

# DAPHNE AND DAN CUPPLE

## BY LOUISE LEXINGTON

BARTLETT GORDON, leaning idly against the veranda railing, was swearing softly to himself and wondering why he had been such a fool as to come down to the beach at this particular time, when that cad, Archie Freeman, was invited along with himself.

Simply because Daphne Vanderpool, whom he had not seen in five years, was to be one of the house guests at his hostess's summer home. And because the girl of 18 had been gracious, he thought it not improbable that the woman of 23 would be willing to take up the friendship where they had left off.

Last night's ball had plainly shown him his error. Ah! she had been radiant last night, in that shimmering gown which showed the wonderful whiteness of her faultless shoulders. But she had been daintily cold, at least toward himself, if not Freeman, and it was hard to believe she was the same girl who had gone through school with him, his comrade and chum.

And so he swore softly, and whistled, and wondered why so many really nice girls tolerated such a puppy as young Freeman. "And here I've been thinking of her every hour for five years!" he declared savagely.

Bartlett Gordon tried to be honest with himself, and had no thought of exaggerating the facts, but a score of pretty girls would have doubtless been surprised at his assertion. And if the memory of a pair of sweet gray eyes owned by one of the score, consoled him now, in his utter desolation, it was because his pride had suffered beyond expression.

His beautiful setter thrust a cold nose into his master's hand sympathetically, but Gordon repulsed him gloomily.

"Why did we come, Donald boy?" he asked, and just then Daphne Vanderpool, a vision in blue, descended the stairway, and as his heart leaped forward to greet her, he knew why. There was but one girl in the world, after all. The others didn't count—were forgotten—never existed! There was but one regally poised head, crowned with a wealth of glorious red hair, but one pair of deeper, clearer, lean eyes and but one dainty blue gown in the world, and they belonged to Daphne Vanderpool, and—ah! heaven willing—to himself some day!

Her "good morning" was cheerfulness itself, and Gordon begged the privilege of taking her in to breakfast.

"Your eyes are so bright, and your smile is so beaming, that I am almost afraid," he told her. "But your smile reassures me, for it is the smile of the girl I used to know, and I long to call you—Daphne."

"Well," she returned roguishly, "since you have that longing, I may as well confess to you that my dearest delight is to be called—to breakfast! Compliments before that event do not particularly please me; I actually keep wishing they were nice hot muffins, you know. Shall we go in?"

And because their hostess, blessed with savoir faire, had properly trained her guests, they too had their breakfasts together, without waiting for the others, who did not begin straggling in until they were finishing. And Daphne was most charming throughout, even pouring Gordon's coffee for him, although he could never rightly tell afterwards whether he drank it or not, so pregnant with tender associations had been the simple act.

After breakfast Daphne vanished above stairs, soon descending again wearing a straw bonnet tied under her chin. One great beautiful bow, of the color to match her gown and her eyes, that caressed her little left ear, and Bartlett Gordon's demoralization was complete.

He stood in the doorway, and, pretending to jest, would not permit her to pass. In truth, he could not. He longed to run away with her, in rude primeval fashion, to some deserted island, where no eyes save his own should ever gaze upon her loveliness.

His action of standing across her path thwarted of matter-of-factness or ill manners, either sufficient to make Daphne angry. She was capable of cruelties of speech when angry, and her manners of the night before—when Gordon had inadvertently reminded her of a promise made in the past—returned now, and she drew herself up haughtily.

"I am going for a walk," she said calmly, but with a look that should have warned him.

"Just for one moment," he answered, not noticing her change of manner. "I scarcely got a glimpse of you last night, only that one little dance, you know. You seemed so far away and so coldly light, just like some glittering star—and I was one of the Wise Men, who followed it. This morning you are more human, more like a sunbeam; and so I have renewed all of my wisdom to become a sun-worshiper. You have no idea how charming you look in that gown."

"Please, I am going for a walk!" Her tones were measured, clear-cut and incisive, as though determined, somehow or other, to probe such density.

But Gordon was blinded to everything save the beautiful picture she made standing there in the sunlight.



DAPHNE PRESSED HER WARM LIPS SOFTLY TO THE SLEEPER'S OWN AND, TURNING, SWIFTLY FLED.

"How can I help saying them?" he asked. "But last night you promised not to say them—to be good"—accusingly.

