

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The brother was wellstocked, thanks to Charles' foresight, and we made a most excellent supper of potted ham, broiled chicken, pilot biscuit, and coffee, hailed as only Charles knows how. While supper was being prepared Duponceau and I made the round of the house, putting up the great storm-shutters with which I usually protected the windows from the winter gales, and piling packing-boxes and extra-heavy furniture against the doors, so that they might be ready to withstand any sudden attack. I was surprised to find how snug we could make out of the room. Not but what I was the roughest of off-shore gales, but I never thought of it as useful for a log-house in case of attack by land. I was very proud of it when we barred the last shutter.

Meanwhile Charles was spreading the table, and Rodney, reclining upon a couch as became a wounded warrior, was puffing contentedly at the first cigarette he had had in three days.

"Little did I think, Selden," said he, "when I lunched with you that day, that I'd be coming back as a member of a midnight garrison, defending a mysterious gentleman in a black cloak, who popped out of the sea. Not but what I enjoy it," he added, as Duponceau looked at him. "I haven't had such a good time since I went bear-hunting in Labrador; but I should like to know what's happened to the market."

"Perhaps I can smuggle Charles through the enemy's lines to the club in a day or two," I answered.

Rodney grinned. "You talk of a day or two as though time were nothing. The whole bottom might drop out in less than an hour. However, I don't care so long as supper's come."

We disposed of a prodigious meal, and when we had finished Duponceau examined with great interest an array of old swords and other war-like instruments that hung over the mantel-piece. Finally he unhooked two long and rusty blades, compared them carefully, and, carrying them with him, went to the stairs.

"You're not going to kill him?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not; but possibly we can end this campaign to-night. Come with me."

Rodney and I followed him up to my study, where our prisoner was stretched out in the Morris chair. Duponceau flung the two swords on the counter-table, and I could see a quick look of alarm flare up in the captive's eyes.

"I am about to propose," said Duponceau, "a happy settlement of all our difficulties. Instead of your band of six or eight outlaws fighting my three comrades and myself, what say you if you and I fight it out, you to withdraw your party if I win, I to go with you if I lose? Come, that sounds fair enough."

Rodney and I agreed. "What shall we do with him?" I asked.

"Turn him loose," said Rodney. "It's better to have all our enemies on the same side of the house."

Duponceau, like a mind, so we took the man down-stairs, and, opening the front door, sent him out into the night. "I'll tell the chief about what you offered," he said as he left. "And if he says it's a go, we'll bring our best fencer with a flag of truce. But you needn't expect him, for from the way I heard he hasn't got a chance of losing you."

I closed the door, and double-locked it. Charles had laid a fire and lighted it, for we were all stiff with our life on board the ship, and as I stretched out comfortably before it I remembered the old English saying that a man's house is his castle, and was determined that no men in the pay of private schemes should enter mine without my full consent.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I was dreaming of the sharp crackle of monkey when I awoke to find small stones rattling against the shutters of my study window. Duponceau had been in my bed—as became the guest of honor—and I had found lodging for the night upon the divan that graced the den. I went to the window, and, cautiously peering through a crack of the opening in the shutters, looked for the stone-thrower. I could see only the white top of the nearest dune, and a sky of cloudless blue, the white and blue as perfect as ever painter dreamed. Although I could not see my visitor, it was evident that the opening shutter was visible, for a larger stone struck the shutter and fell on to the balcony. Curiously enough, it was wrapped in a handkerchief, and one which I instantly saw was not a man's property. With this lure, I opened the shutters wide and stepped on to the balcony. Now below me I saw Barbara, dressed for riding, the color in her cheeks high from so much cannonading.

"Good morning," she called to me. "I rode down to the ship, but found that you had all flown, so I left my horse in the woods and came here. I thought you must have gone for the season, by the looks of the house. May I come in?"

"You may," I cried, my heart bounding with new delight at the sweetness of her voice. "I remember a day when you wouldn't enter."

"You forget, Mr. Selden, that that was when there was peace in the land. Many things happen in a night."

"Many delightful things," she said, and I'd be down at the door."

I hurried down-stairs, but before I could open the front door I heard Barbara's voice crying, "Wait, wait!"

