

When the Princess Chooses

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILMORE

The "Princess" breathed a sigh of relief. Their escape had been nothing short of miraculous, for the exultant car was crippled hopelessly. The half hour that had elapsed since the accident had been an interval of palpitant excitement; but now the tension of the girl's nerves was relaxing, and some of the banished color had flowed back to her cheeks. She began to pace up and down in the twilight, her unfailing poise adjusting itself readily to the exigencies of the situation.

Sudden the indistinct blur of a far-off, but unmistakable, sound broke the silence; a moment more, and the musical hum of rubber-tired wheels echoed from the high clay road to the left. The "Princess" halted and stood alert.

"Dear me, Henry, I thought you would never—Oh!" The girl's hand dropped swiftly to her side; she started back as the light from the machine flashed squarely into the man's face. "You!" she cried, with a breathless heart-beat.

"Barbara!" The stranger looked at her for the first time, and there was radiant recognition in his eyes. Then recollection, coming upon his heels, he calmed himself and said: "So it is you."

"Yes, Jack; it is I."

The "Princess" spoke lightly enough, though, under cover of the dark, the blood was rushing into her cheeks.

"A decidedly unexpected meeting," the other remarked in a tone that instantly betrayed the effort to be casual, "when we thought we never would lay eyes on each other again," he could not help adding.

The "Princess" spoke lightly enough, in a bewildered way, her eyes teeming with unspoken questions. "I certainly never expected to see you here," she answered, after an indescribable pause. "Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack!" she broke out, wretchedly, "why did you do it? Why did you come—after all?" She turned from him with a despairing gesture and sobbed in her hands.

He looked at her uncomprehendingly for a moment, holding himself in by a powerful effort. When he had controlled himself sufficiently, he said: "I did not dream that I should ever see you again, Princess."

After a little, the girl turned toward him slowly, her red lips compressed. "Of course," she replied, with a little wounded catch in her voice, "I—I am very silly, Jack. Please don't pay any attention to what I have said."

The other bowed in silence and presently he said: "It is growing late, Princess; I am afraid you have met with something of a mishap. Your companion—"

"My brother was with me; our escape was providential—you can judge by the appearance of the car over there. He left me almost two hours ago to go in search of assistance, and I very much fear that he has lost his way."

"Then you'd better let me take you on, as his return is very indefinite. We are fully 20 miles from civilization, and—"

The "Princess" interrupted him with a little startled exclamation. "But—but I couldn't leave like this! I wouldn't know—understand. I think perhaps I'd better wait, besides, suppose something should have happened to—"

"No danger of that, and no danger of his returning before morning, if I'm not a very poor guesser. He's safe enough in this part of the country, but he'll find it hard work getting help. The only thing to do is to go on, and send back here to meet him. We can leave a message with the automobile."

The "Princess" darted a curious glance into the man's face. "How do you know so much about the country here?" she asked pointedly. "A year ago you had not been out of America for 20 years."

"It doesn't take the tenth part of that time to become familiar with the world in which one lives—the particular world," he answered quietly.

"In which one lives?" The "Princess" spoke sharply, her hand going involuntarily to her side to still a sudden heart-beat. "I—I don't understand," she went on wonderingly.

"Why are you here?"

"At present," he said quietly, "as chauffeur to the duke of Revery."

The "Princess" turned white. "The duke of Revery!" she gasped, putting out one hand in a blind fashion, as if to steady herself against something.

The chauffeur gave no sign of having noticed her excitement, and she collected herself immediately and looked him earnestly in the eyes. "I want you to tell me the truth, Jack," she pleaded. "Did you follow me to England, for the purpose of finding out who I—"

"Follow you! Oh, hardly. Not after that last night when you made me know—when I made myself know—that just an ordinary man must never dare lift his eyes to—a princess." He spoke passionately, with a keen touch of bitterness. "Circumstances over which I have not the slightest control are responsible for my presence here," he said more calmly.

