

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EVE AT HEART'S DESIRE—By Emerson Hough  
FOLLOWING ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT  
BY SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE



# THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



"MY HEART HAS BEEN FLUTTERING, FLUTTERING LIKE A LITTLE BIRD, BILLY, EVER SINCE I HEARD IT"



"ER—AH—OH, YES! VERY KIND OF YOU, I'M SURE!" SAID MR. WOODS

law to cover just such cases—penalties of whose nature he was entirely ignorant and didn't care to think. Heavens! for all he knew that angel might have let herself in for a jail sentence.

Billy pictured that queen among women! that paragon! with her glorious hair cropped and her pink-tipped little hands set to beating hemp—he had a shadowy notion that the lives of all female convicts were devoted to this pursuit—and groaned in horror.

"In the name of Heaven!" Mr. Woods demanded of his soul; "what possible reason could she have had for this new insanity? And in the name of Heaven, why couldn't she have put off her *l'été-à-l'été* with Kennaston long enough to explain? And in the name of Heaven, what does she see to admire in that putty-faced, grimacing ass, anyway! And in the name of Heaven, what am I to say to this poor old man here? I can't explain that his daughter isn't in any danger of being poor but merely of being locked up in jail! And in the name of Heaven, how long does that outrageous angel expect me to remain in this state of suspense!"

Billy groaned again, and paced the vestibule. Then he retraced his steps, shook hands with Colonel Hugonin once more, and, Kennaston or no Kennaston, set out to find her.

## XVIII

BUT when he came out upon the terrace Sarah Ellen Haggage stopped him—stopped him with a queer blending of diffidence and resolve in her manner.

The others, by this, had disappeared in various directions, puzzled and exceedingly uncertain what to do. Indeed, to congratulate Billy in the Colonel's presence would have been tactless; and, on the other hand, to condole with the Colonel without seeming to affront the wealthy Mr. Woods was almost impossible. So they temporized and fled—all save Mrs. Haggage.

She, alone, remained to view Mr. Woods with newly-opened eyes; for as he paused impatiently, the sculptured Eagle above his head, she perceived that he was a remarkably handsome and intelligent young man. Her motherly heart opened toward this lonely, wealthy orphan.

"My dear Billy," she cooed with asthmatic gentleness, "as an old, old friend of your mother's, aren't you going to let me tell you how rejoiced Adèle and I are over your good fortune? It isn't polite, you naughty boy, for you to run away from your friends as soon as they've heard this wonderful news. Ah, such news it was, such a manifest intervention of Providence! My heart has been fluttering, fluttering like a little bird, Billy, ever since I heard it."

In testimony to this fact Mrs. Haggage clasped a stodgy hand to an exceedingly capacious bosom and exhibited the whites of her eyes freely. Her smile, however, remained unchanged and ample.

"Er—ah—oh, yes! Very kind of you, I'm sure!" said Mr. Woods.

"I never in my life saw Adèle so deeply affected by anything," Mrs. Haggage continued with a certain large archness. "The sweet child was always so fond of you, you know, Billy. Ah, I remember distinctly hearing her speak of you many and many a time when you were in that dear, delightful, wicked Paris, and wonder when you would come back to your friends—not very grand and influential friends, Billy, but sincere, I trust, for all that."

Mr. Woods said he had no doubt of it.

"So many people," she informed him confidentially, "will pursue you with adulation now that you are wealthy. Oh, yes, you will find that wealth makes a great difference, Billy. But not with Adèle and me—no, my dear boy, despise us if you will, but my child and I are not mercenary. Money makes no difference with us; we shall be the same to you that we always were—sincerely interested in your true welfare, overjoyed at your present good fortune, prayerful as to your brilliant future, and delighted to have you drop in any evening to dinner. We do not consider money the chief blessing of life. No, don't tell me that most people are different, Billy, for I know it very well, and many is the tear that thought has cost me. We live in a very mercenary world, my dear boy; but our thoughts, at least, are set on higher things, and I trust we can afford to despise the mere temporal blessings of life, and I entreat you to remember that our humble dwelling is always open to the son of my old, old friend, and that there is always a jug of good whisky in the cupboard."

Thus in the shadow of the Eagle babbled the woman whom—for all her absurdities—Margaret had loved as a mother. Billy thanked her with an angry heart.

