



Romance of a Pink Gown

By Alice Josephine Johnson



Miss Lester made little Millie Currier very happy when she offered to give her piano lessons. The child was passionately fond of music, and to take lessons had been her dearest dream, but there had seemed small chance that it would ever be realized. Millie had no piano, and the aunt with whom she had lived since her mother's death had no money to spare for luxuries.

Miss Lester had come to Hardwick only the previous year, hoping the country air would benefit her invalid mother, but her hopes were in vain, for her mother failed instead of gaining, and died six months later. The young lady staid on with her faithful old servant in the pretty little house she had rented, feeling that one place was much like another in her sorrow and loneliness.

Millie had been one of her first friends in Hardwick, for the child used to linger outside the house to listen as she played, until the lady discovered her, and invited her to come in. And then came about the proposal that almost took Millie's breath away, that Miss Lester should give her lessons, and that she should come every day to practice on the beautiful grand piano. Millie was an affectionate child, and she almost worshipped the kind friend who had opened a new and delightful world to her, and her grateful little heart longed to do something in return. It all seemed quite impossible, but it was destined to be realized beyond her fondest hopes. And this is the way it came about:

On the following May Judge Hancock's little girl gave a lawn party and invited all the children of the village. Poor little Millie had no dress to wear, and she sadly admitted it when Miss Lester asked her if she was going.

The young lady said no more then, but just as Millie had finished her practicing and was preparing to go home, her teacher came into the room with a lovely gown in her hand.

It was a pink cashmere, embroidered with tiny sprays of lilies of the valley. Margaret smiled at Millie's admiration, but there were tears in her eyes as she said, half to herself: "What happy days I have seen in that dress!" and then continued, as Millie looked at her inquiringly: "My father bought it for me the winter we spent in Paris. I wore it on my birthday, and we had a little fête; we four only, my mother, and father and—my friend."

"Want a lovely present? and did you have other presents on your birthday?" asked Millie, who loved to hear of those gala days which she had never known.

"Oh, yes, books and candy, and dozens of pink roses and masses of lilies of the valley to match my gown, and a beautiful diamond locket, containing a miniature."

"Oh, Miss Lester, may I see the locket?" asked the child eagerly.

Her friend looked suddenly grave and stern as she said: "No, I haven't it on now," and Millie, though longing to know if it were lost, or what its fate, dared ask no more questions. But the next moment, the young lady surprised her by telling her she was to have the gown and wear it to the children's party, and inviting her then and there to go to the dressmaker's to have her measure taken, so that the work of making over the dress could be begun at once.

Millie could hardly believe her good fortune, and for the next few days could think of little else but the approaching party, and the beautiful pink gown.

At last the day came, and when she was really dressed in all her finery, her delight knew no bounds.

She threw her arms about Miss Lester's neck, exclaiming: "Why, you are really my fairy godmother." And this godmother had provided a very complete little outfit, even to the slippers, which, though not of glass, were of the prettiest pink kid, and an exact match for the pink stockings, which were of the same shade as the dress.

How lovely Millie looked, and how she enjoyed staring at herself in her friend's long mirror! It was hard to tell which was the prettier sight, the child herself, or her innocent delight in her appearance.

The party itself was fairyland to her, with the beautiful lawn and garden, lighted by Chinese lanterns as darkness fell, the luxurious mansion, the play-dressed children, and best of all the music, for a small orchestra was provided, and there was dancing on the broad piazza.

There was a lull in the music while the performers were having refreshments, and Millie was playing an exciting game of drop the handkerchief in the summer house, when a child came running to join her. As he took his place in the ring, he said: "Mrs. Hancock wants some one to play for 'Going to Jerusalem,' and I was afraid she would ask me, so I got out of it. Somebody told her that you could play, Millie Currier, but she does not know where you are, so you are all right."

Millie flushed at the mere thought of playing before so many people, and she was tempted to remain where she was but Miss Lester's influence made itself felt. She did not formulate it, but she felt unconsciously that since her kind teacher had done so much for her, it was only right she should make some use of what had been so generously given her. And so, despite the remonstrances of the others, she left the game and returned to the house.

