

Bess, Queen of Strategists

By RUTH SANTELLE

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The bushes at the top of the steep bank parted, and a girl dashed down the faintly worn path, landing with a light spring on the narrow strip of pebbly beach. Without a breath of hesitation she seized the prow of the little steel boat, gave a vigorous push, a practiced leap and stood poising swiftly over the shallows with one oar. The blue line of deep water reached, she dropped into the seat and rowed with long, strong strokes. Half across the arm of the lake, that lay between the mainland and the little island toward which she was pulling, she rested on her oars.

"Hum-m!" This in a tone of mild surprise. "The bloodthirsty pursuer doesn't seem to be gaining very rapidly. Not a sign of him yet. Guess I'll give him a little chance. I've excuse enough for wanting to remodel myself, goodness knows!"

And she raised her arms, bared to the elbow and brown against the white of her gown, to a mass of tawny hair, very bewitchingly disheveled from the precipitousness of her launching.

"I'm morally certain he saw me, too," she reflected, braiding the heavy coils into a shining rope that more than reached the floor of the boat as she sat, "for he came around the corner of the piazza just as I crossed the road into the thicket. I should think he'd want to say goodby after—after—everything. But I don't care! I said I'd never speak to him again, and I shan't!" She seized the oars and pulled the remaining half mile with vicious, snappy strokes.

It would have been much cooler back in the evergreens, but she disposed herself on the open sand with the pillows, book and parasol which formed part of the boat's furnishings. The bright scarlet sunshade was thus unmistakably visible from the mainland. "The warm discomfort of her vigil was at length rewarded by the putting of a boat with a single white flannel occupant. The scarlet parasol swung around and presented a broadside view to the water. When the oncoming boat was half across, the girl, her back persistently toward it, gathered up her belongings and looked herself calmly to the friendly shadows a few yards away.

The novel must have been intensely interesting, for she had apparently not taken her eyes from its pages during all the time that an athletic looking fellow was beaching a boat, crossing the sand and throwing himself on the ground at her feet.

"I came over to say goodby, Bess," he volunteered to the back of the book. "No answer."

"And to ask you to forgive me." Continued silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Bess?" with quiet earnestness.

Over the top of the book he was given an instant's burning glance of scornful eyes.

"Oh, I know you told me never to speak to you again, and I don't suppose you'll answer me either. I was a fool not to get at least your forgiveness last night, but some way I was too—too stunned, I guess. But whether you'll speak to me or not I must have the privilege of saying a few things that I want you to know. If—if you'd just put the book down and let me know that you're hearing, Bess!" he pleaded.

The leaves of the novel only turned the faster. "I'm going on the 5 o'clock train," he said tentatively. "It seemed the only thing to do to make it easier for—for both of us after—after—everything. But probably you heard that I am going. I was simply thinking that as well as presumably never see each other again it wouldn't do any harm and would be so much more satisfactory if you'd just let me explain."

"Explain!" she flashed, unaware, then bit her lip and turned another page.

He smiled in spite of himself, though her anger was far from being an amusing thing to him.

"Yes, explain," he continued, evidently encouraged. "The first thing I should want to do if I knew I had your permission (he paused for the response that was not vouchsafed), is to tell you that so far this has been the happiest summer of my life and to thank you for it. I've had such a good time, Bess! I'm working pretty hard, you know, since they made me a partner, and wasn't intending to take any vacation. But when your aunt's note came asking me for the horse party I was too deliciously glad to cure a rap for the consequences. Because I knew what it meant, you see—that you had suggested it and wanted me to come."

She stirred uneasily, plumped up a cushion behind her back, snipped an ant from her skirt, then took up the book again, not seeming to notice that a score of pages had fluttered over.

"I suppose you'll hardly realize what it has meant to me." He was on his feet, hands under head, and might have been addressing the my partner of blue that shone between the green boughs overhead. "I went into the business so very young and have been about so little. It was especially hard after I met you at the pier to know that I was so different from the others."

The soft end of the heavy braid lay near him and he fell to caressing it absently. As he still gazed overhead he could not see that the book was lowered and two shining eyes were regarding him stealthily.

"And then when I came you were so good, better than to the rest, Bess. You gave me the most time and the most favor—it—well, I guess it turned my head, that's all. And when I came upon you unexpectedly in the shadowy hall last night—"

"Don't speak of it again, Arthur Morton!" she cried so vehemently that it brought him to a sitting posture. "Everything was lovely, and we did have a good time, and then you had to spoil it all by trying to k-k-kiss me. I never was s-so d-d-disgraced in my life!" Her voice choked with angry sobs.

