AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

Twenty minutes after Corp. Greene, of the guard, came to the doorway and sang out:

"Say, fellers, who do you think's captured and brought back? Trooper Goss, begad, the bosom friend of the patriotic Welsh."

And Welsh dropped his spoon and his eyes and turned a dirty yellow. He essayed presently to quit the table, but the old sergeant bent over him:

"Finish yer dinner, me buck. Don't let eagerness to see yer friend spoil yer appetite. You can't see him, anyway, till he has given his testimony before the court; and they'll want you, too, Welsh, me jewel, and I'm charged not to lose you—d'ye mind that, Welsh?—and I never lose anything but an occasional slice of me temper. Ate yer dinner, like the high spirited American ye are, now." But Welsh's appetite was gone.

The court room was crowded to suffocation that afternoon when, sharp at 2 o'clock, Col. Grace rapped for order.

"I suppose you are ready now, Col. Lawler? Call in the first witness."

Lawler looked resigned, even martyred. The court had come back from luncheon at the Lanes' in high spirits. The ladies again sat close to Hearn's table. Private Goss, with untrimmed beard and an air of general dilapidation, was sworn by the judge advocate, gave his name, rank, regiment, etc., and responded, in answer to Lawler's question, that he did know the accused very well.

"What do you want to ask the witness?" said Lawler in a tone as much as to say, What could you ask that would be of any earthly account?

"State where and how long you have known Private Welsh, C troop, Eleventh cavalry," were the words on the penciled slip, and Lawler read them grudgingly.

"I've known him six or eight years. Knew him when he enlisted in the Twenty-third, where he went by the name of Webster. Served with him at Fort Wayne until he got a 'bobtail' discharge, and when I got mine I went to his home in Ohio and hunted him up. He owed me money, but he was no good—couldn't pay it. His people wouldn't do anything more for him. He was Mrs. Blauvelt's nephew, but she had about got tired of trying to support him, so we came away and enlisted again, in the cavalry service this time, and then he got things fixed to go into Blauvelt's troop for both of us."

"What was your reason for deserting here while awaiting trial?" was the next question.

"Well, both Welsh and Schonberg told me I was bound to be convicted. Everything pointed to my being Corp. Brent's slugger, though I swear to God I never left the barracks that night. They said if I didn't get away before the court tried me I might get several years in state prison at hard labor, and worse still if he didn't recover. Welsh and Schonberg both said that there was no show for me, the evidence was so clear, even to the red pepper in the pockets. Some scoundrel put it there, and wore my things, too. Welsh got put into the guard room, purposely, opposite my cell, and threw a stone with a string through the grating, and I hauled on it and got a letter from him and Schonberg telling me how to escape. There were saws and tallow in the package I drew in, and Schonberg was down in the bottom with a buggy after I got out, and he drove me nearly all night around by way of Barclay to the other road, and sent me by rail to Omaha, where he promised that plenty of money would come to me; but no money came at all, and I was recognized and arrested by the police."

"Had you any idea that there were other reasons for getting you to desert than the one given?"

Lawler bounced up and objected to both question and answer; but both were ordered recorded.

"I hadn't—then," was the sullen reply; "I'm not so sure now. That Jew got me to go because I accused him of being a receiver of stolen property. It was to him Welsh gave the papers he took from the lieutenant's desk in Capt. Blauvelt's quarters. I went there with him one night after taps when the lieutenant was officer of the guard, and Schonberg gave Welsh ten dollars and me five to keep mum. After that Welsh began to run with Schonberg entirely and turn against me, and it was through him that I was always getting into trouble."

In vain Lawler propounded questions tending to show his witness, thus assailed, in a better light; but the more he examined the more damaging was Goss's testimony. At last the witness slouched out under escort of a sentinel.

But a greater sensation still was awaiting the patient listeners in the court room. The next man to enter, leaning heavily on the arm of the hospital steward, and accompanied by Dr. Ingersoll, was Corp. Brent, looking white and feeble, but very calm and self possessed.

