

"Hush!"

By Victor Redcliffe

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"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Barnabetta Burgoine."

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," pronounced Wayne Blatchford, only a humdrum law clerk, but artistic, temperamentally poetic, and, therefore, susceptible to strong impressions.

He had paused in a casual stroll through the little inland city of Waltham to observe the occupant of a modest but expensive automobile. The car was standing at the curb, its chauffeur evidently having been sent on some mission to one of the stores on this, the principal street of the town. A young lady sat in a somewhat rigid pose, her face statuesque in its classic beauty. What struck Blatchford was that, while to ordinary eyes this superb figure would have suggested the cold hauteur of an aristocrat, seeking the depths of her eyes he noted a hidden trace of sadness, subtle, ineffable.

More than that, he discovered that while humble passers-by bowed to her with infinite respect, those in passing automobiles of higher social prestige either greeted her not at all or with a scant civility, and the lips of the peerless creature fluttered tremulously at the fact, as though she felt deeply the contempt, or obloquy, expressed.

Then the chauffeur returned and the automobile sped away, leaving Blatchford like one in a passing trance. He aroused himself with an effort.

"Burgoine?" he repeated vaguely. "Where have I heard that name before? Ah! I fancy an old historical reminiscence."

Wayne Blatchford did not meet the young lady again during the next two days, but he did not forget her. Then his interest in her was revived by a strange circumstance. He was strolling through the beautiful cemetery at the edge of the city one afternoon, when he observed a high, massive shaft bearing the name "Burgoine."



"Williston" — Ah! a Clue, a Vital Suggestion.

Again it suggested something he had forgotten, but the similitude once more escaped him.

The imposing shaft bore a lengthy legend. It detailed the services to his country and to his city of William Burgoine, ranking brigadier in the army and mayor of Waltham. It expanded on his integrity and public and private charities.

Then, aroused to sheer amazement, Blatchford traced a brief and obscure legend upon a low, flat slab of marble placed at the remote edge of the same burial lot, for it read, "Williston, son of William Burgoine — Hush!"

He thrilled, and he knew not why. The uncanny sensation that overcame him was past analysis. Why the half-hidden tablet in the shadow of the towering shaft? Why—"hush"? It was a warning, an appeal, a pitiful call for human charity. Why?

Involuntarily, Wayne Blatchford removed his hat and stood with head bowed. His impressive nature responded to this fairly emotional presentation. The stone hid—what?—a secret?—a mystery?—a direful taint? And what might it not have to do with the bereaved daughter of William Burgoine!

"Williston—ah! a clue, a vital suggestion. The names in conjunction stirred up memory to a new effort. Now he knew where he had seen that name before. His thoughts went groping to rest upon a clear central fact. Then a rustling sound in the grass behind him caused him to turn quickly, and he could not restrain a quick gasp, for, viewing him wonderingly, was Miss Barnabetta Burgoine.

In the near distance was her automobile, in her hands she bore some flowers. Evidently her mission was to do homage to the dead. Blatchford drew aside almost guiltily, as though he were committing a desecration, for

fear she might construe his presence here into callous seeking into the mystery of the secret that hallowed grave might conceal.

A fine bitter scorn came into that lovely face he had not believed it capable of expressing, as he said simply: "Pardon me," and started respectfully to move on.

"Oh, I understand!" she said—"they even enlighten strangers as to the wretched calamity that killed my poor father."

"You mistake," spoke Blatchford speedily. "It was reverence, it was sympathy. It was a solemn pity at the presence of that strange word—"hush!"

She fixed a look upon him as if intent upon reading his very soul. Then her eyes softened. She turned her face away. He caught the faint echo of a sob.

"If I dared to believe that I could be of service to you!" he was constrained to speak, "not to intrude on your sorrow, only to lighten your burden, if that were possible. Believe me, all I see, all I surmise, appeals to the depths of my very soul."

Again those translucent eyes fixed his own. She put out her hand. She did not withdraw it until she had led him to a rustic bench at the edge of the pathway.

