POOR DOCUMENT

THE STAR, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1906.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.

The Star's New Series of Short Stories, by O. Henry.

"FOX IN THE MORNING."

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Even the envious were forced to concede that women liked Dick Henley. It had been reluctantly but persistently noted by many eyes that Winifed Harte, the acknowledged beauty of the season, never split her dances with Henley, it was whispered and not denied, that Virginia Deane, the girl to turn him down—some star, you with Henley, it was whispered enthusiasm. "Suppose you ask Frankie Morrison to do it. She's abit with the hunting set, had declined the box seat on Hardy's coach in the floring parade in order to go on Henley's drag, and that, too, when she is may be a way visiting his mother.

As a whip Henley wasn't in Hardy's classes whip Henley wasn't in the running with Jack Leonard, or Townsend, or half a dozen others of his set in the matter of looks, He didn't know enough about poly to explain to an admiring beyo of the season. The provided and smiled confidings of the converted himself into Miss Lawrence's shadow, and franks who had made such a hit with Henley in the converted himself into Miss Lawrence's shadow, and franks who had made such a hit with Henley in the converted himself into Miss Lawrence's shadow, and franks with expense he converted himself into Miss Lawrence's shadow, and franks with expense he converted himself into Miss Lawrence's shadow, and the cent who had made such at the fair of him for a with Henley in the converted himself into Miss Lawrence's shadow, and franks with expense he converted himself of the shadow, and the followed with the hunting star promised to let him, but when he calls a halt, as the surface of the him, but when he calls a halt, as the surface of the him, but when he calls a halt, as the surface of the him, but when he calls a halt, as the surface of the him, but when he calls a halt, as the surface of the him, but when h

of looks. He didn't know enough about pelo to explain to an admiring bevy of fair spectators just where he would have done differently had he been in

"That Henley is a confirmed woman-hater—that he couldn't make a pretty speech if he tried, and that he never

ley, who stared at her from the other end of the table with a persistency that caused Hardy to wink surreptitiously at Townsend.

At the conclusion of the meal she

slipped away, and could not be found when tables were being made up for the inevitable bridge. Twenty minutes later, however, when the moon was just peeping above the horizon, Hardy, who was enjoying a soiltary cigar in the corner of the piazza farthest from the drawingom, saw a slim figure in white walk ly over the low railing, he started in

"Jane," he said, sternly, as he reached her side, "what does this mean? supposed you were in your room with a headache, and here I find you starting off alone, apparently attired for

The direct new enterphotoly have been illeged the field under great producted at many and a few event and the field and the fiel

Henley held the screen door open for her, and after she had gone stood with the morning," he said with a peculiar ring in his voice, "and I don't feel that I can wait for the congratulations of any one of you until I see you in town, me tell you tonight that she has hon-

wife. In the little buzz of exclamations and laughter that followed this an-nouncement no one but Townsend and deathly pale, and that his hands were tightly clenched. They exchanged glances and Leonard put his hand on "Come along, old fellow." he whis-

pered, "the joke is on us; but we nust go up and say something pretty