Very timidly she made known her errand to Mrs. Hancock, who smiled a kind approval upon her, as she thanked her, and told her that the children had run away, thinking the game was given up, but would probably soon return. In the meantime would not Millie play one of her pieces? Mrs. Hancock asked.

There were several people in the drawing-room, among them a gentleman whose appearance had created some excitement from its being so unexpected.

Mr. Darrah was an old friend of the

Hancocks' but it was several years since they had seen him, owing to his long absence abroad. He happened to be traveling through their part of the country, and finding that he should be obliged to pass the night at Eastern Junction, only ten miles distant from Hardwick, he had hired a horse and carriage and driven over to call upon his friends.

They were delighted to see him, and hospitably urged him to spend the night. He declined the invitation, however, as he wished to take the first train in the morning from the junction, and so must drive back that evening.

They assured him that he could not escape dining with them, as they had postponed their dinner until eight o'clock on account of the children's party. He expressed his pleasure at being able to do so, and they were in full tide of earnest conversation when Millie came into the room.

He was in the midst of a sentence when his eyes fell upon her, and he suddenly stopped, evidently much impressed in some way by her appearance. He watched her intently while she played, and at the close, when others were applauding her for having done so remarkably well, he went over to the piano and began to talk to her.

Mrs. Hancock, seeing his interest in the child, proposed to Millie that she should take him to the refreshment tent for an ice. The arrangement was most agreeable to both of her guests, who were soon on such friendly terms that the gentleman went so far as to admire his companion's dress.

"If you can buy such pretty things in Hardwick," said he, "I shall advise my lady friends to come here to do their spring shopping."

"I guess you were never in our Hardwick stores," answered Millie, laughing merrily at the idea. "No, indeed, this dress came from Paris!" and not without pride, she glanced at her companion to observe the effect she was producing by her surprising statement.

He looked as startled as she could have wished.

"Is that where you do your shopping?" he inquired, smiling, though his voice had a curious sharp ring.

"Oh, no, of course not, I never was there. My music teacher gave me this."

"And her name?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Miss Lester," said Millie.

He drew a sharp breath. "Miss Margaret Lester?" he demanded.

"Yes, that is her name," replied Millie, surprised in her turn at his excitement.

"And she is not married?" continued Mr. Darrah.

"No, indeed. She is all alone. Her mother died last year, and she is very sad and lonely."

"Both father and mother dead! Poor girl!" he said, softly, and seemed lost in thought for a moment, but soon resumed his catechism.

"Where does she live?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, just below here?" Millie replied, "you can see the house from here; that yellow one with the cupola," pointing it out.

"Thank you very much," said her strange companion, and in a moment he was outside the grounds, hurrying down the street.

Millie looked about her for a minute blankly enough, but soon made her way to the refreshment tent and regaled herself on her own account.

At eight o'clock the barges which Judge Hancock had provided were driven to the door to take the little guests to their respective homes. As Millie made her adieu, Mrs. Hancock asked her what she had done with Mr. Darrah, and Millie told the story of his sudden disappearance.

Mrs. Hancock and her husband looked at each other in surprise, which increased as their guest failed to appear. They were not aware that he was a friend of Miss Lester, whom they knew but slightly.

Dinner was over, and the evening passed, and still nothing was seen of Mr. Darrah. The clock had struck 11; the coachman had come in to inquire if he should put the gentleman's horse up for the night, and the family were debating as to the advisability of retiring, when the culprit appeared, breathless and heated as though from hurrying.

When he could speak he began his apologies. He was assured that he could be pardoned on only one condition; that he make a full and free explanation of his erratic behavior.

Three years before, while living in Paris, where his business interests demanded his presence, he had met Miss Lester and become engaged to her. Then a wretched misunderstanding arose, and they quarreled and parted. To change the proverb slightly, "They quarreled in haste, to repent at leisure." Soon after the Lenters left Paris and returned to America. He heard accidentally of Mr. Lester's death, and then a rumor reached him of the young lady's approaching marriage, but he soon lost all trace of her. On his return to America the previous winter, he tried in vain for news of her. They had no mutual friends of whom he could inquire, and he could learn absolutely nothing of her.

