

# A Lucky Discard.

By William B. Keller, Jr.

Cartwright stopped paddling and devoted his waning energies to a predictions yawn. Then he threw down his paddle, slid onto the edge of the canoe, and stretching out his massive length, gazed up into the cloudless blue with profound content.

"I feel as if I could lie here forever, almost," he murmured.

However, sleep did not come as easily as he expected. He suddenly remembered that only two days more were left of his vacation. Besides the usual reluctance to go back to work, Cartwright experienced distinct regret at leaving, accompanied by a sense of loss, a "verge of uneasiness" for which at first he was at a loss to account. His thoughts gradually revolved around the most distressingly alluring bit of femininity he had ever beheld.

He could see the free swing of her walk, the unruly little ringlets around her neck and could almost hear the low trill of her laughter. Suddenly he realized exactly why he sought to return to the city. This discovery had a depressing effect, which soon gave way, however, to pronounced irritation. Cartwright became incensed at himself for allowing his emotions to take so serious a turn. For from the beginning of their acquaintance he had had a suspicion that she was a con- quered and accomplished flirt.

In the fourteen days at the hotel he had seen almost as many men become her abject slaves, and he had firmly resolved that she would never make a fool of him, even if he had to shorten his vacation to prevent it. With the result that although he had managed to keep away from her immediate presence, he was just as much in the toils.

At length, wearied by these calculations, and lulled by the motion of the canoe, he fell asleep.

How long he slept Cartwright did not know. He was awakened by the calling of his name, accompanied with a slight jar. He sat up and found himself staring straight into the eyes of the girl whom, of all others, he tried most to avoid, but wanted most to see.

"Miss Sutherland!" he ejaculated, recovering himself a little, and at the same time noticing how bewitchingly her trim sailor became her. "What—what's the matter?" Then "what are doing in a canoe without any paddle?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, looking at him, half defiantly, half appealingly. "You see, my paddle just slipped away. See, over there it is. And before I knew it your silly old boat came along and almost ran me down."

"I'm very sorry," he apologized lamely. "I guess I must have been asleep."

"Possibly," she murmured, and Cartwright could not tell whether she was being laughed at or not, though she returned his scrutiny with com- placence.

He put his hand back to where he had dropped his paddle, but, to his dismay, no paddle met his grasp.

"It must have been knocked over- board when we collided," she said, weakly. "What on earth can we do now?"

He replied by crouching down in his canoe and attempting to propel it by means of his hands in the direction of the truant paddle. Unluckily, his haste and his wild endeavor to keep the boat straight on her course overcame good intentions and Cart- wright was precipitated into the water.

Miss Sutherland, having once heard him remark that swimming was not among his accomplishments, realized the situation to be very grave indeed.

The victim had gone down once and was about to go under again. The girl's face had suddenly become white and drawn. In the few moments that she watched the struggle, the just words seemed to flash before her mind. She remembered plainly the first time she had seen Cartwright, on the night of his arrival, and how he had seemed to fill her thoughts ever since.

She had been piqued in the begin- ning at his seeming indifference toward her, until she had surprised a look on his face which her intuition told her was something more than an expression of mere curiosity. Since that time, with true feminine perversity, she had delighted in tantalizing him, by carrying on a series of flirtations with nearly every man in the place. And now she knew that his life meant everything, and more, to her.

Being an excellent swimmer, she would have gone to his assistance immediately, but the magnitude of the stake for which she was to fight for the moment held her powerless. However, the delay was scarcely noticeable. Calling to him not to give up, she was about to plunge in, when to her astonishment Cartwright, ceasing his struggles, calmly raised his head and shoulders above the water and regarded her with a broad grin which plainly betokened both profound sheepishness and immense relief.

Perceiving that they were in a shallow part of the lake and that all immediate danger was over, Miss

Sutherland began to feel the strain through which she had just passed. She sank to the bottom of the canoe and began sobbing.

"Don't mind me, please," she begged, breathlessly. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"I'm awfully sorry I frightened you so," he said, contritely, fervently wishing he could take her in his arms and prove how very sorry he really was. "I wouldn't make you cry for anything in the world," he pleaded out. "I'd rather lose my life than hurt you." He stopped abruptly.