"Give your full name, rank and regiment," said the judge advocate, without looking up.

"The name under which I enlisted is Malcolm Brent, corporal Company C, —th Infantry."

"The court will note, I trust, the singular character of the witnesses introduced by the accused," said Lawler promptly. "The last, by his own admission, is a thief and a deserter whom Welsh very properly essayed to cut loose from on discovering his real character; and now we have a second who plainly intimates that the name he gives is not his own."

"It is the one by which he is known to military law all the same, Col. Lawler. Please to proceed," said Col. Grace testily.

"You know the accused, I presume, or he would not have called upon you?" was Lawler's snapping query of the witness.

"Only as a soldier knows an officer whom he has every reason to respect. I have never exchanged a word with the gentleman, but I recognize him as Lieut. Hearn, of the Eleventh cavalry."

Again there was a ripple of applause in the crowded court, which brought Lawler, angry and protesting, to his feet. Silence restored, he presently read aloud the next question from a slip handed him by Mr. Hearn, which he slowly pasted on the sheet before him:

"What do you know with regard to the amounts charged against the accused on the books presented before this court and alleged to be unpaid?"

"I know that they were paid long ago. I heard the story of the whole transaction from the lips of Capt. Rawlins himself."

"Hearsay evidence," promptly interrupted the judge advocate, rapping on the table.

"But Schonberg's written acknowledgment and this letter of Capt. Rawlins will not be so considered," answered the witness respectfully, and bending forward he placed on the judge advocate's table a little package of papers. The court room was hushed. Even the pencils of the correspondents were arrested. Every eye in all the throng was on the pale face of the young corporal. Members of the court had whirled around in their chairs so as to look full upon the new witness. Old Kenyon, with lifted spectacles, brimming over with eagerness and excitement, was fidgeting on his chair. Pretty Mrs. Lane, all smiles, was keeping her fan in lively yet noiseless play. Georgia Marshall's heavily fringed lids were drooping over her downcast eyes; but the soft, summer fabric of her dress rose and fell upon her bosom like the billows of an unquiet sea. She was seated where every word of the witness could reach her ears, but no longer so near the little table where sat the calm young soldier whose trial had nearly reached an end. There was no longer need of counsel for the accused; yet his eyes time and again glanced yearningly at her.

Lawler was the first to speak. He handled the papers contemptuously as he glanced them over:

"These are of no earthly account—mere forgeries possibly. One only purports to be a duplicate, anyhow."

"Duplicate of what sir? The court will be glad to look at these papers when you are through with them," said Col. Grace.

"I object to their introduction as evidence, in any event, and protest against their admission here. What possible business can a corporal of infantry be having with the private papers of a deceased officer, anyway? Where did you know the late Capt. Rawlins—even supposing that he did write that letter?"

"Any question on that score the court may choose to ask I will answer," was the reply, with quiet self possession. "But I can swear to the genuineness of both papers."

Capt. Thor had already possessed himself of the duplicate receipt, and after a brief glance tossed it over to the opposite member.

Meantime, old Grace had received and was conning over the other, which he suddenly lowered and looked in amazement at the calm face of the witness, then handed it to Maitland, who read, started and gazed, too.

"I know this hand, sir. I know it as that of an old and valued friend," said Maitland, with lips that quivered perceptibly. "I could almost swear to its genuineness myself. It is probably one of the last letters the dear old fellow ever wrote, and it is to his boy at college. Here, Thorp, you read it aloud." And, though Lawler would have protested, protest was useless. Thorp arose, clicking his heels together as though on drill, and in a voice that was audible all over the big room, read:

Fort Graham, N. M., June 14, 188—.

My Dear Malcolm—It seems hardly possible that three weeks ago I was with you under the elms of the old campus listening to college glees and seeing the glad faces of your classmates—as manly a set of young fellows as it ever was my lot to meet—and now here I am again in harness under a blazing sun, with arid, sandy wastes on every side, and not a leaf that is not shriveled by the fierce rays. I find the old post much as I left it; but I go over to San Carlos in a day or two on court martial duty, and so am writing my letters tonight.

