

DIANTHE OF THE WOODS.

It Wasn't a Witch He Caught, but His Ideal of a Girl.

By M. WOODRUFF NEWELL.
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Andrew Salisbury was on his vacation when he met his fate.

A severe attack of typhoid had put him considerably on the bias, so that he welcomed a quiet recuperating old farmhouse "twenty miles from a lemon" as a desired haven and went there for a summer's sojourn the 1st of July.

The old couple with whom he boarded were one Lemuel Merriwether and his wife, and they worried constantly for fear he should have a relapse.

"I'm very apt to," Andrew assured them often, "being so weak, you know. The delirium especially is likely to return."

Being a lone young bachelor, he enjoyed their anxiety in his behalf and worked shamelessly on their sympathies.

"My heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Merriwether the morning that he told her that, throwing away a raisin that she was seeding and putting the seeds into the cake in her excitement.

"Oh, it's a very sad disease!" continued Andrew pensively, reaching for his fifth cookie.

Then he took his camera and went out for a morning's prow through the woods.

The country was in its summer glory, and just before he started back to the house he took the picture that started the trouble.

He had been walking along by the river, and struck by a clump of birch trees that fringed a dim woodland path, he framed his camera on it and sought the flunder. He smiled happily as he saw the picture it made—the slim young trees with the long path winding up behind them.

"That's fine!" he told himself and holding the camera steady, snapped it. He could scarcely wait to get home to develop it.

Mrs. Merriwether saw him coming and exclaimed anxiously, "Gracious me, boy, where's the fire?"

"Got a prize package," he answered solemnly.

Mrs. Merriwether, honest soul, stared after him.

"You don't suppose, now, the heat's affected his head, do you?" she whispered to Lemuel as he came up from the barn a little later.

"He's been on the go all day in the hot sun, and after such a fever as he had he's liable to have spells of looney, you know he said so. I just asked him what he was hurrying so for, and he said he had a prize package, and I declare to goodness I didn't see nothing but that old camera!"

"Shoo, shoo, mother, the boy's all right. It's probably just some of his funny business."

If they had seen "the boy" at that precise moment they would probably have been more anxious than they were about him.

He was looking at the developed film with startled eyes. His hands shook as he held it up dripping between him and the small ruby lamp on the table.

"By George!" he said and put it through the bath again.

A second time he held it up and scrutinized it in the dim red glow.

"By gum," he said, "it's a witch or I'm going looney!"

There was the path stretching out alluringly into the woods beyond. There were the birch trees, tall and slender and beautiful, and there, just beyond them, peering out between two massive oak tree trunks that bordered the path, was a girl or a witch or a dryad, with laughing lips, flying hair and an extraordinary eighteenth century gown.

"How the dickens!" puzzled Andrew. "It's something on the film. There couldn't have been a real girl there, alone. Lord, there ain't one within twenty miles! She surely wouldn't walk that far, and there was no team in sight, and, anyway, what would a girl of Revolutionary days be doing here?"

He washed the film carefully and put it through the hypo bath. Then he washed it again and, hanging it up to dry, went down to supper.

There he talked at random, his mind being full of the mysterious picture. His remarks were so rambling that they confirmed every suspicion that Mother Merriwether had formed that afternoon.

"He's off!" she whispered sharply to Lemuel outside the kitchen door. "It's the heat. He's way off. Just see how funny he talks. If he ain't better in the morning we'll have Dr. Snow come over. We'll have to watch him without his knowing it. We must be mighty careful not to excite him. Oh, goodness, ain't it awful, that poor boy! My, but typhoid's a fearful disease."

Lemuel, vastly alarmed, was instantly "on to his job." For a watchdog he proved A. I. Andrew had difficulty in shaking him off long enough to go to the dark room at bedtime.

The film was almost dry, and he could scarcely wait until the next day to make a print of it.

When morning came, however, he found Lemuel sticking closer than a brother. Wherever he went Lemuel went also, and when Lemuel had to leave him long enough to see about his live stock mother obediently took up the trail just where he left it, until

Andrew, impatient and totally unconscious of their anxieties in his behalf, flung open his door in her very face and, getting out his printing frame, settled down to business.

The sunshine was bright in his south window, and he had a print completed in quick time. He held it to the light excitedly, the water dripping from it.

"Christmas, it's a goddess!" he ejaculated.

She peered out at him, her laughing face round and mischievous. Her dress was of olden style, with huge panniers at the side and a trim, laced bodice with a low French neck and little puff sleeves. One tiny foot stuck out saucily in a high heeled French boot.

