

# An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Thursday's Daily.)

## CHAPTER IX.

### PICARON.

Plucking peremptorily at her cloak, Lyttleton drew the girl to him and, seizing her hand, without further ceremony dragged her round the clump of shrubbery to a spot secure from observation.

"She submitted without a hint of resistance. But she was trembling violently, and the contact with his hand was as fire to her blood.

"Pausing, he stared and laughed uncertainly.

"Of all people!" he said in an undertone. "I never for an instant thought of you!"

Controlling her voice tolerably, she asked directly: "How did you get up again without my seeing you?"

"Simply enough—by the steps of the place next door. I saw you watching me—saw your head over the edge of the landing, black against the sky—and knew I'd never know who it was, unless by strategy. So I came up the other way and cut across to head you off."

He added, after a pause, with a semi-apologetic air: "What do you mean by it, anyway?"

"What?"

"Watching me this way—spying on me?"

"But I didn't mean to. I was as surprised to see you as you were, just now, to see me."

"Honestly?"

His eyes searched her suspiciously. Flushing, she endeavored to assume some little dignity—drew up, lifted her chin, resumed possession of her hand.

"Of course," she said in an injured voice.

"Sure Mrs.—sure nobody sent you to spy on me?"

"Mr. Lyttleton!"

"I want to believe you."

"You've no right not to!"

"But what, will you tell me, are you doing out here this time of night?"

"I came out because I wanted to—I was restless, couldn't sleep."

"He reflected upon this doubtfully. "Funny freak," he remarked.

"You're impertinent!"

"I don't mean to be. Forgive me. I'm only puzzled."

"So am I puzzled," she retorted with spirit. "Suppose you tell me what you're doing out here at this time of night—down on the beach—alone, and a private matter."

"Quite so," he agreed soberly, "and a very reasonable retort. Only I can't tell you. It's—er—a private matter."

"Look here, Miss Manwaring; this is a serious business with me. Give me your word."

"What makes that essential? Why do you think I'd lie to you?"

It was just that little quaver preceding her last two words which precipitated the affair. But for it a question natural enough under the circumstances would have proved innocuous. But for the life of her she could not control her voice; on those simple words it broke, and so the question became confession—confession, accusation, and challenge, all in one.

It created first a pause, an instant

of breathless suspense, while Lyttleton stared in doubt and Sally steeled herself, with an effort of trembling reluctance, upon the brink of some vast mystery.

Then: "To me," he said slowly. "You mean me to understand you might lie to another—but not to me?"

Her response was little better than a gasp. "You know it!"

"He acknowledged this with half a nod; he knew it well, too well.

And she must have seemed very lovely to the man in that moment of defiance. She saw his eyes lighten with a singular flash, saw his face darken suddenly in the pale moonlight, and heard the sharp sibilance of his indrawn breath.

And whether or not it was so, she fancied the wind had fallen, that the night was hushed once more, and now more profoundly than it had ever been, as though the very world were standing still in anticipation.

And with that she was in his arms. Then fell a full. She was conscious that his embrace relaxed a trifle, heard the murmur of his consternation: "Oh, this is madness, madness!"

But when she tried to release herself his arms tightened.

"No!" he said thickly, "not now—not after this! Don't. I love you!"

She braced her hands against his breast, struggled, thrust him away from her, found herself free at last.

"You don't love me. Don't lie to me! Let me go!"

"Why do you say that? You love me, and I—"

"Don't say it! It isn't true! I know I threw myself at your head. What else could you do? You care nothing about me; to you I'm just one more silly woman. No; let me be, please! You do not love me—you don't, you don't, you don't!"

He shrugged, relinquished his effort to recapture her, muttered uncertainly: "Blessed if I know—"

Recovering a little, she drew her hands swiftly across face and eyes that shined with her kisses.

"Oh!" she cried brokenly, "why did you—why did I—"

"What's the good of asking that?" he done now." He argued with a touch of aggrieved resentment. "I didn't mean—I meant to—I don't know what I meant! Only—never this."

He took an impatient stride or two in the shelter of the shadow, turned back to her, expostulating: "It's too bad! I'd have given worlds—"

"But now I've gone and done it!" she retorted bitterly. In charin, her own indignation mounted. "It is too bad, poor Mr. Lyttleton!"

"That was too much; he came closer and grasped her wrist. "Why do you talk that way to me?" he demanded wrathfully. "What have I done?"

