



THE LADY AND THE PIRATE BY EMERSON HOUGH

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(Continued.)

"Except in waistcoats," I protested, casually indicating his latest contribution to my wardrobe. "Quantity, yes, I grant that, but as to quality, never! But why speak ill of the absent, especially regarding matters of an earlier and happier day? You've no longer longer exists for us—we no longer exist for him. We have passed, as two ships pass, under the channel. I know not what he may be doing now, unless carrying roses to Miss Sally Byington. Certainly he cannot know that I, his hated rival, am safe from all pursuit behind the timberline shores and carrying oranges to a young lady in my belief almost as beautiful as the beautiful Sally."

"Aunt Lucinda turned upon me a belated glare. 'You grow distant as well as vain,' she said. 'As though you knew anything of that Byington girl. I doubt if you ever saw her.'"

"Oh, yes—last night, Miss Emory said I both saw her last night at Lighthouse. As for your sister's providing, while I would not do much criticism of a man whose waistcoats I wear even under protest, it is but fair to say that these oranges—and all the fresh things taken on at New Orleans, are of my providing and she is, as you say, providing other things for Miss Sally Byington."

"I don't think she is so beautiful," said Helena, coming with her orange. "Her color is so full. Very likely she'll be blawny in a few years."

"How can you say so?" I rebuked, with much virtuous indignation. "You don't think so yourself?" she remarked.

"Think what?" "That she is so beautiful." "No, I do not. Not as beautiful as—"

"Look at the funny bird!" said Helena suddenly. Yet I could see nothing out of the ordinary in the sea bird she pointed out skimming and skipping close by.

"Sir," demanded Aunt Lucinda, also suddenly, "how long is this to last?" "You mean the orange dish, Mrs. Daniver?" I queried politely. "As long as you like. I also am a good provider, although to no credit, as it seems."

"You know I do not mean the oranges, sir. I mean this whole foolish business. You are putting yourself liable to the law. Why did you do this crazy thing?" she continued.

"To marry Helena and with your free consent as her next friend," said I, swiftly turning to her, "since I must be equally frank. Please don't go!" I said to Helena, for now, very pale, she was starting toward the cabin door. But she said no heed to me and passed.

"So now you have it plainly," said I to Mrs. Daniver. She turned on me a face full of surprise and anger mingled. "How dare you after all that has passed? You left the girl years ago. You have no business, no fortune, not even the girl's consent. I'll not have it. I love her."

The good woman's lips trembled. "So do I," said I gently. "That is why we all are here. It is because of this madness called love. Ah, Mrs. Daniver, if you only knew! If I could make you know! But surely you do know. You, too, have loved. Come! May you not love a lover, even one like myself? I'll be good to Helena. Believe me, she is my one sacred charge in life. I love her. Not worthy of her, no, but I love her."

"That's too late." But I saw her face relent at what she heard. "I have other plans. And you should have told her what you have told me."

"Ah, have I not?" But then I suddenly remembered that, by some reversal of my logical mind, here I was making love to Aunt Lucinda, whom I did not love, whereas in the past I had spent much time in mere arguing with Helena, whom I did love.

"I'm not sure that I've ever made it plain enough to her, that's true," said I slowly. "But if she gives me the chance I'll spend all my life telling her that very thing. That, since you ask me, is why we all are here, so that I may tell Helena and you and all the world that very thing. I love her very much."

"But suppose she does not love you?" demanded Mrs. Daniver. "I'll say frankly, I've advised her against you all along. She ought to marry a man of some station in the world."

"You put it badly, but—yes." "Would that be enough—money?" I asked.

"No. That is not fair." "Only honor between us now." "If it would go for today, because, after all, money means power, and all of us worship power, you know—success."

"And is that success—to have money and then more money and to go on piling up more money; to have more summer places and more yachts like this and more city houses and more money, money, money—yes, yes, that's American, but is it all, is it right, is it the real ambition for a man? And does that bring a woman happiness?"

"What would you do if you had your money back?" asked Mrs. Daniver. "You had a fortune from your father." "What would I do?" I rejoined hotly. "What I did do—settle every claim against his honor as much as against his estate—judge his honor by my own standards and not his. Pay my debts, pay all my debts. It's independence, madam, and not money that I want. It's freedom, Mrs. Daniver, that I want and not money. So far as it would be the usual money, buying almost nothing that is worth owning, I give you my solemn oath I don't care enough for it to work for it. So far as it would help me to be a man, help me to build my own character, help me to build manhood and character in my country—yes, I'd like it, for that. But if money were the price of Helena herself I'd not ask for it. The man who would court a girl with his money and not his manhood—the woman who marries for money or the man who does—what use has God Almighty got for either of them? It's men and women and things worth doing who make this world, Mrs. Daniver. I love her much, you clearly so wholly, that I think it must be right. And, since you've asked me, I've taken my man's chance just to get you two alone where I could talk it over with you both."

"It's been talked over, Harry," said she, rather uncomfortably. "Why not let the poor child alone? Has it occurred to you how terribly hard this is for her?" "Yes, but she can and it easily. Tell me, is she engaged to Davidson?" "What difference?" "None." "Why ask, then?" "Tell me!" "Well, then, no, not so far as I know."