Rodney jumped from his couch and joined me. "He as well as I had slept in the kitchen. What is it, Fred?" he asked.

"Miss Graham is outside and wants to come in, but she's just called to me to wait. I'll open the little side window first."

I did the window-bolt and looked out.

Two men, the disagreeable chap of our first meeting and another surly-faced individual, stood some twenty feet back of Barbara. I placed my revolver on the window ledge.

"Now, then, what do you men want?" I demanded.

"We don't want the lady to go in," the disagreeable-looking one replied.

"The door opened, and Barbara, her head high, walked in. I shut the small window and put the revolver in my pocket. "There's a pretty mad-looking pair out there," I said. "Welcome to the log-house."

But Barbara was not regarding me. "Why, Rodney?" she exclaimed, "what has happened to your arm? They didn't shoot you, did they?" She had caught sight of Rodney's arm in a sling.

"It's nothing, Barbara," he said, beaming; "only a scratch. I might have been poked by that badly shooting snipe."

She looked at him, her face all admiration. "It's like you to speak lightly, but you've been in danger, and partly on my account, for you'd never have laid eyes on Monsieur Duponceau if it hadn't been for me."

I could have drifted out of the room if I could, but I was caught between them and the door.

Rodney smiled; I could imagine how pleased he must be feeling.

"We've had several scraps on the ship," he explained, "and when our food gave out we came up here."

"You poor dears!" she exclaimed, and this time I was included in her words. "I've been thinking of you every minute of the last two days, and wanting to come over to join you. Well, I've stolen away at last, for a morning ride, and now I'm going to stay here with you."

"Stay here with us?" we both exclaimed in amazement.

"Until after breakfast. I'm going to set your table, and pour your coffee, and fix your rooms, and show you in general what a woman can do in a house."

We both had had visions of that already, I fancy. I caught Rodney's eye; he smiled, and the color rose to his face.

"Where's Charles?" Barbara demanded.

I led her into the kitchen, where Charles was busied, and Rodney and I sat on the dresser and watched while Barbara rolled up her sleeves, pinning a napkin over her dress as an apron, and proceeded to direct Charles as to the cooking. Either one of us would have been supremely happy if the other had not been there.

When the table was set, and the breakfast on its way from the kitchen to the dining-room, Duponceau appeared, for the first time for the day, in a black coat, with his gold chains, and still enveloped in that peculiar air of mystery which instinctively set him apart from all ordinary beings. Barbara curtsied to him, and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it with the grace of the old-time aristocrat.

Barbara continued that we should all forget that we were cooped up in a log-house. She smiled at Rodney and at me impartially, and listened attentively to everything Duponceau said. Even Charles felt her influence. I could see him linger in the doorway on the alert to serve her.

Breakfast came to an end, and Barbara looked at Rodney, and she said to me, "I think he was very sorry that she should have slighted the wound really was for her demerit, though with a look of great satisfaction; but he finally consented to roll up his sleeve. I drew Duponceau away to my den, and the two were left alone for a day or half-hour. Monsieur Duponceau and I discussed matters of defense.

When we returned to the living-room Barbara's face was flushed, and Rodney's cheeks were red. His arm was wound with a new bandage and a little gold pin fastened it.

"Will you take me over to the house?" she asked, jumping up, and now it was my turn to blush, for she insisted on poking into every nook and cranny, as if learning how two men left to their own devices lived, and as improving what she found. I, who had once been severe to Rodney, now was all smiles and good-will, and I accompanied her to the house, and she, who had been practically impossible to these regions to have been inhibited or visited without the aid of horses, so the matter will still be left open for future determination.

## Perfect Confidence.

A physician was summoned to a very sick man, who was very much prostrated with troubles of his own. On arriving at the sick man's bed, he said to his wife:

"Your husband is in the last stages. Every movement shows that the end is near."

At this moment the sick man's head fell over the pillow, when the doctor said: "The end has come, your husband is dead."

In a shrill, this voice the sick man said:

"Isn't so, Maria."

At once the wife laid her hand on his head and remarked: "Don't disturb yourself, Rufus—the doctor knows best."—Harper's Monthly.

Writing to the scarcity of whales, the whaling industry is dying out. Only 10 are now caught each year.