"Last night I was a fool!" he concluded. "How could you be a fool, if one of the Wise Men?" provokingly.

"Er—I meant you see the Wise Man was but a figure, you must have understood," he pleaded.

"I now understand it was something of the sort—that it could not be really true!" sarcastically.

"And so must you understand that a fellow, despite his promise, is not going to be really good—after five years!" desperately.

"Not if he wishes to make somebody happy," he said.

"Not if he wishes somebody to make him happy!" selfishly.

Daphne glanced longingly at the open door behind the tall, athletic form. She had never, in all her life, lowered the flag in a warfare of words or wit, and had no present intention of doing so. Suddenly she looked up at the window, which she had just stepped backward and vaulted lightly through it, putting her beautiful head within again to say:

"I am going for a walk!" triumphantly.

"And I am going to the devil!" tragically.

Flung up his gun, Gordon strode swiftly away, and Daphne, furtively watching to see what direction he took, saw him pat his dog's head and send him back to the house.

A half hour before Gordon had been most reluctant to leave, to keep a certain appointment with a poetic youth who owned a camera. But now it was a distinct relief. He wished, however, he had not promised to loan him his gun. He envied him the long day's sport in the woods, and had half a mind to offer to go along as it was. Meanwhile he found his pipe most comforting. The morning was faultless; there were four long hours in which he need give no account of himself, and there were some half dozen chapters of a most interesting novel to read, too, under the left ear, prove so bright as diamonds, and heaped them on the floor, after which we were able to drag the box with its remaining contents out to the ledge. There the old man fell to caressing the treasure again, while I went back for the torch, which I had left standing against the wall.

combed, invited to meet intelligent people. Why can't a fellow keep awake?" And none of these mysteries were ever solved, for Bartlett Gordon was as fast asleep as was Little Boy Blue on that fateful day of the raiding of the corn. It had been late when he retired, and early when he arose and the sun was warm and the silence soothing.

The camera youth kept his appointment, but not until his friend was far beyond the reach of a gentle hint in the

flashed across me that he was mad. I sprang back and as I did so happened to strike the torch with my foot, sending it whirling into the water below, where with a hiss it went out, leaving utter darkness as though it were a living thing. Here were we in the heart of this rock, where for nearly a century had lain unmoistened the vast fortune which now lay uncovered before us.

At length, recovering my composure somewhat, I turned to the old man, who crouched in the fitful glare of the torchlight upon his white beard and gleaming eyes, beside the box and caressed it with trembling hands as though it were a living thing. His aspect frightened me; he looked so like a madman. However, I touched him upon the shoulder and signified that we must carry the box down as soon as possible.

Without a word, but with an evident effort over himself, he rose, and we grasped the handles of the box to lift it. But in vain. It was too heavy. We then tried to raise the lid, but it was bolted. It was then that our small pick came into play. With a few blows I broke the lock, and lifting the lid, disclosed a treasure such as surpassed our wildest fancies. The yellow gleam of Spanish doubloons mingled with the sparkle of diamonds and rubies. All were heaped promiscuously in the box, which they filled nearly to the brim.

The old man fell on his knees before it and thrust his arms into the precious mass, filling both hands full of gold and jewels, he kissed them repeatedly, utterly oblivious of his surroundings.

I took out several massive gold plates and a bag of diamonds, and heaped them on the floor, after which we were able to drag the box with its remaining contents out to the ledge. There the old man fell to caressing the treasure again, while I went back for the torch, which I had left standing against the wall.

What was my dismay to find that the chest of treasure was no longer there. I gazed blankly around, thinking it might have been moved by some mysterious agency. But it was not to be found. It had probably fallen with the old man, perhaps been pulled off by him as he tried to save himself.

He clung to the treasure to the last, thought I grimly.

The pieces of plate and the bag of diamonds were still where I had placed them, and with these, the sole remnants of a wealth vaster than I dared

in her solitary walk. She recalled that Gordon had neither taken his dog nor worn his hunting jacket, but had carried his gun. The fact seemed fraught with significance. And then she stowed this dangerous weapon, all loaded as it was, in the same mental rack that held his desperate looks when he struck out with those awful words upon his lips.

