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EASTERN LEAGUE BASE BALL GAMES

Providence Is Now Tied with Buffalo in Third Place.

SCRANTON CLUB WAS GOOSE-EGGED

Couldn't Find Staley's Curves--Syracuse Took the Grays Into Camp by a Narrow Margin--It Was Three Straight--Wilkes-Barre Got Only One Run at Buffalo.

Yesterday's Results.

Toronto	5	Scranton	0
Buffalo	7	Wilkes-Barre	1
Syracuse	8	Providence	7

Springfield at Rochester, no game.

Providence continued on its way down the lobog yesterday and is tied in third place with Buffalo, the mongrel Canadians, who defeated Scranton, going to second place. Griffin's miners found Staley but five times.

Wilkes-Barre was lucky to get one run and escape a shut-out at Buffalo. Springfield and Rochester did not play.

Percentage Record.

	P.	W.	L.	P.C.
Rochester	86	49	37	.570
Toronto	75	42	33	.560
Providence	76	42	34	.553
Buffalo	85	47	37	.553
Syracuse	79	41	38	.519
Springfield	79	37	42	.468
Scranton	73	28	45	.384
Wilkes-Barre	77	29	48	.377

To-Day's Eastern League Games.

Scranton at Toronto.
Wilkes-Barre at Buffalo.
Providence at Syracuse.
Springfield at Rochester.

COULDN'T HIT STALEY.

Scranton Had No Chance to Bat in the Runs in the Game at Toronto Yesterday.

Toronto, Aug. 3.—Scranton was whitewashed in a well-played game today. A strong wind blew across the field which helped the balls batted by O'Brien and Staley over the fence and gave the fielders merry chases after flies.

Staley pitched a masterly game, allowing only five hits and not more than one hit in any inning. The attendance was one of the largest of the season. Score:

SCRANTON.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ward, 2b	4	0	2	0	1	1
Meaney, cf	4	0	1	4	0	0
O'Brien, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fagan, lf	3	0	1	6	0	1
Maguire, ss	3	0	0	3	5	1
Massey, 1b	3	0	1	10	0	0
Hutchinson, 3b	3	0	0	1	2	0
Berger, c	3	0	0	0	1	0
Johnson, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	30	0	5	24	10	3

TORONTO.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Delehanty, ss	4	0	1	2	3	0
Freeman, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
O'Brien, lf	3	1	1	4	0	0
Sugden, c	3	0	1	1	1	0
Lutenberg, 1b	4	0	0	11	0	1
Wright, cf	3	1	1	3	0	0
Smith, 3b	4	1	2	2	0	0
Truby 2b	4	0	1	4	5	0
Staley, p	4	2	1	0	2	0
Totals	33	5	9	27	11	1

Scranton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Toronto	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	1	*	—5

Earned runs—Toronto, 3. First base on errors—Toronto, 2; Scranton, 1. Left on bases—Toronto, 8; Scranton, 3. First base on balls—Off Johnson, 4. Home runs—O'Brien (Toronto), Staley. Three-base hits—Freeman, Smith. Stolen base—Smith. Double plays—Maguire to Ward to Massey; Staley to Truby to Lutenburg. Umpire—Hornung. Time—1.45.

FOUR HITS OFF GRUBER.

That's Why Wilkes-Barre Got but One Run in Buffalo.

Buffalo, Aug. 3.—The Buffalos started at Luckey so hard today that he was pulled out and Coakley finished the game. Aside from the third inning Coakley shut the Bisons out, but the game had been clinched.

