

## BOY'S LOVE

By  
Inola  
Foremaster

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"Are you cold?" He asked the question politely, but not solicitously. Each time he had walked to the top of the little sand dune and back again to the lone figure sitting in silent dignity among the straggle sword grasses and said cherries he had asked the same question with the same result.

"Thanks; not at all," said Jeannette without removing her gaze from the blot of ink splashed on the lake's sun set stained breast far to the westward that represented Macatwa Island.

"No."

The other times he had gone away to his solitary lookout point when she had uttered that frozen negative. Now he passed and took another look at her. She was cold. She must be cold, he thought, for she had not changed a rational garment which she wore. It was nearly 7, and there had sprung up



SHE GLANCED UP INDIGNANTLY.

a fresh, cool lake breeze since the sun shot its last crimson shaft above the pines of the mainland shore. It was cold with his coat and sweater on. "It only she would give some sign of weakening!" he thought and then caught a glimpse of her profile—the up-lifted rebellious chin and the short upper lip, the straight little nose, with its delicious tendency to tilt heavenward and the fluttering wings of straggling curls that the wind tossed where it pleased—and his foot ground an unfeeling clump of asphing clover in the sand.

If she had never kissed him, it would have been another matter, but she had not once; he could distinctly remember several times. And they were not courtly kisses either. Eleanor kissed him in a courtly fashion—friendly, mild little smiles at his chin or eyebrow—when he had a birthday or left for college, but Jean had been different—different ever since he could remember, when, a thin, big eyed, red haired young creature of six, she had proclaimed her love for him from the housetops and graciously allowed him with favor, varying from sticky caramel kisses to the eyes of her loved doll when the latter went the way of her kind. He looked at his watch. The boat could not possibly reach them from Macatwa before another half hour. It would make a landing on its way around the lake to gather up the cottagers for the hop.

"Are you hungry?"

It was a last appeal. Jeannette plucked a spray of sand cherries and began to eat them stolidly. He remembered other girls with red hair who had the same pleasant, maddening little ways at critical moments. It must be in the color, or was it just pure—

She glanced up indignantly when he knelt beside her and wrapped his coat around her and then laughed when she saw the look on his face.

"Like you when you're like that, Tom," she said.

"Oh, just brace up and boss me and forget you're only a boy! Can you see the boat yet?"

"No; I'm not a boy. Does Kerwin boss you?"

"Not very much; sometimes. He's never rude."

"Isn't that pleasant?" After a pause, "Do you like him so awfully well?"

He was stretched out on the sand at her feet, all his heart in his eyes as he looked at her. They were good eyes that had not yet lost the frank, questioning directness of boyhood. Jeannette gazed steadily at the red light that had suddenly flickered to life in the lighthouse at Osbourne point.

"Pretty well," she said thoughtfully. "Better than you do me?"

"You are so disagreeable at times, Tom, that it isn't fair to judge," she answered generously. "You keep me in doubt, you know, and Mr. Kerwin is always the same. He is one of the most adaptable men I have ever met."

I get are two steps. What fellow has any chance in a two step?"

"Two steps were made for you, Tom! Your graceful prance is heavenly. I feel as if I had been at a football game when you slow up and deposit my remains on a friendly chair. But one doesn't wait as if one were wound up like a toy engine to scoot from wall to wall in a frenzy. Mr. Kerwin learned in Europe, he says."

"If I could think that you only did it to torment me, the way it was with Bob and Cliff Maxon and the rest, I wouldn't care a hang. But some way he seems different. He's forty-five—" "Thirty-six."

"It's all the same, and I know Uncle Nick smells cold cash or he'd never throw you at his head the way he does."

"He doesn't throw me at his head," came the hot denial. "Eleanor is always with us."

"Oh, well, Eleanor, she's most thirty—" "Twenty-five last April."

"I don't care. She wouldn't look at Kerwin. If he comes on the boat, I'll throw him in the lake."

"You sweet child! Tom, dear, do you know?"

"No; I don't know," he retorted bitterly. "I don't know anything, Jeanie, except that I love you, and you don't care a rap."

