Assisting the Miracle.

By JOHN HARTY.

Jessie thrilled at the sight of the tall, grave man slowly descending the steps to the boat landing. He was a governor, the governor of her own state, and in his hands he held the power of life and death—the life or death of the man she had promised to marry and who now lay in prison awaiting execution for the murder of a friend.

He smiled brightly upon her as he came upon the float. "I see that it is not worms alone the early bird acquires," he said as he raised his hat. "Apparently boats as well come under that classification."

"Won't you come with me?" she invited. "I am going out alone and shall be only too glad to have you come along."

The governor's face beamed with delight.

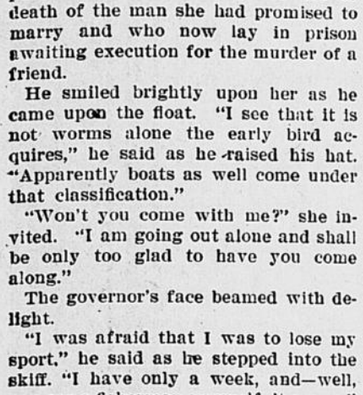
"I was afraid that I was to lose my sport," he said as he stepped into the skiff. "I have only a week, and—well, you are a fisherman yourself, it seems."

His eyes fell upon the tackle neatly arranged in the stern, and Jessie nodded her verification. Fishing had done much to help her over the days that had gone by since sentence was passed on Tim Darlington. She swept her tackle to one side, and the governor took his seat after she had declined to let him row.

"It seems that I ought to know you," he said uncertainly as her strong, even strokes carried them rapidly through the water. "Have I not seen you somewhere?"

"At the executive mansion," she answered, coloring. "I came to plead for Tim Darlington."

"Ah, yes," he answered, "I knew that I had seen you before. I seldom forget a face, though sometimes I cannot exactly place it. It was a very unfortunate case. I truly regretted that I



"I SHALL SIGN YOUR FIANCE'S RELEASE AS SOON AS I RETURN."

could not bring back the roses to your face by freeing your fiance, the evidence was so strongly against him."

"Purely circumstantial," contended Jessie bravely. "Tim and Jack Sutton were out in a boat, and Jack went overboard. Tim could not save him because he could not swim. The Suttons declared that it was murder and pressed the case."

"But they proved motive," reminded the governor. "It seems that young Sutton had been the dishonest means of losing some of Darlington's savings in a deal."

"But that was all patched up," cried Jessie. "Jack was to have paid back the money in installments. He confessed to Tim that he had spent it instead of investing it, but they had made friends again."

The governor shook his head. He had stern ideas on the abuse of the pardoning power. To him the case seemed clear.

"I am sorry," he said gently, "but let us not discuss the matter. I am firmly convinced that with a flat bottomed boat the man could not have fallen overboard. That is the weak point in the defense—the statement that the man fell out of the boat while changing places. Why, I have changed places in a boat hundreds of times and never lost my balance!"

"I didn't mean to annoy you," cried Jessie penitently. "You are down here for a rest, not to be bothered with affairs of state."

"You do not annoy me," he assured. "I only wish I could be convinced that the defense was accurate. If you could argue a new point I would gladly listen."

"I can only tell you how it happened," said Jessie dolefully. "There is no new point. But here is the best place to fish," she added as she moved lightly to the bow and threw over the anchor. "I found this place last week. It's the best on the lake."

The governor hurriedly threw out his hook, and presently the two were busily engaged in hauling in fish. The sport was excellent, and the tired lines about the governor's mouth relaxed as he pulled in the finny beauties.

Jessie was having even better luck, and at last the governor straightened up, with a sigh of regret. "I am afraid we shall have to stop," he said, with a kindly smile, "unless we wish to depopulate the lake at one session. I am under deep obligation to you, Miss Grandin. It is the best morning's sport I have had since I came."

"I'm glad there were no more boats," said Jessie simply. "No one else appears to have found this hole."

The governor looked with admiration at the catch and then half rose to his feet.

"You must let me row back," he insisted. "You are tired with your fishing. Sit here in the stern."

Cautiously they exchanged places, and the governor went into the bow to raise the anchor. He had brought the hook inboard and rose to a crouching position to regain the rowing seat when his knees bent under him, and the next moment he was floundering in the water. Like a flash Jessie had caught up the oars and was rowing toward him. It was the work of a moment for him to climb aboard over the bow again.

"You had better row," suggested Jessie. "That will keep you from taking cold."

The governor took the oars, and the light boat shot over the water. For a time neither spoke; then the man looked up.