"'Hush!'" she said. "Do you understand what that means? Go ask any gossip of the town, look back in the public prints a year ago, learn all the tragic story as others tell it. Then, if your soul does not shrink from the hideous presentiment, come to me, as friend, as counselor of broken-hearted woman but one thought in life—to clear the memory of a noble father unjustly accused, driven to his death by the uncharitableness of a cruel persecution."

It was a strange soul communion. He welcomed it, he cherished it. And all the time his mind was repeating that name, "Williston Burgoine."

The single name had simply awakened his memory, the two together it all came back to him now! He did not tell his impassioned companion what was in his mind. He listened to her story and a new flood of light resulted. She told of her father, rich, honored, respected, accused by a business rival who hated him of faithlessness in the sacred trust of a widow and orphan. Long since the just division of an estate had been concluded. When Mr. Burgoine went to get the papers proving every step he had taken in the trust, they were gone.

"The house had been burglarized a month before," narrated Miss Burgoine. "Whoever took jewelry and money also carried away a portfolio containing those papers. The wicked, relentless, persecutor saw his power and urged it cruelly. Our claims were treated as fiction, my father was disgraced. The blow killed him. The thief probably threw the papers away, for I have advertised a large reward for their return."

An appeal for help, for sympathy, for interest was in those beautiful eyes. Blatchford arose, a great purpose in his mind.

"Dear lady," he said, and his strong voice trembled, "your pitiful story has opened a sealed chamber in my mind. I may have great news for you within the next forty-eight hours."

He had, for this had happened: Nearly a year before his law firm had closed up the affairs of a notorious criminal and his wife had brought all of his papers to the office. Distinctly now Blatchford recalled a package of documents bearing the name "Williston Burgoine." Back he sped to the city. On a dusty shelf of the vault of the office Blatchford found them, where they had been cast aside as having no bearing on the estate of the criminal's widow.

But to Barnabetta Burgoine they were everything, for they were the documents that proved her father an innocent man!

It was the glory of her life, the rehabilitation of that beloved parent's memory. It was Blatchford who staunchly assisted her in the task.

In the glow of a beautiful summer evening those two, with joined hands and joined hearts, saw removed by the carver's chisel from the little obscure tombstone, that searing, sinister word, "Hush!"

True Good Nature.

Good nature does not mean easy, happy-go-lucky, or to loaf when the employer is away, and a spurt when he is present. A grouchy spirit on the part of the employees, a feeling that they do not want to do any more than is absolutely necessary, has doubtless forced many an institution to the wall, and this indolent spirit usually exists among employees where the boss man is too exacting and overbearing. Good service comes from a desire to do the right thing, whether the owner of the business be present or thousands of miles away. The man who is a real cheerful and good natured is one of the noblest works of God's creation.

The Alcohol Habit.

An applicant for a political job in Topeka recently was asked to fill a blank containing certain questions.

"Do you use morphine, opium or other narcotics?" was one of the questions.

"No," was the answer.

"Have you been in the habit of using any of the above articles?" was the next question.

"Yes," was the answer of the applicant.

"If so, which one, when, and to what extent?" came next.

