

BRADLEY'S BUILDING.

By ANDREW PHAIL.

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It was a tiny little island. The year before Dick Staley had threatened to come back some day and carry it off in a shoe box. But such as it was it was Barton Bradley's own, and he was immensely proud of his possession.

Four years earlier his physician had ordered him to spend the summer in the woods to escape an impending attack of "nerves." He had rented this little island from its woodsman owner and had spent a delightful summer chopping his own wood, frying his own bacon and in the intervals planning the play that had brought him recognition.

His first royalties had gone to pay for the little island, and now, when Bradley pitched his tent early in May, he went to work to build a log hut that should form a more permanent camp.

Since success had come he was in a position to build a camp as elaborate as any of the electrically lighted, steam heated structures which masqueraded as camps in the fashionable colony at the upper end of the lake, but Bradley would have none of these. As far as possible the camp should be his own handiwork. He even rebelled at the necessity for assistance in raising the logs when the walls reached a height above his ability to handle the heavy logs.

He made the island his sanctuary and a thing apart from the busy months of the winter season. No one save Staley had ever been invited to the place, and only the guide who sometimes came to see that all was well or leave mail when Bradley lacked the time to row down to the little village ever braved the "No Trespass" signs with which the shore bristled.

So it happened that Bradley, tramping over his five acre domain, was astonished to see a canoe on the shore and a girl calmly eating a late lunch under the very sign forbidding a landing.

She was undeniably a pretty girl, with crisp brown curls escaping from a tam-o'-shanter and straying over a cheek on which the red showed bravely through the tan.

Bradley approved her costume of brown. It was so unlike the frocks of the fashionables, who dressed not for the woods, but for the men in camp and with an eye for spectacular effect.

But notwithstanding the fact that Bradley approved of the slender, well built figure he resented the intrusion on his island.

He hated the fashionable crowd, and here was one at his very door, perhaps the advance guard of a horde of lion hunters who would overrun the place and gushingly assure him that they doted on his plays even while their conversation showed that they had been more intent upon the chatter in the box than upon the dialogue of the stage. It was this habit of using the boxes for social visits that had first given Bradley his distaste for society.

"It is too bad that you cannot read," he said, with what was intended to be cutting sarcasm, though insensibly his voice softened as he looked into two glorious brown eyes.

"I know what you mean," declared the girl, with a laugh and a meaningful glance at the forbidding sign, "but I was tired paddling, and when I saw you at work on the hut I knew that the owner was not here, and I supposed that the sign was enforced only when the owner was here. Can you be bribed?"

She held toward him the well filled lunch box with its appetizing sandwiches and dainty cake.

"I'm human enough to be hungry," she explained, with a little laugh, "but I always carry more than I need."

Bradley looked into the brown eyes and was lost. He accepted a sandwich and sank down on a rock opposite the one on which she was sitting.

"Who is the horrible man who won't let us land on this little Eden?" demanded the girl.

"He's a New York chap," explained Bradley noncommittally. "He doesn't like the people at the upper end of the lake, and he stuck those signs up."

"Thereby preventing me from finding a refuge from the play campers," said the girl severely. "He should change the sign to read, 'No Trespassing by People Who Do Not Understand.' There are people even up there who love the woods and hate the poor imitation of Newport. Newport," she added in explanation, "is a fashionable colony down on the Rhode Island shore."

"I've heard of it," assented Bradley, the scene of whose latest comedy had been laid in that very resort. He was glad that this girl mistook him for a guide. It would be a pity to underestimate her and place their impromptu acquaintance upon a coldly formal basis.

She chatted of the lake and the woods, and Bradley more than ever admired her when she grew eloquent regarding the beauties of his beloved lake. It formed a common bond of sympathy.

The girl forgot that she was talking to a guide, and Bradley in turn forgot that she was a member of the hated colony of fashionable folk who were doing their best to make the lake as artificial as themselves.

It was a good two hours before his visitor sprang up with an exclamation of surprise that she should have lingered so long, and with a little sigh of regret Bradley watched her paddle

away, handling the frail canoe as cleverly as though to the manner born.

