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FINE FEATHERS

By ANNETTE GREEN.

Lakeside, the beautiful summer home of Mrs. Carter, gleamed like an enchanted palace in the moonlight, while from the brightly lighted ballroom came the strains of music, mingled with the sound of dancing and youthful laughter. Everybody seemed happy, except one. From the shadows of the upper balcony overlooking the ballroom a young man watched the gay scene below with a frown. And as he caught sight from time to time of a certain fairy-like figure among the dancers, a look of almost bitter pain swept over his fine features.

"Why, Phil, my dear boy!" exclaimed the hostess, spying the watching figure in the shadow as she strolled by with another matron. "Aren't you dancing?" He answered haltingly that he had a headache; didn't feel up to it tonight. "I'm afraid you young people stayed out on the lake in the sun too long today," replied Mrs. Carter. "What a pity! And this is Phoebe's last night here, too."

Phoebe's last night! Phil knew that, only too well! And again searching her out among the dancing throng, he followed the lovely girl's figure in silvery chiffons with longing eyes. Muttering an excuse to Mrs. Carter about getting some fresh air, he turned away and left the balcony, followed by his hostess' voice bidding him come back later.

Avoiding the gay groups on the veranda Phil made his way through the shrubbery, and dropping down on a bench by the shining lake, gave himself up to his bitter thoughts. With the strains from the ballroom ringing faintly in his ears, he closed his eyes to shut out the bright moonlight and went over in his mind bit by bit his acquaintance with Phoebe, Mrs. Carter's niece, from the day in June when she arrived, a stranger to them all, up to tonight, when she had come to mean everything to him. He had thought her quite the nicest girl he'd ever met that first day, when, arriving at noon she found the rest of the house party gone for a tramp and a picnic, and he, her aunt's nearest neighbor, had taken her out in his canoe on the lake for the afternoon. He taught her how to paddle the canoe and the memory of her in her simple blue gingham dress with her golden hair blowing about her laughing face, came back to him tonight so clearly that he gasped and buried his face in his hands. For he had never seen her in any simple gingham gowns again.

Chic morning dresses and sport suits, correct yachting costumes, lacy embroidered things for afternoon and beautiful evening gowns had followed each other in varying succession, until Phil gave up all hope of ever daring to ask her to share his love and fortunes. Even to his uninitiated masculine mind Phoebe's clothes spelled much money. He had an idea that his month's salary would not have paid for the silvery gown she was wearing that evening (and he was quite right).

Well, it was madness to dream of asking such a girl to marry a young architect just starting out in business. That was all he could do—dream. With a sigh he got up from the bench and started back to the house. He would have one more glimpse of Phoebe's beloved face before she went out of his life forever, although the sight of her, so dear, yet for him so unattainable, would be only one more pang. He found a place at one of the ballroom windows where he could look in unobserved. He was searching among the dancing couples for Phoebe, who seemed to have disappeared, when he heard her name repeated just inside the window. Someone was talking about her to a group of guests, and before he could move away Phil was rooted to the spot in stunned surprise. "Phoebe?" the gossiping voice went on. "Oh, my, no! All those stunning clothes she's been wearing Mrs. Carter gave her, all of them." "She looks charming tonight; where is she now?" asked a second voice. "I saw her going toward the garden all alone a little while ago," the other replied; "she'd taken off her ball gown and had on that old gingham thing she wore when she first came."

Phil turned away from the window just as Mrs. Carter laid a hand on his arm, asking if his head still ached. Strangely enough, his headache was gone, and replying to her kind inquiries with ill-concealed haste, he vaulted over the veranda railing and dashed around the house toward the garden.

Pigs Foretell Winds.

The killing of a pig at sea is always an occasion of great moment, not only for the reason that fresh meat is to be enjoyed—a great luxury on sailing vessels, after perhaps months of salt provisions—but also because what is termed a "pig breeze," or favorable wind, may be regarded as a certainty. Pigs when kept on sailing ships are allowed very frequently to leave their pens, and their movements on such occasions, which are held to foretell the wind to be expected, are watched with the keenest interest. Should a pig evince any signs of laziness, lying down or wandering aimlessly about the decks, then this is a sign that calm weather will come, with little or no wind in prospect. Should, however, the pig show a frisky mood, with much squealing, then it is a sure sign of "big winds," a very necessary factor in the navigation of a sailing ship.

TWO IN A BOAT

By LULU M. PAULEY.

"It's just three months ago today," reflected Lydia. "In another week the hotel will be closed, the guests gone, and we'll be gone, too."

"Yes," nodded Bob; "it seems such a short time since—and what a heap of nice girls!" He broke off abruptly and headed the boat towards the willows.

Lydia looked sweetly sympathetic. "Tell me about them," she urged. "The heap of nice girls?"

"I'd rather you'd tell your story first," returned Bob, half wistfully.

She glanced at him demurely. "All right," she replied, good-naturedly, and began:

"I came down here the first week in June and met you for the second time since our schooldays. We became engaged, but the engagement was conditional. That is, if either of us met some one else whom we liked better, we were at liberty to do as we pleased. In case we let each other know." She paused impressively and struck at the water with her long, white fingers. "It was your idea, and contained not the slightest opening for one of those interesting breach-of-promise suits."

