

## The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

### SYNOPSIS.

Carew and Brooks, on statutory leave, are canoeing to races in St. Lawrence. Carew finds locket containing miniature; and later rescues Miss Bessie Moore from capsized skiff in bay at Rome, her escort, Potts, also being pulled ashore. Brooks vainly urges paddling to regatta without delay to be eligible for race. On the eve of starting for a garden party, Jimmy is reminded by Brooks of the beautiful miniature in the locket, which J. had forgotten. A coolness follows with the Moores, and the g.p. is off. Later, Brooks looking out of his hotel bedroom window, sees J. and Potts walking together up the street. Next morning J. explains to Brooks that Potts tried to get him to give up the locket, that they had a scrap, and that he chased Potts to the gate of the garden party. While J. and Brooks are swimming off Giggs' boat-house, Potts takes locket from J.'s clothes, and J. pursues. Giggs tells Brooks he saw J. at garden party flirting with Miss Ivy Green.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### *Good-bye to Bessie.*

I found Jimmy still at breakfast, and not more than half satisfied as yet. He advised me to have eggs, lots of 'em, as they were strictly fresh-laid, by the black hen. He had already consumed four, soft-boiled, and the cook was now boiling him some more. I intimated that while I was naturally interested in the supply of anything good to eat, I had an appetite also for details of the hot pursuit. He put two spoonfuls of sugar into his third cup of coffee, stirred it, tested it, and said with the air of a man who has just lifted the America Cup instead of a bit of common crockery:

"That fellow Potts will put himself into the penitentiary or me into a madhouse if I don't succeed in rounding him up pretty soon. He ran as if the devil were at his heels; and, I can tell you, the devil was! As soon as he cut over the bridge, I saw his game. The road to Johnnie's Falls has been recently mended, after a fashion that ought to make Macadam turn in his grave,—mud and dumpings of sharp stones. But when Potts saw that, in spite of the libel on Mac, I was bare-footing it and pulling down his lead, the beggar played another card. He struck into a pine grove, which he seemed to know every path of like a hare. But the paths were brown needles,

and suited my bare feet, and at last I thought I had him. He doubled and ducked and turned, but he was about all in, and with an oath he flung something back, and dashed on in one last desperate sprint. That something was bright, and went glimmering by, and I knew, in a flash, too, what it was—that bally locket. Of course, I stopped to pick it up, and Potts took pains to disappear off the map. I knocked at the door of a shanty on the shore of the bay, to get a drink. A little Irish woman, in dishabile, opened the door, which I just about filled; and when she saw me she jumped back, and threw up her hands, and yelled: 'Moike! F'r th' luv iv heavin', sa-ave me! Here's th' big, murderin' loonatic that's eschaped out iv th' Brickville madhouse!' I suppose I must have looked pretty fierce, panting and hot in a four ounce swimming suit. But to reassure her, I laughed till the shanty shook. And when 'Moike' appeared, he fell on his knees, muttering, and shut his eyes, and crossed himself. I broke for the bay, minus my drink, and plunged in, with Giggs' boat-house in sight right across; while Mrs. Mike ran to the beach, wringing her hands, and berating Mike for letting a hundred dollars, dead or alive, swim away out of their hands."

Jimmy cracked one of the second consignment of soft-boiled, that the waiting girl had just brought, with as much energy as though it were Chumley Potts' cranium, and went on, in a tone of annoyance:

"We can't get away too soon! The story of this morning's chase is already all over Rome. It was circulated ahead of my return, thanks to that garrulous foreman at the mill. A certain young lady in this house is popularly supposed to have been the cause of it. And there are embellishments. One of the maids in the house overheard some of the talk in the hall last night about the locket, and that is figuring in the gossip, too."

"We'll have to give the true story to the press through its representative, Mr. Potts," I remarked. "Have you seen anything this morning of the 'certain young lady' in this house? Her mater cut me dead just now, as she drove down hill."

"Well, after that, we know just how we stand!" said Jimmy. "We'll get under way, and take our hateful presence far, far from Rome." He spoke lightly, but the undercurrent of bitterness was strong.

But as we passed out upon the veranda, we came face to face with Bessie Moore, smartly dressed, and armed with a racket