There was silence. After a few minutes she stole a glance at him. His head was lying on his arms, his face hidden. She smiled a little, tremulous, fearful smile. What a boy he was! A man would have known, taken it for granted anyway. But all he did was to growl his cause and lay down heart and sword before the battle had even begun.

Far off on the distant marsh some night fowl sent a quivering, anxious cry across the lake, and the water lapped lazily among the reeds down near the rickety old pier.

She shivered and looked away from the strong, athletic young figure lying among the sword grasses at her feet. If he had not been going away that night! How long half a year seems when one must be alone! But he was such a boy! She turned and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Tom, don't do that," she said quickly, a little frown contracting her eyebrows. "I didn't know you always acted as if it were half fun. Don't you know you did? And Bob and Cliff weren't in earnest. Boys aren't generally. They fall in love because oh, just because! And I thought you were the same. I didn't think you would want it to be forever, the way men do."

No response from the prostrate figure. Her hand wandered to his hair. It was thick, wavy hair. She had loved to pull it back in the old days when she had been angry with him. One could get such a splendid grip.

"You never said you really wanted me, you know, Tom." The words did not come as easily now. "Mr. Kerwin proposed, really and truly, in the regulation way, like a man. You never even proposed."

The figure sat bolt upright. "What did he say?"

"The boat has left the island."

"How did he do it?"

"They'll be here pretty soon."

"Jean, look at me. Don't laugh."

After awhile, when they could hear the slow, faint whistle of the boat and walked down to the pier together swinging hands, he asked suddenly "Did I do it right?"

"Lovely!"

"You dear! Better than Kerwin?"

"Ask Eleanor!" she said.

A Barber and Poet.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet, who was also a barber, had many a strange adventure arising from the incongruity of his two professions.

At one time when he was visiting the mayor of a French town and had promised to give an informal recitation to the townspeople the hour arrived, and his host did not appear. Several important personages assembled to accompany them to the hall, but the mayor remained invisible, busied with his toilet.

Finally, fearing the impatience of his guests, he opened the door of his chamber to apologize and showed his face covered with lather.

"Just a moment," said he; "I am finishing my shaving."

"Oh," said Jasmin, "let me help you."

He at once doffed his coat, gave a finishing touch to the razor and shaved the mayor in a twinkling with what he called his "hand of velvet." In a few minutes he was in the hall receiving tumultuous applause for his splendid recitations.

From Medicine to the Drama.

The earlier part of Victorien Sardou's career was beset with many trials and difficulties. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love of the pill box, and in the interval of the other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had little money, though he managed to get journalistic work to supplement his more slender income. His first play was a failure, and Sardou rushed from the theater vowing never to enter one again. He fell seriously ill, was nursed back to health by Mlle. de Breccout, an actress who lived on a floor below, and from that time his fortune was made.

Experts in Chirography.

Barnes—So you are going upon the stage? Expect to become a great actor one of these days, I suppose?

Howes—Expect nothing! I want to learn to write as they do upon the stage when they have a letter to write. Jimminy! Stenography is nothing to it.—Boston Transcript.

## THE BOY GIANT HAS A BAD TOOTHACHE

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Ah Grim had a toothache severe. It caused him to act rather queer; In the woods quite alone He'd retire to moan With a blanket tied under his ear. Ah Grim had a keeper named Jack; Expedients ne'er did he lack. Said he, "Come, my boy. The folks you annoy; Let's have the bad tooth out—ker-smack!"



So away to the dentist's they hied. He spoke in a tone dignified: "The tooth must come out. But as I'm far from stout, 'Twill take twenty dentists beside." The dentists at last were all found. And, a rope to the tooth being bound, They all gave a jerk. Grim yelled like a Turk. For they yanked out a tooth that was sound.

