

Where the Heart Is.

By GRANT OWEN.

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The hansom rolled slowly up the avenue through the mellow sunshine of the Indian summer afternoon. Its sole occupant, a very broad shouldered young man, leaned back on the cushions and smoked a contemplative cigarette, abstractedly watching through half closed eyes the stream of traffic whirling past.

He was a good natured, indolent looking young man, one of the kind who very evidently enjoyed being at ease. Yet in the dark eyes was a certain light of determination, a certain hint of latent power that made one quite inclined to forgive his apparent laziness.

Suddenly the young man sat erect. He leaned far forward, peering intently at a figure on the crowded sidewalk. He watched it steadily for a moment, while his indignance fell from him like a useless cloak, and his eyes opened wider and wider.

Impatiently he flicked the cigarette to the pavement and stood up to open the trap above his head.

"Hi!" he called to the caddy. "I say, there, pull up to the curb and set me down, will you? And be quick about it."

The hansom swerved sharply and drew up at the curb. The young man scrambled out, quite forgetful of his usual slow dignity in his haste. He thrust up a bill to the caddy, and without waiting for his change he went briskly up the avenue in pursuit of the figure he had just seen.

He elbowed his way along, now side-stepping some group which blocked his headlong progress, now all but breaking into a run in his eagerness.

Ahead of him he caught fleeting glimpses of a large hat with a blue feather that seemed to serve as a necessary incentive to his hurrying steps.

When he had almost reached it the blue feather turned a corner into a quiet side street, and the young man in hot pursuit followed after.

Here the sidewalk, being less crowded, gave him better opportunity for speed. In a moment he had overtaken the blue feather and touched its wearer lightly on the arm.

She turned, and her eyes rested on him with a sudden eager light in them. "Ted!" cried the girl happily. "Ted, all the people in the world!"

"I have led me a frightful chase, Ted," he panted, with mock severity. "I've been looking for you for weeks."

"How?" she asked. "I was in a hansom on the avenue, and I saw you passing," he explained. "I pulled up and gave chase after you."

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, although her eyes told plainly that she knew very well the answer to her question. "And why are you here, anyway? Surely you are not up here with horses this time of year. I didn't suppose there was any power on earth that could drag a Northerner from Virginia at this season."

"A little clipping from a morning paper early in the week is responsible for my appearance," said he. "It stated that you and your mother had just returned from abroad."

"Oh, really?" she mocked. "I suppose I should feel vastly flattered to be able to bring you up here. Think of it! The wild turkey shooting must be something wonderful now, to say nothing of the Redfield hunt. They're riding just now, of course."

"Yes, they're riding," said he. "But somehow it's pretty tame sport when you're not alone, Patty."

She looked at him suddenly, and a faint red crept into her cheeks. "Oh, pshaw!" she laughed. "You Virginians certainly know how to pay compliments, don't you?"

She said it lightly enough, but her voice was not altogether steady. The young man's sudden and unlooked for appearance seemed to have disconcerted her somewhat.

"We Virginians," he repeated thoughtfully. "Then you don't count yourself one of us any longer, Patty?"

"Well, I fear I'm a bit weaned from the old place," she confessed. "You see, since father died and we came back here to live with my mother's people I've been made to feel that I, or a part of me at least, belongs up here. Father was the Virginian, you know."

The young man stiffened. "You've changed, Patty," he said flatly and with something like disappointment in his voice. "You used to talk that you were Virginian to the backbone—that there was no place on earth like it."

"That was before I had seen the other places," said she.

"I see," said he, with a certain odd constraint, "of course."

Bit by bit he drew out of her an account of her travels and experiences during the past three years. He listened thoughtfully, but with clouding brows.

"Of course," he observed at length, "you'd find it all very dull back there. The old life wouldn't appeal to you now. There'd be no fun for you to go turkey shooting, as you used to, or to ride to the hounds down the valley and over to Clark's."

"You wouldn't care about Tim Fairfield's geldings, nor would you be wondering where in the country we could find a hunter that could top a six rail fence and make a decent landing."

To his surprise, a look almost of pain came into the girl's eyes. She held out her hand to stop him.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't! I can't bear it."

Nor could he catch his breath sharply. "Ed?" What's this? he cried, rather dazed by this unexpected turn of things.

He looked at her more closely. He saw that her eyes were moist. She turned her head sharply from him

and angrily brushed something from her cheek.

"I—I suppose I'm ungrateful and unappreciative and all that sort of thing," she confessed lamely. "But, Ted, honestly, those very things you're just been saying I didn't care for the very things I care for the most."

"I'm—I'm homesick, Ted; that's the trouble—that plain, honest, old-fashioned homesick. I'm tired of all this. I was never fitted for it."