In the first place you will be glad to know that the gold leaves are in sight. If all goes well I shall become major of the Seventh and be ordered eastward within the next six months. Then I shall fit out my quarters in cozy style, and as soon as Mamie has finished her next year at madame's she shall come and keep house for me and turn the heads of the youngsters. Yet I do not want her to marry in the army, any more than I want you to enter it. Think of it, Malcolm, for twenty-five years now I followed the standard, and if anything were to take me away what have I to leave you and May? Little or nothing. Even if you were to turn over your modest share to her, as you so gayly spoke of doing, and enlisting in hopes of winning a commission she would not have more than enough to keep her from want, though so long as your Aunt Eleanor lives she will never be in need of a home. Ah, well, God spare me a little longer! I so pray to live to see you both happily settled before I am called hence.

After our talk I cannot but hope that you will see how little there is to look forward to in the career of a soldier in our service—in peace times, of course. But if the longing prove too great I will not stand in your way. The life has its attractions. You will never have stancher or truer friends than those who wear the blue. But it has its trials and perils outside of those encountered in the field. I told you of the case of young Mr. Hearn, as fine a soldier as there is in the regiment today, yet he was well nigh ruined through falling into the hands of the Jews when young and inexperienced. Wasn't it luck that I should have known of the previous rascality of that clerk, and so was able to make him come to terms? Here is his duplicate receipt in full, filed carefully away among my papers. It was the means of saving a capital officer, too.

Your letters bring constant joy to me, my son. If it had but pleased God to spare your dear mother, I know well how proud and happy a woman she would have been in her great boy and bonny daughter; but his will be done. I may not write again before leaving for San Carlos, but my blessing goes with every line of this. There is such comfort in the frankness with which you told me of those college debts. Trust me fully; confide in me in any trouble, my son; no man can ever be more devotedly your friend than I—your father. The draft I sent will doubtless have removed all care and anxiety and left you a little sum to the fore. Spend it as you please, yet "do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new hatched, unfledged comrade." What words of wisdom spoke that fond old fool! but he loved his boy as I love mine.

Good night, my lad.

"This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Your father,

R. F. RAWLINS.

For a moment after Thorp's deep voice had ceased its task the silence in the heated room was broken only by some half stifled sigh. Corp. Brent had covered his pale face with his hands. Mrs. Lane was weeping silently. Hearn's eyes, swimming, were turned toward Georgia Marshall, who was bending over her friend, quietly fanning her. The effect of this letter was not unexpected; she had heard every word before.

It was Grace who spoke at last, after no little preparatory clearing of his throat:

"And have you other letters from Capt. Rawlins?"

"Many, sir, but this was the last," was the almost tremulous answer; "he was killed within the week that followed."

"And you are?"—

"Malcolm Brent Rawlins, his son."

CHAPTER XVII.

The court had finished its labors and gone. The correspondents had gone, but presumably only to renewed labors. The various journals throughout the northwest that had so confidently predicted the summary dismissal of the offending lieutenant were now in a somewhat difficult position. They had started in to prove the officer a blackguard and the private a martyr; the result was exactly the opposite, and the problem was now how to get out of the pickle. To the average man, soldier or civilian, the consciousness of having publicly wronged a fellow being would have proved a source of distress so deep that nothing short of retraction as public and apology as far reaching as the affront would satisfy the offender. But, in its Jovelike attitude as censor of the morals and manners of the people, the press has no such qualms of conscience.

As one eminent journalist expressed it "Of course we are sorry we are misled somewhat, but we can't take back what has been said; that injures the paper." And of course as between injuring the paper and injuring the man it is the man who must suffer. Another gifted editor, in whose eyes no benefit was quite to be compared with free advertising, expressed himself as considering that "That young fellow really ought to feel very much obliged to us; nine-tenths of the people might never have heard of him at all if it hadn't been for this." And he spoke in all seriousness.

