

Carstairs's Friend

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

"It's such a bully little retreat," Carstairs 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." Carstairs 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 Carstairs to think of him, and bring him up for the season. He was meditating lazily how he could make it up to Carstairs 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." Carstairs 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 out 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 stilted. 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 Carstairs was climbing out of the wagon, and deliberately making for the trespasser on his fish preserves.

"Can you direct us to the Carstairs 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 pickered and perch. I get all I need, though."

"Do you indeed?" remarked Carstairs, 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?" Carstairs 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 summing there."

"Are there? How delightful! I'm so glad you like it, you know, so awfully glad." Carstairs was floundering desperately. "Because, you see, I'm Carstairs 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 Carstairs.

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

"It shall be repaired. My—er—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 so kind of you to come all the way up here to see if we were comfortable."

That was the final shot. Carstairs 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," Carstairs 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, 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 fished, walked and loafed with the three Kenyon girls. Two were sisters, Madeline and Lois, but it was their cousin both Carstairs and Street loved, the girl under the peaked hat, Dolly Kenyon. And comradely, each waited for the other.

"You take first chance, Rolly," Carstairs 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 Carstairs, 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, Carstairs standing easily at the stern, when he seemed to lose his balance. At Lois' cry Dolly was on her feet instantly. She saw Carstairs fall backwards into the lake, and well did she know the depth, and treacherous undergrowth beneath the calm dark waters. Madeline started on a run down towards the Frenchman's for help.

Lois half 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 Carstairs 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?"

Carstairs 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 Carstairs. "It's his winning. And he's a splendid old boy, Rolly is."

He paused, and attended to his oars. 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 splendid 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 Carstairs true blue to him.

"I think I'll run back to town tomorrow, old boy," Carstairs 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 Carstairs.

Kills Canal Project.

The Amer 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 somewhat 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.

WOMAN IN HIS ROOM

Bashful Boarder Calls Police Rather Than Disturb Fair Sleeper.

Officer Franz Sheldmante 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 693 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-But it's in my bed and it'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 Sheldmante.

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

Scheldmante 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 Scheldmante. "Gee, if I had known there was a woman 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. Scheldmante 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," Scheldmante informed her.

"Oh—h-h-h-i-h-u-u," yawned the woman, and Scheldmante modestly and considerably retreated to the hall.

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

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

Now Scheldmante 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 Scheldmante's voices chorused in tones to arouse the whole neighborhood. And the landlady came, shoed the sleeper back to the room, and helped her dress. Then she told the policeman that her name was Lizette 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 Scheldmante 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.

Shark Captured in Chase

Nine-Foot Hammerhead, Shot With Revolver and Then Pursued Half Mile by Man in Motor Boat.

Palm Beach, Fla.—A novel method of killing sharks was introduced here by Alonzo Morgan Zabriskie, holder of many local fishing records, who, substituting a revolver for the conventional rod and line, chased a nine-foot shark half a mile and shot it to death.

Mr. Zabriskie, in a power boat, was fishing for kingfish in the gulf stream when the opportunity of adding a new element of danger to the life of a shark presented itself. He happened to look over the side of the boat, and saw, only a few feet away, a shark that was nine feet long and tough-looking for its size. Drawing his revolver, Mr. Zabriskie blazed away.

He hit the shark, which darted away. Mr. Zabriskie started his engines and went after it. The chase lasted for half a mile. Before that distance was covered the shark had come close enough to the surface several times to permit the skillful placing of more shots. In all Mr. Zabriskie shot six times.

When he finally came up with the shark the man eater was dying. It was dragged ashore and killed. When it was measured on the pier it was found that each of the six shots had taken effect. One of them had pierced the brain, while another had lodged in the backbone.

The shark, a hammerhead, showed unusual resisting power. After it had

WEDS AN OFFICER IN THE NAVY



Mrs. Bessie Draper McKeldin

WASHINGTON.—One of the June brides in the national capital was Mrs. Bessie Draper McKeldin, 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 Placed in Plaster Cast—Tapped at Window for Admission.

Boston.—If the pigeon patient whose left leg has been in a plaster cast at the Relief hospital for 11 days were able to talk probably the first thing it would do after its "discharge" from the hospital would be to fly to Pemberton Square, the general meeting place of the pigeons, and tell the others what a wonderful thing surgery is.

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."

The injured 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

felt 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.

CLAIMS THAT MEN ARE VAIN

Chicago Haberdasher Declares Stern Sex Have Greater Fondness for Mirror Than Women.

Chicago.—"Women have nothing on men, when it is a question of vanity," said a well-known clothier and haberdasher with an establishment on the loop. "On each corner of our building we have mirrors, and by actual count ten men have stopped to adjust their ties, straighten their hat brim, or pull up their coat collar to every two women who passed as they went by."

"Of course nearly every woman that went by glanced at the glasses, but the men deliberately stopped and preened themselves like so many peacocks."

"Then we have the same thing in the store. A woman will look over so many times at herself in the glass before she decides on a hat or a suit, but a man has to twist around, and almost stand on his head before he is satisfied with his looks."

