By Walt Gregg



Blake's window.

o'clock in the aftspeedily by Mr. window. Blake, and Lord Morston's gift to the

up and down High street could look Mr. Pearson deduced, hall-marked inand long. The news soon spread through the

Rifle Club, together with their friends, tioner's shop.

"What a splendid cup!" "Well, Lord Morston has really shown his interest in the Rifle Club at last." "A bit of all right-" These were the ejaculations of the crowd.

Mr. Augustus Pearson, head salesfootwear for all the villages around Morston-on-the-Wash, was told that the cup had arrived, within 10 minwhile at the same time his eagerness was throbbing through him.

Augustus Pearson was a leading Miss Blake member of the Rifle Club, but he was she answered. not the most popular person in the little town. He "had ideas," so the peoself; his life was occupied in far too is, of course, of course, on-well, on strenuous a way with Augustus Pear- the knees of the gods, you may say."

in the town and, though he was not er's shop, "indeed, it must be so. But generally liked, he still had a position if I know anything of our noble deone which he was determined to fenders, you, Mr. Pearson, will win it." maintain and even to improve.

just of the boot emporium and strolled been placed in the down High street. His duties for the Mr. day were over; he had waxed his mustache with great care and he was now It was about 4 a young gentleman at large.

When he got opposite to the brilernoon, and the cup liantly lit window of Blake's shop he had obviously only stopped, and, hoping that nobody objust arrived. It had served him, joined the little knot of been unpacked loiterers in front of the plate-glass

Certainly the cup was a desirable Rifle Club was displayed in tremend-trophy for any one. It stood a foot ous splendor, so that all who passed and a half high. It was obviously, so side and out, and the four riflemen in "solid silver" which supported it upon

were thronging the window of the sta- and asked Miss Blake if the London evening papers had arrived or not. He knew perfectly well that the London evening papers never did arrive there, but he felt it his duty to say something of the sort.

"O, Mr. Pearson," said Miss Blake, Mr. Augustus Pearson, head sales- "surely you are going to win this vis," ab man of the boot shop which supplied trophy. His lordship's butler brought to me?" it down this afternoon and, talking with him, he mentioned your name."

Mr. Pearson twirled his mustache course, that I win the cup—it's worth do you mean, Gussie?"

"Just this. You'll be watching the utes of shutting up the shop. He af- and looked kindly at Miss Blake, who fected a quiet disregard of the news, was a dear, wizened old thing. "Well." he said, "of course, Miss Blake, sport is sport." Miss Blake nodded. "It is, indeed,"

"I'm so glad you agree with me. Miss Blake," Pearson continued. "But He thought too much of what you say about winning the cup

"Indeed, Mr. Pearson," answered At the same time he was somebody the lady who presided over the station-

"If I do, Miss Blake," replied Mr.

As he was framing a pretty speech a short, thick-set man bustled into the shop and asked roughly for a penny packet of notepaper and envelopes. 'Hallo, Gus," the man said to the immaculate Mr. Pearson. "What about tomorrow?"

"That remains to be seen," said Miss Blake. "Here's your packet of notepaper, Mr. Jarvis.

"Well, I'll say good night," said Augustus Pearson, and left the shop, fol- son.

It was a quarter to six in the evening and the lights in the few shops in High street did not illuminate that somewhat dingy thoroughfare suffilittle town. The cup had arrived at the plinth were a quadruple incentive ciently to make it plain to the casual tion for the cup."

last, and all the members of the local to patriotism and greed.

Spectator that Mr. Pearson and Mr. "Of course it does," Jarvis replied. Mr. Pearson turned into the shop, Jarvis immediately and without a word dived down a side street and into a small public house known as the Rifleman. They sat down together in of beer.

'Now, then, Gussie," said Mr. Jarvis, "about tomorrow. What's it worth

"I'll tell you what it's worth to you," Pearson answered—"provided,

That's all very well," Jarvis replied. "And you know, Gussie, I'd be pleased to help you to any sporting to be done. Waddington's a better shot than you, and Thorne is a better shot than either. I place you third in the reason that you'll see a blue stain upcompetition, and third you will jolly on the whitewash.

well be. So I don't see-

'Yes, I and my brother Bill are marking for the competition." "Very well, then. What I'm going

The two men were sitting close to- me up accordingly. gether in the little taproom. Behind them was a window which commanded

"That's just what I want to know. How I'm going to earn that two quid," Mr. Jarvis replied.

