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The Salsey Regalla.

Mr. Richard Davis a married man with a family, had lately retired from business upon a substantial competency. Office life had given him no opportunity of developing his muscles. He looked a frail figure as, steadying his boat under the shade of a tree, he once more summed up the points upon his fingers. "Shall I settle, here, in Saisey?" he reflected. "The town seems pleasant enough. The house: It is somewhat small; but the garden borders upon the river exactly as I want it. The schools! Everybody says that I could not do better for the children. There remains the river to be considered. And that—" Mr. Davis looked round with a

hobby. It would have the hilling up his time and providing him with amusement. "Aye! and it won't be half such hard work as handling these sculls." he reflected to himself, whilst rowing on. The pleasures of anticipation kept Mr. Davis company till he stepped from the boat upon the wharf of Bonsor's the boat upon the wharf of Bonsor's hoatyard.

The man does not eare a tinker's "The man does not eare a tinker "The man does

aif?" said he, interrogatively. The waterman referred to a memo-andum book. "Ninepence, sir," he

replied.

There you are," said the stranger, taking the money from a purse.

When Bonsor's is not busy it gossips. Mr. Davis yelded himself to the atmosphere of the place, sitting himself down upon a wooden trestle to watch and listen. Five minutes

himself down upon a wooden trestle to watch and listen. Five minutes passed—

"Ere they come!" said the waterman, admiringly. "Now, mister, you'll see 'im— 'e's coachin' 'em to-day ready for the regatta."

The sharp nose of a racing boat had just appeared under the central arch of the gray bridge. Scarcely a second clapsed before an eight-oar came into full view with a spiendid vigor of back and blade. Steering by the boundary walls and gardens of the reached, the "Town eight traveled rapidly toward the boat yard with a rhythinic rise and fall of its green and white Jerseys.

Mr. Davis was of the opinion that people were envious of his novelty, and that they exaggerated. If Mr. Foreir was not aware of the fact, as his letter would seem to imply, and would refer to the Regatta Subscription List, he would find that Mr. Davis was a subscriber, and so had a moral right to be present at the regatta.

The president of the Salsey Rowing club brooded over this reply for two days. Then he went to Bonsor's and called one of the watermen aside. "Bill," he said, "I am hiring the Jane for regatta day. I shall want you just before the Salsey's Schoois' race comes off to row Miss Foster in her away from this part of the river

white jerseys.

"Easy ail!" the coxswain shouted. His voice was manly and authoritative in an instant the powerful "clock, clock" of the oars ceased, their blades floated flatly upon the surface of the dark green water; and the boat, steadying of its throbs, hissed slowly into rest alongside the yard.

Edward Foster, the coxswain, who now stepped ashore, was an old

now stepped ashore, was an old "Blue" and president of the Salsey Rowing Club.

The Londoner eyed the local celebrity all over, taking in the green cap, the green blazer and the short flannel breeches reaching just above the knee. "I wouldn't especially care to fall foul of him," he remarked, after

I shouldn't think you would," the waterman replied, giancing with a acarcely concealed disdain at the whippety figure of the Londoner.

whippety figure of the Londoner.
Bonsor's is approached by a lane
running, first, through an open space,
where Salsey's outdoor entertainments—such as circuses—are held,
and afterward between high brick
walls to the gate of the boatyard.
Some weeks after the conversation recorded above, a bathchair was being
drawn along this lane by a boy in
buttons. Its occupant was a young drawn along this lane by a boy in buttons. Its occupant was a young lady—a cripple for life. Her approach was not noticed till she entered the gate of the b-atyard. Then there was an immediate stir among the watermen, and one ran forward. "Yes," said the young lady; "tell my brother that I am here, please.

If Edward Foster, with his physical strength and popularity, was occasion.

strength and popularity, was occasion ally dictatorial with people, he was never so with his sister. Pulling on his blazer, he descended the ladder. A few seconds later Edward Foster had gathered his sister tenderly up in his arms and was carrying her to the

boat. It was a feat of strength that the yard liked to see.

The environs of Saisey were soon left behind, and the brother and sister found themselves meandering with the river through some flat green

meadows.

The invalid did not talk much. Lazy rowing, warmth and the occasional pauses here and there for a flower, made the president of Salaey Rowing Club grow drowsy. His eye began to watch the smooth, oily flow of the current, his ear to listen to the water rippling under the keel. Fringes of feathery reeds appeared on either bank. Soon the meadows were hidden, and the river was twisting and turning with the short reaches toward the green-gray bulk of a distant wood. Suddenly there was a noise—a strange mixture of rattle and splash; and a man seated upon an object like a cumbersome tricycle came swiftly round a curve of the river. There was just time for Edward Foster to unship his left scull.

"Sorry! Sorry!" said the stranger, spasmodically.

The president of the Salaey Rowing Club had no sympathy with the muscle-saving machines. They appeared unmanly to him. For a moment he was dumb with indignation at the peril to which his sister had been exposed. Then he blazed out:

"Sorry—are you? You ought to be I have head complaints of you before, sir. You're a nulsance upon the river."