"And this"—I give you the gist of his meditations—"this is Peggy's dearest friend! Oh, Philanthropy, are thy protestations, then, all void and empty, and are thy noblest sentiments—every one of 'em—so full of sound and rhetoric, so specious, so delectable—are these, then, but dicers' oaths?"

Aloud, "I'm rather surprised, you know," he said slowly, "that you take it just this way, Mrs. Haggage. I should have thought you'd have been sorry on—on Miss Hugonin's account. It's awfully jolly of you, of course—oh, awfully jolly, and I appreciate it at its true worth, I assure you. But it's a bit awkward, isn't it, that the poor girl will be penniless? I really don't know whom she'll turn to now."

Then Billy, the diplomatist, received a surprise.

"She'll come with me, of course," said Mrs. Haggage.

Mr. Woods made a—fortunately—inadmissible observation. "I beg your pardon?" she queried. Then, obtaining no response, she continued with perfect simplicity: "Margaret's quite like a daughter to me, you know. Of course, she and the Colonel will come with us, at least until affairs are a bit more settled. Even afterward—well, we have a large house, and I don't see that they'd be any better off anywhere else."

Billy's emotions were complex.

"You big-hearted old parasite," his own heart was singing, "if you could only keep that ring of truth that's in your voice for your platform utterances—why, in less than no time you

could afford to feed your Afro-Americans on nightingales' tongues, and clothe every working-girl in the land in cloth of gold! You've been pilfering from Peggy for years—pilfering right and left with both hands! But you've loved her all the time, God bless you; and now the moment she's in trouble you're ready to take both her and the Colonel—whom, by the way, you must very cordially detest—and share your pitiful, pilfered little crusts with 'em and—having two more mouths to feed—probably pilfer a little more outrageously in the future! You're a sanctimonious old hypocrite, you are, and a pious fraud, and a delusion and a snare, and you and Adèle have nefarious designs on me at this very moment, but I think I'd like to kiss you!"

Indeed, I believe Mr. Woods came very near doing so. She loved Peggy, you see; and he loved every one who loved her.

But he compromised by shaking hands energetically for a matter of five minutes, and entreating to be allowed to subscribe to some of her deserving charitable enterprises—any one she might mention—and so left the old lady a little bewildered but very much pleased.

She decided that for the future Adèle must not see so much of Mr. Van Orden. She began to fear that gentleman's views of life were not sufficiently serious.

## XIX

BILLY went into the gardens in pursuit of Margaret. He was almost happy now and felt vaguely ashamed of himself. Then he came upon Kathleen Saumarez, who, indeed, was waiting for him there; and his heart went down into his boots.

He realized on a sudden that he was one of the richest men in America. It was a staggering thought. Also, Mr. Woods' views at this moment as to the advantages of wealth might have been interesting.

Kathleen stood silent for an instant, eyes downcast, face flushed. She was trembling.

Then, "Billy," she asked, almost inaudibly, "do—do you still want—your answer?"

The birds sang about them. Spring triumphed in the gardens. She looked very womanly and very pretty.

To all appearances, it might easily have been a lover and his lass met in the springtide, shamefaced after last night's kissing. But Billy, somehow, lacked much of the elation and the perfect content and the disposition to burst into melody that is currently supposed to seize upon rustic swains at such

BY GAD!" said Colonel Hugonin very grimly, "anybody would think you'd just lost a fortune instead of inheriting one. Wish you joy of it, Billy. I ain't saying, you know, we sha'n't miss it, my daughter and I—no, begad, for it's a nice pot of money, and we'll miss it damnably. But since somebody had to have it, I'd much rather it was you, my boy, than a set of infernal, hypocritical, philanthropic sharks, and I'm glad Frederick has done the square thing by you—yes, begad!"

The old gentleman was standing beside Mr. Woods in the vestibule of Selwoode, some distance from the other members of the house-party, and was speaking in confidence. He was sincere. I don't say that the thought of facing the world at sixty-five with practically no resources save his half-pay—I think I have told you that the Colonel's diversions had drunk up his wife's fortune and his own like a glass of water—I don't say that this thought moved him to hilarity. Over it, indeed, he pulled a frankly grave face. But he cared a deal for Billy; and even now there was balm—soothing, priceless balm—to be had of the reflection that this change in his prospects affected materially the prospects of those cultured, broad-minded, philanthropic persons who had aforetime set his daughter to requiring of him a perusal of Herbert Spencer.