Oh, suppose it were so! It had often happened in the newspapers and in novels. Daphne could not recall ever encountering the same phase of recklessness in

real life, but hadn't Bartlett sufficient reasons for hating her, and because of her, to hate life? Oh! it was too terrible, and when she had meant to accept him all along! It was this very thought which had caused her so much mental agitation. That she could have no momentous question to decide, like other girls; that, from having always belonged to Bartlett Gordon, there could be no gradual surrender on her part like one reads about—no, she must just simply give in some-

day, and the thing was done, once for all. Well, there was one consolation, she had told herself she should at least suffer appropriately before he should have his reward.

Unconsciously, almost, she had directed her steps toward their old trysting-rock. Suppose she should be just in time to stay his hand! The thought lent wings to her feet, and she ran on and on. Oh! why had she been so ridiculous the night before? Why had she thought it necessary to hide her deep pleasure at meeting him behind so much silly shamming?—she, who had carried a tiny stamp picture of himself in her pocket for five long years!

Effectively hidden by his leafy screen, the camera youth was taking a final look before pressing the bulb, when he almost exclaimed aloud, the sudden apparition which dashed within the radius of his vision.

Breathless, panting, beautiful came Daphne, with the picturesque hat falling backward, and her red hair flying about her face like a nimbus. When she espied Gordon stretched at full length upon the rock, with his gun beside him, she did not scream, but went suddenly pale, and with both hands pressed her heart, as if to keep it from breaking. She still came forward, however, blinking, and averting her eyes as if to lessen the horror, and yet moved to look, too, as if determined to know the worst. The pantomime was plainer than words to the camera youth.

When at last she hung over him, her white face stricken with fear and then suddenly discovered her mistake, she smiled—such a radiant, transforming smile—that the boy grew angry at the man for still lying there like a senseless clod, with no knowledge of the glory shed around him. She bent her face lower, however, and the camera youth held the bulb and waited, motionless. Would she do it? Was she a quitter? No! and the snapshot was made triumphantly, for with one hasty look all about her, Daphne pressed her warm lips softly to the sleeper's own, and turning, swiftly fled.

The camera youth thought of the beautiful girl in blue, as he walked up the broad drive of the Larzians, that evening, to return the gun to its owner.

Soon he discovered her, wearing a gown like a soft, white cloud, and while the others strolled to dinner and she lingered to answer some speech of Gordon's, who came up behind, a gold slant of the sun touched her hair with its dying radiance. At the sight, the camera youth, with the poet's heart, shielded his eyes with one hand and with the other made the sign of the cross. And when she replied to Gordon proudly, almost patronizingly, as a queen might, he closed his lips sternly.

In answer to his whistle, Gordon turned back to greet his friend, but with a shadow of pain in his dark eyes which would not be hidden by the smile he called up.

"She has hurt you," exclaimed the camera youth, and Gordon answered him simply, "It is her dearest pleasure," and smiled again.

"Then she deserves what she has brought upon herself," came the declaration. Taking the little photograph from his pocket, then, he doffed his cap to it while he murmured, "Proud, sweet lady, forgive me!" and as he gave it into Gordon's hand he added: "Could you have seen her as I saw her, never more would you think her heartless." And the camera youth said good-night.

Gordon gazed as one transfixed. It was indubitable. He was even able to read the title of the book beneath his head. But that look upon Daphne's face! The radiance of it, reflected, touched his eyes, and he longed to kneel to her—to kiss the hem of her gown.

He turned to see the last of the white dress disappearing in the direction of the house, but he soon caught up with its owner and kept at her side, smiling, silent. Daphne gave him a quick glance. It was obvious that Gordon was suddenly not himself, and she felt rather than knew that the time was come—the time when she should give in, once for all.

"Why are you so silent, and what amuses you so?" she asked, sheathing on him and making a last stand.

For answer he held up to her view the little photograph, and she caught her breath, mystified, incensed, and said: "Oh, Bartlett, very softly—'I feared you would find that every some day; but I don't mind—not in the least!'"

And, drawing forth the little locket which had so often poised against her heart, she disclosed to him his own likeness of five years before.

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### The Mystery of Haystack Rock

Continued From Page 38.

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to guess, I was obliged to be content. I gathered them together, and once more retraced my steps down the narrow path. Arriving at the bottom, I perceived that the tide had risen and the raft was afloat. I managed to capture it before it got beyond my reach, however. But what was more serious, the water had risen so high in the cave that the entrance was closed up and my escape cut off.

I stood aghast for a moment, realizing that for 11 hours at least I should be a prisoner in this frightful place. Then, mustering what courage and composure I could, I set out to endure it with my utmost fortitude.