"Do you know," he said, with an odd expression on his face, "I feel as though this is a message. I have always believed it to be impossible for a man to fall overboard if he took care. I shall sign your fiance's release as soon as I return."

In the stern Jessie was sobbing out her thanks, and it was not until they came in sight of the landing that she recovered her self possession. None of the other parties had seen the accident, and the governor, much to his relief, was able to slip into the hotel without attracting attention.

Nothing more was said regarding the matter, but Jessie's heart sang as she saw the governor take his departure and realized that one of his first official acts would be the signing of the pardon for Tim.

But it was two weeks before the machinery of the law at last released its grip on the person of Tim Darlington and he walked out of the death house to freedom. He had arranged to come straight to Jessie, and they were floating over the same fishing pool where the governor had taken his plunge.

"It seems like a miracle that the governor should have gone overboard just after you had brought my case freshly to his mind," said Tim as he drew in a fish.

"It wasn't exactly a miracle," confessed Jessie. "I remembered what he said about that being the only point. When I saw him standing there in the bow I rocked the boat just a tiny bit. It wasn't really wrong, was it?"

"Do you expect me to say 'Yes' to that?" demanded Tim, with a laugh as he bent to kiss the happy face. "I should call it assisting the miracle."

Too Observant.

Much is said in these days about the importance of training the young to habits of observation. It is well to keep one's eyes open, but as there are two sides to every shield, so there are times when it is not a man's first duty to see everything that is going on.

A farmer hired a man, the story goes, and put him into his field to work. After awhile the farmer came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a carriage go down the road awhile ago?"

"Yes, I did. One of the hosses was a gray hoss, and the other was a roan and lame in his hoff leg."

"I though I heard some men shooting over there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes; one of them was Colonel Cotton; he was the tall one. The second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom McSniffer. Colonel Cotton had one of them newfangled breechloadin' guns what breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em! Rather. There was nineteen of them. They lit in that old cornfield down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on I'll send for you."—Pearson's Weekly.

How They Found Out.

When the Lawtons had lived in Willow Park about a month they were invited to a succession of little dinners at the houses of their new neighbors. Mr. Lawton was on a dyspeptic's diet, and Mrs. Lawton was endeavoring to reduce her weight. "I suppose we shall have to eat all sorts of things we don't wish or else seem rude," said Mrs. Lawton mournfully as they set out for the first dinner.

To their growing surprise, the bills of fare placed before them at each dinner, although not remarkably varied, were all composed of such dishes as they could both enjoy.

"I don't see how you all hit on just the right things when Mr. Lawton and I really are such difficult guests," said Mrs. Lawton in a burst of confidence one afternoon when the neighbors were taking tea with her.

The ladies looked at each other, and then one of them spoke.

"You know Mary Sloan, who comes to wash for you Tuesday mornings?" she said. "Well, I have her Mondays, and Mrs. Green has her Wednesdays, and she irons for Mrs. Porter Thursdays and scrubs for Miss Homer Fridays, so you see"—

Her voice trailed off into silence, but Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered. She "saw."

An Easy Way Out of Trouble.

"We simply can't go on as we have been going," he declared. "We are spending more than I'm making. You surely must be able to understand that such a state of affairs can't last long."

"Then, dear," she soothingly replied, "why don't you make more?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Leonie's Favor

By INA WRIGHT HANSON.

Against a great rock we sat, Leonie and I, and Leonie was reading aloud. Yesterday we had sat there, and the day before and many days before that, reading or talking or looking silently at the sea foam piling up against other rocks out in the blue distance, and every day I had loved Leonie more.

On this day I had thought to tell her so, but now that the day had come my words were held. Before me stood duty, grim visaged and cruel eyed. Beside me sat Leonie, slim, radiant, entrancing.

"Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is;
I well believe the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney?" "Nay," said he,
"Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists."

Leonie looked up at me, her brown eyes full of the glory of the master poet.

"Shouldn't you like to have lived in those days?" she asked. "Think of receiving your lady's favor and kissing her hand and riding away and riding home again! Ah, but my part—waiting at home while my knight was in danger! That I shouldn't like."

"I SHOULD STAY AT HOME AND PRAY AND WAIT."

"Maybe when he was about to ride away you would have called him back," I ventured. "Maybe you would have said: 'I need you to take care of me. Let others do the fighting.' Would you, Leonie?"

"One can never tell what one will do till the time comes," she answered, and would have turned to her book again, but my hand stayed her.

