CYNTHIA'S NEW FLAME

How the Old One Was Taught a Lesson.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

Pleading haste to be at home, Cynthia left the chattering women of the Ladies' Aid of Cloverton and struck out by herself on the shorter way across the fields. The babel of tongues wearied her, and the endless talk of husbands and babies and cooking. Of the fifteen women she was the only unmarried one, and felt like an outsider.

As she had entered the meeting a little late she had heard Mrs. Galloway's shrill voice saying:

"Well, why don't she marry Robert Jackson? He's the salt of the earth, and his little girls adore her. She won't get a better chance at her age." Cynthia was thirty-two. "If a woman don't want a home of her own with a man and young ones in it, I say something ails her! Perhaps she's fretting over some old flame!" Then the others saw Cynthia and tried to silence Mrs. Galloway, whose mind was like a rag-bag from which she pulled any sort of a thought at random and usually at the embarrassing moment. But she was not easily silenced.

"Sam Galloway," she shrilled on, "was my only chance, an' I didn't throw it away because my eye was set on some feller I couldn't get! I never was a beauty, but Sam don't know it——" She finally saw Cynthia standing, tall and quiet, in the doorway and ceased her chatter.

Cynthia got away the moment she could at the meeting's close. And how did they know about Robert Jackson wanting her? Surely he had not told, surely she had not. They only met casually, and she always refused to let him come to see her in the pretty cottage where she lived quite alone since her mother's death. And—could any one know that she was still waiting for Mark Carter, who had not even written her for ten years?

Now, walking across the September fields, still green, she came to a small bit of woodland, and turning into it came face to face with Robert Jackson, striding along, tall and straight and fine for all the gray at his temples.

"Well," he said, "this is luck for me! Everything was lovely today

"Is It Asking a Great Deal of You."

and needed only a sight of you. Coming from Ladies' Aid?" He turned to walk with her, his quick sense aware that something troubled her, his intention being to find what it was and to help her.

Her straightforward eyes met his and she half smiled. In running away from chatter she had run into the very love-making she wished to avoid.

"Cynthia," said the man, "I have to take the few chances I have to speak to you. I have to tell you that I can't take a refusal from you—not yet! You know how I want you. You know that it is a real love. I think you know it isn't simply that I want to marry again—you know—my marriage wasn't happy. My little folks—I couldn't give them up even for you, but they could go to their grandmother for a year if you felt they would be too much for you at first. It is asking a great deal of you to look after two children not your own—but if you loved me—Tell me, could you love me—if it wasn't for them?"

They were just coming into the fields again, and he stopped short, his hat in his hand, waiting for an answer. For the first time a resisting something within her gave way before him. His sonorous warmed her heart—she was a normal woman. It was something just to be loved like this and perhaps she could learn to love him in return—as for the children, they were her temptation. She wanted them.

"It's—not the children," she said, flushing deeply. "I—you know how I love them."

He snatched at her hand eagerly. "Then it is I whom you must learn to love," he went on with his plea, and she listened, not noting where she was until they had almost reached the road upon which stood her home. Then she raised her eyes and in spite of herself smiled at the sight of a tall young man in the middle of the road.

A half dozen of the women on from whom she had fled stood laughing before her, and Mrs. Galloway, never slow of speech, rallied her.

"Well! I see she's why you were in such a hurry to get home! How many beaux you got, say way? Don't blame you for meanin' off to meet a good lookin' man like Robert Jackson, but, say, who's the good-lookin' other fellow down the road apiece, who asked us the way to your house? There he goes now, up to your porch. We told him you was comin'. Who is he?"

Cynthia laughed, but a queer presentiment gripped her.

"Perhaps he wants to sell something, or insure the house, or me—or any one of a thousand things. I'm going to see," she said pleasantly.

She started past them when Mrs. Galloway broke out in a new place. "Guess one or two of us ought to go with ye—a stranger like that——"

Anger and perplexity shone in Cynthia's face as she turned to look at the woman, but Robert Jackson came to her rescue. He took his stand beside her.

"I think a man would be better. I'll go with her, and you need not go to the trouble, Mrs. Galloway." His firm, courteous tone was a dismissal that would have no denial.

Calling a good-by to the women, Cynthia and her escort came to the gate. The little house was set far back in a green yard, and up near the house the stranger, seeing her approach, stood and waited. Something in his bearing disturbed, almost smothered her.

"I'm afraid—I think—it's some one I used to know," she faltered. There was something in her face that sent both fear and hope to the heart of the man beside her. He stood in her way a moment.

