

# VESUVIUS CALMED.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Arthur Southgate had never married. Putting it mildly, his temper was not an even one, and he argued that, combining his own obstreperous disposition with the inborn obstinacy of all women, something would surely give way. So he clung to single life as the lesser of two evils.

On this particular Sunday afternoon he was chatting with several of his best friends in the smoking room of the Royal club. Pulling out his watch, he saw that it was 5 o'clock—just two hours late for his engagement with Irene Arlington.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he cried as he pushed back from the table. "I'll catch it—just two hours late and a woman in a frenzy waiting for me at the other end of the line. By-by, boys," and he was off.

Jumping in his waiting car, he urged the chauffeur to make haste, and when he rang the bell of the Arlington home Irene herself opened the door.

"Hello, honey," she greeted him. Southgate was speechless. He had expected a volley of "Why didn't you?" and "How dare you?"

"Oh," sighed Irene, "I certainly am glad you didn't come earlier, for at 3 o'clock it was so piping hot, but now—and she seemed to breathe exhilaration—"It's perfect."

Southgate started in to explain his lateness and decided to tell the truth. He flattered himself that he knew women through and through and argued that the truth was the easiest way out of all troubles. Irene seemed bored by his explanations and interrupted him.

"But, my dear Arthur," she said, "I hate people who are always on time. They never give a girl an excuse to be late herself."

The auto flashed through the city and over the dusty roads. The Sunday crowds were left behind on the popular thoroughfares. The quiet country roads which their chauffeur chose were almost deserted. Twilight had begun to fall, and fitful shadows were cast upon the road from overhanging branches.

"I thought we would stop at Linden Lodge for supper," Southgate was saying.

"When did you find it out, and who is the girl?"

"I told Jack Gormley and Mrs. Jack to look us up there. Then, as if expecting a protest from his companion, he added, 'Of course if you want to go somewhere else—'

"Oh, I love the lodge," exclaimed Irene, "and—"

A sharp report from behind, and her sentence was lost. The machine came to a standstill. Southgate and the chauffeur both jumped out. A tire had burst beyond mending. Southgate swore roundly at the chauffeur, who stolidly began the hour's task of taking off the old tire and putting on a new one.

"I don't blame you for being furious, Irene," began Southgate. "I tell you this automobile business is rotten to the core. It's—"

"But I'm not furious. I'm rather glad we broke down," cried Irene. "We've been speeding so that I've lost my breath, and anyway just back there are some lovely wild flowers I want to pick, and, oh, I love to see mechanics work, and when I get my flowers I'm coming back to watch your man."

She gathered up her fluff skirts and jumped out on the ground. Southgate opened his eyes and looked sharply at the girl to make sure he heard aright. He felt like the small boy who wanted to pinch himself to see if he were awake.

"Do you mean it?" he gasped. She assured him that she did, and together they walked back and gathered the flowers. A scientific man would have had difficulty in figuring out which were the thickest, the wild flowers or the mosquitoes which feasted on the newcomers.

"I'm eaten alive with these beauty pests," said Southgate as he slapped one flat on his wrist. "I can't stand it another minute—and really with that thin dress of yours—"

"Oh, mosquitoes are no worse than other pests," said Irene. "My little brother has white mice that get out of the cage and run all over the house. Our colored cook has the ugliest black cat you ever saw that scratches me every time I pat her."

Southgate thought the heat must have affected his companion and made no reply. They returned to the car to find the new tire on and again started out. They sped along the dusty road and were nearing the lodge when the machine stopped and refused to move. Investigation proved that the gasoline had given out.

"One more the chauffeur heard Mr. Southgate's opinion of him in rather pertinent language. There was nothing to do but to walk to Linden Lodge, so Irene and Arthur started out for the jaunt. The distance was short, but Irene was dressed for riding, and not for walking. Her dainty slippers with high heels were little support,

and, suddenly turning her ankle, she uttered a little cry.

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed Southgate with some concern. There was certainly something very congenial about Irene Arlington, he decided.

"Not a bit," answered Irene, "only the heel of my slipper has come off."

"What the deuce shall we do now?" he cried. She smiled, and before she could answer he added, "For heaven's sake don't tell me that you 'just love to hop on one foot.'"

"Not that," laughed Irene, "but do you go and get a stone and knock the other heel off; then I can walk in slippers without heels, as the kiddies do."