"In this way," answered Mr. Pear-"You mark, you pull the cord, lowed toe upon heel by the newcomer, and the whitewash brush goes over the target. You're chosen to mark down the score as the bullets hit the target. Therefore, what you put down on your sheet stands in the competi-

"But what a silly juggins you are, Gussie. You see, I shan't know who's fir-I shall simply record the shots upon the sheet, and I shan't know the odd little paneled place, and a whether it's you. Waddington or had dissipated his incipient slumbers blowzy girl brought them each a pint Thorne. You're talking through your and made him sit very upright indeed. hat, my boy.'

Mr. Augustus Pearson threw the end of his cigarette away and looked keenly at his companion. "I'm not the fcol," he said.

"Well, then, get at it. What exactly

impact of the bullets upon the target and, as you say, you won't know whose firing. We each have 10 shots triumph, but I don't see quite how it's for the cup. My first shot I shall fire a little wide of the bull, and you will know it's me, and no one else, for the ered to have a really sporting chance,

"A blue stain? What do you mean?" "Of course, you don't see, Bob," "O, a little idea of my own, which touched up his foresight with a campearson replied. "And that's why i'm is this. I bought a couple of blue ei's hair brush and a little lampblack, talking to you now. You're chosen as pencils yesterday, and I'm going to and fired steadily at the 300-yard marker tomorrow, aren't you?" cover the bullets with the blue before range. I fire them off. When they get on to the target you'll see at once whose dipped, ducked and risen again to the shooting. There will be the blue mark confusion of the champions. At the

Mr. Jarvis chuckled. "Well," said, "You are a one!"

the private bar. This window, which "I may or may not be," answered was hung with red curtains, happened Mr. Augustus Pearson. "But I think to be ajar. Neither of the two men that when the occasion arises I can noticed it at all. be adequate."

"I rather expect you can, Gussie—two quid, you said? 'Onest Injun?" "Two quid," replied Mr. Pearson, as he rose and left "The Rifleman" with his companion.

It was unfortunate that the little red curtain window at the back of the conspirators had been open, because Mr. Livermore, the secretary of the club and also the range superintendent, happened to be reading the paper in the landlord's sanctum.

He had found the paper rather dull and was inclined to be sleepy. But the voices on the other side of the wall

evening was full of Territorials, members of the Rifle Club and local mag-

During the day the cup had been shot for. Mr. Thorne and Mr. Wad-Their scores had been signaled from the butts, and as the two had tied, ex- love. pectation as to who should be the winner had risen very high.

Mr. Pearson, who was not considwas the last man to fire. He had lain down, snapped up his aperture-sight, fiddled with the micrometer gage,

Time after time the signal

judged the winner with three short of

Now the hall was full, and Augustus Pearson, sitting modestly three or four benches away from the platform, was the recipient of the congratulations of his fellow-members. These were very hearty indeed, and Augustus felt that, after all life was worth

He was indubitably the hero of the moment, and also of Morston-on-the-Wash. He had proved himself to be the rifle shot of the town, and as one comrade and another came up to him and smacked him heartily upon the back—rather too heartily, he sometimes thought-he realized that he was in the center of the picture for the first time in his life.

He. Augustus Pearson, was at the moment, the cynosure of every eye. the most important individuality in

Augustus had always had doubts of heard, but simply call upon the himself before. In imagination he had The drill hall at 7 o'clock the next seen himself in splendid situations— vening was full of Territorials, mem-ers of the Rifle Club and local mag-the king with the Albert medal, and coming back to his native town to be met upon the platform by all the pretgirls of the village, presenting form. A servant came burn dington had struggled for the mastery. him, if not with the freedom of the city, at any rate with their suffrages and

He had imagined such happenings in the past, but had never really believed they could be materialized. Now, however, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, he was the undoubted champion of Morston-on-the-Wash.

