

Mrs.—Miss—Mrs.

By CORONA REMINGTON

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"Carefully, dear, and don't put your tongue out when you write."
The young woman sat on the grass beside the little boy and guided the unsteady hand.

"That's it!" she said a moment later. "You've done it beautifully. Now, if you want to play a little you may."

With a squeal of delight the boy threw his arms around her neck then ran away to chase the dancing butterflies.

"May I join the party, Mrs. Franklin?" said a pleasant voice beside her as the owner dropped carelessly on the ground at her feet.

"What would you do if I were to say 'no'?" she laughed.

"Too late now—besides, I knew you wouldn't."

"Talk about the vanity of women! How about the conceit of men?" she teased.

"That nephew of yours is one more kid," he said, changing the subject.

"I think he's wonderful," she put in, her eyes following the little figure in front of them. "And he's learning to write as a surprise for his mother. Do you think he can do anything in three months?"

"Sure he can if he doesn't blow himself up or set the hotel on fire first."

She smiled as she handed the sheet of paper to Arthur Mantell.

"That's not bad when you know he's only been at it a month and we have two whole months left."

"Fine, I should say," the man declared as Billy came running toward them.

"But Auntie says I put the tumblers to my 'd's' on the wrong side," he said woefully as he pointed a pudgy forefinger at the recalcitrant 'd's.'

"Never mind, you'll soon get that straight," the man soothed as Billy trotted off again.

"He's so much stronger since we came over here," Mrs. Franklin remarked irreverently. "By the end of the summer he'll be a real little man again."

"But I don't see how your husband can ever exist without you for three whole months," the man said sincerely.

Mrs. Franklin blushed and turned her head away.

"Oh, I know I've done something wrong," he declared apologetically. "Do forgive me."

"N-no, you haven't," the girl replied hesitatingly.

"If you'll look at me I'll be convinced. I can always tell in your eyes when you are hurt or happy or sad."

Slowly, she raised her head and looked unwaveringly at him. "Now—see?" she smiled.

"Y-e-s," he answered rather lamely, his heart thumping.

After a while she excused herself and took Billy back to the hotel for his nap. Mantell's eyes followed the two as they walked across the lawn.

"I don't believe she's so very much older than Billy," he said to himself, "but, Lord! why are all the nice women married? I know she was meant for me, and even if there is something wrong with her husband I'll bet she loves him. She's just the thick-and-thin, for-better-or-for-worse kind, and who wants to marry a girl that's already given her heart to some other chap?"

He rose angrily and strode toward the hotel.

"Never mind, tomorrow'll be Monday and I can work. It's not quite so bad when you don't have to hang around all day and think how wonderful she'd be in a little home all our own. I'll keep out of her way the whole week. No use burning your fingers for nothing."

But Mantell's resolution was as wish-washy and weak-backed as most resolutions and he broke it the next evening.

"Mrs. Franklin," he said and shifted boyishly from one foot to the other.

She could not help smiling and wondering at his embarrassment as she tried to help him out.

"Just say it right out," she coaxed. "I know it's not so bad."

fourth of August, possess one Master's degree in architecture, an office, a second-hand typewriter and contracts for five different buildings," he told her in injured tones.

"That's quite a wonderful record," she admitted graciously, "and I take it all back. Now I'll run and find Billy and my hat and we'll go."

That was the beginning of a hilarious round of movies, canoe rides and tennis sets, and all the time Mantell knew that he was getting in deeper and deeper and Mrs. Franklin was wondering what the people at the hotel were thinking of her, but she really didn't care so very much. It wasn't any harm going out with him and Billy and often Mr. Mantell took Billy on a little jaunt without her. He was evidently very fond of the child.

In this way the days slipped by and the boy grew rosier and fatter and more skillful with his pencil until, at last, the time came for them to return to their home city.

The night before they left, Mrs. Franklin put her little charge to bed, then slipped downstairs and out on to the lawn to take a last look at the place that had grown so dear to her. In the half light she saw a familiar figure coming toward her and was delighted to recognize Arthur Mantell.

"I'm so glad to have this chance to tell you two things," she said.

"Would to heaven I had the chance to tell you one!" he almost groaned.

"You mustn't talk so tragically," she reproved gently. "There's no necessity for it. Now, what I wanted to tell you," she went on, "was, first, how much your kindness has meant to Billy and me this summer, and, second—but this is a dreadful secret and, you must promise not to give it away."

"I promise," he said, listlessly.

"Well, I—I'm not Mrs. Franklin at all. I never was married," she confessed.

"What!" he gasped, jumping up in front of her.