Arthur Southgate had never learned the cobbler's trade, but as he took off the old slipper he almost wished he had. The heel was knocked off, and he put back the slipper, took off the other and pounded the nails flat, replaced that, and in a few minutes they were on the porch of Linden Lodge.

Arthur went off a short way from the lodge with a fresh supply of gasoline for his man down the road. Irene set her hat aright and awaited Arthur's return.

"We're pretty late, I guess," he said as he joined her, "for I can't seem to find Jack and Mrs. Jack anywhere. Are you comfy all right?"

"Yes, indeed," assured Irene, "but I do wish you would telephone mother that we will be a bit late. You know mothers will worry."

Arthur called an attendant. "Call 907 Terrace, will you? And when you get there I'll talk."

"Beep beep, sir," began the man, "but the telephone ain't working today. Anything to get out of here?" roared Southgate. "Well—I'll be jiggered! What next, do you suppose?"

"Dinner, I hope," said Irene, with a hearty laugh. "I'm a veevny bit hungry."

At the table Arthur Southgate ate little. He never could tell himself in after years whether it was his appetite that played him false or whether some new quantity came into his being and left no room for anything else.

But during that meal Arthur's idea of women in general and one in particular seemed to pass through a metal-net, at least. Perhaps all women were not spiffies. He knew one who was not at least. Perhaps all women were not hysterical and unreasonable—and a lot of other disagreeable qualities with which he had always attributed them.

The hot soup was almost cold, the lead asparagus was lukewarm, and the after dinner coffee was rather bitter, but Irene ate with a ravishing appetite and said everything was just right.

It was a lovely ride home, without any mishaps, and Arthur sat gazing at Irene. Two or three times he started to say something, but for some reason the resourceful Mr. Southgate could not frame his sentence just right. Finally he leaned a bit closer to his companion.

"Irene, I'm in love—in fact, I've been in love for some time, and I only found it out lately."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Irene. "When did you find it out, and who's the girl?"

"Just found it out about an hour ago, and well—I wouldn't have to get out a search warrant to find the girl."

Irene was glad the darkness hid her blushes.

"Do you think that a girl with the most heavenly disposition in the world—a disposition that absolutely nothing could ruffle—would consent to marry a prickly bear?" faltered Arthur.

"Oh, I should think she'd just love to marry him!" cried Irene before she realized the significance of the remark. But the prickly bear lost no time in hugging his victim, and her taming methods were as all upon the troubled waters of life.

## THE CHYSANTHEMUM.

Japanese Legend of the Origin of the Many Petaled Flower.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum. In a garden bathed in the soft moonlight a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to strip the petals to see if her fiancé loved her truly. Of a sudden a little dog appeared before her and assured her that her fiancé loved her passionately. Her husband will live, he added, as many years as the flower which I will let you choose has petals. With these words he disappeared. The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have an abundance of petals, but each one appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she picked up a Persian carnation, and with the aid of a gold pin taken from her hair, she separated each of the petals of the flower so as to increase the number of folioles and of the number of years accorded by the god to her fiancé. Soon under her deft fingers one, two, three hundred petals, thin, pliant and beautifully curved, had been evolved, and the young girl cried for joy to think of the happy future which her ruse had assured her fiancé. So, runs the legend, was the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden where silvery brooks murmured softly as they ran beneath the little bamboo bridges.—London Globe.

It was a mean trick, but, then, that is the kind that's usually successful.

"That dog," said the owner, "will bring me anything I send him for, and I am willing to bet on it."

Straightway he was arranged, and then the manager of the billiard hall suggested that he would like to have the pool table brought to him.

"Certainly," answered the owner of the dog, and he pointed to the table and said, "Fetch it!"

The dog raced around it once or twice and then grabbed a pocket and tore it off.

"Hold on!" cried the billiard man. "He'll ruin the table."

"Of course," answered the owner of the dog, "but if you give him time he'll get it all over here. You didn't suppose he could bring it in one trip, did you?"

But the billiard man paid the bet.

If no light, no victory; no victory, no crown.—Savonarola.

# The Substitutes

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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To look at Miss Miranda Eldridge you would never dream that she was one of those who keep alight the hidden fire. She was small and thin and careworn, and her eyes, except when she smiled, were full of the tiredness that a dreary procession of days had put there.