Gruber pitched for Buffalo and the Blackbirds found but four hits in his delivery, two of them in the first inning, when they scored their only run. Attendance, 2,500. Score:

BUFFALO.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clymer, cf	5	1	2	2	0	0
Stahl rf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Field, 1b	3	2	1	15	2	0
Goodenough, lf	4	1	1	4	0	0
Ritchey, ss	3	1	0	1	4	0
Cleminger, 3b	3	1	1	0	2	0
Lewis, 2b	4	0	1	3	2	0
H. Smith, c	4	0	1	1	1	0
Gruber, p	4	0	2	1	0	0
Totals	31	7	10	27	11	0

WILKES-BARRE.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lyttle, lf	4	0	0	5	0	1
Bonner, 2b	4	0	0	2	3	0
Lezotte rf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Betts, cf	4	0	1	2	0	1
C. Smith, 3b	4	0	1	2	1	1
Earl, 1b	3	0	1	5	0	0
McMahon, ss	3	0	0	0	3	0
Diggins, c	3	0	0	5	0	1
Luckey, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Coakley, p	1	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	30	1	4	*23	9	4

*Goodenough out, hit by batted ball.

Buffalo	3	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	*	—7
Wilkes-Barre	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs—Buffalo, 3; Wilkes-Barre, 1. First base by errors—Buffalo, 1. Left on bases—Buffalo, 7; Wilkes-Barre, 3. First base on balls—Off Gruber, 2; off Luckey, 1; off Coakley, 4. Struck out—By Coakley, 2. Home runs—Clymer. Two-base hits—Betts, Earl. Sacrifice hit—Goodenough. Stolen base—Ritchie. Double play—Field to Ritchey to Field. Umpire—Kettrick. Time—2.30.

Syracuse-Providence.

Syracuse, Aug. 3.—Syracuse made it three straight today, but not until the ninth inning was played. Delaney held Providence down till the eighth inning, when they got on to his curves and smashed the ball in all directions. Score:

									R.	H.	E.
Syracuse	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	*—8	11	4
Providence	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	4	0—7	15	2

Batteries—Delaney, Whitehill and Ryan; Ruderham and Dixon.

POLICE ARE PRACTICING.

Getting Ready for the Approaching Game with Wilkes-Barre.

The policemen, represented by a scrub team, played a seven-inning game at Athletic park yesterday afternoon with the Bittenbender team. The latter won. The score was 20 to 14.

As many as thirteen policemen took part in the game, which was for practice only. These were Chief Robling, Lieutenant Davis, Sergeant Dieter and Patrolmen Duggan, Peters, Day, Neuls, Moir, Perry, May, Mullen, Feeney and Jones. On the other team were Keegan, Thomas, Jones, O'Horo, Wiley, Beemer, Shea, Madigan and Harriway.

The policemen have just begun a practice period in anticipation of the prospective game with the team of the Wilkes-Barre police department. Saturday the policemen will play the city hall employes at Athletic park.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Percentage Record.

Cincinnati	91	62	29	.681
Baltimore	84	57	27	.679
Cleveland	87	56	31	.644
Chicago	92	53	39	.576
Pittsburg	86	47	39	.547
Boston	85	46	39	.541
Philadelphia	86	39	47	.453
Brooklyn	86	39	47	.453
Washington	82	34	48	.415
New York	85	35	50	.412
St. Louis	88	28	60	.318
Louisville	84	22	62	.262

Louisville-Pittsburg.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 3.—Louisville knocked Hawley and Hughey out of the box today, but Frazier's wildness gave the game to Pittsburg. Score: R.H.E.

Louisville	2	0	1	0	4	2	1	0	0—10	14	4
Pittsburg	5	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	2—11	19	4

Batteries—Frazier, Miller and Friend; Hawley, Killen and Merritt. Umpire—Betts.

Washington-Baltimore.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Washington's pitchers were hit hard today. Loud calls for Joyce were made throughout the game. Score: R.H.E.

Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	5	3
Baltimore	2	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	*—7	10	0

Batteries—German, McJames and McGuire; Hemming and Clarke. Umpire—Sheridan.

Brooklyn-New York.

Brooklyn, Aug. 3.—Terrific batting by the reorganized New Yorks proved the cause of Brooklyn's downfall at Eastern park today. Score: R.H.E.

