

### A Personal Matter

By H. IRVING KING

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AFTER she had mailed the letter Louisa was alarmed over what she had done. Never before in her whole pious and guarded life, had she so broken over the bounds of the conventionalities. But the little town in which she lived was proud.

So when one day she saw in the "personal column" of a New York paper which had stayed her way an advertisement stating that a "Respectable young man," who was lonely in the great city, would like to correspond with a young lady who was only in the country with the idea of a mutual cheering up, she answered it. It seemed to fit her case. She did not sign her real name, of course. She thought Eleanor Fitzalan sounded more romantic. She told them that the post office—Louisa always went for the family mail—to put any letters for "Miss Fitzalan" in her box. She was a cousin of hers whom she was expecting on a visit.

The family consisted of Louisa, her mother and a small brother—who was in no account allowed to get the mail, for he was apt to lose the letters. And her mother never took the trouble to stop for the mail. The lonely young man in the city gave his name in the "personal" as George Blakeley and his address as "General delivery very." So there was just such a thing as a letter to George.

To her great surprise the unknown George wrote back a missive as proper as her own, couched in rather stiff language and betraying evidences of his being a "fellow" from a young man who had advertised for a young lady to correspond with! "Well," thought Louisa, "for once in my life he's unexpected has happened." And after a proper interval she wrote the answer, and thus the correspondence grew up a very proper and exceedingly friendly correspondence. Finally George, the unknown, asked Louisa for her photograph. The wicked girl sent him the picture of a third cousin of hers which she happened to have by her.

Then she became alarmed and resolved to drop the whole business. She realized that she was getting rather fond of George—and she did not know who George was or anything about him. And she never could know—never wanted to know; for if he was the sort of young man he appeared to be from his letters she could be charmed with him, to meet him, or have him know that she, Louisa Trafford, had answered a "personal" in the paper and carried on a correspondence with a man to whom she had never been introduced. George wrote twice beseeching a continuance of the interchange of letters but received no reply.

But how Louisa did miss that correspondence! She blushed as she acknowledged to herself that she had never enjoyed anything so much in her life. She grew moody and restless and told her mother that she really must have a change. So she went to visit her Uncle Roger in Newark. He had several daughters who and lots of company—many young men among them—and, had to say, in his new and more lively environment Louisa almost forgot about the lonely George. Still his letters reminded her of a part of some pleasant dream she had once had. Uncle Roger's wife was a great matchmaker and set about picking out a suitable husband for Louisa immediately.

Mrs. Roger pitched upon Claude Lambton as the one to marry her niece. He was a lively young man, fond of yachting and golfing, and his father was said to be immensely wealthy. Louisa did not dislike him—but how different he was from the George of her late dream. She could never think of him as a husband. However, they became quite friendly.

One night as Claude and Louisa were sitting out a dance at Mrs. Somers's, Louisa began to rally him on his lack of seriousness.

"But I have a very serious nature," he replied. "It is only of late that I have been as you see me. I—I—am fact—am trying to forget."

"That sounds melodramatic," said Louisa. "A love affair, I suppose—one of the hopeless sort?"

"Yes," said he gravely. "Hopeless and strange. All that is left to me now of that blighted romance—forgive me if I seem sentimental—is this picture." And he drew a velvet case from his pocket and handed it to his companion. "I always carry it with me," he said.

Louisa opened it and saw the photograph of her third cousin which she had sent to the lonely New Yorker. "Oh, poor little George!" she cried. "George?" gasped Claude. "Yes," said Louisa, crying softly into her handkerchief. "I'm Eleanor. That's the picture of my third cousin. I sent it to you."

After they had both quieted down a bit there were explanations. He had put the "personal" in the paper as a bet of his companions that he did not dare to do so. After he received Louisa's first letter he sent regularly to the New York post office to get the others, with the result already told. Taking everything into consideration it really did seem as if fate had determined them for one another—and they submitted to fate.

### Three Weeks 'Till Christmas Shop Early Wrap Securely and Seal with



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### Made Sure Her Third Husband Was Worthy

Temperament, background, family, are bogies of the imagination, and success or failure in marriage depend on just two things—a man and a woman. Why was I not afraid to attempt a third marriage? I had every cause to be suspicious, not only of men but of my own judgment of them. But I believe there is only one permanent happiness—the happiness which emanates from an institution that has been the basis of our social system. Yet I was in no hurry to wed when I finally did meet the man who was destined to be my third husband.

I decided to know much more of this man than I had of the two others when I married them. For two years I saw him under varying conditions. I saw him when he was happy and when he was angry; when he was making money and when he wasn't. I saw him when he was well and when he was ill. Most important of all, I was present, watching, when he and my small daughter first laid eyes on one another. After two years of these personal viewings I knew that my prayers had been answered. My husband is an Irishman, a temperamental Irishman. — Avery Straloch, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

### First Known Envelope Is in British Museum

The first envelope of which there is any knowledge enclosed a letter sent May 18, 1590, by Sir William Turnbull to Sir James Ogilvie. The epistle dealt with English affairs of state, and, with its covering, is carefully preserved in the British museum.

At that period, and long afterward, it was the general custom to fold letters and seal them with wafers of wax. As a matter of fact, it is still fashionable to use sealing wax on the flaps of envelopes. Many people now living can remember the time when the old method of sealing was still in use.

A reference to a "letter with an envelope" is found in a poem written by Dean Swift in 1720.

