

## A CHANGE OF WIND.

By KATHERINE  
METCALF ROOF.

It was difficult to say how the trouble had started. In the beginning it was only a slight coldness. It might have been because he had come so late on Sunday evening; or, perhaps, because he had tactlessly told her that he liked her better in white, when she had had the blue dress made especially for him, after he had declared blue to be his favorite color. In any case, a distinct coldness had arisen between them and seemed likely to increase. Each fresh topic of conversation so far had caused a further drop in the thermometer.

It was a cold day, with a vicious, sudden wind that seemed to come from every direction at once. He started a brisk monologue about his last golf score, as they descended the steps of her house.

"I don't know why you insist upon talking golf to me," she broke in, pettishly, at the first semicolon. "You know I detest it. When any one begins to recite golf scores to me, I feel just as one does at committee meetings when some one gets up and says, 'the secretary will now read her report.'"

They walked on in silence for a moment after that; then he remarked pleasantly—the pleasantness was marked:

"You are almost the only woman I know that dislikes golf. It seems odd when you are so athletic. I am sure you would like it, if you practiced a lot and learned to play well."

Her lips compressed—which they were not meant to do—as she replied:

"Learn to like it; it's healthful!" Thank you, I don't take my pleasures that way. I play well enough, as far as that goes. That familiar and illiterate person who gives lessons at the club, Willy—what is his name? (They are all Willys. I wonder why?) Anyway, he said, 'I ad great natural haptitude!' But it is such a bore—such a bloodless, joyless, solitary sort of affair—nothing to beat but a score."

His smile certainly had something irritating about it. "How absurd," he began; then tossed aside the subject. "Women seem always to insist upon the personal interest, don't they?"

"And men upon the competitive."

The movement of his eyebrows was akin to the Latin shrug. "It's a pity you don't play, anyway, since I am so fond of it."

"Our tastes don't seem to be very similar."

They had come to a street crossing, and a cart rattling around the corner crashed into the conversation, drowning her reply, which was, perhaps, just as well.

"I am fond of music," he remarked, when they reached the opposite corner; "but I don't like Wagner." Unquestionably, the placing of emphasis was offensive.

"You mean you like ragtime," was blown toward him on a puff of wind. "I shall never forget your comments on 'Lohengrin' the other night!"

"It is not permissible, then, to speculate as to where in the swan Lohengrin kept his blue and silver trousseau? I remember you were not interested."

"In the middle of the bridal music! But, of course, you don't understand."

His smile disappeared, and the lines of his face stiffened. At that moment a violent gust of wind, dust-charged, swept down the avenue, blowing the loose papers about in circles and unsettling her hat.

"How I hate this microby New York wind," she panted. "Why on earth are we walking in it. Let's take a stage."

They paused. "Where are we going, anyway?" he asked.

Her glance, had it reached its destination, would have made words superfluous; but a second whirl of dust obliged her to turn her head and cough.

"You have a good memory," she observed, icily, when she could get her breath.

"But you didn't tell me—" Something suddenly gave way in his tone. "You said some pictures I would want to see. Isn't it your memory?" He broke off without finishing.

He smiled neatly. "Yes; I remember. It was last week that I said that. I have changed my mind now. I don't believe you would care about them, after all. It is an exhibition of the Barbison painters, pictures of the Forest of Fontainebleau."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

If voice or eyes had faltered over the name of that place of sacred memory all might yet have been well; but both eyes and tone were as cold and dry as the wintry wind. He stopped abruptly before a shop window full of silk bodices and lingerie.

"I don't believe we do want to go today," he said, slowly.

"Well, we certainly don't want to stand in front of this window. It looks too idiotic."

They walked a few steps farther, uncertainly.

"You can speak of it like that!" he said at last, wretchedly.

"Of what?"

"Fontainebleau."

"You don't care to see the pictures, then?"

"If you cared as you once did, you could not have spoken like that. I have felt for some time that there was a difference. You have not been the same since we came home—"

"Yes, there is a difference," she broke in. "We are different; that is the trouble. As you have just said, our tastes and interests are different."

"I didn't say it that way—"

"And we are totally unsuited to each other. One does not see those things at first. It takes time. Isn't it fortunate that we have found it out—in time?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, quickly.

After a barely perceptible hesitation she answered: "That we have made a mistake."

"You are saying this seriously?"

"Quite seriously."

"You really mean that you wish to—break—"

"Our engagement—yes." The answer came a little breathlessly.

He stopped walking and looked down at her, but her eyes were fixed upon the perspective of the avenue. After what seemed a long time he said:

"Will you take a stage or shall I call a cab?"

"Thanks; I will take the stage. And, if you don't mind, I would rather go alone."

"Certainly." He hailed a passing stage, handed her into it, and lifted his hat without again meeting her eyes.

