

## WHERE IS THE GIRL?

It does not seem so long ago—  
Since we were girl and boy,  
And she came dressed in calico,  
And I in corduroy.  
The stone bridge where we used to meet  
Looks just the same to me—  
Its shelter such a cool retreat—  
The girl? Ah, where is she?  
I note few changes at the farm:  
The lane seems not so wide;  
The rustic swing has lost its charm;  
There's little else beside  
That's altered since I was a boy,  
Except—I plainly see  
No pleasure's quite without alloy—  
The girl? Ah, where is she?

The cows come straying home at night;  
We drove them off of yore  
Home through the low sun's slanting light,  
Our shadows long before.  
I let them through the bars just now;  
It seems so strange to be  
Alone in urging that last cow—  
The girl? Ah, where is she?

It's twenty years ago to-day  
Since Nell and I were wed,  
And, lured by fortune's restless sway,  
To city walks were led.  
And that reminds me I must send  
A check straight to Paree;  
For Nell is just a fender spend—  
The girl? Ah, where is she!

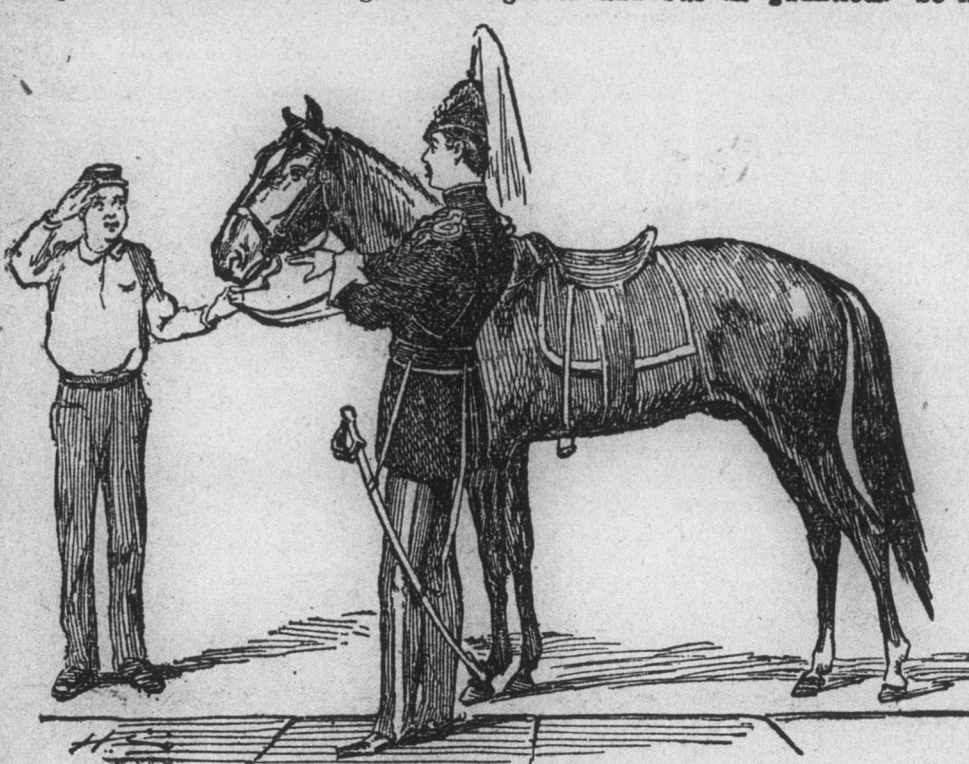
—R. L. Hendrick, in *Sittings*.



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## I—CONTINUED.

"Boots and saddles" had sounded at the artillery barracks. Mr. Pierce, as battery officer of the day, had clattered off through the north gateway. The battery had marched with dancing plumes and clanking sabers out to the stables and gun-shed. The horses of Lieuts. Doyle and Perry were waiting for their riders underneath the gallery of their quarters. Capt. Cram, in much state, followed by his orderly bugler and guidon-bearer, all in full uniform, was riding slowly down the sunny side of the garrison, and at sight of him Doyle and Perry, who were leisurely pulling on their gauntlets in front of their respective doors, hooked up their sabers and came clattering down their stairway; but no Waring had appeared. There, across the parade on the southern side, the bay colt, caparisoned in Waring's unimpeachable horse-equipments, was being led up and down in the shade of the quarters. Mr. Pierce's boy Jim officiating as groom, while his confidant Ananias, out of sight, was at the moment on his knees fastening the strap of his master's riding-trousers



"NOW, JIM, LET GO."

underneath the dainty gaiter boot, Mr. Waring while surveying the proceeding over the rim of his coffee-cup.