The other boarders seated around the long narrow table of Mrs. Pennington's basement dining room filled in the pauses between soup and roast with friendly jocularity, in which Miss Eldridge took no part.

To be sure, she answered pleasantly enough if any one spoke to her, yet she always lapsed into silence immediately afterward and as soon as dinner was over sought the narrow confines of her little hall bedroom, up four flights of creaking, ill lit stairs.

But as no way is really ever dark to those who have the inner vision, so to Miss Eldridge her skylight room was not the cheerless place it seemed. To others it might look sparse and cramped and lonely, but to her it was a sanctuary of dreams, where night after night she lived over again the one great event that had crowned her meager life.

Once in a past, now growing very dim and far, romance had touched her with a sweep of rosy pinions. That was twelve years before—twelve dreary, uneventful, work worn years—and yet Miss Eldridge had never forgotten. She still held the vision as if it were yesterday.

It had begun commonplace enough. A wealthy aunt had chosen to remember Miss Eldridge's existence, and sent her a bit of pastebord that bade her be present at an evening musicale. Tremblingly and unexpected, little Miss Eldridge had gone, and had found it like most musicales until the magical moment when a tall young man in evening dress came up to her and wanted to know if he couldn't bring her an ice-cream.

Then he had stood with her, chatting lightly and easily of this thing and that, so brilliant, so apart from all that made up her humdrum little round, that she had listened to him, rapt and spellbound, as if he were indeed the true bringer of the Promethean fire.

And from that time on she had never forgotten him. He was the ideal be-

side which all other men were compared and found wanting. And though she had never seen him again, and though he moved in worlds quite other than her own, the hope that she would one day meet him still made her heart leap, still filled her days with expectancy and her nights with dreams.

Though that one blissful invitation was all that her august aunt had chosen to send her, were there not other places where she might glimpse her hero—the park, the bridge path or Riverside? It gave an eager uplift to each moment without which her life would have been bare indeed.

She faded, but her hope never did. Perpetual adoration kept it vital and alive. Yet there were times when even her high spirit faltered, times when something in her reached out for a more actual companionship than that of visions, and it was on one of these days that she first met the professor. Really met him, that is, for he had sat opposite her at the table month in and month out with no deeper acquaintanceship than that which arises from politely passing the bread, or intimating one's willingness to share the salt and pepper.

But now the professor had met her face to face in the lower hall one sultry September night when the rest of the boarders were clamorously scrambling for places of vantage on the stone steps.

Perhaps he read a fellow feeling in Miss Eldridge's eyes. Perhaps he guessed that there were moments when she, too, found Mrs. Pennington's unendurable. Be that as it might, on the spur of the moment he stopped her and asked if she wouldn't rather go for a stroll than "join that pandemonium out there," indicating the doorstep and its occupants by a vague wave of the hand.

Miss Eldridge paused, hesitated and accepted. Not that by this was her idol removed from its niche. Far from it. For as time progressed the sympathetic understanding which sprang up between herself and the professor brought to light the fact that he, too, had had his ideal—a woman seen only once, but beautifully remembered and treasured in his middle aged heart as an unfading rose whose luster dimmed all other flowers.

"Any glimpse?" she would ask her whimsically, as they walked side by side in the crisp November weather. Undiscouraged, she would shake her head. "And you?"

"Not the slightest," he would answer. And so it went.

Then came the morning when a large, square envelope was laid by Miss Eldridge's plate. Her aunt, growing old and feeble, had not the less diminished her social activities. After a long absence in Europe she had returned to New York and requested the pleasure of Miss Eldridge's company at—

Miss Eldridge put down the invitation, white to the lips, her heart bounding furiously. Pride urged her not to accept, but a feeling stronger than any self love swept over the barriers of pride and brought them low. The old inextinguishable hope was there, vital and dominant as ever.

On the great evening she arrayed herself with trembling fingers. The face her mirror showed was flushed and radiant. It was as if her lost youth had stepped back to crown her for a moment with the touch of all sweet, imperishable things.

The professor was going to a special meeting of the board of education and had promised to wait for her at the car when it was time for her to return. Ten minutes before she arrived he was at his post, pacing restlessly. Under the thin flare of the street lamps his face looked more tired and haggard than usual. The glory, too, had faded from Miss Eldridge's eyes when she came. As she met him she looked quite worn. The professor guessed at the reason instantly.