Billy was pretty well aware how monetary matters stood with the old wastrel; and the sincerity of the man affected him far more than the most disinterested sentiments would have done. Mr. Woods accordingly shook hands with entirely unnecessary violence.

"You're a trump, that's what you are!" he declared; "oh, yes, you are, Colonel! You're an incorrigible, incurable old ace of trumps—the very best there is in the pack—and it's entirely useless for you to attempt to conceal it."

"Gad—!" said the Colonel.

"And don't you worry about that will," Mr. Woods advised. "I—I can't explain things just now, but it's all right. You just wait—just wait till I've seen Peggy," Billy urged in desperation, "and I'll explain everything."

"By gad—!" said the Colonel. But Mr. Woods was half-way out of the vestibule.

Mr. Woods was in an unenviable state of perturbation.

He could not quite believe that Peggy had destroyed the will; the thing out-Heroded Herod, out-Margareted Margaret. But if she had it struck him as a high-handed proceeding, entailing certain vague penalties made and provided by the



moments. He merely wanted to know if at any time in the remote future his heart would be likely to resume the discharge of its proper functions. It was standing still now.

However, "Can you ask—dear?" His words, at least, lied gallantly.

The poor woman looked up into Billy's face. After years of battling with the world, here for the asking was peace and luxury and wealth incalculable and—as Kathleen thought—a love that had endured since they were boy and girl together. Yet she shrank from him a little and clinched her hands before she spoke.

"Yes," Kathleen faltered; and afterward she shuddered. And here, if for the moment I may prefigure the Eagle as a sentient being, I can imagine his chuckle.

"Please God," thought poor Billy, "I will make her happy. Yes, please God, I can, at least, do that, since she cares for me."

Then he kissed her.

"My dear," said he aloud, "I'll try to make you happy. And—and you don't mind, do you, if I leave you now?" queried this ardent lover. "You see, it's absolutely necessary I should see—see Miss Hugonin about this will business. You don't mind very much, do you—darling?" Mr. Woods inquired of her, the last word being rather obviously an afterthought.

"No," said she. "Not if you must—dear."

Billy went away lugging a heart of lead in his breast.

Kathleen stared after him and gave a hard, wringing motion of her hands. She had done what many women do daily; the thing is common and sensible and universally commended; but in her own eyes the dragged trollop of the pavements was neither better nor worse than she.

At the entrance of the next walkway Billy encountered Felix Kennaston—alone and in the most ebulliently mirthful of humors.

XX

BUT we had left Mr. Kennaston, I think, in company with Miss Hugonin, at the precise moment she inquired of him whether it were not the strangest thing in the world—referring thereby to the sudden manner in which she had been disinherited.

The poet laughed and assented. Afterward, turning north from the front court, they descended past the shield-bearing griffins—and you may depend upon it that each shield is adorned with a bas-relief of the Eagle—that guard the broad stairway leading to the formal gardens of Selwoode. The gardens stretch northward to the confines of Peter Blagden's estate of Gridlington; and for my part—unless it were that primitive garden that Adam lost—I can imagine no goodlier place.

On this particular forenoon, however, neither Miss Hugonin nor Felix Kennaston had eyes for its comeliness. Silently they braved the griffins, and in silence they skirted the fish-pond—silver crinkling in the May morning—and passed through cloistral ilex-shadowed walks, and amphitheatres of green velvet, and terraces ample and mellow in the sunlight, silently. The trees pelted them with blossoms; pedestals in leafy recesses, Satyrs grinned at them apishly, and the arrows of divers pot-bellied Cupids threatened them, and Fauns piped for them ditties of no tone; the birds were about shrill avocations overhead, and everywhere the heatless, odorful air was a caress; but for all this, Miss Hugonin and Mr. Kennaston were silent and very fidgety.

Margaret was hatless—and the glory of the eminently sensible spring sun appeared to centre in her hair—and violet-clad; and the gown, like most of her gowns, was all tiny tucks and frills and flounces, diapered with semi-transparencies—unsubstantial, foam-like, mere violet froth. As she came starry-eyed through the gardens, the impudent wind trifling with her hair, I protest she might have been some lady of Oberon's court stolen out of Elfland to bedevil us poor mortals—with only a moonbeam for the changeable heart of her, and for raiment a violet shadow spirited from the under side of some big, fleecy cloud.

They came presently through a trim, yew-hedged walkway to a summer-house covered with vines, into which Margaret peeped and declined to enter, on the ground that it was entirely too chilly and gloomy and *exactly* like a mausoleum; but near by they found a semicircular marble bench about which a group of elm trees made a pleasant shadow, splashed at just the proper intervals with sunlight.