"Dar, suh. Now into de coat, quick! Yahduh goes Capt. Cram."

"Ananias, how often have I told you that, howsoever necessary it might be for you to hurry, I never do? It's unbecoming an officer and a gentleman to hurry, sir."

"But you've got to inspect yo' section, suh, befo' you can repote to Capt. Cram. Please hurry wid de sash, suh." And, holding the belt extended with both hands, Ananias stood eager to clasp it around Waring's slender waist, but the lieutenant waved him away.

"Get thee behind me, imp of Satan! Would you have me neglect one of the foremost articles of an artilleryman's faith? Never, sir! If there were a wrinkle in that sash it would cut a chasm in my reputation, sir." And, so saying, he stepped to the open doorway, threw the heavy tassel over and around the knob, kissed his hand jauntily to his battery commander, now riding down the opposite side of the parade, backed deliberately away the full length of the sash across the room, then, humming a favorite snatch from "Faust," deliberately wound himself into the bright crimson web, and, making a broad flat loop near the farther end and without stopping his song, nodded coolly to Ananias to come on with the belt. In the same calm and deliberate fashion he finished his military toilet, set his shako well forward on his forehead, the chin-strap hanging just below the under lip, pulled on the buff gauntlets, surveyed himself critically and leisurely in the glass, and then began slowly to descend the stairs.

"Wait—jus' one moment, please, suh," implored Ananias, hastening after him. "Jus' happened to think of it, suh: Capt. Cram's wearin' gloves dis mawnin'!"

"Ah! So much the more chance to come back here in ten minutes. Whoa, coltkins! how are you this mornin', sir? Think you could run away if I begged you to pretty hard? You'll try, won't you, old boy?" said Waring, stroking the glossy neck of the impatient bay. "Now, Jim, let go. Never allow anybody to hold a horse for you when you mount. That's

highly unprofessional, sir. That'll do." And, so saying, he swung himself into the saddle, and, checking the bounds of his excited colt, rode calmly away to join the battery.

Already the bandmen were marching through the north gate on the way to the broad open field in which the maneuvers were held. The adjutant, sergeant-major, and markers were following. Just outside the gate the post commander was seated on horseback, and Cram had reined in to speak with him. Now, in his blithest, cheeriest tones, Waring accosted them, raising his hand in salute as he did so:

"Good morning, colonel. Good morning, Capt. Cram. We're in-luck to-day. Couldn't possibly have lovelier weather. I'm only sorry this came off so suddenly and I hadn't time to invite our friends out from town. They would have been so pleased to see the battalion—the ceremonies."

"Hi! There was plenty of time if you'd returned to the post at retreat yesterday, sir," growled old Braxton. "Everybody was notified who was here then. What time did you get back, sir?"

"Upon my word, colonel, I don't know. I never thought to look or inquire; but it was long after taps. Pardon me, though, I see I'm late inspecting." And in a moment he was riding quietly around among his teams and guns, narrowly scrutinizing each toggle, trace and strap before taking station midway between his lead drivers, and then, as Cram approached, reporting: "Left section ready, sir."

Meantime, the infantry companies were marching out through the gate and then ordering arms and resting until adjutant's call should sound. Drivers and cannoneers were dismounted to await the formation of the battalion line. Waring rode forward and in the most jovial off-hand way began telling Cram of the incidents of the previous day and his sight-seeing with the party of visitors from the north.

"By the way, I promised Mr. Allerton that they should see that team of yours before they left; so, if you've no objection, the first morning you're on duty and can't go up, I'll take advantage of your invitation and drive Miss Allerton myself. Doesn't that court adjourn this week?"

"I'm afraid not," said Cram, grimly. "It looks as though we'd have to sit to-day and to-morrow both."

"Well, that's too bad! They all want to meet you again. Couldn't you come up this evening after stables? Hello! this won't do; our infantry friends will be criticizing us; I see you're wearing gloves and I'm in gauntlets. So is

minutes of the school of the battalion, explaining each movement before undertaking its execution. This was a matter he delegated to one of his senior captains. For a week, therefore, in preparation for a possible visit on the part of the new brigadier general or his inspector, the six companies of the regiment stationed at the post had been fairly well schooled in the ceremonies of review and parade, and so long as nothing more was required of them than a march past in quick time and a ten minutes' stand in line all might go well. The general had unexpectedly appeared one evening with only a single aide-de-camp, simply, as he explained, to return the calls of the officers of the garrison, six or eight of whom had known enough to present themselves and pay their respects in person when he arrived in town. Braxton swelled with gratified pride at the general's praise of the spick-span condition of the parade, the walks, roads and visible quarters. But it was the very first old-time garrison the new chief had ever seen, a splendid fighting record with the volunteers during the war, and the advantage of taking sides for the union from a doubtful state, having conspired to win him a star in the regular service only a year or two before.

