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SUZETTE.

She Made a Quick Journey and Saved the Property.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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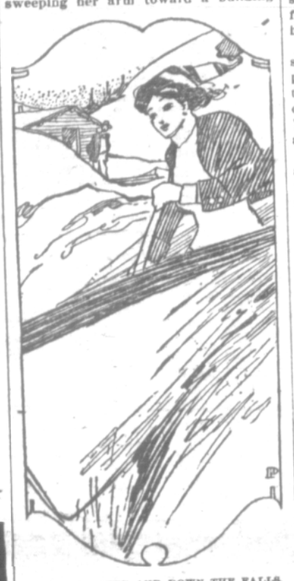
"I say they come here and drive away our game!" cried Suzette, stamping her pretty foot. "Oui, I say it boldly. Do we not have to search the wood all day now for a deer or a turkey when both used to come to our very door? And they have angle and seine and troll and spear till there be no feesh any more. Do not tell me they have come to civilize, to open up the country and to bring pros-per-i-ty. Bah! Have not we been happy here all by ourselves on our little slope overlooking the river, and does not our grandmother say she was happy here when a little girl, and did not her mother and her grandmother live here, too, and be happy in their time? What more is there? Have we not had pros-per-i-ty? And what do we care for more civilize, more open up? It is not good for us. See!" scornfully and sweeping her arm toward a building



SHE SHOT OVER AND DOWN THE FALLS.

whose many open, mouth-like piazzas grinned affably at them through the trees. "That is their civilize, to dance and be amuse, and they have put up a—a clubhouse on the bank, at the very top of our own beautiful falls, where they have canvas shells—to shoot the falls, and that be amuse too. And that is not all—non. They"—

"Child, child," remonstrated her mother, "do not go on so. They mean well and want to be friendly. And, anyway, nothing we can do will change"—

"That is not all," repeated Suzette. "This morning some of them come on our own land with things to measure around our own cabin, and I did hear one of them say the slope would soon be theirs and that it would be a beau-ti-ful spot for a bun-ga-low. Think, mother! The land has been ours since the time of my great-grandfather, with nobody but ourselves here, and all the game and fish for us alone, and now they come here and walk across the land and make some figures, and all they have to do is to send the figures away and the land will be theirs forever and through all time! That is what I hear the man say. Bah! What kind of civilize do you call it, this open up? It is not we who have live here. God did not make two lands for one man."

"H'sh, Suzette!" anxiously. "They may hear you and drive us away when they own the land. We are nothing but squatters, they say."

"We have lived here, and they have not," flashed Suzette. "And what are the figures but marks that any school-boy can make! I look at them and know. The first paper the man they call sur-vey-or make he lay down, and the wind blow it toward me. Then he make another. And when they go I pick it up. I have it now, and it is nothing but some figures and some letters."

Her mother was usually calm and submissive to fate, but now a quick light flashed to her eyes.

"If we could get the paper to Quebec first, Suzette," she almost breathed, "maybe—maybe the land would be ours. I had an uncle who got some land that way once. Another man was try to get it, but my uncle reach the land place first, and the land have been his ever since, and now no may can take it except they pay him money and he is willing. If—if we could get our land like that!"

Suzette drew a paper from her bosom, and the two women bent over it eagerly, almost reverently, for to both it was alike unintelligible.

"Did you hear the man say when he take his paper to the land place, Suzette?"

"Not till next week. They were stand near the cabin, and I could not help to hear. They will fish this week and hunt, and the next week when they start home they will go to Quebec, too, and steal our land."

"If they can," the submissive face growing yet firmer with its new purpose. "But we try to do like my uncle did first, only," with a note of apprehension in her voice, "these people know things, and they have been to Quebec. The man who try to steal my uncle's land was only a tramp seller of pins, with slow wits, and it was a race of legs. This may not be so easy, but we will try. You hurry to the traps and find your father, Suzette, and tell him to come quick. He must start with the sunset, for it will be a long, hard journey, and he will have to go on foot. When they go it will be with fast horses. But there is the week's start. Hurry, Suzette!"