Of the world's population there are sixty-four to the million who are blind.

should keep in touch with his office," she added.

"And that a writer should write."

"Then why did you give it up?"

"Duponceau." I answered. Our eyes met, and we both laughed.

There was a brief silence, and then she rose. "I have a feeling that the crisis is coming. Remember that I trust you to shield my pirate. I must go back to the club."

We went down-stairs, and Barbara made her adieu.

"I'll go with you to your horse," said Rodney.

"I shall be delighted to go," I put in at the same moment.

"I am not so valuable a man as you," Rodney explained, "in case they should cut us off."

Barbara looked from one to the other of us. "Rodney—" she began.

I bowed. "I yield." He was the older friend, and much as I feared him, I could not admit that he was entitled to the privilege.

Barbara smiled with pleasure. "Thank you," she said.

"Rodney must not go," she finished.

It was my turn to start for the door. "Nor must you," she continued to me. "I am much safer alone than with either of you."

The matter was settled; we could only hold the door open, and let her pass out. We watched her as she went down the beach. Once she turned and waved her riding-crop in farewell. It was cruel that we should be penned up within four walls when the world was crying aloud for joy of the day, and she was going out to it.

We turned back ill at ease towards each other, and just then a bullet ploughed into the house to the right of us. We jumped in, slammed the door, and bolted it.

There was a cry from Charles. "They're coming up the balcony!"

(To be continued.)

## WHO DID IT?

### Rock Writings in Wyoming Caves a Deep Mystery.

The rock writings in Wyoming have again been brought into notice by the work of Prof. Harlan L. Smith, of the New York Museum of Natural History, accomplished last summer. He made some most interesting discoveries of rock markings and pictures.

Who carved these rocks? What races of men traveled through the walled deserts of Wyoming to inscribe these stones with pictures and writings which puzzle the brains of the greatest experts of our day? It is certain that these markings were not made by white men, for they are around and about the extensive quarries from which some primitive savages obtained their arrow heads and ax heads, as was proved by the debris and fragments found by Prof. Smith. Nor can anyone read the markings and obtain any actual meaning from them. Do those arrows and straight marks indicate the location of water, or the best places over which to drive buffaloes or antelopes that they may be killed by the fall? Or are they written in some primitive sign language of those ancient cave men, conveying important information to those who were able to read them?

The drawings are rude, but it is certain that the pains necessary to carve them would not have been taken were it not that they conveyed important information to those for whom they were intended.

Prof. Smith left Lusk, Wyo., with an experienced cowboy as his guide. They went in a wagon, carrying water with them. From Newcastle, on the western edge of the Black Hills, they went northward some miles, and found in Oil Creek Canyon a cave dwelling, breastwork and cave man pictures and writings. Continuing southwestward, they reached the canyon of Crazy Woman and Muddy, where caves formerly occupied by the cave dwellers were found. Thence they made their way past the Hole in the Wall country, and over the divide to Casper.

The greatest discovery was that of a large quarry, from which the cave men obtained stone for arrow heads, spear heads, knives, scrapers, drills and other tools and utensils. It covers some five acres, and all over the quarries were the battered pebbles which had been used as hammer stones for chipping the rocks. It was plain that these quarries had been used before the advent of the white man, for there were no glass beads, iron arrow points or other late remains.

The petroglyphs and pictographs resemble closely those found near Hammond, in southern Wyoming, showing some relationship of common influence at work upon all these people. Some of the pictures show shields, or religious inscriptions—for they are otherwise inexplicable. Some of them are in black, some are colored red and some are drab. The last color is the first of this kind ever found. The usual color of these pictographs is red.

There is nothing here to show that the horse was known to these cave men, so they were probably very ancient. But some hold that it would have been practically impossible for these regions to have been inhabited or visited without the aid of horses, so the matter will still be left open for future determination.

## Perfected Confidence.

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## THE HORIZON AND THE WOOD.

There, through the closing gate of Day,  
The sunset seems to drift away  
In pallid gold and dream-like red,  
With thin gray cloud-like overhead.

At the dim margin of the blue  
Venus is trembling into view,  
Pulsing with timid, silvery light—  
The first gem on the breast of Night.