Miss Sutherland had caught the vibrant feeling in his voice, the earnestness on his face, and it filled her with a great happiness. It entranced and dominated her, and in her unconscious surrender to its sweet potency she murmured: "You don't know how glad it makes me feel to hear—" and then stopped, aghast at what she was about to say.

The man at her side caught his breath at the promise in her voice. He strove to seek its fulfillment in her eyes, but for once she did not dare to meet the gaze of a fellow creature.

"Miss Sutherland—Peggy," he breathed, "look at me."

She quailed before his intensity. "Why do you want me to?" she quavered.

"Because then you'll know what made me speak that way."

Slowly she turned her head and bravely raised her eyes to his; and Cartwright, looking long and deep, saw visions crystallize, his greatest hopes fulfilled; knew that his dearest dreams were coming true.

The two had become oblivious of their rather precarious position, and would have remained so, but rain was beginning to fall, accompanied by a breeze which was gradually in- creasing to a strong wind.

Cartwright saw that his paddle and canoe had drifted nearly out of sight and that the only thing to do was to wade to shore, pushing the canoe before him. The wind was with him, but the shore still a good distance away, while the water in- creased in depth with every step. It soon reached his chin, and the next moment found him desperately clinging to the canoe, unable to find any footing. The wind had risen to a miniature gale, causing the canoe with its precious burden, to toss about in the most alarming fashion.

The burden, however, refused, to be considered as such. Crying out to Cartwright to hold on, she seized a cushion, raised it above her head, and as the wind was growing stronger, every minute the improvised sail successfully performed its office and they began to make progress toward the shore. Things would have gone well had it not been for the dead weight which the canoe had to drag through the water. With the in- creasing wind the waves rose higher and higher, and in a short time they were breaking over the frail craft al- most continually.

It was some distance to land, al- though, had Cartwright been a good swimmer, he could have made it with ease. He knew his only safety lay in hanging on to his support. But he also was aware that, if he continued to do so, Miss Sutherland's life would be endangered, as, hampered by the dragging of his body, it was merely a question of moments before her only means of safety would be capsize.

With this thought in his mind that it was to be his life or hers, he did not hesitate. A silent prayer, a deep breath, and the canoe bounded away, free and buoyant, while Cart- wright, exhausted by his previous efforts, gasped, swallowed, gasped again and sank.

When he regained consciousness the picture which presented itself to the astonished vision would have caused a less practical man to believe that he was now beholding the queen of the mermaids. And, indeed, the hallucination would have been very reasonable. For, with her dark hair falling over her shoulders and with every stitch of clothing lit- tle oozing moisture, the girl before him was the personification of a sea-bathing water nymph.

"Peggy," he whispered, "how did you get here?"

"The way you did," she answered, laughing, half crying. "I don't know how you'd never come to me, but I don't understand," he be- lieved.

"Don't try to," she said simply. "I don't understand it."

"You don't mean to say you brought me to shore?"

"Of course, I wasn't going to leave you out there, was I?"

"But I'm so heavy, how did you do it?"

"Well, you know," teasingly, "I'm a swimmer a little better than you, and I didn't have so very far to go."

Slowly and painfully he rose and stood regarding her. A new feeling of possession, of ownership thrilled him, and filled him with the joy of living.

"It certainly was a lucky thing for me when you lost your paddle this afternoon," he said at length, "other- wise you wouldn't have been brought to me."

"Oh, there wasn't any luck in that," she remarked demurely. "I didn't lose it. I had been wanting to make you talk to me for a long, long time, so when I saw you sleeping so peacefully out there I just gave a few good strokes in your direction and then—threw the paddle away."

And she was exceedingly glad that she could hide her face on his shoulder.

Madame Albani has performed before royalty more frequently than any other actress or singer alive.

# A CULTURED BEING.

Really, Maria, it seems to me that the society is congenial."

"And Lavinia, I am equally certain that the notice emanates from a gentleman."

Miss Maria Kirkpatrick took up the copy of the Times lying on the table and read the announcement again, after which she passed it over to her sister, who perused it with a quizzical frown.

