

SEEMED TO BE ENOUGH

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

She had long yellow curls that looked like glistening columns of gold, bobbing in the sunlight when she walked, or lying in rich satin abundance all over her little fluffy shoulders when she was still. Her eyes were big and round and peculiarly blue—like twin cornflowers—and there were perpetual discs of pink in the small oval cheeks.

The day was hot to sultriness, the sun beating upon the lake with fierce intensity and transforming it into a great sparkling pool of melted metal.

Winifred hurried down the road as fast as her long, white-stockinged legs would carry her, the big sun hat—scarlet with poppies—flying back from her head by its muslin ribbons. She found a tempting tuft of grass in the shadow of a giant water oak, and sat down to eat her lunch. When she had finished, she crossed her hands in her lap, and sat gazing out across the lake with suddenly tired, absent eyes. She heard the village clock strike two—then three—and all at once, the water began to dance and shimmer and grow black before her eyes. A horrible dizziness settled over her, and she flung herself down on the cool, grateful grass and closed her eyes. Then came oblivion.

When the little girl came back to earth again she was lying in her own bed with the pretty canopy of blue satin, and the cloudy white draperies all around. She felt numb and stiff and listless, and when she opened her lips to speak, her voice sounded so tiny and far away. Many days passed before she was allowed to sit up, and hear all about herself and the grave, kind man who had rescued her.

"I should like so much to see him and to—thank him," said Winifred one day—the first she spent out of bed.

"You may," replied her aunt, "for he is here right now. He was very ill himself that day. The treat played him an even more serious trick than it did you."

So the little girl was wheeled into the sick man's room, where he lay pale and prostrated against his pillow.

"I can never thank you enough," she began, the pink in her cheeks deepening to a vivid scarlet. "What in the world would have become of me if you had not happened upon me?"

The invalid laughed and shook his head. "I'm glad, indeed, that I did," he answered quickly, "but—what on earth would have become of me if your kind aunt had not taken me in?"

"Then I suppose we must be 'quits'?" She laughed merrily, showing all her dimples at once.

The other nodded. "Do you know," he asked presently, "why it was I wanted so much to see you as soon as I could?"

"It was because once I had a little girl, with long yellow curls just like yours, and big blue eyes. You—you reminded me a lot of her that day I found you unconscious by the lake. Do you mind my telling you this?"

"No—oh, no. And your little girl—where is she now? She is not—is she?"

"She is not dead. But—" Winifred looked at him suddenly, with wide, bewildered eyes.

"I—I lost her," the man explained after a pause, and the little girl did not question him further.

"My mamma will be home tomorrow," she remarked, in a change of tone, "and I want you to meet her. She—oh, you don't know how grateful she will be to you. I—she hasn't any one but me," she added quickly.

"Have you no father?" he questioned gently.

Winifred shook her pretty gold head slowly back and forth. "Not now," she said.

"Never mind. I oughtn't to have asked you. Won't you tell me something about that—Mamma?"

"She is the dearest, best and most beautiful creature in all the world!" Winifred broke out, an uplifted smile on her dainty, flushed face. "Everybody loves mamma. She is so good and kind and true."

The sick man nodded, not trusting himself to speak. He watched her in silence as she unfastened the lock of a long gold chain and held it out to him.

"So this is—your mother?" he asked, after a long, long pause.

There was a long silence, during which, the door opened and closed on noiseless hinges and some one came softly into the room.

"Mamma!" "My little sweetheart!" The woman clasped her arms about the child and held her in a long, fervent embrace. When she looked up, a pair of dark, eager eyes were fixed upon her.

"This is the gentleman who saved my life, mamma. Aren't you—" But the look on her mother's face interrupted her.

"Katharine! For God's sake don't turn away from me now. I—I am a different man. Heaven knows I will try to be worthy of you if you will come back to me and give me one more chance!"

The woman had buried her face in her hands, and her body shook with sobs. When she looked up, her eyes were moist. "I am a different woman, too, dear," was all she said. But it seemed to be enough—at least to Winifred—and to Winifred's father.

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SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

One way to keep cool: Try to flirt with a Boston girl.

Chicago's policemen are not to be armed with hatpins.

Something should be done to make murder unfashionable.

The world is surely getting better. Accordeons are going out of fashion.

A mother-in-law is a dangerous person to play jokes on, unless the prank proves fatal.

Nearly all the popular songs are improved in their parodies, which are not necessarily witty, either.

And with all this women's dress agitation, on one has suggested the abolition of the hard boiled hat for men.

That expert who declared that eggs 100 years old are better than fresh ones probably never had the pleasure of having a few bad eggs hatched at him.

Our profound conviction is that any bachelor's chances of winning a wife are greatly lessened by his exhibiting himself in a pitilessly revealing bathing suit.

The transparent skirt is surely doomed now. A team lost a ball game the other day because the players were all watching a girl who was wearing one.

It is hard to detect a counterfeit \$10 bill any more, because the average man, with a family to support, can't keep one long enough to notice whether it is bogus.

A London actress lowers her price for a performance \$300 when told she need not mingle with guests at the party. Perhaps it was worth it to the audience as well.

The increasing number of drownings, particularly on pleasure trips, show that if eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, unflinching prudence is the price of safety.

Frank Chance has a scheme for longevity that beats buttermilk. He will not resign from the New York Highlanders until he develops a penant winning team!

A New York man who abandoned his wife because she couldn't play the piano must now pay \$5 a week alimony. He could have saved money by buying a piano.

In these days of amateur doings, the thought develops that the best amateur actor living is the average man who sits through a piano recital and acts as if he enjoys it.

A French aviator intends to fly from Paris to Morocco. That is about the safest way to visit that turbulent country just now, where more things than aviators are up in the air.

A Pennsylvania girl has been keeping herself rosy, healthy and happy on a food bill of fifty cents a week. Doubtless there will be a grand rush to win her as the only real ideal wife.

Pennsylvania man advertises for a woman who will obey him and who will consider his judgment always final. And to make his search harder he asks that she be thirty-five years old.

Not even the reports of 100 degrees of heat within the arctic circle and 70 degrees at the same time on the gulf coast will convince the man in the street that heat varies in intensity with the latitude.

Another American heiress and her fortune, married to a title, are reported to have come to grief. It is a pity that this particular school of experience, though very expensive, fails to teach anything.

A doctor in New Jersey was arrested for selling a human skeleton to a rag-and-bone man. And yet it may have been the first time that the original owner of the skeleton had ever had any value.

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Col. Minor to Wed

The announcement of the engagement of one of Oxford's successful young men will be received with interest by many friends. Mrs. John F. Wiley at her home on Morehead Hill, Durham, was hostess to the members of the Literary Club Thursday afternoon at which time the engagement of Miss Roberta Henshaw to Col. Sidney W. Minor was announced. The wedding will take place some time in November. After the regular meeting of the club, the guests were invited into the dining room where a seven-course luncheon was served. Suspended over the center of the table was a large bell of white roses. From this bell to each of the dozen places about the table were streamers, brought to each of the invited to pull their ribbons and when they did so, a package came out of the bell to each of the places, in these packages were pretty and appropriate souvenirs of the occasion and also the announcement of

the engagement of Miss Henshaw and Col. Minor. A modern adaptation was found in the place cards of the twelve guests, which consisted of little boxes of silver horse-shoes, these were decorated with orange blossoms. The announcement of the engagement of this popular young couple is the interesting bit of social news of the season.

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