But the girl only drew herself up, shaking her head.

"Not father," she said. "He would never get to Quebec. He would run at first, meaning to do everything, but when he found water or a sign of game he would stop to fish or hunt and forget everything. No, no, not mon pere. Now, there is a way we must not risk. I will go myself."

"You, Suzette!" incredulously. "You cannot, child. It is three days' journey, and you have never been a day from home."

"Only two days by water, mother, and I shall go that way. It will be a straight course, and I cannot get lost. I will take my 50 shillings and some bread."

Ten minutes later the keeper of the boathouse at the head of the falls saw her running down the slope. Suzette never walked when she could run. As she approached the man rose to his feet. There were few visitors at this hour.

"Oh, m'sieu," she called merrily as she stepped on the platform and slipped past him to the riverside, where the boats were kept, "may I take one of the—er—shells to go over the falls? You know you said I could use them any time when not engaged."

"Certainly, Miss Suzette," the man answered respectfully. He had orders to treat these first settlers with every consideration possible that did not interfere with business or profit in any way. "Which one will you try?"

The girl's eyes swept over the boats, instantly fixing upon the one she felt to be the strongest and most seaworthy.

"This," she replied as she stepped into it. "Now see if I not go down the falls as nice as any of your hotel people."

A minute later, with shoulders erect and hair flying, she shot over and down the falls, the man standing on the platform watching her.

After passing below the rapids the man expected her to turn back by the little side stream prepared for that purpose, up which the boat could be drawn. But, no; she paddled calmly on without looking back and soon disappeared round a bend in the river.

The man stood there for some time watching, then resumed his seat, with a chuckle. The girl had likely gone on to some quiet pool for an hour's fishing, or perhaps she was gathering lilies or leaves or just keeping out of sight through some teasing mood. She was a harum scarum thing anyway.

But when she had not returned at noon nor at night he grew anxious and at last went to the owner and spoke with him in a low voice, then sought the cabin with faltering steps. Yet somehow, though Suzette's mother expressed anxiety in a voluble voice, he had a feeling that the words did not reach much farther than the lips, and the feeling lessened his own concern. Very likely the girl was accustomed to such escapades.

So little was said about it the next day, and it was not until the end of the third that the disappearance became generally known. Then it seemed chiefly to affect two men who had just come in from a fishing trip. They had planned to leave the week following, but after a hurried consultation they ordered the fastest horses and within half an hour were on the way to Quebec.

Three days afterward Suzette rowed to the foot of the rapids, turned into the small side stream and signaled for the keeper to draw her boat up. When she stepped upon the platform her face was pale, but triumphant.

"You may tell the owner his boat have been very useful to me," she said, "and that I have not harm it. And you may add that I own the land around the cabin now and all the slope beyond. All I have to do is to live on it. And, oh, yes, if the hotel want to use any more of the water from our spring it must pay us something for the privilege! So far it have paid nothing and tried to take everything, but I will let the use of the boat cancel all that."

And then she started up the slope to meet her mother, who was hurrying down from the cabin.

Meanwhile the two men, who followed the girl on fast horses, were galloping toward the land office at Quebec. They traveled fast, but Suzette had got too much a start of them. When they reached Quebec they threw themselves from their jaded horses and went into the office to register the land they found that an entry had been made only a few hours before. There on the books they were shown the name of the girl who had outwitted them. Their fishing trip had been spoiled, they had ruined two valuable horses, and they had got nothing for their pains.

And the bad temper of these men was balanced by the rejoicings of Suzette and her mother. They could not return to the times when the deer and wild turkeys could be shot at their doors and when the fish were plentiful in the streams. But people who had plenty of money wanted their property and kept bidding more and more for it every year. At last a hunting club that had purchased many acres lying all about it made them such a fine offer for it that it was accepted.

With the money Suzette and her mother went away and purchased a new home. And now the game comes again to their door.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE

How a Man Was Annoyed by Congratulations.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

For two days a handsome young bachelor of St. Louis had been greatly annoyed by such telegrams as these:

"Is it a girl or a boy?"