It was rather a curious advertise- ment, and ran as follows:

A gentleman of some means de- sires for Two Months a Comfortable Home in Refined Circle. Maiden ladies preferred. Handsome hono- rarium given. Must be quiet, and in country district.—Address Vale, 128, Piccadilly.

"I think, Maria," Lavinia said at length—"I think it would suit us."

Miss Maria heaved a gentle sigh of relief. For some time each of the ladies had been fencing round the matter, both longing to suggest such an innovation and neither daring to advance such a heresy as a lodger at Mostyn Cottage. And now the fel- low thing was said.

That the sisters Kirkpatrick were refined goes without saying. Their late saluted mother had been the daughter of a baronet of long de- scent; on their father's side they were closely connected with Lord Ditton, whose illustrious ancestor had misled the signpost with which King John signed Magna Charta at Runnymede.

But, if the ladies were extra gen- tle, and absolutely correct to the ends of their patrician flangers, they were also poor. The cottage where they lived was beautifully furnished, and one self-trained handmaiden gave no cause for anxiety, and yet, at the same time, the internal econ- omy of the place was carried out on rigid lines necessary to people who have to live on £150 per annum.

The advertisement in the Times came as a dispensation of Providence, at a time when money was in market parlance, extremely "tight." Were the sisters fortunate enough to secure the countenance and approval of the mysterious "Vale" it would be quite easy enough to account for his presence in the house. No talent of the lodger could possibly attach to a passing guest, especially as he hap- pened to be a gentleman of some means.

"You had better write to the ad- dress in question, Maria," Lavinia said. "It may be worth £50 or £100 to us—it is impossible to tell."

A fortnight had passed since Miss Maria's misadventure had been dispatched to the address in Piccadilly, and much had happened in the interim. Letters had been exchanged and references given on the one side, at any rate, whilst the gentleman, who signed himself "Robert Vale," was extremely reticent as to his share of the contract. His letters were per- fectly correct, but he seemed to know nobody, and, indeed, the thing would have gone off altogether but for a happy thought on the part of the mysterious gentleman himself. In his last communication he had forwarded a £50 note, that being the amount he intended to expend dur- ing his two months' visit, and hint- ing that that was the best kind of reference after all.

Lavinia hesitated, and was lost; the soft crumple of the banknote in her fingers made music in her soul, and her heart went out to Robert Vale on the spot.

It would be flying in the face of Providence to refuse.

A dainty high tea stood upon the table; there were flowers and fruit, the best of the Queen Anne silver, and the choicest of Crown Derby ware by the tea-cosy.

The sisters were in their best black silks, awaiting, with some little nervousness, the advent of the visitor, who was upstairs in the best lavender-scented bedroom, removing the stains of travel from his person.

"Really, most distinguished look- ing," Lavinia mentally murmured, as she curtsied low and extended her hand to her visitor—"quite the gentleman."

And, indeed, to do him justice, so Mr. Robert Vale was. He was tall and spare, with refined, clean-shaven features, quiet and subdued manner, and yet perfectly at ease with the sisters. He was dressed from tip to the tip in black, with a perfectly fitting frock-coat; he had handed the things about table with a lordly grace the sisters voted charming. About 40—Miss Maria's age to a day—he looked considerably older, as if thought- fulness and a scholarly occupation had aged him before his time.

But, although Mr. Vale's voice was sonorous and deliberate, there were times when his English left much to be desired. It was the one thorn to the rose, the fly in the amber of Miss Lavinia's approval of her guest.

"I have always been a solitary man," Mr. Vale explained, as he no- ticed a little uneasiness on the part of Lavinia at some faux pas of his, "and, as a boy, I was left entirely to the care of servants. Hence little pec-uliarities of speech, which you have noticed, although I am hardly con- sidered of them. If you ladies will correct any trifling errors of mine, I shall be infinitely obliged."

Miss Lavinia remarked that she would avail herself of the opportu-

artificially, it only toned the whole, as French polish adds to the bril- liancy of a sideboard.

Miss Maria was probably more ex- cited than she had ever been in her life before. As she came down to breakfast she held in her long, slim fingers a cornetted sheet of thick paper which was nothing less than in- vitation from Lady Ditton to spend a month at Dittondyke, her lady- ship's famous seat near to the an- cient city of York.

