

# The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.  
Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers

## Chapter 17

**D**URING that week end at Silverside Boots behaved like a school lad run wild. With Drina's hand in his, the other children and half a dozen dogs as advanced guard and heavily flanked by the Gerard battalion, he scoured the moorlands from Surf point to the Hither woods, from Wonder head to Sky pot.

Nina, Eileen and Selwyn formed a lagging and leisurely rear guard, though always within signaling distance of Boots and the main body, and when necessary the two ex-army men wiggled to each other across the uplands to the endless excitement and gratification of the children.

Eileen and Selwyn were standing on one of the treeless hills, a riotous tangle of grasses and wild flowers, looking out to sea across Sky pond. He had a rod, and as he stood he idly switched the gayly colored flies backward and forward.

Standing there, fairly swimming in the delicious upper air currents, she looked blissfully across the rolling moors.

"After all," she said, "what more is there than this—earth and sea and sky and sun and a friend to show them to? Because, as I wrote you, the friend is quite necessary in the scheme of things to round out the symmetry of it all. I suppose you're dying to dangle those flies in Brier Water to see whether there are any trout there. Well, there are. Austin stocked it years ago, and he never fishes, so no doubt it's full of fish."

The Brier Water, a cold, deep, leisurely stream, deserved its name. If anybody ever haunted it with hostile designs upon its fishy denizens, Austin at least never did. Belted kingfisher, heron, mink and perhaps a furtive small boy with pole and sinker and barnyard worm—these were the only foes the trout might dread. As for a man and a fly rod, they knew him not, nor was there much chance for casting a line, because the water everywhere flowed under weeds, arched thickets of brier and grass and leafy branches crisscrossed above.

"This place is impossible," said Selwyn scornfully. "What is Austin about to let it all grow up and run wild?" He reeled in his line until only six inches of the gossamer leader remained free. From this dangled a single silver bodied fly, glittering in the wind. "There's a likely pool hidden under those briars," he said. "I'm going to poke the top of my rod under this way—Hah!" as a heavy splash sounded from depths unseen and the reel screamed as he struck.

Up and down, under banks and over shallows, rushed the invisible fish, and Selwyn could do nothing for awhile but let him go when he insisted and check and recover when the fish permitted.

Eileen, a spray of green mint between her vivid lips, watched the performance with growing interest, but when at length a big, fat, struggling speckled trout was cautiously but successfully lifted out into the grass she turned her back until the gallant fighter had departed this life under a merciful whack from a stick.

"That," she said faintly, "is the part I don't care for. Is he out of all pain? What? Didn't feel any? Oh, are you quite sure?"

She walked over to him and looked down at the beautiful victim of craft. "Oh, well," she sighed, "you are very clever, of course, and I suppose I'll eat him, but I wish he were alive again down there in those cool, sweet depths."

"Killing frogs and insects and his smaller brother fish?"

"Did he do that?"

"No doubt of it. And if I hadn't landed him a heron or a mink would have done it sooner or later. That's what a trout is for—to kill and be killed."

She smiled, then sighed. The taking of life and the giving of it were mysteries to her. She had never wittingly killed anything.

"Do you say that it doesn't hurt the trout?" she asked.

"There are no nerves in the jaw muscles of a trout—Hah!" as his rod twitched and swerved under water and his reel sang again.

And again she watched the performance and once more turned her back.

She lost two fish, then hooked a third, a small one, but when she lifted it gasping into the sunlight she shivered and called to Selwyn:

"Unhook it and throw it back! I—I simply can't stand that!"

Splash! went the astonished trout, and she sighed her relief.

"There's no doubt about it," she said, "you and I certainly do belong to different species of the same genus. Men and women are separate species. Do you deny it?"

"I should hate to lose you that way," he returned teasingly.

"Well, you can't avoid it. I gladly admit that woman is not too closely related to man. We don't like to kill things. It's an ingrained distaste, not merely a matter of ethical philosophy. You like to kill, and it's a trait common also to children and other predatory animals, which fact," she added airily, "convinces me of woman's higher civilization."

"It would convince me, too," he said, "if woman didn't eat the things that man kills for her."

"I know. Isn't it horrid? Oh, dear, we're neither of us very high in the scale yet—particularly you."

"Well, I've advanced some since the good old days when a man went wooing with a club," he suggested.

"You may have. But, anyway, you don't go wooing. As for man collectively, he has not progressed so very far," she added demurely. "As an example that dreadful Draymore man actually hurt my wrist."

Selwyn looked up quickly, a shade of frank annoyance on his face and a vision of the fat sybarite before his eyes. He turned again to his fishing, but his shrug was more of a shudder than appeared to be complimentary to Percy Draymore.

She had divined somehow that it annoyed Selwyn to know that men had importuned her. She had told him of her experience as innocently as she had told Nina, and with even less embarrassment. But that had been long ago, and now, without any specific reason, she was not certain that she had acted wisely, although it always amused her to see Selwyn's undisguised impatience whenever mention was made of such incidents.