"This life up here—the life they say is eminently proper and fit for me—I simply can't stand. If you only knew how I longed to be back there—not for a day, as we go now and then occasionally—but forever, you'd never chide me again. You'd pity me instead. I try not to show it for mother's sake, but sometimes I can't help it. I suppose it is my father's blood in my veins. To him Virginia and paradise were synonyms."

Northerner straightened himself. When he was thoroughly aroused he was a decidedly handsome man. His brows were drawn together in a little frown; there were lines about the corners of his mouth. He was enjoying the unaccustomed luxury of thinking deeply.

Presently he turned to her. There was a great light in his eyes.

"Patty," he asked, "do you know why I came up here?"

She shook her head.

"I came," he said, "because ever since you left I have not had a moment's peace. You have dominated every thought, every action, every movement of my life. I could stand it any longer. When I learned you were back from abroad I came up here to see you, to find you a changed and different Patty, and by so doing to quiet forever all the old uneasiness and unrest. I thought you'd laugh at the old life and make light of it—that probably you would have outgrown it and forgotten it. Do you mean what you have just said?"

"Every word of it," she said, with emphasis.

"Dearie," he said gently, "why don't you come back to it? Why don't you marry me? We'll live on the old place where the Northerners have lived ever since Jamestown was built. We'll ride with the Redfield crowd, and we'll have a stableful of timber tappers that can't be equalled in seven counties. We'll—"

A light tone on his arm interrupted him. She was looking at him with radiant eyes.

"Ted, I will," she said firmly. "When can we go?"

"Tomorrow, the day after—any time," said he.

"Tomorrow? Oh, that's ages in the future. Today, Ted, today. We'll be married this afternoon and start back tonight. Call a cab. We must drive up to the house and tell mother."

The Workman and His Tools.

It is related in "Voice and Clarity" that a well known orchestral conductor was once much annoyed by the constant tuning of a violin, which continued long after the musicians were at their desks, whereupon he remarked rather sharply to a novice: "My dear fellow, do please stop all that tuning! You ought to be able to play in tune when the strings are not exactly correct."

This calls to mind two occurrences in Washington. On one occasion a certain foreman of blinding in the government printing office was compelled to call a bookbinder's attention to a poor piece of workmanship. The binder made some reference to his poor tools, whereupon the foreman made the epigrammatic remark that "a good workman can do good work with any kind of tools."

Not long ago the newspapers had a story of a certain old, darky whose education was sadly neglected. He was employed in a cigar store on Pennsylvania avenue.

One day after finishing his chores the proprietor and several others saw him sitting on a box with a newspaper, apparently reading. The proprietor, knowing that he could not read, said to him:

"Why, Abe, where did you learn to read? I didn't know you could read, and by the way, Abe, you've got the paper upside down."

"Dat's all right, boss, dat's all right. A good reader can read mos' any ways."

Foreheads.

Stand before a mirror and look at your forehead. Does it slope back? If so it denotes a fondness for art and a talent for music of painting—or both. If your forehead is high it is a good sign, particularly if it is well developed about the eyebrows. Should these have a perceptible bulge you are a calm, cool, deliberate thinker.

You will probably be successful in business if, with bulging eyebrows, you have a short, narrow forehead.

Breadth of forehead indicates broad mindedness. Of course a broad forehead may be part of a weak face, and a weak face with a broad forehead is not so favorable as a strong face and a narrow forehead.

If your eyebrows bulge and your forehead slopes gradually back you are highly sensitive and you are a poet.—London Answers.

Some Lawyers' Bills.

A London solicitor tendered a bill in which the last item was thus stated: "To dining with you after the case was lost." A Gotha lawyer once threw a peasant out of doors because he did not wish to take up his case. He afterward sent him a bill for 2 marks "for his trouble." Another on receiving the present of a hare from one of his clients wrote to thank him, and then charged 4 marks for the letter. On the Hamburg exchange a stranger once asked a lawyer, "Is this direct worth 10 shillings?" "Yes," replied the lawyer as he put the coin in his pocket and took out 3s. 4d. "Here's your change. Six shillings elphigence is my regular consultation fee, you know,"—St. James' Gazette.

How It Was Becoming.

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat. She looked at him coldly for a moment and then replied:

"Yes. It is becoming threadbare."

Blessed Be Nothing.

By W. S. GENUNG.

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Some years ago, while I was engaged in natural history pursuits in one of the back counties of Florida, I was out hunting one day with a young man, a typical backwoodsman, and we stopped at a small log cabin for a drink of water.

A widow and her little girl, about five years old, lived there. I had met the lady before, and so I presented the young man to her.