"You had better go, Maria," Lavinia remarked. "Most of the others have been, and we owe some respect to the head of the family. For my own part, I shall never visit Ditton- dyke so long as that person is there. You will be rather lonely for me, looking you and Mr. Vale at the same place."

Mr. Vale glanced at Maria, and she pleasant, innocent face blushed. "That it should be so, but Maria knew that she would miss Robert Vale far more than Miss Lavinia could. The handsome face and easy manner had done its full work.

"Permit me to be your escort," he said. "I will postpone my departure another day so as to accompany you. As I said yesterday, I, too, am going North."

"Maria, I have a humiliating con- fession to make to you. I have told you how I love you, and you say you return my passion. Can you forgive me?"

"I could, Robert," murmured Maria—"I could forgive you anything."

"We are nearly at York," Vale went on, as he glanced out of the carriage window, "where we must part for a time. I, too, am going to Dittondyke, but, alas! not in the capacity of guest. Maria, I am the Earl's butler."

Maria could only gasp like one in the clutches of a deadly nightmare.

"It was this way," Vale went on. "I had been there for ten years, when my lord married his present superior, highly cultured wife. She liked me and my appearance very much, but she objected to my gram- mar. At her suggestion, this sum- mer, while the family were in Ger- many, I looked out for a refined fam- ily where I could reside for a month or two as a guest. I did not fear that anything could betray me but my English, and how that has improved you know. In self-defense, I did not know till long after I came to you that you were related to his lord- ship."

Vale resumed, but Maria made no reply, and he resumed.

"My post is a good one; every- thing is conducted, especially lately, upon the most lavish scale. In ten years I have saved £3,000. At the present moment I am in negotiations for one of the largest hotels in the Engadine, where I shall not be known, and where I have only to remain behind the scenes, and pocket something like £1,500 a year. Maria, neither your sister nor any one else need know; we can live secluded on the continent. I can grow a beauti- ful beard and mustache. Will you wait for me and marry me?"

"Yes," Maria whispered. "Yes, Robert, for I love you in spite of all, I will wait for you, and marry you—when your mustache comes."

That night, with stately mein and manner grave as that of a bishop, Vale strode along behind the row of chairs in the big dining hall at Dit- tondyke, and, as leaving over Maria's seat, deferentially murmured "Hook of sherry, miss" with the aspirate in the correct place, none of the butterflies of fashion guessed the little romance that blossomed like a full-blown rose in their midst.

The Egyptian Sais.

The sais is a runner who keeps in front of a carriage and warns com- mon people out of the way, and who beats them with a stick if they do not hurry up about it, says the Boston Transcript. It is obvious that to do this he must run quickly. Most men when they run bend their bod- ies forward and keep their mouths closed in order to save their wind. The sais runs with his shoulders thrown back and trumpeting like an enraged elephant. He holds his long wand at his side like a musket and not trailing in his hand like a walk- ing stick, and he wears a soft shirt of white stuff, and a sleeveless coat buried in gold lace.

He is a perfect ideal of color and movement, and as he runs he bol- lows like a bull or roars as you have heard a lion roar at feeding times in a menagerie. There are sometimes two of them running abreast, dressed exactly alike and with the upper part of their bodies as rigid as the wand pressed against their sides and with the ends of the scarf and the long tassel streaming out behind. As they yell and bellow donkeys and carriages and people scramble out of their way until the carriage they pro- ceed has rolled rapidly by. Only princesses of the royal-harem and consuls general and the heads of the army of occupation and the Egyptian army are permitted two sais; other people may have one.

Sightseeing in France.

There has been a steadily increas- ing demand for sightseeing cars in San Francisco, because of the num- ber of tourists visiting the city to view the ruins. With four special cars assigned for this service, carry- ing nearly 250 passengers, people are frequently, it is said, turned away to the regular cars.