### Tree Centuries Old

In northern Utah, beside the Logan Canyon highway, is to be seen what is believed to be the oldest juniper tree in the world. Scientists state that the tree is not less than 3,000 years old. Its diameter, breast high, is seven feet six inches and the height is 42 feet. Only a few hundred years ago the tree was growing as rapidly as at any time during its life. A section of the heartwood shows that 200 years were required for the first two inches of thickness, indicating that the tree's struggle for existence was made under adverse conditions. Later the tree was growing at the rate of two inches every 60 years, a remarkable fact, considering its location and age. The forest service has erected a sign near the tree giving the interesting facts about the veteran.

### Measuring Sleep

Persons differ very greatly in their mode of slumber. Some awaken at the slightest noise, while others are only aroused with difficulty. These differences have been carefully classified by scientists. When scientists speak of how "fast" a person sleeps they mean how deep is his sleep. Not only is it possible to measure sleep, but there are different means of doing so. One method is by dropping a steel ball. The ball is dropped at increasing distances—four, six, eight, ten, twelve inches, and so on—until the sleeper becomes conscious of the sound and awakens. In this way scientists can find out how "deep" was his sleep. Another method is to touch the sleeper with an electric wire, noting the intensity of the current used.

### Out of the Past

Our kind correspondent, H. P. F., sends us a lengthy contribution of clipped anecdotes and jokes from a scrapbook compiled in 1840. We have room for but two:

A beautiful woman said to a general officer. "How is it, having obtained so much glory, you should still seek for more?" "Ah, midwife," he replied, "how is it that you who have so much beauty should still put on rouge?"

"Tom, tell me the greatest lie, now, you ever told in your life and I'll give you a glass of elder." "Met I never told a lie."

"Boy, draw the elder!"—Boston Transcript.

### Scotland Forever

Jean entered a butcher's shop in a little town in Scotland and demanded to see a sheep's head.

"Is it English?" she asked when one was shown her.

"No, lass. It's Scotch," replied the butcher.

"Then it'll no do," said Jean. "It's English and she said I was to be sure and bring English meat."

"Here, Jock!" said the butcher, tossing the sheep's head over to his assistant, "take the brains out of that will you?"—Vancouver Province.

### Two Optimists

Two hikers passing a motorist on the road: "How far is it to Rochester?"

"Seventy miles," he replied. "Not so bad," laughed the optimist, "only about thirty-five miles apiece!"—Transportation News.

### Made Millions Laugh

The real name of the famous clown, Dan Rice, was Daniel McLane and he was nicknamed as a child for an old Irish clown. He began his professional career as an acrobat and clown with Seth B. Howe, circus owner, 1846. He was a partner in Spaulding's circus until the outbreak of the Civil war. After the Civil war he was financially unfortunate, but was rescued by Adam Forepaugh at a salary of \$35,000 a year, afterward increased to \$100,000 a week. He retired from the stage in 1882. He was exceedingly lavish with money for charity. On one occasion he gave President Lincoln \$20,000 for the benefit of wounded soldiers and their dependents. He died in February, 1900.

### Mythical Greek Hero

In Greek mythology Adonis was a beautiful young boy, beloved by Venus and Proserpine. They quarreled over his possession, but the dispute was settled by Jupiter, who decreed that Adonis should annually spend eight months with Venus in the upper world and four months with Proserpine in the lower world. Adonis was fatally wounded by a wild boar, during the chase, and was changed by Venus into an anemone. She yearly mourned him on the anniversary of his death. Shakespeare has commemorated the love of Venus for Adonis in a long descriptive poem entitled "Venus and Adonis."—Kansas City Times.

### All in the Same Boat

An amusing Indian story is translated into English by Pandit Shyama Shankar, an Indian scholar who is also well versed in English. Four Mohammedans were offering prayers at a mosque. One, by chance, said something not belonging to the prayer. The man next to him cried out: "You fool, you have spoken out in the midst of your prayer. Therefore all your prayer goes for nothing." "And yours?" cried out the third man. "You, too, have spoken so your prayer cannot have any effect." The fourth man muttered to himself: "They are all speaking. Thank God I am not!"

### Work Made Enemies

"The Age of Reason," treatise advocating deism, was written by Thomas Paine. Paine having incurred the displeasure of the Robespierre faction during the French revolution, was imprisoned in Paris for the greater part of the year 1794; and it was while he was thus confined that he completed the second part of the work. This was published after his release, in 1795. A portion of the third part appeared in 1807. The book, owing to its pronounced doctrines, alienated many of Paine's personal friends.—Kansas City Star.

### Coolness Best Policy

A man in a passion rides a mad horse.—Benjamin Franklin.

### And Use It

The optimist finds the grin in every grin.—Boston Transcript.

### Mirror Superstition

Among the ancients mirrors were regarded as divine instruments and used as objects of divination; hence the breaking of a mirror was believed to bring misfortune upon the individual.

### Poet Beaten by Thugs

In 1879 the English poet, John Dryden, was attacked on the street by masked thugs and severely beaten, after he had a quarrel with John Wilmot, earl of Rochester, poet and favorite of Charles II.

### Volcanic Country

The Central American republic of Salvador possesses more volcanoes that have been active within historic times than any other country. Nowhere is one out of sight of at least one volcano, and usually several are within range of vision.

### Cook Was a Nurse

Investigation of a London hospital has revealed that a cook dressed up to play the part of a nurse, that a baroness became paralyzed because of careless treatment and that a patient bled to death because he was left without proper treatment.

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