

Carstair's Friend

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

"It's such a bully little retreat," Carstair explained on the way up the valley from the station. "I haven't been here for several years, but I can taste the fish now from that lake."

"On your place?"

"Yep, all of it. Deer too, in season, otter, coon, fox all sorts of game. And the house is a regular lodge. Six rooms, huge rock fire places, woods growing clear up to the doorstep. All I have to do is shut the door, and put on a padlock, and it's there when I care to come back to it, just as I left it."

"Hire a caretaker?" Street asked, casually. "I suppose you have to."

"Ten a year to the first neighbor down the road. French Canadian chap, very decent and awfully obliging, too." Carstair beamed out at the landscape with the air of a homecoming baron. He was still young enough to take himself very seriously, even his vacations. Street did not answer. He was on the back seat of the rickety carry-all, they had picked up at the station below, and a good, solid sense of contentment flooded his whole being as the hill ranges unfolded in overlapping vistas, and the sunlight suffused the green forest about in golden glory. It was simply great, he decided, great of good old Carstair to think of him, and bring him up for the season. He was meditating lazily how he could make it up to Carstair when the wagon turned a bend in the road, and a beautiful sweep of lake lay before them, with wooded shores rising steeply on every side.

"Here is where we will rest and loaf and invite our souls, Rolly boy," Carstair stood up to get a better view, and took off his hat in salute to the beauty of it all. In the distance, smoke curled up from a white rock chimney among the trees. But words died on the owner's lips. Not 15 paces away from them, standing perilously on a log in the water was a girl, and she was fishing.

Street never forgot the picture she made, in a linen skirt, ankle length, a faded, old rose silk kimono to her waist, open at the throat, and short sleeved, and on her head a peaked Mexican hat, somewhat stiff. That was all they saw, except the long braid of heavy black hair that hung down her back.

"I thought you said the place—" Street stopped, for Carstair was climbing out of the wagon, and deliberately making for the trespasser on his fish preserves.

"Can you direct us to the Carstair place?" he asked, quite diplomatically. Street thought, considering.

She merely raised one tanned, rounded arm, and pointed towards the chimney.

"They call that house something of the sort, I believe."

"Fishing good?"

Then she did look up at him, grudgingly, appraisingly, looked also at the waiting carry-all, and its ancient driver, and at Street—longest, at Street.

"Sometimes," she said, gravely. "Mostly pickerel and perch. I get all I need, though."

"Do you indeed?" remarked Carstair, and he eyed her speculatively through his eye glasses. "Er—who owns the place yonder?"

"I don't know. I have rented it from the caretaker for the season, three months."

"You—you have rented it for the season from the caretaker?" Carstair dropped his eye glasses, and recovered them helplessly. She bowed her head, and looked over at Street.

"Rent paid in advance," she added firmly. "There are several of us summering there."

"Are there? How delightful! I'm so glad you like it, you know, so awfully glad." Carstair was floundering desperately. "Because, you see, I'm Carstair myself, I—I bought the place a couple of years back."

"Did you?" She turned with a quick smile. "Why, then you're our landlord, aren't you? I'm happy to meet you."

"Don't mention it," murmured Carstair.

"Because, you know, we've been so inconvenienced. The roof leaks."

"It shall be repaired. Myer—yes, by Jove, my friend repairs roofs."

"Does he?" She smiled over at Street. "Does he repair wells also, and locks, and fireplaces that won't burn? We need help badly. I think it was no kind of you to come all the way up here to see if we were comfortable."

That was the final shot. Carstair capitulated. After promising all the improvements desired, he climbed back into the carry-all, and ordered the driver to go to the house of the caretaker.

"You're not going to visit his sins on the girl in question, are you, Stacey?" Street asked. "She's a bully girl. I'll look after the roof and the well."

"Now, we'll divide up fairly at the start," Carstair answered. "You take the roof, and I'll take the well. I'm not going to row with anybody over this godsend. We'll put up at the French Canadian house, and say nothing. Did you see her eyes, Rolly, great Scott, did you see her eyes, boy?"

That was the start. For two months through the long, hazy, lazy days of July and August they remained at the

French Canadian shack half a mile from the lodge. They repaired every possible thing on the place that could be repaired. And above all, they rode, fished, walked and loafed with the three Kenyon girls. Two were sisters, Madeline and Lois, but it was their cousin both Carstair and Street loved, the girl under the peaked hat, Dolly Kenyon. And comradely, each waited for the other.

"You take first chance, Rolly," Carstair would say, "You've got the right of way anyhow? Aren't you my guest? If circumstances were different, I could choke you and throw you to the fishes for bait, but, hang it all, I'm your host. Why don't you ask her, and get the agony over with?"