For several minutes, silence held them both. The "Princess" was the first to break it. "Jack," she began, a trifle uneasily, "there is something I must ask you—something I want you

MUSIC BRINGS CURE

Rhythm Charms Disease of Afflicted Little Children.

Wonderful Results Obtained by Use of Melody in Treatment of Infantile Paralysis, Heretofore Considered Incurable.

London.—The wonderful results which can be obtained from the scientific use of music and rhythm in infantile paralysis were the subject of an impromptu demonstration at the Tiny Tim guild, an institution in City road, London, for the treatment of paralyzed children who are considered incurable at the general hospitals.

The first patient was a boy of 6, whose right arm had been totally paralyzed following an attack of acute infantile paralysis. A drum and his zeal for beating it in time so as to become a professional drummer when he grows up have been his salvation. What massage and electrical treatment alone could not do, constant working at his drumming has accomplished, and now the paralyzed arm is almost as useful as the other.

The second case was a child of 3, who six months ago was totally paralyzed in both legs. Her treatment consisted of "marching" to an inspiring tune played on the piano, while seated on the edge of a low wooden chair.

"The secret of the treatment," Miss Hawthorne, the founder of the guild, explained, "is to make them build up the strength of the paralyzed muscles and nerves by encouraging them to use their limbs in the way each individual likes best. The music keeps their interest up and prevents their becoming bored and tired."

The most interesting case was a girl of 10, who three years ago was refused admission at one of the great London hospitals as being hopelessly incurable. On being brought to the guild, so her mother explained, the right leg and arm were almost useless, while paralysis of certain of the throat and tongue muscles rendered the child's speech almost incoherent.

Dull and mentally deficient in many ways, her interest in musical sounds gave the clew to the treatment. Singing exercises were devised in which, to pronounce the vowels correctly, the semi-paralyzed muscles had to be used, while a wooden clapper and a bell to be sounded by the paralyzed foot and arm respectively completed the apparatus.

The other day, after almost three years at the guild, this patient, now a normal looking little girl, sang a number of songs in a rich, full voice, pronouncing the words faultlessly, and then, as a grand finale, she skipped the rope to show the marvelous control the musical treatment has gained over the injured limb muscles.

Proud of Five Generations

Old Pennsylvania Fiddler Delights in Telling of Days When Dances Were Lively.

Pennsburg, Pa.—One of the oldest, most numerous and influential families in the Perkiomen valley and just across the line of Montgomery, in Hereford township, Berks county, is the Gery clan, whose progenitor was Michael Gery, who settled at Palm, near here, in the dawn of the eighteenth century. He, with Peter Hillegass, a nephew of Michael Hillegass, the first treasurer of the United States, was a pioneer lined oil manufacturer in this section.

Ephraim Gery, son of Michael, who is ninety-two years of age, in his youth was teamster for his father and Hillegass, and made weekly trips by team to Philadelphia, 75 years ago, with oil, returning with flax seed and the necessities of life, as was the custom in those days. On these trips Mr. Gery says he used to take with him feed for the horses and victuals for himself, as well as bedding, so as to sleep on the floors of the barrooms along the route.

Mr. Gery voted for President Van Buren in 1840. The old man is hale and hearty and a favorite with the community, because of his cheerful disposition and his love of good stories, of which he has a ready fund.

The one story of his interesting life which the nonagenarian is fond of relating is his experiences as fiddler at the frolics 75 years ago. Mr. Gery in his younger days was possessed of prodigious strength, and was the favorite musician at old-fashioned dances for two reasons. In the first place, they liked his fiddling, and then again whenever a rowdy tried to break up a dance, as was the custom, the husky fiddler would quietly lay down his violin, grab the bully and throw him out of the place.

HAND-PAINTED SHOE FASHION

Floral Designs Are Also to Be Seen on Gloves Which Are Embellished for Customers.

London.—There will be interesting work for those girls who can use a paint brush if the revival of hand-painted articles for feminine wear becomes general.