"We would have had out the battery and given you a salute, sir," said Brax, "had we known you were coming; but it's after retreat now. Next time, general, if you'll ride down some day, I'll be proud to give you a review of the whole command. We have a great big field back here."

And the general had promised to come. This necessitated combined preparation, hence the order for full dress rehearsal with battery and all, and then came confusion. Fresh from the command of his beautiful horse battery and the dashing service with a cavalry division, Cram hated the idea of limping along, as he expressed it, behind a battalion of foot, and said so, and somebody told Brax he had said so—more than one somebody, probably, for Brax had many an adviser to keep him in trouble. The order that Cram should appear for instruction in review of infantry and artillery combined gave umbrage to the battery commander, and his reported remarks thereupon, renewed cause for displeasure to his garrison chief.

"So far as we're concerned," said Cram, who wanted to utilize the good weather for battery drill, "we need no instruction, as we have done the trick time and again before; and if we hadn't, who in the bloody Fifth-First is there to teach us? Certainly not old Brax."

All the same the order was obeyed, and Cram started out that loveliest of lovely spring mornings not entirely innocent of the conviction that he and his fellows were going to have some fun out of the thing before they got through with it. Not that he purposed putting any hitch or impediment in the way. He meant to do just exactly as he was bid; and so, when adjutant's call had sounded and the blue lines of the infantry were well out on the field, he followed in glittering column of pieces, his satin-coated horse dancing in sheer exuberance of spirits and his red-crested cannoneers sitting with folded arms, erect and statuesque, upon the ammunition-chests. Mrs. Cram, in her pretty basket phaeton, with Mrs. Lawrence of the infantry, and several of the ladies of the garrison in ambulances or afoot, had taken station well to the front of the forming line. Then it became apparent that old Brax purposed to figure as the reviewing officer and had delegated Maj. Minor to command the troops. Now, Minor had been on mustering and disbursing duty most of the war, had never figured in a review with artillery before, and knew no more about battery tactics than Cram did of diplomacy. Mounted on a sedate old sorrel, borrowed from the quartermaster for the occasion, with an antiquated, brass-bound Jennifer saddle, minus breast-strap and housings of any kind, but equipped with his better half's brown leather bridle, Minor knew perfectly well he was only a guy, and felt indignant at Brax for putting him in so false a plight. He took his station, however, in front of the regimental colors, without stopping to think where the center of the line might be after the battery came, and there awaited further developments. Cram kept nobody waiting, however; his leading team was close at the nimble heels of Capt. Lawrence's company as it marched gayly forth to the music of the band. He formed sections at the trot the instant the ground was clear, then wheeled into line, passed well to the rear of the prolongation of the infantry rank, and by a beautiful countermarch came up to the front and halted exactly at the instant that Lawrence, with the left flank company, reached his post, each caisson accurately in trace of its piece, each team and carriage exactly at its proper interval, and, with his crimson silk guidon on the right flank and little Pierce signaling "up" or "back" from a point outside where he could verify the alignment of the gun-wheels on the rank of the infantry, Cram was able to command "front" before little Drake, the adjutant, should have piped out his shrill "Guides posts."

But Drake didn't pipe. There stood all the companies at support, each captain at the inner flank, and the guides with their inverted muskets still stolidly gazing along the line. It was time for him to pipe, but instead of so doing there he stuck at the extreme right, glaring down towards the now immovable battery and its serene commander, and the little adjutant's face was getting redder and redder every minute.

"Go ahead! What are you waiting for?" hoarsely whispered the senior captain.

"Waiting for the battery to dress," was the stanch reply. Then aloud the shrill voice, swept down the line: "Dress that battery to the right!"

Cram looked over a glittering shoulder to the right of the line, where stood the diminutive infantryman.

