



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE CURSE'

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

BLACKLOCK GOES INTO TRAIN.

I shall never forget the smallest detail of that dinner—it was a purely family affair, only the Ellerslys and I. I can feel now the oppressive atmosphere...

I looked at Miss Ellersly. She was white to the lips now, and the sparkles on her white dress seemed blazes of ice glittering there.

I stumbled in the hall; I almost fell down the broad steps. I stopped at the first bar and took three drinks in quick succession.

I am a man of impulse; but I have trained myself not to be a creature of impulse, at least not in matters of importance.

"I want her, I need her," I was saying to myself. "I am worthier of her than those mincing mannikins she has been bred to regard as men."

He looked me over as if I were a horse he was about to buy. "Sound, I'd say," was his verdict. "Good wind—uncommon good wind. A goer and a stayer. Not a lump. Not a hair out of place."

"I know all that," said I. "You miss my point. Suppose you wanted to enter me for—say, the Society Sweepstakes—what then?"

"Um—um," he muttered reflectively. "That's different."

"Don't I look—sort of new—as if the varnish was still sticky and might come off on the ladies' dresses and on the fine furniture?"

"Oh—that!" said he dubiously. "But all those kinds of things are matters of taste."

"Out with it!" I commanded. "Don't be afraid. I'm not one of those damn fools that ask for criticism when they want only flattery, as you ought to know by this time."

"What's your game?" asked Monson. "I'm in the dark."

"I'll tell you, Monson. I hired you to train horses. Now I want to hire you to train me, too. As it's double work, it's double pay."

"I want to marry," I explained. "I want to inspect all the offerings before I decide. You are to train me so that I can go among the herds that shy off from me if I wasn't on their little ways."

He looked suspiciously at me, doubtless thinking this some new development of "American humor."

And with that, I, thinking of my plans and of how sure I was of success, began to march up and down the office with my chest thrown out—until I caught myself at it.

So ended the first lesson—the first of a long series.

VIII. ON THE TRAIL OF LANGDON.

I had Monson with me twice each week—early in the morning and again after business hours until bed time. Also he spent the whole of every Saturday and Sunday with me.

He developed astonishing dexterity as a teacher, and as soon as he realized that I had no false pride and was thoroughly in earnest, he handled me without gloves—like a boxing teacher who finds that his pupil has the grit of a professional.

Then, there was the matter of good taste in conversation. Monson found, as I soon saw, that my everlasting self-assertiveness was beyond cure.

I say, I had intended to be cautious. I abandoned caution and rushed in boldly, feeling that the market was, in general, safe and that textile was under my control.

It takes an uncommon good liar to lie to me when I'm on the alert. As I was determined to see Langdon, I was in so far on the alert.

He wasn't at his office; they told me there that they didn't know whether he was at his town house or at his place in the country.

"I'd like to have a house—a moderate-sized house—one about the size of Howbury Langdon's—though perhaps a little more elegant, not so plain."

"Mr. Langdon isn't at home," said the servant.

"To be continued."

ODD PRANKS PLAYED BY CUPID

Latter-Day Methods of the Little God of Love Are Truly Astonishing—Many Different Ways in Which Men and Women Have Done His Bidding "and Lived Happily Ever After."

See here, Cupid, what next will you do?

Apparently not!

Here we have one pair marrying on roller skates and the next sending ashore for a person up the Hudson and being married on the bridegroom's yacht.

Two are made one on horseback; two other have their wedding party on a train. Here is a telephone wedding and there a wedding under the

widened clergyman actually stopped the funeral, had the young couple join hands and made them husband and wife by the side of the open grave.

The bridegroom handed the clergyman a \$5 bill, the bride smiled and waved her hand at the mourners and off they sped, happy as larks.

Apparently not!

So at 8 o'clock one fine evening the two young men led their blushing brides into the front room of the undertaker's, past the rows of sample coffins, and so into the back room.

The afternoon before the day of days the young couple, with the bride's mother and the clergyman, were driv-

was dead in love with beautiful Miss Vera Sigrist, the charming young 17-year-old daughter of Dr. J. J. Lawrence of 1085 Fifth avenue.

Cupid promptly took a hand.

Miss Ferguson was there as bride-maid and Captain Elbert Wells, the y.-ch's master, was best man.

"It was wonderful, charming, altogether delightful!" exclaimed the bride as she landed here in New York the other day when telling of her experiences.



spreading trees of a city park where the birds sing the bridal chorus.

Two lovers arrange to meet on the high seas and are married by a regularly ordained clergyman whom the bridegroom brings out on a tug.

Cupid, disguised as an attorney, made possible the marriage of Abraham Van Winkle, a Newark millionaire, and Mrs. Mina G. Ginger.

There is but one clergyman in Roseman, Mont. He was conducting services at the grave of John Adams. Suddenly there rushed up to him a very much excited young man and woman—Alison Battan and Miss Mary Ward.

"We want to get married," they gasped, "and catch the 10:30 train!" Cupid was on their side. The be-

ing in Cherokee park, Louisville. It was a lovely afternoon. All nature seemed to conspire to inspire sentiment.

"Oh, what a beautiful day!" sighed the bridegroom. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to be married right here?"

"I love my horse. Let's be married on horseback."

"Let's!" laughed the young man, only too glad to be married any way.

But the most picturesque of all, perhaps, was the way our little god of love fixed it for Russell Hopkins, the wealthy young gallant of New York, Atlanta and Narragansett Pier. He

Over in Berlin swimming parties at night are all the vogue.

Miss Sophie Desinger bid twenty of her friends to her apartment in New York a few evenings ago to celebrate her divorce.

Miser a Workhouse Inmate.

Not Exactly What He Meant.

HARDSHIPS IN FAR SEISTAN.

Four of our men were bitten, but all luckily recovered after some weeks of illness.

"One of the prevailing features of a Seistan summer is the plague of insect life that swarms that country," writes Col. Sir Henry McMahon.

The winter offered an extraordinary contrast in the matter of temperature, for the cold was often intense, going down to within a few degrees of

zero. The force of the blizzard was terrific. That of the end of March, 1906, showed on our anemometers a velocity of no less than 120 miles an hour and for a whole 16 hours the average velocity was over 85 miles an hour.

"One hundred and ten miles of our work was through a waterless desert, both mountains and plain, where water had to be brought from long distances.

The One Time.

-- The Finest in South America --

Beautiful Railway Station at Sao Paulo, Brazil's Second Greatest City.

Rio Janeiro, once the first coffee port of the world, has long since yielded that honor to Santos, the port of Sao Paulo, which, formerly so notorious for its yellow fever epidemics, has become a clean and prosperous city.

Sao Paulo has a number of important manufactures, including its famous breweries, and its electric railway is interesting to the American tourist.

Women Less Than Cattle.

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