On this Margaret seated herself; and then pensively moved to the other end of the bench, because a slanting sunbeam fell there. Since

it was absolutely necessary to blast Mr. Kennaston's dearest hopes, she thoughtfully endeavored to distract his attention from his own miseries—as far as might be possible—by showing him how exactly like an aureole her hair was in the sunlight. Margaret always had a kind heart.

Kennaston stood before her, smiling a little. He was the sort of man to appreciate the manœuvre.

"My lady," he asked very softly, "haven't you any good news for me on this wonderful morning?"

"Excellent news," Margaret assented with a cheerfulness that was not utterly free from trepidation. "I've decided not to marry you, beautiful, and I trust you're properly grateful. You see, you're very nice, of course, but I'm going to marry somebody else, and bigamy is a crime, you know, and, anyhow, I'm only a pauper, and you'd never be able to put up with my temper—now, beautiful, I'm quite sure you couldn't, so there's not a bit of use in arguing it. Some day you'd end by strangling me, which would be horribly disagreeable for me, and then they'd hang you for it, you know, and that would be equally disagreeable for you. Fancy, though, what a good advertisement it would be for your poems!"

She was not looking at him now—oh, no, Margaret was far too busily employed getting the will (which she had carried all this time) into an absurd little silver chain-bag hanging at her waist. She had no time to look at Felix Kennaston. There was such scant room in the bag; her purse took up so much space there was scarcely any left for the folded paper; the affair really required her closest, undivided attention. Besides, she had not the least desire to look at Kennaston just now.

"Beautiful child," he pleaded, "look at me!"

But she didn't.

She felt that at that moment she could have looked at a gorgon, say, or a cockatrice, or any other trifle of that nature, with infinitely greater composure. The pause that followed Margaret accordingly devoted to a scrutiny of his shoes and sincere regret that their owner was not a mercenary man who would be glad to be rid of her.

"Beautiful child," spoke the poet's voice sadly, "you aren't—surely, you aren't saying this in mistaken kindness to me? Surely, you aren't saying this because of what has happened in regard to your money affairs? Believe me, my

dear, that makes no difference to me. It is you I love—you, the woman of my heart—and not a certain, and doubtless desirable, amount of metal disks and dirty paper."

"Now, I suppose you're going to be very noble and very nasty about it," observed Miss Hugonin resentfully. "That's my main objection to you, you know, that you haven't any faults I can recognize and feel familiar and friendly with."

"My dear," he protested, "I assure you I am not intentionally disagreeable."

At that she raised velvet eyes to his—with a visible effort, though—and smiled.

"I know you far too well to think that," she said wistfully.

"I know I'm not worthy of you. I'm tremendously fond of you, beautiful, but—but, you see, I love somebody else," Margaret concluded with admirable candor.

"Ah!" said he in a rather curious voice. "The painter chap, eh?"

Then Margaret's face flamed in a wonderful glow of shame and happiness and pride that must have made the surrounding roses very hopelessly jealous. A quaint mothering look, sacred, divine, Madonna-like, woke in her great eyes as she thought—remorsefully—of how unhappy Billy must be at that very moment, and of how big he was, and of his general niceness; and she desired, very heartily, that this fleshy young man would make his scene and have done with it. Who was he, forsooth, to keep her from Billy? She wished she had never heard of Felix Kennaston.

*Souvent femme varie*, my brothers.

However, "Yes," said Margaret.

"You are a dear," said Mr. Kennaston, with conviction in his voice.

I dare say Margaret was surprised.

But the poet had taken her hand and had kissed it reverently, and then sat down beside her, twisting one foot under him in a fashion he had. He was frankly grateful to her for refusing him; and, the mask of affectation slipped, she saw in him another man.

"I am an out-and-out fraud," he confessed with the gayest of smiles. "I am not in love with you, and I am inexpressibly glad that you are not in love with me. Oh, Margaret, Margaret—you don't mind if I call you that, do you?—I shall have to, in any event, because I like you so tremendously now that we are not going to be married—you have no idea what a night I spent. I consider it most peculiar and unsympathetic of my hair not to have turned gray. I thought you were going to have me, you see."

Margaret was far too much astonished to be angry.

"But last night!" she presently echoed, in candid surprise—"why, last night you didn't know I was poor!"