"Wasn't he there?" he asked, a throb of commiseration in his voice.

"Yes," she cried, with a little laugh that was half a sob—"yes; he was there. He—he came and talked to me, and instead of—oh, professor, how can I tell you! He isn't the least bit like an Apollo Belvedere! He's grown stout and a little bald, and—"

A second sob struck in Miss Eldridge's throat.

But she had worshipped unrealistically so long that now she was determined to have the truth at any cost. "And I thought his remarks were exceedingly rapid," she ended bravely. Then she glanced up at the professor and noted the change in him.

"Why, professor," she cried, "has anything happened?"

"Yes," said the professor grimly, "a great deal has happened. Tonight at the board meeting I saw her."

Miss Eldridge's question came in a startled whisper. "And is she—still the same?"

"Yes, she is still the same. She has preserved her youth, and you know how preserved youth looks. I'd rather have an honest wrinkle than all that!"

He stopped and then went on more calmly: "All my life I have been idealizing a pretty doll, endowing her with graces of the heart and soul that she never for an instant had, while here beside me—oh, I've been blind as a bat, Miranda, blind as a bat, but I'm going to make up for it if you'll let me, if you'll listen to a poor middle aged sultor after your dreams of Apollo Belvedere!"

The glow had come back again to little Miss Eldridge's face. Her eyes were twin stars.

"Let you?" she whispered. "Oh, tonight, after my eyes were opened, I thought of you, and I felt so desperately lonely, for I knew you had some one else, while I—"

"The school board," said the professor irrelevantly, "have raised my salary. They've offered to make me principal of an outlying school where all the teachers own their homes—beautiful homes, with lawns and vine covered porches."

The professor straightened as he spoke and looked positively young.

And an hour later Miss Eldridge opened the tiny window of her skylight bedroom and tossed out across the roof a faded bunch of violets that she had worn on a memorable night twelve years before and cherished ever since. Then she turned about with a happy sigh, for the dream was ended, and in its place had come the substance of reality.

## WHEN YOU WEEP.

The Way That Tears Act Upon the Human Organism.

Professor Waynbaum, M. D., of Paris publishes some queer facts regarding the nature and purpose of tears, coming to the conclusion that tears act upon the human organism "like chloroform, ether or alcohol."

"When a human being gives way to sorrow," says Dr. Waynbaum, "the blood pressure in the brain decreases. The tear helps in this process, which causes passiveness of the soul almost approaching indifference."

"Tears are blood, changing color by their passage through the lachrymal glands. One can drown his sorrow in tears as one can numb his senses by the use of alcohol or drugs. When a person cries the facial muscles contract and the appearance of the face changes, which action facilitates the white blood letting, driving the blood particles into the lachrymal gland, from which they issue in the shape of tears."

"Children whose nervous system is particularly tender derive great benefit from crying occasionally. The act of crying relieves their brains. The same may be said with respect to women."

The professor likewise explains why laughter sometimes produces tears, but the explanation is too technical for reproduction.

A Remedy For Choking.

Few people know that a very simple and effective remedy for choking is to raise the left arm as high as possible, which relieves the person much more rapidly than by the usual method of thumping him on the back, says a physician. Very frequently at meals and at play children get choked, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more quickly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if the child sees that other persons or parents get excited the effect is bad. The best thing is to tell the child to raise his left arm, and immediately the difficulty passes away.

Not a Matter of Chance.

The Vicar—is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There isn't no chance about it, sir; they all cheats!—London Opinion.

# BIG SHOOTING MEET.

Greatest International Gathering at Washington Next Fall.

FINER PLANS THAN EVER.

Nineteen Countries Invited to Send Marksmen For the Match—Champion Shot of the World Will Be Chosen on One Thousand Yard Range.

Arrangements are already being made for the greatest gathering of international riflemen yet seen in the United States, to take place next fall in Washington. The state department has been intrusted with formal invitations from the National Rifle Association, of which General James A. Drain is president, to be forwarded to the ambassadors and ministers from nineteen countries interested in rifle shooting, formally inviting those countries to be represented by rifle teams at the coming international meeting.