After that she came frequently and became much interested in the building of the house. The heavy logs were all in place now, and only the lighter work remained.

The girl (Bradley soon knew her to be Miss Nannette Cowdrey) found the completion of the cabin a matter of absorbing interest. It was no better than the huts of the natives save that it was more carefully finished, and of this Nannette highly approved.

"It seems so foolish," she observed, "to go in out of the glorious woods and turn on the hot water and dress for dinner in the same frocks we wear in town. I should love to spend a summer in a camp like this with only sympathetic people around me."

She sighed to think of the impossibility of obtaining her wish and then gave her attention to superintending the fabrication of a rustic chair, deep, roomy and redolent of the woods.

For a month she was almost a daily visitor. Then one afternoon she came with a frown upon her pretty face, and as Bradley settled himself for a chat she drew a slip of printed paper from her pocket and regarded him attentively.

"A penny for your thoughts," he offered when she did not speak.

"I think that you are horrid," was the unexpected answer. "This little island has been such a haven of rest to me. Now I find that, instead of being a guide, you are a nasty, cynical play-wright. I hate you!"

"Because I write cynical plays?" he asked. "I assure you that I would rather write the other kind, but they do not take with the audiences."

"I like you because you deceived me," was the answer in a voice that was close to tears. "I saw this in a magazine."

Bradley groaned. In an evil moment he had given an interviewer a glowing description of his island without betraying its location. It had been made the basis of an absurd "human interest" magazine story.

A copy must have fallen into her hands, and more than ever Bradley was determined to get even with the imaginative person who had written the story.

"And we cannot be friends," he asked, "just because I am not a guide?"

"Because you deceived me," corrected Nannette. "You were just leading me on to talk about the imitation campers so you could put it into a play."

"Not into a play," denied Bradley, "into a romance—a private romance, I had hoped. Had I introduced myself as a city man you never could have come again. I should have raised the barrier of conventionality between us. As it was, you thought me a guide because I was building my own cabin. With a guide you felt free to come and go as you pleased. It was only for that reason I did not explain your error."

"But now that I know the truth I must come no more," she said slowly as she rose to her feet. "I am sorry that I have found out."

She looked longingly about the camp which she had helped to make so comfortable with her suggestions and aid. Then she turned and ran down to the beach, where her light canoe lay upon the sands.

She had already pushed off when he reached the beach, but at his call she checked her headway.

"May I come for you?" he called softly. "May I come for you, Nannette, and bring you back to the camp that we built for ourselves?"

For a moment Nannette paused. "Yes," she called, finally adding, "Come soon," and then the paddle dipped deep into the water.

Lost Arts.

Linnaeus, the great botanist, possessed the art of producing pearls by piercing the shells of oysters in a peculiar manner and probably by inserting something in the opening thus formed.

The art of making gold artificially was long sought after and is allowed to have been discovered several times. A Swede who was sentenced to death agreed to reveal the secret to Charles XII. In return for his life and showed a deposit of gold in one of his crucibles. Charles, however, was inexorable, and the successful alchemist was executed.

The art of making unbreakable glass was discovered by a Roman inventor, who was put to death for his pains by Tiberius lest this discovery should depreciate in value the elaborate gold and silver goblets, gem bestudded, which were then in fashion.

The art of mixing unfading colors was known to ancient painters, but invariably eludes the moderns. Probably the ingredients used were not similar.

One Use For Chalk.

"I read in some paper the other day," the young man said, "of the arrival of a shipload of chalk, and I wondered what under the canopy anybody could want of a shipload of chalk and what they use chalk for anyway."

"Going home last night I got half a dozen little spatters of mud on my shirt bosom and collar, and I'd got to go out again right away, and I really didn't have time to change my apparel, but there were those spatters of mud."

"Just wait a minute," said my roommate, who knows several things, and he went to his chiffonier and got out a piece of chalk, with which he deftly chalked over those little mud spots so that they didn't show.

"There," he said, "I guess they'll go all right now at night."

"And they did. I am still wondering what anybody should want of a shipload of chalk, but I have now discovered at least one of chalk's uses."

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