

THE LADY GWENDOLYN

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

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The Lady Gwendolyn stamped her foot and declared, "Dwendolyn will!"

"Then she poked her white bonnet out of the door and listened. They were still talking. She could hear Mrs. Reagan's voice, high and shrill.

"Shure, ye can have it here," she was saying, "and if they's any more come while ye're out I'll take 'em for ye. My, but it's fine! And all of 'em from Miss Van Tassel. Well, well!"

It could be borne no longer. Aunt Julia might stay and talk with Mrs. Reagan as long as she liked and about all the stupid things they liked.

"Dwendolyn will!" she announced again, and Gwendolyn did.

Along the hall, past Mrs. Reagan's half open door, down the stairs, step by step, and so on to the sidewalk.

The Lady Gwendolyn was an impulsive person, and, being of a mind to view the trees of the park, clothed, as she had been told, in the snow blankets woven by the fairies the night before, she had determined to wait no longer, but to start out by herself, which was of course contrary to any precedent ever established. Clad in her white coat—marked down and snatched up by Ellen at a bargain—her white bonnet—Aunt Julia had found it in a Third Avenue shop, and you couldn't have told it from a Sixth Avenue—her white mittens and stockings—bought a trifle larger last year with a view to shrinking—Lady Gwendolyn started on her way.

Both of her ladies in waiting and the head groom of the chambers were ignorant of her desperate venture. Now, the first lady in waiting was nearly all in attendance on the Lady Gwendolyn and usually planned so that both duties as housekeeper fitted in nicely with the demands of her other position.

The second lady in waiting, having been promoted from the menial rank of cash girl in Rush & Hurry's big Fourteenth Street shop to serve in that firm's luncheon room, found her hours a bit easier and her weekly envelope a trifle heavier, two things that made possible even more devotion on her part to the service of Lady Gwendolyn.

It would take too long to recount the incident, or accident, through which the head groom of the chambers had arisen to the dignity of a wooden faced footman, tight booted and befurred of collar, who flung himself with most satisfactory recklessness on and from the seat of Miss Van Tassel's brougham.

"He's a star, that kid!" Miss Van Tassel was wont to exclaim when, in company with other blond ladies, she would leave the stage door after rehearsal. And Miss Van Tassel, herself a star of no mean magnitude, would enter her carriage amid a chorus of more or less cynical assents from the lesser lights of her constellation. The coachman would touch the bad tempered cob and leave the star groom to alight beside him after a flying leap over the wheel.

Although the head groom of the chambers had become the footman of Miss Violet Van Tassel, who had the reputation of being the most graceful dancer as well as the biggest hearted woman that a music hall audience ever split its gloves for, still he was faithful to the house of Ryan, and the Lady Gwendolyn could never complain of disloyalty.

Christmas was at hand, and Miss Van Tassel had made known to her footman a few ideas of her own on the subject of Christmas trees in general and of one in particular that was intended for the special benefit of the Lady Gwendolyn.

Nearly all her spare time for two days had been spent in driving from shop to shop, and the address given for the sending of the parcels had not been Central Park West, but Second Avenue. On issuing from one of the shops, more noticeably the toyshops, Miss Van Tassel would hold consultation with her footman. Advice, suggestion, description, seemed to pass between them, together with many nods and smiles on the part of Miss Van Tassel and many coughings of the hat on the part of Tom.

All unknown to Miss Van Tassel she became an angel with a very yellow halo and brilliant garments. All unknown to Tom he became to Miss Van Tassel the lounge of the young brother who had died a small pauper before ever the twinkling toes had brought fame and wealth to his adoring sister.

By dint of judicious tagging of various people who seemed to be going in the right direction the Lady Gwendolyn reached the park under the chapter-ship of two unscrupulous nursemaids, whose charges were engaged in making faces at each other from their respective elevations. Arrived at her destination, she managed to chamber on to one of the benches and surveyed the scene before her with delighted eyes.

The afternoon sun was warm, and yet it had not quite melted the snow mantle on the shoulders of the big statue opposite. The trees wore their snow blankets, and the grass was almost entirely covered with the white carpet she had been so anxious to see. Now, it is one thing to fare boldly forth upheld by a sense of injury and the novelty of adventure, and it is quite another thing to wend one's way homeward when one's sense of injury has utterly vanished and novelty has become monotony.

The afternoon sun was not quite so warm on the bench when the Lady Gwendolyn made the discovery that she had seen enough of carpeted grass

and that the trees, in fact, showed signs of being dead, as in fact they were, and it finally occurred to the Lady Gwendolyn that she had been deceived in a very bad way.