When a man deals lightly with the law, he is commencing a question of

# THE LOVE AFFAIR OF A FREAK.

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Wilkinson was tired of being a freak; he was tired of selling his own photographs, marked "the tall man on earth"; he was tired of second-class boardwalk-nights and of going over the country in the "crazy train"; he was tired of drawing a large salary which he had no oppor- tunity to expend. And so one day the show went off without him, and Wilkinson started out to establish for himself a normal existence and a permanent abiding place.

His seven feet seven inches had brought him money in the past, money which he had no opportunity to squander, and which now lay subject to call in his bank; but that same seven inches promised to prevent his earning any more.

Wilkinson was not discouraged, however. Some place, somewhere, there must be a niche large enough for him. And so, after a time, he found at least an opening. The gen- eral manager at Wunderley's was progressive beyond the usual run of downs, he rose another round in the estimation of the firm by engaging Wilkinson to stand in front of the main entrance, top-hatted, tan-bou- tied, and white-breasted, to open and close carriage doors and assist their fair occupants to alight.

Being a good-looking fellow, on a magnified scale, the experiment was an instant success. But after a month or so the manager grew thoughtful. The giant was a great drawing card—outside the store; mothers brought their children to stand and gaze, and small boys blocked the traffic on the street. But it was outside the store. The next day Wilkinson was transferred to the main aisle, where, in immacu- late frock coat and patent leather, he directed hesitating customers to their proper department.

There could be no doubt of the business policy of this move. The ladies' hosiery department and the jewelry counter, both being near the door and Wilkinson's stand, asked for an extra wrapper each, and the store put out a special tie in the neckwear just across, and called it the Wilkinson.

Little Miss Arthurs, the head of the jewelry, who was barely five feet, gazed with envious admiration at Wilkinson's stalwart figure, and began secretly to read advertisements of short people made tall, while "Shorty" Jennings, in the neck- wear, was apoplectic with envy.

"I'm fixing up a flat," he said, apropos of nothing. "I found a lit- tle place in one of the new apart- ment houses, six rooms and a bath. There's a nice kitchen, too, but what's the use of a kitchen with no one to use it?"

Miss Arthurs flushed and glanced uneasily toward the neckwear, where little Jennings was glaring through a fluttering row of green and burnt orange ties.

"Why don't you find some one to use it, Mr. Wilkinson?" she asked, working the button nervously into place. "You've got a nice position, I'm sure."

"What'd have me?" he questioned pathetically. "I'm still a freak, if I have left the circus. There are times yet when I reach in my pocket for my photograph, and the smell of tanbark makes me sick."

"When I was a kid young enough to bawl for things, I was as big as my father—I guess I never was a baby. Nobody thinks of me as a man—I'm a giant, that's all. When I meet any of the people from home, they never come up and ask me how I am and what I'm doing. No, they walk up and walk and clap me on the elbow, and say, 'Well, Jim, still growing, are you?'"

He sighed heavily, and slipped his cuff into place.

"I'm exactly like a mountain range," he said sadly. "We've each got one dimension, height. Talk about lonely mountain peaks!"

He stalked off then, and Miss Ar- thurs looked after him pityingly.

But even a casual acquaintance with an elephant will permit pecu- liars. So it was with Wilkinson, and in return for these advances he ac- ceded to a chosen few that the flat was practically furnished, even go- ing into details of Morris chairs and Smyrna rugs with Miss Arthurs.

"It's a home, anyhow," he fin- ished, "and I've been folded up like a champagne in the herb of the cir- cus sleeper so long that it's good just to have a decent place to sleep."

Business at the jewelry counter continued to increase, and Miss Ar- thurs asked for another saleswoman. Perhaps it was an accident, perhaps not, but there was a small sen- sation when the new clerk appeared. She was quite the tallest woman any of the clerks had ever seen, and when the manager, who was short and extremely corpulent, brought her around the corner and past Wilkinson, little Jennings with- drew behind his counter in an agony of wrath.

"Say," he whispered across to Miss Arthurs, "ask her if she's paid by the week or by the yard." But Miss Arthurs could have cried with vexation; beside the newcomer she dwindled into insignificance.

As for Miss McGowan, she towered complacently behind the jewel- ery counter, dwarfing everything be- fore her by comparison, until a six- inch silver nail-file which had made

a respectable appearance at fifty cents, shrank to half its former im- pressiveness.