He wagged a protesting forefinger. "That made no earthly difference," he assured her. "Of course, it was the money—and in some degree the moon—that induced me to make love to you. I acted on the impulse of the moment; just for an instant the novelty of doing a perfectly sensible thing—and marrying money is universally conceded to come under that head—appealed to me. So I did it. But all the time I was in love with Kathleen Saumarez. Why, the moment I left you I began to realize that not even you—and you are quite the most fascinating and generally adorable woman I ever knew, Margaret—I began to realize, I say, that not even you could ever make me forget that fact. And I was very properly miserable. It is extremely queer," Mr. Kennaston continued, after an interval of meditation, "but falling in love appears to be the one utterly inexplicable, utterly reasonless thing one ever does in one's life. You can usually think of some more or less plausible palliation for embezzlement, say, or for robbing a cathedral, or even for committing suicide—but no man can ever explain how he happened to fall in love. He simply did it."

Margaret nodded sagely. She knew.

"Now, you," Mr. Kennaston was pleased to say, "are infinitely more beautiful, younger, more clever, and in every way more attractive than Kathleen. I recognize these things clearly, but it does not appear, somehow, to alter the fact that I am in love with her. I think I have been in love with her all my life. We were boy and girl together, Margaret, and—and I give you my word," Kennaston cried with his boyish flush, "I worship her! I simply cannot explain the perfectly unreasonable way in which I worship her!"

He was sincere. He loved Kathleen Saumarez as much as he was capable of loving any one—almost as much as he loved to dilate on his own peculiarities and emotions.

(Continued on Page 21)



DRAWN BY WILL GREY

"MY LADY," HE ASKED VERY SOFTLY, "HAVEN'T YOU ANY GOOD NEWS FOR ME ON THIS WONDERFUL MORNING?"



## THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 11)

Margaret's gaze was intent upon him. "Yet," she marveled, "you made love to me very tropically."

With unconcealed pride Mr. Kennaston assented. "Didn't I?" he said. "I was in rather good form last night, I thought!"

"And you were actually prepared to marry me?" she asked—"even after you knew I was poor?"

"I couldn't very well back out," he submitted, and then cocked his head on one side. "You see," he added whimsically, "I was sufficiently a conceited ass to fancy you cared a little for me. So, of course, I was going to marry you and try to make you happy. But how dear—oh, how unutterably dear it was of you, Margaret, to decline to be made happy in any such fashion!" And Mr. Kennaston paused to chuckle and to regard her with genuine esteem and affection.

But still her candid eyes weighed him and transparently found him wanting.

"You are thinking, perhaps, what an unutterable cad I have been?" he suggested.

"Yes—you are rather by way of being a cad, beautiful. But I can't help liking you, somehow. I dare say it's because you're honest with me. Nobody—nobody," Miss Hugonin lamented, a forlorn little quiver in her voice, "ever seemed to be honest with me except you, and now I know you weren't. Oh, beautiful, aren't I ever to have any real friends?" she pleaded wistfully.

Kennaston had meant a deal to her, you see; he had been the one man she trusted. She had gloried in his fustian rhetoric, his glib artlessness, his airy scorn of money; and now all this proved mere pinchbeck. On a sudden, too, there woke in some by-corner of her heart a queasy realization of how near she had come to loving Kennaston. The thought nauseated her.

"My dear," he answered kindly, "you will have any number of friends now that you are poor. It was merely your money that kept you from having any. You see," Mr. Kennaston went on, with somewhat the air of one climbing upon his favorite hobby, "money is the only thing that counts nowadays. In America the rich are necessarily our only aristocracy. It is quite natural. One cannot hope for an aristocracy of intellect, if only for the reason that not one person in a thousand has any; and birth does not count for much. So money, after all, is our only standard; and when a woman is as rich as you were yesterday she cannot hope for friends any more than the Queen of England can. You could have plenty of flatterers, toadies, sycophants—anything, in fine, but friends."

"I don't believe it," said Margaret half-angrily; "not a word of it. There *must* be some honest people in the world who don't consider that money is everything. You know there must be, beautiful!"

The poet laughed. "That," said he affably, "is poppycock. You are repeating the sort of thing I said to you yesterday. I am honest now. The best of us, Margaret, cannot help being impressed by the power of money. It is the greatest power in the world, and we cannot—cannot possibly—look upon rich people as being quite like us. We must toady to them a bit, Margaret, whether we want to or not. The Eagle intimidates us all."

