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Political Meetings

MURRAY HARBOR DISTRICT.

I will address the electors of the Murray Harbor District, at St. Mary's Road, —first schoolhouse west of Commercial Road, on WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25th.
At Glenwilliam, on THURSDAY, OCT 26th.
At Highbank on FRIDAY, OCT. 27th
Meetings to commence each evening at 7 o'clock
Hon. D. A. McKinnon respectfully invited to attend.
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YE CALENDAR OF FOOLS.

When winter comes with frosty cheer
And knots of blazing pine,
There also comes the fool who skates
Too near the danger sign.

When leafy spring ends winter's reign,
With blossoms in the air,
She brings the fool who doffs too soon
His winter underwear.

When summer comes and perfumes sweet
On balmy zephyrs float,
There also lingers in her train
The fool who rocks the boat.

When autumn paints the woodland glades
In gorgeous gold and red,
There comes the fool who can't tell game
From his companion's head.
—McLandburgh Wilson in Brooklyn Life.

The Red Haired Girl.

An Instance Where a Man Found It Safe to Go Back on His Girl.

It happened two years ago, just before I was a qualified doctor and M. A. I spent a great part of that summer's vacation at Ballater, because Letty and her mother had gone there for a change, and, as Letty and I were engaged, naturally we liked spending most of our time together.

About the 24th of September, however, we all returned to Aberdeen, and I resolved to spend the remaining part of my holidays in the Buchan district, where I had a few friends. So, after saying "goodby" to Letty for what seemed an interminable period—though it was only for a fortnight—I took the train for Mintlaw, where I was met by a friend, who, for convenience sake, I shall call George White.

Old Deer, which is near Mintlaw, was an admirable center for a cyclist, and, as the weather goes was good, White and I took long spins together. It was toward the end of harvest, and, although "stooks" were still standing in a few fields, most farmers had already finished leading, and it was assuredly the time for "meal and ales."

Now, I had never been at one of those functions, so after spending a delightful week at Old Deer I prolonged my visit for a day to go to Barnhill's harvest home. George promised there would be some fun. Barnhill was one of the largest farms in the district and this year the "meal and ale" was to be a big affair.

The evening came. We drove over rather late, and when we got there the dancing had begun. A wooden floor had been laid in the immense barn, the walls were decorated with flags and flowers and ripe corn, and at one end was a raised platform for the fiddlers. At the other end of the room a huge pole had been stuck up, on the top of which was the "clyack sheaf," all dressed with bright scarlet and blue ribbon.

White introduced me to his host, a short, jovial looking man, and to his two daughters, Misses Kate and Emmy Smith, and several others, but directly I entered the barn I became conscious of a girl with flaming red hair dressed in pale blue muslin, who, although dancing at the time, kept looking at me with her great eyes till I felt a queer thrill go through me and a feeling as if somewhere before I had seen that girl.

I was standing by Miss Smith. I tried to give her all my attention.

"You know, Mr. Keith, this is really the servants' night," she was saying, "but we always invite a few of our own friends too. Then we dance here till 12 o'clock, and after 12 father makes it a rule that the rest of us must go into the house and leave the others to enjoy it up till 5 in the morning and sometimes even till 6."

"Tell me," I said more hurriedly than politely, "who is that lady dressed in pale blue dancing with the tall, dark gentleman?"

Miss Smith laughed slightly.

"The tall gentleman is my brother and the girl my dearest school friend, Miss Nora Stuart. Shall I introduce you?"

Although fascinated in a certain way, I thought of Letty and did not particularly wish an introduction, but now I could not well refuse, and soon I was dancing with the redhaired girl.

There was an indescribable something that made her very attractive and kept me by her side, and again and again as she talked she made me think that I had met and known her somewhere before, but memory would not help me. And soon I did not think of that, but felt only happy to live in the present and know her and talk to her now.

The hours flew swiftly by. I had danced with her nearly the whole evening and scarcely left her side. Twelve o'clock came. Miss Stuart and I were in the garden. The harvest moon was shining brightly and from the barn came the distant music of the fiddles and concertinas. We walked along the narrow path.

"The roses are almost over," she said.

"Oh, no! There is one yet. 'The last rose of summer.' It is a yellow one. Let me get it for you."

"Thank you!"

She stuck it in her dress.

"You know," she said laughingly, "I am so fond of roses, but I can never wear them."

Artlessly she touched her hair, and I understood. It was not even auburn—it was decidedly red—but just then I thought it the most beautiful I had ever seen.

"It is a great misfortune," she went on.

"On the contrary, it is a blessing," I hastened to reply. "That is just my favorite color, and I think it very beautiful, and I also think a blue muslin gown the prettiest in all the world when a certain person wears it."

Letty was far away. I had completely forgotten her existence.

"You flatterer!" she said, smiling. Then she tapped her foot impatiently upon the ground and frowned. "But men are all alike. They have no constancy, no stability. They are tossed about by every wind that blows, taken by every fresh face they see. I have no patience with them—none! Come, let us go into the house."