The widow was a stout, hardy, energetic woman, probably thirty-five years old. The young man was nearly eighteen and was never thirty miles from home, had never seen a locomotive, steamboat, bicycle, store, clock or mirror. Raised in the flat woods, without education, he could not pick "A" out of the alphabet. But to his credit, he said, he had been working for \$6 a month to support a widowed mother, who was an invalid; a crippled brother and a younger brother and sister. This small amount had supported this family of five, with the addition of \$2 a month which the county gave the cripple.

Not an evening passed after the young man was introduced to the widow that he was not at her house, and in less than two weeks they were engaged.

Then the struggle with fate began. The young man lost his job. A marriage license would cost \$2. He could not get the price, and they were not selling marriage licenses on credit.

What was he to do? He struggled hard for two weeks and managed by hook or by crook to secure \$1.25. Only 75 cents between him and perfect bliss. But, alas, with the longest pole he could find he could not reach the persimmon. He could not, with the staidness of the fox that could not get the grapes, dismiss them from his mind by saying that they were sour, for he positively knew they were sweet. Nor he could only murmur in bitterness of heart, "Thou art so near and yet so far."

The darkness of despair seemed to settle upon him. He became despondent. A haggard, careworn look was on his face, as if he had not slept for a week. Finally, however, with desperation and a courage he did not know that he possessed, he came to me with tears in his eyes and opened his whole heart.

He told me of his trials and troubles, his expectations and disappointments, his hopes, fears and discouragements, and then besought me so piteously for the loan of the other 75 cents that I did not have it in my heart to refuse him.

He had to go immediately to his sweetheart and tell her his good fortune. He was back in a very short time in an ecstasy of delight to get me to write and send for his license to the county seat, forty miles away.

I wrote and directed the letter and told him to put the two dollar fee in it and register it for safety. I also told him that registering and postage would cost him 10 cents more. Again his countenance changed from happiness to despair. He had encountered what was to him another insurmountable obstacle, though only the size of a dime.

"Gosh," he cried, "what 'll I do? I hain't got another cent. If I yer don't lend me 10 cents more, I'll hater give it up. I'll pay yer back, I declare to heaven I will!"

I gave him the additional dime, and he started off in a hurry for the post-office, five miles away, to mail his register his letter. The postmaster told him that his license ought to be back at the postoffice by Friday night. It was then Monday. It seemed a long time to wait, but there was no help for it.

It was arranged that the bride and groom should start early Saturday morning to the postoffice for the license, and as the postmaster was also a notary public he was the only man for a long distance who could perform the marriage ceremony, as there were no preachers within 10 miles of the country, except a colored man at the turpentine still, and they were too high toned to call upon him.

Saturday morning came at last. The week had seemed like a month to this ardent young lover. He and his lady were over at my place bright and early for my inspection and advice as to how to proceed.

The bride was dressed in a black serge skirt and a faded silk waist, with a red ribbon around her neck and a brown sailor hat on her head. She had to wear brown shoes, as nearly half the distance to the postoffice was through water from shoe to knee deep, but she took a pair of morocco shoes and a pair of black stockings to put on before reaching the goal.

When the young man came to my place on this eventful wedding morning he was dressed in a clean twenty-five cent calico shirt, much too large at the neck, but the sleeves only came to within about eight inches of his wrists; a pair of old shoddy pants, which in his rapid vertical growth he had left about halfway between ankle and knee, but to make up for this defect his travels through swamp and briars, brushwood and palmettos had fringed them at the bottom for about one and a half inches. These trousers were kept up by a pair of inner med. suspenders and a unbuttoned muslin. A pair of No. 11 brogan shoes, the tops of which lacked several inches of reaching the fringed ends of his pants—had he unfortunately not having been brought up to the luxury of underwear—unbuttoningly exposed a strip of bare flesh about six inches wide intervening between pants and shirt. A cheap dirty brown wool hat, which had been worn until every particle of its original shape was gone, decorated the conical head.

Alas, I am through—nothing else to describe. Shirt, pants, shoes and hat were all the young man possessed as yet, but he was soon to possess a loving wife, so what cared he?

I lent him a collar; but, as I wear a 17½ and he a 13 inch one, by pinning his ears back he could slip it on over his head buttoned. A hat was the third thing needed, which I willingly gave him. Seven three-eighths is my size, 6½ his, which, although not a perfect fit, harmonized nicely with the collar. His ears kept it from going entirely over his face, but he had to tilt it back a little in order to see.

He drew the line at wearing a forty-two inch coat and vest which I offered him, saying, "I'm afraid folks 'll notice that it don't fit, and I'd rather go in my shirt sleeves anyhow."