"Let me tell you a story, Leonie. Once there was an orphan boy who was adopted by a man and brought up as his own son. The boy had been left money, but the man gave to him other things—love and sympathy, encouragement and trust. When the boy had grown to a man the foster father sent him out into the world to accomplish his heart's desire. Did I say that the boy's ambition was to write?"

"I understand, Arthur," she smiled.

"When the boy was going away he tried to tell the man what he felt of gratitude to him, but the man laid his kind old hand on the boy's shoulder and said, 'Never mind that now, but some time when I make a request of you you will grant it.' And of course the boy thought then, and said so, that any request would be small in comparison with what the man had done for him.

"In a few years the young man had become reasonably successful. In the many times he saw his foster father the request was not mentioned, but the boy had not forgotten. Then one day he met you, and you know what that meant to him. You must know, Leonie."

"I think I understand, Arthur," she whispered, coloring.

"Last night the letter came. My foster father has made known his request."

It was difficult to go on, looking into Leonie's eyes, so full of trust and happiness, and—yes, I could see—so full of love.

"The request is a year out of my life to be spent with him—a year free of all entanglements, as he expresses it, in the matter of love affairs. It means neither to see nor hear from the woman I love. It means that if I grant the favor I may not even tell the woman I love her and ask her to wait till the year is done. Why couldn't he have asked any other thing under the sun? It must be a mere whim." I finished hotly.

Leonie was silent for a time. Her eyes turned away from me, gazing out on the feathery spray in the blue distance.

"We may all be dead in a year," I exclaimed wrathfully.

Then Leonie sighed and turned her face to me and laid her slim hand on my sleeve.

"The future is not ours," she answered gravely. "Only today. It may be a whim, but I think he has a reason, and you promised to grant his request when he should ask it. I know now what I should do if these were the days of knighthood."

"What, Leonie?" I asked sadly, for now I knew that I must go.

"I should give my knight his favor and send him away, and I should stay at home and pray and wait."

"Oh, Leonie!" I whispered. "Leonie!"

She took from the lace at her white throat a tiny blue and gold swastika and pinned it on my coat.

"This is instead of the 'red sleeve broidered with pearls,'" she smiled, though her eyes were wet. "And you shall wear it on your coat instead of your helmet. Do you know what it signifies, brave knight?"

"It brings good luck and is a talisman to ward off the evil eye," I answered, smiling, too, for had she not called me brave?

"That and more. The colors are loyalty and royalty. The up and down points are heaven and earth, the right and left behind you and before you—time and eternity. The symbol means that you are not free from personal responsibility while you wear it. It means noblesse oblige, dear knight. Ride forth to your promise; be brave and strong, and victory will be yours."

So I kissed my lady's favor and then her hand and rode away.

Aside from my desire for Leonie or news concerning her, my year with my foster father was a pleasant one. His library was full of books, his mind a storehouse of ideas concerning travel, history and romance. He gave me my mornings for writing, and I wrote much, glad that out in the world Leonie was reading and waiting.

The request he had asked might have been a whim, but he gave, leaving Leonie out of the question, much more than he could have received. The year was nearing its close when he spoke to me of my future.

"You have no idea of what these months have been to me, Arthur," he said as we were walking one evening by the lake in his meadow.

"And they have been much to me, sir," I answered truthfully.

"What would it mean to you to have them last?" he asked, hitting some goldenrod sprays with his cane, his eyes on the yellow blossoms.

"It couldn't be quite like this, sir," I answered slowly, and then I told him about Leonie and the swastika.

"It wasn't a whim, boy, that has kept you here," he replied, with a smile on his fine old face. "You had begun writing to me of this Leonie, and it happened that I had seen the girl, though she had not known my name. I wanted to test her, boy. You have a future before you which must not be spoiled by the wrong woman. Tomorrow go back to her and if she will come bring her to me. The old house needs you both."

I had thought to find my lady where I had left her, but she was standing under some poplar trees near her own gate. As I came in sight of her a vagrant breeze touched the trees, and a shower of yellow leaves fell around her like golden butterflies. I urged my horse forward and sprang from my saddle.

I had thought to greet her in words of the master poet, in language befitting her true knight come safely home, but all my stammering tongue could utter as her glad, welcoming face was raised to mine was: "Leonie! Oh, Leonie!"

A Historic Settlement.