"You don't do that to a friend, Stacey," smiled back Street. "Go ahead, and let the best man win, say I. I'm willing to take the chance. It's just fate's pure cussedness anyhow. We always did have the same taste in life, old boy."

"I'd die for her," groaned Carstair, dropping his eye glass out of sheer helpless nerve tension.

"I know. Street looked up at the clear night sky, and grinned. "I'd live for her."

It was the next week it happened. From the porch of the lodge the girls could look over the lake, and they saw the whole affair. The two had been out all the morning fishing in a light rowboat. Street was seated, Carstair standing easily at the stern, when he seemed to lose his balance. At Lois' cry Dolly was on her feet instantly. She saw Carstair fall backwards into the lake, and well did she know the depth, and treacherous under-growth beneath the calm dark waters. Madeline started on a run down towards the Frenchman's for help. Lois had slipped to the floor in a dead faint, and still the other girl stood motionless and shocked watching the boat, watching Street as he took the dive after his friend. Then she too ran, but not after Madeline. Down at the shore was her own boat, a stocky, well built one, and she sent it out towards the other that floated empty on the water. It seemed as though her heart were choking her, that length of time when she waited for them to rise again, wondering if they would ever rise, if they might not be entangled at some awful depth in that still, dark lake that told no secrets.

And she leaned out over the side of the boat and called, called the name that was in her thoughts always these days.

"Roland, Roland, I am here!" It was the first thing Carstair heard when he came up, clutching Street's shoulder, but he had nerve, this slim, English chap, and he helped to put Roland Street into the boat with her help, and got back himself.

"He's only a bit knocked out," he told her, when he could speak. "I went down all right, but a snag caught him on the head. Poor old boy, when he was trying to save me."

"Will he live, are you sure he'll live?"

Carstair never forgot her tone or the look in her eyes, as she took Street's head on her lap and pushed back his wet curly hair. It was his answer.

"Sure as that I am alive myself," he said, fervently.

She smiled up at him, her eyes full of tears.

"I guess you know how—how very much I care," she faltered.

"I guess I do," answered Carstair. "It's his winning. And he's a splendid boy, Rolly is."

He paused, and attended to his ears. Street had opened his eyes, and they looked straight up into the girl's.

"Dolly," he began. "I tried to save him for you."

"And he saved you for me," she broke in, gently. "How big, and spied your friendship is, Roland."

The two men looked at each other. To Street there came the knowledge of what had happened, how when death threatened both, each had willingly risked his life to save the other, and even with the wonder and sweetness of this other love breaking over him, he knew the bond that had held Carstair true blue to him.

"I think I'll run back to town tomorrow, old boy," Carstair remarked, later, after they had changed clothing, and rested back at the shack.

"When we both went under—er—she called you. You don't mind, do you?"

Street put out his hand.

"Passing the love of woman—" he said, slowly. "No, I don't mind. I'll wait up here awhile, until I can bring her back with me. You understand?"

"I understand," said Carstair.

Kills Canal Project

The ameer of Afghanistan has been forced, apparently, to give up an ambitious canal project which he had in mind for the irrigation of the Jelalabad district. It was to be made by local labor, says the Pioneer, and, as the Afghans are experts in earthwork, the project, it was thought, would be easily completed. Irrigation by underground channels is mostly in vogue in the plains of eastern Afghanistan, so that a surface canal would be something of a novelty. The headworks were badly damaged some time ago by heavy floods which came down the river, and the repairs seem to have been more than they could manage.

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WOMAN IN HIS ROOM

Bashful Boarder Calls Police Rather Than Disturb Fair Sleeper.

Officer Franz Scheidmantle Makes frantic Attempt to Arouse Invader, Finally Resorting to Desperate Measures.

New York.—Charles Freeman came home early, after "just one" at the corner, entered his room in the furnished room house at 692 Third avenue, struck a match, lit the gas—and then ran all the way to the East 51st street station.

As he landed in front of Lieut. Ennis his teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak.

"There's someone in the bed," he ejaculated.

"There's some one in lots of beds at this time of night, in this neighborhood," was the philosophic rejoinder of the lieutenant.

"B-B-B-ut it's m-my bed and t-t-i-s-s-a woman," said Freeman.

"A woman," echoed Ennis in surprise. "Well, why in blazes—"

"Oh, I want to get her out," wailed Freeman, blushing furiously.

"Well, if that's the case, you'll have to be accommodated," and he rang the bell summoning Policeman Franz Scheidmantle.

"Officer, there's a dame in this guy's bed, and he demands her immediate removal. Go to it."

Scheidmantle stared at Freeman, swallowed hard, braced himself for the impending ordeal, and had Freeman follow him.