Brooklyn	1	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—6	9	2
New York	1	6	0	0	0	0	2	0	1—10	15	0

Batteries—Kelley, Daub and Grim; Sullivan, Clarke and Warner. Umpire—Hurst.

Boston-Philadelphia.

Boston, Aug. 3.—Boston made it three straight today in another pitchers' game. Both Stivetts and Gumbert got great support. Score: R.H.E.

Boston	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	*—4	9	2
Philadelphia	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	—3	6	0

Batteries—Stivetts and Gansel; Gumbert and Clements. Umpire—Lynch.

DIAMOND DUST.

The rubber today.

Massey got one of the five.

Johnson wasn't hit hard, anyhow.

It looks as though the Providence veterans were losing their wind.

Roaring Bill Hasamacar and Arlie Latham, a pair of financial acrobats who can get more for nothing than any ball player who ever stepped on the diamond, excepting Billy Taylor, are located in Columbus, O., with Tom Loftus' team. Buck Ewing calls them the I. O. U's.—Washington Post.

Joe Corbett has been talking. The Washington Post says: "Joe Corbett, brother of the actor-biffer, called on the Senators in New York last Tuesday. Joe was granted a day off by the Scranton club, and was visiting friends in Gotham. He says that Ed. Hanlon will recall him to Baltimore later in the season." The slight error in the above is that Joe was granted as many "days off" as he wished to take.

A crank encloses the following to the sporting editor of The Tribune with the request that it be published "owing to the many friends of Pitcher Malarky, who resides in this vicinity: "Cy Young and Malarky each hold the pitching record of the year as each has held an opposing team down to one hit, Young performing the feat against Philadelphia, and Malarky, of Richmond, against Norfolk. Young's feat is the better, however, as the hit made off him was a single, while that of Malarky was a double."—Sporting Life.

AMATEUR BALL NOTES.

The Nonpareils of Priceburg defeated the Dessup club on the Priceburg grounds Sunday by the following score: R.H.E.

Nonpareils	0	1	1	2	0	7	0	2	2—16	11	7
Dessup	0	2	1	0	0	2	4	1	3—13	9	9

Batteries—C. Hall and Turner; Murry and McLane. Umpire—Murry.

The Nonparells of Priceburg challenge the West Side Stars or the South Side Sunsets to a game of ball on the Priceburg grounds Sunday, Aug. 9, at 3 p. m. sharp. Answer in The Tribune. J. H. Wellard, manager.

The Dashers of Old Forge will play any club in Lackawanna county Sunday, Aug. 9 on any grounds. Morning Glories or Enterprises preferred. P. J. Conway, manager.

The Reliable Base Ball club challenges the Sunsets of Archbald to a game next Sunday at 2.30 o'clock on the former's grounds. Meet at county jail. F. P. McVittie, manager.

The Sliders would like to play any club in the city under 17 years of age; will give a return game. The Sliders challenge the Young Actives of Green Ridge for a game of ball this week on our ground; will give a return game. Eugene A. Tropp, manager and captain.

The Violets defeated the Wally Wahs of Providence by a score of 4 to 3, and the Wally Wahs declared the game as 3 to 3, so the Violets played the game as 3 to 3 and made them play eleven innings to finish the game. The score then stood 7 to 4 in favor of the Wally Wahs.

The Sailor Boys of the West Side defeated the Scranton Street Outlaws yesterday by a score of 4 to 2, and in another game by a score of 7 to 2. Batteries: Sailors, Walsh and Phillios; Outlaws, Clarke and Mangan. The Sailor Boys wish to play any 15-year-old club in the city. J. Phillips, manager; J. Madden, captain. Answer in The Tribune.

FAST BICYCLE RIDING.

Bald Lowers and Sanger Ties a State and World's Record.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 3.—About 3,000 people greeted Bald and Sanger as they appeared on the new Athletic park bicycle track today. Bald went a half mile paced by a tripdet, making the distance in 53 4-5, lowering the state record by Holmes, of Kalamazoo.