Women will be able to make birthday gifts to their friends of gloves or shoes on which they have painted the recipient's favorite flower. Would-be lovers can subtly hint at the state of their feelings by sending to the object of their affections a pair of for-

GREEK MINISTER AND HIS BRIDE



Washington.—Lambros A. Coromilas, Greek minister to the United States, who was recently married to Miss Anna Ewing Cockrell, has been a member of the diplomatic colony in Washington for three years. He is 53 years old, more than six feet tall and an expert fencer. He holds the degree of doctor of philosophy from Tuebingen university and studied in Paris at the School of Political Science. Mrs. Coromilas is the daughter of Francis M. Cockrell, former senator from Missouri and now a member of the Interstate Commerce commission.

WOMAN AS FARMER

Makes Money on Land Neighbors Had Said Was Worthless.

Graduate of Massachusetts Agricultural College Shows That Scientific Farming is Much Better Than Stenography.

Worcester, Mass.—Fersis Bartholomew, a graduate of the Massachusetts State Agricultural college at Amherst, is a scientific woman farmer. She manages Evergreen farm in Westboro, about fifteen miles from this city. Last year she cleared \$650 on five acres of land which neighboring farmers said was not worth turning over.

She is 23 years old, was graduated from the agricultural college at Amherst in 1908, and picked out an abandoned farm in Westboro as the place to put her education into practise. She selected for its cheapness a farm that everybody said was too far gone to bother with, and this year expects to make \$200 an acre. She was not an agriculturist by inheritance, in fact, she knew not the slightest thing about farm life and never took an interest in agriculture until her health began to fail and she abandoned her original idea of becoming a stenographer to look for outdoor employment.

Her home was in Melrose. Neither

she nor her parents had a penny to start her in the farming line. She came to Worcester, where she rented Evergreen farm in Westboro from L. C. Midely, a grower of roses. She borrowed money to pay the first month's rent, and with her father and mother and two friends began her career as a soil tiller.

The first year Miss Bartholomew devoted five of the twenty acres of land to small garden truck. To get the best results she mixed her own fertilizers and was criticised for it by the old time truck raisers in the neighborhood. She specialized in vegetables, selected her Worcester market and made her own contracts. She made daily trips to Worcester in the season, starting from the farm at 3:30 o'clock in the morning, reaching here at 6 o'clock and was back at work on her farm at 9 o'clock.

She paid no attention to the hay land the first year, devoting her entire energy to the five acres of land which she developed along scientific lines and kept a set of books concerning every detail of the work, even charging her father and mother for everything taken from the farm for the table.

Her most profitable crop the first year was tomatoes, but she raised a considerable crop of peas and corn. Her help consists of schoolboys, who go to the farm before and after school in the season of pulling weeds and planting. She pays them 10 cents an hour. The boys average 15 years old. She says they do more work than men, and cost much less.

SPIDER BEAUTY SPOT LATEST

Entirely New Departure in Women's Fashions Is Copy of Insect on Outside of Veil.

Paris.—The spider beauty spot is the latest novelty offered to women. Women have worn veils that have obscured their eyes by black patches or given their faces a speckled appearance. Leaves, insects, birds and aeroplanes have figured as part of the mesh.

Now, however, an entirely new departure is shown in the spider beauty spot, for the spider is a copy of the insect itself in black plush and is posed outside the veil. It is almost an inch and a half in diameter. The veil itself is worked in the pattern of a spider's mesh. The spider beauty spot owes its origin to Paris.

Flying across the English channel is getting so common that our best people will soon regard it as almost vulgar.

Put Spectacles on Raven

Ophthalmic Surgeon Tests Eyes of 400 Animals and Birds and Could Remedy Defects.

London.—Lindsay Johnson, the well-known ophthalmic surgeon of Cavendish square, has now employed the ophthalmoscope upon 400 animals of different kinds—lions, tigers, reptiles, cats and birds. Assisted by A. W. Head, the artist, he has completed over 1,000 drawings of animals' eyes, in addition to a large number of photographs.