Here, in the wood, all birds are still,  
Save the sad-hearted whippoorwill,  
Invoking through insistent song  
Reluctant vengeance for some wrong.

Above the fretful's fitful spark  
An owl sits brooding in the dark  
Silent, beneath his feathered hood—  
A somber wizard of the wood.

—Scribner.

## A HAPPY SOLUTION

Irene Desborough's face fell.

"Not a boarding house, Frank?"

"Yes, why not?"

"But we've always gone into apartments before."

"That's no reason why we shouldn't have a change this time."

"Think how free and easy one can be in lodgings."

"So you can in this boarding house at Seabourne, I'm sure, Irene. Snell, who has stopped there twice, tells me that it's a regular 'home from home.'"

Thus the Desboroughs, brother and sister conversed towards the middle of July, and Frank Desborough got his way; spelt younger brother usually do. On the first of August they found themselves two in the company of twenty-four stopping at the Crescent Boarding House, Seabourne.

At the first meal Irene looked afield with foreboding; her worst fears were realized. The stately dowagers that form the chief clientele of the Crescent for eleven months out of the year, had for this one holiday month all fled, and youth and beauty were in possession. The stately dowagers (average age sixty) would have been such safe company for Irene, but this gay crowd—ah! danger lurked in every glint of eye, gleamed in each flashing eye. Ah! if Irene only had had the strength of mind to insist on dull, decorous apartments.

You have guessed the situation; let a few words be said in excuse for Irene's selfish conduct. The Desboroughs were orphans, and had no near relations for whom they particularly cared. The sun of Irene's sky, the pride of Irene's heart was her brother Frank. She clung to him and looked up to him in everything. She wished to keep him to herself; he must never marry, because there was no girl in the world worthy of being his wife.

Frank was not good looking, but then, of course, it is a delusion (chiefly peculiar to lady novelists) that girls like good-looking men. He had highly agreeable manners, and was of a most genial disposition, and the company at the Crescent soon gave him their fullest admiration.

"A delightful man, your brother!" said a pretty, fair-haired girl, Mabel Patton by name, to Irene. He had just been singing "Songs of Araby," the most dangerous song in his repertoire, for every girl in the room thought it was sung for her.

Whenever a chance subsequently occurred, Irene glared at that fair-haired girl. She did not offer her the mustard at table, and made her ask twice for the salt. But it seemed no good; the fates were against her. Resist as she might, Irene felt the horrible drift of circumstances. Those two were growing intimate with appalling rapidity. Last night Miss Patton and Frank had been drawn partners at a whist drive, and now they were out there on the lawn playing singles at tennis.

"Thirty, love!" sang out Frank across the net; and Irene went writhing to her room, to have a good cry. It was only a score in tennis, but destiny she felt sure was scoring off her, too.

Suddenly, in the secrecy of her own room, Irene's eyes brightened; a wicked little smile played around her lips. She had thought of a scheme—a simple scheme—for saving her brother from the fair-haired girl, and possibly preserving him intact for several years to come. The simplicity of the scheme seemed to guarantee its success. One sentence of a few words, and Miss Mabel Patton, now in Irene's eyes a bold adventuress, would be choked off forever.

It was in the drawing-room after dinner. The men had not yet drifted up from the smoking-room, so the ladies were exclusively in possession. Irene, a large volume under her arm, and her best smile on her face, crossed over to Miss Patton's side.

"Would you like to see this book of photographs my brother has taken?" Mabel Patton expressed delighted acquiescence. She had no suspicion of the plot in hand.

It was the photographic amateur's collection, consisting of odds and ends of people and places, principally gathered on Frank Desborough's holidays. Irene made the usual explanation, and Mabel the usual appreciative remarks. When boredom seemed at hand, Irene said her hand abruptly over the photo of a girl.

"Now, Miss Patton, I've a good mind to make you guess who this is."

"Oh, please don't. I'm no good at conundrums."

"I wonder if you know my brother sufficiently well to be able to picture his features?"

"Miss Desborough, you don't mean—"

Irene nodded, slowly taking away her hand from the photograph. With color unmistakably heightened, Mabel Patton looked closely at the likeness revealed.

