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HIS LESSON.

It Taught Him Just What the Girl Wanted Him to Know.

By ROBERT A. KNOWLES.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

They sat upon the veranda side by side, gazing silently into the soft May moonlight. The air had the haunting sweetness that comes at evening from growing things in their freshness. It was still and dreamily peaceful, a time to soothe human restlessness and human pain.

But it did not soothe Jane. She had been sitting there so quietly all evening that it seemed to her she must jump from the chair, screaming at the top of her voice, in another minute. Under the light shawl she wore she twisted her hands together in an effort to control herself. Yet she continued to stare out at the moonlight as if to behold it were the one thing worth living for.

Rodney was staring out at the moonlight, too, and enjoying it. He liked the stillness; he liked being able to keep silence; he liked to be sitting there beside Jane.

If Rodney had loved her, Jane thought bitterly, he would at least have held her hand. But he did not love her; he only liked her because he had always known her and because she was the one girl with whom he could be perfectly natural. If he wished to be silent with her he was silent; he did not feel it necessary to make the effort to talk. Yet Jane felt sometimes that his dumbness was unendurable. If only he would speak. Evening after evening he came to sit with her in the same way.

Jane had always had hope until tonight. A man who could sit beside a girl—a fairly pretty girl, too—on such a night and not make love to her was certainly as near being without a heart as man could be.

Jane gave him up. And in giving him up she gave up also many of the dreams and of her longings, her youth. Slowly her eyes filled with tears. Slowly she forced back the tears and swallowed the choking lump in her throat. But she could not keep back one racking sigh, and Rodney heard it. He rose instantly, reminded of the hour and apparently of her.

"I must go," he said, looking for his hat.

Jane rose, too, with apparent calm. He looked forth at the moonlight again, not at her, wisely.

"It is wonderful," he said. "Moonlight like that always makes me forget myself. Good night, Jane."

"Good-bye," Jane answered strangely, but he seemed not to notice. Her father stood before the lamp reading a letter as she entered the house.

He looked up at her over his glasses. "Rodney gone?" he asked.

"Yes," Jane's tone was tense.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

She shook her head, with a hard little laugh.

"Nothing at all," she said.

"This letter is from your Aunt Jane," he said. "She wants us to come to see her. It has been nine years since she was here—the same year your mother died. I've never been to see her since she went to Boston to live. But I am going now—we're going. Jane, what's to hinder us from going tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Jane gasped. And to Boston! She turned pale with the suddenness of it all.

By noon the next day they had gone, bag and baggage. And that evening when Rodney came walking up in the moonlight he found unlighted windows and a locked door. He sat down upon the steps and waited. How strange it was! Jane had not told him she was going away. He sat there wondering until Mrs. Clancy, who lived next door, came trundling her baby past on her way home.

"That you, Rod?" she called in her sweet Irish voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Clancy. Where are the folks that belong here?"

"Why, don't you know? Hush, Teddy, while mamma talks to the gentleman. They've gone to Boston—left at noon today. I can't tell you how long they intend to be gone."

To Boston! And without saying a word to him! Rodney could not speak, and after Mrs. Clancy had waited a moment for him to do so she went on with her baby, leaving him to figure it out by himself.

Jane did not write to him from Boston, and he did not write to her because he did not know her address. And he would not ask for it from any one of the girls to whom he knew she was writing. But he heard things about her—how she was going about with her fashionable aunt, having new clothes made and enjoying herself generally.

The hot summer dragged on slowly. Rodney grew thin and looked pale. He was working too hard, they said.

"Cut it out, Rod," they told him cheerfully. "You've got money enough and are making more. Why do you want to kill yourself?"

Rodney smiled pathetically and kept on working.

One day Edna Travers told him that she had just received Jane's picture and she looked "dandy." Jane had also written to say she "had three strings to her bow."

After that Rodney literally drooped. He began to walk past the house and, as he grew more desperate, to sit upon the veranda in the chair where he had spent so many silent hours. Jane's little chair was beside him, and he liked to keep his hand upon it, rocking it

gently, while he thought of her. Sometimes he fell asleep sitting there, for it was hot weather, and night always found him tired.

