

# The Road to Happiness.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Margaret, with her eyes on the heavy sky that hung over the stubby fields, sang softly:

"Falling leaf and fading tree,  
Lines of white on a sullen sea."  
She stopped and turned to Meredith with an impulsive gesture.

"This is the end," she said.

"His somber eyes met hers.

"I can't see it," he stormed. "We love each other. Why shouldn't we be happy?"

"Ah, but there is the other girl!" she reminded him.

"Yes, the other girl," he said, and for a long time after that they were silent.

In front of them stretched the long brown road. The goldenrod flamed on both sides of it now, but when these two had first met there had been sweet-brier and other delicate flowers of the early summer.

Margaret had worn a bunch of wild pink roses that first morning when she had come to the big gate to get her mail, and to Meredith, there on the same errand, she had seemed as fresh and perfect as the flowers she wore. Since then they had waited every morning on the old rustic bench under the oaks, and life in that time had taken on new meaning.

"Think of it," Margaret said at last—"tomorrow the little postman will come here and there will be no one to see him and nothing will be changed, but you and I will be far away—in the west and I in the east."

After another silence he asked:

"What are you going to do with your life?"

"I?" she hesitated. "Oh, go in for something, I suppose—settlement work or society or literature. Perhaps I'll write a novel."

"And you think that any of those things will make you happy?" She stretched out her hands to him. "Ah, happiness"—she began, and her voice broke.

"Come with me," he whispered as he bent over her. "It must be you and I for all the future, Margaret."

She drew away from him. "No, no," she told him; "I shall get along. A woman can find so many interests in these days, and in using my brain I shall forget that I have a heart. And you—you will marry the other girl, and this summer, this little time that we have had together, will seem to you like a dream or a strain of music."

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### ABSTRACTERS

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that heard once you can never forget." His eyes followed her as she rose and walked to the gate. She wore a loose tan coat and tan shoes, and her brown hair was waved and puffed into a shining coiffure.

"Oh, you beauty," he whispered, "you beauty!"

"Hush!" she warned, and they heard the beat of a horse's hoofs.

The mail wagon of the rural delivery carrier was protected from sun and rain by a white umbrella, under which the little man sat like a frog under a toadstool.

"You all goin' tomorrow?" he asked as Meredith gave him directions for forwarding the mail. Then he gave a chuckling laugh. "I reckon if you all come next summer your mail will come to the same name."

Margaret had a half dozen letters and a paper. Meredith's mail was all business matter except one square white envelope addressed in delicate feminine script.

"Look here," the little postman said to Margaret facetiously as he handed the letter to Meredith; "I'd be jealous of that letter if I were you. He gets one every day."

A wave of scarlet swept over the girl's face. "Jealous?" she stammered. "Oh, no!"

But when the little man had gone she broke down and sobbed.

"I am jealous," she told Meredith.

"I am dreadfully, dreadfully jealous."

"And yet you won't marry me."

"No."

"You want me to marry a woman I don't care for, to whom I am engaged simply because I had known her all my life and had drifted into it, and you want to make me miserable and to make her miserable just because you are afraid it will be dishonorable for me to go back on my word?"

"But she loves you, and she isn't strong."

His face softened.

"No; she isn't strong, and she has a sweet nature. If I had never met her I should have joggled along with her and there would have been no heights of happiness. I should have dwelt all ways in the plain."

He stopped abruptly. "But what is the use of thinking about that? It's our last day together, Margaret. Let us forget everything but that we are together."

"Then we'll ride," she said. "I'll go back to the house and get my hat, and we will go over the hills and far away."

He stuffed his letters into his pocket.

"You haven't read—hers," Margaret reminded him.

"Another time," he said briefly, and they went to get ready.

Their ride that day was a thing to live in a man's memory. The hillsides were glowing in russet and orange and green. The lake as they passed it was as blue as a sapphire, and the blackbirds were flocking in the golden fields.

They talked little, but they lived intensely in those few hours. Now and then she ventured a little plan for his future or for hers. But he would stop her always, and then he would urge his horses on and on until they went like the wind.

At last twilight came, and they stopped at a wayside inn for supper. They ate little.

"I can't," Margaret whispered when he insisted. "I am thinking of tomorrow."

When the waiter came with their bill Meredith, reaching for his pocketbook, brought out with it the unopened letter of the morning. As it lay on the table Margaret studied the postmark.

"How does it happen," she asked suddenly, "that she is in New York? I thought you were to meet her in Denver."

He caught the letter out of her hand.

"New York?" he repeated and tore

it open.

As he read his face changed, whitened and was suddenly illumined.

"Margaret," he said, with a quick intake of breath, "Margaret!"

"What is it?" she asked, startled.

"Helen is married—to some one she met this summer."

Across the table they stared at each other, stunned by this sudden fulfillment of their hearts' desire. Meredith, catching curious eyes upon them, rose.

"Come," he said abruptly; "we must go."

The stars were out as they mounted their horses, and the road lay like a silver path before them. In the darkness Meredith leaned over and drew to him the lady of his heart.

"Dear," he whispered tensely, "it is the road to happiness."

#### Check Your Passion.

An old man was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The old man said to his youthful companion:

"Pull up the least one."

He obeyed with ease.

"Now the next."

He obeyed, but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."

It took all his strength to move it, but he succeeded.

"Now the fourth."

In vain the lad put forth all his strength. He could not move the roots. He could not move the roots.

They had gone strongly into the earth, and no effort could dislodge them.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth:

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self denial easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep into our souls there is no human power can uproot them. For this reason, my child, watch well over the little movements of your soul and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."

