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Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

GASTORIA

Kidnaped

A Story of Venice

By JAMES VOLNEY

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Anne had been bored for two days, and she took no pains to conceal the fact.

Since she had joined them at Milan three days before, after a month in Lucerne, Belle, her newly wed sister, and John, her new brother-in-law, had kept an anxious eye upon her, for the family always dreaded those periods when Anne was bored.

Anne did not like Venice.

On the plea of writing a letter she had remained at the hotel, while Belle and John visited the shops in the piazza, promising to meet them in front of the cathedral in time for a ride at sunset.

She was strolling leisurely across the great square when she noticed a



"I WOULDN'T TELL HIM IF I WERE YOU."

tall young American—you can always tell him abroad—gazing up at the bronze horses.

He was alone, and as he turned away he met the glance of the bright looking American girl.

"I wish I knew him," sighed Anne.

"He's the first American I've seen here that doesn't look like a professional tourist. And then he could ride with us this afternoon, and I wouldn't have to feel that I'm the third that makes the crowd when I'm with Belle and John."

Here she caught sight of that couple, Belle enthusiastically feeding dozens of the dirty blue pigeons which infest the square, while a half dozen photographers were clamoring to take her

picture as thus engaged to send to her friends at home.

"Let's go to Lido," suggested Belle. "It isn't far, and we will be back in time to meet the train."

There was no dissent, and John added her to step into the gondola. He stretched out his hand toward Anne to perform a like service for her, but she was gazing intently at a tall young man who was strolling by.

"There's some one from New York," she said to Belle and John. "My sister and new brother-in-law," she introduced briefly as she shook hands with him. "It's fine to meet an American one knows. We're just going out for an hour's ride. Won't you join us?"

The young man accepted the invitation and took the cross seat at the rear of the boat, sitting beside Anne, while the others sat further toward the front. "Mr. Henderson is a friend of Ella's," Anne explained to the others.

"I was so surprised to see you," she said. "I didn't know you were over here, and I haven't heard from Ella but once since I left New York. Did you know me when I called to you?" she asked pleasantly. "I hardly expected you to, because we had met only that once at Ella's."

"Certainly I knew you," he replied readily. "In fact, I thought I recognized you when you passed me back there near the cathedral, but you glanced at me and didn't give any sign of recognition," he added, glancing at her face, which was slightly flushed.

"I was about in the same state," Anne answered. "I thought I knew you, but I wasn't certain. But now you must tell me all about Ella and what they were doing when you left. I called in May just a couple of days after I met you. When did you sail?"

"About the middle of June," he replied. "But I'm afraid I can't tell you of what was going on at that time, as I was so busy getting my business in shape I didn't get around with that crowd much."

"But you have certainly heard from Ella lots of time, haven't you?" she inquired.

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't heard a word from her since I came over here," he said slowly. "Why did you think I would have heard?"

"From what I heard in New York the little time I was with Ella I certainly thought there was to be a wedding in October, and in the one letter I have received from her since then she said nothing about any change of plans."

"Of course, however, I don't want to pursue a painful subject."

"I assure you the subject is not so painful," he said after quite a pause.

"By the way, did you hear about Mame and Kate?" he exclaimed suddenly.

Anne gazed at him with a startled look on her face, then shook her head.

"No. What have they done now?" she asked.

"It nearly prostrated Ella, although she was to blame in the case of Kate. You know Kate was always high tempered, and one morning, I don't know exactly what she did, but Ella gave her a beating, and she ran away. Yes, it was shocking," he said in reply to Anne's exclamation of horror. "Ella really thought a lot of Kate, but of course Mame was her favorite."

"Did Kate come back?" inquired Anne with considerable interest.

Henderson appeared puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Never mind Kate, though," said Anne hurriedly. "Tell me about Mame."