Andrew stared at her amazed. The arched eyebrows and delicate face were patrician. She might have just stepped out of some old French painting. Why had he not noticed her as he snapped the picture? It was all mysterious. Then he heard Mr. Merriwether's step outside and called to him:

"Any little French court ladies around here?" he inquired.

Andrew opened the door, and Lemuel came in, a puzzled expression on his honest old face.

"Not that I know of," he answered. "Well, then, I'm seeing things," laughed Andrew, "because I saw one in the woods yesterday, puffs and ruffles and high heeled shoes."

"You did?" exclaimed Lemuel slowly. "You did, eh?"

Then, to Andrew's surprise, Lemuel quickly took the key from the lock and, putting it in again on the outside of the door, went out, locking it behind him.

Andrew pounded and yelled in rage and surprise, but all to no purpose. A half hour went by; then a carriage drew up to the door, and a second later Lemuel unlocked Andrew's door and entered, a strange gentleman with him.

"Not feeling well, I hear?" the strange gentleman remarked.

"First I knew of it," spluttered Andrew.

"He's got a relapse," exclaimed Lemuel. "Gone crazy like. Seeing things. Saw a French court lady in the woods yesterday"—But he got no further.

Dr. Snow broke out into a mighty roar.

"So you are the young gentleman?" he said. "Let's see the picture."

Andrew brought it sulkily forth, not yet understanding.

"It's my niece, Dianthe Barrows," explained the doctor after a minute, still laughing.

Andrew smiled. Dianthe! How the name fitted her!

"She was attending a fancy dress lawn party at Stratford, about six miles up the river, on the other side. She paddled down in her canoe and, seeing those pretty birch trees, wandered into the woods, hiding her canoe in the bushes. She saw you, but you, of course, did not see her. She knew that she would probably show in the picture, as she happened to peer out from behind the trees just as you snapped it. She was dressed in a French costume that used to be her great-aunt's. We had a good laugh last night when she told us about it. We could imagine what a surprise it would be to the gentleman, whoever he might be, after the picture was printed."

"It was," said Andrew, laughing himself now.

"Is—is she staying with you here in town?"

The doctor smiled a little.

"Yes, for the summer. At present she is sitting outside in my buggy, holding the horse."

"I'll come out and meet her," said Andrew promptly. "I always knew I'd marry a girl named Dianthe."

No Place Like Home.

A native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston he engaged a room at a modest hotel, intending to remain there while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk, handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveler. "What is that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said, with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings: "Prince Edward Island, man! What other island is there?"

Social Amenities.

Little Marion was about to make her first call unattended by a member of the family. She was to stay a half hour, inspect a wonderful new doll belonging to a small friend and return home.

"Now, Marion," was her mother's parting admonition. "Mrs. Rogers may ask you to stay and dine with them. If she does, you must say, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers; I have already dined.'"

"I'll member, mamma," answered Marion and trotted off.

The visit finished, the little girl donned her hat and started for the door.

"Oh, Marion," said her hostess, overtaking her in the hall, "won't you stay and have a bite with us?"

This was an unexpected form, and for a second the child hesitated. Then she rose to the occasion.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers," she answered quickly; "I have already dined."—Woman's Home Companion.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

An Informal Call That Had a Happy Ending.

By GARFIELD MAC NEAL.
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The chimes were still ringing as Tom Hastings sat down in the half darkness of the little church. He had strolled in hoping for temporary release from his bitter thoughts, but the quiet of the place only seemed to rouse his brain to greater activity. Yet he could not think of his story, the story already due to the publishers. Instead he saw only a girl's face, now sweet and gracious as it had been before the quarrel, now cold and repellent as the past two weeks had shown it.

A strain of music broke the silence. The choir was filling in. Hastings glanced carelessly at the white robed procession. The face of the first boy caught his attention for a moment, serious, spiritual, framed in an aureole of golden hair, an ideal face for a choir boy.

But again his thoughts ran back in the old channels to the quarrel and its consequences. Her work had seemed to go on as usual. She was a successful miniature painter—at least fine caricatures often stopped at the doorway of the big studio building, and her room rang with feminine voices. That was the maddening part of it. She lived just across the hall, so he must see her many times a day. He had made up his mind to move. But, then, he had had such a beastly lot of traps, or perhaps it was some lingering hope that kept him there.

Some familiar chords on the organ startled him. Was it the offertory already? Yes, and the ideal choir boy was singing alone. His handsome face was flushed, and in his earnestness he waved his sheet of music gently to and fro.

"Oh, rest in the Lord," he sang. Hastings leaned forward. The words were apparently for him. The absolute certainty of the boy's tones carried conviction.