The dress which Millie wore was one he well remembered, and aroused his interest and curiosity at once. The rest they knew.

Here peals of laughter met him, and the judge said gravely: "You have related events up to seven o'clock this evening. It is with the last four hours we have now to deal. You have only to begin the story instead of ending it."

"Yes; go on, go on," they all cried. The poor fellow looked confused, indeed, for a moment, polished man of the world as he was, but recovering himself, he said: "I must leave that to your imagination. It ought to suffice to be told that the engagement is renewed."

And Miss Lester, or Mrs. Darrah, as she became soon after, was fond of re-

mindings Millie that because she was kind and obliging and returned to the drawing room to play, as Mrs. Hancock wished, she had been the means of making two people happy for life. These same people were ever the best of friends to Millie, whom they loved hardly less than their own children. She was educated as her first teacher had planned, and became an artist of no small merit; and, what is better, a good and noble woman.—Portland Transcript.

THE COMING JOURNAL.

What the Newspapers of the Future Will Be Like.

They had been speaking of the newspaper of the future, how it would be made, the time that would be saved in making it and the more artistic shape it would assume as the result of improved methods of doing newspaper work in the mechanical departments. "One curious feature of the business," said one observant member of the group, "is the fact that the daily newspaper is showing a tendency to encroach upon what we have regarded as the province of the magazine, while the magazine has been showing a tendency to usurp the functions of the newspaper. Now what will be the outcome of these counter tendencies? We can do no more than guess at the result. We have the facts before us so far as the tendencies are concerned. Newspapers have shown a tendency, especially in the larger editions, for instance, to drift far out into the magazine field by publishing a world of feature matter with elaborate illustrations.

"Special writers of the very highest type are now employed on the daily papers, and they are grinding out the character of stuff which formerly belonged exclusively to the magazine field. On the other hand, the magazines have been showing a disposition to encroach somewhat on what was supposed to be the province of the newspaper. We will be convinced of this fact by reflecting upon the great disasters of recent date. Magazines have been as anxious to get men on the scene as newspapers, and they have shown a disposition to publish as much exclusive information as possible. They want original stuff, something that has not been handled thoroughly by the daily papers. They want pictures which have not been used. They want to be the first to get and handle the particular stuff which appears in their columns. This is the newspaper idea, and the men who are at the head of the more progressive magazines of the country are good newspaper men, with the news instinct developed to a very high degree.

"Here we find a peculiar condition which, in my judgment, will finally bring out a merger of the newspaper and the magazine. Newspapers after a while will be published in the form of certain magazines, in which event they will become higher types of the art of printing. The result of the magazine's tendency to encroach upon the functions of the newspaper, will in time result in a happy compromise which will be of much benefit to the reading public.

"Newspapers will be more careful of the facts they print. They will be more accurate because they will employ a more reliable set of men. They will exact of the men who grind out the news for them somewhat of the scrupulous precision of history. At the same time the magazines will drop the bias which too frequently makes them unreliable. Personal opinion will be tabooed. The writer will quit the business of taking up this side or the other. He will quit trying to force his opinions upon the reading public. He will simply tell what happened, how it happened and when it happened without bias or favor one way or the other. The result will be a better and more reliable and more satisfactory service from newspapers than it gets now."

WHY SHE WAS INDIGNANT.

Little Maid Wanted Time for Supplication to the Lord.

The small daughter of a Philadelphia dentist was recently sent on an all-summer visit to an aunt in Meshoppen, Pa. The child had always been very devout, and at home had been in the habit of kneeling by her bed, saying a formal prayer aloud in her mother's hearing and then inaudibly adding a little invocation of her own composition. When bedtime came the first night at her aunt's, the child called the latter to hear her prayers. As usual when she had finished, she bowed her head in her hands and started on her whispered appeal. The aunt, not knowing the little one's habit, and thinking it a mere manifestation of sleepiness, said somewhat impatiently:

"Hurry, dear!—hurry!" repeated the child, indignantly mimicking her aunt. Then, with pious scorn, she added: "What kind of a house is this, anyway? 'Hurry, dear!—hurry.' A person is not given time here to talk a minute with the Lord!"