"Singleton, you happy rascal!"

"We hope the father will survive the ordeal."

Last, but not least, "I am coming tomorrow. Elma."

"You are, are you?" he vociferated, pacing the room with angry strides. "I'll see about that!"

While this irate gentleman sat in his pleasant bachelor apartments, striving as best he might to forget the annoyances of the past two days, a young lady of nineteen drove up to his door.

"This is Mr. Singleton's, miss. Shall I go and ring for you?"

"No, thank you." And, dismissing the cab, she entered the gate and walked toward the house. She was surprised at the excellent taste displayed in the selection and arrangement of the plants and shrubs which beautified the spacious grounds.

"There is some misunderstanding," she murmured, "or papa would never have opposed the match so strongly, for Mr. Singleton is evidently a man of means. I'm glad Stella has such a delightful home, and, thank God, papa has relented and sent me forth with the olive branch."

A servant appeared in answer to her ring, and she inquired, "is Mr. Singleton at home?"

"Yes, ma'am; he's in the library."

"Conduct me to him at once, please."

Half reluctantly the fellow showed her down the wide hall and tapped at the library door.

"What's wanted?" demanded a deep voice from within.

"Tell him it's Elma who has come," she explained to the man who had given her a questioning glance.

"She says she's Elma and wishes to see you."

"Who?" cried the young man, making no movement toward rising and opening the door.

"Never mind," said the girl, her hand turning the knob, "I'll announce myself. He's never seen me, but he will know who I am in a moment, I think."

"WHY, I'M ELMA," SHE ANNOUNCED IMPULSIVELY.

The surprised servant walked away, and Elma Weston opened the door for herself. She paused on the threshold and looked half timidly at the handsome man who was reclining on a sofa near an open window. He arose at once and regarded her curiously with his fine dark eyes.

"You are Mr. Singleton?" she questioned, with a degree of nervousness foreign to her character.

"I am," he returned, "and you"—

"Can't you guess?" with a most bewitching smile.

"I never was good at guessing," he replied somewhat sardonically.

"Why, I'm Elma," she announced impulsively, rushing to his side and possessing herself of his hand.

"Oh, you are!" he responded, with exasperating coolness, though he did not withdraw his hand.

"Yes, and I started to you and Stella just as soon as we received your telegram," she went on. "I sent you word I was coming. Didn't you get my message?"

"I have a rather vivid impression that I did," he returned, gazing in admiration upon the flushed face.

"And we are going to be friends now, are we not?" And there was a pleading look in the violet eyes raised to his own.

"I hope so," he could not help saying.

"Oh, you make me so happy! You know, I was away at school when you and Stella elo—when it happened. Papa was very angry and unjust. I know, but when you sent us that telegram he relented right away. He could not come himself on account of a wretched attack of rheumatism, so he dispatched me on the first train as bearer of the branch of peace. I know I shall love you as a brother. But how is dear Stella? And that darling baby boy? I'm dying to see them!"

Fred Singleton was strongly tempted to keep up the deception just for the sake of retaining that little soft hand longer in his own. But he was an honorable man, and from the girl's speech he had been gathering materials which would help to solve the mystery that for the past few days had been the cause of so much annoyance. So he said:

"Excuse me, but there is some mistake here. I am F. H. Singleton, it is true, but not the one you are seeking and for whom these messages were evidently intended." And, drawing a handful of dispatches from his pocket, he spread them open before his visitor, explaining as well as he could how they had fallen into his hands.

At first Elma Weston was unable to comprehend what had occurred. When, however, a clear understanding of the situation did burst upon her she was so overwhelmed with disappointment and chagrin that her eyes filled with tears.

"I am so sorry, sir," she tried to apologize in a low quavering voice strongly in contrast with her former bantering tone, "that you have been subjected to so much annoyance on—on our account."

"Please don't think of it," he hastened to say. "That is of small moment. I am only annoyed that you should be so disappointed."