Yet he was not entirely happy, while the other presents congratulating him, seemed to be a little rough in their regard. They the door of the hall he had not smacked him on the back with a somewhat insincere heartiness. They congratulated him with voices in which was, was a packet of washin the sensitive young man almost im- which some one had pressed do upon the whitewash, and you'll book end of the firing Mr. Pearson was adagined that he detected sarcasm, if tween his neck and his collar

not menace, "It is," be himself, "pure jealousy, but

There was a sudden hush. The bell had rung; everyled themselves in their seals Mr. Dalton, the Mayor; Mr. I the rector, and Lord Morsica

jolly clean-shaved little man white hair-trooped upon the pl After a few preliminary were the mayor, his lordship took forward and began his speck Always, he said, he had been tron of and a believer in the rifof this kingdom. It was now his aut duty to present the cup ?

had been privileged to provid winning shot of Morston-on-This cup had been won by gustus Pearson, and-here tremendous applause in the the hall-and, he would add to the applause which le h pion shot of the Rifle Club to that which was his just and

his enthusiastic companions, & Pearson advanced toward the the platform holding a large

Upon the tray was a china m deep cerulean blue. Is it was a of blue pencils-a dozen at lear Morston bent over the platfe handed the trophy to Augustus. "And now, Mr. Pearson," be; have no doubt you will wish to

When Augustus eventually his hand at all. All he carrie with him, broken and disheveled

By Elsie Endicott



she sprinkled the out. thirsty pansy plants, "and you're a dear, but somehow, I don't

you as a girl does of a person.

Martin Keith looked down at the pretty child kneeling beside the flower bed and smiled and then he sighed. "You want some 'go' to 'em," he interpreted. "Fireworks poppin' to liven things up."

Nan nodded. "Well, I'm afraid I do fall down on that," the man said simply. "Besides, this burg is no good place for heroics broad-minded well-protected town. They don't serve up Nihilists and Black Hand societies for enterprising young Don Quixotes. What's a fellow

"A newspaper man ought-"

you, Martin," Nan gested with just a trace of bitterness. trains were derailed, was saying, while "Yes," she laughed, "and put the fire The Daw river crep

think of, not what you might accomget all excited about plish. You're-

But Martin Keith had lifted his hat when she's in love, with the grace that was peculiarly his flight. You're such a placid and practical sort own and was striding down the neat, white rath to the gate.

to tend her postes and dream her pleasant,, pretty dream alone. Sun-furniture into the second stories. Sure-shine had been a part of her life; en-ly, they argued, it had reached the loved, but scarcely appreciated limit. At the end of the fourth day of most a monotony, when it was-suddenly a thing of the past.

this burg is no good place for heroics day after day. Rain fell with the Help was sent across the big bridge or grandstanding. It's a flourishing, persistence of rainfall when it does to people in worse plight than in the come in a dry country. The papers main town. Policemen guarded the began to anticipate trouble. There passage to keep the interested onwas rain farther West-rain, rain. lookers out of the way and out of Their own little place was compara- danger. Men in boats took food in tively safe from flood, but Casson City and took frightened children out. already was seriously inconvenienced

perience with spring freshets had given the townspeople confidence and only a few of the more timid ones took

Still the water crept higher, inch by inch, foot by foot, and at last swept In the sunlight garden Nan was left completely over the north side. Still up, and people began to carry their ly, they argued, it had reached the Pleasant weather that spring was al- suspense its muddy rim had slipped entrely around the depot at South First street; another twenty-four Clouds, murk and gloom succeeded hours and it blocked all traffic.

And still the downpour continued.

"16 set the world aftre?" he sug- by high water. Some of the mail Not so much close at hand, it was the ing families one way and another of its released rush undermining the The Daw river crept steadily up and rise. Every one had been ordered out and watched anxiously upstream. The toppled over, trapping whole families move a quarantined family from up. The big Melan bridge was built of the north side. Some couldn't, some cloudburst at Millard had complicat- who had tempted fate by clinging location, his own turn came "Who'd pay the damages?"

to stay, but that part of the town wouldn't take advantage of the warned matters considerably. A mountain both figuratively and literally to their in safety with a boatload of the "Oh, hush, Martin. There you go! which lay north of the stream was ing. Business was suspended. All of debris had lodged against the railit's the damages, not the story, you nearly overflowed. Forty years of ex-other interest was lost in the flood road crossing some hundred yards. The flood of 1903 went into history loosened at the roots by the "

> Poor little, light-hearted Nan was in agony. She was safe enough, but Keith was in the thick of Martin things. His work called him there, althat. Even her own foolish words were not greatly to blame. It was the man's natural bent. People needed help. His work allowed and even sanctioned his assistance, and he went about the business of risking his life to enter a shaking house and lift out an invalid as cheerfully as he would write the story afterward. He was Help was sent across the big bridge careful to keep Nan posted and to modify her fears.