"And he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

The tender voice went straight to the man's heart and comforted him. Yes, he, too, would wait patiently, and perhaps some day he, too, would have his heart's desire. Till then he would wait and work.

The next two weeks went by very differently. Under the press of a new enthusiasm the book seemed to write itself. The last sheet had gone in to the publisher, and he had always worn a smile when he met the girl on the stairs. Her boy was still as freezing, but he only smiled again and hummed the few bars from "Elijah," "And he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

Again Hastings sat in the little church. Perhaps his choir boy would sing for him. But the figure of the small leader drooped. In the glare of the choir lights his face showed white and haggard, while his eyes were swollen from weeping. A wave of pity went over the watching man. It might now be his turn to comfort. The sweet soprano voice was low and broken.

Hastings determined to find the meaning of the change, so he lingered after the service, and a kind faced curate told him the sad little story.

"You mean Jack Haines? He has just lost his mother—consumption—and the poor little fellow is left all alone. He is being cared for by neighbors, but we must find him a place in some charity school."

That delicate child in a charity school! Hastings could not bear the thought of it. The face of the child and his own loneliness helped him to come to a sudden resolution. His voice was very eager as he said, "Let me have him."

And so Jack came to live in the big studio building. Slowly the roses came back to his cheeks. He did not forget the pretty mother who had gone to sleep so quietly, but he haunted this new big brother like a shadow and crept into his arms to cry away the grief that time was trying to heal.

But it worried Hastings that the lad should be so solemn. When he came in and found the boy poring over some big book he would half laughingly scold him for turning into such a little bookworm. "You need some one to play with, Jack," he would say. "It is bad for you to be always cooped up with an old fellow like me." Tom was only thirty, but somehow he had felt very old and settled since that night.

But Jack always declared that he didn't want to be with any one else, and he was such a shy child that Hastings forbore to press the point.

He was therefore much surprised one afternoon on coming in to find the rooms empty. Where could Jack be? As the minutes went by, bringing no boy, he became really anxious. The janitor had not seen him. He was returning from fruitless inquiries when he stopped short at a burst of childish laughter. Could it be Jack? He never laughed like that. But, yes; it was his voice, and it came from the girl's rooms.

Hastings hesitated. And now the girl laughed. It was the same saucy little laugh he had loved so much in the days gone by. It decided him. She had stolen his property and should answer for the theft. He knocked boldly on the door.

Silence. He knocked again. Evidently they did not hear him. So he turned the knob and entered the forbidden chamber.

Surprising sight! On the floor in true Turkish style sat the stately Miss Trevor. On her lap were a big sheet of cardboard and sundry brushes and paints. Her hair was disheveled, and several daubs of color ornamented her

cheeks and nose. Over her shoulder in a state of great excitement leaned the truant. Hastings hardly knew him. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were dancing as he cried, "Now, that is the way the little monkey swung off by his tail!" His cheek was pressed close to the girl's, and his arm rested lovingly on her shoulder. Evidently she had won his heart too.

Hastings felt a swift pang of jealousy and started forward.

Then they heard him, and Jack sprang up, with a cry of delight.

The girl was too loaded down to rise, and so she sat there. Perhaps it was the sudden flood of color to her cheeks; perhaps it was the upward glance of her eyes. At any rate, a sudden light came to Hastings. For a moment he stood there blinded, dazed. Then his customary coolness came to his aid. It was his turn to carry things with a high hand, and he must make the most of it.

His eyes challenged hers as he said: "How long have you been a receiver of stolen goods, Miss Trevor? I am glad to see that you have the grace to blush for your sins, even under your paint."

Jack was quite shocked. "She did not steal me," he protested. "I was lonely, and I was waiting for you in the hall, and she asked me to come in, and I came, and we've had a beautiful time," he added in a joyous outburst.

"That's just as bad," Hastings answered severely. "You mean to say that she enticed you in here?"

Jack was speechless. The girl had said nothing.

"You might at least invite me to sit down since you are so comfortable," Hastings went on, "and let me join in the beautiful time, though I don't know, on second thought, that it isn't pleasanter standing. It is so unusual to see you at my feet."

Miss Trevor started to scramble up, but two strong hands lifted her gently into a big chair. It was a new experience to her to be either commanded or helped. But she did not seem to mind it nor to notice that he was still holding her hands. Both had forgotten Jack as Hastings bent over her and asked, "Are you glad that I have come?"

Jack is delighted with it all, but he never will understand why Tom always calls the girl "Heart's Desire" when her name is Alice.

Easily Coaxed.