Mr. Balfour's Caddy.

Among the many stories told of Mr. Balfour's golfing, one in the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch is not perhaps so well known as some. There used to be a famous old worthy on the golf links at North Berwick who invariably carried for the now prime minister. One day, when playing in a foursome, Mr. Balfour was followed round the links by a small knot of people. Among the spectators was an individual with what was afterwards described as an "irritating cackle of a cough." He always coughed at a critical moment, and contrived to do it just as Mr. Balfour was about to take a long, critical put. The old caddy, who had borne the cough patiently enough until now, put out his hand and stopped the player. Then turning round to the little group of on-lookers, asked with a great excess of politeness: "Can any of you gentlemen oblige this man with a jujube?"

Feats of Penmanship

A King's Biography on a Grain of Wheat

The feat of writing the Lord's Prayer upon a space which a sixpence would cover is so familiar as to cease to be wonderful; but one cannot resist a tribute of genuine astonishment to a man who can write the whole of our national anthem along the thin edge of an ordinary visiting card, and who has actually penned biographies of King Edward and several members of his family upon a tiny grain of wheat. Such a microscopic 'calligraphist' is M. J. Sofer, a French gentleman, who, we should say, could safely challenge the world to rivalry in his own field of penmanship.

Perhaps more wonderful still are the portraits of celebrities which M. Sofer produces out of their biographies. His presentation of the Czar, for instance, is not only a clever likeness, but every stroke in it is a part of the continuous life of the Russian Emperor, in letters so minute that to the unaided eye they seem part of an ordinary pen line, while the artist is at present engaged on a similar picture of King Edward which will be made up of his biography, containing 44,000 letters.

There has probably never been a time when this art of minute penmanship has not exercised its fascinations. In Cicero's time, about 2,000 years ago, the whole of Homer's "Iliad" was copied so microscopically that it was placed in a nut shell, and a few centuries later an artist wrote a short poem and enclosed it in a hollow grain of corn, while still another penman in these long-gone days actually wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet.

Pedotti, a fourteenth-century Italian, performed the most astounding feat with his pen. He wrote a poem of 100 lines on a space no larger than his little finger nail; made an elaborate landscape sketch, including a shepherd and a drove of sheep, which a grain of corn completely covered; and penned a long treatise on poetry in such minute letters that the manuscript had the appearance of a close series of perfectly straight lines; while he dedicated to Urban VI, a history of the Papacy, which took the form of an excellent likeness of the Pope in whose honor it was written. Urban was incredulous when he was assured by the artist that the portrait was composed of more than 12,000 words in the form of a consecutive history, and exclaimed, as well as he might, "Why, this is nothing less than a miracle."

But Italy has no monopoly of these minute calligraphists. Many centuries ago, Peter Bales, an English Chanery clerk, we learn from the Harleian manuscripts, transcribed the whole of the Bible in such small compass that he was able to inclose it in a walnut. "The nut holdeth the book," we are told; "there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he had written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." And, not to be outdone by Peter Bales, another Englishman, of the seventeenth century, one Henry Mason, copied the whole of "Paradise Lost" and enclosed his manuscript in a hen's egg.

As we have seen, M. Sofer is by no means the first pen artist who has made a portrait the medium of a long narrative. At the British Museum there is to be seen an excellent likeness of Queen Anne, little larger than half a sheet of note paper, every delicate line of which is made up of words and sentences, the entire narrative being sufficient to fill a small volume; and at St. John's College, Oxford, there is a head of the martyred King Charles I., which, although to all appearance a delicate engraving, is similarly composed. With the help of a microscope you can read in the lines of the face and the ruff the whole of the Psalms, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed.

HIS EDITORIAL QUICKLY READ.

New York Paper Tells Good Story on Southern Journalist.

A certain editorial writer on the staff of a Southern newspaper was inclined to dilatoriness during periods of conviviality, and caused thereby much concern in the breast of the foreman of the composing room just prior to the moment when the forms must go to press. But the writer was a part owner of the paper and could not well be discharged, since he occupied the position of managing editor. Many times the editorials were late and the paper delayed in going to press, but the delinquent writer always made good after a fashion. Finally he hit upon a scheme when he was called upon at the last moment for "copy" that may, in all justice to expediency, he called the art of genius.