The stranger seer ed taken aback. The invalid did not talk much.

The stranger stalled sarcastically. With a bow to diss Foster, he touched a lever to his machine and moved

ed a lever to his nuchine and moved away.

The incident left a strongly unpleasant impression upon Edward Foster's mind. The president's authority over all aquatic matters connected with the Elowe had so long been unquestioned that the stranger's assertion of independence came as a shock. He feit that he had been "set down" and called to order over an elementary law regulating the traffic of the river—actually told by implication to keep on the right side.

For a while Edward Foster let

For a while Edward Foster let things drift, fervently hoping that the tricycle might come to a smash and the river be freed of a nulsance that netly as I want it. The schools! Everybody says that I could not do better for the children. There remains the river to be considered. And that—" Mr. Davis looked round with a peculiarly critical glance. "That ought to do. There is not too much current for what I shall want. " " yes, Fil settle in Saisey."

Mr. Davis had a fixed intention to devote himself to a certain aquatic hobby, It would keep him in the open air, while filling up his time and providing him with amusement. "Aye: and it won't be haif such hard work cycle here, there, and everywhere

> can I do?" the president grumbled.
> "The man does not care a tinker's curse for you, or me, or anybody." People, being irresponsible, were not satisfied. The president, being president, ought to move somehow in the matter. At length Edward Foster determined to send an official letter to the delinquent. An answer came back by return of post.
>
> Mr. Davis was of the opinion that people were envious of his novelty.

away from this part of the river down to the first lock."

The Schools' race is, for local reasons, always the great event of a Salsey Regatta it attracts the attention of the crowd more than any other detail of the programme. At the ex-citing moment when the course op-posite to Bonsor's was about to be posite to Bonsor's was about to be cleared for the great race the presi-dent intended to foul Mr Davis's tri-cycle with a dinghy, so skillfully that the cockney would be covered with public obloquy as a carelesa, reckless fool who has at last received what he deserved—a well-merited upset and ducking.

A gray stone bridge, with several arches.crosses the river a hundred yards below Bonsor's boatyard. The stream widens beyond the bridge, runnig by a fine promemade upon the left to a terminal lock. Half-way between the bridge and the latter another side lock on the right gives access to a lower river. It was toward this side lock that Bill, according to his orders, began to row Miss Foster upon the day of the regatta, just before the course was cleared for the Salsey Schools race. The river was crowded with pleasure boats, Their progress was slow as Edward Foster watched them from the midst of a gayly-dressed crowd at Bonsor's. At length they disappeared out of sight under an arch of the bridge and, Ed-A gray stone bridge, with several length they disappeared out of sight under an arch of the bridge and, Edward Foster immediately stepped into a dinghy that was being held ready for him at the wharf by a waterman. "Shall I shove yer off, sir?" the man

ident replied.

A minute passed. Suddenly, Mr.
Davis's motor-tricycle rolled forth
from an arch of the distant bridge. from an arch of the distant bridge, trumpeting discordant staccato warn-ings to the crowd of boats and began to dodge its way in and out of them toward Bonsor's. "All right Shove out!" said the president, sharply, eatching sight of it.

catching sight of it.

The waterman obeyed, pressing hard upon the outrigger, and afterward hand over hand along the length of a scull. The light craft yielded steadily outward till there was water enough for the president to take a stroke. A glance over his shoulder told him that the tricycle was advancing rapidly. He must be quick. He began to head the boat hastily round into a position that would enable him, after taking a few strokes, to deliver a slanting blow into the wheel of the tricycle as it passed. Presently another glance behind told him that the revolut on was satisfactorily completed. A weak man would him that the revolut on was satisfactorily completed. A weak man would now have dashed forward. But the president's nerves were of steel! He saw that he must wait five seconds or more for the advance of a heavy family boat. The blow, delivered from behind this, would make the tricyclist appear more plausibly in the wrong. One, two, three seconds had passed. The president leaned forward. His blue eyes gleamed—But the stroke was never taken

perfit to which his sister had been exposed. Then he blazed out:

"Sorry—are you? You ought to be. I have head complaints of you before, sir. You're a nulsance upon the river."

The stranger seer of taken aback. He stared, making no reply.

"Take my advice!" the president added, grimly. "Learn how to row like a man instead of treading away like an old woman at a sewing

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reofa Immediately afterward the carcass entered the harrow aperture before it. There was a splintering crash. The gate buckled up like matchwood. And upsetting the table of a ticket collector, dispersing the bowls of coins in a clinking shower, the animal entered the yard. For a brief second it seemed that the thick-lipsed brutal head would run itself in its mad fury against a rod brick wall, but the four feet came together like a pivot. The enormous body swung round. There followed a moment's frightful expectation when the pictible eyes examined the shadow of the sheds where women were crouching. Afterward a dreadful, many-voiced cry arose from the bouts upon the river, as, with one tremendous curvet—a veritable carleature of animal motion—the hippopotamus made straight for the river, entering it with a tremendous opposite.

