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**QUICKLY!**

## A Vacation Episode.

By EDWARD GERRITSON.

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The girl first saw the man coming toward her out of the east in his canoe like a herald of the rising sun. Imagination transformed him to a yellow haired viking and his up to date canoe to a battle galley with a serpent's head prow.

The man saw the girl standing, straight as a birch sapling, on a huge brown rock, gazing out at him over the water. Fancy painted her a siren set to lure him to destruction on the rocks at her feet. Without a moment's hesitation he decided it would be pleasant to be lured. He arched his hand above his mouth.

"Ye-ho!" he called to her.

She mimicked his action.

"Ye-ho!" she answered back.

The next stroke of the paddle almost lifted the canoe from the water, and the girl meditated ignominious flight, yet, knowing who he was, she decided to remain.

"He certainly is all that rumor paints him in the way of strength," she soliloquized, as she watched, fascinated, the play of the muscles of his mighty arms.

When he was near enough for her to see she colored at the unstinted admiration in his eyes.

"You're glorious!" he cried impulsively as he deftly shot the canoe up to the rock.

"You're extremely bold," she retorted nervously.

He smiled irrepressibly.

"I've come for you—get in," he said peremptorily. "It needs only you, leaning against that forward thwart, to make the morning perfect."

"My goodness," she gasped, "you are a viking!"

"You're making fun of my hair," he said, simulating offense. "You shouldn't call me such a hard name simply because my hair is tow colored."

In a moment she was seated among the pillows.

He watched her trail her fingers in the brown water awhile and then:

"I'm Edric Stanford," he said abruptly. "And you?"

"Jeannette Harriman of Pittsburg," she answered, eying him furtively.

He stopped paddling for a moment and looked at her in amazement.

"Not Malcolm Harriman's daughter?" he blurted.

"Yes," she said simply.

"You know who I am?" he questioned.

She nodded affirmatively.

"And yet—and yet"—he floundered.

"Well," she queried, finding he did not seem inclined to continue, "and yet what?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered lamely and fell to paddling furiously.

After all, he thought, what did it matter? Only a vacation episode—it could be nothing more. He would carry it out in the spirit in which he had begun.

A morning of enchantment was theirs. They visited a spot where the sharp nosed pickerel leaped with twinkling frequency. They slipped through an Eden of immense golden cupped water lilies wide open to the glory of the dawn. They glided stealthily along in the shadow of the shore fringe until presently they saw a stag with his soft eyed wives come down to the shore to drink. He brought her nearer to nature than she ever before had been.

"I shall come here the first thing tomorrow morning," he said as he helped her up the rock where he had found her. "Shall I find you here?"

"Perhaps," she answered, but there was a half promise in her manner when she waved him goodbye from the hilltop.

He was earlier than she next morning, but he had not long to wait. In a few moments she came smiling toward him down the hill.

"If you like," he said as he helped her to her seat, "we'll visit that eagle's nest on Bald mountain. I have been up to her aerial and seen her baby eagles."

Jeannette's eyes sparkled.

They started while the mists were still gray. Jeannette wore a short red coat in anticipation of the coolness of the air at the high altitude of the mountain. Shortly before noon, after a wearying climb, they gained a spot where it seemed advisable to eat their luncheon.

"We must wait here until Mrs. Eagle goes preying for the family dinner," Stanford informed his companion. "Then by hurrying we'll have time to climb and take a peep at the little eaglets and get away before the old bird returns."

In a few moments they saw the mother bird soar upward with great spread of wings and circle over the valley.

"Now is our time," said Stanford, springing up and leading the way, "but

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we must hurry."

A hard scramble over a series of ragged boulders brought them to the crag where the eagle had built her nest. Four young eagles stretched out their featherless necks, their yellow beaks wide open for the expected dinner of blood warm flesh.

Suddenly Stanford gave a cry of dismay.

"Quick! Quick!" he shouted. "The old bird is coming back!" and grasping Jeannette by the arm he rushed her away from the nest.

But the eagle was coming with the rapidity of a rocket and was upon them before they had got very far. Attracted, probably, by her red coat, the enraged bird made straight for Jeannette. Stanford succeeded in only partially saving her from the onslaught. One of the huge wings struck her a glancing blow and knocked her down.

The eagle was carried far beyond them by the impetus of the rush, but dropping the rabbit it had brought for its young, it circled quickly and returned to renew the attack.

