

Won by an Automobile

'I don't know what it is,' said the young man with a fine delicate chin, 'but there's some weird influence about an automobile. That's the only way I can explain what happened down at Atlanta City a month ago. Incidentally I never help a man with a broken down machine. I used to.'

'I went down to Atlanta City three months ago and took my automobile with me. There was about the stunningest girl staying at the hotel you ever saw. I knew the minute I laid my eyes on her that we'd take to each other. Less than a week after I got there we were old friends. I used to read to her an hour or two every morning. This was rather rough on the rest of the girls—there was a couple of dozen of them—because I was the only eligible man at the hotel. First I tried her on Austin Dobson and a little Omar Khayyam and then George Meredith, and finally after I'd got my courage up I brought out a few little things of my own. We were soul complements all right and I told her so. I guess she'd been thinking the same thing because she laughed a lot when I told her. We enjoyed this sort of thing for about a week and then one day I thought she was looking rather blue.

'Well I am,' she said, when I asked her about it. 'This place bores me terribly. I don't blame you,' I told her. 'Nothing but droves of gabbling women. You'll have to take some rides with me in my automobile.'

'She sighed and then said: "That would be great fun, but I'm afraid mamma wouldn't approve, and you know there's no room for a chaperon."

'Well, if there's no other way,' I said 'we could read in the afternoon as well as the morning. Then you'd only have to stand the bore evenings.'

'She seemed terribly released at that. She bubbled over so she couldn't speak for a while.

'You're simply a genius, Mr. Williger, she said. How did you ever come to think of anything so clever?'

'Then she laughed again. She was a very happy-hearted girl.

'But after all, nothing came of the idea she thought was so clever. She happened to have a headache the next afternoon and the next day was Sunday. And on Monday Bangs arrived. Bangs was a big, coarse-jawed man, whose looks showed what he amounted to. I believe his chief claim to distinction was that he had played on a Yale football team. Ethel—she was the stunning girl, you know—came to me the same afternoon and asked me if I didn't think he was dreadful.

'Oh, he might do for some girls,' I said. 'Yes, I suppose so,' answered Ethel, shuddering. 'Isn't it disgusting?'

The joke of the whole thing was that the poor lad seemed terribly taken with Ethel from the moment he saw her. The first week he was there he followed Ethel about from morning to night. It broke up our reading, but Ethel thought she ought to be polite to him, he being a stranger at the hotel. Pretty soon, however, matters began to get more serious. Two weeks passed, and then three, and still we didn't do any more reading. He began taking Ethel walking, and the walks began to get longer and longer. Every time they started out together and the poor girl got a chance she'd make a face over his shoulder and shake her head despairingly. Finally I caught her alone one day and put it to her straight whether she wasn't letting the chap impose too much on her kindness of heart. She confessed that, perhaps she was, and said she'd see whether she couldn't get a hint through the fellow's head.

'But things didn't change, and about a week later I went to her and asked her if she could trust me as a friend. You ought to have seen the look she gave me when she said she hoped so.

'Well,' I said, 'I want you to tell me perfectly frankly why you let that fellow continue to drag you off walking when you don't want to go?'

'She looked at me terribly queerly for a minute, and wouldn't tell for a long while. Then finally she said:

'Well, if you must know, I simply can't help myself.'

I smiled sarcastically at that. 'You don't know that man,' she went on, 'I never saw anything like him. I can't tell you how he carries on if I don't put on my hat and go with him, whenever he asks me to.'

'Why,' I asked, 'do you have anything to do with him at all? Why don't you tell him you have a regular engagement to

read with me, and send him about his business?'

'She was so nervous she actually laughed, although you'd better believe it didn't look like a laughing matter.

'Well,' she said finally, 'I'll try it. You're awfully clever. I should never have thought of it myself.'

'A week later I asked her what she had done. You ought to have seen the girl look around. She was actually frightened. At first she didn't want to say a word, but I told her it was her duty to tell me all.

'He says,' she said scarcely able to speak, if I don't walk with him whenever he asks me, that he'll do something dreadful, jump into the ocean or burn down the hotel or something like that. I really don't know what to do.'

'I was so indignant that I felt like going out and telling the fellow what I thought of him. But I knew there was no use getting into an altercation with a man of that kind.

'Do!' I said. 'Why complain to the proprietor of the hotel or to your mother at once. He's merely taken advantage of your good nature and the thing ought to be put a stop to at once.'

'She sat thinking for a long time. Then she said:

'I'll do it; of course not right away because mamma is not very well and it would upset her. As soon as she is better she shall know all.'

'So the walks went on for a while and all the consolation Ethel and I had was to roast the fellow whenever we got together. Ethel's mother didn't seem to be very bad, but Ethel wanted to be sure about her health before she told her.

'That brings me to the queer part of the story. The fellow was evidently impressed with my automobile and the first thing any body knew he'd had one of his own sent down. And the next day he took Ethel off riding in it. Now, remember she'd never gone riding with me, because she was afraid her mother wouldn't like it. It shows how the fellow had terrorized her. She came to me for sympathy when they got back. She said it was bad enough to go walking with him, but sitting beside such a lump of clay in a whizzing automobile would surely give her nervous prostration. When I asked her how her mother was she looked grave and said she'd had a bad headache the night before. I tell you I felt sorry for that girl.

