

A Romance at Lucerne

By MARTHA V. MONROE

A young man entered a hotel at Lucerne, Switzerland, and, taking a pen, was about to enter his name when he noticed on the page, just above where he was about to write, the name of Arietta Townsend Kentwood, U. S. A.

An hour later Miss Kentwood was standing at the hotel entrance preparing to go out when she saw a trunk carried in bearing on an end the name of Lawrence Lowrie. Realizing that the owner of the trunk had just arrived, she sauntered into the office and glanced at the register. The ink was scarcely dry in the name of Wendell B. Colgate, and that was the only name entered since the day before.

Miss Kentwood's view of Mr. Lawrence Lowrie's name on his trunk spoiled a very pretty game.

Both Mr. Lowrie and Miss Kentwood were very rich. It is a well known fact that rich persons marry rich persons. This is natural. A fortune can only be matched by a fortune. Mr. Lowrie desired to marry a fortune, and Miss Kentwood had been suggested as a suitable party for him. Miss Kentwood had the same desire, and Mr. Lowrie had been suggested to her as a husband. Neither had seen the other. It occurred to Mr. Lowrie to win Miss Kentwood's heart as a poor man, and it occurred to Miss Kentwood to play the same game with Mr. Lowrie.

Lowrie secured an introduction to Miss Kentwood at the casino as Wendell Colgate. He found her ready to improve the acquaintance. He did not know whether he knew of her fortune or not. But he pretended to be ignorant of it, and she was satisfied that he did not. He believed that the lady was smitten with him, and she believed that with him it was a case of love at first sight.

There is no better courting ground than Lucerne. The town is quaint. It has the Casino. Every evening a roulette wheel is spinning with a crowd around it risking silver pieces from 1 franc upward, while in another part of the premises an orchestra is discoursing classical music. Refreshments are served by girls in the attractive Swiss costume.

As to the environs of Lucerne, one may ascend the Rigi or one of the other surrounding mountains or may make excursions on the beautiful Lake of the Four Cantons. Mr. Lowrie and Miss Kentwood made trips on the lake or ascended the mountains. In the evening they lounged in the Casino.

One night while looking at the gamblers Mr. Lowrie suggested that they each risk a franc just for fun. Miss Kentwood demurred on the ground that she was restricted in the amount she possessed for her travels, and even the loss of a few francs would embarrass her. Mr. Lowrie said that he, too, needed to be economical, but he thought he would risk a franc. This decided Miss Kentwood to make a like investment. Mr. Lowrie placed his franc on one number, Miss Kentwood on another.

Both won, and both reinvested their winnings.

Persons came and went, standing about the roulette table for a time, looking at the gambling. Now and again some young man or old woman would put down a franc or a 5 franc piece and when it was lost would pass on. Some, like a fly caught on sticking paper, would stay, usually losing all

their spare cash. Mr. Lowrie won quite a sum, then lost it and quite a larger sum. Miss Kentwood soon evinced a disposition to plunge. When their evening's amusement was over Mr. Lowrie was minus 1,200 francs and Miss Kentwood 700 francs.

The next morning there was an exchange of notes between them; not only written notes, but banknotes. Mr. Lowrie wrote inclosing 700 francs and saying that he had drawn the balance of his letter of credit to restore a loss that would doubtless fall heavy on Miss Kentwood. Miss Kentwood wrote inclosing 1,200 francs, begging Mr. Lowrie to accept it as a loan. She would be obliged to cut short her trip, but this was more than made up by the pleasure of serving one whom she had come to appreciate highly.

On receipt of this noble sacrifice Mr. Lowrie cocked his head much as one who had discovered a "mare's nest." Miss Kentwood received Mr. Lowrie's benefaction while her maid was preparing her toilet for breakfast. She burst into a laugh. Mr. Lowrie was to call at 10 o'clock, and when the hour arrived she went to the hotel reception room, dressed to go out with him, but instead of being in plain clothes she wore a \$300 street costume. Advancing to her visitor, she handed him his donation. He accepted it and returned hers.

"Mr. Lowrie," she said, for the first time addressing him by his real name, "we have spoiled a theme for a novel."

"Or a picture play."

"Romance and riches are incompatible."

"Just so."

"If you care to join our fortunes I will refer you to my uncle in New York, who is my business manager."

"I will call upon him on my return to America."

"Let me see. We were to take a walk together this morning."

"Being too poor to pay for a ride."

Both laughed.

"I think I will charter a steamboat and we will make the tour of the lake."

"Do so. My maid will serve for a chaperon."

Some men never use kind words if there is a club handy.

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