In the two-third mile professional, Sanger, by winning the race in 1.25 1-5, tied the world's competition record for that distance, made by Tom Cooper at Cincinnati.

PACED IN 2.08 1-2.

Grand Circuit Meeting Attended by Fast Work in the 2.14 Class.

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 3.—The grand circuit meeting opened on the course of the Columbus Driving association very auspiciously this afternoon. The weather was ideal, the track in fine condition and the attendance flattering.

The feature of the racing was the remarkable time made in the first and second heats of the 2:14 pace, the winning horses lowering their records by nearly six seconds. Summaries:

2.20 class trot—Squeezer, won; Red Star, second; Ben, third. Best time—2.18¾.

2.14, pace—Hall Cloud, won; Josie B., second; Mocking Boy, third. Best time—2.08½.

The 2.27 race was unfinished, Black Steth took the first heat, but was distanced in the second, which was won by Bowman.

FAST RIDERS COMING.

Will Be Seen at the Bicycle Races Next Saturday.

Many fast riders are coming to take part in the bicycle races of the Green Ridge Wheelmen at the Driving park Saturday. John B. Corser, of the Mercury wheelmen, of Allentown, formerly of this city, will try to break the half-mile state record of 58 2-5 seconds. Mr. Corser is a great favorite here, and is riding in excellent form this year. He won the quarter mile dash at Williamsport last Saturday in 33 2-5 seconds.

Earl Bovee, of Binghamton, who won the city championship in 2.14 will be here. C. W. Krick, of Sinking Springs, considered to be one of the fastest riders on the track, will be here, as well as others too numerous to mention. Miles Gibbons will give an exhibition of trick and fancy riding between the races. The entrance to the track will be sprinkled, laying the dust. Races called promptly at 2.30. Admission, 25 cents.

BICYCLE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

It is claimed that bicycle riders when first going into the sport and purchasing a wheel are hampered a good deal and put to considerable discomfort by the advice of bicycle instructors and friendly riders as to the proper adjustment of various parts of the wheel and also as to the needful accessories. Experts say that this practice of friendly advice is calculated to dishearten riders at the outset. An old-time wheelman says: "Advice in the selection of a new bicycle is very good, but let no rider select saddles, gears and other fittings out of the customary equipment unless he has had some practical experience. In riding, one must feel all right in every way to be perfectly satisfied that he has his wheel at its proper adjustment. What will suit one rider will by no means satisfy a friend. Take the saddle adjustment, for instance. Some friend will insist that your saddle should be attached to the forward part of the saddle post instead of the rear, because possibly some well-known racing man adopts the former method. It may be well to experiment with such a suggestion, but it is best for riders to try the saddle well forward and again back, and then select the satisfactory position. Too short a reach from the saddle to the pedals is a characteristic error. Such an altitude as results from this mistake is hopelessly absurd in appearance and the cause of a terrible strain on the muscles, while stiffness, cramp, and weariness are its inevitable consequences. Sitting too far back is also a great fault with riders, and it compels a long pull forward to the handle bars, which leads to the 'scorcher's hump.' The use of toe clips is advocated by some riders as being essential to both comfort and safety. With unskilled men toe clips are really needful, but with the average rider they seem useless. A close fitting bicycle shoe will aid in maintaining a strong pressure upon your pedal while the constant use of toe clips in due time develops incorrect action. This season there has been a great demand for high gears. As a result, new riders are advised not to use any gear less than 72. In accepting this advice riders are apt to become thoroughly discouraged in their initial rides. A new rider will find a 68-inch gear the most satisfactory for all-round work at first. A wise rider will pay no heed to the suggestions of his friends at the start. Let him select the ordinary stock wheel and regulate it after some practice, to suit his own needs and he will have a very satisfactory mount.

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The Albany wheelmen have it about right. In addition to building miles and miles of cycle paths about their city, they now propose to build some right in the city. On streets where block pavement has been put down they are going to have a narrow strip of asphalt laid for the benefit of wheelmen.

