

# AUNT ELIZABETH MATCHMAKER

By T. BLAIR EATON

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The orchestra leader waved his baton energetically, as if summoning his drooping charges to sport in the last quarter; then, with a final roar, in which drums and cymbals strove to outdo each other, the waltz came to an end, while the perspiring musicians mopped their faces and cursed in guttural German these Wednesday night hops.

Mr. William Fosdeck stepped through the low window on to the veranda with a sigh of relief and a sense of duty done. He had danced with each one of the three giggling Maxson girls and now felt assured he richly merited a cigarette and a few moments' quiet on the broad, moonlit veranda, where the tinkle of the surf on the rocks below was a grateful contrast to the noise and whirl of the palm bowered, stifling room he had just left.

As he turned the corner to claim his favorite nook some one called, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Fosdeck!"

He turned and beheld Gertrude Martin and her aunt in the shadow of the ivy vine. It was Aunt Elizabeth who had hailed him.

"Ah, not dancing, I see," said Fosdeck, throwing away the newly lighted cigarette—with what inward thoughts may be imagined—and taking the vacant chair by Miss Martin.

"No," said the girl; "it's so delightful here."

"A trifle chilly, though, Gertrude, dear," her aunt said. "If you'll both excuse me for a moment I think I'll get a wrap."

"Shan't I get it for you, Mrs. Curtis?" said Fosdeck.

"Oh, thank you, no," Aunt Elizabeth returned. "I really don't know where mine is, and I anticipate quite a hunt before I finally run it to earth."

As Aunt Elizabeth disappeared around the corner the girl sighed resignedly.

"Oh, dear," she said, "it's too absurd. She invariably stampedes within three minutes after you appear, and her motive is so horribly obvious."

Fosdeck laughed. "Her methods are a trifle open," he observed.

"But I feel very different now we understand each other," the girl went on. "It was awfully embarrassing at first, especially that time she un-



HE SAW SOME ONE FLUTTERING A HANDKERCHIEF FROM THE PIER.

aged to miss the coach down from the village and left us to ride back together."

"Yes," Fosdeck laughed; "you were a perfect little fury sitting there opposite me. Really you made me feel it was I, not Aunt Elizabeth, who had engineered the whole affair."

"I wanted you to hate me," she said.

"Last winter," he said slowly, "when your Aunt Elizabeth was preaching you to me all the time, I decided if I ever met you to dislike you very much."

"I'm glad, after all, it hasn't made us enemies," she said.

"So am I," he asserted, with a fervor that made her glance up at him quickly. "Poor Aunt Elizabeth!" he went on. "I fancy she doesn't dream her plans have merely succeeded in setting us conspiring to defeat her schemes. I'm almost sorry for her."

"She's so terribly in earnest about it," said the girl. "Every time she makes those idiotic excuses and leaves me I think I'll speak my mind plainly to her. Then I go upstairs simply boiling, and she meets me with such a bless-you-my-child-didn't-I-fix-it-beautiful sort of air that I haven't the heart to say a word. Now," she said, rising, "I shall leave you, for you want to be alone and finish your smoke."

"Really, Miss Martin?" he began.

"Now, don't spoil it all by saying things which are generally expected at such a time," she said. "I like you best when you're perfectly frank."

"I wish you wouldn't go," he persisted.

"I want a promise from you before I leave," she said. "Don't go down in your coat tomorrow to the picnic on Poplar island with the fleet, will you?"

counted on our sailing down with you. I told her you weren't going."

"And you're going back day after tomorrow," he said, almost reproachfully.

"You must back my word," she said. "If it amounts to that, I won't go," he answered.

"Thanks. Good night," she called, and was gone.

Fosdeck strode down the walk toward the water. He was thinking of the girl as she stood there on the veranda, the moonlight on her copper colored hair and her dark eyes looking frankly into his own. Halfway down to the water he stopped suddenly and dug his toe viciously into the gravel.

"Oh, hang Aunt Elizabeth!" he growled.

Fosdeck watched the fleet depart for the island next morning, with them Miss Martin and her aunt. He spent a miserable day wandering about the woods behind the hotel. Late in the afternoon he took the catboat and sailed down past the island, where he saw the fleet anchored, and caught a glimpse of the merry picnic party on the shore. Then he sailed southward, and not until he saw the fleet start for home did he turn about to come back.

As he neared Poplar island he saw some one fluttering a handkerchief from the pier. He ran ashore to find Aunt Elizabeth and Miss Martin on the pierhead.