The hour was very late and no leading editorial had gone to the composing room. In frantic haste, the foreman sent for the editorial writer, and only after half an hour was he located—in a near-by saloon and much the worse for his dalliance there. He grasped the intelligence that he had forgotten his leading column, and made his way as fast as he could to his office. Snatching a piece of copy paper in one hand, he caught up a copy of the New York Times with the other, and from it clipped a leading editorial, which he pasted on the paper. Then he wrote:

"We cannot agree with the New York Times when it says:—"

The editorial of the Times was copied, the paper went to press, and the editor back to the saloon.—New York Times.

For the Present.

It was the wife's birthday.

The husband stopped over at the breakfast table and gently gave her 30 kisses with one to grow on.

"There, darling," said he, "I guess that will do for the present."

"Oh, John," she whined, "I think you might have given me some other present too."—Kansas City Telegram.

Some Autumn Publications

"The Circular Staircase," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. This is a remarkably interesting mystery story. If the mission of such a story is to baffle and pique the curiosity of the reader, this story perfectly fills the definition. The reader's attention is seized with the opening sentence and never allowed to relax for an instant. Each chapter ends with a snapping climax that gives fresh zest to the chase. Meals are forgotten while that pursuit is on; and debts, the climbing mercury, financial stringencies, the cook's temper, and other disagreeable things. It is better than a pipe dream, and even its after-effects are guaranteed cheerful.

Moreover, The Circular Staircase is not of the regular variety of mystery yarns. It possesses elements of novelty. For one thing, the style in which it is written makes the mere reading an entertainment. It is bright, clear, reasonable, tinged by good humor. When before have we found humor in a mystery story? The Circular Staircase is full of it. Just at the moment when the excitement is growing too tense, relief comes in a laugh. It is all pure pastime for the lucky reader.—Bobb's-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"British Highways and Byways from a Motor Car," by Thos. D. Murphy. This is an interesting record of a summer motor tour in Great Britain by an American who took his car with him and drove over some thousands of miles of British roads. The tour includes the cities, towns and villages, the solitary ruins, the literary shrines, every cathedral in the island and many of the quaintest and most fascinating out-of-the-way places not on the usual route of travel. The volume is profusely illustrated, there being many color prints.—L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"The Making of Personality," by Bliss Carman. Here is an important and interesting volume of essays. It is a real aid to living; a realization of the possibilities and potentialities of each of us. It is, no doubt, Bliss Carman's finest work.—L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"The Complete Lawn Tennis Player," by A. Wallis Myers. In possibly the most complete volume ever issued on the subject, Mr. Myers discusses tennis from Alpha to Omega. Beginning with the evolution and organization of this most popular sport, the author turns to methods of play, both for beginners and the inexperienced player. These chapters are invaluable to the tennis player. An application of the precepts laid down here is sure to result in a more finished and reliable player. The concluding chapters are devoted to traditions of memories of tennis garnered from a wide knowledge and vivid recollections. Ninety illustrations, many of practical benefit, illustrate the volume. No one at all interested in the sport should be without this excellent book.—Jacobs & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Colonel Greatheart," by H. C. Bailey. A novel of romance, of love, and adventure, written in the most modern style, is "Colonel Greatheart." In time it dates back to Cromwell and Charles I., to Roundhead and Cavalier, but in method and quality of thought it belongs to the day of Stevenson and Hewlett. Its four hundred clean and clever pages are a delight, a wonder of craftsmanship, a token of the accomplishment of our age.

If you want to know how to remove that distressing ink stain from your index finger, or how to clean those tan shoes, or how to kill book-worms (not the human variety), or how to serve dinner, or how to patch fine damask, or how to do 23,82 other things of household interest and importance, consult Marion Harland's "Housekeeper's Week." It says the last word. It answers all questions. It is the ultimate hand-book of indispensable information.—Bobb's-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"The Call of the South," by Robert Lee Durham. This is a very strong novel dealing with the race problem in this country. The principal theme is the danger to society from the increasing miscegenation of the black and white races, and the encouragement it receives in the social amenities extended to negroes of distinction by persons prominent in politics, philanthropy and educational endeavor. The author has written an absorbing drama of life; and, whether the reader agrees with him or not, his restraint and the evident honesty of his purpose will compel admiration. But after all it is the story which he tells which will cause the book to be read and discussed. A story of tremendous force and intense realism.—L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

A NEW CARD TRICK.