—:||:—

George A. Banker, the international champion who was so sick in Nice last winter and who was reported dead at one time, has returned to this country and is now at his home, at Pittsburg. Banker has often represented the League of American Wheelmen in international races and has always made a good showing for his country.

—:||:—

A popular English cyclometer rings a tiny bell at the end of each mile.

—:||:—

A curious sight was witnessed in Chester, Pa., recently, when a colored rider of that city shouldered a heavy trunk, mounted his wheel and rode off without the least trouble.

AMONG THE PUGS.

Tommy Ryan states that he will meet Dick O'Brien before the Empire Athletic club of Syracuse, if O'Brien will reduce himself to 150 pounds.

Tom Sharkey, accompanied by Danny Needham and D. J. Lynch, his manager, has arrived at Chicago. The trio will remain there for a few days, when they will go to New York city.

If "Denver" Ed Smith fails to induce Bob Fitzsimmons to fight him he will go at once to South Africa. He has been matched to box Joe Goddard twenty-five rounds at Johannesburg on Oct. 17.

A letter received at the Illustrated News office Saturday from London states that the date of Johnny Murphy's contest with "Pedlar" Palmer has been fixed for Oct. 5, at the National Sporting club. Solly Smith and Willie Smith will also have it out before the same club on Nov. 5.

Tim Heggerty, the feather-weight champion of Australia, will sail for America in a month's time. Charley White, who is to look out for his interests while in this country, has forwarded $200 to Heggerty as expenses. An attempt will be made to match Heggerty against George Dixon.

From the present complexion of things it seems evident that Matt Matthews and Kid McPartland will not fight. Matthews, since his drawn battle with Mike Leonard, has an inflated idea of his own importance and will not fight McPartland, it is said, unless a tidy sum is guaranteed to him.

Paddy Slavin's proposed contest with Joe McAuliffe, the "Mission Boy," has been practicaly arranged, and if nothing goes amiss the scene of the combat will be at the Occidental club of San Francisco. The mill is scheduled to take place next month and will be limited to eight rounds.

All arrangements have been completed for the bout between Jack McAuliffe and Jimmy Carroll. McAuliffe stated Saturday that he would sign articles at the New York Illustrated News office on next Thursday and leave immediately for the Pacific coast. The men propose to box ten rounds before the St. George Athletic club of San Francisco in October.

PARTNERS OF LAND DISAGREE.

Suit for Damages Is the Result of the Failure to Agree.

Patrick Jordan, of Wyoming avenue, represented by the law firm of Jones & Powderly, began an action of trespass in court yesterday against John McGinty, of Olyphant.

The plaintiff alleges that he and the defendant owned in common a lot situated at the corner of Delaware and Jones street in Olyphant, and McGinty would not agree to a sale or a partition of the lot, and therefore the plaintiff is damaged $6,250.

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AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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SYNOPSIS.

Newport harbor is alive with beautiful pleasure craft, gathered there to witness or take part in the annual races. Honoria Hensler has come on board the Neckan, the yacht of her rich Vanderwater cousins. She is rich in beauty and all feminine charms, but not in worldly goods, and is engaged to marry Chauncey Parkes, a poor but brilliant college professor. Among other guests are Charley Gisborne, a commonplace young man, a distinguished foreign prince, and Mrs. Dennett Dennett, a social leader. While at dinner that night a stranger yacht anchors very close to the Neckan. It proves to be the "Pendragon," in which Sir Brooke Beltanley, a rich mine owner and heir-presumptive to a dukedom, and his friend, Lord Gadsden, are going around the world. The races have brought them to Newport. Mrs. Dennett is delighted at this news, for Sir Brooke's acquaintance is an acquisition of her London social career. Meanwhile, from the Pendragon, Sir Brooke has noticed the beautiful Honoria on the brilliantly lighted deck of the Neckan. She is simply clad in white silk and has a long-stemmed American Beauty rose pinned to her waist. Lord Gadsden explains who she is and calls her "the best equipped flirt in these or any other waters." He had met her while in America the year before. He tells of her beauty and of her cold, heartless nature. Sir Brooke is immensely interested and resolves to meet her. He also recognizes Mrs. Dennett.