"This is rare good fortune," Aunt Elizabeth said ingenuously as they came aboard. Presently she found an excuse to go below.

"Oh, what made you sail down past here?" said the girl when they were alone. "Aunt Elizabeth recognized the boat by the queer pennant you fly. Of course then she contrived to have us left behind when the fleet sailed back and signaled you when you came along."

"Poor soul, I wanted to give her one more chance," he returned.

"Let's go outside going back," she suggested. "It'll be rough out there in this wind."

"Your aunt"—he began doubtfully.

"It's what she deserves," she said grimly.

They went outside the chain of five lands into a strong breeze and rough water. Salt spray flew over the bow in bucketfuls as they sped along. Miss Martin sat on the edge of the cockpit, her hair in the disarray in the wind and her eyes shining.

"Isn't this glorious?" she said. "I'm almost grateful to Aunt Elizabeth for once."

One little hand grasped the rail near the wheel. Fosdeck watched it hungrily and suddenly decided the wheel needed but one of his own brown hands. The other closed over the little hand on the rail. She looked up in surprise, but made no attempt to withdraw it.

"If Aunt Elizabeth hadn't preached you to me on all conceivable occasions I'd propose," he said, his voice husky with emotion.

"If Aunt Elizabeth hadn't thrown me at your head I'd accept you," she returned.

"Let's call Aunt Elizabeth nil," he cried.

"Let's," she replied very softly.

His free arm drew her gently from the rail and close beside him, and at that moment some one came up through the companionway. Aunt Elizabeth stood before them clutching the little brass rail, very white and shaky, but even in that moment of physical anguish she beamed upon them triumphantly, as one who has fought a good fight.

"Ah, I knew it from the very first," she said weakly.

The Demand For Whips.

To one who is not acquainted with the extent of the business it seems a mystery where all the whips go to. One local concern is able to turn out about 20,000 whips in a single day under favorable conditions, and it is only one of many companies. Westfield is of course the center of the whipmaking industry of the world, and there are many horses in that world. Some of the local whip men have studied the automobile question to quite an extent, endeavoring to find out the possible effect upon the whip business. Some thought a few years ago that the bicycle was responsible in a measure for the dull times in the whip business, and it may have had some effect. One would suppose the rapid construction of electric roads all over the country would tend to injure the whip trade, but in spite of automobiles and electric cars the output of whips continues year after year. One of the local whip men said recently that he had no fear of bicycles, automobiles or electric cars ruining the whip business.—Springfield Republican.

Robinson Crusoe's Gun.

Staid, conservative persons who are not endowed with any imagination may smile incredulously when they are told that the gun of the immortal Robinson Crusoe has long been the property of an English collector of curiosities, for they will say to themselves that it would be as impossible to find any of his personal property as to discover a lineal descendant of his man Friday.

Crusoe, however, was not by any means an imaginary character in the sense that Don Quixote and Gil Bias were, for De Foë, in portraying him, had in mind the seaman Alexander Selkirk, who was put ashore by his captain on Juan Fernandez, an uninhabited island, in September, 1704. Now, Selkirk had with him on the island a few books, nautical instruments, a knife, a boiler, an ax and a gun, with powder and ball, and it is this gun which is owned by the English collector, and it is known far and wide as "Robinson Crusoe's gun."

# COL. M'BRIDE'S PET

By CYRUS DERICKSON

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One day, while some of the officers of the Bengal lancers were tiger hunting, they found a baby tiger three months old and took it back to cantonments and presented it to their commanding officer, Colonel McBride. In due time the beast became full grown and was in and out of the bungalow like a favorite dog. He was apparently tame, but now and then he moped and snarled and betrayed the ferocity lying dormant in his nature, but on such occasions he was given the whip and always crouched in submission at his master's feet. Like the average dog, the tiger had his likes and dislikes of men. Some of the officers never laid hands on his head without being rewarded by a low, deep growl, while he was ready to welcome and make friends with others. Among the former was Major Swift. He had exchanged from an English cavalry regiment and been received cordially. He was a gay bachelor of forty, supposed to be possessed of a large income and a man who was first in society and sport of all kinds. That he had lived



"IT'S THE MAJOR!" HE GASPED.

a fast life was known to all, but that fact was not permitted to count against him. His many friends boasted of his gains or losses on the race track or at cards and held him up as free-landed and a good fellow.