Of course the correspondents themselves had long since seen the inevitable results, and had duly prepared their respective papers for the crash. Some of these journals promptly dropped the matter at once and for all as no longer worthy of attention; others transferred their assaults from the array of lieutenants to the array of courts martial. Others still, too deeply committed to extricate themselves, threw open their columns to any damaging story affecting the [illegible] which their correspondents [illegible] and those papers which [illegible] the facts elicited before the [illegible] in the [illegible] type, but head [illegible] in a [illegible] or explosive big capitals.

The Palladium, or rather its editorial head, when explaining matters to a knot of men at the club, quietly justified the course of his paper by saying: "We did not send Mr. Abrams there at all. He had gone to Central City on some personal business of his own, to look into some property, and while there this Mr. Schonberg, a wealthy, prominent, and, as we supposed, reputable business man, told him about the offensive manners of the officers to the people, and offered to prove that they would be insulted and ostracised if they ventured to visit the garrison; and Abrams got warmed up and telegraphed to the managing editor that he was 'on to a good thing,' and so we wired him to go ahead." But a junior member of the editorial staff frankly admitted that he, in common with other journalists, had for sixteen years been "laying" for a chance, as he expressed it, to get in a good whack at the young West Pointer, and here they thought they had it.

[CONTINUED.]

A Tramp's Trick.

"Say, partner, yer from New York, ain't ye?" I heard one tramp say to another the other day as they sat sunning themselves on opposite sides of the path in Union square.

The weary gentleman addressed made an evasive reply intended to create the impression of a negative without being one in terms.

"Yes, y'are," continued the first in an aggravatingly persistent tone of voice. "I've been watchin yer, an yer've been keepin that foot o' yours movin all the time yer was asleep, an th' ain't but one place in this country where the gazabos learn that, an that's in City Hall park, New York, where yer have to give the cops some kind o' excuse while yer settin up sleepin or they'll run yer in. I've been there, partner, an I kin do it myself.

"But, say," and the voice assumed a confidential, contemptuous tone, "you don't have to do it in this town."—San Francisco Chronicle.

"My dear," said young Mrs. McFlimsey to her husband, "I do wish you would not go about the house in your shirt sleeves. People will think your father worked for a living."

"They won't when they know his son."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

Because it is the sweet o' the year
There's white and yellow on vale and hill.
The blackbird sings at his darling's ear—
He has gotten a new gold bill.

When birds are merry and have good cheer
And roses nod in the garden bower,
Oh, then it is the sweet o' the year,
And love and the world in flower.

Come, lads and lasses, gamesome and glad,
With flute and tabor, come dance and sing!
Come, gather honey, O lass and lad,
While the merry year's at the spring!

For now comes in the sweet o' the year,
The sweet o' the year that tarries for none;
There come high summer and autumn sear,
And the year is over and done.

Come, gather honey, O lad and lass;
The sweet o' the year is our portion once.
And he who nods while the gold hours pass—
'Tis he is dullard and dunce.

For now comes in the sweet o' the year,
The birds are kissing on vale and hill,
The thrush has got a new song for his dear,
And the blackbird a new gold bill.

—New York Tribune.

TWO OF THEM.

She is a very pretty girl, though that counts for nothing with either of us, and her frock is yellow and brown, with pins here and there. Some of these pins are nearly a foot long, and when they are not in use she keeps them in her hat, through which she stabs them far down into her brain. This makes me shudder; but, so is she constructed that it does not seem to hurt, and in that human pincushion the daggers remain until it is time for her to put on her jacket again. Her size is 6½; she can also get into 6's.

She comes here occasionally (always looking as if she had been born afresh that morning) to sit in the big chair and discuss what sort of girl she is, with other matters of moment. When she suddenly flings herself forward—clasping her hands on her knee—and says, "Oh!" I know that she has remembered something which must out at once or endanger her health, and whether it be "I don't believe in anybody or anything—there!" or "Why do we die so soon?" or "I buy chocolate drops by the half pound," I am expected to regard it, for the time being, as one of the biggest things of the day. I allow her, but no other, to mend my fire, and some of her most profound thoughts have come to her with a jerk while holding the poker.

