



THE LOVE STORY BY RICHARD HARRING DAVIS

WHEN Ainsley first moved to Lone Lake Farm all of his friends asked him the same question. They wanted to know if the farmer who sold it to him had abandoned it as worthless; how one of the idle rich, who could not distinguish a plow from a harrow, hoped to make it pay? His answer was that he had not purchased the farm as a means of getting richer, honest toil, but as a retreat from the world and as a test of the friendship he argued that the people he knew accepted his hospitality at Sherry's because, in any event, they themselves would be dining within a taxi cab fare of the same place. But if to see him they traveled all the way to Lone Lake Farm, he might feel assured that they were friends, indeed.

"I suppose," returned Ainsley gloomily, "that my not being able to live with you doesn't affect the question in the least?"

"You have lived without me," Miss Kirkland pointed out reproachfully, "for 30 years."

"Lived!" almost shouted Ainsley. "Do you call that living? What was I before I met you? I was an ignorant beast of the field. I knew as much about living as one of the cows on my farm. I could sleep 12 hours at a stretch, or, if I was in New York, I seven days a day and a night out bank of health and happiness, a great, big, useless puppy. And now I can't sleep, can't eat, can't think—except of you! I dream about you all night long about you all day, go through the woods calling your name, cutting your initials in tree trunks, doing all the fool things a man does when he's in love, and I am the most miserable man in the world—and the happiest!"

Kirkland succeeded in making Miss Kirkland so miserable also that she decided to run away. Friends had planned to spend the early Spring on the Nile and were eager that she should accompany them, but she had separated seemed to offer an excellent method of discovering whether or not she loved the man she could not "live without."

Ainsley saw in it only an act of torture, devised with devilish cruelty. "What will happen to me," he announced firmly, "if I will plan to die? As long as I can see you, as long as I have the chance to try and make you understand that no one can possibly love you as I do, and as long as I know I am worrying you to death no one else is, I still hope. I've no right to hope, still I do, and that one little chance keeps me alive. But Egypt? If you escape to Egypt, what will I have on you? You might as well be in the moon. Can you imagine me writing love letters to a woman in the moon? Can I send American Beauty roses to Karnak? Here I can telephone you; not that I ever have anything to say that you want to hear, but because I want to listen to your voice and to have you ask, 'Oh, is that you?' as though you were glad it was me. But Egypt? Can you imagine me on the long-distance? If you leave me now you'll leave me forever, for I'll drown myself in Lone Lake."

The day she sailed away he went to the steamer and, separating her from her friends and family, drew her to the side of the ship farther from the wharf and kissed her on the forehead. Directly below a pile-driver with rattling chains and shrieks from her donkey engine, was smashing great logs on the deck above the ship's band was braying forth riotous gayety and from every side were used by the raucous whistles of ferryboats. The surroundings were not conducive to sentiment, but for the first time Polly Kirkland seemed a little more on the verge of giving up than she had been. For the first time she laid her hand on Ainsley's arm and held it, sent the blood to his heart and held it there almost that when the girl looked at him there was something in her eyes that neither he nor any other man had ever seen there.

"The last thing I tell you," she said, "is this: I want you to remember, is this—that, though I do not care, I want to care."

Ainsley caught at her hand and, to the delight of the crowd, he kissed her. She had kissed him so often that he had almost forgotten the feeling. The fact of parting from her had caused him real suffering. Now hope and happiness smoothed them away and his eyes shone with tears for her. He was trembling, laughing, jubilant.

"And if you should," he begged, "How soon will I know? You will cable," he commanded. "You will cable 'Come,' and the same hour I'll start toward you. I'll go home now," he cried, "and pack."

The girl drew away. Already she regretted the admission she had made. In fairness and in kindness to him she abandoned to regain the position she had left.

"But a change like that," she pleaded, "might not come for years—may never come." To recover herself, to make the words she had uttered seem less serious, she spoke quickly and lightly.

"And how could I cable such a thing?" she protested. "It would be far too sacred, too precious. You should be able to feel that the change has come."

"I suppose I should," assented Ainsley, doubtfully, "but it's a long way across two oceans. It would be safer if you'd promise to use the cable. Just once, for me."

The girl shook her head and frowned. "If you can't feel that the woman you love loves you, even across the world, you cannot love her very deeply."

"I don't have to answer that," said Ainsley, "or whether in her heart she has decided to run away. Friends had planned to spend the early Spring on the Nile and were eager that she should accompany them, but she had separated seemed to offer an excellent method of discovering whether or not she loved the man she could not 'live without.'"

Lone Lake Farm was spread over many acres of rocky ravine and forest, at a point where Connecticut approaches New York and between it and the nearest railroad station, reached by means of an execrable wood road. In this wilderness, directly upon the lonely lake, and at spot equally distant from each of his boundary lines, Ainsley built himself a red brick house. Here, in solitude, he exulted himself, ostensibly to become a gentleman farmer, in reality to wait until Polly Kirkland had made up her mind to marry him.

