

The White Feather by Lechmere Worrall & J.E. Harold Terry

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Germany at war is an octopus that has its poisoned tentacles of intrigue in every part of any land likely to be against her. For three weeks the Kaiser and his aids have had ample opportunity to complete their work of organization in the United States in a great effort to paralyze this country and render it negligible as a foe.

BLUE and golden day in September, a day when the mellowness of the sunshine, the rhythmic but even murmur of the sea and the tranquil stillness of the air all seemed to favor of peace; and no wonder this calm atmosphere—something deeper than any mere quietness of the actual air—more to be felt than in the town of Easternmouth. It lies in the crescent made of a curve of sandy cliffs and is too big to be called a fishing village, too unspoiled for a watering place, and the variety of people who come there for their holiday each year all speak of it as if they had discovered it and held some vested right in the place.

At the Wave Crest Private Hotel, for in stance, there was almost too much of this feeling, which, though gratifying to the proprietress, Mrs. Sanderson, yet sometimes caused the regular visitors to be a little stand-offish toward the newcomers.

Peace therefore usually held sway at Wave Crest, except for the bickering which would occur between Miss Myrtle and Mr. Pollock—and, after all, these worthy flares only increased the likeness to a family.

On this September morning a sense of after-breakfast repetition brooded within the house as nearly touchingly as the sense of peace without. Yet to any observer of acute feelings both would have held a slight but ominous undercurrent; for on the horizon slippng quietly along the rim of the world went gray shapes after gray shapes—mere little serrated ridges to the careless, but to the understanding eye something of far deeper significance.

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"I am only doing my duty," Daphne continued. "Here you are, Mr. Brent. It is only a feather, but please notice the color."

a mere casual visitor, entering into the lists of crime. There were probably only two people in the house who felt kindly disposed toward the attractive but ineffective young man, and they were both women. One of them, of course, was Mr. Pollock's daughter, Molly; the other and here was one new cause of grievance against Brent—was a charming widow who had arrived only the evening before.

There was a second of silence, then Pen-nicknik, with a loyalty that was part of his simple, eloquently "nice" nature, said: "Oh, well, I'm sure he must have a reason for whatever he does or doesn't do about it, or Mr. Pollock would not like him so much."

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"MOLLY"

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Continued in Monday