The Magic Wand. This is a game which needs two confederates, whom we will call A and B. A explains the game to the company, or, rather, pretends to do so. After lingering for a moment B goes out of the room and shuts the door. Then A, standing among the guests, waves a wand (a walking stick will do) horizontally over their heads, saying solemnly and in a low voice: "The wand passes." "Let it pass," answers B from outside. Again A waves the wand and after several passes brings it to a standstill over somebody's head, crying as he does so, "The wand rests." "Over—," cries B, mentioning the name of one of the company. Then he enters the room to inquire if he is right. Of course he is, but every one is much astonished and wants to know how he managed it, and the trick is performed many times without any one guessing how it is done. The secret is simply that A and B agree that the wand shall rest on the person who speaks last as B goes out of the room.

## CHIPS

By Homer Lee Smith

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Among the Cubans who were ready to receive the munitions of war as the steamer was backed in a little cove at midnight after successfully dodging the Spanish gunboats was the outcast. He was an American and, though in ragged uniform and having a disreputable look, was evidently much respected by the rebels. He was in charge of the party unloading the arms and had the energy of six ordinary men. When the boxes were safely ashore, he said to the five of us who had volunteered for the Cuban service: "Now, boys, come ahead. If you had known what you were going into, you wouldn't be here. As it is, you'll have to make the best of it. The Cubans want help, but they won't give an outsider a fair show, and if any of you happens to be taken prisoner I'll guarantee that you won't live ten minutes. There's some little patriotism about it, enough to make you want to shoot straight, but the whole thing is a family row, and one can't say enough bad things about either side. My name's Chips, just 'Chips, and I came over here simply to get shot."

Chips was a scout, a spy and a sharpshooter and had little to do with the rank and file. He could have given any Cuban general spades and cards on how to conduct a campaign. He was thoroughly disgusted with the style of fighting and the cruelty practiced on prisoners, but he offered no criticisms.

It was a month before I got his story. We had had two or three skirmishes with the Spanish and had been amazed at the reckless manner in which he exposed his life. He was a dead shot and perfectly indifferent to the enemy's bullets, and I honestly believe that in the year he was with the Cubans he inflicted at least half the loss suffered by the Spanish. I had heard him coughing at night in a way to make me wonder if consumption had not taken a firm hold on him, and I couldn't help but notice how thin he was and how little appetite he had. It was one day while we were scouting within a mile of the Spanish lines and were living in a thicket, with the land crabs nipping at our clothing and the mosquitoes hovering about us in clouds, that he said: "Yes, there's a story behind all this, but I don't care to rake it up. You can



NOT A MAN OF US HAD THE SLIGHTEST HOPE.

take it that I come from a good family, have had all the advantages of wealth and education, and that it's my fault that I am today a family outcast. I'm not blaming mother—God bless her—and I'm not blaming poor old dad. It's all my fault. They can't know whether I'm living or dead, but I hope they have done grieving for me. I was a fool and worse. Now it's too late to talk of reconciliation. Camp life has brought on consumption, and my days are numbered. It would only be going home to die, and I'd sooner do that here. I came over here for reckless adventure, and I'm going to play it to the end. All I'm afraid of is that I shall be laid up the last three or four weeks of my life and die like a dog in his kennel instead of putting up a decent finish."

I asked Chips no impertinent questions, but I thought it out for myself—a rich man's son, Yale or Harvard, debts, reproofs, dishonorable affairs, disgrace and expulsion. That was probably the worst and only what has befallen many a young man. Chips might have done foolish things, mad things, dishonorable things, but he was not a criminal. He was above that. I didn't even try to deceive him as to his state of health. He was a doomed man and fully realized it. Words of cheer or sympathy would have been useless. Had he told me nothing I could have known from his reckless scouting that day that he wanted to die the death of a soldier instead of an invalid.

Another week passed, and twenty-five of us were sent to break through the Spanish lines and bring up more ammunition. Chips was looking gaunt and feeble, but he responded with alacrity. He realized the danger and perhaps intended to make it his last fight.

It was entirely the fault of the Cuban colonel who commanded the detachment that we were led into a trap and the entire command made prisoners without having a chance to fire a gun. It was a neat stroke of business on the part of the Spanish, and they rejoiced over it for half an hour and then prepared to reap the fruits—that is, we were brought before a general who had

no more feeling of mercy toward a rebel than for a rat in the gutter, and he proceeded to try us by court martial. He called in no other officer. There was a standing order on both sides to take no prisoners, and it was disobeyed only by accident. A court martial was merely the preface to being shot and was so understood by both sides.