Amusing Pastime for Those Who Like to Daily with Pasteboards.

Of the many curious things which may be done with a pack of 52 cards, perhaps the most interesting is the "spelling out" of an entire suit. To do this, take the 13 cards of any suit, place them face down and arrange them in this manner 9—6—3—Jack—10—5—7—2—King—8—1—4—Queen. When they are thus placed they are faced up with the nine on top and the Queen at the bottom.

Now turn them over, so that they are face down with the Queen on top. Take the top card and place it underneath the pack and say "Q," place the next card underneath the pack in the same way and say "N," and the next card turn face up on the table, saying "E"—ONE. Leaving "E" face up, place the next top card underneath the pack, saying "T," the next the same way, saying "W," and the next lay face up on the table, saying "O"—TWO, and so on through the suit.

Remember when you come to the last letter of a card, to lay that card face up on the table, leaving it there. When you have laid out the 10 you continue by spelling out J—A—C—K and Q—U—E—E—N.

Of course after you have laid the Jack out you will have only two cards left; but continue as before, and the Queen will come out, leaving only the King in your hand, which, of course, you lay on the others, completing the suit.

Startling Candor.

"What is the object of your society?"

"Why, yes."

"To get our names in the papers as often as possible."—Pittsburg Post.

Cats of Heliopolis.

The cat was considered a sacred animal by the ancient inhabitants of Heliopolis, Egypt. When one of these animals died in a private residence, the occupants shaved off their eyebrows.

What She Desires.

"It may not be your intention," remarked Miss Gaddie, "but doesn't it occur to you that your treatment of me is rather calculated to make us bad friends?"

"No," replied Miss Kendor coolly, "I had an idea it would make us good enemies."—Philadelphia Press.

A Promising Scholar.

Knicker—Is he precocious in his studies? Bocker—Yes, he has already broken three ribs, an arm and a leg.—New York Sun.

A DRAMATIC CLIMAX.

Effect of One Woman's Pathetic Eyes Upon a Jury.

James T. Brady, who was one of New York's greatest lawyers, was once counsel for a young woman in a case involving an attempt to break a will.

His client sat by his side. She was a very beautiful young woman, whose eyes seemed always to rivet the attention of those upon whom her glance fell. There was a pathetic expression which affected everyone. She sat watching the jury during the course of the trial, and at last there was some complaint that she was attempting by means of her glances to excite the sympathy of the jury.

Then Mr. Brady arose and in one of the most touching and beautiful of all the addresses he ever made in court spoke of the blessings which every one who had an appreciation of beautiful things and could see them enjoyed and dwell for some moments upon the happy lot of the jury who could see the budding of the flowers—it was then springtime—and the charms of nature. Then, suddenly turning to his client, he said, "That blessing is denied my client, for, though she has eyes which seem to look upon you, gentlemen, there is no vision in them, for her sight has been taken from her."

She had been, in fact, the victim of total paralysis of the optic nerve, which had not impaired the beauty of her eyes, but had given to them that singular pathetic expression which she was thus falsely charged with employing that she might secure the sympathies of the jury.

An Ungallant New Yorker.

Knicker—What do you think of the skirts they can't sit down in? Bocker—Fine; you don't have to offer them a seat on the car.—New York Sun.

In Zoo Society.

"I don't like the porcupine for anything," remarked the lynx. "Why not?" asked the zebra. "Because he bristles up at the least little things."—Baltimore American.

Fully Equipped.

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? May I ask you what causes you have for getting on in the world?" "I have an automobile, a yacht and an airship."

"Well, you seem to have every means for getting on. She's your, my boy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Only One.

"And whom do you want over long distance, madame?" "I want Fido to bark to me. If you cannot get Fido, consider it no call."—Pittsburg Post.