"No," she answered breathlessly, catching his excitement.

"Well, well! Oh, heavens! How do you propose, anyway?" he stammered.

"I never did it," said the girl demurely.

An hour later he confided solemnly: "You nearly killed me this summer, Alice. Why did you lead me such a dance?"

"That's easily explained. You see, Billy's mother has two other children, so she had to stay home and care for them and her husband, but the doctor insisted that Billy have a summer of this wonderful air. I was the only one to take him and, unmarried, I could never have stayed here without a chaperon, so I decided to be—married!"

"So you shall," he said in rapturous tones. "I'll get the license and the preacher now if you'll let me."

"The setting is ideal," she replied dreamily, "the moon and the stars and those big wonderful trees, but I guess we'd better wait a while, dear."

New Mexico's Big Turtles.

Fossil turtles, some of them not less than three million and others seven million years old, have recently been found in San Juan county, northern New Mexico. Remains of extinct turtles are rather common, but most of them consist of many small pieces, badly crushed and flattened or otherwise damaged. The remarkable feature of many of those lately discovered in New Mexico is that the bony box-like shell is almost as perfect as when it was occupied by the body of the living animal during the tertiary and cretaceous periods. No less than 50 specimens were perfect enough to be identified and described by specialists of the United States geological survey. Sixteen of them are new to science and have therefore been given new names:

India's Cave-Temples.

Cave-temple of Ellora are a series of remarkable rock-cut temples, 13 miles northwest of Aurangabad, India, and excavated about 300 A. D., although Hindu legends give the date of the excavation as 7,000 years ago. There are 34 temples of large dimensions, some of which are cave-temple proper, cut out in the interior of the solid rock, and have an exterior as well as an interior architecture. The most famous of the latter is called the Kallias, its interior being 103 feet long, 56 feet wide and 17 feet high, and stands in the center of a vast quadrangular court, embellished with obelisks, colonnades and sphinxes.

Thimbles.

We are told that the art of making thimbles was brought to England by John Lofting, a mechanic from Holland, who set up a workshop at Islington, near London, and practiced the manufacture in various metals and forms with profit and success in 1685. But according to some authorities the thimble is mentioned earlier than 1650. All thimbles except the tailor's, which is open at the top, are or should be bell shaped. The most serviceable thimble is made of steel, but others are made of gold, silver, horn, ivory and bone.

Some More Truths.

WOULD you use a steam shovel to move a pebble? Certainly not. Implements are built according to the work they have to do.

Would you use a grown-up's remedy for your baby's ills? Certainly not. Remedies are prepared according to the work THEY have to do.

All this is preliminary to reminding you that Fletcher's Castoria was sought out, found and is prepared solely as a remedy for Infants and Children. And let this be a warning against Substitutes, Counterfeits and the Just-as-good stuff that may be all right for you in all your strength, but dangerous for the little babe.

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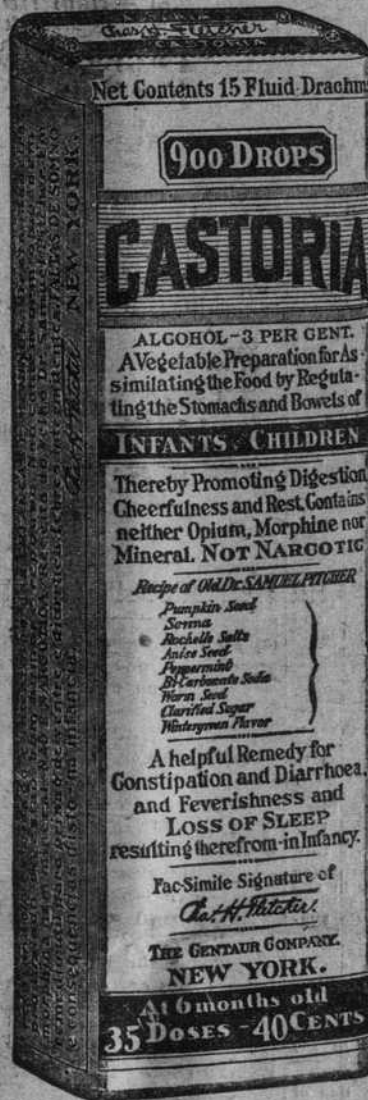
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Chickens and Chickens.

"Do your neighbor's chickens bother you any?" asked an East Side gentleman of his neighbor, who lived near a large family.

"No," replied the other, thinking that reference was made to the neighbor's three comely daughters. "They go down town every day, so we don't see much of them.—Columbus Dispatch.

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