However, she is not always serious, for, though her face is often so wistful that to be within a yard of it is too close for safety, she sometimes jests gleefully, clapping her hands. But I never laugh, rather continue smoking hard, and this she (very properly) puts down to my lack of humor. The reason we get on so well is because I treat her exactly as if she were a man, as per agreement. Ours is a platonic friendship, or, at least, was, for she went off half an hour ago with her head in the air.

THE BARGAIN.

After only one glance in the mirror, she had spread herself out in the big chair, which seems to me to put its arms round her. Then this jumped out:

"And I thought you so trustworthy!" (She always begins in the middle.)

"What have I done?" I asked, though I knew.

"Yesterday," she said, "when you put me into that cab. Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to."

"Do what?"

She screwed her mouth, whereupon I smoked hard, lest I should attempt to do it again. But she would have an answer.

"Men are all alike," she said indignantly.

"And you actually think," I broke out bitterly, "that if I did meditate such an act (for one brief moment) I was yielding to the wretched impulses to which other men give way! Miss Gunnings, do you know me no better than that?"

"I don't see what you mean," she replied. (Her directness is sometimes a little annoying.)

I wagged my head mournfully, and there ensued a pause, for I did not quite know what I meant myself.

"What do you mean?" she asked more gently, my face showing her that I was deeply hurt—not angry, but hurt.

I laid my pipe on the mantelpiece, and, speaking very sadly, proved to her that I had nothing in common with other young men, though I forget now how I proved it. If I seemed to act as they did, my motives were quite different, and therefore I should be judged from another standpoint. Also, I looked upon her as a child, while I felt very old. (There are six years between us.)

"And now," said I, with emotion, "as you still think that I tried to—to do it from the wretched ordinary motive—namely, because I wanted to—I suppose you and I must part. I have explained the affair to you because it is painful to me to be misunderstood. Goodby. I shall always think of you with sincere regard."

Despite an apparent effort to control it, my voice broke. Then she gave way. She put her hand into mine and with tears in her eyes asked me to forgive her, which I did.

This little incident it was that showed her how different I am from other men, and led to the drawing up of our platonic agreement, which we signed, so to speak, that afternoon over the poker. I promised to be to her such a friend as I am to Mr. Thomson; I even undertook, if necessary, to scold her though she cried (as she hinted she should probably do), and she was to see that it was for her good, just as Thomson sees it when I scold him.

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

"I shall have to call you 'Mary.'"

"I don't see that."

"Yes, it is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other."

I was not looking her in the face, so cannot tell how she took this at first. However, after she had eaten a chocolate drop in silence, she said:

"But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?"

"Certainly I do."

"And he would feel slighted if you did not?"

"He would be extremely pained."

"What is his Christian name?"

"Thomson's Christian name? Oh, his Christian name? Thomson's Christian name is—ah—Harry."

"But I thought his initials were J. T.? Those are the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him."

"Is that so? Then my suspicions were correct—the umbrella is not his own. How like him!"

"I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson?"

"Before other people only. Men friends address each other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone."

"Oh, well, if it is customary."

"If it were not, I would not propose such a thing."

Another chocolate drop, and then:

"Mary, dear"—

"Dear!"

"That is what I said."

"I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking two chocolate drops when I only said you could have one."

"Well, when I get my hand into the bag, I admit—I—I mean, Thomson would not have been so niggardly."

"I am certain you don't call him 'Harry, dear.'"

"Not, perhaps, as a rule, but at times men friends are more demonstrative than you think them. For instance, if Thom—I mean Harry, was ill"—

"But I am quite well."

"Still, with all this influenza about"—

HER BACK.

She had put her jacket on the table, her chocolate drops on the mantelpiece; her gloves on the couch—indeed, the room was full of her, and I was holding her scarf, just as I hold Thomson's.