The next morning the two men go on board the Neckan to pay their compliments to Mrs. Dennett and meet Honoria. It is the first day of the races. Jack Pepperidge, the husband of one of the Vanderwater girls, is to follow in his own boat and Honoria is to go along as mascot. Sir Brooke is invited to accompany them. His devotion to Honoria is marked, and he saves her from a situation that might have resulted in her being washed overboard. She is pleased with his attention, and only once when her daring has been met with presumption from him does he think of her lover and resent it. The indignation from this "faux pas" soon passes away, and when they part he begs for the rose she has worn. "Not this one," she replies.

PART III.

Had there been any way of reaching Sir Brooke Beltanley on the high seas, invitations would certainly have met the Pendragon half way across. As it was, they had already come aboard with calls and cards for most of the gayeties of town and sea and country. Sir Brooke and Lord Gadsden proved the pleasures offered by several of these during the next few days and nights; but a request from Mrs. Dennett Dennett that he would join the party from the Neckan at the De Ruysen's ball given on conclusion of the trial races, seemed to concern Sir Brooke more immediately than it did Billy, who had men dining on board the Pendragon; and the guests were left in the enjoyment of a quite game while Sir Brooke ignored their jibes and obeyed his bidding.

HONORA FLOATED BY IN A CLOUD OF WHITE TULLE.

He was waiting rather stiffly beside Lady Christopher, by and by, perhaps feeling a little forlornly glad she was there, not altogether pleased with himself for coming, and looking down the vast room where unseen light shed from the ceiling over blue-green tapestry hung walls, with bowery recesses under towering palm trees here and there made it seem as if they danced in a woodland glade, as if the rout of a summer palace had emptied itself into the forest with all its shimmer of many-tinted silks and gauzes and jewels, its beautiful faces and bare shoulders; but Honoria was not there. Through a vista of flaming orchids he saw, however, that there was dancing also on an outer gallery, where the music came, perhaps, less piercingly, and there presently Honoria floated by in a cloud of white tulle, with her great roses again, dancing with the prince, and quite oblivious of anyone else. The affair became of interest, and he made his way towards her when he could, and asked what dance he might have. "When you do dance, I wish you

A wave of the sea, that you might ever do

Nothing but that."

"All in a lifetime," she replied. "I was wishing I were a wave the other morning, you know. But I am sorry that I haven't a dance left till very late."

"Let me have that," he said.

"With pleasure, if we stay for it," and she took the prince's arm, and waited for the time, and swam off again in his clasp.

Sir Brooke was standing in a wide doorway where a huge vase above him poured a dark mass of laurels and ivies, looking into a broad veranda laced in and enclosed with a net of honeysuckle flowers, when Honoria came by again and steered out to join Mrs. Pepperidge, who had been holding court there, but had just dispatched her last attendant on an errand, and now begged the prince to send her an ice. Sir Brooke had been feeling angry with himself that all the other lovely women in the room had seemed to signify nothing; and as the soft folds of Honoria's misty raiment touched him he was conscious of a sudden fullness at his throat, she was so beautiful, so full of life and sweetness, so like the great roses she wore whose fragrance drowned out the breath of all those other flowers, so radiant, flushed with dancing and pleasure, that he felt like closing his eyes as if it were too much to see, or could not be the same if he looked the second time. And then he was angry with himself again.

"Honoria!" Mrs. Pepperidge exclaimed in what was meant for an undertone. "You are making yourself so conspicuous! Do you know you have danced with almost no one else but that man?"

"Well?" said Honoria, sweetly. "And I have enjoyed it. He speaks English marvelously and dances to perfection. And he is very entertaining. What better?" opening her fan indolently.

"And a prince," said Mrs. Pepperidge.

"Oh, that doesn't count," said Honoria. "There are princes in plenty. But he is a man, and has ideas."

