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His Girl In Detroit

By STACY E. BAKER.

The marriage of Marie Norfield and Anthony Morton, scheduled for early June, was suddenly broken off by the girl without a word of explanation.

As for Anthony, he was too proud to ask for one. The two drifted apart.

Morton consoled himself with the yellow-haired Dotty Hemingway (Marie's well-cared-for tresses were black), and the dark-eyed maid who had been his fiancee showed a decided partiality for Wayne Haskell, a youth who had occupied a niche in the young woman's affections some time before Anthony had gained her consent for an early marriage.

The curious of Drakeville—and there were many of them—found little to gossip about in the attitude of either. Each was cordial to the other, and at the little parties given weekly by their set, danced occasionally together.

Wayne Haskell was a brilliant youth with an enviable future before him. He was a young M. D., just from college, but popular.

Anthony Morton was an architect, and while Drakeville's need of architects was limited, the sandy-haired young fellow with the determined take-life-seriously air, managed to make more than a comfortable living.

Of the two, however, Haskell was the better match for Marie—and Morton knew this. Hence, many a sleepless vigil through long restless nights.

Marie Norfield and Dotty Hemingway were of the crowd congregated at Loon Lake, some twelve miles from Drakeville, on the occasion of the annual outing of the Drakeville Hook and ladder company. A hook and ladder company in a town the size of Drakeville is an institution of social importance. Haskell and Morton were both prominent in the organization, and both were on the arrangements committee. Therefore the esquiring of the two young ladies was given over to others.

Loon Lake is not to be reached by rail. Vehicles and horses of all stages and ages were pressd into commission on the day of this event.

It was late in the afternoon when Marie drew away from the outing for a cruise about the lake. Marie was an excellent oarswoman.

Anthony Morton, the duties of the day done, was sitting tete-a-tete with Dotty Hemingway under a shading tree. Both watched the athletic maid in the boat draw away. "Clever girl—Marie," ventured Dotty, her red lips forming to a perfect smile.

This was the first time she had ever in Morton's hearing mentioned the name of his ex-fiancee.

"Really, Tony, I never quite understood why you fell out with her?"

"I didn't," came gloomily from Anthony. "It's a curious situation, and I don't mind telling you about it." Thereupon he explained.

At the completion of his story the girl eyed him scornfully.

"You mean!" she exclaimed, and there was a world of meaning in the phrase. "She expected you to demand an explanation of her. She hoped in her heart that you could explain the something that has come between you; and she was waiting to give you the opportunity. You have calmly allowed her to pass out of your life. I don't believe there is a drop of red blood in your veins—I honestly don't."

"It is too late now," came from the pessimist. "She is completely infatuated with Baskell."

"She isn't," declared the giel, angrily. "You don't understand women at all. She is just running around with him to show you that—well, slangily, that 'there are others'—and you are taking me about for the same purpose."

Anthony had the grace to blush. "I—I—"

"Oh, don't deny it. You koow it is true."

"Are you angry with me?" asked the shame-faced Anthony.

"Of course not," she answered. "I don't mind confessing to you, since you have been so truthful with me, that I, too, had an object in view in allowing this intimacy."

Anthony stared.

"To-day my differences with—with another have been adjusted, and I would like to see the broken threads of your own romance joined together."

"But—"

"There isn't any 'but' about it. I am a woman, and it would be strange, indeed, if I didn't know my own sex. There is a boat." She pointed to a punt tied to a nearby stake. "Jump in and hunt down your capricious lady."

Anthony's troubled eyes roamed the space about them. A fellow was striding hastily toward their cloistered spot. It was Haskell. Anthony rightly interpreted the girl's words as a dismissal.

Disconsolately, he arose and made his way to the boat. Slipping the oars into their locks, he pushed the flat-bottomed affair from its mooring and splashed dismally out onto the water. This was an idle mission; he knew it.

Marie Norfield was not in sight. Loon Lake is a bending body of water, with wooded harbors all about, and a pretty little island near its inlet. Toward this island Anthony threaded his way. She was there! Furthermore, without proffered assistance, she bade fair to remain there. He saw her as a turn brought the islands into view. She was standing erect in the boat, and using an oar as a pole in a series of fruitless efforts to move the craft from a clinging sandbar.