There had just been a breath of scandal about the major at Allahabad. It had been softly whispered that he had run through his patrimony and was hard up and that his success at cards was not always due to luck alone. These whispers did not circulate far and were stamped as the result of spite and jealousy. No one but the major himself knew that they were founded on fact and that they were the sole reason for his exchange. He was tendered a farewell banquet by the officers of his late regiment, and the soldier or civilian who had dared to repeat the gossip of Allahabad would have been silenced very quickly. Had the major been a man to take any one into his confidence and reveal his true situation he would have been obliged to say:

"At forty years old I am without a pound I can call my own; my estate is mortgaged for its full value; I am in debt to the money lenders; my last two horses are not paid for; I owe my tailors and am being pressed for payment, and if I should lose £20 at cards tonight I should have to borrow the money to pay the debt of honor. I am simply living on my past reputation as a man of money, and I see no way to better my circumstances except to be come a card sharp and fleece the officers at this cantonment."

That would have been the truth and only the truth, but the major would have sent a bullet through his head rather than make any such admission.

There was much sporting blood in the Bengal lancers, and the officers played for high stakes. The major did not have to encourage them to gamble; they were waiting for him, but they soon had cause to regret that he had appeared. His bets were high and his luck phenomenal. But for his continued extravagance he could have paid off much of his indebtedness with the money won during the first six weeks.

Those not in the game praised his nerve and talked of his luck; those who always came out losers did a great deal of thinking, but were silent. At the end of two months whips were heard again. No one could trace them to any authentic source, and they did not exactly charge the major with card sharpening, but when they reached the colonel's ears he listened and planned. He himself had been a heavy and continuous loser and had not always been a philosopher as his gold changed hands. There had been games at his bungalow as well as elsewhere, and the first time that Major Swift made his appearance there those in his company had considerable curiosity to know how he would be received by the colonel's pet.

The tiger no sooner caught sight of the new officer than he ceased to frolic and became sulky and morose. There was no outbreak of temper, but he lay down and fastened his eyes on the major as if reading him through and through, and it was evident that there

was dislike and distrust of the man. The beast continued his glare until the colonel's man was ordered to take him away and tie him up. The colonel said nothing to any of the officers, but he had secretly determined to watch the major's play and discover if there was a cause for his winning the way he did. The major could have had no hint of it, and yet perhaps intuition had given him warning, and he was not himself at all. He played and won, but he also played and lost, and his losses were far greater than his gains. Seated at his right hand and taking no active part in the game was the colonel, and he never left his chair from first to last. The major came out loser by £200. On the next night he lost £75, on the third night £100. He made good his first two losses from his former gains, but when he rose from the third sitting he knew that he would have to borrow of a brother officer to pay his losses.

The officer had not been detected cheating, but he had been out of luck. The colonel may have put two and two together in his own mind, and so perhaps might one or two of the players, but the party broke up with the greatest apparent good feeling all around, and half an hour later the colonel was in bed. He was a sound sleeper, and it was partly for this reason that at night the tiger was given free range of the bungalow. There were no sentinels stationed outside the place, but a native watchman slept on the veranda. At 2 o'clock in the morning this man slept, and the colonel was in dreamland. The tiger was stretched on the floor, blinking and dozing, when he suddenly pricked up his ears and opened wide his eyes. He had heard a step on the earth outside. As he listened the step came nearer. It being in the heat of the summer, the doorways were guarded only by mats. Presently the animal saw one of these slightly move, and he got the scent of a stranger. He did not growl or spring up, but the fire in his eyes grew brighter, and his teeth began to show. The man, who slowly and carefully pushed the mat aside and crept into the room, which was one in which the guests had been entertained that night, ought to have caught the blaze of the tiger's eyes in the darkness, but he did not. With footfalls as gentle as a hare's he stole across the room to the colonel's desk. The desk had been carelessly left un-locked, and he took from it a bag containing the money to be given to the winning horses of the races to be held a week later. There was £600 in the bag, and the robber had just turned from the desk to make his stealthy escape when there was a roar and a bound, and he went down with a crash. It was hardly a minute before the colonel was at hand with a light, but the beast had done his work. A blow from his paw as he sprang had broken the man's neck, and teeth and claws were still at work. He was promptly shot, and then the colonel bent down and rolled the dead man over that he might see his face.

"Heavens, but it's the major!" he gasped out as he started back. "It's the major, and he has the bag of money clutched in his hand!"

Not Absolutely Helpless.

Some few persons still cherish the idea that all women are absolutely helpless in business matters and that they are so lacking in financial ability that they cannot safely be trusted to handle money.