"You are very kind," she murmured, moving toward the door. He followed her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but if you will permit me I shall be pleased to assist you in finding this namesake of mine."

"Thank you, sir," she replied, her eyes refusing to meet his, so great was her embarrassment. "Although I am a total stranger here, I could not think of troubling you further."

"It is a singular coincidence that there should be another of my name in the city and no one have any knowledge of him," continued the gentleman as he stood with her by the library door, hat in hand, ready to render service.

"It is indeed singular," responded the girl. "I can't understand it. But since you are kind enough to offer assistance and as you have been the chief victim an explanation is due you, which I shall be glad to give.

"While I was at school last year my sister, Stella Weston, was the guest of an aunt in New Jersey. There she became attached to a young man of the name of F. H. Singleton. He was only a poor writer, and my aunt, who is wealthy and had higher ambitions for her handsome niece, opposed the match. My father through her influence refused his consent in language which aroused my sister's high strung nature. She defied them both, ran away and was married to her writer lover. Father refused to forgive them until three days ago, when we received a telegram from this place announcing the arrival of a grandson who was to be given his name. This immediately brought about a reconciliation. I know comparatively nothing of my brother-in-law, so I hope you will forgive my mistake."

Just at this moment there was a sharp ring at the door, and at once the servant ushered in a young man whom Mr. Singleton instantly recognized as one of the telegraph clerks.

"There have been some mistakes made in the office," he began. "Certain dispatches delivered to you were meant for another F. H. Singleton. He lives on a farm four miles out of the city, and, being a newcomer, none of us knew him. I have come to ask you to be kind enough to overlook the blunder if you can."

"Certainly. But how did you discover the mistake finally?"

"This other Mr. Singleton is at the office now waiting for replies that have been delivered to you."

"All right. This lady and I will accompany you back and see if we all together cannot bring order out of chaos."

Elma found her sister's husband at the station, and full explanations and introductions followed. She was driven to the fine old farm, which he had recently inherited from a deceased uncle. Stella was delighted at the unexpected arrival of Elma. The wonderful baby, who had been the unconscious cause of no little embarrassment to his lovely "aunty," was speedily forgiven and petted and caressed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Although it has been impossible up to date for the two Singletons to prove themselves kinsmen, they are great friends. The business one in the city frequently drives out to the farm, ostensibly to discuss the other's double interests, agriculture and literature. But his real object is to place himself as often as possible in the company of sweet Elma Weston, who cannot make up her mind to leave that remarkable baby.

"Elma," he pleaded one evening after their acquaintance had continued for several weeks, "can't you guess my secret?"

"I never was good at guessing, Mr. Singleton," she retaliated. "I don't believe in secrets anyway. Did you ever know a woman who did?" with an arch smile.

"I don't think I ever did," he admitted, taking her hand, "and neither do I, so I'll keep this no longer. I love you very dearly, Elma. Do you like my secret?"

"I—I—think I do," she replied, with drooping eyes.

"Then, darling, you will be my wife?"

The answer was spoken very low, but it must have been perfectly satisfactory to this F. H. Singleton judging from the promptness with which he clasped her in his arms.

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A TYPICAL AMERICAN

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Eben Blackburn when he went to Paris was recognized by every one as a typical American of that class whose motto is, "Every tub on its own bottom." He not only considered every one beneath him, but every one above him, his equal. No spirit of arrogance prompted him to set himself up above the former, nor did any false modesty lead him to shun the latter. He was as free with the one as with the other. The result was that he was popular with all.

Blackburn had risen in his own country from peddling farmers' household necessities in a big red wagon to managing director in a large manufacturing company. At thirty-five he had made money enough to enable him to see the world, and he saw it. He liked Paris and stayed there long enough to learn to converse, after a fashion, in the French language, and became interested in French society. Not being afraid of appearing at a disadvantage among the better classes, he walked in among them as if no one had a better right and remained there because they rather liked him. "What charming effrontery!" they exclaimed. "What droll humor! No one but an American could thus disregard our conventionalities and be tolerated among us."

