

WINNING DENISE

By Leonard Frank Adams

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Big Pierre Laloup sent his canoe down stream with such mighty strokes of the paddle that the tough ash bent in his hands and bade fair to snap. Twilight was falling—the soft, mysterious twilight of the forest that made black shadows beneath the tamaracks while the sky blazed red and gold above the treetops. The pipe of birds came musically through the stillness, and far away a white owl was hooting dimly.

Ordinarily Pierre would have loitered along, drifting idly with the current and watching the night descend upon the forest, for, familiar with it all as he was, these early summer twilights cast their spell upon him. They made him content with the world and with himself. But tonight the spell was rudely shattered. He wanted to paddle hard enough to blot out his bitter thoughts.

For a long time he had known it was coming. He had endeavored to prepare himself for the shock. Yet now that it was here, despite all his foresight and his determination to take the blow stolidly, his heart was full of ranking bitterness. Yes, he had known it that day in early spring, when Denise Beauchamp had come back from the convent a thousand times prettier and a thousand times more intangible. He had known then that she had gone quite beyond the pale of his dreams.

The Denise who came back from the convent was not the Denise of old. This new Denise, with the big, stary eyes that looked one through and through, was a bewildering creature. In her presence big Pierre felt like an awkward, bungling schoolboy. Her cool, quiet voice, with its subtle in-



"YES, I MUST GO AWAY," SHE REPEATED.

ferious inflections, made him hot and cold by turns and set him stammering absurdly when he essayed conversation with her. Therefore in time he came to worship her in silence whenever he paid one of his frequent visits to Pere Beauchamp's clearing on the headwaters of Little Otter.

Over and over again Pierre had told himself that a girl like Denise was as far away from him as the sun is from the groveling mole. Yet tonight as he paddled toward his own clearing he found but little consolation in reiterating this to himself.

He had gone up to the Beauchamp clearing bubbling over with good humor. Had not the six men who were coming from New York to fish for salmon engaged his camp for quarters and himself for guide at a fabulous sum? He had intended to tell them of this and to drop mysterious hints about the gifts Denise would receive when the summer's fishing should be over. But when he reached the clearing there was something about Pere Beauchamp's exuberant spirits and the fat Mere Beauchamp's undisguised satisfaction that filled him with vague fears.

Between them artlessly they told Pierre of their daughter's good fortune. The wedding would take place in the late fall. Oh, yes, he was rich, very rich, this lumber buyer from Montreal. He had come to the lumber camp up stream to contract for logs. He had seen much of Denise, and—well, what would you? Denise was a fine girl. She was worthy of such a man. She would make him a good wife, as well she should. Mere Beauchamp called on heaven to witness the struggle they had been through to raise money to give her an education at the convent.

Pierre listened to all their chatter in stunned silence. When he could bear it no longer he declared he must be going down stream, and despite their hospitable protestations he pushed his canoe into the stream.

And so big Pierre Laloup went paddling madly back to his own clearing, his heart crying obstinately for Denise, even as a poor blind mole might cry for the sun.

It was autumn, and there was a touch of frost in the air before Pierre found heart to go to Beauchamp clearing again. He wanted to buy a wedding present for Denise, and with a view to seeking Pere Beauchamp's ad-

vice on this point he paddled up the Little Otter.

When he reached the clearing it was ominously silent. He shouted lustily as he headed the canoe for the bank. In answer to his shout he saw Denise come running toward the stream.

"Keep back!" she called. "You mustn't land!"

"Eh? Why not?" he asked, amazed.

"It is smallpox," she exclaimed.

Big Pierre drove the nose of his canoe to the bank and stepped out. "I am not afraid," said he. "Is he here with you?"

She flushed as she divined his meaning.

"He—was here at the beginning, when we first knew what it was, but he went back to Montreal. I think he was afraid," she confessed.

Pierre scowled. "I will stay with you," he said simply.

Those following two weeks were like some hideous nightmare. The Monday after his arrival Mere Beauchamp died. Pierre built a coffin and dug the grave. It was he who read the prayers, and it was he who comforted the weeping Denise. And ten days later, when Pere Beauchamp breathed his last, Pierre went through it all again.

It was red dusk when Pierre and Denise came back from the second grave beneath the tamaracks. Cold, gray clouds hung—the sky; the wind whistled sharply. There was a biting chill in the air that seemed to herald the approach of gray, bleak winter.

"It is over now," said Pierre gently. "You must go away."

"Yes, I must go away," she repeated listlessly.

"I will take you to Montreal—to him," said he.

"No, no, Pierre!" she cried, with a sudden vehemence. "Not that!"

He looked at her in puzzled helplessness.

"Where then?" he asked.

She caught his arm. He saw a new and wonderful light in her eyes.

"Let me stay with you—always with you," she said.

Big Pierre began to tremble. He stood staring at her stupidly. He could not seem to realize the import of her words.

"There is a chapel at the fort," she said. "Take me there. We will be married there tonight, dear, you and I."

Might Spoil the Effect.

When the Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic an incident occurred which illustrates the Frenchman's love of what is dramatic.