Mr. Black belonged to this class. He had been in the habit of paying all the household bills at the end of each month, and his wife, although allowed unlimited credit, had never had an allowance. One day the Blacks happened to be passing the comparatively new building in which the bank was situated.

"Do you know, John," remarked Mrs. Black, "I have actually never been in side the bank since it was built more than two years ago?"

"You haven't?" exclaimed John. "If that's the case I guess I'd better give you a check this month and let you pay the bills. Do you think you'd know how to cash it?"

Mrs. Black received the check. That evening Mr. Black asked, not without sarcasm, if she had succeeded in indorsing it properly.

"Oh, yes," returned Mrs. Black cheerfully.

"How many bills did you pay?"

"None. It seemed a pity to waste all that money paying bills."

"Then what in the world did you do with it?"

"Oh," returned the little woman serenely, "I just deposited it to my own account!"—Collier's Weekly.

Samples of Munich English.

The following notice appears in the shop window of a picture dealer in Munich:

"The exhibition of the paintings, which no every exception, whose alone property, and the possession of about 40,000 No. stitch of Kooper, cut of wood, art of shave leaves, colour printings, engravings, and ca. 6,000 Portraits, also 10,000 sketches in hand. Aquarrelles of german, english, dutch, belgium, Italian and french masters of the latest four centuries. Also an collection of miniatures and many old books. Whiches complete collection are saleable. Mrs. Patrons you want information about, send your please a letter to the possession J. Gernert, Baviarierling 30a, 1d. and Karlsplatz 20a, id. Munich. Catalogue of the collection is to preparation, and send the catalogues every Patron which to give his strict address."

This, says the correspondent who kindly sends us the foregoing, rather emphasizes an experience of my own in Munich, where a shopkeeper trying in English to excuse himself for not having in stock an appliance I needed said: "I have not. I am very disagreeable."

# TATTERS

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

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Radford Hoyt toiled along the cliff path, a moving mass of cloaks and cameras.

His genial face, hotly flushed, smiled as though he was right in the fun of the merry party ahead.

The tall, graceful girl who seemed the center of it stopped suddenly, pushing her heavy hair back from her forehead.

"Who said this wasn't summer, and where is the lighthouse?" she demanded.

"'Tis but a step, my lady fair." The man who spoke was usually to be found at Elise Crompton's side. He turned as he answered her and flung a light coat back to Hoyt.

"Here, Rad, you seem to be the general burden bearer," he drawled easily.

"Mr. Jerold! What a shame!" Elise laughed. But she glanced rather contemptuously at Hoyt.

The coat struck the young fellow's shoulder and slipped to the ground. The smile did not leave his face as he passed on. In the grateful shade of the lighthouse he dropped his load amid a murmur of thanks from the girls.

"Where's my coat?" Jerold examined the pile of wraps on the ground.

"Where you threw it probably." Hoyt picked up a stone and shied it with easy strength into the water.

"I threw it to you." Jerold's face flashed with chagrin.

"Did you? Well, I only fag for women." Elise Crompton turned and for the first time in their acquaintance looked directly at Hoyt.

"Why, he's a man!" she thought wonderingly.

His eyes met and held hers steadily for a moment. She looked quickly away, annoyed to find herself blushing under his gaze.

After that she felt like a ship swept from its destined course by a strong wind. Hitherto she had acquiesced in her mother's wish that this outing might end in her engagement to Jerold, though well aware that wealth was his one recommendation. But that look of Hoyt's had been as a steady breeze on a foggy day.

She, Elise Crompton, to sell herself. The blood rose shamefully to her temples. More than ever she had wanted



HE SWERVED AT A SHARP BONY FROM ELISE.

anything she wanted that this young man with the honest eyes should think well of her.

She began to avoid tete-a-tetes with Jerold, but in spite of that what she had learned to dread came a few days later. Perhaps the possibility of Hoyt as a rival had given to Jerold's dilatory wooing the spur it needed. He raised his eyebrows in surprise, incredulity almost, when she temporized and asked for time to think it over.

That afternoon she strolled down to the rocks alone. Hardly had she seated herself when a man's voice reached her, coming in admonitory jerks from around the next promontory.

Elise leaned forward and saw Hoyt sitting quite near her. Between his knees he held the shaggiest and most ferocious of mongrels. His hand was firmly closed upon one of the dog's forepaws.

"Here, Jerold!" The girl drew back quickly. "Help me, will you? The poor beast has cut his paw almost in two on a broken bottle."

The girl quivered at the harshness of the voice that answered.