Mr. Johnson examined the eyes of every animal in the zoo, except the giraffe, and could now furnish spectacles for all which have defective sight.

A raven, which was operated upon for cataract, has actually been provided with spectacles, which are fitted to the eyes by means of a kind of hood. The improvement in its sight was obvious. Food mixed with sand was placed before it, and the bird at once began to pick out the edible matter.

The examination of so many animals was not accomplished without many interesting and dangerous experiences. A puma, which had been taught by its owner to box, was one of the patients. A pair of boxing gloves was put on its paws to prevent it from using its claws, and when Mr.



BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

Wisconsin Veteran Gives Graphic Account of Struggle and Death of General Wadsworth.

Wadsworth's division fought on May 5 in the Fifth corps, and in the late afternoon reformed in the Lacy field, with Baxter's brigade of Robinson's division added to his own division. Hancock was fighting hard on the Plank road, with his right flank extended a short distance over the road. General Wadsworth was directed by Warren to march against the confederate left flank, then fighting Hancock. Wadsworth did not go far into the dense woods until he met a heavy skirmish line protecting the confederate flank. The skirmishers yielded quickly, and reported the approach of a force on their flank.

Gen. Roy Stone commanded a splendid Pennsylvania brigade, composed of the One Hundred and Forty-eight,



The Fighting Was Hard.

One Hundred and Forty-ninth, One Hundred and Fiftieth and One Hundred and Fifty-first, I think, writes Maj. Earl M. Rogers of Viroqua, Wis., in National Tribune.

At midnight Wadsworth sent an aid back to Warren, notifying him that the density of the woods and darkness prevented further advance and requested orders. The aid returned with instructions to move forward at 4:30, and report to Hancock. Captain Monteith was sent to the ammunition train to bring up cartridges. He reached the train, awoke Sergeant Watrous, who had mules packed, and they made their way to the line at the hour to move. It was but a short march, where connection was made with Hancock. The confederate left flank being exposed, they withdrew during the night to a distance that relieved their flank.

General Hancock moved his troops to the left, with his right on the Plank road, and directed General Wadsworth to make a change of front, with left on the Plank road, and in line with the Second corps. In executing this change of front Wadsworth's line became disconnected, forming gaps, owing to the density of the wilderness. A perfect division alignment or even brigade connection seemed impossible. A forward movement was made, when the confederate line fell back. The fighting was hard. Limbs and small trees fell from musket firing, which added more confusion to the battle. The difficulty of a mounted officer riding in the woods led General Wadsworth to rein to the ditch on the right side of the Plank road, where his horse was shot. The general mounted a led horse, kept in the ditch, and only went a few yards when the second horse was killed. Mounting a third horse, he was cautioned of the danger, and reined a few feet to the right of the Plank road in the thick timber. The battle up to this time was well with Hancock's command.

There was a lull; then the confederates pushed hard and fought fiercely. General Wadsworth had received troops from the Ninth corps. Word came to Hancock to look out for his left, as the Second corps was going away. The confederates were passing off left when he tried to wheel the troops to the left, when he was close onto an Alabama brigade, which charged and overlapped Wadsworth's right.

The Union line went back in much confusion. General Wadsworth did not rein in his horse to the rear for an instant. His staff, save the writer, were away trying to save the line, and when the general did rein his horse to the rear every man was making in that direction. His last view was his retreating division. It flashed through his mind, "Two cannot live; one must go!" when a ball went through the general's brain and splashed my coat. Then my horse fell.

The confederates could not have been more than 30 feet. The general fell on his back. He had an outside pocket in which he carried his watch, which I reached to take, but rifle balls and unpleasant yells halted me. I ran back a short distance, where I found the general's horse with the rein caught on a snag. I vaulted into the saddle, and was soon with the Sixth Wisconsin.

The per capita on June 1 was \$34.59. Some of us have the odd cents left.