Twenty minutes later she alighted at Thirty-fourth Street and walked toward Broadway. As she was crossing the street toward Sixth Avenue, a violent burst of wind tore through the cross-street. It caught her skirt, whipping it about her feet, blew her hair into her eyes and twisted her hat sharply upon her head. At the same moment came the deafening crash and rattle of heavy wheels and the rush of the elevated train overhead. She was conscious of a rough voice calling out above the din and confusion. Then she felt herself caught from off her feet by an arm of iron and swung to one side.

The truck passed, grazing her shoulder. Some one drew her back to the curbstone. She looked up and met his eyes.

"Such a terrible day!" she gasped. "Did you ever see anything like this wind?"

His lips moved, but he did not speak. The look on his face was strange. One or two passersby stared at them as they stood there.

"Where did you come from? I didn't see you. I thought—" Her voice died away.

"It might have killed you," he said.

She laughed nervously. "That truck—yes. There was such a noise. Why, if it hadn't been for you—"

"I was just in time," he said.

Something in his voice made her unable to answer. He turned and directed her steps toward Fifth avenue.

"Where are we going?" she ventured, halfway down the block. The form of the question was significant.

He stepped to the edge of the sidewalk, and called a hansom. "Home." Then, as it came up, he added: "You will pardon me if I insist upon going with you. I really can't let you go alone—just now."

He turned to give the address to the driver, but with one foot on the step she paused and laid her hand on his arm.

"It will be nice in the Park, don't you think—in spite of the wind?"

## REJECTED

## BECAUSE OF BAD COLOR.

Hundreds of packages of butter are rejected each week by expert butter buyers in Canada, simply because the color is bad. The shade demanded by home consumers and for export is the June golden tint which can only be produced by Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color. Other colors sold by some dealers are poor imitations, and must continue to give trouble and cause loss of money to all who use them. The government creameries and schools and the most experienced creamerymen and dairymen in Canada use Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color at all seasons for the production of prize butter. No mud, no impurities; every drop pure and clear. All druggists and dealers.

## What a Jealous Wife Found.

A Fayette woman suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing the hired girl, and resolved to detect him in the act. Saturday night she saw him pass quietly into the kitchen. The hired girl was out, and the kitchen was dark. The jealous wife took a few matches in her hand, and, hastily placing a shawl over her head, as the hired girl often did, entered the back door, and immediately she was seized and kissed and embraced in an ardent manner. With heart almost bursting, the wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to the faithless spouse, and, tearing herself away from his fond embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with—the hired man.—Salisbury "Press-Spectator."

## The Export of Apples.

(J. B. Thomas, of Covent Garden Market, London, writes under date of Oct. 13th.)

After a six-weeks trip to your country, I find on my return the situation of the season's possible trade and general outlook anticipated by me fully confirmed by developments in progress during my absence.

This market requires best selected fruit, and if dealers and senders generally keep this well in mind and act strictly up to it, losses will be avoided and profits secured.

Boxes: Choice, "Gilt Edge"—Fruit buyers are clamouring for them more than ever, but herein also mistakes will arise if care is not used to keep out all ordinary fruit. The buyers of this class require a first class article, suitable for the English best class trade, who can rely upon the contents where the question of price is of little or no importance. For those who, unfortunately, do not control fancy fruit this year, I would say, do not be tempted to try this new method, as failure is with you before you start. Boxes should measure inside—long 21 ins., deep 9 ins., wide 11 ins. Pack with very thin tissue paper.

I believe more in small profits and quick returns, on which basis I favor the trade more before Christmas than after. Store what necessity compels you to do and catch the first opportunity to realize after. I do not consider now our English markets are safe to reckon upon as being open after the second week of March, leaving the public a fortnight for consuming that supply are the arrivals came to hand from our southern colonies—Australia and Tasmania.

To keep our market healthy and the dealers in good spirits, prices have ruled somewhat too high, which I hope has not misled operators on your side. A setback is probable, but not a serious one if arrivals come to hand in good and sound condition.

Very heavy rains have been reported from your side. Herein lies another serious risk for fruit operators when handling the fruit and packing during wet weather. Negligence in this respect often ends in very serious losses.

## Small Things that Count.

It is said that Caesar chose his generals according to the length of their forefingers in comparison with that of their second fingers. No man whose forefinger was over one-eighth of an inch shorter than his middle finger had a ghost of a show. Men with very short forefingers are supposed to be effeminate. I believe it is so. Napoleon's generals were selected by their noses. Cromwell believed that bowlegged men made the best soldiers. Washington preferred men with high cheek bones. Receding foreheads were the rule among his generals. Alexander the Great judged men by their teeth, those having very large canines being preferred as commanders.—New York Press.

## Life in New York.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become in that city for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life—simplicity, the domestic affections and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality and the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."—Century.

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