

**I**T was a great cross to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett that Roger was apparently quite devoid of ambition. Their two elder boys were so utterly different. Fred had been graduated from Yale with highest honors, and Horace was making remarkable progress at the scientific school; in fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Roger was remarkably unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent to college simply and solely for the purpose of learning to play football. Apparently nothing else had power to kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and his father and mother argued and exasperated with him in vain.

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scrabbling after a football?" his father questioned, severely; to which Roger merely responded in his usual off-hand style, "who knows but I may be elected captain of the 'varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir. I had hoped to make a professional man of you, not a professional athlete, and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, but it's no use. Smalley wants only young men of the highest promise," and Mr. Bartlett sighed wearily.

"It does no good to talk to Roger," he confided to his wife afterward, for hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of football before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday, and informed me that he had saved two tickets for us."

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her husband helplessly. "What did you say to him then?" she queried.

"I told him 'certainly not,'" Mr. Bartlett exclaimed, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. Show me some lasting benefit, or any abiding good, that is to be derived from this ridiculous game, I told him, and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not till then."

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field, Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendidly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymnasium with all possible speed; they had some little distance to go, as the gymnasium was not very near the ball



IN AN INSTANT HE HAD TACKLED HIM grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the center of the town and cross the railroad tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the platforms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure half-way across the tracks, a figure pausing there in bewilderment.

"There's a train coming each way," somebody gasped; "why doesn't he get off the track?"

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and very deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he was prepared to step on the track nearest him he had caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other down-coming express, when suddenly something very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank

back with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the horrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure in a much begrimed canvas jacket sprang out from among them, and clearing the tracks at a bound alighted beside the swaying form of the other.

A shudder, and a wave of pitiful regret swept over the motionless crowd. "He can never drag him back in time," they breathed; "they will both be killed—oh, the pity of it!"

But our football man had no thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground between the tracks, for all the world quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field; then he dropped lightly on top of him and lay there motionless, whilst the two trains thundered past on each side of them, and the crowd stood waiting spell-bound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode it was over, and what might have been tragedy had proved to be only a bit of melodrama after all; yet as Roger jumped up and pulled the old man on to his feet, applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his ears.

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother, Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded impatiently, "they needn't make such a fuss because I knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

Saturday nights generally brought the scattered members of the Bartlett family together, as the collegians always made a point of coming home to spend Sunday under the parental roof tree.

On this particular Saturday evening all were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unrefined composure.

But Roger said nothing upon the vital subject, and Fred looked at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football teams, and paid attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early to-night, I think," he yawned, as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely wended his way upstairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered, as he disappeared from the room.

At this, Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's football that's done it, the sooner that we all go in for the game the better," and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who couldn't understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Bartlett received a note from his old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR BARTLETT—I hear that your Roger is going in for the law, and if so I want him. When he gets through with the law school you can have him over to me; for he is just the material that I am on the lookout for, and you may be proud of him.

He scared me out of a year's growth the other day, at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that, I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him. With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me ever your friend

WILKINSON SMALLEY.

When Roger came home the following Saturday, his father handed him the note remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in the future; and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week; is that so?"

Roger nodded.

"Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touchdown."—Boston Transcript.

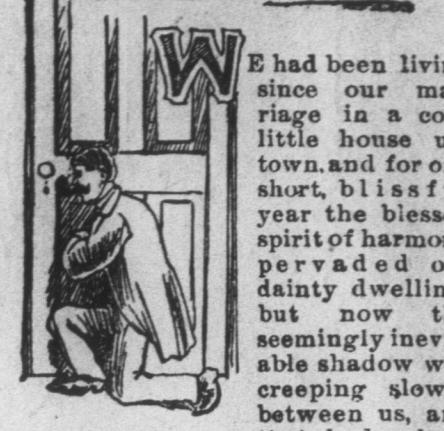
From Princess to Empress.

Princess Alix's wedding recalls the fact that it is over forty years since any princess became an empress on her wedding day. In 1853 Napoleon III married Eugenie and in 1854 Francis Joseph of Austria, espoused Princess Elizabeth. Both empresses reigned supreme as queens of beauty and fashion and both are now broken down by the deaths of their only sons under sad circumstances.

A Heavenly Waist Society.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, in her travels around the world, found in China a Heavenly Foot society, the members of which are young men pledged not to marry women whose feet are smaller than natural expansion would produce. She suggests a Heavenly Waist society might be formed to advantage among the American youth.

## A HORRIBLE MISTAKE.



W

E had been living

since our marriage in a cosy little house up town, and for one short, blissful year the blessed spirit of harmony pervaded our dainty dwelling,

but now the seemingly inevitable shadow was

creeping slowly between us, and that shadow bore

the semblance of a pale, emaciated

man, the brother of my wife's old

friend and schoolmate.

I never liked Belle Hastings particu-

larly well; there was something in

her dark gray eyes that looked

treacherous to me even in her girl-

hood, and now, after a two years' sojourn in wicked New York I fancied,

as jealous men sometimes will, that

she was no fit companion for my gen-

tle Amy.

But my wife seemed radiantly happy when Belle and her brother took the house next door.

I said nothing, but at that instant

I felt a curious sensation burning in

my heart, and knew, but would not

admit, even to myself, the fact that I was

jealous of Arthur Hastings's nearness

to my treasure.

For Arthur had loved her once in

the days when they were boy and girl

together, but he was poor and sickly,

while I was quite the opposite, and

although I never really doubted

Amy's love, I sometimes found myself

wondering if she had ever cared for

Arthur.

I was not neglected in any manner.

Amy was always there when I ar-

rived, and the house was always as

bright and cheerful as could be, but

all her plans for ourselves were so

interwoven with plans for our neigh-

bors that the feeling that I was no

longer foremost in her mind drove me

nearly frantic with suppressed resent-

ment. And one morning the rage in

my heart overcame my will entirely.

"You think altogether too much of

Belle Hastings and her brother," I

said, with meaning accent, when

Amy had finished telling me some

plan that she had made for her neigh-

bors' entertainment.

My wife looked surprised and

pained at my sudden outbreak, and

replied with a little show of temper:

"Belle is my best friend," she said,

hotly, "and Arthur, poor fellow, is

my best friend's brother."

"And your lover once," I retorted

fiercely. "You should have married

him if you regarded him so highly."

And then, slamming the door, I left

her for the first time in our married

life without the usual kisses and ca-

resses.

That night when I returned home I

heard my wife and her friend talking

softly together in the parlor. I was

not overpleased to find Belle there,

but I had fully made up my mind to

apologize to my wife and try to es-

ablish the old affection, but just as

I reached the parlor door, without in

the least attempting to listen, I

heard my wife talking in the most

plaintive tones, as if her very heart

was broken.

"Go to him, Belle, and tell him that

I love him! Tell him that it is all a

mistake—that he alone is the idol of

my best friend."

"It is I who have killed him," she

said in a voice of agony.

"It is I who am to blame for this

horrible error. I did not deliver your

message, Amy, and your husband has

heard and misconstrued it."

Paralyzed in every limb Amy and I

stood silently and watched the

wretched woman as she moaned over

the prostrate form and caressed the

ghastly features. Then while I, his

murderer, remained mute with horror

she raised her haggard eyes to my

face again, while her dry lips could

hardly express their language.

"He loved you, oh, so dearly, Amy,

but he was honorable to the end, my

brother, and would never wrong you

or your husband. But I—" here she

shuddered in mortal pain. "I loved

him so dearly that I was false to you.

I would have parted you if I could—" but her calmness could endure no longer.

While Belle wept and wailed above