"Cynthia," he said, "now is my time to speak! If this is a man whom you once thought you cared about—if he has left you alone all these years without the sternest of good reasons—don't allow yourself to think you still love him, unless you really do now for what he is now. An old flame is not always as good to warm your heart at as a new one. You're sure of me, Cynthia. Now—shall I go away, or——"

Her thought clung to him, but there was that about Mark that had always fascinated and held her. Now it left her weak and trembling.

"You might come with me, Robert." For the first time she had unconsciously used his name.

Together they went to meet Mark Carter. He came toward her with a smile, medium of height, of good bearing, the old half-insolent, confident look on his handsome fair face, a look that had better become Mark the boy than Mark the man. He held out his hand.

"Cynthia," he said, uncovering his head with its fair, heavy hair. "I have come back. You knew I would come back, didn't you?"

"How—could — I know? You — didn't write," she faltered the words out in her excitement, unaware that she was not introducing the two men.

"I—it took me a long time to make good. I wouldn't come to a woman empty-handed—and I haven't." There was a little swagger in his voice and manner. "And—women are faithful. I knew that you——"

"You knew," she said quietly, "that you went away and left me—caring for you, but not even really engaged—you never asked me to marry you—and still you expected me to wait—without even a word, to spend my life waiting until you——"

He came closer, the old light in his face, triumph in his voice.

"But you have waited!"

Cynthia's glance met the gaze of Robert Jackson and found in him a refuge.

"I have not," she said, for Robert had come close and had taken her hand as a lasting possession into his. Mark Carter looked at them silently a moment. "I am going to marry Robert Jackson."

"Well," answered Mark Carter, "I guess I deserved it all right. I guess he's worth it—and I have learned to know men, Cynthia. Good-by." He turned and walked away.

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Night Jobs for the Jeweler.

Under the jewelers' letter box and door bell was a second bell labeled "Jeweler's night bell." "Kindly explain," said the visitor. "Is the craving for diamonds and wedding rings so insatiable that you have to get up at night to meet the demand?"

"It is not the prospect of making a sale that gets me out of bed after midnight," said the jeweler, "but the misfortunes of my fellow-man. About the only people who ring me up after working hours are those who have a piece of jewelry on that they can't get off and don't dare to wear until morning for fear of blood poisoning. These accidents happen pretty often. Every doctor and police officer in this part of town knows that I can be routed out in an emergency case, so all rings that must be filed off swollen fingers, all earrings that must be removed from inflamed ears, all necklaces and bracelets that must be taken from bruised necks and wrists without delay are brought to me."

Childish Ingenuity.

Small Ellsworth was returning a borrowed book.

"Now, be sure not to get it dirty," said his mother, as she wrapped it in paper and knotted the string.

When he returned she asked: "Did you keep the book clean?"

"Yes," answered the boy; "I dropped it in the mud once, but I took off the paper and turned it."

FARMER'S FRIEND IS PROTECTION

RECORD OF MORE THAN A CENTURY PROVES THIS BEYOND ALL POSSIBLE DOUBT.

A HOME MARKET ASSURED

Fallacies of Professor Wilson's Argument and of Democratic Free Trade Exposed by Facts—American Farmers Have Always Benefited by a Protective Tariff.

The Democratic tariff bill, courageously vetoed by President Taft, PLACED CEREALS ON THE FREE LIST.

A vote for President Taft and the Republican ticket is the safeguard of the farmer against the entry into the United States, duty free, of the products of the great fields of Canada and other grain-growing countries.

Professor Wilson is telling the farmers over and over again, that they have never been protected—that they do not need protection. Then in this connection the professor adds: "But everything you use on the farm, everything that you wear, and a great deal of what you eat, but do not produce yourself, including meats, bears a heavy duty, which brings about the interesting result that you are paying for the wealth of the United States and getting nothing, or equivalent to nothing, so far as the tariff is concerned. Now that hasn't just begun to be true. It has always been true."

It is not true. The protective tariff does benefit the farmers. American farmers know this fact, and by their votes have helped to maintain the policy of protection. Without their votes the party of protection could not have won a single presidential election in the last forty years. Have the farmers been mistaken through all these years? They have not. Has protection been of no value to them? It certainly has.

All history and all fact dispute the academic free trade contention that the farmer has no share in the benefits of protection. In every period of industrial depression, resulting from the destruction of the tariff duties below the protective point, the farmers of this country have been heavy losers, because of diminished demand and lower prices for their products.

In the most recent period of Democratic free trade legislation—1894-97—the farmers of the United States lost fully five billion dollars in reduced prices of farm products, and diminished values of farm property. In every period of restored protection the farmers have reaped the benefits of a greater demand and increased prices. There has been no exception to the rule of prosperity for American farmers, when American labor is fully employed.