The battery had still its war allowance of horses—three teams to each carriage, lead, swing and wheel—and that brought its captain far out to the front of the somber blue rank of foot; so far out, in fact, that he was about on line with Maj. Minor, though facing in opposite direction. Perfectly confident that he was exactly where he should be, yet equally determined to abide by any order he might receive, even though he fully understood the cause of Drake's delay, Cram promptly rode over to the guidon and ordered "right dress," at which every driver's head and eyes were promptly turned, but not an inch of a wheel, for the alignment simply could not be improved. Then after commanding "front" the captain as deliberately trotted back to his post without so much as a glance at the irate staff officer. It was just at this juncture that the bay colt came tearing down the field, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze, his reins and stirrups dangling. In the course of his gyrations about the battery and the sympathetic plunging of the teams some slight disarrangement occurred. But when he presently decided on a rush for the stables, the captain reestablished the alignment as coolly as before, and only noticed as he resumed his post that the basket phaeton and Mrs. Cram had gone. Alarmed, possibly, by the nonappearance of her warm friend Mr. Waring and the excited gambolings of his vagrant steed, she had promptly driven back to the main garrison to see if any accident had occurred, the colt meantime amusing himself in a game of fast-and-loose with the stable guard.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE OLD AMERICAN STOCK.

'Twas Good Blood That Reddened Its Veins.

As we look back to the days of "The Lowell Offering" and of Lucy Larcom's girlhood, says the Boston Watchman editorially, we are reminded that the old American stock was a good one. It represented a sober, independent, thoughtful, enterprising, law-abiding and God-fearing race of people whose ancestors, born of England's best brain and bone, had conquered the wilderness, built towns and cities, established schools and colleges, framed laws for their own government, worshipped God in thought and in deed, shed their blood in defense of their liberties, and founded a republic under the protecting shield of which manhood could have every needed opportunity for free and natural development.

It was from this stock that men like Webster and Lincoln, whose early poverty would have been in almost any other land an insuperable barrier to their advancement, came forth to be shapers of their nation's destinies, as it was from this stock that the gentle Whittier and his sister singer, Lucy Larcom, sprang, both of whom worked their way upward from humble surroundings, not simply because our free, republican life could offer them encouragement, but also because, in the best sense of the phrase, it was good blood that reddened in their veins. Had the world been searched from pole to pole a better stock of people for the colonization of the continent could not have been found, and did we feel that this stock had disappeared, or had wholly ceased to dominate the life of the nation, we should have the best of reasons to fear for the future.

## WHY CANADIANS LEAVE HOME.

The Steady Increase of Taxation Is One Prime Reason.

Canadian emigration to Lewiston, Me., is at the rate of one thousand every year. Most of the arrivals are of French extraction, and the main cause of their exodus is the steady increase of taxation at home, which they are unable to stand. The Lewiston Journal describes the situation from the point of view of the emigrating French-Canadian, thus: "Suppose that you are an inhabitant of the country south of Montreal. You raise some garden stuff that would sell in a city, but there is an inconvenient way to get it into the city. The government road now runs but one train a day up there from the district where the French people live. Plenty of trains come into Montreal from the English districts of New Brunswick. You have a large family of children to support. Glowing accounts come to you of a country to the south where there is plenty to eat and wear, free schools for your children, where the vote of every man counts and the poor man is as honorable as the rich. You will pack up your things and come over if you have thirty dollars for your tickets." One of these people said the other day that his countrymen did not come to Maine because the land was more fertile, but simply because (leaving taxation out of the question) there was no market for their products at home. Let Canada be annexed, he added, and the flow of travel southward would cease at once.

## A Fact from Natural History.

Bees and birds court the society of man—that is, they seek the localities where fields and gardens abound, for they fare better when human industry extorts from the soil the products upon which they subsist. A Maine bee culturist says it is the rarest thing in the world to find bees away from the settlements or from openings where flowers grow. It is in the small patches of forests they are oftenest found, and generally not far from the edge of the woods. It is the same with birds. There are no song birds in the northern Maine wilderness and scarcely anything that can be called bird life. Birds cluster around towns and villages.

## Part Accepted.

Poet—I called in, sir, to see about that little poem I sent you some time ago.

Editor—That poem has not been published yet, sir.

"And the stamps I inclosed with it?"

"The stamps were published long ago."—Texas Sittings

## BLOOD WILL TELL.

A Strange But Vicious Tale from the Midway Plaisance.

Midnight on the Plaisance. The long street lay wrapped in silence and shadow, deep and impenetrable. Light breezes from the great, heaving lake beyond stirred with a gentle touch the thatched roofs in the Dahomey village.