FINDS HYDROPHOBIA MICROBE

Germ Which Medical Men Have Sought for Decades Is Discovered by Pittsburgh Doctor.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The microbe that causes hydrophobia, which medical men the world over have been seeking for decades, has been discovered and photographed by Dr. Frederic Proescher, pathologist of the Allegheny General hospital. Dr. Proescher made the discovery in a microscopic examination of tissues from the nervous system of dogs, cats and horses naturally infected with hydrophobia, also of rabbits inoculated with virus. The remarkable resistance of virus to the outer invasion led the doctor to attempt to isolate the unknown microbe by dissolving the brain of animals infected with virus.

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

FIND OLDEST CITY IN ARIZONA

Relics Unearthed in Tableland Said to Be 10,000 Years Old—Covered With Prairie Dust.

Phoenix, Ariz.—Still another "old city in the world" has been discovered. When T. Hewitt Myring found vases in Peru in ruins which were said to be 7,000 years old, it was imagined that the remains of early civilization had been pushed as far into antiquity as they would ever go. But A. Lafave, a mining engineer, has found the relics of a town in an Arizona tableland near Phoenix which he insists are at least 10,000 years old.

The buildings are on a level stretch of country where neither silt nor wash was possible, and yet the ruins were covered with ten feet of prairie dust, which the discoverer claims requires ages to accumulate.

KING GEORGE AN ATHLETE

His Majesty Has Practiced Most Forms of Manly Exercise and Especially Likes Shooting.

The king's reception at Buckingham palace recently of the team of polo players who are to represent England in the United States, recalls the fact that his majesty played regularly when he was a naval lieutenant. He was a good player, too, and could hold his own with some of the best representatives of the two services. Almost every form of manly exercise has been practiced by his majesty, and there is not the slightest doubt that every kind of sport will benefit enormously during his reign.

Shooting, of course, holds the warmest place in his majesty's affections. "I love a gun," he confessed recently, "but I am almost as happy when I am fishing the pools of Dee with a long day before me."

Next to shooting and fishing, King George's warmest admiration is reserved for the Rugby code of football. Not long ago he expressed the opinion that Rugby was the ideal game for all ranks of the army and navy, as it kept the men "fit," taught them to realize the virtues of self-discipline, and to withstand hard knocks.

Then, again, his majesty is a capital swimmer, and has actually saved life from drowning. This interesting event took place when, as a youth, he went around the world with his brother in the Bacchante. A bluejacket fell overboard and King George went in after him and held him up until assistance arrived.

In the "boom" period of cycling, his majesty was often seen a-wheel; while cricket, of course, he has constantly played and continues to follow with the interest of a keen observer.

Can't Lose 'Em.

After 25 years of a wandering suitor has returned to claim his affianced of a quarter of a century ago. The day before the couple were to have been married the young man was ordered west for his health. He went to California and for a time continued his correspondence, but through changes in address the correspondence ceased.

Seven years ago the young lady went to live with the family of a wealthy real estate man in Jamaica. Recently she has been morose and told her unhappiness was due to her continued single blessedness. She then decided to tell her story to a newspaper and the account of her long wait, for the wandering suitor, along with the information that she had saved considerable money, brought forth many applications for her favor. One who chanced to read it was her old "flame." He sought out his former sweetheart, a few minutes sufficed to revive the youthful pangs and arrangements were quickly made for the wedding. Now, this all sounds romantic enough for us, but what we want to know is whether it was the news of his sweetheart's whereabouts or her whereabouts that made the wandering lover "come back." Can anybody tell?

A Natural Inquiry.

A number of men gathered in the smoking-car of a train from Little Rock to another point in Arkansas were talking of the food best calculated to sustain health.

One Arkansan, a stout, florid man with short gray hair and a self-satisfied air, was holding forth in great style.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed. "Never a day's sickness in my life! And all due to simple food. Why, gents, from the time I was 20 to when I reached 40 years I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9; got up at 5; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread. Worked hard, gents, worked hard from 8 to 1, then dinner, plain dinner, then an hour's exercise, and then—"

"Excuse me," interrupted a stranger who had remained silent, "but what were you in for?"—Housekeeper.

Almost an Angel.

George Ade was talking at a June wedding in Chicago about matrimony. "Matrimony is perhaps a little too much idealized," he said. "These June brides, radiant under their white veils in a glitter of June sunshine, seem capable of changing earth to heaven, but, as a matter of fact, they are not capable of anything of the sort."

"I am in hearty sympathy with old Brown, to whom young Black said at a wedding: 'A good wife can make a veritable angel of a man.'"

"Yes, that's so," old Brown agreed. "My wife came near making one of me with her first batch of doughnuts."

Confident Assertion.

"Well, Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I don't know much about baseball—"

"You truly don't," replied her husband.

"But I'd be willing to leave it to the boys on the bleachers if I don't know more about the game than that umpire who gave three straight decisions against us."

A Fixture.

Mistress—Are you sure you'll stay with us, Bridget?

Cook (on her hundredth job)—Faith an' I will. Don't yez suppose I know an aisy mark whin I see wan?—Harper's Bazar.