Bob flushed, but said nothing. "The next one to propose," she continued, "was Mr. Hillary, who owns that splendid yacht down at the harbor. Then came Mr. Meridian, Charlie Dibble, Victor and that dear, fat college boy, Percy Downey. I refused Percy, of course. He was deadly in earnest, and I was afraid when he should find I was only a summer girl he might do something unpleasant. Girls should avoid the man who has not lived long enough in this world to understand its ways."

"Little philosopher," applauded Bob. "I'm not very wordy-wise; aren't you afraid I'll make a fuss?"

Lydia shook her fluffy head. "You made the conditions of our engagement, so you ought not to make a fuss."

"Never," breathed Bob, quickly; "I'll not do that. Pray continue your delightfully interesting tale," and he splashed the water spitefully with the oars.

"The last was Mr. Harper, who boards at Elm cottage."

At the mention of Mr. Harper, Bob burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter and made the boat rock violently.

"Stop immediately!" cried the girl; "you'll upset the boat."

"I have two engagement rings," she retorted. "One is yours. You may have it now if you wish."

He silently lighted a cigarette.

"You'll need it for one of those nice girls you've met," she suggested quietly. "Do I know her?"

"I believe you do." His tones were curt.

"I think," he remarked coldly, turning the boat out into midstream, "that we had better be going back to the hotel. The sun is already set, and there is no moon tonight."

"Why, Mr. Potter," she cried, "there was a beautiful moon last night, so, of course, there must be another tonight. Mr. Morton and I sat out for a long time last evening admiring it."

"I suppose he is the fellow you are going to marry," Bob growled. "I remember seeing him about the hotel. Sort of a sissy, is he not? One of those, 'I'm mamma's boy, I am. I can talk to the girls. I know how.'"

"Oh, aren't you horrid?" laughed Lydia. "I think Mr. Morton is very nice, indeed."

"And quite ladylike, too," Bob slightly added.

"You're not obliged to like him," flashed Lydia.

"Certainly not. I say, Lydia, I'm going away in the morning—very early. Do you care?"

"Is that so?" Her tone was bantering. "How disappointed the heap of nice girls will be. Such a bright, eligible young man."

Bob's tanned face burned redly and he gave his full attention to the oars.

"I suppose it's the other girl whom you are going to see," she remarked thoughtfully. "How glad she'll be!"

"Denise take the other girl!" broke from Bob's lips impatiently. "Lydia, don't you care the least little bit?"

Lydia's pink cheeks grew a shade deeper and her blue eyes twinkled brightly. "I wish you would explain," she said, provokingly; "I really do not understand you."

Bob ceased rowing and gazed at her long and steadily. Then he turned his gaze thoughtfully across the river.

"Aren't we going in?" she pettishly asked.

Bob turned his face to her with a glow of determination in his clear, brown eyes.

"I'll tell you the name of the girl I love, if you will tell me the name of the chap you're going to marry," he informed her, rather cheerfully.

"Indeed," she returned frigidly; "you needn't bother."

"Come now, Miss Vane," he urged. "I'm certain that you are dying to know. I have her photo with me, too."

Lydia hesitated a moment, then she laughed half hysterically.

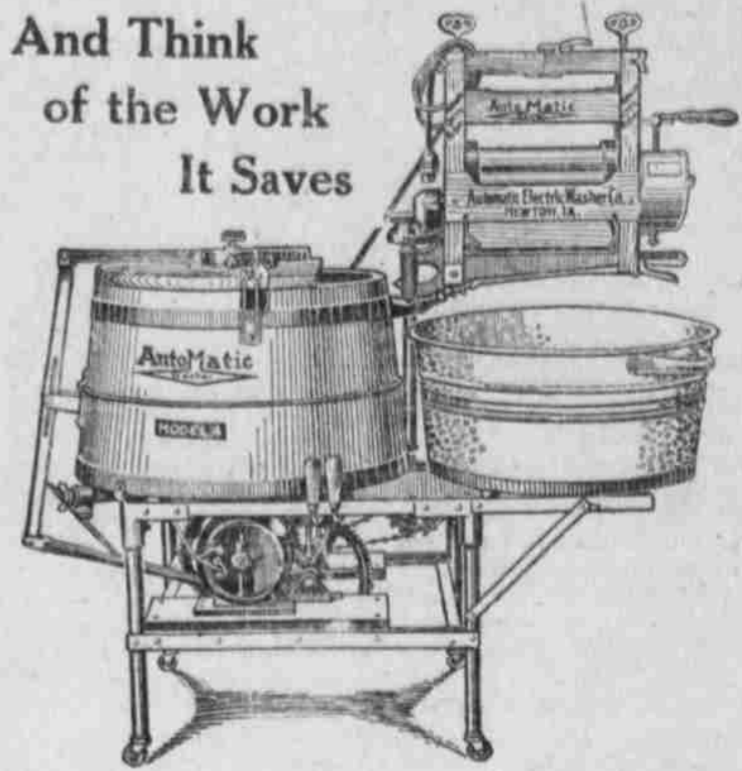
"Show me the photo," she said.

He drew it carelessly from an inside pocket and held it out to her. Her lips trembled as she looked at it. Then their eyes met.

"You are the chap I am going to marry," she said softly.

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