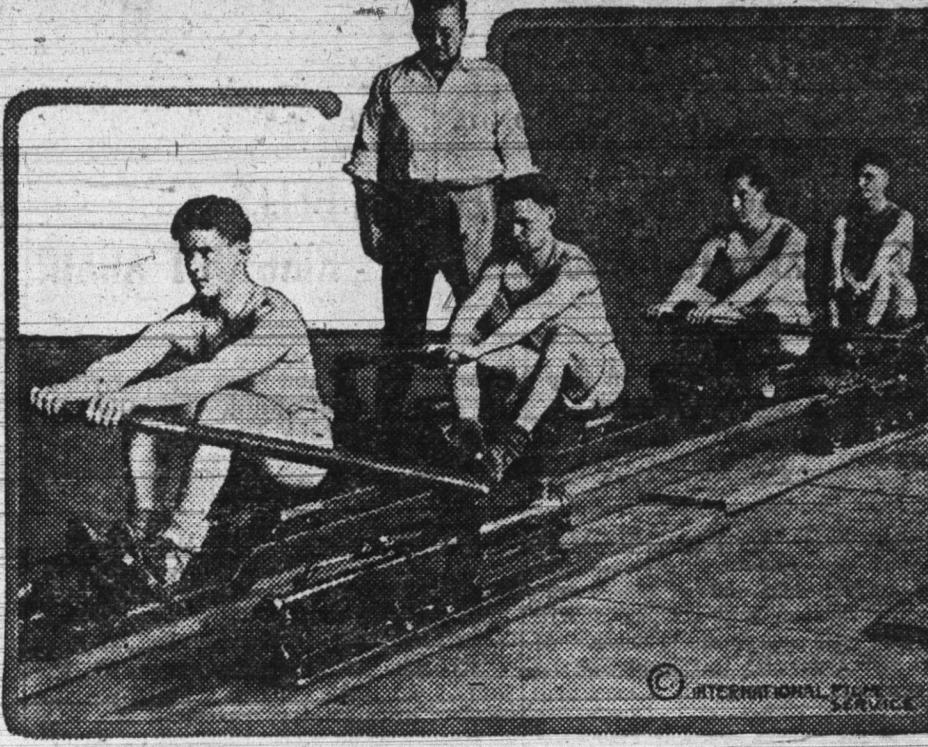
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CREW OF UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



CANDIDATES WORKING AT ROWING MACHINES.

Persons in the know in the rowing world are loudly saying that the death knell of the four-mile regatta is at hand. The distance is the least of the worries of either the coach or crew of the University of Pennsylvania. Just at present they are working overtime at their rowing machines, getting ready and in trim "to take the water" as soon as spring breaks.

The photograph shows a number of candidates for the red and blue shell working at the rowing machines in the University of Pennsylvania gymnasium under the supervision and direction of their new coach, "Joe" Wright.

LITTLE PICK-UPS OF SPORT

The hardest thing about basketball is the other fellow's elbows.

When a bicycle rider gets a puncture could you say he was tired out?

Umpire Joe O'Brien will not be in the American association this season.

The difference between a fighter and a butcher is the way they make weight.

'Twill be a cold day when we consent to watch a bunch of dog teams race.

Outfielder Al Sheer will change uniforms. The Toledo club sold him to the St. Paul club.

A professional amateur runner runs with his head. And he don't wear spikes on his ears.

What has become of the old-fashioned fight promoter who used to stage championship bouts?

Nothing wrong with the New York Boxing commission—nothing but charges of extortion, bribery, etc.

Percy Haughton wants to reduce the size of the home plate, and it's already so small that the umpires can't see it.

President Weegham of the Cubs, had a salary roll of \$145,000 last year. This season he will not go above the \$80,000 mark.

Suggest that those baseball recruits who look good, but need further seasoning should be sent to the Mexican state of Tabasco.

Baseball "experts" figure that Ty Cobb is losing his batting prowess, but what difference does it make so long as the pitchers don't know it?

If the various sports continue to adopt different definitions of an amateur there soon will be as many kinds of amateurs as there are sports.

A year ago Benny Kauff was talking over .400, but in the subsequent season he batted only .275. This winter he has been talking less than .275.

Philadelphia Grand circuit horse races will be decided over the Belmont course at Narberth a few miles outside of the Quaker city.

Ten of Manager Connie Mack's Athletic club pitchers are players who never wore the ex-champions uniforms before the present training trip.

Lot of players got fined last November for playing baseball, but it is safe to bet that some of 'em won't be charged with that crime next July.

Kitty Bransfield, the new National league ump, played first base for the Pirates a dozen years ago, and Barney Dreyfuss is still hunting for a successor to him.

The annual Army vs. Navy football game will again be played at the Polo grounds, New York, Saturday, November 24, the Saturday before Thanksgiving day.

If all the fans organized a union and agreed to stay away from the games it would be mighty tough on some club owners, but Connie Mack wouldn't notice much difference.

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