One night in August he came to the house late, as usual. It was still closed, dark, forbidding. But the memory of dear associations haunted it. He stole up on the veranda behind the screening vines and sat down, with his hand on the arm of Jane's little chair. When was she coming home? And would she come home free? It was most unlikely. Even though she had been sweet to him always it was evident that she had not cared for him. But if she had cared for him—Rodney, the practical, the un-sentimental, fell a-dreaming. Presently from the day dream he passed into an actual one of restless slumber. He dreamed that Jane sat in her own chair beside him in her white gown. And, waking suddenly, with a mighty start, he found that she did!

"For a moment he stared at her as at a ghost. Then her soft laugh and her voice set his senses tingling.

"Still asleep, Rod?" she asked.

"Jane," he said and leaned toward her, trying to find her hand—"Jane, is it really you?"

"Really and truly, Rod! When did you fall into the habit of sleeping on my veranda, sir?"

"Answer my question, Rodney Holdsworth!"

"Answer my question first, dear. Do you know what has happened to me while you have been away?"

She shook her head, put her face close to his and told him that she did.

"Did you leave anybody in Boston that you like better than you do me?" Rodney asked, very humbly.

"No one, Rod."

"Then"—he dropped her hand, which he had been clinging to in a kind of desperation, and took her in his arms—"you are still mine," he sighed.

"I guess it did you good to sit alone here all these evenings," Jane said presently when she had been kissed to her heart's content.

"It taught me to love and appreciate you, dearest," Rodney said solemnly, holding her fast.

Important Telegraphic News

this week for Saturday Subscribers

WASHINGTON, Nov 23—The gunboat Vicksburg is now at anchor in the harbor at Corinto, according to a despatch received early today at the Bureau of Navigation. No disturbances were reported at that point.

The Vicksburg will be ample protection in case of hostilities toward Americans, it is stated.

WASHINGTON, Nov 23—The next few days, perhaps one or two, will show whether the strained relations between the United States and Nicaragua are to be snapped off short.

Secretary of State Knox is authority for the statement that a demand for reparation will be made upon Nicaragua should these inquiries develop that allegations touching the death of the two men are well grounded.

The cruiser Des Moines may arrive today at Port Limon. The Marretta, too, is on her way to the Atlantic coast. The transport Buffalo, coaling at Pichilique Bay, California, is under orders for Panama. There is a force of five hundred mariners ready to board the vessel should order to that effect be issued.

WINNIPEG, Nov 23—The White Horse Star of Nov 23 says: "The fact that the last steamer from the lower river reached Dawson some week ago bringing no word of Bishop I. O. Stringer, is the cause of considerable worry on the part of the reverend gentlemen—many friends of the late Bishop Stringer—left via the Edmonton trail last June for mission posts in the North. Fort McPherson and Herschel Island, the latter in the Arctic Sea. It was his intention after visiting these outlying stations to return to the lower Yukon River, and come on to Car Cross, where his wife and children were to join him, they having remained with relatives at Kivardine, while he was on the long northern voyage. While the Bishop is long overdue, it is not thought by his friends that anything serious has overtaken him."

LONDON, Nov 23—The choice of Sir Arthur Wilson as Lord Fisher's successor as first sea lord and Lord Charles Beresford's active canvassing at Portsmouth are bringing the demoralizing naval funds to an end. Sir Arthur is the best strategist in the navy and the inevitable commander of the fleet whenever there may be a sudden outbreak of hostilities.

Rarely has the inner inwardness of the British navy been exposed more reluctantly than by Lord Beresford in his manifesto to the electors of Portsmouth.

There is no proper organization of the British fleet for war, he says. The battleship program is inadequate. The fleet is short of medium cruisers and suitable torpedo craft. Stores are insufficient, and have been dangerously depleted. Dock accommodation is deficient for heavy ships already afloat. There is no proper provision for heavy ships under construction. There is no adequate war reserve of coal.