So, to torment him, she said, "Of course it is somewhat exciting to be asked to marry people—rather agreeable than otherwise."

"What?"

Waist deep in bay bushes he turned toward her where she sat on the trunk of an oak which had fallen across the stream. Her arms balanced her body; her ankles were interlocked. She swung her slim, russet shod feet above the brook and looked at him with a touch of coquetry new to her and to him.

"Of course it's amusing to be told you are the only woman in the world," she said, "particularly when a girl has a secret fear that men don't consider her quite grown up."

"You once said," he began impatiently, "that the idiotic importunities of those men annoyed you."

"Why do you call them idiotic?" with pretense of hurt surprise. "A girl is honored!"

"Oh, bosh!"

"Captain Selwyn!"

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily and fumbled with his reel.

She surveyed him, head a trifle on one side, the very incarnation of youthful malice in process of satisfying a desire for tormenting.

"When I pretended I was annoyed by what men said to me I was only a yearling," she observed. "Now I'm a

two-year, Captain Selwyn. Who can tell what may happen in my second season?"

"You said that you were not the—the marrying sort," he insisted.

"Nonsense. All girls are. There are men," she said dreamily, "who might hope for a kinder reception next winter."

"Oh, no," he said coolly, "there are no such gentlemen. If there were you wouldn't say so."

"Yes, I would. And there are!"

"How many?" jeeringly and now quite reassured.

"One!"

"You can't frighten me," with a shade less confidence. "You wouldn't tell if there was."

"I'd tell you."

"Me?" with a sudden slump in his remaining stock of reassurance.

"Certain!" I tell you and Nina things of that sort. And when I have told you to marry, I shall of

course, tell you both before I inform other people."

How the blood in her young veins was racing and singing with laughter! How thoroughly she was enjoying something to which she could give neither reason nor name! But how satisfying it all was—whatever it was that amused her in this man's uncertainty and in the faint traces of an irritation as unreasoning as the source of it!

"Really, Captain Selwyn," she said, "you are not one of those old fashioned literary landmarks who objects through several chapters to a girl's marrying, are you?"

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"You are quite serious?"

"Quite."

"You won't let me?"

"No; I won't."

"Why?"

"I want you myself," he said, smiling at last.

"That is flattering, but horribly selfish. In other words, you won't marry me and you won't let anybody else do it."

Glancing around at her, he caught her eyes, bright with mischief.

"You're capable of anything today," he said. "Were you considering the

advisability of starting me overboard?" And he nodded toward the water beneath their feet.

"But you say that you won't let me throw you overboard, Captain Selwyn."

"I mean it, too," he returned.

"And I'm not to marry that nice young man?" mockingly sweet. "No? What! Not anybody at all—ever and ever?"

"Me," he suggested, "if you're as thoroughly demoralized as that."

"Oh! Must a girl be pretty thoroughly demoralized to marry you?"

"I don't suppose she'd do it if she wasn't," he admitted, laughing.

She considered him, head on one side.

"You are ornamental anyway," she concluded.

"Well, then," he said, lifting the leader from the water to inspect it. "Will you have me?"

"Oh, but is there nothing to recommend you except your fatal beauty?"

"My mustache," he ventured. "It's considered very useful when I'm mentally perplexed."

"It's clipped too close. I have told you again and again that I don't care for it clipped like that. Your mind would be a perfect blank if you couldn't get hold of it."

"And to become imbecile," he said, "I've only to shave it."

She threw back her head and her clear laughter thrilled the silence. He laughed, too, and sat with elbows on his thighs, dabbling the crinkled leader to and fro in the pool below.

"So you won't have me?" he said.

"You haven't asked me—have you?"

"Well, I do now."

She smiled, the smile resting lightly on lips and eyes.

"Wouldn't such a thing astonish Nina?" she said.

He did not answer. A slight color tinged the new sunburn on his cheeks.

She laughed to herself, clasped her hands, crossed her slender feet and bent her eyes on the pool below.

"Marriage," she said, pursuing her thoughts aloud, "is curiously unnecessary to happiness. Take our pleasure in each other, for example. It has from the beginning been perfectly free from silliness and sentiment."

"Naturally," he said. "I'm old enough to be safe."

"You are not!" she retorted. "What a ridiculous thing to say!"

"Well, then," he said, "I'm dreadfully unsafe, but yet you've managed to escape. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. You are attractive to women! I've heard that often enough to be convinced. Why, even I can see what attracts them!"—she turned to look at him—"the way your head and shoulders set—and well, the rest. It's rather superior of me to have escaped sentiment, don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do. Few—few escape where many meet to worship at my frisky feet, and this I say without conceit is due to my mustachios. Tangled in those like web tied flies, imprisoned hearts complain in sighs—in fact, the situation vies with moments in Boccaccio."

Her running comment was her laughter, ringing deliciously amid the trees until a wild bird, restlessly attentive, ventured a long, sweet response from the tangled green above them.

After their laughter the soberness of reaction left them silent for awhile. The wild bird sang and sang, dropping fearlessly nearer from branch to branch until in his melody she found the key to her dreamy thoughts.