Reading in bed, like most luxuries, can be overdone. In fact, there seems to be only one excuse for this fascinating way of ending the day. Certain people find that their worries accumulate in their brains after bedtime. Their nerves are at high tension, and their minds are actively at work trying to solve problems that should have been left behind in the city.

Going to bed with the brain in such a state means that with nothing to distract the thoughts, hearing nothing and seeing nothing in the darkness, imagination has full sway and hours of wakefulness may be the result. Such a man, we think, will find half an hour's reading in bed a great help.

With careful attention paid to the quality and position of the light so that without flickering it shines over the shoulder and directly on to the page the much maligned habit of reading in bed has sometimes a very beneficial effect on a tired and overworked brain.—Family Doctor.

A Considerate Bride.

"The most considerate girl I ever knew got married yesterday," said the man. "She showed her thoughtfulness in a most unusual way. The day before the wedding she called the attention of the rest of the family to a row of old shoes standing in a downstairs closet."

"I want you to throw these after the carriage," she said. "They are all mated. I collected them to throw away. I learned some time ago that certain poor souls who have hard work to get clothes of any description keep a lookout for big weddings. They hang around the house at going away time and pick up the good luck shoes. Maybe they get a fit, and maybe they don't. Anyway, I've done all I could to accommodate them."

"Here are six pairs of decent shoes to be fired after me. If somebody doesn't get fitted in that collection it isn't my fault."—New York Times.

Met Their Match.

Three students at one of the leading colleges determined to play a trick on one of the professors.

For a week they collected all kinds of bugs and finally had gathered a large number of them. Selecting a half dozen of the most uniformly sized, they took them apart; then they glued a leg of one, a head of another, a body of a third, etc., until they had a perfectly made body of a bug, and a very funny one.

Next day when the bug was dry they took it to the professor.

"We found it an hour ago," said the spokesman, "in the back field. It is a very queer, and we thought you could tell us the name of it."

"So I can," said the professor after he had looked at it. "It is a species of humbug."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Mathematical Mind.

A literary worker who wished to do a large amount of reading by proxy advertised for an assistant capable of digesting the contents of a tremendous quantity of books in a very short while. While weighing each applicant's qualifications for rapid assimilation he inquired carefully into his mathematical acquirements. He finally chose the man who was most skillful at untangling arithmetical problems. "On the surface that seems an unnecessary accomplishment in this case," he said, "but experience has taught me that anybody who is expert in figures can read any kind of literature put before him with greater accuracy and speed than the person lacking in mathematical acumen."—New York Times.

## Stocks, Grain and PROVISIONS

### NEW YORK STOCK MARKET

Atchafalpa	Open	High	Low	Close
Am Sugar	133	133 1/2	133 1/2	133 1/2
Am Car	47	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
Am Copper	86 1/2	86 3/4	86 3/4	86 3/4
Am Smelt	95 1/2	95 3/4	95 3/4	95 3/4
Anacosta	52	52 1/2	52 1/2	52 1/2
B & O	108 1/2	108 3/4	108 3/4	108 3/4
Brook R T	56	56 1/2	56 1/2	56 1/2
C & P	40 1/2	40 3/4	40 3/4	40 3/4
Canad Pac	178 1/2	178 3/4	178 3/4	178 3/4
Erie com	35 1/2	35 3/4	35 3/4	35 3/4
Gt Northern	141	141 1/2	141 1/2	141 1/2
Ill Central	149	149 1/2	149 1/2	149 1/2
L & N	116 1/2	116 3/4	116 3/4	116 3/4
Mo Pacific	62 1/2	62 3/4	62 3/4	62 3/4
Nat Lead	85	85 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2
N Y Cent	115	115 1/2	115 1/2	115 1/2
Ont & W	44	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
Penns	129 1/2	129 3/4	129 3/4	129 3/4
Reading	140 1/2	140 3/4	140 3/4	140 3/4
Rock Isl	50 1/2	50 3/4	50 3/4	50 3/4
St Paul	117 1/2	117 3/4	117 3/4	117 3/4
St Paul	149 1/2	149 3/4	149 3/4	149 3/4
Un Pac	182 1/2	182 3/4	182 3/4	182 3/4
U S Steel	113 1/2	113 3/4	113 3/4	113 3/4
U S Steel	113 1/2	113 3/4	113 3/4	113 3/4
Total sales	1,122,800			

### GRAIN AND PROVISION MARKET

GRAIN AND PROVISION MARKET				
Month	Open	High	Low	Close
<b>Wheat—</b>				
Dec.	102 1/2	104	102 1/2	103 1/4
Jan.	107 1/2	108 1/2	106 1/2	108 1/4
Feb.	101 1/4	102	101	102 1/4
<b>Corn—</b>				
Dec.	62 1/2	63	62 1/2	62 3/4
Jan.	62 1/2	63 1/2	62 1/2	62 3/4
Feb.	61 1/2	62 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/4
<b>Oats—</b>				
Dec.	48 1/2	49 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/4
Jan.	50 1/2	51 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/4
Feb.	49 1/2	49 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/4
<b>Pork—</b>				
Dec.	1600	1617	1600	1617 1/2
Jan.	1605	1632 1/2	1610	1632 1/2
<b>Lard—</b>				
Dec.	912 1/2	927	910	927
Jan.	925	942	925	942
<b>Ribs—</b>				
Dec.	837	850	837	850
Jan.	852	867	852	867