Away to the right lay the White City, glistening in the pale rays of the electric light. Above, the quiet stars kept silent watch over the slumbers of the nations. With slow and measured step the weary Columbian guard paced his lonely beat before the huts of the Africans, counting the weary hours till dawn would bring relief and rest. Anon, he glanced about him at the village, the huts, strange and incongruous to western eyes, from which came no sound save the heavy and regular breathing of the sleeping Dahomeyans. All was silent. No night lamps glimmered in the tiny houses where Morpheus held sway.

But hark!

What sound was that which broke upon his listening ear, faint and far off? And see, in yonder distant hut, half concealed by the rough bark door, a tiny flickering light! With sudden start the wary guard made silent progress to the spot. Half-afraid, he cautiously ventured on, his mind racked with doubts and fears for his own safety. What could it mean, this strange light at such an unholy hour? And now he heard low voices in earnest converse and he paused in trepidation. A thousand thoughts flashed through his mind in one brief moment. A plot, perchance, for murder and plunder in its wake, was hatching in the minds and hearts of the treacherous Africans in yonder hut. He knew not what dark schemes of rapine might not be going forward, and he listened with bated breath while he stepped into the friendly shadow of a hut. A single crackling twig might betray him to certain death, and he thought of his wife and children with aching heart. Then, with strained ears, the night wind brought again that sound half-subdued which first arrested his attention. A light rattle as if arrows or deadlier weapons were being prepared for carnage. Then the sense of duty came floating back to him, bringing renewed courage to his sinking heart. He was on guard and on him it devolved to surprise the conspirators, if such they were, ere it was too late.

Cautiously he moved forward toward the hut where the low voices and that strange, mysterious rattle, awful in its portent, still came at intervals. And now he was just without the half-opened door, kneeling on the ground and eagerly straining every nerve to catch a word from within. Suddenly the sound came once again upon the still night air and a low, hoarse voice whispered with half-suppressed excitement: "Seven done, come a natural, dat time, nigger. Fade you again for five. Gimme dem bones and come, little Joe, for a point."

With starting eyes the guard still listened while the answering voice came back: "Can't do it, son. Two bits you don't come. Five on the high side. Hal here's my seven."

With a look of pained surprise the disappointed guard silently retraced his steps from the crap game, only stopping to mutter: "Blood will tell."—Chicago News.

## A BRITON'S VIEW.

An Enthusiastic Eulogium on Our Great Fair.

What I saw when I gained the northern and eastern balconies of the Administration building surpassed and surprised my highest expectations. After all that pen and pencil had done to prepare me for the sight, I felt that not one-half had been told me. The great White City which rose before me, silent and awful, seemed to belong to an order of things above our common world. It was a poem entablatured in fairy palaces, only to be done into human speech by the voice of some master singer. It was a dream of beauty which blended the memory of classic greatness with the sense of Alpine snows. It was an apocalypse of the architectural imagination. The wilderness of the day lent its own apocalyptic setting to the scene. A swaying, drifting curtain of cloud shut in the horizon, blurring lake and sky on the one side in an indistinguishable haze, and on the other shrouding the city in a gloom of smoke and rain. Ever and again the towers of the fair were draped with wreaths of trailing cloud, while the beating rain and chilling wind added to the elemental effect. The cluster of buildings hung together there a sort of city in the clouds, yet severe and unmistakable in outline. It was a vision of the ideal, enshrouded with mystery. The dreams of Columbus, the aspirations of the pilgrim fathers, the boundless possibilities of the American continent itself, all seem to have been crystallized in this mute world of hall and peristyle, of column and capital. It stood there one colossal temple of temples, awaiting in silence the presence of the supernal glory.—Review of Reviews.

VENICE sends laces ranging in value from two cents to four hundred dollars a yard. Twenty years ago the famous old industry had about died out. There were only five women in Venice who preserved the secrets of making Venetian point lace. To-day four thousand women of Venice make lace for one firm at fifteen and sixteen cents a day. In the Venetian lace house at the fair is forty thousand dollars' worth of lace, with the veil patterned after that of Queen Maria Louisa at the head of the exhibit.

ONE of the most unique exhibits in the Agricultural building is that from Liberia, the little republic near the equator on the west coast of Africa. It is in the southwest corner, near the entrance, and may be easily found by the collection of skins displayed against the walls. In the assortment may be seen the beautiful brown and black spotted hide of the leopard, that of the African cat, deer and monkey of many species.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Many friendships last because there is the width of a street between the friends.—Puck.

—In a well regulated family the olive branch of peace is sometimes a stout hickory sprout.—Dallas News.