The great Melan bridge still held, but the water was up and over it, eighteen feet higher than the oldest inhabitant of the country could re-

by, rushing with fresh force from the impediment

Suddenly the steel span of the rail- suffering, life and heroism. way trestle swayed. There was a though Nan knew well it was not only thunder of reverberating iron. Ties and rails whirled into the air and crashed madly down upon the bridge below. A long line of rails coming head on struck one stone pier endwise and forty feet or so of masonry caved in. Four men were caught in the trap and went down with the ava-All who crossed to the north side

after that made it hand over hand on the cable and a basket, swinging dizzily over the black water, slid back and forth with provisions.

in the basement windows and the force

rain up the river that was causing the stood on the bridge Thursday morning walls. Frame structures shook and Keith was helping the officers

away and the water tore and pounded as unique in its way. Floods in a dry the flood crashed down and country usually are. For an inland with it as it fell. deluge it claimed an over amount of .

monotony of sunshine and the tire- the doctors went about their some placidity of Martin Keith. Keith and found him still worth patch had made his own mark during those A very white piece of human strenuous days. He had saved a life looked when they had firely or two and helped with many more.

At the end of the trouble Keith aging. He stood the petting at found himself with a medal and a dolence of his people without raise in wages, but in the meantime, ing, and a curious little twiste just at the point where hope was almost abandoned for those in the danger district and serious inconvenience was imminent for all, "the rain ceased and the waters receded."

Keith even found time to visit Nan ness is petering out." Buildings of brick or stone began to and acquaint her with numerous small crumple up where the current was details of the disaster. They were still strong, the water pressure breaking too busy discussing it to bother with

loosened at the roots by the wa

They fished him out broken Nan had long since forgotten the After notifying his family as him, but his own optimism was a

> welcomed Nan when she came last, alone "My lady is served," he greet "One perfectly good here, a la dages and halo. But the cavaller

"Hush!" Nan begged, while a wet face pressed close to his. tle knight errantry goes a long don't want a hero, I want just;

Heart Of Mine

By Annette Angert



until its lacy folds fell softly and carressingly over the lovely satin gown; then I stood off and surveyed her criticaly.

We had been laughing gaily all morning, but now a quietness had taken possession of me, which I could not shake off.

"You're beautiful, Margaret dearest," I exclaimed. "I don't think I ever before realized how perfectly radiant a bride could look. You're-you're very happy Peg, dearest?" "Reaps and heaps happy, Dorothy

darling!" and then we promptly fell to crying-this little sister of mine, the youngest of the flock-and I, the oldest. Here were tears of an ineffable joy-but mine-well, I couldn't have analyzed them, but they were very bitter and very heartbreaking. Yet it was I who controlled myself

first. "Girlie, you mustn't. What will Tom say to see your eyes red?" And though we smiled through our tears, there was an ache in my heart which in this old adage. I knew would never cease.

my heart was breaking then, it seemed weddings, though very beautiful and her that she had an "Angel Face," or she was coming down the stairs the

body else was gay, though; even to your hands seem abnormally large. mother, who kept up splendidly.

said to Jim, as we were waiting for the trying to make safe conversation. wedding breakfast, simply because I head I had gone out on the plazza to "Dorothy-won't you? had followed.

We both laughed, much to my relief; then there was a pause-one of

DRAPED the happy symbolic, are also very trying-when those clumsy ones when you realize didn't mean to say that at all, but my

"Not half so sweet as a certain litfelt I had to say something, and that the girl I know could be." His strong today I asked you something. You was the first thing that came into my voice trembled a little, and thenbe alone-it was very warm-and Jim there isn't anybody else in the world. There never can be

"No, I won't! So there!" Smarting tears sprang to my eyes. I

one isn't merely looking on. Every- you are standing awkwardly and that tongue—that unruly member was my "She did make a charming bride, to flee, but Jim caught both my nands "Didn't Margaret look beautiful?" I didn't she?" I put in again, hastily, in his and made me sit down on the secluded porch hammock.

"Dorothy," he began, "five years ago said 'no' then, but promised very graclously to consider and let me ask you again.