Here are some proofs of that fact. In a recent statement by Senator Smoot printed in the Congressional Record of August 24, 1912, it is shown that in December, 1896, after two years of free trade tariff revision under the Wilson law of 1894, the price of corn was twenty-three cents a bushel, while in December, 1911, after fourteen years of restored protection, the price of corn was sixty-nine cents a bushel; or an advance over 1896 of 200 per cent.

Using 1896 as the basis of comparison with December, 1911, it is found that under a protective tariff:

Corn advanced 200 per cent.
Wheat advanced 67 per cent.
Cotton advanced 28 per cent.
Oats advanced 186 per cent.
Rye advanced 137 per cent.
Barley advanced 308 per cent.
Hay advanced 138 per cent.
Hops advanced 286 per cent.
Potatoes advanced 282 per cent.
Flaxseed advanced 149 per cent.
Fat cattle advanced 62 per cent.
Fat hogs advanced 96 per cent.
Dairy butter advanced 86 per cent.
Eggs advanced 97 per cent.

While the price of farm products has increased, the price of articles which the farmer purchases has not increased in proportion. He can buy more today with the products of his farm than he could in 1896. For example:

Ten bushels of corn in 1911 paid for 125 pounds of sugar, and only 56 pounds in 1896.

Ten bushels of corn paid for 31 yards of bleached sheeting in 1911, and only 13 yards in 1896.

Ten bushels of corn in 1911 paid for two pairs of shoes, and only one pair in 1896.

Professor Wilson and other Democratic speakers and writers assert what is absolutely untrue when they say, that the protective tariff robs, and in no way benefits the American farmer. As a matter of fact, there is probably no class of American producers whose share in the benefits of protection in the past fifteen years, has been so great as the share of the American farmer.

If the farmers rightly understand their interests, they will vote against the party of free trade. They will cast six million votes for President Taft and Vice President Sherman and a continuation of the Republican policy of protection.

The voters will not spell a fairly good schoolmaster by trying to make him a college president.

The Greatest Women.

Who was or is the greatest woman in all history? Two hundred Kansas teachers answered the question and with enthusiasm and unanimity the judges awarded the prize to the one who made this reply: "The wife of the farmer of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society, and finds time for intellectual improvement."

Pretty Girls and Plain Men.

When a pretty woman marries a plain man it is not because she pities him. A woman loves a man because of his strength. His determination appeals to her, and wins her in the end, though she may not have been attracted to him in the beginning. Firmness compels a woman's admiration and respect, and that is the first stepping stone to love.

Accentuating Plant Characters.

It has been found that under red light (light through red glass) plants become more robust than in any other. They also become more pronounced in their chief characters—the leafy plant becomes more leafy, all shades of green become more pronounced, the sensitive plant more sensitive and all in every way become highly specialized.

Science and Death.

"Even in the face of the inexorable law of death," says the Lancet, "science still has a consoling message. It can hold out the hope that one day the ravages of disease may so far be eliminated that death will be nothing more than a quiet and painless phenomenon. It will cease to be feared, and come even to be desired as a fitting close to a weary day."

Man of No Force.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.—Tennyson.

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H. D. A. GREBE

Remarriage in France.

The marriage or shifter remarriage statistics in the mairies of Paris made and reading for the sentimentalists. Of 2,270 disconsolate widowers 142 remarry within a year. The affections increase with terrible rapidity in the second year, which sees 628 relapses from the ranks of mourners.

At the end of the third year only thirty-seven widowers remain. With the widows it is even worse. None remarry within the first year of their husband's decease, but it is feared that this is due not to fidelity but to the strict legal rule which obtains in France. Once the law's delay is at an end they go off with vertiginous rapidity. Of 1,907 weeping widows in eighteen months only four had not exchanged their weeds for wedding garments.

Dog Earned His License.

The little fox terrier of L. N. Hanley won for his master a license tag for the killing of 100 rats. The prize was offered, when the canine had killed 80 in two weeks, by a member of the council.—Carlisle Advocate.

Some Quaint Hotels.

The hotel that stands out most prominently in my recollection is one in Iquique, where, even while you are sitting at the dining tables, vendors come in from the streets to sell you food. At this same hotel they have two charges for baths—eight shillings if you insist on clean water and about four shillings if you are willing to take a second turn at the tub.

Another instance of a quaint hotel is in the town of Africa, in Peru. Here they are using at the present time the hull of an old American man-of-war, which was taken inland by a great tidal wave many years ago and has since been fitted up as a hotel and is in great demand.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Watch Built in a Pearl.

A tiny watch, which has been made inside a pearl as large as a big pea, has just been constructed by Gallopin & Co., of Geneva, fifteen months being spent on the work. The empty pearl weighed forty-five grains and in diameter is less than an inch. This pearl watch can be worn on a ring or as a pendant and cost $6,000.

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