The first purely American settlement west of the Mississippi river was Cape Girardeau, Mo. Its first settler, however, was Ensign Girardot, a French trader and for some time an officer in the French army, who located on the rocky mountain promontory just north of the present town. From Girardot the county was named. The first permanent settler at Cape Girardeau was Louis Lorimier, a French-Canadian, who in 1782 came from the Miami valley, west of the Mississippi. His wife was a half breed Shawnee woman, and through her great influence with the Shawnees he was given a large grant of land in 1795 by the governor of the territory. Shortly thereafter the Spanish government, deeming it wise to populate upper Louisiana, offered free lands exempted from taxation to settlers. Because these settlers came from Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina almost entirely Cape Girardeau claimed the honor of being the first American settlement. Previous settlements had been largely Spanish or French. Lorimier was counted as the father of the town, which dates in organization from 1806. He died in 1812, having survived his Indian wife four years. He was buried by her side in Cape Girardeau on a tree crowned hill overlooking the western Mississippi.—Kansas City Star.

A Decoration From Victoria.

The queen, with one of the princesses and a lady in waiting, received me in a small room. She stood with her back to the window, wearing a long white veil which against the light made an aureole around her. Addressing a few kind words to me, to which in my embarrassment I made some inaudible answer, she proceeded to pin the order (the Order of the Crown of India) on my left shoulder. I remember that my black velvet dress was thickly embroidered with jet, so much so that the pin could find no hold, and unwittingly the queen stuck it straight into me. Although, like the Spartan boy, I tried to hide what I felt, I suppose I gave a start, and the queen, realizing what she had done, was much concerned. Eventually the pin was put right, and I courtesied myself out of the royal presence. As I reached the door her majesty suddenly stepped forward, saying, with a smile, "Oh, you have forgotten the case," holding it out to me at the same time. This little touch of nature relieved an otherwise somewhat formal ceremony. Remarking afterward to the lady in waiting that I was afraid I had been awkward and nervous, "You need not be troubled," she answered; "I know the queen felt more shy than you."—Lady Randolph Churchill in Century.

Ferguson's Mascot.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

From the first Ferguson had disliked the pug. The sight of the fat, wheezy little animal following at the heels of his pretty next door neighbor awoke in him an unreasonable desire to prod that pampered pet with his walking stick. All of which goes to show that first impressions are not to be trusted.

Ferguson's interest in the girl next door was fast approaching the critical stage. Perhaps the natural attraction which beauty holds for youth was heightened by the fact that the girl seemed unaware of his existence. Ferguson almost resented the blankness of her gaze, the indifferent tilt of her chin. He had a feeling that if she should look once she might find it worth her while to look again.

The pug took a hand in the game one delicious spring day when Ferguson, who was supposed to be studying law in his room, was in reality watching the pink of the peach blossoms against the blue of the sky and feeling in his heart a vague, exquisite response to the charm of the season.

All at once the current of his thoughts was changed by an asthmatic barking in his neighbor's back yard. A black kitten shot across the grass to the shelter of the peach tree. The pug waddled after and stood guard below, coughing violently as a result of his unusual exertions. Then Ferguson's pulses thrilled at the sound of a girlish voice raised in reproachful summons, "Punch, you wretch, come here this instant!"

The law books had no chance after that. Even the peach blossoms became only the setting of the picture. The black kitten in the branches howled agonizingly. The pretty girl below called her in dulcet tones which would

HE TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS AGAIN.

have tempted Ferguson to dare any danger. She brought out a saucer of milk, but even this lure proved unavailing. Then suddenly Ferguson started so violently that the book on his knee fell with a thud to the floor.

"By Jove," exclaimed the young man, "she's going to climb the tree!"

With an instant realization that this was his opportunity, Ferguson went down the stairs in a headlong manner, which gave his landlady the impression that the house was on fire. Explanations delayed him unwarrantably, and when he burst out of the door the kitten was in Miss Morrell's arms, and Miss Morrell was in the peach tree.

Ferguson hesitated, then advanced, halting at a respectful distance. "Might I be of assistance?" he asked.

"I—I think you might," said the girl doubtfully. "You see, it's so much easier getting up than getting down. If only you would take the kitten, I think I could manage."

Ferguson climbed up beside her and attempted to relieve her of her charge, but the black kitten had its own opinion regarding the transfer. It struggled. It spit. It elevated the hairs along its spine. It clawed Ferguson's wrist as if it suspected him of being an emissary of the pug dog.

"Oh, dear, now she has scratched you!" exclaimed the girl. If she had been pretty before she was entrancing now, looking at him through the peach blossoms.

"I'm sure I can get down now," said the girl, and Ferguson set the kitten on the grass and politely looked in another direction. A long minute passed. Then there was a shriek, and Ferguson turned to see the lady of his dreams clutching an overhanging bough and dangling some distance above the ground.