It was some time before Wilkin- son noticed the new arrival. It was still early, and the aisles were al- most empty, so he came over and dropped into a chair near. When he leaned over and asked her how the girls around nudged each other and smiled, and when the following day he announced to Miss Arthurs that he had arranged at the busi- ness confectionery for soda water, her department, it was considered delectable attention to the new girl.

And then the annual picnic was named. Wilkinson had not expected to go, but the thought of a day with her was unbearable.

When he finally reached the picnic and slipped into the first vacant seat, which happened to be beside McGowan, he was entirely ob- livious to the titter that, beginning with Jennings, fast behind, went through the car. Later he watched the dancing eagerly—he had never danced, and worked off some of his loneliness and discontent at the swings, sending the overworked lit- tle cash girls to incredible heights and treating them afterward, with a overflow of his big heart, to let- cades and sandwiches.

Then he wandered off, lone again, to the little grove of mapl- e back of the dancing pavilion. He was startled, all at once, to con- sider a very diminutive figure sit- ting despondently on the ground. The figure started and tried to oc- ceal a stockings, shoeless foot. It Wilkinson sat down clumsily beg- in and put out a large, gentle hand.

"What's the matter, Miss Ar- thurs?" he asked. "Have you lost your foot?"

For answer Miss Arthurs un- covered a white shoe in her lap and turned a flushed face to him.

"I can't walk, that's all," she said, "I'd like to know how any body can walk in heels like those. Every bit of my weight is on my feet and I'm in perfect torture. I wish I stayed at home."

"But why—" began the giant.

"Why?" she snapped. "Just because I'm so little and insignificant that I have to, that's all. I do know why I'm so short—my peo- ple were all tall. I hate short people."

"I don't," said Wilkinson, look- ing at her helplessly. "In fact, well, of course, there's no use say- ing it, but if the Lord had only made me like other men I know what I'd do."

"What?" asked Miss Arthurs, color coming and going.

Wilkinson stopped and pu- himself together.

"I'd tell a sweet little woman know that there is just enough her. I—great heavens!" he a- getting up and towering over her, "I've been thinking about you so much that I've got that full of little bits of rocking chair that wouldn't hold me a min- igger! Good Lord!" and with- he dropped on the ground beside and took her hand.

"I'm a freak," he hurried afraid of his courage. "I ought marry the bearded lady or the woman, but I won't. I'll not m- at all, since I can't have you, when you and that little fool Jennings have hit it off, I'll—"

But Miss Arthurs reached up was quite a reach—and put hands over his mouth.

"You're a big silly," she said derisively. "I've been crazy about ever since I first saw you. An for little Jennings, look there."

Up through the beech grove figures were sauntering. Some- tance off they sat down under a Ewon as Wilkinson gazed the put his head on the girl's shou- and she put her arm protect- around him. It was little Jen- and Miss McGowan.

Inclaimed British Prize Money.

The days when prize money looked upon in the navy as an- nary source of income are recall- a notification from the Adm- of money waiting to be claimed- proceeds of bounties for the de- tion of pirates and of the Court as slave ships, says the Boston Je- There is a sum of £5,000 from- sale of slaving vessels capture- the '60s awaiting claimants, a- goodly amount of naval prize m- and £2,800 bounty for the de- tion of pirates which nobody a- for. Some of those to whom s- is due are, no doubt, still alive- if they are dead they probab- descendants who if the names- advertised would be forthcom- substantiate their claims.

As it is, there is little dem- the money in hand. During t- months dealt with in the stati- issued from Whitehall unde- have been paid out.

Buddhist Shrine in India.

Of late the Buddhists in Ind- trying their best to bring unde- control and management all- shrines relating to their own r- which are at present wholly- hands of the Hindu priests. T- clety has very recently submi- memorial to the Government o- gal to the effect that the J- have acquired a complete rig- territorial and religious over- shrines and that they (the- dhists) "have no custodian o- own; they have no right t- lamps constantly before the in- the sacred Bo-tree; they place any fresh image of F- within the temple; they can- as their own or as the templ- offering made by Buddha p- within the shrine, is defaced i- by robes and marks.



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