"And hasn't a penny to his name."

"How do you know he hasn't?"

"He told me so himself."

"You can't say he wasn't frank about it."

"And you have not too many pennies, you know."

"My dear Laura, haven't you anything better to do than to fling my poverty in my face?" she laughed, "and with this music in your ears."

"But I must! You can't afford to drift into marrying."

"Were we talking of marrying?" said Honoria, sweetly. "But then I have often told you I don't care to marry anyone with more pennies than I have."

"Nonsense, Honoria! You didn't talk that way before Chauncey Parkes—"

"Well, then, Laura, if I am to have but a few more such scenes as this—and it is perfectly barbaric in its profusion, isn't it?—why don't you let me enjoy it in peace? Any more catechism? It' rather public—but then!"

"Well, you don't seem to think of any danger to the other party—the prince."

"I have always gone on the principle that the other party is quite well able to take care of himself. And the prince's step suits mine perfectly.—"

And here Sir Brooke felt he was standing in the shade a little too long, and made himself evident a moment before the prince returned with a servant bringing ices.

"May I have your kindness for a little while, prince?" asked Mrs. Pepperidge, and beg you to take Lady Christopher down the long gallery here? She's no superior. I want her to see that for a seaside cottage—"

"Don't you mean a seaside palace, rather?" said Sir Brooke, as the prince departed.

"To see that for a little place by the water, the De Ruysens really do things pretty well. She hasn't admitted anything of the sort yet. But the buffet is set with gold plate that rings when you breathe, and the walls are draped with a mat of Cape Jessamine blossoms, and they will give her Chateau Yquem to drink out of a goblet just crusted and dripping with diamond sparks. I sent for Jack to take her; but Jack does as he pleases; and he didn't please."

"Well," said Mrs. Pepperidge, coming up then, "he pleases to congratulate you on owning the boat next the fastest boat in the world! For it is admitted and acknowledged, and furthermore declared by the juges in council, that the Flying Scud went over the course in but ten seconds more than the winner. The boat's yours, Lally."

"Thanks, Jack. I'm sure it's awfully good of you," as if he had tossed her an apple. "I shall enter her for the next race! You see, Jack said if she made the time he would give her to me," said Laura.

"The American husband!" exclaimed Sir Brooke.

"They don't please you," said Honoria. "They seem to please their wives."

"They will be the ruin of the British husband."

"But that doesn't concern you, Sir Brooke," said Mrs. Pepperidge.

"I don't know," said Sir Brooke.

And then the prince came back with Lady Christopher, and went off with Honoria, and a sudden flush burned up Sir Brooke's sun-tanned cheek and reddened the white forehead as he angrily tossed back the lock that fell across it with his bow. And whenever, in his various wanderings and introductions and fragmentary conversations and perfunctory doings, feeling it all an intense stupidity, half wishing he were back with Billy and the game, only knowing that nothing would drag him back, he caught sight of Honoria, she was still lavishing all her charm upon the prince.

He was taking Lady Christopher to supper, and making her very happy—it was the third time she had feasted that night—when he glanced in an alcove on the way, in the blaze of whose panels like wrought cloth of gold divided by pilasters of amber, a terra-cotta Ganymede poured ice water, and saw Honora sitting there with the prince bending over her. Something sardonic was in the smile on Sir Brooke's honest face then, and he drew up his straight height and twirled his mustache rather fiercely. He could put an end to that nonsense in an instant if he chose. But would that put an end to the man? And it was the man that was pleasing her—she had said it. Well, what did he care? Fire up and off to-morrow.

But when at last, very late, although it was, the time came for his dance, Sir Brooke knew that it would not be fire up and off tomorrow, and he knew that whether to any sufficient danger or not he did care. He had thought at first that they would wander out and listen to the sea together under this great blotch of a waning moon high in the dark heaven. But now everything was dew-drenched—and besides, if it were only for once he was going to have this dance, he was going to clasp and hold her for his own, despite herself, a dance's while. But our very wishes give us not our wish; and the dance with this rather haughty, silent and distrait person holding him quite at arm'slength, was not at all the dance for which he had longed all night.