The young man rushed to her assistance. For a heavenly instant he had her in his arms, and then he set her on her feet. Her face was as pink as the peach blossoms, and her shy eyes found difficulty in meeting his, but there was no lack of gratitude in her tone as she said, "I don't know how to thank you!"

Ferguson went home with the feeling that he was walking on air. As he passed the window he saw the pug looking out, but his expression no longer seemed sardonic, but rather benevolent.

"I owe you a silver collar for this, old boy," Ferguson thought gratefully, for Miss Morrell had given him permission to call.

It was some time before it was necessary for the pug to interfere again. Without his good offices the acquaintance progressed rapidly. Miss Morrell's callers were very likely to find a dark, well dressed man sitting on the hammock beside her or occupying one of the rustic chairs on the porch or smoking in the library with the air of one who feels at home. Most of them took the hint. There was one exception, however, an obtrusive young fellow, Randall by name, who continued his visits, though Ferguson did his best to make it clear that they could be quite content without him.

Unfortunately Miss Morrell did not second these efforts as she might have done. She continued to treat her persistent caller with a consideration which Ferguson thought distinctly unnecessary. When he came one night prepared to take her driving and found she had gone boating with Randall he gave a harsher name to the act. He did not sleep that night, and when he presented himself next evening he was in the worst of humors.

Had Miss Morrell been conciliatory all might have been well, but instead she wore an air of studied indifference, and when she did not resent his reproaches she laughed at him. Accordingly in fifteen minutes the interview terminated abruptly.

"In that case," said Ferguson, rising to his feet, "the best thing for me to do is to take my hat and go home."

And Miss Morrell replied, "I quite agree with you."

Only one thing interfered with carrying out this programme immediately—Ferguson could not find his hat. "Good evening," said Miss Morrell in the background as if weary of waiting for him to take the initiative.

"I beg you not to imagine that I am delaying intentionally!" exclaimed Ferguson, with indignation. "But even you can see that it is impossible for me to leave the house bareheaded."

"You put your hat on the chair. I saw you," said Miss Morrell.

"I am quite aware that I put it there," returned Ferguson stiffly, "but it is easy to see that it is not there now."

For some minutes he hunted. Miss Morrell laid aside her offended dignity sufficiently to assist in the search. All at once she started nervously.

"I do hope Punch didn't find it!" she exclaimed. "He's so mischievous sometimes."

But when the hat was discovered it was in Punch's society. Moreover, it had lost its resemblance to a hat. The brim was missing, and the crown was fast disappearing. Punch surveyed them over the wreck and grinned complacently.

The two young people looked at each other, and Miss Morrell's lips twitched. Ferguson thought she was on the point of laughter, and he smiled encouragingly. Then she surprised him by turning her face to the wall and bursting into tears.

"My darling girl," exclaimed Ferguson, almost beside himself. "My dearest Ina, I beg you won't give a thought to the worthless thing."

"But you were going away angry," said a stifled voice.

"Angry with you?" cried Ferguson. "Never!" He took her in his arms again as he had done under the peach tree, but he did not let her go as quickly. And that wise old pug left the ruined hat on the rug and waddled away to the window seat, as if satisfied that they were once more capable of managing their own affairs.

Punch is older now and divides his mistress' devotion with a small pink and white rival said to resemble Ferguson, but he wears a silver collar, and no one grudges him his place as an honored member of the household. Whatever Ferguson's faults, he is not ungrateful.

Why He Was Happy.

He was a baldheaded bachelor, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion.

"Then you confess," he said in a trembling voice to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady.

"And may I ask," he continued in a tone of emotion, "what those qualities are?"

"I can hardly explain," said the young lady bashfully, "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluent. I can't express it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor as he pressed her hand. He didn't know just what "mellifluent" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good night he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary and turned feverishly to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read, "Smooth, soft, mellow."

Diamond Salesman's Secrets.

"There is no line in which more care must be exercised than in selling diamonds," remarked one of the oldest dealers in Cleveland. "For instance, we don't dare show a man a larger stone than he can afford to buy. Even a diamond a carat or a carat and a half in size looks like a mighty small affair to pay so much money for, and if a man comes in expecting to pay $75 for a diamond he may get disgusted and not buy at all if the salesman shows him something a little larger for $200. The salesman, if he knows his business, will find to a certainty just how much a customer is willing to pay before he shows him anything. Then it's better not to show a colored stone, such as a ruby or an emerald or a bluish diamond in connection with other diamonds. If you show some customers a colored stone and then put it away and show him a good white diamond, he will declare that the diamond is off color. It does not seem to be a whim so much as the effect on the eyes of the colors in the stones."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.