But one morning Blackburn left Paris, followed by the maledictions of a select circle of French men and women who had taken him up—that is, he would have been thus followed had they known where he had gone. There were others, who knew the cause of the reversal of feeling toward him, the corners of whose lips curved in a polite satirical French smile. This is the way it came about:

Blackburn gave a dinner to the set who had discovered in him such piquant American traits. Some evil minded persons hinted that the reason they fancied him was his dinners and his theater parties, but this never came to the ears of any of the circle. The French are too polite to impugn any one's motives to one's face. Blackburn had discovered in Paris an American scientist whom he had long before hired to make some investigations for him in a process of manufacture and invited him to the dinner. The scientist tried to beg off on the plea that he had no evening dress. Blackburn insisted, and the guest appeared in a pepper and salt suit.

Not even French politeness could keep the company from turning a cold shoulder to the scientist. The poor man endured the treatment till it became unbearable, then excused himself. For a few minutes after his departure there was an embarrassing silence, when Blackburn said:

"In passing your Hotel de Ville today I noticed the inscription, 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.' You talk of equality in France, but you don't know the word's meaning. In America we don't try to tackle any one of these words except liberty. We never prate about equality, but we don't judge a man by his clothes."

Having thus expressed himself, the host turned the topic of conversation and, instead of permitting them to fall into a bad humor with him, kept them well entertained and invited them to another dinner to be given two weeks hence, when he promised to present a friend whom he was sure they would like. All accepted, and the party broke up with much gayety.

When a fortnight had passed they reassembled to admire the American's originality, eat his viands and drink his wines. He presented to them M. de Pierres, a Frenchman like themselves, who was faultlessly dressed, whose hair had been treated with curling tongs and whose mustache was carefully waxed. M. de Pierres was not a communicative man—indeed, his conversation was confined to "yes" and "no." But since his dress indicated that he was a gentleman he was treated by the other guests with scrupulous politeness.

The only time during the dinner that M. de Pierres used any words, excepting such as were monosyllables, was when the conversation turned upon soldiers meeting death on the field of battle. "That is not meeting death at all," said he. "It is being overtaken by death and cut down without realizing its presence. It is another matter when one's ending has been appointed to take place at a certain hour, of which he is cognizant, or when he is awakened at midnight from sleep and led to meet the antagonist whom he knows shall vanquish him."

There was something in the appearance of the speaker—no one could explain what it was—as he said this to send cold chills down the back of every one present. M. de Pierres did not pursue the subject. He took up his glass, touched it to his lips and set it down again.

"Wine, wine!" called the host. "Confound that waiter! I sent him ten minutes ago to bring it. I think he must have gone to sleep. I'll go myself. That's the way we do things in America—we do them ourselves."

Rising, he left the room.

"Monsieur," said one of the guests to M. de Pierres, "I suspect your name has been changed in the spelling. If I mistake not, you are M. de Paris."

"I am," replied the man addressed.

"M. de Paris!" gasped one of the ladies. "Why, he is the executioner!"

The party broke up. The host did not return to see the effect of his introduction of a man in fine clothes to French society. In ten days he was hobnobbing with the khedive of Egypt.

A Sure Thing.

He was warned against the woman.
She was warned against the man.
If that won't make a wedding
There's nothing else that can.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Hobo's Excuse.

"Why don't you work?"

"There are so many men serving two masters, ma'am, that I am trying to keep the average right."—New York Press.

Cruel.

He (rejected)—I can never love another.

She—I thought you'd reach your limit some time.—Chicago News.

Aggravating.

Her every move is one of grace,
And yet it riles me some—
We are in a public place—
To see her stretch her gum.
—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Literature.

Visitor—What have you in arctic literature?

Librarian—Cookbooks and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

From the Weather Report.

Verily, it doth begin ter
Look considerably like winter.
—New York Mail.

Caught.

She—Did you hear they were going to tax bachelors?

He—Yes, but they'll never get it out of me.

She—It is nice of you to put it that way, but I must speak to mother first.—London Mail.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA