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## Lugi's Lady In White.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Lugi, it is true, was an organ grinder, but it is understood that the fraternity of street musicians, as well as its lower and middle classes, has its aristocracy.

Lugi was not one of those swarthy sons of Italy who laboriously drag a street piano over the hot asphalt of the city's byways. Much less did he belong to the lesser lights who, with a wheezy melodeon, huddle in corners and mechanically grind out "In the Sweet By and By" or the "Misere" from "Il Trovatore." The first Lugi scorned, the latter he despised, for was he not the proprietor of a horse out?

Every morning except Sunday he drove into the suburbs, his wagon gay with red and gold, on which was swung one of the largest and best of the mechanical pianos. There was a lad to turn the wheel, and all Lugi had to do was to lead the white mule and collect coins which showered upon the outfit. For Lugi's white teeth flashed beneath a mustache as black and flowing as any that ever graced the lips of his brigand ancestors, and Lugi's smile made him many friends, even among the householders.

As for the servants, many a rural policeman glowered upon him and envied his conquests, for Lugi, in his smart Neapolitan costume, was good to look upon. His red sash with its gilded stiletto, his ruffled shirt and rakish hat were all in keeping with the swarthy complexion and flashing eyes.

To be sure, the stiletto was but a toy, a hilt and scabbard without a blade, in deference to the absurd prejudice of the police, who knew nothing of a more businesslike weapon sheathed in the collar of Lugi's velvet coat, and his clothing had been obtained from a theatrical costumer, but he cut a most romantic and picturesque figure.

Sundays, when the law forbade his plying his trade, Lugi sought the Italian quarter in eminently correct American dress. His top hat and yellow gloves were the astonishment of the half naked "bambinos" playing on the dirty sidewalks.

Their mothers turned mute in his august presence as he picked his way fastidiously toward the tenement owned by Gaetano Camera. Presently he would emerge, proudly escorting Paulina of the house of Camera, whom there was no prettier girl in all Little Italy.

For more than a year Lugi had wooed Paulina, but her father had insisted that his son-in-law should be a property owner. A year must elapse, figured the thrifty Camera, ere Lugi might hope to wed.

And on his part Lugi did not tell them of the good luck that had befallen him in the winter before, when a servant in one of the great houses offered him tips on the stock market that she had wheedled from the butler.

"Worth a thousand times as much as any coin in the country," declared the escort gallantly. "I can see that I shall have to purchase a street piano and develop my imagination."

"And be like him!"

The scorn in the girl's tones cut like knife. For a moment Lugi fingered his never absent stiletto. Then he shrugged his shoulders and made his way to the street.

That afternoon he took Paulina for a walk, and they stopped at one of the cafes for an ice. Lugi caught up the little brown hand that lay on the table.

"I shall have to measure this for a wedding ring," he declared. "This week I made the last of what your father demands. We must be married soon."

"And I thought that perhaps you had fallen in love with some American girl," cried Paulina. "You have been so cold lately."

"American girls!" echoed Lugi. "Bah! They are as cold as ice, as hard as marble. I love an American girl—never!"

Lugi laughed loudly at the thought. The sting of disillusionment had done its work well. Once more Lugi loved Paulina as he had before he became a dreamer of dreams.

**Promising Pupil.**  
Some years ago a well known American pianist gave a concert at which he played a duet for two pianos with a pupil. The pupil, a young man of great talent, had come from a small town, and one of the well to do natives of the town went to the city for the sole purpose of attending the concert. On his return he was asked what he thought of the young man's musical achievements.

"He's doing as well as anybody could wish, and he'll do better yet," replied the prosperous townsman, with decision.

"He played a piece with his teacher that was twenty pages long. He gave the teacher the start by five minutes, and then he slipped in, and they came out at the end nipp and tuck, if you'll believe me. Well, sir, when I heard that I made up my mind we needn't worry another minute about how George would succeed."

But if he could swell his fortune to such respectable proportions that he would be no mean match even for the Lady In White, what might not happen? They would go to Italy, where with a few hundred lire he could purchase a patent of nobility and live happy ever after.

So he spent his Sundays discreetly with Paulina and bewailed the hard luck that made the dollars so scarce. Never did he tell her of the Lady In

White nor of the maid to whom he had to make eloquent love in order that he might coax from her the tips that were to win the wife of his dreams.

Summer was well advanced when Lugi's devotion to the girl bore fruit. At a dinner party a raid was planned on certain stocks, and as usual the move was discussed with perfect freedom before the butler. Lugi got the news, and a few days later his fortune had doubled itself.

Delirious with joy, Lugi led the mule over the accustomed route, but to his dismay the Lady In White did not come fitting through the trees to listen to the tales of adventure when he had gleaned from an old Italian romance after the work of the day was done. Though Pietro played the cylinder through twice, she did not heed the call, and at last Lugi went on his way, a great new idea surging through his active brain.

The day was Saturday. On the morrow he would dress himself in his best and make a call upon the object of his affections. It was a daring plan, but she was worth the venture, so noon found Lugi in the waiting room of the railroad station, shaven and perfumed and in his frock coat and glossy hat looking very unlike the Luigi of the brigand dress.

So it happened that the Lady In White passed him without recognition, though she looked straight into his face with the incurious, impersonal glance of her caste. Lugi half started up in his seat to speak, then thought better of it and sank back until he had passed. Then he rose and followed her and her escort to the con-course.

They were standing by one of the pillars which supported the huge roof, and Lugi managed to conceal himself behind the other side of the pillar without appearing to do so.

From their talk it was evident that the man was the brother of one of her friends and that they had all been on an automobile trip the day before. Now he was escorting her to her home.

"It was a delightful trip," the girl declared "quite pleasant enough to repay me for missing my Italian."

"Your Italian?" repeated the man in puzzled tones.

"Didn't Grace tell you?" was the certain response. "He is an organ grinder but very different from the rest of those sort of people. He dresses like a brigand. He comes almost every day and it is such fun to hear him talk. I fancy he must have performed all the deeds of valor he relates. It is perfectly fascinating to listen to him."

"It is like a book talking to you, but no book was ever as picturesque as he is in what I suppose you might call his stage clothes, since they are a part of the show. I suppose at home he is as dirty as the rest and has a wife and a host of children, but he has been such a blessing this summer. I mean to put him in my new book. I really feel ashamed when I realize that I cannot offer him money. He won't accept it, so I have to pay him in smiles."

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## NEW LIST OF BOOKS ADDED

Librarian Sawyer Places  
New List of Books On  
the Shelves.

Mrs. Jennie Sawyer, librarian, today placed another consignment of books on the shelves of the library. The books are of a miscellaneous nature for the older readers, although also a number of juvenile fiction works have been mixed in.

There are still more books which will be classified and given to the public later:

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Hertics—Chesterton.  
The Palaces of Crete—Nusso.

Myths and Tales of Today—Drake.

Bayard Taylor's Works (3 vols.)

Bland the Knight Among Nations—Van Norman.

Mirabeau the Demigod—Throwbridge

Critical Essays of the 17th Century (2 vols.)—Spingarn.

Sir Walter Scott—Crockett and Caw.

Tennyson—Chesterton and Garnett.

Charles Dickens—Chesterton and Kit-ton.

Browning—Douglas.

Thackeray—Chesterton and Melville.

Carlyle—Chesterton and Williams.

The Genius of Free Masonry—Buck.

Sanitation of Public Buildings—Ger-hard.

The Stable Handbook—Dale.

Earth Work Out of Tuscany—Hewlett.

The Heart of a Child—Dandy.

Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage—Throwbridge.

The New American Type—Sedgwick.

The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys—White.

His Own Master—Throwbridge.

Darwinism Today—Kellog.

Child's Guide to Pictures—Chafin.

Farm Poulters—Watson.

Fertilizers—Voorhees.

Father Bright—Hippothoe—Throwbridge.

Doing His Best—Winston.

Literary Rambles—Wolfe.

Father—Katriona—Holland.

Miss Gilbert's Carter—Holland.

In Korea With Marquis Ito—Ladd.

Farm Cottage and Canoe in Maritime

Canada—Silver.

Law, Its Origin, Growth and Func-tion—Carter.

A Chance for Himself—Winston.

Value and Distribution—Davenport.

Old Testament and Semitic Studies (2 vols.)—Harper, Brown & Moore.

Sapho and Phoen—Mackay.

The Genesis of Hamlet—Lewis.

The Magnetic North—Robins.

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Hobart.

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street car. Under reward by re-  
turn to C. P. Burdick, care Lake  
County Lumber Company, Indiana Har-  
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