Which you have done regularly and persistently every other week,"

"Not since six months ago yesterday," he corrected. Men are so accu- look very happy."

cata about dates. I'm not a bit, "it's a cinder," I fibbed. undoing, as so often before. I started rate about dates. I'm not a bit, therefore accuracy in anybody else annoys me and I think annoyance showed in my voice when I answered, Well, I was confident you had chang-

ed your mind."

"You don't mean that Dot, really?" like that without having the right to and his face went white. "There's nobody else is there?" "Of course not. I have my work and

my lectures and my books-oh. I'm

Was Right



member rightly, It for its pretty girls. was her grandfather's, too. Each to find much truth

Perhaps no one in all the three gen-Tom came in, soon after, and Jim- crations had any more proof of its you and Fred have the house to your-the best man-and after what seemed truthfulness than Polly. Had she not selves. If that 'Bashful Willie' of to me much needless delay, we arrived known this saying, she never might at the great cathedral. But though have become Mrs. Fred Weston, Fred was very bashful and though he had as though it would burst after the known Polly since babyhood, he rever solemn and sacred ceremony. Church could get up enough courage to tell en and went to her room to dress. As years away.

was Polly's favorite from other young men. She descreed quotation. It had them, too, for she was the best singer been her father's in their choir and one of the prettiest also, and if we re- girls in the village, which was famed

One night Polly's father called her from the kitchen where she was putgeneration seemed ting away the supper dishes.

ng away the supper dishes.

"Polly," he said, "Your ma and I are usual. He did not even remark how going to Mrs. Thompson's whist party, George has gone to Ellen's and selves. If that 'Bashful Willie' of to 10, it said. For a desperate moyours does not pop the question to- ment she wished it was leap year. It night I shall have to take matters into was certainly an awful situation, my own hands."

HAT can't be said a "perfectly melodious voice," or any bell rang and she hastened to admit knew if she did not can be sung." This such compliments that she received Fred. She ushered him into the par- she would surely cry. Fred. She ushered him into the par- she would surely cry. lor and after a while she told him where the folks had gone. A peculiar look came into his eyes. "Now he will say it," she thought, but she was disappointed, for he simply walked to the piano and started to play.

For two hours they talked and sang

well she did in the play the night before at the church. Polly glanced at the clock. Quarter Fred more bashful than ever, father

Her heart sank within her and she

Polly finished her work in the kitch- coming home soon and leap year two

"Fred." I am going to get my hand- Drano; kerchief, be back in a minute," she ran to her room and threw herself on the She was about to burst into a torrent of tears, when clear and sweet as the tones of an organ came the strain of Fred's baritone

"All that I ask is love, All that I want is you, And I swear by all the stars, I'll be forever true."

"All that I want to know, All that I crave above. All that I want in this wide, wide world All that I ask of you is love.

Polly laid her hands on Fred's

shoulder and sang in her sweet so-"I give you all you ask. All of my love I give. And to you I will be true. As long as I shall live, You have no need to fear.

I know no sweeter task,

comfort you-

gave-I give you all you ask."

All, all you crave, when you asked,

Half an hour later mother said as she and father passed the parlor win-dow, "John, everything is all right." "How do you know, May," father

"The light in the parlor is out." Mother was right

"Dot, you're crying! That doesn't continued. now," he demanded, "or think on the solitudes of a caunibal

"Oh, Jim, ian't it superbilled in the liant solitaire on my finger—the rect engagement finger—by the and gazing at it delightedly. "We much lovelle and blazer than "Perhaps, you don't realize it, Dorothy Coleman," he declared sternly, ignoring the pretended cinder, "but you are going to marry me. I don't much lovelier and bigger than intend to stand by and see you crying garet's and everybody com her's is a beauty. "You play rather high-handed with fate, don't you?" I interrupted sar-

"I've been carrying it troud pocket every time I intended in "Even if I have to kidnap you," he "Ob," I breathed, "well, yea Margaret and Tom

"Goodness." my sister etch "you two have been holding us breakfast almost half an hour-searched every place for you. then, as she saw my tears the sympathetic. Tom looked repro-

"Don't you know enough girl alone when she's in team only makes her hysterical to somebody around, even these are trying to be 'nice."
"Dot, darlingest, don't crr.
"We can gether ever so much even if I am

"Here Comes the Bride," as we into the dining room. little bride, Jim whispered, very sweetest bride-to-be in the said that a you heart of mint." -and that's you, heart of mine