Anthony, unobserved, kept an appreciative eye on the picture. "Do you want help?" he asked, as the girl suddenly abandoned her efforts and sank wearily to a seat.

A proud little head raised itself to stare at the approaching Anthony.

"No, indeed," came the sarcastic answer. "I am just exercising, you know."

Anthony laughed. "Perhaps I can help you," he ventured "but before I do you and I are to have nice quiet little heart to heart talk."

"Indeed?"

"I want to know," he continued, "just why you saw fit to throw me down so suddenly. I think I have a right to know."

"As if you didn't" came scornfully from the girl.

"Well, I don't." The youth spoke angrily. "And before you leave that samoar you're going to tell me all about it."

"I will," agreed the girl freezingly. "Now—what about the 'girl in Detroit?'"

"What about the ——who?"

"The girl in Detroit," snapped Marie Norfield. "Is it possible that you think I don't know?"

"You talk foolishly," retaliated Anthony, the angry red rushing to his cheeks. "There never was any girl in Detroit—for me."

"The one," continued Marie calmly, "of whom your friend had the sublime nerve to write about on a postal to you which you lost on the next to the last evening that you called on me. It said, if I remember rightly: 'She is back here again with paint on her an inch thick. Waiting. When will you come to town?'"

Gradually the anger faded from the face of the youth. He grinned, and then suddenly broke into a loud laugh.

"Funny, isn't it?" asked the girl, crushingly.

"Awfully funny," confessed Anthony. "You see 'my friend,' as you call him, is the owner of a big garage. It was my runabout to which he referred on the postal. I had it there for repairs, and then suddenly decided to have it enameled. I wrote him to attend to this. When it came back from the enameler's he sent me the card."

"Anthony, I—I wish you would get me out of this," said the girl, her flushed face averted.

She referred to the sandbar.

Rich Gypsies.

Washington Post.

"If anyone thinks that gypsies live in waggons and tents because they are too poor to have homes, they are much mistaken," said O. M. Parsons, of St. Louis, at the National hotel.

"Most of the wandering tribes own a considerable amount of property. Of course, some of them are poor, but the chiefs and under-chiefs usually are pretty well supplied with the world's goods. In Vanderburg county, down in the southernmost part of Indiana, there are some wealthy gypsy taxpayers. One family owns hundreds of acres of the best land in the Ohio Valley. They raise horses, and good ones, too, and some of this land is rented to small farmers. The gypsies don't seem to care for farming themselves, but they collect the revenue, just the same.

"In the winter these gypsies come back to their farms for two or three months. Then they start off on the road as soon as spring opens."

Funeral Wreaths in France.

London Chronicle.

Funeral wreaths cost even more than mummies to import into France, as two Italians recently discovered when they journeyed to attend the funeral of a compatriot at Nice. They took with them a wreath to which a ribbon bearing an inscription was attached and at the frontier they were informed that the duty on this amounted to nearly £5. One of the mourners pointed out that the flowers were not artificial and therefore no duty was payable on them.

"But," replied the custom house officer, "silk is subject to a heavy tariff and this we are entitled to charge on the gross weight of the wreath, ribbon and flowers being lumped together for customs purposes." The mourners then decided to detach the ribbon from the wreath and to do this they were compelled to return to Italy. They missed their train and were too late for the funeral.

Stage Snow.

M. A. P., London.

Here is a theatrical story of a play now running in London. In a play called "1812," in which Napoleon's crossing of a frozen river is shown, with snow falling, the last act shows an old soldier's return home. It is spring time, there are roses climbing up the cottage walls, the fruit trees are in bloom and the old hero sits in a chair in a cosy room with all the windows open. But, much to the spectators' amusement, snow continued to fall not only outside the room, but inside it. The actor who played the sold soldier noticed the audience's amusement, and, to account for the snow, he gagged, "Pay no attention to the snow," he said to his stage wife, "It's a habit it contracted in Russia."

FICHU DRAPERIES MAKE EVENING BODICES GRACEFUL

The new winter evening dresses, and the occasional models which are appearing, fresh from Paris, at summer festivities in fashionable colonies this month, have straight, scanty skirts and quaint little bodices, draped in fichu effect over the bust... This graceful dinner down is all in tones of gray and steel color, the tunic of black chiffon embroidered with steel beads being dropped over a gunmetal satin gown. The steel beaded chiffon on the bodice is laid in folds over a transverse arrangement of folded satin in a lighter gray tone. White Mechlin lace is set in the decolletage and forms the short sleeve. The long gloves are of embroidered gray silk.