It was an imperfectly developed photograph of a distant cousin of the Desboroughs, named Ada Seymour, for whom Frank, needless to say, did not care two straws, whom indeed he had not seen for three or four years, and

point. No, I insist. There's no great danger if we're quick."

She assented, for her knees were trembling under her, and fright seemed to have taken away all powers of progress. He was strong—far stronger than you would suppose from his appearance—and his air of confidence was very reassuring.

He walked several yards with his burden, and all seemed well when an unseen, slimy rock proved his undoing. He stumbled and fell. Before she could properly realize what had happened, Irene was under the water. But he still kept her tightly in his arms. She came to the surface, choking with the water, and beating her arms wildly.

"Keep still," she heard him cry, and then she knew no more. The face above her vanished into mist. She had fainted.

Irene was lying on the sofa, still weak, from the shock and exposure, but radiant with new-found happiness. Who could have dreamed that a journey so perilous would have this joyful termination?

Radiantly happy for herself, but, oh, perfectly wretched on Frank's account! How was she to break the news to him? How tell so devoted a brother that this wonderful thing had happened, entailing their coming separation? Frank, the dear fellow, whose budding romance she had slain by her deceitful conduct! Ah! but she did not know then what love was.

"Dear Ada—I think you're perfectly horrid. Fancy keeping the news of your engagement a secret from me, whom you call your friend. I was getting on so well with Frank Desborough, and now I hear that he is engaged to you. I'm not going to offer you the smallest congratulation until you write and give me a satisfactory explanation. Your disappointed friend, MABEL PATTON."

The envelope was addressed to "Miss Ada Seymour."

A week later, Irene Desborough sat thinking on the beach at Seabourne. She was thinking about her brother. It was evident that Frank was not happy. He had developed an extraordinary taste for long, solitary walks, from which he returned moodier than when he started out. At meals his only appetite seemed to be for Mabel Patton, whose face he devoured hungrily, though without much satisfaction, for she hardly cast a look in his direction.

Yes, Irene's plot, helped by the fact that Ada Seymour was away from home and could not at once reply to Miss Patton's letter, seemed to be eminently successful, and yet she was not satisfied. Suppose heaven really intended those two to be made for life, and she by her arbitrary conduct had separated them! She genuinely cared for Frank, and it was horrid to see him go about with that look of blank misery on his face, as if life were not worth living.

Another cause contributed to Irene's sense of dissatisfaction. For the first time in her life she was interested in a person of the opposite sex who was not a relation. Only a mild form of interest, of course, for Cecil Lonsdale was one of those quiet, studious, intellectual, spectacled young men to whom no suspicion of sentiment can possibly attach. He had asked her for three dances last night, and had hovered in her vicinity all the evening.

"Excuse me, Miss Desborough, but are you aware that the tide is coming in very fast?"

She sprang up to confront the last object of her thoughts.

"I really wasn't thinking about it, Mr. Lonsdale."

"Well, you should. We shall be cut off by the sea if we're not very quick in going back."

She looked around and saw that she was speaking the truth. They started walking briskly in the direction of Seabourne.

"How did you come to see me?"

"I was walking along the cliff."

"And you scrambled down from that height?"

"In some fashion. But an ascent is out of the question; the soil is too light and gives under one's feet. Come, we must hurry."

They sped along. It was a question of rounding one point that jutted out into the sea; beyond the coast line receded, and they would be safe. But the tide at that point was already up to the cliff and was deepening every moment. Cecil Lonsdale measured the depth with his eye.

"I don't think it is more than above my knees. Let me carry you."

"Oh, please let me try myself."

"You simply can't do it in skirts; the current is pretty strong at this

point. No, I insist. There's no great danger if we're quick."

She assented, for her knees were trembling under her, and fright seemed to have taken away all powers of progress. He was strong—far stronger than you would suppose from his appearance—and his air of confidence was very reassuring.

He walked several yards with his burden, and all seemed well when an unseen, slimy rock proved his undoing. He stumbled and fell. Before she could properly realize what had happened, Irene was under the water. But he still kept her tightly in his arms. She came to the surface, choking with the water, and beating her arms wildly.

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Classified.

"What kind of people are they—red-headed or common?"