A French soldier sat on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town. His horse was picketed close by. The man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time he glanced from the esplanade to an official envelope he held in his hand.

A comrade passed by and said: "What are you doing here?"

"I am bearing the president's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker calmly without changing his comfortable attitude.

"Well, then, you should hurry along with your pardon," admonished his comrade.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the other in some indignation. "See, there is hardly a soul yet on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not even been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect, my friend!"

THE MUSSULMAN.

His Devotion Is Intense and He Is Proud of His Religion.

A traveler in Africa writes: "This is a land of religion. The Mussulman's devotion is intense, ever present and all pervading, being not an accessory tacked on, as it were, to his life to be practiced more or less surreptitiously, but an essential part, where-with and wherein he lives at all times."

A Mussulman prays openly and publicly, in no wise afraid to be seen. Every man wears his string of beads whereon he records the number of his daily prayers. Notwithstanding this, to us, uninviting appearance, the religion has made and still is making great strides in Africa, and one can only attribute this to the fact that here at last is a religion of which its adherents are in no way ashamed. It offers to the faithful absolute assurance of salvation and engenders that blind, unhesitating faith therein which is so comforting to the native mind.

"Seeing a crowd of pilgrims bound for Mecca patiently—nay, with pleasure—enduring the worst treatment that one could imagine meted out to herds of driven slaves, one envies the excess of faith that can engender such a disposition. Though robbed, slain, starved, herded with pestilence and subjected to countless hardships and annoyances, yet year after year they come from far and near thousands and tens of thousands strong on this the most wonderful and far reaching of latter day pilgrimages.

"At Jeddah one sees pilgrims from all corners of the globe—Dutch subjects from Java, Chinese from Peking, shiploads from India and Farther India, Russian subjects from all parts of the great empire, French subjects from Algiers, from Morocco, and dusky negroes who have tramped for months from the western shores of Africa. Through many lands and midst many tongues they come, all to meet at this thronged center of the maelstrom of the Mussulman faith."

Washington, Nov. 20—Secretary Bonaparte today made public the charges and specifications against Minor Meriwether, Jr., the midshipman who engaged in the fatal prize fight with Midshipman Branch. There were three charges, namely, manslaughter, violation of the third clause of article 8 naval regulations, and conduct to the prejudice of order and discipline.

Their Belated Wedding

By RITA KELLEY

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Samantha Sanders had always wanted a cuckoo clock.

The sandwich man half a block ahead announced them for sale for \$1.98—"fine cuckoo clocks, best made."

She was racing after him as fast as her prim New England dignity would allow. She upset a child with an all day sucker in its mouth and left it screaming on the walk. Injure her conscience terribly, but for one moment she lost sight of the sign he might turn into a side street, and she wouldn't know where to get the clock.

Samantha Sanders was the thrifty, unromantic janitress of a bachelor apartment building. Her father and mother had died when she was fifteen and left her without a penny and with an overweening desire to possess a clock with a little bird that popped out of a little door every hour, along with more domestic ambition.

Samantha Sanders never had cared for any one person so much as she had for making a home. Hiram Shell had asked her to marry him, but her thrifty soul told her she would be happier



"HIRAM!" SHE CRIED. "HIRAM SHELL!"

making a comfortable living for herself than eking out a bare existence with such a man. Hiram was all right, only he never stuck to any one thing long enough and his inventions never seemed to be the things people wanted.

Now she was almost up to the big red and white sign. Never before had she felt free to indulge her pet extravagance, but now with a steady, tidy income and good clothes in plenty it did seem that Providence had put that sandwich man right there ahead of her. Breathless and excited, she rushed past the man to get a front view of the clock. Oh, joy! There was the long hoped for little face and the cuckoo half emerging from his arch as though the clock had stopped just as he started to announce the hour.

Samantha clapped her hands in an ecstasy of rapture. "Oh!" she cried. "Can I get one down on Thirteenth street now?"

For the first time she turned her eyes from the sign to the man whose way she had blocked. All the light of joy faded from her face and left it ashen. "Hiram!" she cried. "Hiram Shell!"

"Yes, Samantha," he said, meek as ever, looking at the trim little woman before him and pulling surreptitiously at his worn and soiled vest.

The pallor of her face changed to a flush of anger and resentment as she looked at the disheveled old man.

"Hiram Shell," she said forcibly, "what you doin' trampin' the streets like this? Shiftless and good for nothin', same as you always was."

"I don't know, Samantha. I never did seem to 'mount to anything." The cuckoo clock swayed perilously near a barber pole, but Samantha did not notice. She was looking at the man's lantern jawed haggard visage and thinking hard.

"Hiram Shell," she accused, "you haven't had enough to eat. You can't keep your knees stiff."

He smiled weakly. "Well, it do be hard off an' on to get a plenty, 'specially when it takes quite a bit for wire. My new patent clothes wringer, Samantha?"

"Hiram Shell, you go right straight down to Thirteenth street and tell those clock people you haven't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole!" but even as she spoke her eyes were moist. "And, Hiram, you bring a clock up to my house. I'm going home now to get supper ready." She counted out \$2.03 (5 cents for car fare), gave him her address and told him vigorously to hurry up before he forgot what he was to do. She left him standing stupefied in the middle of the walk gazing after her with meek if hungry eyes.