"Please, Bess, I can't bear to have you cry. Anyway, as long as we are having a final straightening up I'm going to finish the nasty business. When I told you last night that I made a mistake, that I thought it was one of the housemaids, I told you a lie. There, now I suppose it is up for good!"

"A lie! Then you did know? You did mean—but really, Mr. Morton, you must excuse me from discussing this disagreeable subject any further. I said all I had to say last night." She rose stiffly and went over to the boat for the tea things.

All the while that she was rather blindly laying out her dainty lunch her most inconsistent heart was singing: "He did! He did! He did! He did!"

"But the man sat very still, his face buried in his arms."

Then she waited for the boiling of the water over the spirit lamp with apparent fascination in its progress.

The man looked up at last. "Yes, it was a lie," he said miserably. "I knew perfectly well it was you. It's hardly likely I should mistake any one for you, Bess. I was just loving you very hard, and the moon was in the wrong quarter or something, and my head swam—and then it was over with. When I said I thought it was the maid it was just a desperate attempt to make it easier when I saw how hurt you were. Above all, Bess, don't imagine for an instant that I ever thought you that kind of girl! I had a feeling that things were different with us, that we almost understood each other—such a concerted fool is a man in love! It is for seeming to think so poorly of you that I want to be forgiven."

She turned on him a dazzling smile. "I forgive you," she said, "and won't you have a sandwich? The water is nearly boiled."

Promptly he took—not the sandwich, but the hand that proffered it, also its mate.

After a perceptible lapse of time the girl said softly, "But I never could if you'd believed it the housemaid! What did you expect, sir? Is a girl to be kissed by a man who's never even said he loves her and not say she's angry? Anyway, you've missed your train."

"Some day there'll be another," he answered comfortably.

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They rowed back side by side in the man's boat, towing the other, whose oars had mysteriously disappeared. "Queen about those oars," reflected the manly way across.

"I—I—bopped them overboard when I went to get the tea basket," said a very small voice. "I was afraid you'd start to go."

Here they stopped again, for the average rowboat is disinclined to move without some assistance.

Rules to Follow in Conversation. Rallies is the finest part of conversation, but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate what we see in a newspaper, we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart, just as when an expensive fashion comes up those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for rallies to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding, on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the poller age of our fathers. Rallies was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid, nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.—Dean Swift.

The Way to Get Press Tickets. During the course of his investigations one New York press agent learned that enterprising young men often had fifty or a hundred letterheads printed, with the same number of envelopes, and with these letterheads, which represented them as editors of a paper which had no actual existence, they set about acquiring theater tickets. Over in Jersey City one chap was found who actually printed a few copies of a paper at intervals to send to managers of theaters. He paid his printing bills with theater tickets and had enough left to pay for his troubles. No one ever saw his publication except the theater managers to whom marked copies were sent.—Leslie's Magazine.

Dirty Lassa. Lhassa is a dirty town, according to the Englishmen who have seen it. "Black pools of water," writes a correspondent, "has flooded the wide, uneven space into which we emerged, and even the Chinese quarter to the right of us was dirtier than Chinese sections generally are. The main drain of the town runs fetidly between black mud banks, and in the open square before the Chinese amban's residence herds of black pigs roamed in rubbish heaps, which were more than usually repulsive in position. To the left of the houses of a few ragabags, or professional scavengers, were betrayed by the famous horn walls, which no visitor to Lhassa has failed to notice. Perhaps the sight of these reminded me of one of the duties of the ragabags—the cutting up and distribution to animals of the corpses of the dead. The cemetery is only a few steps away, and the reputed food of Lhassa pigs became in flash a disgustingly profane reflection."

Dutch Scottish Peer. Lord Reay, who presided at the meetings of members of the Institute of International Law, in Edinburgh, holds a unique position among British peers. He is a Dutchman by birth, having been born at The Hague, and he remains Baron Mackay d'Opheimat in Holland, but in England he is Lord Reay, while in Scotland he is chief of the Clan Mackay. He was naturalized by Act of Parliament in 1877. Lord Reay traces his descent from Sir Ronald Mackay, who fought at sea with Charles I, and was blessed with five wives! Lord and Lady Reay have a charming place in the Netherlands, while their English home is in Berkshire. Lord Reay has no children, and his heir is his cousin, a distinguished Dutch statesman.

