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SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1906.

My Little Sweetheart.

I have a blue-eyed sweetheart—
She lives across the way;
Can see her as I'm writing,
Out in the yard at play.

There's sunshine in her manner,
There's gladness in her eye;
I cannot help but love her,
Not even if I'd try.

She always runs to greet me,
When I'm passing that way;
She often comes to see me,
Upon a rainy day.

We talk of things congenial,
Sometimes we paint a bit;
She tells me of her dollies,
Especially of "Kit."

She says she wants a pony,
Also a dog or so;
I'm always very sorry
When's time for her to go.

But this is all a secret—
Be mum as you can be;
My sweetheart is only eight
And I'm forty-three.



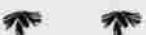
A Visitor.

I sometimes smoke a pipe with him
When twilight shades begin;
If I had done the opposite,
The Man I Might Have Been.

He never with misfortune met;
Men hail him with acclaim;
He shows me all the gold he makes,
The glory and the fame.

But is he any happier
When all is counted in?
Just one man knows, and he won't tell—
The Man I Might Have Been.

—McLanburgh Wilson in N. Y. Sun.



Nobody Works at Pinehurst.

Nobody works at Pinehurst,
They all go out and play,
Putting a ball of rubber,
On greens of sand and clay.

Some they play in foursomes,
Others play in twos;
Nobody works at Pinehurst,
But the golf course crews.

—T. P. M., with Apologies to "Father."

GOLF CUPID BALKED



HERE was an evident reason why the Widow Topleigh should have missed Bluffly from the crowd of dangles always in attendance on her.

He possessed wealth, leisure and the dignity of age, while the others were for the most part college youngsters, or, if older, as manifestly ineligible to a prudent woman. One of the indications that Mrs. Topleigh possessed prudence was her firm resolve not to become, should she risk a second venture into matrimony, a "young man's darling." Hence Mrs. Topleigh could never fathom the secession of Bluffly, for she had in many little ways made plain to him that she liked him very much.

Bluffly's first golfing with Mrs. Topleigh had been accidental—the casual pairing by the club secretary for a mixed foursome—but the subsequent rounds had been sought with confusion of mind and palpitation of heart. That earliest mixed foursome had been marked by a mishap—in swinging back to drive Bluffly had hit Mrs. Topleigh's arm a sharp blow with the club—and love had come into his life with the smile with which she accepted his excuses.

With each succeeding round of the course with Mrs. Topleigh, Bluffly's heart beat with more force. He used to lie awake nights worrying about the affection for the widow that had come so suddenly into being and whether he would be wise to marry or not. After more than 50 years, Bluffly was in sore perplexity over the troubles that might begin with marriage.

"Women, the best of them, are so selfish," would be his last conclusion each night. "I'll say good by to Mrs. Topleigh after breakfast tomorrow and go off yachting with the gang."

But at the greeting with the fascinating widow the resolution always faded into thin air. At the sparkle of her eyes and the warm handshake Bluffly would be a true gallant again. The "gang"—all married, by the way—had to put in their time at threesomes in the absence of Bluffly. They all thought, without a doubt, that he would marry the widow, and, not to be too modest about it, this is what the widow thought.

In the confidence of a conquest, Mrs. Topleigh quite unconsciously began to assume a proprietary interest in the rich bachelor. For one thing she objected to Red Scrapple as their caddie that fateful afternoon at Willow Brook, but here she found an adamant firmness in Bluffly.

"Not have Red with us?" cried Bluffly in protest. "Why, he's the cleverest kid on the links—besides, he always caddies for me."

"O, very well," was Mrs. Topleigh's response. To Scrapple, who had always hid when he saw a woman or a poor player seeking a caddie, it was not "very well." He deemed it a condescension to carry in a mixed foursome, especially when he had to tote both bags.

The Willow Brook links had formerly been the Topleigh farm, and in a corner

of the course was a little graveyard of the sort often to be met with in quiet country neighborhoods. A neat fence surrounded the plot, which now held only the Topleigh family vault. Should a ball be sliced into the plot from the tee it was always called "out of bounds," as a matter of course, and another ball dropped and played.

It was Mr. Bluffly's ill luck—or was it good luck?—to slice his drive from that tee. The ball soared in a graceful curve straight toward the clump of trees that shaded the old burial place.

The college boy who, with Miss Aire, was their opponent drove off a screamer true to the line. Bluffly dropped a ball on the tee, and Mrs. Topleigh only drove it some 80 yards, into a bunker.

"This will make us 1 up, and with but 1 more to play it will be our match," shouted Miss Aire, thoughtlessly. "I'm sorry for you old folks."

How Mrs. Topleigh hated her for the speech! There was but one chance to save the hole.

"Perhaps the first ball is not out of bounds," suggested Bluffly.

"I will go over and see," exclaimed Mrs. Topleigh. "If it is inside, I will play it."

Off she hurried, Red Scrapple behind with the clubs, until the intervening bushes partially hid Mrs. Topleigh from the others, who were walking on slowly toward the bunker. Presently, from out the thicket, a ball came with splendid direction and only stopped on the putting green.

"Hurrah?" yelled Bluffly. "That will win the hole for us."

"It was just within bounds and I had a beautiful lie," explained Mrs. Topleigh, when she had rejoined the party. "I took my brassy to it."

Miss Aire missed her shot, so the college boy had to play the odd to gain the green. Mrs. Topleigh and Bluffly won the hole in 4 to 5, and as they halved the short one to follow, they were the winners of the match.

"So sorry, dear," was Mrs. Topleigh's parting word with Miss Aire. "You look so warm and flustered, but a nap will freshen you for dinner."

"A most remarkable recovery! Your shot from the rough undoubtedly won for us. Another woman would have been too rattled to make it." This and much more praise did Bluffly heap on the satisfied widow. He then and there screwed up his courage to the sticking point. "Meet me, won't you, in the conservatory after dinner?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Bluffly," assented the widow in her sweetest voice, as she stepped into her carriage. What could the man mean?

"Great shot that, eh?" continued Bluffly, still harping on the wonderful play, to Red Scrapple, as he took his clubs from that urchin.

"Yer talkin', but der yer wanter know how she did it?" asked the imp of mischief.

"She bangs me on the der nut an' sez she'll do me fer fair if I gives it away—

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