The new schoolteacher had a talk with Mrs. Hobart one day in regard to discipline. "I don't see how you manage Bobby as well as you do," said the teacher. "I like him, but he's such a mischievous little fellow, and he will not mind, yet every one says he minds you. I wish you'd explain it to me."

"Well," said Mrs. Hobart doubtfully. "I'd just as soon tell you, but I'm afraid it won't help you much. You see, I kind of coax him."

"Coax him?" echoed the teacher.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hobart, "that's what I do. I say to him, 'Now, come, Bobby, wouldn't you rather be mother's good boy and have griddlecakes and sirup for supper and play games till 8 o'clock than have just plain bread and milk that's been through the separator and go to bed right after it, with the curtains drawn so you can't see the stars?'"

"I can most always coax him that way."

"Once in awhile, if he's real set to be naughty, I'll say, 'See here, Bobby, which 'd you rather have—mother fry you some doughnuts or cut a little willow switch, not so very little, either?'"

"I can coax him that way sure if the other fails."—Youth's Companion.

Giving Her the Benefit.

The dressmaker looked at the bill which had been made out for the plain little frock and then threw up her hands in horror. "That will never do," she said emphatically. "Twenty for making and \$3.13 for findings. How would that appear on paper, \$23.13? Why, the lady would look upon the frock as hoodooed and imagine that every time she wore it it would bring her bad luck. Here, let me have the list of findings." She figured rapidly and soon had the bill \$24.37.

"There," she said contentedly, "that will satisfy her. And she will be still more pleased when I discount the change and accept an even \$24."

"But," said the girl who had made out the bill, "isn't that somewhat of an overcharge?"

"Oh, well," answered the dressmaker, "an overcharge isn't nearly as bad as an unlucky number. Besides, I couldn't very well charge her less than the real amount, could I?"—New York Press.

Animals as Weather Prophets.

Before a rainstorm a cat nearly always washes its face. Why? Some claim that the atmosphere excites the electricity in the cat's fur, and to overcome the tingling sensation she sets to washing herself.

Or if there is no cat in the house you may possess a parrot. If the bird sits down and makes a sort of hissing noise, look out for rain in the night.

One need seldom fear getting wet in the country. Horses, cows, sheep, hogs, dogs—all evince certain peculiarities before a storm. Dogs bury bones; horses fidget and neigh; cows lie down; hogs grunt.

Some day you may walk into a field and see a flock of sheep in a corner, all with their backs turned to the north-west. If you wait long enough you will feel a wind blow up from that direction.—London Answers.

Space.

"Nobody realizes the immensity of space."

"Except the man who has to fill a daily half column with alleged humor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Make a Hit.

"You send me violets every morn," said the beautiful girl.

"I do," responded the ardent lover. "no matter what the cost."

"Quite so. Now, why not send up a bunch of asparagus tomorrow instead. It would be just as expensive and would make a big hit with pa."—Pittsburg Post.

In adversity it is easy to despise life. The true, brave man is he who can endure to be miserable.—Martial.

A FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

Devotion of Princess Lamballe to Marie Antoinette.

SLAIN BY A PARISIAN MOB.

The Assassination of the Princess, Who Escaped and Returned to Comfort Her Friend, Was One of the Worst Acts of the Reign of Terror.

It was in the historic Carignano palace at Turin that the Princess Lamballe was born. Her father was Louis Victor of Carignano, of the royal house of Sardinia and Savoy.

Her childhood was spent in Turin during the period that followed the defeat of the French through the brilliant military tactics of Prince Eugene of Vienna. At eighteen she was married to Stanislaus, son of the Duke of Penthièvre of France.

The chief place of this duchy was the town of Lamballe, about fifty miles from Rennes. The Prince de Lamballe died in one year, and as soon as etiquette allowed a marriage with Louis XV. was contemplated. This did not go into effect, however, and the princess withdrew from the court.

She met Marie Antoinette when that princess first came to Paris, and they were mutually attracted and became friends. The Princess de Lamballe saw the dangers to which this young foreigner was exposed, and when Marie Antoinette became queen of France in 1774 and appointed the princess superintendant of the royal household she entered upon her duties with the sympathetic understanding of a loyal friend. The closest ties of affectionate regard drew these two young royal personages together. Through the careless gavity of court life the Princess de Lamballe was the judicious friend. When illness came to the queen she was faithful and devoted.

When the storm of adversity broke over the royal family and it was arranged that an escape should be effected Mme. de Lamballe got safely to England, going across from Dieppe, but the royal family were arrested at Varennes and declared traitors to France.