I cannot recall those moments even yet without a shudder, and to write of them is extremely painful. Therefore, I will bring this account to an end as speedily as possible.

After the passage of ages and ages the hands of my watch finally crept around to the late afternoon, and I knew that low tide and the time of my escape were at hand. Creeping for the last time down the narrow passage, I gained the raft and pushed out through the low opening into the rocks and breakers beyond. It was with a thankful heart that I saw once more the light of day. Narrowly escaping the perils of the rocks, I reached the shore, and dragging myself up to the beach, fell fainting in the sand.

While most of the enormous treasure was lost, I kept the bag of diamonds, and these gave me an ample fortune, but they hardly compensate for the terrible hours I passed within the cave. The hair around my temples was white when I next looked at myself.

I have made many investigations in the hope of discovering the old man's identity, but so far without success. It is partly the object of this narrative and my most earnest desire that it may aid in that purpose.

A Bitter View. Philadelphia Press.

Lovatt—It's funny that love stories should invariably end with—the marriage of the hero and heroine.

Henpeck—Why so?

Lovatt—Because that's really only the beginning of their lives.

Henpeck—That may be, but it's the end of the love story.

### Camping Out a Natural Instinct

WE ALL have the camping-out instinct. It is our call to the wild. Some people believe that there was once a golden age of the world when everybody wore patent leather shoes, plug hats and diamond shirt studs, and that we have been falling down the scale ever since. The result is that you and I have to get along with shoes at \$2.50 and slouch hats. But I don't take any stock in the golden age yarn. It is a pipe dream of a ten-cent poet.

There is that at the period in which they place the golden age of humanity it would have been more appropriate and consistent with the facts to have called it the barefooted age of mankind. We all went barefooted then, and could wriggle our toes without any trouble.

It was at this time that we acquired our camping-out instinct, for that was the only way we had to live. It was camped out all the time or starve to death. Thus it comes about that when the summer time rolls around we have that longing to get out in the woods alongside of some dancing stream or to pitch our tent on the seabeach and hear the surf pounding, day and night. It is the old primitive instinct stirring within us.

We put on our old clothes, pack up some simple cooking utensils and with a small amount of grub we hike to the wilderness. Everyone wears a happy, good-time sort of expression. Our grogsh and kicks are laid away in the closet to await our return to civilization. When it comes to mealtime, no one growls about the coffee and declares it to be slop. The biscuits may be as yellow and smoky as you please, but they are swallowed with gusto.

We get so that we go to sleep the minute we touch the blankets, and we don't have any horrible dreams about how the man around the corner is selling more groceries than we are or that one of our neighbors has got a new silk dress, together with a complete outfit, and we will have to make our delicate over for another season. Such dreams

are forgotten the minute we get into the woods. If we have any dreams at all, they will be that we have found a pool where the trout are all five-pounders, and so ravenous that they will bite at a red rag or that a black bear has chased us up a small sapling and is trying his level best to dig it up by the roots. Such kind of dreams do not leave a bad taste after breakfast. They are the dreams of primitive man; but your civilized dream will make wrinkles on your face clear to the back part of your neck.

The primitive man has his dreams back to us when we get out camping. We see a sign, "No trespassing. No shooting allowed on the premises." What do our blood boils at this monopoly. What do we care for fences and all such relics of an effete civilization? The chances are that there will be a dead pheasant if we get sight of one, fence or no fence. There is an orchard down the road about a mile and a half. We put this under tribute for does not the earth and the fruitness thereof belong to man. Primitive man was a great beggar, and so we bang it out on the ranch-house and casting eyes at the green peas and roasting ears, dangerous to be safe. At the old German expressed it: "They shoot at everything what move. Berkshire are shot for black bears, and Jersey hares for fat does, and to go walking through the brush in the open season for deer is pretty near as dangerous as to be Autocrat of the Buns."

But we all like to get back to the primitive once in a while, and so we have to forgive the sins of our fellows. Anyway it is a good preventive of tuberculosis and

MARCUS W. ROBBINS, Grant's Pass, Or.

Locating the Blame. Washington Star.

"Why does Smithers insist on gossiping?" said the conscious woman.

"That isn't the really serious question," answered Miss Osprey. "She is merely anxious to oblige. Why do we eager auditors insist on encouraging her to gossip?"