"You? Nothing!" she broke in, roughly wrenching her hand free in a fury of humiliation. "Do you ever do anything? Isn't the woman always the aggressor? Never your fault—of course not! But don't please, worry; I shan't ever remind you. You're quite free to go and forget what's happened as quickly as you like!"

# SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

JUST POOR EQUIPMENT.

The other day I sat down to write a letter and found myself shrinking from the process more than usual.

"Now why is it?" I wondered as I took up my pen. And then I knew I had a poor, scratchy pen and an ink well so scantily supplied that I had to keep dipping my pen.

Consciously I had forgotten the defect or I would have remedied it, but subconsciously the sense of my poor equipment had been a factor in my disinclination.

The Man Who Hates to Carve

Take the case of the man who hates to carve. Sometimes it's just a poor pure masculine laziness; but other times the fact that he lacks a good, sharp efficient knife may enter into it.

And then there's the man who never wants to do any little job about the house. Perhaps he too is handicapped by inadequate tools. A good sharp saw and axe might be a valuable investment for his wife to make.

Needles Too Small for the Thread

I know that some of my childish dislike of sewing came from the fact that the needles my mother gave me were too small for the thread (from my point of view). I realize now that it is the sign of a good needlewoman to sew with as you like!

needles so small that it is a struggle to get the needle threaded, and of a good housekeeper to wash dishes with water so hot that you cannot bear your hands in it. To my natural disinclination to sewing was added a dread of the initial struggle with the needle.

Sometimes it is one's physical equipment which is inadequate. I once knew a woman who couldn't bear to touch a needle, it made her so nervous, she said. Finally she had acute trouble with her eyes, had them tested and glasses fitted. And behold it no longer makes her nervous to sew.

Give the Child a Better Equipment

If I had a child with a natural disinclination to any line of endeavor, a boy who wasn't handy mechanically, a girl who hated sewing, I could make their equipment satisfactory. I would give the girl the daintiest and most completely fitted work bag possible and the boy a good set of practical tools. Also, I would make sure there was no defect in physical equipment.

To be sure you can't make a handy man or an expert needlewoman out of unpropitious material, but you can at least push away some of the obstacles that make the right path the path of most resistance.

## MIDDLEPORT.

(From our own correspondent.)

The September meeting of the Middleport Woman's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. A. Wilson on the 12th inst. program good. The October meeting will be held at the home of Mr. Priest, at which the members are preparing to hold a bazaar. Proceeds to go for Red Cross work in providing comforts for our boys in the trenches.

The Onondaga Church of England will hold their Harvest Home services two weeks from Sunday, being Sept. 22nd; service morning and evening. The following Sunday being September 30th, St. Paul's church, Middleport, will hold their Harvest Home services at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Quite a number of people from the village and vicinity attended Toronto Fair last week.

Miss M. Davis is visiting at her old home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Book and Master Stanley, Miss Riddell, and Johnnie Book, spent Sunday with friends in Caledonia and Onondaga.

Mr. Harcourt Kern, spent Sunday at Mr. Thos. Wain's.

Mrs. B. Axon spent a few days last week in Brantford, visiting friends.

Mrs. James Hager returned home on Monday, after spending the week visiting in the village.

Mr. Wilfred Cresswell is visiting his sister, Mrs. E. Waterman.

## CATHCART

Miss Overholt of North Bay is the guest of her cousin, Miss Kinella.

Miss Eliza Read is spending a few days in Brantford with her sister, who is seriously ill.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Marvel Sherman of Toronto, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sherman.

Mrs. Lawrason has returned home after spending a few days with her son in Norwich.

The Women's Institute will hold their meeting in the Foresters' Hall on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reid and Donald, have returned home after a few days' visit with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Thomas is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Courtneage of Northfield Centre.

Mrs. Davis and Mr. Norman Davis of Brantford, are spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. Marshall Sherman and Miss Miles, of Brantford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman.

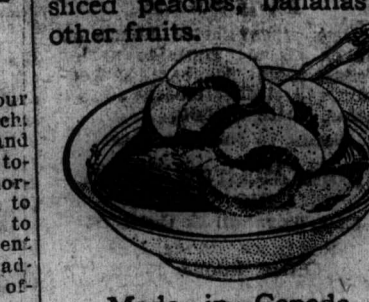
A number from here are attending London Fair this week.

Mrs. Cunningham is spending a few days with friends in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Anselbrook of Burford spent Sunday in the village. Don't forget "Cathcart School Fair" on Sept. 26th. A good time is assured.