They came out after a while, the rooms already beginning to be deserted, and lingered where a rug lay on the grass by a fountain that tossed its jet high in the air with a dreamy, indifferent sway, and where a lemon tree in its tub sweetened the air. The tinkle of the fountain, the patter of the lemon leaves on the rising breeze sounded with an infinite trivality against the long deep breathing of the sea.

"The unquiet, bright Atlantic plain," said Honoria. I suppose you will be tempting it again now. These few days are only like an inn where you have stopped on the way."

"Mr. Vanderwater has asked me to tempt it with him to Mount Desert and perhaps Labrador, while the Pendragon makes repairs."

"And do you go?"

"Is it best?"

"How should I say?" With a slight gesture of fatigue. "It is a pleasant cruise, and there is pleasant company, ourselves and some others. I suppose Lord Gadsden was asked, and the prince—"

"The prince and I—I mean that man and I—can hardly sail together!"

"The unfortunate prince! Is it a great crime to be so poor?"

"To be poor? I have heard some socialist fellow say there were hundreds of them, princes, counts and marquises, out of employmnt. I have known some, and alway held them in respect."

"That was kind of you. I remember there was a prince in 'Pascarel' who

SHE DID NOT UNDERSTAND SIR BROOKE'S LOW BOW.

was a tinker, wasn't he? He was a prince all the same. But as for this one, I don't see what harm he can do you. To tell the truth I thought him rather dull and quiet before. But of late I have found him interesting."

She did not quite understand Sir Brooke's low bow; but she laughed, swinging her fan and pulling up the cape of white fur he had brought her. The pallid moonlight and the sea-drenched air became her, for either they toned down her vivid color, or she was tired and the color had fallen, and with her fatigue something a little more tender than brilliant was in her eyes.

"Is it man to man, then?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean!" and she moved to retrace their steps, for they were quite alone on the lawn, and she was to remain with the De Ruysens.

"Many things, here," said Sir Brooke, "are different to what I thought. But the women, the women are the same."

"Quite the same?" she said, turning with a smile that half dazzled him. And when Sir Brooke strode off to find his boat he had promised to go, and he held in his hand, withered and warm and sweet yet, and full of her personality it seemed, an American Beauty rose.

Billy and the men, having come ashore to see the town by moonlight, were strolling down to the boat as he reached it, and the prince was waiting there, a little disturbed, as he had missed the Vanderwater crew. There was nothing for Sir Brooke to do but to offer him the hospitality of the Pendragon for the night, taking care not to look at Billy as he did so, and they were presently trading the harbor and reaching the open sea where the big, sleeping yachts pulled with a lazy roll at the anchor.

Sir Brooke and Billy were the last to go up the gangway.

"Hard hit?" said Billy. Billy had seen the rose.

"Hard to say," was the reply. "And harder to say how one is to serve that fellow out."

"Nothing easier to my mind."

"Nothing more difficult. You see it is like betting on a certainity, like hitting a man when he's down. The fact gives me the advantage."

"All's fair in love and war."

"But then is silence the fair thing by her?"

"You're drawing it too fine for me."

"Besides, it's a standup fight, Billy. If this man pleases I don't care to please. And I don't care to win anyway by tripping the other fellow."

"Very hard hit, indeed!" said Billy, as he sprang up the gangway.

The others had all disappeared. Only the prince was waiting to be shown to his quarters and say good night.

"Look here!" cried Billy, cutting the Gordian knot with a word. "How long are you going to keep up this dashed masquerade? A title that came to a man without an acre or a sou to bless it, and that he scorns to wear, you think worth stealing! While you were about it, why didn't you take a title that was dead and done with instead of the Piodinachi? You blooming fraud," as Sir Brooke came up the deck: "There is Prince Piodinachi!"

"The deuce it is!" said the other.

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