More elaborate plans are being made for this series of matches than ever before. In addition to the Palma trophy for the military long range championship of the world, which was won in 1907 by the American team at Ottawa, Canada, there will be an individual competition at 1,000 yards, a team match at 300 meters, an individual competition at 300 meters and a revolver team competition at 50 yards.

The conditions for the Palma trophy match provide for teams of eight, using the national military arm of their country. Two targets will be allotted to each team, the distances being 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The targets will be rectangular, 12 by 6 feet, with a thirty-six inch bulseye, an inner circle of fifty-four inches in diameter, a "magpie square" seventy-two inches and the remainder of the target constituting the outer. The value of the count will be: Bulseye, 6; inner, 4; "magpie," 3; outer, 2.

There will be fifteen shots each man at each distance, without artificial rest, with two sighting shots additional. Telescopic and magnifying sights are barred. There are also minor technical conditions such as are prescribed from year to year by the country holding the trophy. Each member of the winning team will receive a medal, and other prizes in this match will be determined later.

The individual match at 1,000 yards should attract great attention, as America, by reason of its records and its victories in the Olympic games and elsewhere, claims the distinction of having the finest long range marksmen in the world. In this match any rifle with any sights, including telescopic, and any ammunition, may be used, thus throwing the match open to the entire world. The distances, targets, count and dimensions are the same as in the Palma match. The winner of this match will be hailed as the long range champion of the world and will be given an international championship cup, which will become his property. Other prizes will be arranged for in the program.

The international team match at 300 meters will be for teams of six men, using any rifle with open fore sights and any kind of back sights, with any ammunition. The target will be white, one meter in diameter, with a black center of sixty centimeters diameter, the entire target being divided into ten concentric circles, counting from one to ten points.

This will be an unusual match for the United States because of the style of target, the distance, the count and the number of shots. Each competitor will fire 120 shots, equally divided among the standing, kneeling and prone positions. They will be fired in strings of ten shots each without interruption, and ten sighting shots will be allowed in each position. Another rule of interest in this match is that after ten shots the target will be taken down and preserved as a proof in case of discussion.

The official count will take place under the direction of the committee of umpires. Immediately after the shooting is finished.

The 300 meter match for individuals will be shot under conditions similar to those of the team match.

The revolver team match will be open to teams of four men, using any revolver or pistol with open sights, distance fifty yards. Two slingers and fifty shots will be allowed, a series of five shots each, a fresh target being provided for each series. The center of the shot hole and not its edge will determine the value of the shot.

Each competing nation will designate one delegate to a committee whose duty it will be to settle definitely and without appeal any question which may arise not covered by the rules of the match. The members of this committee will be nominated by the team captains, and the committee will elect its own chairman, who shall have a casting vote in addition to his vote as a member.

The invitations will be forwarded by the state department to the diplomatic representatives of the different countries in Washington, to their military attaches here, and through the American ambassadors and ministers abroad. The nineteen countries and colonies invited are: England, Canada, Australia, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Germany, Austria, Greece, Mexico, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Spain, Belgium and Japan. Some of these also will receive invitations from the National Rifle Association of America direct through their national rifle associations, such as England, Canada, Australia, France, Switzerland, Italy and Argentine Republic.

Businesslike.

The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not businesslike. Stern Parent—Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's businesslike?—Kansas City Independent.

Not a Matter of Chance.

The Vicar—is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There isn't no chance about it, sir; they all cheats!—London Opinion.

# Paulton's Prisoner.

By W. F. Bryan.

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Absurd as it may seem, Edith Morimer had run away from happiness. Realizing that Guy Paulton was determined to marry her, she had looked into the commanding eyes and surveyed the determined chin and had fled in a panic to the mountains after fully announcing that she was bound for the shore.

This was not because she did not want to marry Paulton. To the contrary, the prospect thrilled her with tender delight, but what she did want was another social season without ties of any sort. She did not want to retire to the ranks of engaged girls and wall flowers after only one year's triumph as the belle of the season.

Guy, on the contrary, seemed determined to be married at once, and as a last resort she had fled to escape his proposal. From babyhood Guy had had a masterful way, and Edith knew that if she stopped to argue she was lost.