'They went automobiling every day for a week. One morning they didn't get back for luncheon and Ethel's mother was terribly worried. So after luncheon I called around with my automobile and started out to see if I could find them. About eight miles out in a lonely side road, I came across them sitting in his automobile alongside of a fence. If ever a girl looked glad to see anybody that girl did. She leaned over on her knees and laughed out loud. The poor lad himself seemed worried. I pulled up and asked them what was wrong.

'Automobile broke,' said Bangs.

'Yes,' said Ethel, 'and we don't know how we'll get home.'

'Perhaps I can help you,' I said, jumping out.

'No use,' said Bangs. 'It's a bad break; can't be fixed outside of the factory. It you'd just hurry back to the hotel and send out a team we'd be ever so much obliged. It looks like rain.'

'Ethel couldn't help laughing at him.

'You leave Mr. Withger alone,' she said. 'He's an expert on automobiles.'

'With that I got down and looked over the machine's gear. Bangs got down, too, scowling. He didn't seem to like his greenness being shown up before a girl. I saw what the matter was in a minute—not a thing but a loose nut.

'It's a pretty bad break,' I said looking serious, 'but I guess I can fix you out.'

'Well let me get out first,' said Ethel. 'It might upset.'

'No danger of that if you understand the thing,' I said, looking at Bangs. 'But if you and Mr. Bangs are nervous you can get up and sit in my machine. You'll be safe there.'

'They got in and I followed them over to get a wrench I always carried.

'Your starting gear is different from mine,' said Bangs, fooling with the lever. 'How does she work?'

'Before I could answer he pulled the lever and the machine started.

'Ethel screamed.

'How do you stop it?' yelled Bangs. 'Push the lever away from you!' I shouted.

'Instead of doing so the excited fool

pulled the lever toward him as far as it would go and the machine jumped and ran. 'Push it away,' I yelled. 'Push it.'

'Oh, I see now,' he called back. Then, 'I can't—it's stuck, and off they shot about forty miles an hour.

'They'll both be killed,' was the first thing I thought, and ruin my automobile. Then suddenly it occurred to me that they'd carried the wrench with them, and there I was, eight miles from a hotel in the wilds of Jersey with a broken automobile. That wasn't the worst of it. I worked at the confounded nut for an hour with my hands and then it began to rain. I never saw it rain so hard before. I stayed under the beastly automobile until I was water up to my knees and then I crawled out and hunted for a farmhouse. I found one about three hours later and the robber who lived in it charged me \$10 to take me to town. My clothes froze on me on the way in.

'When I got to the hotel every soul there was waiting for me down in the office. I believe they cheered when I came in. Ethel and Bangs were there. They said they were terribly sorry about it. Ethel said it was a miracle they hadn't broken their necks, but that Bangs had worked out how to control the machine after a mile or so.

'That night I got her alone in a corner of the parlor. I'd never seen her look so stunning. There was a soft glow on her cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

'Bangs has cut his own throat,' I said to myself. 'My boy, go in.'

'E hel,' I said to her, suppose I hadn't happened along this afternoon? You must hesitate no longer to show that fellow his place.'

'She looked down. Too late,' she said gravely. 'It is too late.'

'What do you mean?' I demanded. 'We—we are enraged.'

'Ethel!' I cried, seizing her hand. 'Just then Bangs came up.

'I've been trying to work the thing out ever since.'

What Worried Her.

The Liverpool Post says that a firm in

Liverpool, being delighted at the idea that one of its employes was called upon to join the reserves, at once volunteered to pay half his wages to his wife in his absence. At the end of the month the woman appeared, and the money was at once given her.

'What?' she said. 'Four pounds?'

'Yes,' replied the senior partner, 'that is exactly half; sorry you are not satisfied.'

'It isn't that I'm not satisfied. Why, for years he has told me he only got 16 shillings altogether, and—and—if the Beers don't kill him I will

Fish That Change Color.

It has been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every 24 hours, in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water. As evening approaches, these fish lose their distinctive day colors, and all assume a transparent azure hue. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge which gradually melts into blue. The day and night change has become so habitual that specimens kept in perpetual darkness undergo the periodic alternation of color.

'One Foot in the Grave.'—If the thousands of people who rush to see worthy a remedy as South American Nerve as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—36

I am afraid that Charley Sretcher isn't going to make a good husband for Sadie.

Maud—Why not?

Clara—She tells me that when they came back from their wedding trip he had some money left.

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 10 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—26

Stop the Pain but Destroy the Stomach.—This is sadly too often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs, 60 in a box, 35 cents.—40

Penelope—I've been abroad so long; tell me whom did Jack marry?

Glady—He married Maude Jones, her mother, father, a maiden aunt, and a Maltese cat.

Under the Nerve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerve worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

A boy of 12, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunt observed, 'Johnny, you appear to eat well.'

'Yes, aunty,' replied the urchin. 'I've been practicing all my life.'

Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—37

Smith—Say, Sappy, what's the trouble between you and Bragg? He says the next time he sees you he'll knock some sense into that head of yours.

Saphead—Huh! He can't do it.

PAIN OVER THE EYES.

Headache and Catarrh.

Relieved In 10 Minutes.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the rearing of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure. 50 cents.



A DAUGHTER OF THE PHAROHS.