He had his long, single barrel, muzzle loading shotgun with a homemade stock (his father having broken it some twenty years previous in a fight with a wounded panther in which he had to use his clubbed gun to save his life, which he proposed to take along to protect his bride and to shoot any wild turkeys or squirrels he might see while going through the swamp. After borrowing some powder and shot of me and loading his gun they at last started on their tramp.

They left my place at 7 o'clock and got back again a happy man and wife at 2 p. m. after walking ten miles, a large part of the way through miry sloughs and water half leg deep.

The bride was carrying three gray squirrels by their tails, killed by her new husband on their way back through the swamp, which made her feel proud of his skill as a hunter.

They related to me an occurrence that came very near destroying the sweetness of their honeymoon, for our hero had nearly killed a negro.

Near the office where they went was a turpentine still, the owner of which came from Quitman, Ga., and he had a family of three or four boys from ten to fifteen years old.

In some way they got wind that there was "something doing" at the post-office and were not far off when our newly married couple came out to start for home. One of them yelled "High water pants!" another "Shoot the hat!" another "Put on your socks!" still another "Let out your suspenders!" all of which was borne meekly by our hero, but when a negro came along who asked him how long he had had the cholera and did hurt him much, referring to his collar, which bounced up and hit his ears every step he took. It was too much for him to stand. He leveled his gun and swore he would kill him if he was the last nigger in the world and was about to fire as his wife knocked the gun up, and it was discharged in the air.

The negro and the boys were not long in getting out of sight, and the bride succeeded in half dragging her youthful husband away from the scene of conflict and into the swamp on their homeward way.

After telling this thrilling adventure they went at once to get their wedding dinner without stopping to change their wet shoes. In fact, the change the groom could have made would have been to take off his shoes and go barefoot.

In a comparatively short time the repast was ready. It consisted of a pone of corn bread baked in a spider, a hockeak of flour bread baked in a frying pan, some salt razzaback bacon fried, a pot of cabbage—the bud of the cabbage palm tree—balled and a pot of black coffee served without milk or sugar.

I was the only guest, and as they had only two table knives the bride was obliged to use the butcher knife.

Their ten mile walk had given them good appetites, and they certainly enjoyed their wedding dinner—no cake, no pie, no butter, no sugar, no milk, but happiness supreme.

The bride brought all her husband's effects home from his mother's house that afternoon in her apron. She could have tied them all, except his brogan shoes, in a pocket handkerchief and have had good long ends to the with.

"Blessed be nothing."

Good to Remember.

A church somewhere, no matter where, prints on the back of little slips—programs denoting the order of service—these words:

"I will not be afraid. I will not give way to anger. I will not yield to envy, jealousy or hatred. I will be kind to every man, woman and child with whom I come in contact. I will be cheerful and hopeful. I will trust in God and bravely face the future."

Read them again; they are worth while. You might cut them out and paste them in your hat. Indeed, if you will resolve to live by them—even for one week—you will be a great deal better for it. If you will get these words into your mind—good and strong—you will find that living up to them supplies you with all the religion, all the philosophy, you need. You cannot go wrong if you follow these precepts.—Washington Herald.

His Busy Days.

"When are you busiest?" "Whenever life insurance agents call."—Detroit Free Press.

How He Would Act.

This is not the hoary headed tale of the raw recruit who halted the officer of the day in the middle of the stream and forced him to dismount and wade through the water to be reconciled, although there be a similar incident.

A cavalry "rookie" whose tour was approaching on his first night's work, after being asked by the officer, general orders regarding his special and more or less reasonable questions, requesting the guard's assistance in getting the guard's rifle, which he was to see the parade ground, turned toward him across the field.

"To which rifle?" "To the one respectfully requested, sir."—Judge.

Money amasses itself. It either serves or rules us.—Horace.

LEGAL.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF HAMILTON COUNTY, N. J., FOR FISCAL YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1908.

Report of C. W. Abbott, Collector.

To amount of duplicate for the year 1907..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1908..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1909..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1910..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1911..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1912..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1913..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1914..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1915..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1916..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1917..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1918..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1919..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
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To amount of duplicate for the year 1920..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
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To amount of duplicate for the year 1922..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1923..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1924..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1925..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
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To amount of duplicate for the year 1926..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1927..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1928..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1929..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1930..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1931..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1932..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
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To amount of duplicate for the year 1933..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
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To amount of duplicate for the year 1934..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1935..... \$12,878.25
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Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1936..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1937..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1938..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1939..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 1940..... \$12,878.25
Added by Collector..... 12.12
Reduced by County Board..... 8.40
Total..... 27.74

To amount of duplicate for the year 194