It was a beautiful morning as we were drawn up in line before an old sugar house which had been turned into a headquarters, and the Spanish general began business. We were disarmed, but not bound. The enemy were ten to one and bugged us in or three sides. The first man on the right of our line was the first one called before the "court." Inside of thirty seconds he had been charged, tried, convicted, sentenced and led away to be shot. He was hardly out of our sight before he was a dead man. The general was no man to dally. He went through with it as he would a drill, and it was not long before our line had shortened up to ten men. The five Americans of us were on the left, elbows touching, and not a man of us had the slightest hope in his breast when Chips uttered his first word.

"Boys," said he in a low voice, but plainly audible to every one of us, "the general is sending souls to kingdom come by express, but I am going to interrupt his little game. Now, pay strict attention to what I say and make no comments or suggestions. As the last Cuban is called in I am going to make a dash for the captain directly in front of me. I'll reach him in three jumps, and before he can straighten up I'll have his sword and drive it through him. Then I'll put my back against that tree and die as I have been hoping to. I won't last long, of course, but I'll get two or three more of them."

One of the two remaining Cubans was taken, and as he entered the house with a prayer on his lips Chips continued:

"Steady, now, and don't miss a word. Nobody is to follow me. There on the right flank their line is the thinnest and the jungle thickest. As I make my rush for the captain you rush for the flank, break through and take to cover in the jungle. You'll all get away. Get ready!"

"But we," I began, when he interrupted me with:

"Silence, fool! Haven't I told you I want to die? There is no use throwing other lives away. If one of you dares to follow me, I'll turn the sword on him instead of the captain. They are coming for the last Cuban now. Fetch a long breath and when you move make a regular football rush of it. Now, then, hurrah!"

Chips sprang forward, and we wheeled to the right and made our rush. It was a complete success. Before the soldiers at "parade rest" could bring up their muskets we were upon and over them, and, though a shower of bullets followed us into the jungle, no one was hit.

Even as we rushed we knew that Chips had won his first stroke, for the officer screamed out as the steel was wrenched from his hand and found his heart.

It was months later before we knew all, before it was told us that our comrade stood with his back to the tree and laid about him till he had killed two others and wounded four. He was fairly riddled with bullets before he went down and the cheer on his lips turned to a death rattle in his throat. Could his sweeping mother and stern hearted father but know they would say that the outcast son had rehabilitated himself.

Father of Modern Jurisprudence.

Louis IX. was practically the founder of modern jurisprudence. About the year 1241 he noticed the abuses which were caused in France by men taking into their own hands the work of redressing their own wrongs and published a proclamation establishing the quarantine du roi. This forbade private redress for wrongs for the space of forty days after the injury was committed. During that time the injured person must seek redress and satisfaction in the king's court, and if his wrong were not righted at the end of forty days he might then take its rectification into his own hands.

This proclamation made justice speedy and tolerably sure, although, of course, its administration was in a rough and ready way, and unless the records are at fault some law of this kind prevailed in Louisiana at the time when Missouri was a part of the French king's possessions.

A Bad Drink.

"The foreigners up in the coal regions," says a writer in the Philadelphia Record, "drink polinsky, and that's why so many stories of horrible crimes come from there. Polinsky is at the bottom of every riot and much murder. It is simply a mixture of beer and bad whisky, usually blended in a washbub and seasoned with spices. At every wedding, christening, wake or other gathering of a social nature there is always a tub of polinsky. In one hour all hands will be drunk, in two hours there will be a free fight, and, unless the police interfere, in three hours there will be a murder. In the more thickly populated communities the police try to break up these polinsky parties in their incipient stages, but they don't always succeed."

Forebible.

Some of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's friends once tried to have Lord Salisbury reinstate his erratic lieutenant. Salisbury listened to them patiently and when asked, "Have any of you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have," retorted his lordship, "and I don't want another."