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## Good Night Stories

By Claude Sitton

SQUEEDEC, THE RIGHTER OF WRONGS

There was quite a stir in the barnyard the evening Gray Horse returned from town. His lovely white tail and mane had been cut short, and he certainly looked funny to his friend Susan, the old brown cow.

"What did they do that for?" she asked.

"Some one told Master Tom it looked more stylish for a carriage horse to have a short tail, so he had it clipped," replied Gray Horse.

"It's a pity. There wasn't a horse in the village who could boast of a prettier coat than yours; but without a tail—oh, dear!" exclaimed Susan.

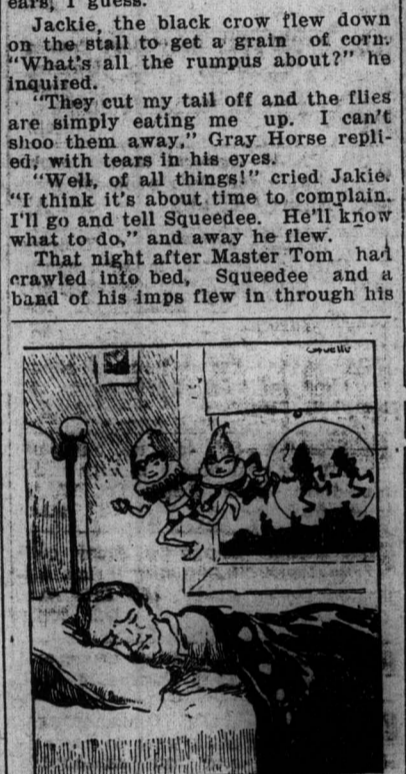
"What will he do next? Clip my ears, I guess."

Jackie, the black crow flew down on the stall to get a grain of corn. "What's all the rumpus about?" he inquired.

"They cut my tail off and the flies are simply eating me up. I can't shoot them away," Gray Horse replied, with tears in his eyes.

"Well, of all things!" cried Jackie. "I think it's about time to complain. I'll go and tell Squeedee. He'll know what to do," and away he flew.

That night after Master Tom had crawled into bed, Squeedee and a band of his imps flew in through his



open window. They bound Master Tom's hands behind his back and dragged him down to the river bank.

A crowd of mosquitoes were giving a dance, but when they saw Squeedee with Master Tom all tied up they knew there was fun afoot, and they quit their dance, and circled around Master Tom's face, pinching their tiny swords deep into his skin.

"I just wanted you to have a taste of what you've made Gray Horse suffer to-day," whispered Squeedee. "His tail is all he has to defend himself from the flies and mosquitoes. You cut it off, so he has nothing to brush them from his back, and they've driven him nearly wild. But when Squeedee saw the tears rolling down Master Tom's cheek he ordered the mosquitoes to leave him and to continue their dance across the river. Squeedee and a Band of Imps flew in through the Open Window.

Master Tom gave a sigh of relief as he watched them disappear.

"Honest, Squeedee, I never thought of the flies when I had Gray Horse's tail clipped or it should never have been done," cried Master Tom. "Indeed, I'm very sorry."

Squeedee untied the ropes that bound Master Tom's hand and Master Tom went back to his bed very much disturbed.

Next day he told his wife about his experience with Squeedee, but she laughed at him and said he must have dreamed it.

"The bites are real, and I intend to find something that will make the hair grow quickly on Gray Horse's tail, for I know he must suffer with the flies and the mosquitoes," said Master Tom.

Then Master Tom went to the barn and gave Gray Horse and Susan twice as much food as he generally did. He tried in every way to show Gray Horse he was sorry he had cut the hair on his tail so short.

Squeedee's magic made the hair grow out quickly, and soon Gray Horse had the most beautiful tail in the village.

"That dream, if it was a dream, made me think I believe animals have as much feeling as human beings, and I mean to treat them better than I have," Master Tom told his wife.

No one ever heard Gray Horse or Susan complain again.

"There never was a better master than Master Tom," they told Jackie, who bore the good news to Squeedee, who smiled with gladness as he listened.

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## HUNS ARRESTED IN LOS ANGELES

German Was Sent to U. S. by Government 10 Months Ago.

By Courier Leased Wire

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 13.—Four Germans, Herbert W. Gromschi, Eric Rosenhausen, John Greif, and William Streibert, were arrested, for days and held for the military authorities. Rosenhausen, according to the authorities said he was sent to the United States ago. Streibert has admitted that he is a German army officer.

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