"I walked down Regent street behind you yesterday," I said sternly, "and your back told me that you were vain."

"I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate."

"How could you be?"

She looked at me sharply, but my face was without expression, and she sighed. She remembered that I had no humor.

"Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them."

"When I said you had a bad temper, you made the same remark about it. Also when"—

"That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me ugly"—

"I did not say that."

"Yes, you did."

"But if you think nothing of your personal appearance, why blame me if I agree with you?"

She rose haughtily.

"Sit down."

"I won't. Give me my scarf." Her eyes were flashing. She has all sorts of eyes.

"If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance"—

"I don't."

I resumed my pipe.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?"

"Oh, I thought you were going to say something."

"Only that your back pleased me in certain other respects." She let the chair take her back into its embrace.

"Mary, dear!"

It is a fact that she was crying. After I had made a remark or two:

"I am so glad you think me pretty," she said frankly, "for though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it, and somehow I thought you considered me plain. My nose is all wrong, isn't it?"

"Let me see."

"So you admit you were entirely mistaken in calling me vain?"

"You have proved that I was."

However, after she had drawn the daggers out of her head and put them into the scarf (or whatever part of a lady's dress it is that is worked with daggers), and when the door had closed on her, she opened it and hurriedly fired these shots at me:

"Yes, I am horridly vain—I do my hair every night before I go to bed—I was sure you admired me the very first time we met—I know I have a pretty nose—good afternoon."

HER SELFISHNESS.

She was making spills for me, because those Thomson made for me had run down.

"Mary."

"Well?"

"Mary, dear."

"I am listening."

"That is all."

"You have such a curious, wasteful habit of saying one's name as if it was a remark by itself."

"Yes, Thomson has noticed that also. However, I think I meant to add that it is very good of you to make those spills. I wonder if you would do something else for me?"

"As a friend?"

"Yes. I want you to fill my pipe and ram down the tobacco with your little finger."

"You and Mr. Thomson do that for each other?"

"Often."

"Very well. Give it to me. This way?"

"It smokes beautifully. You are a dear good girl."

She let the poker fall.

"Oh, I'm not," she wailed. "I am not really kind hearted. It is all selfishness!"

This came out with a rush, but I am used to her, and kept my pipe in.

"Even my charities are only a hideous kind of selfishness," she continued, with clasped hands. "There is that poor man who sells matchboxes at the corner of this street, for instance. I sometimes give him twopence." (She carries an enormous purse, but there is never more than twopence in it.)

"That is surely not selfish," I said.

"It is," said she, seizing the poker as if intending to do for herself that instant. "I never give him anything simply because I see he needs it, but only occasionally when I feel happier than usual. I am only thinking of my own happiness when I give it him. T[illegible] the personification of selfishness."

"Mary!"

"Well, if that isn't, this is. [illegible] give him something when I am [illegible] him, at any rate. I never d[illegible] crossing the street on purpose t[illegible] Oh, I should need to be terrifically [illegible] py before I would bother cross[illegible] give him anything. There! W[illegible] you think of me now?"

"You gave him something [illegible] day when I was with you?"

"Yes."

"Then you were happy at that [illegible]"

"What has that got to do with [illegible]"

"A great deal."

I rose.

"Mary, dear"—

"No! Go and sit over there."

STAGGERERS.

The subjects we have discussed [illegible] the poker! For instance:

The rapidity with which we gro[illegible]

What on earth Mr. Meredith [illegible] by saying that women will be the [illegible] thing civilized by man.

Thomson.

What will it all matter a h[illegible] years hence?

How strangely unlike other peo[illegible] two are!

The nicest name for a woman. ([illegible]

The mystery of being and not b[illegible]

Why does Mary exist?

Does Mary exist?