Gladstone's Colony. An old and almost forgotten story of British expansion was recently recalled by the death of F. E. Stewart in Melbourne, Australia. Stewart was the last survivor of William E. Gladstone's colony in north Australia. This attempt at settlement was inspired by the doctrines of Gibbon Wakefield and had all the resources of officialdom behind it. For Gladstone was then in the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. It was he who drew up its constitution to the minutest detail and otherwise provided for its political framework. But British colonies are not to be developed in this way, and so the Gladstone settlement languished. The only evidence that it ever existed is the little town of Gladstone on the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Preached on Victoria's Succession. Canon Norgate, rector of Foxley, Norfolk, is probably the only incumbent now living, says The Telegraph, who preached on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's succession to the Crown. The reverend gentleman was Vicar of Blytham in 1836, has been rector of his present parish since 1840 and attained the venerable age of 92 years on Friday last, on which day he conducted a funeral service in an impressive manner and with a clear voice both in the church and at the graveside of a parishioner.

British Villages Now Connected With Larger Cities.

An important experiment, which may have far-reaching results, is being made by the telegraph department of the British General Postoffice in half a dozen villages. The object is to ascertain if it is practicable to make village postoffices serve the purpose of public telephone call offices. If successful the result will be the removal of one of the disabilities to life in villages.

For the past six years, although the fact is not generally known, it has been the practice to use the telephone, which officially is a telegraph instrument, to transmit telegraph messages from town centres to small village postoffices. The installation of a telephone wire "trouper" than the telegraph installation, and the messages can be sent more expeditiously than by the needle instrument of the A B C code, the methods generally used in village postoffices. The messages are written out and stamped by the sender, and are sent over the wire by the clerk.

In the selected villages it is now possible for any member of the public to ring up a subscriber and use these postoffice telephones in the ordinary manner at the ordinary rate. Should the person with whom communication is desired not be on the telephone the sender can telephone his message to the nearest postoffice and have it sent on by express messenger. In the case of long messages the saving in expense, as compared with sending the same message at telegraph rates, will be very considerable. Similarly, the town-dweller will be able to communicate with the villager.

The point to be decided is whether this new arrangement meets a real public want.

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"I was all run down in health and, in fact, I was so bad that the least excitement would make me start up nervous. My nerves were unsteady and at times I had racking, sick headache and spells of indigestion."

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Zutoo. When your head aches or your brain is dull, when you are suffering from a cold or from over eating or drinking, remember there is a vegetable remedy that only one who will make your head ache every time in 20 minutes. It is Zutoo. E. H. BEER Representing Phoenix of Hartford Canadian Quebec.

NEVER NEGLECT EVERY-DAY ILLS.

A cold is one of the everyday ills of life. People of all ages, in summer and in winter, are liable to catch cold, and a cold is always dangerous, because a cold is but the beginning of catarrh of some internal organ—head, lungs, stomach or pelvic organs. Any remedy that will cure a cold should cure the many effects of a cold. That's why Smith's Triple Cure is so popular. Why people are so enthusiastic after experiencing its wonderful curative power. Smith's Triple Cure promptly cures colds and catarrh wherever located, because it acts directly on the depressed nerve centres, giving strength and vigor to tired nerves, removing the congestion of the circulation and imparting renewed vitality to the mucous membranes.

Picture to yourself the horrors of bronchial catarrh—the terrible cough, disgusting expectoration, wheezy breath and loss of strength, or the tortures of female catarrh—the swollen bowels, shooting pains, offensive discharges, displacements and burning distress, and then realize, if you can, how manifold these sufferings are for Smith's Triple Cure which has delivered them out of their troubles. Is it any wonder that Smith's Triple Cure is rapidly displacing all other catarrh treatments in hospitals and sanitariums and is prescribed by the medical profession generally? It meets a want felt for centuries, yet felt now in this strenuous life of ours as never before. Smith's Triple Cure cures catarrh sufferers of all ages, makes the sick well and the weak strong; it builds up healthy digestion, makes strong nerves and enriches the blood. That's why all the world is praising it, why its magical curative power is talked about in the homes and on the streets.

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Political Meetings.

Meetings will be held throughout the Third District of Queen's County as follows: Mount Stewart Hall, Monday, 21st, at 7 p. m. Treadwell Cross, Tuesday, 22nd, at 7 p. m. Corran Ban, Wednesday, 23rd, at 7 p. m. Little York, Thursday, 24th at 7 p. m. Brackley Point, (Harrington Hall) Friday, 25th, at 7 p. m. Winsloe Road, Monday, 28th, at 7 p. m. Mt. Herbert, Wednesday, 30th, at 7 p. m. Mt. Albion, Thursday, December 1st, at 7 p. m. Webster's Corner, Friday 2nd, at 7 p. m. The Opposition are invited to attend. Equal time will be given to all candidates. Other meetings announced later. JAMES H. CUMMISKEY, H. JAMES PALMER. 15 dw td.

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