She started down from the bench with a address that surprised her and with a growing sense of insecurity walked toward the avenue. The park seemed a very large place, and she was glad to get out of it, yet she stood on the sidewalk two big tears forced their way from behind winking lashes.

Through which of those streets lay the way home? Which way should she turn? Everything looked strange and unfamiliar.

When Ellen Ryan cut her hand on the broken goblet she was picking up in response to the floorwalker's order, the doctor of Rush & Hurry's big store dressed the wound neatly and, putting her on the shoulder, said: "There, you'd better run home for the rest of the day. You'll be all right tomorrow."

So Ellen, with her hand in a bandage and a stiff feeling in the palm of it, hurried homeward, thinking that if Aunt Julia had been too busy there was yet time to take the little sister for a walk.

Ramping up the stairs, she was bumped into by Mamie Reagan, who was running down at breakneck speed. "They ain't found her yet," was her excited salutation. "I'm goin' out again. Yer aunt's carryin' on awful!"

Ellen's heart seemed to stop beating. She grasped at Mamie Reagan's dress and opened her mouth, but Mamie had resumed her headlong flight.

Ellen tottered up the rest of the stairs, her ears assailed as she neared the door of their rooms by moans within and the sound of Mrs. Reagan's voice.

"There, now," she was saying, "don't take on so. Mamie Reagan'll find her. She's a reg'lar detective, I tell yer. There, she'll be back in a minute. All the cops on the beat knows Gwendolyn."

Then, as she caught sight of Ellen, "Lord, what'll I do with her?" "Now it's all right," she began, shaking a bottle of household ammonia at Ellen.

Ellen crossed the room to her aunt. "When did you miss her?" she asked. "I just went in Miss Reagan's room," explained Aunt Julia. "I wanted her to keep the baby carriage Miss Van Tassel had sent till Christmas. I had my bonnet all on."

"When did you miss her?" broke in the stern young voice. "It was 3 o'clock or maybe half past. I remember because our clock had struck 7, and it always—"

"Had you promised to take her to any place?" "We was goin' to the park—she'd been tellin' me that foolishness ye'd told her about the snow fairies and—"

Aunt Julia's voice rose to a sobbing wail as Ellen turned and left the room without explanation or comment.

She dashed down the stairs at a speed that rivaled Mamie Reagan's and started on a mad run west. "She may have found her way there," she muttered to herself.

A messenger boy, two newsboys, a nursemaid with her charge, a man with a suit case and a pretty young woman with her hands in a big muff formed an unconsciously interesting group about a small solitary figure. Blue defiant eyes looked out of a white face from under a wide bonnet trim and two little white mittens were doubled up by tense baby fists. Ellen bore down on this group. Intuition, instinct, sister heart, all told her that here was the Lady Gwendolyn. She pushed aside the newsboys, stepped on the messenger's toes and knocked against the suit case.

"Gwendolyn!" "Nellen, my Nellen!" came from the depths of the white bonnet. The Lady Gwendolyn was caught up into a fierce embrace and the cut hand, heedless of wound and bandage, pressed the little head close to "Nellen's" heart.

"She ought to be discharged," said the pretty young woman. "Gee!" said the messenger boy. "You'll be in luck if you don't get de bounce fer dis."

Ellen looked wonderingly from one to another. Then it rushed over her—she was Gwendolyn's nurse. The baby sister had been taken for a lady—a real lady.

"Yes, ma'am," she said meekly to the young woman. "I'll be more careful another time."

Taking a firm hold on the little hand, she addressed the small figure in clear and distinctly humble tones. "Come, Miss Gwendolyn," she said. "Yer aunt will be worryin' about yer." The Lady Gwendolyn obediently trotted off by her nurse's side.

Half a block away a smart brougham was dashing toward them. There was a glimpse of a sable collar, an ugly, kind face, and it had stopped.

The footman jumped over the wheel, the carriage door was opened and the big voice of Miss Van Tassel called: "Well, if here isn't the little sister and the big one too! The whole Ryan family in a bunch! Bundle 'em in, Thomas, and we'll drive 'em home."

Tom "bundled 'em in," closed the door and sprang to the box. Just at that proud moment the man with the suit case and the young woman with the big muff came into sight.

The Lady Gwendolyn, confidence restored, smiled at them through the open window, and Ellen, rigid and erect on the very edge of the cushions, reflected the smile respectfully.