She had come in, looking very [illegible] ful, and the reason was that, the [illegible] she thought it over, the less co[illegible] see why she existed. This came of [illegible] ing a work entitled "Why Do W[illegible] ist?"—a kind of book that ought [illegible] be published, for it only makes p[illegible] unhappy. Mary stared at the p[illegible] with wide, fixed eyes until I com[illegible] her to wink by putting another [illegible] of it—namely, "Do you exist?" [illegible] ignorance she thought there w[illegible] doubt of this, but I lent her a "[illegible] Berkeley," and since then she has [illegible] to pinching herself on the sly, [illegible] make sure that she is still there.

HER SCARF.

So far I had not (as will have [illegible] noticed) by a word or look or sig[illegible] ken the agreement which rendered [illegible] platonic friendship possible. I ha[illegible] even called her darling, and th[illegible] cause, having reflected a good d[illegible] the subject, I could not persuade [illegible] that this was one of my ways of [illegible] dressing Thomson. And I would [illegible] continued the same treatment had [illegible] been for her scarf, which has prove[illegible] yond all bearing. That scarf is en[illegible] responsible for what happened tod[illegible]

It is a stripe of faded terra cott[illegible] she ties it round her mouth before [illegible] out into the fog. Her face is then [illegible] ciently irritating, but I could end[illegible] by looking another way, did she [illegible] recklessly make farewell re[illegible] through the scarf, which is very [illegible] Then her mouth—in short, I can't [illegible] up with this.

I had warned her repeatedly. B[illegible] was like a mad girl, or, perhaps, [illegible] did not understand my meaning.

"Don't come near me with that [illegible] round your mouth," I had told [illegible] dozen times. I have refused firm[illegible] tie it for her. I have put the tab[illegible] tween me and it, and she asked [illegible] (Through the scarf.) She was quite [illegible]

And today, when I was feeling [illegible] strange at any rate! It all occurred [illegible] moment.

"Don't attempt to speak with [illegible] scarf round you," I had said, and [illegible] it with my back to her.

"You think I can't, because it [illegible] tight?" she asked.

"Go away," I said.

She turned me round.

"Why," she said wonderingly, "[illegible] quite loose. I believe I could w[illegible] through it."

She did whistle through it. Th[illegible] ished my platonic friendship.

FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARD.

I spoke wildly, fiercely, exult[illegible] and she, all the time, was trying [illegible] on her jacket, and could not fi[illegible] sleeve.

"It was your own fault, but [illegible] glad. I warned you. Cry away. I [illegible] to see you crying."

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't."

"A friend"—

"Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!"

"Mr. Thomson"—

"Thomson! Tchut! Thomson! [illegible] Christian name isn't Harry. I [illegible] know what it is. I don't care!"

"You said"—

"It was a lie. Don't screw [illegible] mouth in that way."

"I will, if I like."

"I warn you!"

"I don't care! Oh, oh!"

"I warned you."

"Now I know you in your tru[illegible] ors."

"You do, and I glory in it. Pla[illegible] friendship—fudge! I quarreled [illegible] you that time to be able to hold [illegible] hands when we made it up. Whe[illegible] thought I was reading your character [illegible] Don't—screw—your—mouth!"

"Give me my scarf."

"I lent you Berkeley so that I [illegible] take hold of you by the shoulders [illegible] pretense that I was finding out w[illegible] you existed."

"Goodby forever!"

"All the time we were discussing [illegible] mystery of being, I was thinking [illegible] much I should like to put my han[illegible] neath your chin and flick it."

"If you ever dare to speak [illegible] again"—

"Don't—screw—your—mouth! I would rather put my fingers th[illegible] your hair than write the greatest [illegible] in"—

She was gone, leaving the scarf [illegible] hind her.

My heart sank. I flung open my [illegible] dow (six hansoms came immedi[illegible] and I could have jumped after her [illegible] I did not. What I saw had a re[illegible] ble effect on my spirits. I saw her [illegible] the street on purpose to give twop[illegible] the old man who sells the matches [illegible] well with the world. As soon as [illegible] lay down the scarf I am going [illegible] the house where Mary, dear, lives [illegible] M. Barrie in London Graphic.