Lone Lake, which gave the farm its name, was pond hardly larger than a city block. It was fed by hidden springs and fringed about with reeds and cattails, storable willows and shivering birch. From its surface jutted points of the same rock that had made farming unremunerative, and to these miniature promontories and islands Ainsley, in keeping with a fancied resemblance, gave such names as the Needle, St. Helena and the Isle of Pines. From its surface jutted points of the same rock that had made farming unremunerative, and to these miniature promontories and islands Ainsley, in keeping with a fancied resemblance, gave such names as the Needle, St. Helena and the Isle of Pines. From its surface jutted points of the same rock that had made farming unremunerative, and to these miniature promontories and islands Ainsley, in keeping with a fancied resemblance, gave such names as the Needle, St. Helena and the Isle of Pines.

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AMONG THE POETS OF THE DAILY PRESS

SLAVERY.

"Here is a story of a Chicago woman who says that present marriage laws make woman the slave of man," said the square-jawed matron as she looked up from the newspaper. Why don't they enforce the law then?" meskily asked Mr. Henpecke.—Buffalo Express.

SYSTEM.

A commercial traveler was bragging about the magnitude of the firm he represented.

"I suppose your house is a pretty big establishment?" said the customer.

"Big? You can't have any idea of its dimensions. Last week we took an inventory of the employees and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four bookkeepers were missing. That will give you some idea of the magnitude of our business."—Lippincott's.

THE BRAIN WORK.

In the lobby of a Washington hotel the other evening they were talking

QUIPS AND FLINGS

"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments."

"How does that happen?"

"Mr. Whiffer won't argue."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"I'm tired of life."

"That being the case, go out to California and shoot 'Banzai.'—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Poser for a butcher who gives short weight: If 16 ounces go to a pound, where do you expect to go to?—Sacred Heart Review.

Cub Reporter—I guess I'll have all my work copyrighted.

"I wonder why Bob doesn't marry?"

"He hasn't met the wrong girl yet, probably."—Pack.

"So you've bought a new painting for your hall? Is it that artist with a well-known name?"

"Yes; his name is Smith."—Boston Transcript.

"So you proposed last night and got your answer in two letters."

"In two letters? No, I didn't."

"But you told me she refused you."

"That's all right, but the girl is Dutch."—

The teacher was explaining the tenses. "Now, Willie," she said, "suppose I should say: 'I have a million dollars. What tense would that be?'"

"That'd be pretense," answered Willie.

Bix—I have a dog that's nearly thirty inches high.

Dix—That's nothing. I have one that stands over four feet.

Bacon-Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch.

Esbert—Well, I know both of them run down east.—Yonkers Statesman.

Young Mr. Gurley—My foot's asleep. Gazzam—Nonsense! Not while you are snoring those loud truffles.—B. K. & Co's Monthly.

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INSPIRATION

The bard was melancholy—he sat on the ocean's strand.

"Would that I could describe the sea," he sighed, and waved his hand.

"With some other fellows do it did—and, darn it, will!"

"Describe it, I could, in throbbing staves and in another instant had disappeared into the house."

"What happened to him?" demanded Elsie Mortimer.

"He's gone to get a gun," exclaimed Mortimer. "But he hasn't. How can he think of shooting them? He cried indignantly. 'I'll put a stop to that.'"

In the hall he found Ainsley surrounded by a group of startled servants.

"You get that car at the door in five minutes!" he was shouting, "and you telephone the hotel to have my trunk brought up and board the Kronprinz Albert by midnight. Then you telephone Hoboken that I want a cabin and they haven't got a cabin I want the captain's. And tell them, anyway."

NEVER AGAIN.

She smoked just one—
She smoked, you bet!
She smoked 'em all—
A "siskarette."

TEARFUL TALES FROM HUMOROUS PENS

about big legal fees when Representative Koenig cited a case.

Some time since, according to the representative, a man fell into an open coal hole, sued for damages and was awarded a substantial amount. When he received a bill from his lawyer, however, he was stunned again, and as soon as he could get into hustling shape he hastened to see him.

"Your bill is outrageous!" exclaimed the client to the legal one. "It is more than three-fourths of the amount that I recovered."

"Quite true," was the calm response of the lawyer, "but you mustn't forget that I furnished the skill and legal learning for the case."

"Yes," excitedly cried the client, "but I furnished the case!"

"Oh, as far as that goes," was the scornful reply of the lawyer, "anybody can fall down a coal hole."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Clerk—I'm to be married tomorrow, sir.

Employer—Glad to hear it. You won't be in such a hurry to get home after this.

"One of your gloves is on the floor, dear."

"That isn't a glove, silly! It's my 1913 bathing suit."

"What did you learn at college, my son?"

"That tell; it's a secret, sir."

"Yes, sir, the baseball signals."

"Don't you remember me—I am the young man that ran away with your daughter several years ago."

"Well, how do you want after having taken my daughter from me?"

"I want to congratulate you."

"Ah, for a little rain."

"What on earth do you want rain for, Willie?"

"So's I kin get a drink widout reachin' fer it."

"It was a case of love at first sight."

"How do you account for it?"

"She saw him in Bradstreet's and he saw her in the blue book."

Illustration of a man and a woman in a conversation.