"But the most disturbing fact in the naval situation," says Lord Charles, "is the shortage of men, an evil which is accentuated by the inevitable increased requirements of the future. The deficiencies named will become more apparent in the near future.

"Confidence among employers and capitalists in our supremacy at sea is threatened for the first time since the battle of Trafalgar."

OTTAWA, Nov 23—Charles Courso, of Ottawa, this morning got a revolver to his head and killed himself instantly. He was employed in the Engineering Department of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission.

He was a graduate of the Military College at Kingston, and played on the football team of that institution, and afterwards played with the Rough Riders of Ottawa. He was twenty-two years of age.

ST JOHN, Nov 23—Lord Kitchener's famous horses have been sold in India. His Lordship's South Africa Gallows that took him to his office daily for years and carried him through the campaign, has been purchased by the Nizam of Hyderabad. Demerit, a fine charger, has been purchased by the Maharaja of Gwalior. Mallo, his racing pony, has joined the Jialala stud. Sir O'Moore Crutch purchased his splendid pair of blacks.

OTTAWA, November 25—At the opening of the session of the house of commons today, Mr Borden asked if the minister of railways had received a resolution of the board of trade at Dartmouth complaining of the charges in train service between Windsor Junction and Dartmouth. The resolution asserted that changes made by the Intercolonial railway had caused a maximum of inconvenience to the passengers and shippers, with a minimum of economy to the country.

Mr Graham said that the resolution had been received by his department. It had been transmitted to the board of management of the Intercolonial. Since the appointment of that body he had not interfered with them in the running of the road.

HALIFAX, Nov 23—The governors of Acadia university met at Wolfville, the principal business before the board being the selection of a president for Acadia as a successor to Dr W. B. Hutchinson. Three names were prominently considered, Rev A. H. C. Morse, B. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr Cecil Jones, chancellor of University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, and Rev George Barton Cutten, B. D., of Columbus, Ohio.

After lengthy consideration, the unanimous vote of the board fell upon Rev G. B. Cutten, and it is believed that he will accept.

George Barton Cutten was born at Amherst, April, 1874, and graduated from Acadia in 1896. He has held various pastorates in the United States, his present church being the First Baptist church of Columbus, O. He studied at Yale university and has completed a Ph D. and B. D. course at that university. Mr Cutten is an author of considerable renown in the literary world. He is one of the ablest men of the recent Acadia graduates. He married in 1898, Minnie W. Brown, a Wolfville young lady, who graduated at Acadia in the same class.—Acadia Orchardist.

LONDON, Nov 23—Capt Robert F. Scott, the British naval officer, who will command the British national dash for the South Pole in August of next year, has outlined his plan for simultaneous American and British expeditions "making a race of it."

Captain Scott hopes that Commander Robert E. Peary, despite his recent denial of the report that he will try for the South Pole, will take up the American end of the race.

"The American party," said Capt Scott today, "could make a start from Cape Horn on America's side of the world and strike the great ice barrier somewhere in Graham Land. We will reach the ice wall at McCurdo sound and follow the route taken by Lieut Shackleton when he scored the farthest south, 111 miles from the Pole."

Capt Scott's proposal was brought about by many tentative offers of subscriptions to his expedition fund from America. He is raising \$200,000 for the trip and the money is coming in slowly. But the captain, while grateful for the many offers from wealthy Americans, wants his expedition to be strictly British.

Among the American offers of assistance was one from Secretary Herbert L. Bridgman of the Peary Arctic club, who proposed that the Scott party use the Peary ship Roosevelt for the Antarctic journey. This offer was declined, as negotiations were already under way for another ship.

"The Americans have captured the North Pole," Capt Scott said, "and of course we shall do our best to be first at the other tip of the world. But whether we are there first or not I can conceive of nothing finer than two expeditions, representative of Anglo-Saxon nations, entering in friendly competition upon this quest."

The Scott party will make its start from New Zealand, as the Shackleton party did.

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