it slowly and handed it to John.

"There was a piece of carbon paper among the top sheets," she said, "and this was under it." And John read an exact copy of the effusion he had addressed to Margaret the week before.

For a moment he looked helplessly at the note, then he glanced shyly down at Margaret, and the expression he saw in her eyes was entirely unlike that with which she had regarded the editor.

It seemed to say, "Speak for yourself, John," and had the stolid typewriter which stood on the desk risen to the occasion it would have added another love scene to its long list.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kendall, in Schuylerville, is a den, and on one of its walls hangs a bit of black paper in a gilt frame. When the curious question John about this paper he tells them its story, if they are worthy, and if they are unworthy he merely says that it is an impressionistic picture of the darkest hour before dawn.

### Whims of a Great Singer.

Brignoll, the great tenor, was so careful of his voice when he had to sing that he would not speak at all and was in the habit of writing his wishes on a piece of paper. During the last thirty years of his life he lived at the Everett House when not on the road. It took him at least three-quarters of an hour to go from his room to the sidewalk. He must get used to the changes very gradually. Leaving the room, he would pace up and down the hall for ten or fifteen minutes until thoroughly "acclimatized," as he himself would say, and from there would go to the lobby to experience for twenty minutes a slightly lower degree of temperature.

At the end of half an hour he usually reached the vestibule, where he would pass another quarter, opening the outer door occasionally to get a taste of the fresh air. When thoroughly acclimatized here he buttoned his greatcoat close about him and stepped out on the pavement.

Brignoll never was known to be ready to go on the stage to sing his part. He had to wait one minute or several minutes before appearing. In this he was a great trouble to managers. "Just give me one minute more," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another till all patience was exhausted.

### How Loco Acts.

Loco is often called "crazy weed" from its dire effect on cattle and horses when they eat it in any quantity. In the beginning the poison is slow in showing itself. The first symptom is usually a dull, glassy look in the eyes, which gradually dilate and become wild and staring.

If after this the animal is left to graze on the herb the symptoms will become more pronounced, the vision becomes impaired, and the victim develops an aptitude for grotesque antics, sometimes rushing madly about. A "locoed" horse will balk, back rear and often hurt itself backward and has the greatest objection to having its head touched.

The last and fatal stage of the disease is a gradual wasting away of the animal. Cattle born on the prairies seem instinctively to avoid the loco. High-grade beasts must easily fall victims to their partiality for the weed.

### Ending Her Stories.

A very small girl of very large literary ambitions found it easy enough to begin her "stories" and work up the plots to the right consistency for thrill producing, but then for the life of her she could not "get them stopped." One day, however, she hit upon a happy expedient, and thereafter the "ending" of her narratives was a matter of the utmost ease. The closing sentence, which came with an inspiration and seemed to draw the curtain on innumerable adventures, was, "One morning when they were walking up the front path they all died." Occasionally "back road" or "dark turnpike" or "sunny lane" or something of the sort was substituted for "front path" but, with the exception of such minor variations, the one cheerful expedient served the small authoress' purpose for months, and the only question in her mind was why she had never thought of it before!—New York Tribune.

## Experiences In Training The Young Idea

A young teacher of one of the schools of the upper east side in telling the other day of her experiences in training the young idea expressed regret that some of these could not have been included in Mark Twain's book on the misadventures of Miss English, "English as She Is Taught." The word "brooklet" had occurred in the lesson. She had taken some pains to explain how the diminutive is sometimes formed by adding "let."

"Now, children, can any of you give examples of the diminutive?"

There was absolute silence for a moment, and then a small hand toward the rear of the room shot up and was wriggled frantically. The owner on receiving the coveted recognition jumped to her small feet and confidently burst forth:

"I've got it, teacher; I've got it! Ham, hamlet—a little ham!"

Another little girl in the front row, who by this time was no less eager, was called upon. She brushed down her skirts and gazed about the room triumphantly before replying:

"Toy, toilet—a small toy."

She was altogether crushed when the teacher despairingly shook her head.—New York Times.

### Ready For the Debut.

"Yes," said the proud mother, "if I do say it myself, there isn't another girl in society who has been so thoroughly schooled and who has enjoyed so many of the preliminary advantages. She has had the appendicitis, has spent two years in a rest cure, has gone on six sea trips for exhaustion, has had seven attacks of nervous prostration, has been written up in the papers as about to elope with the coachman and has been proposed to by ten foreign aristocrats, and eight noblemen have looked her up in the financial agencies. Now that she is about to make her debut I see no reason why she should not become a great favorite. If complete preparation has anything to do with it."—Judge.

### He Remembered.

The Doctor's Wife—You are always talking about women having no capacity for managing things. Do you happen to remember that I started the first cooking school ever conducted in this town?

The Doctor—I do, distinctly. It was just after that happened that I began to have a good practice.—Chicago Tribune.

### Giving Her Time.



"I will give you my answer in a month, Pat."

"That's right, my darling. Take plenty of time to think it over. But tell me one thing now—will it be yes or no?"

### Decidedly Superficial.

"He's a very superficial man, I guess."

"I should say so. Why, he's the kind of a man who thinks there's nothing to literature except learning to write only in one side of the paper."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Turn About.

"That author prides himself on being an athlete."

"It's only fair," answered Miss Cayenne, "when so many pugilists pride themselves on being writers and speech makers."—Washington Star.

### These Boston Girls.

Kitty—When Harry asked you for a kiss did you comply?

Bertha—It was just too funny for anything. I might have kissed him, only I couldn't keep my mouth straight.—Boston Transcript.

### The Champion Fool.

There's fools of many kinds; there's fools that think they know it all.

There's fools that jaw at others when they stub their toes and fall;

There's fools that think that when they're hurt

All other folks should howl;

There's fools who think the sun's got lost

Each time the weather's foul;

But there's one kind of fool that's worse

Than all the rest—excuse

Me from the fool who boasts what he would do if he could only be

In some one else's shoes.

There's fools who go and drown themselves

When girls say no; they s'pose

They couldn't learn to love again;

They're small loss, goodness knows!

There's fools who think what they believe

Is all that's true; there's some

Who think when their digestion's bad

The old world's end has come.

We'll have to bear with such as these,

I guess, but please excuse

Me from the fool who tells how he would die if he could only be

In some one else's shoes.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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