"She be just the same as ever," he whispered to himself. "She'd 'a' made me a good wife, Samantha would."

Samantha Sanders was bustling feverishly about her rooms at the New Rochelle apartments. True to her provident New England instincts, she had a plentiful supply of cake, pie, apple butter and baked beans on hand. She

had ordered recklessly at the grocery's on her way home, and the table was beginning to look like a feast of plenty.

Poor old Hiram! She could not get the image of his pitiable figure out of her mind. Even the prospect of the new clock could not dispel the feeling of utter heartickness. Hiram Shell, whose father had been justice of the peace, tramping the streets as a sandwich man!

There was a dull aching at her heart that was incomprehensible to her until just as she shoved the brown bread into the oven to warm. She stiffened up with something like a groan and clapped her hands to her head.

"I'd ought to 'a' married Hiram Shell," she cried, with the bitterness of delayed realization. "I'd ought to 'a' married him! No one ever believed in him. Just because he didn't get out and work like the others they said he was crazy! Geniuses ain't like anybody else, and if anybody had ever encouraged him and helped him along he might have struck somethin' that people wanted. And here I've been comfortable and him trampin' the streets!"

Hiram was late in arriving. She wondered indulgently whether he had gone off to buy wire with that money instead of getting the clock. Strangely enough, she did not care much. The thought was tormenting her that she who always had put duty foremost had after all failed in the greatest crisis of her life. Women were intended to make men stronger, to bring out the best in the men they loved, and she—

He came, more haggard and all but tottering, with two packages under his arm. She took them from him, tumbled them helter skelter on the sofa and drew up an armchair for him close to the table laden with good things.

"Now, Hiram," she said, "eat!"

He looked at her wildly for a moment, trying to get his breath. "The package," he said. "Is it all right?"

"The clock? Of course. Go on an' eat now." She passed him the bowl of savory pork and beans.

He pushed back from the table, peering about.

"Hiram Shell, if you don't stop actin' the fool and set to eatin' I'll throw out the cuckoo clock and be done with it!"

"No, Samantha, 'tain't the clock; it's that new patent clothes wringer I been making. Thought you might like it to wash your clothes."

Samantha collapsed into a chair. "Hiram Shell, I haven't done my wash for five years. It goes to the laundry."

"Well, now, ain't that nice?"

He pushed back the apple butter she handed him. He had not touched a bite, though his plate was piled high with good things. Samantha saw his face had gone white.

"I guess I'd better be moving on. The doctor at the dispensary he said I'm aillin' some." He clutched at his heart. "It's queer, right in here."

Samantha pushed him back into the chair and ran for the brandy.

"Did you call the ambulance?" he asked when he opened his eyes again.

"No, I didn't, Hiram Shell. You don't need no ambulance. All you need is a good square meal and the parson. We're going to get married, Hiram."

He looked at her, with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Well, now," he said, "Samantha, ain't that nice?"

Too Pointed.

When somebody asked Graham Saunders why he did not go to visit the squire's family any more he hesitated for a moment before he ventured to put his reason into words.

"I'm not one that's looking for slights," he drawled at last, "and I never paid much attention when they spoke about folks that generally came at mealmidnight nor any of their remarks about large appetites. Nor I never applied any of their statements in regard to not waiting for invitations or outstaying your welcome to myself. I considered such talk wasn't worth noticing."

"But when squire come out to me at about four thirty one afternoon when I could smell baked beans cooking as easy as I'm sitting here and said he'd count it a favor if I'd note down where the glass stood on our north porch at 6 o'clock that night and at 8 in the morning, twelve thirty at noon and 6 p. m. for the next three days and then let him know at the postoffice so's he could compare it with theirs, I called it pretty considerable like a hint for a man that claims to have good manners, given to one that's got a sensitive streak, same as I have, though I try to keep it out o' sight."—Youth's Companion.

Trapped Elephants.

In "Jungle Trails and Jungle People" Caspar Whitney tells of trapping a herd of elephants and driving them into the graal. Curiously enough, the animals are quite docile until they once discover they are confined, whereupon they throw off their good manners and become rampant. Mr. Whitney continues:

Some fight the posts, some fight one another, in groups they surge against the stout sides of the inclosure, grunting prodigiously, and wherever a venturesome spectator shows a head between the posts he is charged. Not all the herd are so vicious. Some show their perturbation by resting down into their stomach reservoir and drawing forth water which they squirt over their backs; others express contentment for things generally by making little dust piles, which they blow over everything in sight, including their own legs. Some utter the mousing low note; some rap the ground with their trunks, thus knocking out several peculiar rattling, crackling high notes. The calves squeak through their little trunks shrilly and frequently.

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" 9 00 a. m. Astor	" 3 30 p. m.
" 4 30 a. m. St. Francis	" 2 00 p. m.
" 5 00 a. m. Beresford (DeLand)	" 1 00 p. m.
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