The brute sank deeply under. As it reappeared with dripping tusks, the crowd of pleasure boats began to flee some up, some down the river, with frantic strokes of their cars. "S-shush!" Edward Foster biased, helding his position amid the panic with a superb bravery, and splashing wildly with his scalls in an endeavor to drive the beast back to land.

The chase very soon began to tall upon the crowded, jostling boats. The interval between them and the powerfully swimming brute diminished and diminished. Presently the peril of a bont, containing women and children, was becoming fearfully evident it was falling behind the rest. It was yawning undecidedly from a straight course, giving the pursuing animal greater and greater advantage. A man was watching the terrible sight from where he had halted after the first panic. Suddenly he touched a lever. There was a whirring, ratiling splash. And putting on full oil power, Davis began to steer his tricycle after the hippopotamus it was an impulse of gallantry, taking him to do he scarcely knew what.

The tricycle gained up to a few yards astern of the hippopotamus before the celar idea came to Mr.

cely knew what.

The tricycle gained up to a few yards astern of the hippopotamus before the ceinr idea came to Mr. Davis that he was going to try and divert the furious animal in pursuit of himself. He began to hish and hallon, at first faintly, but soon with the growing passion of desperate man entering his whole energy and heart into a splendid attempt to save life. The monstrous, wallowing, barrel-like bulk was not to be diverted from the boat! The curved white tusks

the boat! The curved white trains traveled closer and closer to its frail stern. A catastrophe seemed imminent. Suddenly Mr. Davis removed his hat, casting it cuttingly downward with his whole force. The Fragged cige of the straw caught the brute's even maintails. The himographic

ceige of the straw caught the brute's eye painfully. The hippopotamus swerved and turned. In a second the tricycle was following round on a wide curve, gashing up the surface of the river into treble lines of foam.

"Come on, you beast!" the man shouted tauntingly to the brute-passion glaring at h.m. "Come on!"

The challenge seemed understood. The small pointed ears cocked themselves cunningly. With a surging leap that exposed its shoulders, the hippopotamus began to chase Mr. Davis down the river toward the bridge.

The tricyclist gaining palpably

The tricyclist gaining palpably upon the savage brute in its wake, approached the town bridge at full A dense crowd was standing upon the latter their faces peering red and white through the stone balus-trades. It was no sconer evident that Mr. Davis intended to shoot the central arch than there was an agitation amid this mass of people. They began to shout. The confused bable of shrill cries appeared to be a warning. Hu of what? Mr. Davis looked affright edly over his shoulder. No, it was not that! He was still gaining. Im-mediately afterward, who a glance up, he swept unenlightened under the uproar of the crowd. As Mr. Davis again flashed out into the sunshine beyond the arch a sight met his tare which explained

Straining along the foot of a prome-nade was the crowd of pleasure boats that had fled down the river from asked.

The brass band of a circus and menagerie was playing noisily and in a field behind Bonsor's yard. "What?

No, not yet. Hold on a bit," the preshundred and fifty yands away. It was a necessity, of Mr. Davis were to save them, that he should keep the hippopotamus in play till they could reach and land upon a low bank some hundreds of yards beyond a lock on the right. A few seconds passed amia the agony of indecision. Then Mr. Davis's hand went resolutely to the machine's brake. He began to press it harder and harder, looking press it harder and harder, looking over his shoulder. Suddenly the aw-fully critical moment, that he had an-ticipated, came. The hippopotamus was almost upon him when, with a clever touch of the steering rod, Mr. Davis deflected the machine aside.

It was the commencement of a second duel between man and brute. The crowd watched the conflict gradually withdraw in the wake of the fleeing boats. A score of times Mr. Davis endeavored to escape past the hippopotamus into the open water up the river. A score of times the cum-ning of the mad orute foiled him. Presently they were opposite the side lock, and it seemed that the cyclist must be driven back and followed among the boats. The crowds upon the bridge and the promenade grew breathlessly silent. There was a moment when the tricycle was stationary. Then the brute made

But the ringing, vociferating cheer!
The cyclist had escaped into the open gate of the lock.
But again the horror of it! The lower gates of the lock were closed—were firm and fast as iron. The hippopotamus was following in after him.
The receive truck place that is the The rescue took place just in the nick of time. A tail figure, landing from a dinghy, rushed across a mendow to the lower end of the lock. The crowd saw it kneel and stoop over, and pull up the cyclist by main

Then the man who was saved and the man who had saved him ran back together to close the lock gate. The

hippopotamus was trapped.

"But your tricycle is smashed up!"
said Edward Foster, glancing down
upon the event of the day.

Mr. Davis held cut his hand. "You'd
have saved it too, it you could." he
said.

The president of the Salsey Rowing Club did not deny he assertion.—The Strand Magazine.

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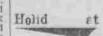
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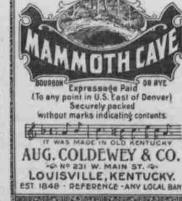
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