I caught her hand. Goodness knows what I was about to say, but just then we heard footsteps, and some of the others approached us, and I thought of Letty, and felt thankful for their presence.

Soon afterward White and I drove back to Old Deer together, and next day I went on to Peterhead to spend the remaining days of my holiday.

At first my thoughts were full of that red haired girl, and every time I went out I hoped to meet her. I cycled up to Old Deer three days running, and once even called at Barnhill, where I was entertained to tea by Miss Smith and her sister, who informed me that their friend, Miss Stuart, had gone home.

But the last few days of my holiday brought Letty nearer, and, dear girl, I began to long to see her again. And when at last I took the train to Aberdeen, I saw that the other had only been a passing fancy and that I had been led on by a bold, designing girl and that, after all, I cared for Letty only.

I had written her only the day before, so I knew she would be expecting me, and after getting some of the journey's dust rubbed off, I set out for the little house at Queen's Cross.

I was getting impatient. I quickened my pace. I almost ran.

When I was shown into the pretty drawing room, Letty was there alone. She wore a white dress that I had always admired, but she did not run to meet me with a little, glad cry, as I had expected. She only stood up and held out her hand coldly. I kissed her, but she did not return the caress.

"Letty, dear, aren't you glad to see me again? You have dressed for me alone, I know, though you do not wel"—

"I thought you admired pale blue, Joe. That was why I dressed in white."

That made me think of that horrid red haired girl. I really began to dislike her.

"Why do you say that, dear? You know I always like you in white. And why are you so cold—and—different? Have I changed? I do not think so, and you are just the same, except for your coldness."

I glanced at her fair hair. The sun, shining in from a side window, put a touch of gold in it. I raised my hand and gently pushed back a stray curl that hid her eyes from me. She shrank from my touch.

"Don't!" she said, emphatically. "Red is your favorite color, you know. I wonder you can bear to look at my ugly, fair tresses."

I felt almost giddy with astonishment. How I hated that red haired girl!

"I hate red," I cried vehemently. "I detest it!"

"Men are all alike. They have no constancy whatever. Their fancy is taken by every fresh face they see. I have no belief in them—none."

With which words, spoken quickly and angrily, Letty rushed out of the room, and the door shut behind her with a little bang.

I was dazed and perplexed. I had heard almost the same words before, and now I felt as if I could have murdered that red haired girl.

Dropping into a low chair, I buried my face in my hands. Slowly it came to me that it was all over between Letty and myself. When at last the idea got clearly fixed in my mind, I began wondering why I was staying in that drawing room. I had no right there now.

I got up slowly and looked once again round the dear room. How familiar everything seemed, and perhaps I might never see it again! Then I went to the door and on opening it came face to face with—the red haired girl!

I staggered back. Was I mad? Was this all a horrible dream? I clutched the back of a chair for support. Coolly the girl held out her right hand. She wore the same half evening dress of pale blue muslin and fastened by a gold pin. Near her throat was a yellow, withered rose.

"How do you do, Mr. Keith?"

I could stand this no longer. I took a quick step past her and reached the stair.

"Joe, Joe! Don't go! Don't go! Don't you know me?"

I looked round just as I reached the foot. The red haired girl had taken off her hair, and underneath were Letty's own fair tresses. She was laughing and crying by turns, and of course I rushed back and took the dear girl in my arms.

"Didn't I make up my cheeks and eyebrows beautifully, Joe?" she asked after a time, as we sat in the drawing room together. "And don't you think I act well? The Smith girls were school friends of mine, and we made it up together."

Then, again she said:

"I do not know if I can trust you now, dear. A little more and you would have proposed to me as the red haired girl, and then you would have been engaged to two—no—yes, to two girls."

"I do not see how, if you and the red haired girl are one, you can't be two, and so I would have only been engaged to one girl—a thing every man has a right to be. And I think you can safely trust me, for not many girls throw themselves at gentlemen's heads in the shameless way that red haired"—

A little hand covers my mouth.

"If you dare to say another word, I shall never forgive you."

But afterward I often said to Letty what I believe to be true and what I said to the red haired girl—that her blue muslin gown is the prettiest in all the world when a certain person wears it.—Answers.

It is undoubtedly a fact that our grandmothers, the pioneer women of the country, led more laborious lives than the housewives of to-day. In spite of this fact, they bore their husbands healthy, robust sons and daughters, and did not become weak, complaining invalids as a consequence.

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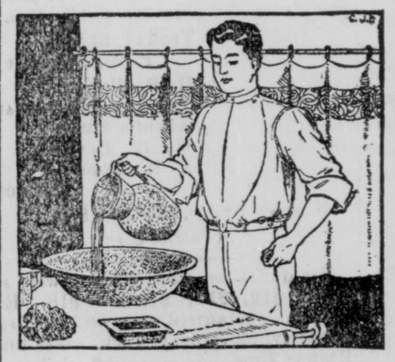

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