Stanford looked about for a weapon. He grasped a young scrub oak, struggling for growth in the barren soil, and tore it up by the roots. Swinging it in the air he brought it down on the eagle's head as the great bird poised over the prostrate girl to attack her with its talons.

The soil that had clung to the roots of the sapling mitigated the force of the blow, and the eagle lay but partially stunned, beating its wings on the ground, its beady eyes glaring venom and hate at its assailant.

With more time now to choose a weapon, Stanford picked up a heavy rock and stepped forward to dispatch the bird. But Jeannette, who had risen to her feet, stayed his arm with her hand.

"Don't," she said, choking back her emotion; "the young birds haven't had their dinner yet."

Stanford hurled the rock from him and, picking up Jeannette in his arms, made a hasty retreat from the dangerous locality. As he felt the girl's heart beating against his own, he decided that the "vacation episode" was carrying him beyond his depth.

When he reached the spot where luncheon had been eaten he stopped and looked down at her. Her face was crimson, but she was smiling at him.

"How strong you are," she whispered, "to tear that tree up by the roots. And you carry me as easily as if I was a child."

The temptation was too much for Stanford. He simply couldn't help it; he bent his head and kissed her.

"You belong to me!" he exclaimed fervently.

She hid her face on his shoulder, her hot cheek pressing against his neck, and although her assent was softly spoken he heard it.

"But—but," he stammered, "are you taking everything into consideration?"

"Yes," she answered seriously, "I am, and nothing counts but this."

"But you've known me such a short time."

"I've known you all my life—in my heart," she said quietly.

The next day Stanford received a telegram calling him back to the city, but he found time for a short call upon Jeannette at the farm where she was stopping with her aunt.

But the month that intervened before her return to town gave him much time for deliberation, and he decided that the affair must revert to what he had at first termed it—"a vacation episode."

Heavy hearted, he made his way to her home when he learned she had arrived. Jeannette came to him soon, and he felt his resolve weakening at the sight of her. She halted a pace or two from him when she saw the strained expression on his face.

"It—it is all a mistake!" he said.

### SHE DESPAIRED.

Because Doctors Couldn't Help Her—South American Nervine Cured Her.

Mrs. Geo. Schlee, wife of a well-known contractor, of Berlin, Ont., was for about eight years unable to attend her household duties—at times confined to her bed—suffered great weakness and nervousness. She was wasted to a skeleton. She despaired of ever being well again. She was induced to try South American Nervine; a few doses gave great relief. She took in all eight bottles and was completely cured, and every day she sings the praises of this wonderful remedy. (11)

gloomily, in answer to her look of inquiry. "I should not have been so weak."

"As you like," she said coldly, elevating her chin a trifle; "but are you considering me at all?"

"I'm considering you wholly," he retorted. "Do you think I could let you sacrifice yourself so? Think! Think what I am! Down where the great cranes swing their molten loads and the clank of the rolling mill is never still; down in the dirt and dust and sweltering heat of the furnaces—there I find my level. Your life lies among such luxuries as these. You are Malcolm Harriman's daughter. I'm bitterly—am but the superintendent of his works!"

"You should remember first," said the girl softly, "that you are Edric Stanford. I understand enough about papa's business to know that he owes much of his success to your ingenuity. And I thought you brave."

She came a step nearer, and her approach sent a tremor through him. She leaned toward him tantalizingly.

"Ye-ho!" she called softly.

A smile struggled at the corners of his mouth.

"You're a viking," she taunted, "a viking and a bold, bold wooer. That day on the mountain when you carried me in your arms you—"

He swept her toward him passionately, and the scene on the mountain was re-enacted in a more conventional setting.

### The Age of Chivalry Still.

Is love a smaller factor in the problem of life today than it was when Leander swam the Hellespont or when the walls of Troy rocked amid the shocks of battles fought because of Helen's beauty? By no means. Women are loved and beaten, fought for and fought as strenuously today as in centuries gone by, and lovers play pranks as strange and commit crimes as violent at this good hour as they did when they wore doublets and round hose and carried rope ladders under their cloaks. Chivalry dead, and Cupid's corpse moldering beneath the greenward? 'Sblood! Look to the columns of your paper for a dozen Romeos a day. It is not the way of a man with a maid that has changed, but merely the style of reporting.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Falling From a Horse.

Knowing how to fall from a horse is an art, and it is here that a professional rider or an amateur who is in daily practice has a big advantage over one who gets on a horse's back occasionally. The one may fall as often as the other, but the professional will be uninjured, while the occasional will probably need an ambulance.—Fry's Magazine.

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