"Oh, let the cur alone. Where has every one disappeared to?" Hoyt's reply sounded as though his teeth were closed on something, and Elise could hear the noise of tearing cambric.

When Jerold passed out of sight she rose. Hoyt had finished his bandaging and, followed by the mongrel on three legs, was ascending to the cliff path above.

"Look here, Tatters, old fellow," he admonished, "you'd better go home, if you've got one to go to, which I very much doubt. I could never take you to the hotel, you know."

He swerved at a sharp cry from Elise. One foot had become wedged between the rocks. Her body swayed

uncertainly, while her face grew white with the agony of a spraining ankle.

With a bound Hoyt was at her side. Very tenderly he freed the jammed foot and, lifting her lightly, carried her to the path above.

"Oh!" Her lips quivered with pain as she leaned against him.

"You'd better sit down while I go for a carriage," he said quickly.

Suddenly a ray of humor shot into her eyes. Tatters stood before her, his bandaged paw pathetically uplifted in a ludicrous demand for sympathy.

"Oh, poor fellow! I know how badly it hurts. There are two of us," she exclaimed ruefully. Then she turned her face up to Hoyt. "How good you are, how good!"

Hoyt felt himself turning dizzy under her look.

"Leave the dog with me," she said suddenly, "I—I would like to keep him always, if I may."

"You?" Hoyt stared in amazement from the girl in her young beauty to the battered animal at her feet, and yet, incongruous as it seemed, he could not deny to himself as he strode away that there had been something—something in the eyes of both which meant madness to think of in connection with Elise Crompton.

That evening she sat on the piazza in a low steamer chair, with Hoyt beside her.

Tatters, who had protestingly been initiated into the ways of higher living through soap and water, lay curled up on the end of her soft gown.

"Is Jerold to be congratulated—yet?" Hoyt turned to her suddenly.

She was looking off near the moonlit water and did not withdraw her gaze.

"Mr. Jerold will never be congratulated as far as I am concerned," she answered quietly.

Hoyt's hand closed over the one which rested on the arm of her chair. Elise looked up and saw his face, white and streaked in the moonlight. She withdrew her fingers and lightly touched his coat sleeve.

"Why—don't you—say it?" Her eyes were smiling naively into his.

"Say it! I never have been mad enough to dream that it would be any use. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you—sweetheart!"

If ever Tatters needed four legs it was then. He got slowly on his three available ones and, with his stump of a tail revolving like a windmill, barked ecstatically, for in the moonlight the two figures cast but one shadow.

Hoyt made a quick grab at him.

"Don't!" Elise's fingers closed on his. "Only for him I might never have known—until too late—that I—loved you. And"—she leaned her head against Hoyt's arm and looked critically at Tatters—"I really think he is a handsome dog, don't you?"

"I do," said Hoyt promptly.

And yet Hoyt had been one of the judges at the dog show.

The Novelist's Gentleman.

In that curious code of morals which obtains in certain classes of society a man may be a gentleman and not pay his tailor, but a man may not be a gentleman if he neglects to pay the debts he has incurred over a game of cards to one who may have no need for the money. A man may lie often and diversely and yet be a gentleman—in fact, that very question of how thorough a gentleman he is sometimes depends upon the dexterity and fluency of his lies.

A few faults he should not commit. He must not steal, for example, and he must wear clean linen. He must not flatter unnecessarily, only upon those occasions which particularly demand it. If he can possibly help it he must not be a coward. In this country he should not marry for money, though in Europe that is not only condoned, but looked upon as quite permissible if not commendably clever. The gentleman in Europe "cannot dig, and to beg he is ashamed," so the rich wife is the only respectable way out of the difficulties that he is very often in.—Geraldine Bonner in The Reader.

The Man of the Moment.

When they saw him coming along, case in hand, they rushed to the door and called and beckoned and made frantic gestures.

As soon as he was within the house they almost dragged him upstairs and into the bedroom where she lay, gasping and so very, very pale.

"What do you think?" three of them cried at once.

He was painfully shocked and distressed.

"I think she's a very sick woman," he said.

"They waited a second, and then one said:

"What shall we do first?" He looked surprised.

"I should call a doctor," he said emphatically.

At that they all screamed at once: "But aren't you a doctor?" He started violently and stared at them in amazement. "No, I'm a pianist," he replied.—Town Topics.

Homemade Jam.

"You must give him plenty of berries," said the doctor, who had been asked to furnish a list of articles suited to a convalescent patient's daily diet. "The seeds are good for him."