Two of Them. "You don't seem to like Chumpley," said Tanker. "What sort of a fellow is he?" "He's the sort of 'fellow,'" replied Krunkley promptly, "who invariably calls a 'man' a 'fellow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

THE INDIAN WHO REMEMBERED

By H. A. Bruce

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Sam Augustus was of the Algonquin tribe, a typical Indian of these days of reservations, lazy, shiftless and addicted to strong drink. As an Indian he was more or less despised by the white men with whom he came in contact, but was much too easy going to be disturbed by that.

The possessor of a small farm on Georgian Island, he was so far true to the traditions of his ancestors as to allow Mrs. Sam Augustus to earn his living for him, which she cheerfully did, reaping harvest in the summer time by weaving baskets of sweet grass and reeds for the holiday sockers who annually visited Beaver-ton.

Beaverton was the most picturesque spot on the shores of Lake Simcoe, but Sam Augustus, on the occasions of his periodical visits to the mainland, never stopped to contemplate its various points of interest. There was but one attraction in the place for him, and that, it must be confessed with shame, was the barroom of the Alexandra House.

Sam's visits to Beaverton, or, to be more exact, to the Alexandra House, usually terminated in his crawling into the loft of the hotel stable, there to sleep off the effects of the potent fire-water he had imbibed. But on a Saturday night in June he enjoyed a novel experience.

Paul Wilson had come to the mill that day with a load of grain and had converted the grain into flour, but into greasy bits of paper which he deemed far more useful. Then, as he was consumed with a great thirst and, moreover, had the wherewithal to sink his hands naturally turned his team toward the Alexandra House. Matters following in logical sequence, Paul Wilson developed ere night into a drunken bully, with Sam Augustus the especial object of his hectoring. Sam, indeed, was in a fair way to get the beating of his life when Ed Daleton interfered.

Daleton interfered to such an extent that Paul was escorted to the village hospital, while Sam Augustus, ready by that time to consent to any proposal, acceded to Daleton's request to go home with him and in the morning join the laymakers on the Daleton estate.

An hour later found Sam tucked into the most comfortable bed he had ever known. Ere morning came, however, the bed was empty. The Indian had already repented his rash promise to go to work. Still, he took away nothing but himself and his dirty clothes, wherefore, Daleton argued, he must have felt at least half way grateful.

The summer days passed away, and the autumn shadows lengthened into the blackness of winter, but Sam Augustus had not once appeared at the Alexandra House since that night in June. Whatever conjectures the habits of the place might have hazarded concerning his absence were driven out of mind, however, by a series of occurrences which gave the villagers ample reason for not only much gossip, but also much alarm.

Thieves made their presence felt in that Sleepy Hollow of Canada. One burglary followed another in rapid succession. First it was the residence of the reeve that was visited; then it was the doctor's house and next the real estate office. In every case the cracksmen went about their work in a way that proved they were no novices.

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He was passing a little cove on that side of the island farthest from his home when he noticed what looked uncommonly like a boat's sail flapping in the wind. This impressed Sam as being a bit out of the ordinary for midwinter, but what gave him a distinct shock was seeing a light in a log cabin that to his knowledge had been unoccupied for years.

There was enough of his ancestors' blood in his veins to make him wary, and he conjectured, not without reason, that whoever was in the old cabin had no right to be there. So he stooped down, unfastened his slates, slung them around his neck and, swift as a deer, ran to the shore of the cove. Cautiously he crept over the snow until he stood behind the cabin and looked in through a window.

Seated at a little table were two men, both keen visaged, both well dressed and both youthful. Overhead hung a dirty lantern. On the table between them was spread out a sheet of white paper, which they were examining with great interest.

"This," Sam heard one say, pointing to a mark on the paper, "is the veranda entrance I was telling you about. It leads straight into the old man's room, and they say he generally has a thly sam around. Farther along here is a window to one of the guest chambers and we may pick up a sparkle or two in that room for a big house party is on at Simcoe Lodge just now, and the wealthy Mrs. Vineland is one of the guests. The young fellow sleeps in that wing over there, so we need have no fear of arousing him. Then we'll back to our leatboat and be under cover again before they know we've paid 'em a visit."

Sam opened those little eyes of his wider. He was not overgifted with an active brain, but the reference to Simcoe Lodge had sharpened his intellect. For Simcoe Lodge was the home of Ed Daleton, and had not Ed Daleton—Well, Sam Augustus drew closer to the cabin window.