HUSBAND KILLS HIMSELF.

Told Wife He Was Going to Walk Deck.

Buffalo, N.Y., Aug. 13.—Saying he was going to walk the deck for a while, Morris E. Yost, a paint salesman, of 338 Frank street, Rochester, left his wife in their state room on the steamer City of Buffalo, and did not return. His overcoat was found near the rail of the cabin deck. The steamer was searched upon its arrival but Yost was not found. He had been summoned to Rochester, because of his father's illness, it was said. The couple were married last February. Mrs. Yost said her husband had talked of suicide.

The Critic's Motto.

Utica Globe.

Eugene Walter, the noted playwright, said at a theatrical supper that he gave at the Ansonia in New York:

"The critics have been unusually kind to all my plays, and I have only praise for them. I can share the view of my friend Blink, the vaudeville manager.

"Blink's bill last week was handled very severely by the critics. I dropped in on him Tuesday morning as he was reading his roasts. On my entrance he looked up from a theatrical page and said:

"'Nineteen roasts out of a possible 19—Walter, my boy, the average New York critic's motto evidently is—Leave no turn unstoned.'"

Cheerful Optimist.

Mayor William S. Jordan, at a democratic banquet in Jacksonville, said of optimism:

"Let us cultivate optimism and hopefulness. There is nothing like it. The optimistic man can see a bright side of everything—everything.

"A missionary in a slum once laid his hand on a man's shoulder and said:

"'Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of that clock? Tick-tack, tick-tack. And oh, friend, do you know what day it inexorably and relentlessly brings nearer?'

"'Yes, pay day,' the other, an honest, optimistic working man, replied."

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Woodburn Notes.

Woodburn, Aug. 13.—A number of the young people went on the excursion to Ogdensburg on Friday. Miss Ethel Young, of Lacombe, Alta., who has been visiting at S. Armstrong's, left on Saturday for the west. Hugh Donaldson has disposed of his farm and will remove to Brockville. F. Lucy's fine new brick house is nearing completion. Visitors: J. McLean, Sr., and Miss Jean Yule at W. Bell's; Mrs. Hugh, Donaldson, at F. Wilson's; Mr. and Mrs. C. Clendenning, at T. McNeely's; Mrs. and Miss Blake and Mrs. T. Trotter, of Kingston, at Mrs. T. Bell's.

Allisonville Budget.

Allisonville, Aug. 12.—Quarterly services were held at Burr's appointment on Sunday. The trustees of Bowerman's school have engaged Miss Elva Locklin as teacher. School opens Monday, 22nd. Mrs. J. Boyd arrived home on Saturday, after a two weeks' visit in Belleville. Mrs. A. Hogle and Mrs. Spencer Huffman are spending this week in Trenton. Mrs. Frank Grant and two children, of Chicago, arrived home on Sunday, to attend Mrs. Clayton Morden's funeral, which took place at her home in Wellington, on Sunday afternoon. She just arrived in time for the services. Mrs. Grant will stay a month at her father's, David Morden, of Christian street. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bryant spent Thursday in Wellington, at D. Ainsworth's. Miss Clara Porter, of Toronto, spent last week at Grant Valleau's. Miss Ida Boyd and sister, Mrs. Royal Hicks, went on the excursion, Tuesday, from Carrying Place to Glen Island and Picton. Mr. and Mrs. Blake Harns and son, spent Sunday at Grant Valleau's. Eurastus Marvine, of the village, spent Monday in Belleville, making arrangements to pack apples. Mrs. Emerson McFaul's friends are glad to know there is a slight improvement in her condition. She has been confined to her bed the last ten weeks, with heart trouble. Corn and buckwheat are looking fine in these parts since the late rain.

Many a man who pretends to believe things winds up by believing them.

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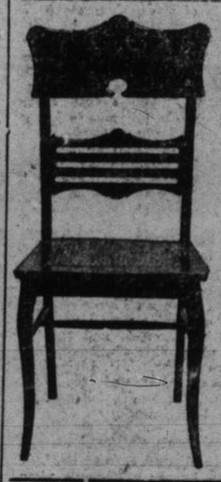

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