"It was only the next day that Mame met with a terrible accident," he said. "Ella had ridden out on Long Island with some friends. They stopped at a florist's garden, leaving Mame at the gate. A trolley car came along, and Mame, evidently not seeing it, stepped directly in front. She was terribly hurt. There was no doctor near, and no one could do anything for her while she was suffering. Ella saw that the end was only a question of a few hours, and she borrowed a pistol from the florist and shot Mame through the head, killing her."

Anne gasped and turned pale.

"I don't believe it," she exclaimed. "It is horrible!"

"It is true," said Henderson positively.

Anne was silent for a time. Finally she turned to him and asked:

"Were you at the Turners' garden party?"

He shook his head.

"I suppose you heard of what Lily did there?"

Henderson looked surprised.

"No," he replied. "It was rather shocking, but Ella shouldn't have taken Lily with her. There were lots of people there and—"

Anne turned her head in embarrassment. "Well, Lily jumped in the lake, just for fun, of course, and swam around it several times."

"I had heard nothing of such a proceeding," said her companion coldly.

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"I hardly think it could have happened. Even Lily wouldn't do such a thing."

They were nearing the piazza by this time.

"If you are going on to the station I had better get out here," he called to John, and the latter gave the necessary directions to the gondoliers after expressing polite regrets that Henderson had to leave them.

Anne turned toward Henderson. "You know Lily, of course?" she questioned.

He laughed and then said frankly: "I'll confess that I have been puzzled several times this evening, and one of the puzzles is Lily. Who is she?"

"I'll tell you if you tell me who Kate and Mame are," replied Anne.

"Agreed. Kate and Mame are Ella's blue ribbon mares. I thought every one knew them."

"Lily is Ella's Pomeranian that always wins the prizes at the bench shows. Her picture's been in the papers dozens of times, and I thought every one knew her. Do you really know any one of the name of Ella?" she asked her companion abruptly, turning and staring him directly in the face.

He was not confused at all as he laughed and replied:

"I can't recall any Ella among my acquaintances just now. Do you know of any?"

"You are to be congratulated on your imagination and nerve," said Anne angrily. "Ella is one of my dearest friends, and I really thought I knew you when I first called to you. When I discovered my mistake we had already started on the ride, and I didn't like to denounce you then."

"Very kind of you," he said dryly. "But the fact remains that I was kidnaped by you."

Anne laughed.

"You were really heaven sent. I would have bored Belle and her husband, and they would have bored me while we were waiting for the train. We are going on to the station now, but I am rather puzzled as to whether I should tell the one we are to meet about this."

It was a sort of question, and Henderson replied:

"To whom would you confide it? Who is it that is coming?"

"The man I am to marry as soon as I reach home," she said gently. "The gondola had stopped. Henderson shook hands with her."

"I wouldn't tell him if I were you," he said, bending over. "I'm going on to the hotel now to join my wife, and I shan't tell her."

"I knew at once she was trying to make game of me," he muttered as he went along. "I wonder if the little impostor is really engaged to be married, and I wonder if she believes I am married."

"I wonder if he is really married and if he believes I am engaged," smiled Anne as the gondola glided toward the railroad station.

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.....

Corrected.

Teacher—Earl, did you whisper today? Earl—Yes; wunst. Teacher—Clarence, should Earl have said "wunst"? Clarence—No; he should have said "twicet."—Everybody's.

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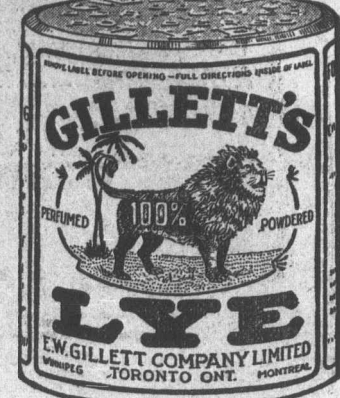
Continuous Performance.

Mrs. Crabshaw (to daughter in hammock)—Haven't you got rested yet from last night's dancing? Marjorie—Yes, ma, but I'm resting for tonight's dance.—Puck.

.....

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—Burke.

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