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The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

CHAPTER I.

Jimmy Carew.

Jimmy had gone down to our boats on the beach, and to make sure that nothing was being left behind I was giving a camper's last look over the ground from which we had just pulled pegs, and where we had been held up by the elements for a day or two.

A whistle of surprise from Jimmy made me look up, and then join him. He had found in the sand a locket, containing the miniature in oils of a woman's face. It was a beautiful and bewitching face, dimpled and smiling. The eyes were blue and saucily bold; and the 'crowning glory' was of a rich red-golden hue, the hair of a Jean Jacques Henner head. The painting had the miniature perfection of Meissonier's brush. It was beautiful art. The locket was an unlettered oval of burnished gold, exquisitely chaste.

"She's peachy, isn't she?" I said, with enthusiasm.

"She's certainly a good-looker," Jimmy said in a judicial tone. But I fancy she would be like Miss Fortune, a fickle dame. I would christen her Helen Blazes, offhand."

"We make hasty estimates by faces," I retorted.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I never cared for red hair."

"Hair of that particular hue," I answered, with a lateral nod at the locket as I walked over to my canoe, "is pronounced by artists to be the most beautiful and rare of all; and students of human nature say that red-headed women are the most constant and affectionate."

"And this one separated from somebody right here," said Jimmy, stepping back to the bushes along the bank. "I wonder who is the unlucky beggar that lost this? For no woman would wear the likeness of another as good-looking as the original of this must be."

"Lucky beggar if he has a claim on the original," said I, as I adjusted the cushions in my craft.

"That's *your* opinion; but I was thinking of the possibility of the original having a

claim on him," Jimmy retorted, as he closed the oval case. "No doubt the wearer had the locket on a watch chain. In pushing his way through the bushes here the locket caught, and separated from the chain without sufficient jar to attract him, perhaps because a connecting link was weak. Perhaps, though, he did miss the locket a little later, but couldn't find it in the sand; and I suppose I ought to go over to the hotel there and inquire for a reported loss." Jimmy is nothing if not conscientious — or thirsty — so he went.

I smoked a pipe till he came back. He said that no guest or any one had reported a loss at the hotel; though there had been a brisk business lately with yachting parties, tourists and fishermen, besides paddling people like ourselves on the way to the big Canoe Meet in the St. Lawrence; and some of these canoeists had camped on the ground just vacated by us. So Jimmy had penned an ad. on the hotel stationery and posted it up by the main door:

FOUND—At Johnnie's Falls, a locket, containing a miniature. Owner can recover same by applying to the Secretary of the A.C.A., St. Lawrence River, proving his claim, and PAYING FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

We were twain, Jimmy and I; physically and metaphysically twain; emphatically and indisputably twain. Jimmy stands six feet unshod, and I—but why particularize? I had the *soul*, Jimmy said; and so, to adjust our differences, though I thought it emphasized them, Jimmy had at all times an appetite built for two. But, as Mr. Riley says, we were "twain as one."

"What's the name of the next summer resort or hamlet on our way?" Jimmy inquired, as we pushed out from the Johnnie's Falls camping-ground.

I consulted our time-table and chart.

"Rome," I said. "Population, five hundred — post-office — three general stores — blacksmith's shop — Carnegie Library — woollen mill — connections by stage with Athens and the Stop-and-carry-one-Railway — wharf — steamer Fairy Queen calls Wednesdays and Saturdays — hotel, the Roman House."