The speaker's companion made no reply for some minutes. When he did speak, there was a tinge of bitterness to his words: "I'm with ye, Rats. I agree with ye. But when's the bloomin' biz to end? They'll spot our lay soon, never fear, an' to my mind we'd better scoot down to Jackson's Point right away an' get back to Toronto from there."

"Bah!" rejoined the other. "We simply have got to turn this trick, Spud. Then I'm for home. Come, it'll be a good, dark night, and we can bag the game before midnight, for they danced until 7 this morning and are sure to be abed early."

Sam waited to hear no more. The men were thieves, and they intended robbing the home of the only white man who had ever befriended him. Oh, lazy, shiftless Sam Augustus, why do you hurry so?

For he was skating across the lake as he had never skated before. Twenty miles stretched between him and that part of the lake where Simcoe Lodge stood, and he must be fleet indeed to arrive before the boat. He knew he was getting a good start, but he knew, too, what an leatboat could do. Ah, lucky Sam Augustus, to find the ice smooth as glass instead of being caked and crusted with snow!

On, on through the night he raced. In his face blew the first gusts of a storm, but he plunged through the crystal flakes, his sinewy legs fairly flying over the level surface. Now he could see lights twinkling in the distance, and his Indian instinct told him they were from a farmhouse not far from the Daleton estate. Not a light could be seen from Simcoe Lodge itself, for a huge row of fir trees, wind breakers, screened the house from the lake blasts.

Sam swung along buoyantly. The next moment a hissing, whistling sound came to his ears, and he saw a flash of white glide past him, to be swallowed up in the darkness.

It was the boat. They would beat him yet. He dug his skates into the ice despairingly and buried himself forward. But in a minute or two he became hopeful again. It was yet too early for the burglars to begin work. He could easily arrive in time to warn the household.

On, on through the night he raced. Now he was floundering in snow banks that had drifted against the lake cliffs, now he was climbing up these rugged heights, now he had unstrapped his skates, and now, still tireless, he was bounding across the fields to give the alarm.

Not pausing to seek the gate into the Daleton grounds, he leaped the high fence that paralleled the fir trees only to alight upon a human body. Next moment he was grasped by no tender hands.

"Here, what's this?" he heard a voice exclaim. "Tura yer gim on, Rats. Here's a nice kind of a party that comes tumblin' on to a man without so much as beg pardon."

Sam Augustus writhed desperately, but another pair of brawny hands seized him, and he was helpless, yet he kept up the struggle and as he fought shouted with all the strength of his red man's lungs: "Thieves!"

"Blast it, stop that!" commanded the voice. "Ye won't, eh? Then?" There was a click and a report. Sam gave a groan and staggered back. Spud let him slip to the ground.

"I thought I'd stop ye," he muttered. "Say, Rats, I—"

Something bright flashed through the night. The Indian had risen to his knees. Spud fell, with the toe of a skate in his brain.

"Thieves!" shouted Sam.

In a yard of the old Free Kirk at Beaverton is a plain white shaft with this inscription:

AM AUGUSTUS. The Indian Who Remembered.

Rebbon's Joke on His Friend. Of Stuart Robson it is said that in his youth he was an inimitable practical joker. He was traveling in England with a friend, a small man called Bill, one summer, and on the Liverpool train Bill fell asleep. While he slept Robson stole his ticket from his pocket. In a little while the conductor was to be seen approaching.

"Tickets, Bill! Get out your ticket!" Robson said.

Bill, after a frantic search, said, with an oath, that his ticket was lost. Robson then advised him to escape paying by hiding under the seat. This Bill decided to do, and when the conductor appeared he lay on his back on the dusty floor quite invisible.

Robson surrendered both tickets, whereupon the conductor said: "Here are two tickets. Where is your friend, sir?"

"Under the seat there," the actor answered. "I don't know why he wanted to avoid you."

The conductor, surprised, looked under the seat, and Bill smiled at him sheepishly and then crawled awkwardly forth.—New York Tribune.

The Ass and the Ladder. "I came into possession of a Hebrew library the other day," said a student, "and in several of my new books is the sentence, 'May this volume not be damaged, neither this day nor forever, until the ass ascends the ladder.' What does that mean—'till the ass ascends the ladder?' Do you know?"

"Yes, I know," answered the student's preceptor. "The phrase is like that of Petronius, 'asinus in tegulis' (an ass on the house top). It signifies impossibility, a thing that will never take place. Books preserved, therefore, until the ass ascends the ladder are books forever preserved."

Curiosities of Color. After any severe shock you will be very likely to find that you have become temporarily color blind.

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