"Well, I'll tell you. They had a wedding anniversary last week, and he gave her a crayon portrait of himself, and she gave him a mustache cup."—Cleveland Leader.

Trials of a Casperon.

Miss Mayne (on vacation)—O, auntie, it's such a luxury to have nothing to do but just loiter in a hammock with my precious Shelley or even the "Vicar of Wakefield."

Elderly Relative—Child, if I hear of any more such scandalous doings, I shall write to your mother!—Chicago Tribune.

Organic and lawn are shown in such pretty robe designs, both simple and elaborate. The one sketched here is quite plain, and just the thing for morning wear. Belt and sash are of the material. The waist is finished with "German Val", of a good strong pattern that stands "tubing" well.

## FASHION HINTS



## VIENNA'S PLAGUE OF PIGEONS.

Means of Ridding City of Birds Becomes a Municipal Problem.

Vienna is suffering from too many pigeons, and the authorities are at a loss to know what to do to mitigate the nuisance. The birds, which number some thousands, have a privileged existence; no body molests them in any way, so that they flourish and increase rapidly.

Recently so many complaints have been received from house owners of the dirty condition of the facades of buildings caused by the pigeons, that the Vienna magistracy decided something must be done to reduce the number. In their perplexity the magistracy appealed to the Vienna Society for the Protection of the Animals to aid them in a legal slaughter of the offending birds, always having regard, however, to the provisions of the new birds protection law.

The society answered that it would be hardly consistent with the principles of friendliness toward animals to engage in a massacre of pigeons and therefore they must reject the official appeal.

The magistracy are now wrestling with the problem alone. Perhaps the unemployed of Vienna might help them.

## Seemed to Awaken Memories.

Tommy—Paw, what is three card monte?

Mr. Tucker—It's the most diabolical, infernal swindle that ever anybody—er—er—O, it's some sort of gambling game with cards, I believe, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

## WON'T MIX.

Had Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse, but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.

If you feed right you will find right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.

"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health, for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin.

My home cares were very heavy, for being a large family of my own I have also to look out for an aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down.

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing.

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic and in an incredibly short space of time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Trial will prove. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Well-being," in 10 pages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Mr. May, large, fat, cheerful, had been shopping with his wife. They had spent the better part of a day at it, and reached the station just in time to catch the five-forty train home. In the car Mrs. May found a friend, with whom she began to converse earnestly, leaving Mr. May to the friend's husband. He, too, had been shopping, as his armful of bundles testified.

"Don't you hate it?" he said to Mr. May.

"Hate what?" asked May, innocently, with no apparent worry on his face.

"Hate this shopping, I mean. But there's no reason why you should; you haven't been buying anything at all. I can't see," he looked his companion over, "that you have a single package. You haven't been shopping."

Mr. May threw back his head and laughed. "My dear Tom," he said, "Mabel and I started in at 11 o'clock. We went to three furnishing stores, five department stores, and one grocery shop—I know because I counted 'em. Three and five and one makes nine, doesn't it? Yes, I guess that's right."

"We had lunch at the fourth department store, if you can call a chicken sandwich the size of your watch a lunch. We talked to forty-one sales-girls, one of whom was a man—I counted those, too. And now you say I haven't been shopping?"

"All I can say is," remarked the other, smiling, "that you weren't made into a pack-animal the way I was. Perhaps you had the stuff sent home."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Mr. May. "I've got it with me. Here it is."

He dived into one coat pocket, then another, and finding nothing there, struggled his way into his trousers pocket. Finally, on the left side, he got hold of what he wanted. A pull, and he had jerked forth a diminutive package, which he held up for Cooper to examine.

"There you are!" he said. "Nine stores and forty-one clerks, and this as a result!"

"What is it?" asked the other.

"A box of celluloid hairpins for the cook."

No One to Run It.

The agent had dived eloquently and at some length upon the superior merits of the heater he was trying to introduce into the homes of Saymouth; but the woman at the door had looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from his compelling eyes, as she listened.

"Why," said the agent at last, "a child could run that heater."

"We have no children," said the woman, conclusively, as she shut the door and locked it.

We believe the old war between man and woman grows fiercer every year.