On the way to the flat Freeman, in the comfortable company of a policeman, became quite loquacious.

"I could hardly believe my eyes," he told Scheidmantle. "Gee, if I had known there was a dame in the room, I'd have shot myself before I entered."

When they got to the house Freeman stayed downstairs while the valiant cop went up to rout the invader. Scheidmantle pounded on the door. Naught but the gentle breathing of the fair sleeper was heard.

He said things, but the sleeper was unmoved. Then he entered and gently shook the woman and roused her.

"You'll have to get out of here," Scheidmantle informed her.

"Oh—h-h-i-h-u-u-u-m," yawned the woman, and Scheidmantle modestly and considerately retreated to the hall.

"She's gettin' up," he flashed to the blushing Freeman.

Minutes passed, but no one emerged from the room. Whereupon Scheidmantle once more pounded on the door. There was no answer. The sleeper had yawned, rolled over and gone to sleep again.

Now Scheidmantle resorted to desperate measures.

"Hey, you!" he bawled, as he opened the door again. "You'll have to beat it outen here."

"Very well," spoke the sleeper, and she started to do it right away.

"Landlady—landlady—" Freeman and Scheidmantle's voices chorused in tones to arouse the whole neighborhood. And the landlady came, shooed the sleeper back to the room, and helped her dress. Then she told the policeman that her name was Lizzie Marion, and that she was a governess for a Mrs. Hopkins of Glen Cove, L. I. How she got into Freeman's room she hadn't the slightest idea, so Scheidmantle locked her up for safe keeping.

Life Insured for \$4,500,000.

Philadelphia.—Rodman Wanamaker has just taken an additional \$1,000,000 worth of insurance on his life. He already was the most heavily insured man in the world and his total insurance now amounts to \$4,500,000. His annual premiums on this amount is estimated to be about \$125,000.

The Uninjured pigeon has become a mascot at the Relief hospital. The attendants would like to keep the bird there. Several persons have promised to give the bird a home should the attaches of the hospital wish to give it up. The managers of the poultry show made an effort to get the bird for exhibition purposes, but Dr. Shedd

feared that the patient was not strong enough for show purposes.

In the accident the pigeon lost its tail, some plumage and broke a leg.

It was a wise old bird, the doctor said, when it dragged itself to the window of the hospital. Dr. Shedd said that the pigeon seemed to take an interest in his operation and blinked its eyes approvingly when the cast was removed.

The pigeon at the Relief hospital had the plaster cast taken from its leg by Dr. Shedd this morning. There were many surgeons present and they manifested no little interest in the work of Dr. Shedd, who has taken considerable interest in the case of the helpless pigeon, which tapped its bill repeatedly against the window of the hospital until an attendant came to its assistance.

The pigeon was "admitted," and Dr. Shedd, after setting the injured leg, placed it in a cast, also placing the right leg in a cast.

The bird has been given much attention and has been an ideal patient. The bird was taken to a private room and Dr. Shedd and Mr. Hartigan, the attendant, placed it on an "operating table" and removed the cast. When the cast was removed it was evident that the pigeon had forgotten all about flying. The bird flapped its wings once, but made no attempt to fly out of Dr. Shedd's hand. The injured leg has mended well, and in another week the patient will be "discharged."

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Dr. Shedd is the physician who has been experimenting with monkeys in an attempt to locate the microbe which causes infantile paralysis.

RED SPOT MARKS MARRIAGE

East India Woman Wears Forehead Sign Instead of Wedding Ring—Puts it on Every Morning.

New York.—Mr. and Mrs. Christmases, natives of Raipur, in one of the central provinces of India, sailed on the White Star liner Celtic the other day for England. They will return home via Suez, completing a circuit of the globe.

Attention was attracted to the little East Indian woman by the presence on her forehead of a red spot. She explained that this red spot marks the fact that she is a wife.

She puts it on every morning with a pencil of red crayon and will continue to do so while she is a wife.

If her husband should die she would cease wearing the red spot. Wedding rings are not worn in Raipur.

The husband is a deputy commissioner of revenues for the British government in his native province.

WEDS AN OFFICER IN THE NAVY

Mrs. Bessie Draper McKelldin



WASHINGTON.—One of the June brides in the national capital was Mrs. Bessie Draper McKelldin, who married Lieut. Commander Leigh Carlyle Palmer, U. S. N. She is wealthy, beautiful and a leader of society in Atlanta, Ga., and has been living in Washington this season with her two young children. Lieut. Commander Palmer is a native of St. Louis, Mo. He has been President Taft's naval aide and also is a director of target practice. He is a member of a number of clubs and is very popular afloat and ashore.

INJURED PIGEON TREATED

Broken Leg of Little Bird Is