"You are sorry?" "I had hope for it. It was all coming on so handsomely. At Natches he was the very well, you know?" "Almost upon the point?" "Quite so. I thought I believed that between there and—"

"Say between there and Baton Rouge?" "Well, yes—" "He would come to the main point?" "Yes—" "And he did not?" "You can best answer. It was at Natches that you and those ruffianly boys ran off with Mr. Davidson's boat!" "That's all your honor," I remarked. "Take the witness, Mr. Davidson!" "But what right you have to cross question me I don't know!" commented Mrs. Daniver, addressing a passing seagull and pulling down the corners of her mouth most forbiddingly. "My disused and forgotten art comes back to me once in awhile, my dear Mrs. Daniver." I answered exultantly. "Pray, do you notice how beautiful all the world is this morning? The sky is so wonderful, the sea so adorable, don't you see?"

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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"I think that if you would take a bath you would assist in maintaining the good health of the community," said the citizen.

"You wrong me," replied the hobo. "I am maintaining the good health of the community by not taking a bath. Can you imagine how I would contaminate the source from which you obtain your supply of drinking water?"

Do It Now. Procrastination makes a jay of any man, much to his sorrow; He never does as much today; As he intends to do tomorrow.

Paw Knows Everything. Willie—Taw, what an honest man! Paw—An honest man is one who wouldn't steal less than \$50,000, my son.

Grin! Grin and gloom will turn to fun, Grin and see old trouble run, Grin and see the clouds brush by, Grin and see the sunny sky.

Well, boomed the deep voice of Auntie Lucinda, "we came because we did not like the look of things."

"To be sure, things are not looking bully," I assented vaguely.

"I mean the weather. It's getting black, and it's colder."

"It is fortunate that you honored me, my dear Mrs. Daniver," said I, "for I have here in the cooler a bottle of ninety-three. I had an inspiration. I knew you would come, for nothing in the world could have pleased me so much."

I was looking at Helena, whose eyes were cast down. I observed now that she was in somewhat elegant morning costume, her bridge of Vienna lace, caught with a wide bar of plain gold, covering some soft, and shimmering underbodice, which fitted closely enough to be formal. And I saw she had on many rings, and her throat sparkled under a cirelet of pearls.

"She must have caught my glance of surprise, for she said nervously: 'You think we are overplaying our return call? Well, the truth is we're afraid.'"

"So then?" I bowed. "So then I fished out all my jewelry." "We are honored."

"Well, I didn't know what might happen. If one should be shipwrecked—I caught her frightened gaze out an open port, perfectly aware myself of the swift weather change."

"Let us not think of storm and shipwreck," said I, "at least until they come. I want to ask your attention to John's imitation of Luigi's oysters a la marinere. The oysters are of our own catching this morning, for you must know, the water hereabout is very shallow and is full of oysters."

"And as for this storm of which you speak, ladies," I added as I poured, "I would there might come every day as ill a wind if it would blow me as great a good as yourselves for luncheon."

"Yes," said Aunt Lucinda, with very much too much dignity. "If you all will please excuse me, I think I shall go back to the cabin, Helena."

"Go with Mrs. Daniver at once, Jimmy," said I to L'Olonnois.

"Aye, aye, sir!" snorted he joyously, and added aside as he passed me, "Hope the old girl's going to be good and sick!"

I could see Peterson standing near the saloon's door and bethought me to send Jean Lafitte up to sid him in making all shipshape. We were beginning to roll, and I missed the smooth thrust of both our propellers, although none the engines were purring smoothly enough. Thus by mere chance I found myself alone with Helena. I put out a hand to steady her as she rose.

"Is it really going to be bad?" she inquired anxiously. "Auntie gets so sick."

"It will be rough for three hours yet," I admitted. "She's not so big as the Mauretania, but as well built for her tonnage. You couldn't pound her apart no matter what came. She's oak and cedar, through and through, and every point."

"You've studied her well since you—since you came aboard?" "Yes, yes, to be sure I have. And she's worth her name. Don't you think it was mighty fine of—of Mr. Davidson to name her after you—the Belle Helena?"

"He never did. If he had, why?" "Don't ask such questions, with the glass falling as it is," I said, pulling up the racks to restrain the dancing tumbler.

"Oh, don't joke," she said. "Harry!" "Yes, Helena," said I. "I'm afraid."

"I don't know. But we seem so little and the sea so big. And it's getting black and the fog is coming. Look—you can't see the shore line any more now!"

It was as she said. The swift bank of vapor had blotted out the low lying shores entirely. We sailed now in a narrowing circle of mist. I saw thin points of moisture on the port lights. And now I began to close the ports.

"There's danger!" she reiterated. (To Be Continued.)

A strong earthquake occurred in San Salvador and Guatemala. Many buildings were wrecked.

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BURY DROWNED MAN IN POTTER'S FIELD.

The unidentified body of a man drowned in the Hydraulic Co. reservoir which flows past Beardsley park on the west, was buried yesterday afternoon in Potter's Field.

The body was that of a person weighing about 160 pounds, 5 feet 6 inches in height, aged about 35, with light brown hair sprinkled with gray. He had on a gray black coat, brown cotton shirt, no vest, black trousers, gray shoes and no stockings.

GENEVA, Sept. 10.—Two French aviators were killed at Deylingen, Alsace, when their machine struck barbed wire entanglements as they were making a landing, causing the explosion of bombs aboard the aeroplane. They had been forced to descend because of motor trouble. The aviators were buried by the Germans with military honors.

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State of Connecticut Treasury Department.

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A HEAVY PENALTY is fixed for avoiding this tax by a law passed by the last General Assembly. A copy of the law will be mailed to any one writing for it. Money in Bank is taxable. F. S. CHAMBERLAIN, Treasurer.

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