Mme. de Lamballe's devotion was so true she at once hastened back to Paris to be with the queen. Her friends urged and implored her to think of the danger to herself and pointed out that she could be of no real service at such a critical time. But she knew better than they did what a comfort her presence would be, and her heart was entirely occupied with the sorrows of her sovereign.

She was allowed to become a prisoner with the royal family in the temple, and for one week she was a cheerful and helpful companion, full of affectionate arts to make the hours less bitter and giving to Marie Antoinette the loving, devoted care that only a friend so loyal could give.

When those about the prison saw what an influence of joy Mme. de Lamballe brought to the royal prisoners an order was issued for her removal to the prison of La Force. From here she was taken for a mock trial and offered her life if she would take oath against the monarchy. With scorn she refused to do this.

Then came one of the most terrible acts of the period of the reign of terror. She was delivered to the people, wild with the desire for blood, and was killed in the courtyard of La Force prison. They stabbed her with sabres, cut off her head, tore her heart from her body while it was yet palpitating and then dragged her body through the streets to the temple.

On the way there they stopped at a hairdresser's and made him rouge the beautiful face and friz and powder the hair. This man nearly died with fear while at this awful work. When it was done and the head set on a pike, the long, fair curls of her pretty hair fell about the neck. Those of the mob who suggested this hideous work upon the head said, "Antoinette will now recognize her friend."

The heart was also put on the end of a pike and the route to the temple resumed. The royal family were together, and Louis was reading to them when they heard the sound of the mob and loud, high voices. Suddenly the door was opened violently, and as they all started to their feet some men pushed themselves past the guard and shouted to the king: "The people have something to show you. If you don't wish them to bring it up here you had better go to the window."

With the deadly fear in their hearts they did as directed and looked into the dead and painted face of their devoted friend and also saw her tender heart and her poor body, hacked by the sabers of these wretches.

With a cry of horror and despair Marie Antoinette fell into a state of stupor. Mme. Elizabeth forced her into a chair, and her children clung to her and cried with fear. Louis tried to control his voice as he said with pathetic dignity, "You might have spared the queen the knowledge of this frightful calamity."—Boston Globe.

Sale of Valuable Town and Country Property.

The town lots and farms hereinafter described will be sold by public auction at the court house door in Oxford on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1909, said sales will be made to facilitate the division of the estate of the late John F. Cannady, Esq., among his heirs at law.

First. The prize house and lot situate near the old Oxford & Henderson depot adjoining the lots of Mr. John Webb and others, and described in a deed from L. H. Curran and wife to R. T. Smith, deed book 41 page 486 in Register of deeds office, said lot is 125 feet wide and 150 feet deep.

Second. That valuable two story residence on north side of Alexander Ave. in the town of Oxford, said lot is 84x119 feet and has a frontage on three streets.

Third. That cottage and lot on the west side of Granite street in the town of Oxford adjoining the lands of Mrs. Sarah R. Elliott and others, said lot is 95x100 feet, and has a good house upon it and known as the B. A. Moore place.

Fourth. The place known as the Alexander Crescor poor house tract, containing 11 1/2 acres, adjoining the lands of M. V. Lanier, dec'd, R. W. Lassiter, the poor house tract, and others for accurate description see deed book 31, at page 129, etc. This tract is about one mile from town and is a very fine farm.

Fifth. The J. A. Crews place situate in Fishing Creek Township on east side of the Fish Dam Road, adjoining the old Wm. Barnett place on the East W. W. Beaman lot on the north the fish dam road and B. C. Aired, on the west, and C. W. Bryan on the south and containing 150 acres. This tract is heavily timbered and is a fine farm.

Sixth. That tract of land in Tully Ho Township, 1 1/2 miles from town known as the T. H. Soren place containing 115 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Wm. Washing and others, for accurate description see deed book 51, at page 312. This tract is heavily timbered and is a good farm in a good community. Terms cash. Time of sale 12 o'clock, P. M. N. H. CANNADY, Executor of Jno. F. Cannady, dec'd. A. A. Hicks Adm'r.

NEW Crop Turnip Seed.

For several years I have offered prizes for Turnips raised from seed purchased from my store, and this year, I offer three prizes as follows:

Largest Turnip one \$2.00 Razor.
2nd Largest Turnip one \$1.50
3rd Largest Turnip one 50c Comb.

or any other goods in my store of the same value.

Seed to be bought from and Turnips brought to my store and weighed on or before

FRIDAY, NOV. 26.

Begin now to break your ground and fertilize it. I want Granville to beat the State on big turnips.

Yours for big crops generally and big turnips particularly;

JOHN P. STEDMAN,
The Seed and Drug Man.

1879 1909

Halls Drug Store.

The Old