"I hate him!" Miss Hugonin announced with vehemence. Kennaston searched his pockets. After a moment he produced a dollar bill and showed her the Eagle on it.

"There," he said gravely, "is the original of the Woods Eagle—the Eagle that intimidates us all. Do you remember what Shakespeare observes as to this very Eagle?"

Miss Hugonin shook her little head till it glittered in the sunlight like a topaz. She cared no more for Shakespeare than the average woman does, and she was never quite comfortable when he was alluded to.

"He says," Mr. Kennaston quoted solemnly:

"The Eagle suffers little birds to sing, And is not careful what they mean thereby, Knowing that with the shadow of his wing He can at pleasure still their melody."

"That's nonsense," said Margaret calmly. "I haven't the *least* idea what you're talking about, and I don't believe you have, either."

He waved the dollar bill with a heroic gesture. "Here," he asserted, "is the Eagle. And by the little birds I have not a doubt he meant charity, and independence,

and kindness, and truth, and the rest of the standard virtues. That is quite as plausible as the interpretation of the average commentator. The presence of money chills these little birds—ah, it is lamentable, no doubt, but it is true."

Mr. Kennaston paused with a slight air of apology.

"If I were you," he suggested pleasantly, "I would move a little—just a little—to the left. That will enable you to obtain to a fuller extent the benefit of the sunbeam which is falling—quite by accident, of course—upon your hair. You were perfectly right, Margaret, in selecting that hedge as a background. Its sombre green sets you off to perfection."

He went away chuckling.

"The idea of his suspecting me of such unconscionable vanity!" she said, properly offended. Then, "Anyhow, a man has no business to know about such things," she continued with rising indignation. "I believe Felix Kennaston is as good a judge of chignons as any woman. That's effeminate, I think, and catty, and absurd. I don't believe I ever liked him—not really, that is. Now, what would Billy care about sunbeams and backgrounds, I'd like to know! He'd never even notice them. Billy is a *man*—why, that's just what father said yesterday!" Margaret cried, and afterward laughed happily. "I suppose old people are right sometimes—but, dear, dear, they're terribly unreasonable at others!" Having thus uttered the ancient, undying plaint of youth, Miss Hugonin moved a matter of two inches to the left, and smiled, and waited contentedly.

It was barely possible some one might come that way; and it is always a comfort to know that one is not exactly repulsive in appearance.

Also, there was the spring about her; and, chief of all, there was a queer fluttering in her heart that was yet not unpleasant. In fine, she was unreasonably happy for no reason at all.

XXI

BUT ten minutes later she saw Mr. Woods in the distance striding across the sunlit terraces, and was seized with a conviction that their interview was likely to prove a stormy one. There was an ominous stiffness in his gait.

"Oh, dear, dear!" Miss Hugonin wailed; "he's in a temper now, and he'll probably be just as disagreeable as it's possible for any one to be. I do wish men weren't so unreasonable! He looks exactly like a big, blue-eyed thundercloud just now—just now, when I'm sure he has every cause in the world to be very much pleased—after all I've done for him."

"He makes me awfully tired. I think he's *very* ungrateful. I—I think I'm rather afraid."

In fact, she was. Now that the meeting she had anticipated these twelve hours past was actually at hand, there woke in her breast an unreasoning panic. Miss Hugonin considered, and caught up her skirts, and whisked into the summer-house, and there sat down in the darkest corner, and devoutly wished Mr. Woods in Crim Tartary, or Jericho, or in a word, any region other than the gardens of Selwoode.

Billy came presently to the opening in the hedge and stared at the deserted bench. He was undeniably in a temper.

But, then, how becoming it was! thought some one.

"Miss Hugonin!" he said coldly.

Evidently (thought some one) he intends to be just as nasty as possible.

"Peggy!" said Mr. Woods after a little.

Perhaps (thought some one) he won't be *very* nasty.

"Dear Peggy!" said Mr. Woods in his most conciliatory tone.

Some one rearranged her hair complacently.

But there was no answer, save the irresponsible chattering of the birds, and with a sigh Billy turned upon his heel.

Then, by the oddest chance in the world, Margaret coughed.

I dare say it was damp in the summer-house; or perhaps it was caused by some passing bronchial irritation; or, perhaps, incredible as it may seem, she coughed to show him where she was. But I scarcely think so, because Margaret insisted afterward—very positively, too—that she didn't cough at all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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