Her old chum, Belle Manton, who was going to Beach Haven, forwarded Edith's mail and otherwise helped to maintain the polite but obvious fiction. Loyally she strove to protect her friend's secret, and though Paulton alternately begged and threatened, he could gain no hint of Edith's whereabouts. Edith smiled at the desperate letters he wrote, but she carefully saved them in her little rosewood traveling desk, and could Paulton have seen the tender light in her eyes as she reread them in the quiet of the summer nights he would have been content. The trouble was that Paulton could not see, and he was putting in a most uncomfortable summer.

Oddly enough, Edith was really enjoying her runaway vacation. She had stumbled on a quaint village far from the haunts of fashion. In simple gowns and with her hair in braids she rejoiced at the freedom from dress and social routine that had been her portion all winter. In her gingham sunbonnet she might have passed for the daughter of a farmer, and for the moment Guy Paulton took her to be such when he came upon her in the little woodland where Edith spent most of her time. Her back was turned to him as he parted the bushes and trampled down the ferns.

Edith started at the sound of his voice, but promptly drew the all concealing bonnet down in front and managed to stammer an answer to his question if she had seen any soldiers about.

For the first time she noticed that he was in uniform, and she immediately realized that the rough service dress was most becoming. Paulton was built in heroic mold, and though he looked well in the conventional dress of a man of fashion, the heavy blue shirt, open to display his fine throat, and tight fitting riding trousers emphasized the good lines of his powerfully muscled figure.

Edith shook her head.

"You are certain that there have been no soldiers about?" he asked again, "no chaps in brown uniform?"

"Haven't seen any," denied Edith in nasal tones. "You're the first soldier I've seen since the county fair. Is it a parade?"

"It's a case of war," explained Paulton. "They divided the militia into two armies. The browns must beat the blues to win, and of course we blues are anxious to see that they don't. I am supposed to be scouting."

"Like real soldiers?" she asked innocently.

"Of course," was the impatient reply. "That is the whole idea, to train us like the regulars."

Edith gazed in a very good imitation of Holly Spence, the village flirt.

"I didn't know that real soldiers stopped to talk to girls when there was a war on," she suggested as she raised her hand to the bonnet the better to adjust its shade.

The movement was fatal to concealment. Paulton noticed that her hand was unusually white for a girl who worked about the farm, and the next instant he recognized the slight silver band that circled one of the slender fingers. It had been his mother's, and how often he had suggested to Edith to wear it!

"We are like regular soldiers also because we are not above a pleasant little flirtation," declared Paulton smilingly. "I believe that a regular soldier would kiss such a pretty face as yours!"

"How do you know that it is pretty?" demanded Edith from the security of the sunbonnet's shade. It hurt her to think that Guy would flirt with any girl he met, but she was determined to carry the game as far as she dared.

"I'll take the face on trust," announced Paulton calmly. "All's fair in love and war, they say, so your face must be fair since this is mimic war."

"All's fair" Paulton began his favorite quotation, but the rest was lost in the pastebord tunnel of the sunbonnet as he claimed a kiss.

"I think that I'll just have to marry you," asserted Edith. "You are such a persistent torment."

"All's fair"—Paulton began his favorite quotation, but the rest was lost in the pastebord tunnel of the sunbonnet as he claimed a kiss.

"Maybe it's only make believe fair, since this is make believe war," suggested Edith coquettishly.

"To the contrary, this is very real war," declared Paulton, "and I am obliged to place you under arrest."

"What for?" demanded Edith, not without some alarm. "You cannot draw country folks into your games."

"You are wrong," retorted Paulton. "It is the soldier's duty to take into custody those enemies of his country whose sentiments threaten the success of a campaign."

"But I am not your enemy," protested Edith. "I won't be taken prisoner."

"Perhaps," assented Paulton, "but a stern duty confronts me. I must take you a prisoner and hale you before a court martial unless—"

He paused tantalizingly.

"Unless?" She told herself that if he demanded a kiss as the price of her freedom she would never believe in men again.

"There is but one way out of it," continued Paulton. "Prove your loyalty to your country by marrying one of its protectors. There is a person just beyond here. I passed a church not very long ago. We will slip over there and get married, and then I shall be certain that you are not an enemy to the country."

"And if I refuse?" asked Edith loftily, in her anger dropping her vocal disguise.

"In that case," answered Paulton, "I am afraid that you will be thrown into the guardhouse until you change your mind."

"I shall report you to the colonel," cried Edith angrily. "He will not tolerate such conduct."