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MR. AND MRS. HARRY BURNSIDE.

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## A THOROUGHbred.

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"T-O-DAY" said Sara with a slight gasp.

"Yes; this afternoon," he repeated joyfully, flinging pebbles at the crests of the lazy little waves. "I must go down to the train to meet her."

"I'm curious to see her," said Sara, her eyes on the sand pyramid she was making. "I'm so glad you're going to know her. You'll like her," Carl said confidently. "We'll have jolly times together."

She looked up abruptly. There was a smile on her lips, and, being a man creature, that was all he noticed.

"My dear Carl, if you think I'm going to play number three," she said.

"Oh, we'll get some other fellow to go along too, to even it. There's Macintosh, for instance. Don't you think Gerty would like him?"

"It's rather more important I should like him, in this case."

A certain aloofness in her tone made him turn anxiously.

"But we won't flock off in two's," he said. "We'll all stay together. That will be a great deal jollier. It isn't as if Gerty and I were engaged, you know."

"But you probably will be before we can get up an excursion," she laughed, making little steps in her sand pyramid with a stick.

He looked uncomfortable and did not speak for several seconds. When he did his voice was constrained.

"Of course, I'm awfully in love with her. I've told you that," he began.

"You have," she admitted.

"But I don't really know that she cares a rap for me," he went on. "It may have been just play to her. I was all down and discouraged about the whole thing when I came here. You've been so good to me."

"Why I've enjoyed it," she said brightly. "I like other people's love affairs. And then we've had some pretty good times together ourselves."

"Do you remember that time the wave upset you and I pulled you out?" he asked, planting white pebbles in terraces around her sand mound.

She nodded without speaking.

"You laughed about it, but you were frightened," he went on. "I felt you tremble. I couldn't forget it for days. When I'd be falling asleep, I'd feel your poor little wet arms clutching me. That was the first time you called me Carl."

"When people save my life, I always call them by their first names," she said, pushing her hat further down over her eyes. "It's only common politeness."

"And do you remember that time out sailing? Whew, you were in a mood that night! Your eyes were like firecrackers. I was half afraid of you."

"You didn't show it." A glint of mischief flashed from under the hat-brim.

"You were so tense, so full of something—magnetic force—devilry—I don't know what. I felt that if I touched your hand there would be a shower of sparks."

"Is that why you didn't touch it?" came from behind the brim.

"That's why I did," he answered boldly and then they both laughed at some contraband memory. "I should have been head over ears in love with you, if there hadn't been—an obstacle," he said, turning pensive.

"Don't," she exclaimed, half, involuntarily. "It—it doesn't seem quite loyal to her," she exclaimed, flushing under his questioning look. "A girl wants to think she's—she's the inevitable one, not the one you—happened to meet first."

He was silent for a moment, then laid his hand on the edge of her gown.

"Sara, you are the most truly thoroughbred girl I ever knew," he said. She went on planting shells around her little pyramid without answering, and he looked out moodily across the water.

When she spoke, it was her surface voice again, light and cheerful.

"Here's a beauty white stone," she said. "Write me a poem on it."

He pulled out a pencil, and, after some pondering, scribbled: "There was a young lady named Sara" on the smooth surface.

"What rhymes with Sara?" he asked.

"Fairer?"

"Share her—with Macintosh," she laughed.

He frowned and flung the stone away. "I'll be—"

She broke in with a little cry.

"Carl, there goes the bus to the train. Don't you hear it? Run; don't bother about me. You can catch it if you fear."

He started up, hesitated, then settled back again on his elbow.

"There is always such a crowd at the station," he said. "I think I'd rather wait

till she gets up here before I see her. It won't be but a few minutes later." But he did not meet her eyes.

"Let me see that little picture of her again," she said. "The one in your watch." He gave it to her, and looked at it over her shoulder.

"I like her face," said Sara. "It fits in with what you have told me about her. Is she as pretty as this?"

"Oh, I guess so," said Carl turning away. "Yes, of course; she's extremely pretty."

"And she has a sense of humor; I can see that," Sara went on, studying the picture intently.

"Um h'm."

"That cleft chin of hers is adorable. It's so strong, yet so feminine."

Carl lay with his forehead on his arm, burrowing absently in the sand. He made no answer.

"And she's trustable," Sara added, half to herself. "She would not do anything that was not square and above board. She'd play fair in everything. She's a thoroughbred, Carl."

He took the picture away and put it back in his watch.

"Suppose we talk about you," he said, looking up at her with his chin in his palm. "I've done all the confiding so far. Sara, were you ever in love?"

She turned away with a little laugh.

"Oh, dear, yes," she said.

"Hard?"

"Enough to get a good working idea of it."

"Why didn't you marry him?"

"Well I was very busy that week, and there wasn't a day I could very well spare, so I—"

"It's brutal to make fun of me," he protested. "I don't believe you could fall in love. You're a cold sort of a thing."

"Am I?" she said in a suppressed voice. He moved nearer and buried his face against her gown.

"Tell me when you were in love," he persisted.

Her hand moved toward his hair, but she caught it back again. The distant rumble of wheels sounded on the road above them.

"Carl, there's the bus back! Hurry," she exclaimed.

"She'll want to take her things off and rest a while before she sees people," he said, without lifting his head. "Nonsense," she laughed. "Go this second. I'm tired of you. I don't want to see you again today. Now fly, or somebody else will help her out of the bus."

He dragged himself up and stood for a moment looking down at her, absently crushing her little sand pyramid with his foot. She smiled and patted back a yawn with her fingers.

"Goodby," he said, and went slowly across the beach. At the top of the bluff his steps quickened. She saw him wave his cap and hurry forward.

## REFLECTIONS.

The wages of sin is the inability to keep from sinning.

To believe only what you like to believe is the surest sign of youth.

All the world's a school, and all the pupils who don't calculate have a history.

The happiest man is he who, like the coral insect, buds himself into his work.

The most becoming expression a woman can wear is that of unmitigated happiness.

Some people get credit for holding their ground when they are simply too scared to run.

The penalty of having a sense of humor is that our sincerest grief has a laughable aspect.

When a man won't let a woman brag about him to his face he is indeed disenchanted.

In the house of Life, Energy seems to do all the work, but Patience does the real drudgery.

AN OIL SKIN—The Trust.

SELF CONTAINED—Snails.

A WATCH CHARM—Correctness.

ISOTHERMAL LINES—Poems of passion.

BROUGHT TO BAY—The incoming steamer.

A WELL-KNOWN CHOP HOUSE—The wood shed.

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