—The man who is the life of the company often bores to death the other fellows who want to talk.—Truth.

—The time appears to be at hand when a man who is referred to as silver-haired will regard it as an attempt to depreciate him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

—"It isn't right to say that a man has no redeeming qualities." "Well, no—at least not until you have consulted his pawnbroker."—Detroit Tribune.

—Young Mr. Spleen—"I wish I could get me a hat that I suited to my head." Miss Pallade—"Why don't you try a soft hat?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

—Silmsen (sternly)—"Willie, where are those green apples gone that were down cellar?" Willie—"They are with the Jamaica ginger that was in the closet."—N. Y. Sun.

—"It doesn't seem possible that any woman would lead a man to drink deliberately." "Well, she has." "How do you know?" "She has dried beef for lunch every day."—Inter-Ocean.

—Jesse (in restaurant)—"I'm hungry enough to eat a horse and chase the rider." Jesse—"What are you going to order?" Jesse—"Waiter, bring me three cream puffs and a cup of cocoa."—N. Y. Times.

—She—"But you have no reason to be jealous of me; you know you haven't." He—"Reason! Reason! I dispensed with my reason entirely when I fell in love with you."—Indianapolis Journal.

—No Help For It.—He—"What the mischief is this?" His Wife—"You will have to eat your oatmeal in a flower pot this morning, dear. I haven't been able to get to a china shop since our girl left."—N. Y. Sun.

—"No, father," said the young man with the college medal, "no farming in mine; you're going to hear from me in the world." "I reckon we will," exclaimed the old man, "an' in about ten seconds; John, reach me that hickory!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—A Deep Injury.—"You—you passed me to-day on the street?" sobbed the fair girl, "and d-d-didn't even look at me." "Where was it?" inquired the young man, anxiously. "D-down town," was the tearful answer. "I—I was in the o-car, while you were humming along the street just as though I—I never existed."—Judge.

## THE WISE GIRL.

And How She Arranges for Comfort in a Sleeping Car.

The wise girl knows that nothing is quite so desirable for wear in the sleeping car as a wrapper of dark-colored flannel. It may be stated as a positive fact that women who try to make themselves look coquettish in a sleeping car, and wear elaborate negliges or lace-trimmed wrappers, show extremely bad taste. Experience has taught that a wrapper of soft flannel in stripes of black and blue, made in the simplest fashion, is most useful. When she is ready to go to bed, and the porter arranges her berth for her, she goes to the toilet-room, taking with her her shawl-strapped package. She removes her shoes and stockings, puts on the knitted slippers that she has taken out of her bag, removes any garments which she pleases, and assuming her wrapper, which has been folded in her shawl strap, repairs to her berth. After fastening the buttons of the curtains, she disposes of her clothing as best she can, folding each article smoothly and carefully, and placing her money, watch and tickets in her wrapper pocket. And then she should try to rest—the porter will call her in good season, and her ticket will not be asked for during the night. In her shawl strap, which shows as its outer wrapping a shawl or traveling rug, she may have her own pillow, if she desires it. But this is not a necessity, as the cars are supplied with linen that is usually fresh and clean. In the morning the wise girl will put on her stockings and shoes in bed, leaving the lacing or buttoning of them till later. Then she will assume her other garments and repair to the toilet-room, where she should as expeditiously as possible make herself neat, trim and fresh, that her friends who are to meet her may not find her dusty nor travel-stained. This she should do quickly, that she may not be classed among the women who are the dread of all considerate women on the parlor cars—the women who take and hold possession of a toilet-room as if it were a fort.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## He Was Not an Exception.

A Detroitier, of a very mild and pined temper, had some business attended to, or pretended to be attended to, by a Cleveland firm, and do what he could by letter he could not get a settlement. Finally he went there in person and settled the matter.

"It's the worst I ever saw," he said, in parting.

"We've attended to a good many people's business," argued the head of the firm.

"But not as you have mine."

"Yes, quite the same."

"Oh, come off," exclaimed the disgusted Detroitier. "You can't stuff that down my throat. If you had treated very many people as you have treated me, you would have been killed long before ever I heard of you," and with that burst of anger he walked out perfectly satisfied.—Detroit Free Press.

## Candy Hungry.

Wee Son—When Johnny Jumpup's papa died his mamma gave him a whole lot of candy.

Mamma—What of it?

Wee Son—Nothing, only I was wondering if it wouldn't be all right if you'd just pretend my papa was dead instead of waitin' for a truly funeral.—Good News.