(To be continued.)

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

He reeled in his line.

## WATCH OUR ADS!

BEHIND WORDS SHOULD BE FACTS. IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME TO OUR STORE. IT IS EASY TO ASSERT, BOLD TYPES ARE IMPRESSIVE, BUT QUALITY AND PRICES ARE MOST LOOKED FOR.

### And Now for Dress Goods

THE STOCK IS COMPLETE. WINTER WILL SOON BE HERE; OUR NEW CLOAKS ARE IN. WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR UNDERWEAR, OUTFIT CLOTHS, FLANNELETTES, HOSIERY, NOTIONS, ETC.

WHEN SHOES ARE SOLID THEY WILL WEAR. WE HAVE THEM.

### All-Wool Blankets

Sure-enough All-Wool—both the Warp and the Woof of every Blanket will sustain the statement.

We gladly invite all to make us a visit whether they wish to buy or not. Ask for prices.

## SCRIVENER BROS. & CO.

## WHY BUY WATER From Oyster Dealers?

Of course, when a dealer mixes fresh water with oysters and prevails on you to buy it at the rate of from 30c to 50c per quart. HE may be smart, but aren't YOU foolish? Your water company will sell you water at a much lower rate. Now, if you want oysters only—fresh, pure, natural flavor and solid meats—no water at all—our Sealshipt Oysters fill the bill. Telephone an order or drop into our store.



## T. E. BARNES.

## ROYAL BABY PLATE



No tray No pusher  
Nousing fingers  
Will not up-set  
No spilling food

TEACHES THE BABY HOW TO EAT.

## The Winn Furniture Co.

## An Advance for Winchester!

WE have just installed at great expense our new engine and other machinery with which we are now prepared to furnish DAY CURRENT for light and heat, and power for fans and other motors.

Let us give you estimates on this and all sorts of electric lighting.

Remember that electric light is superior to all others. It is safe, clean, cheap, comfortable, convenient, ever ready. We furnish it on meter if desired.

## Winchester Railway, Light & Ice Co.

W. P. HACKETT, GENL. MGR.

P. S.—We furnish Ice in Winter as well as Summer.

### No Art in Fortune-Telling.

A fortune-teller is a clever observer. Every one of us is born to a certain type, and any experienced person can detect if we are imaginative, dull, nervous or sluggish and make a fair story of our future. It is guess work.

### Learn This To-Day.

The courtesy with which I receive a stranger, and the civility I show him, form the background on which he paints my portrait.—John Paul Richter.

### Colors of Lakes.

Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The lake of Geneva is azure blue; the lake of Constance and the lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.

Capital, . . . \$100,000  
Undivided Profits, \$160,000

## THE Winchester Bank

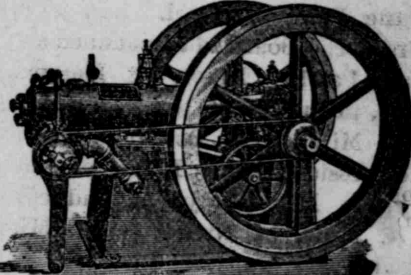
WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON,  
PRESIDENT.

W. R. SPHAR,  
CASHIER.

SOLICITS YOUR  
ACCOUNTS.

## HAGAN GAS AND GASOLINE Engines



SIMPLE! RELIABLE!  
ECONOMICAL!

Sold Under a Positive Guarantee.  
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

HAGAN GAS ENGINE & MFG. CO.  
INCORPORATED.  
WINCHESTER, KY.

"Always the same—sometimes better."

## Brown-Proctoria Hotel

Woodson Moss, Manager

The best in the State for the money.

1885—1908.

THE BEST INSURANCE IS THE CHEAPEST

If you are not insured find our office at once. Write or phone for rates and terms. Before insuring, see us. WE ARE THE BEST.

JOUETT'S INSURANCE AGENCY,  
Simpson Building. Both Phones 71.

## SEE GILBERT & BOTTO

Fresh & Cured Meats

Fish, Vegetables, Country Produce  
BOTH PHONES / OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

## Conkwright Transfer and Ice Co.

Crating, Handling and Hauling Furniture, Planos, Etc., a Specialty.

NO. 19 North Main Street. Both Phones

## WINCHESTER TAILORING COMPANY,

M. & C. H. MCKINNEY, Props.

Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired.

DRY CLEANING AND DYEING A SPECIALTY.

Over Allan & Murphy's Store opp. Court House

## —CALL ON— NELSON, The Transfer Man

by day or night, if you want your baggage transferred.

OFFICE—Home Phone 94; Night Phone 339.

## HIGH GRADE PHOTOGRAPHY!

Remember that high-grade photographs and portraits make appropriate Xmas presents. Place your orders with EARP, The Artist, now, and avoid the rush during the holidays.

## Ramsey Transfer Co.

Hauling of All Kinds

Furniture Moving a Specialty  
HOME PHONE

## ANYTHING

LOST—found, for sale, for rent, advertise in the classified column of

THE NEWS.