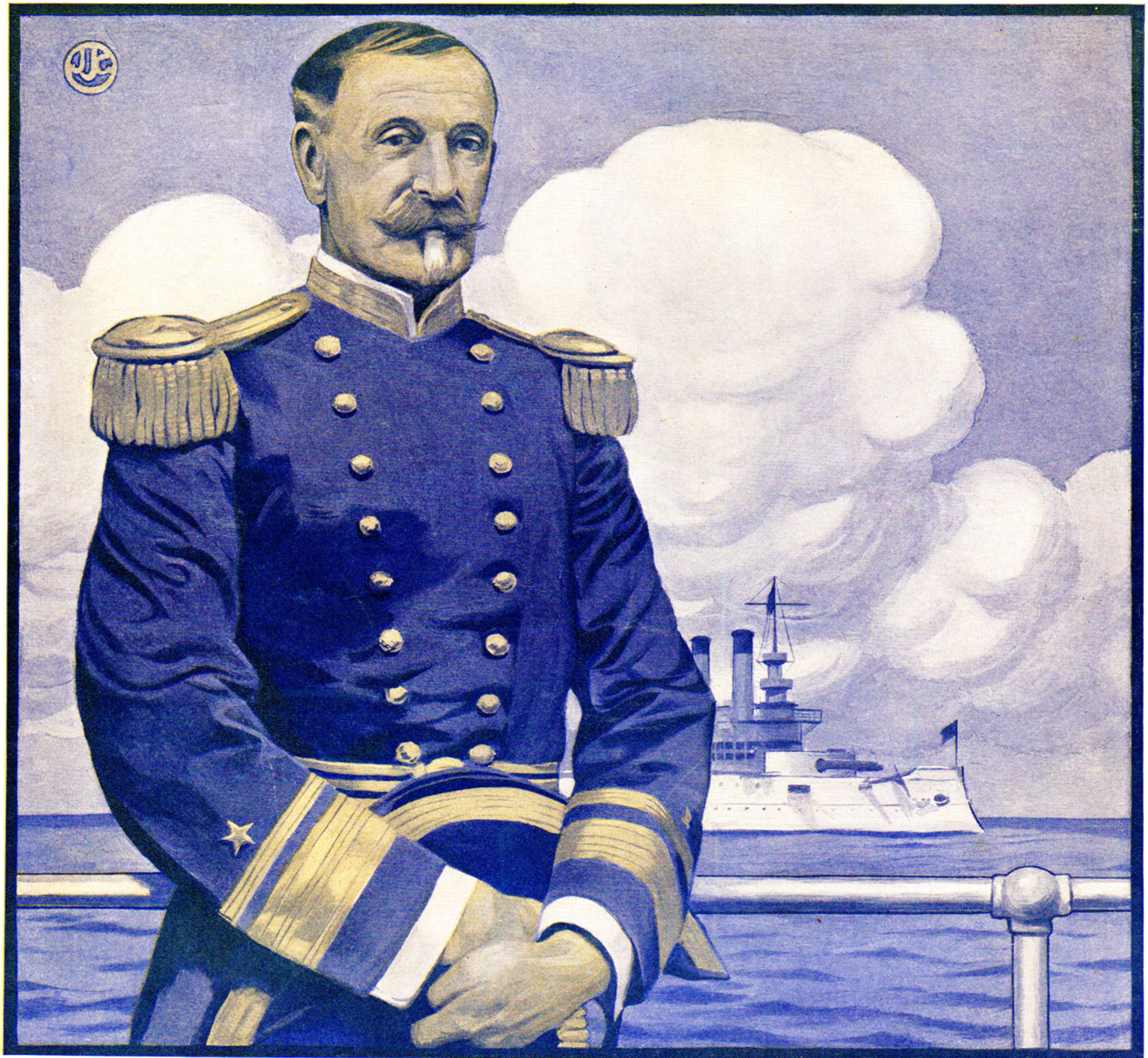


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

THE FIGHT OFF SANTIAGO

BY REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHLEY

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



AT THE SAME MOMENT MARGARET STOOD BEFORE THE MIRROR AND TIDIED HER HAIR

IV

THE twelve-forty-five, for a wonder, was on time; and there descended from it a big, blond young man, who did not look in the least like a fortune-hunter.

Miss Hugonin resented this. Manifestly, he looked clean and honest for the deliberate purpose of deceiving her. Very well! *She'd* show him!

He was quite unembarrassed. He shook hands cordially; then he shook hands with the groom, who, you may believe it, was grinning in a most unprofessional manner because Master Billy was back again at Selwoode. Subsequently, in his old decisive way, he announced they would walk to the house, as his legs needed stretching.

The insolence of it! Quite as if he had something to say to Margaret in private and couldn't wait a minute. Beyond doubt, this was a young man who must be taken down a peg or two, and that at once. Of course, she wasn't going to walk back with him! A pretty figure they'd cut strolling through the fields, like a house-girl and the milkman on a Sunday afternoon! She would simply say she was too tired to walk, and that would end the matter.

So she said she thought the exercise would do them both good.

They came presently with desultory chat to a meadow bravely decked in all the gauds of Spring. About them the day was clear, the air bland. Spring had revamped her ageless fripperies of tender leaves and bird-cries and sweet, warm odors for the adornment of this meadow; above it she had set a turquoise sky splashed here and there with little clouds that were like whipped cream; and upon it she had scattered largesse, a Danaë's shower of buttercups. Altogether she had made of it a particularly dangerous meadow for a man and a maid to frequent.

Yet there Mr. Woods paused under a burgeoning maple—paused resolutely with the lures of Spring thick about him, compassed with every snare of scent and sound and color that the witch is mistress of.

Margaret hoped he had a pleasant passage over. Her father, thank you, was in the pink of condition. Oh, yes, she was quite well. She hoped Mr. Woods would not find America—

"Well, Peggy," said Mr. Woods, "we'll have it out right here."

His insolence was so surprising that—in order to recover herself—Margaret actually sat down under the maple tree. Peggy, indeed! Why, she hadn't been called Peggy for—no, not for four whole years!

"Because I intend to be friends, you know," said Mr. Woods.

And about them the maple-leaves made a little island of sombre green, around which more vivid grasses rippled and dimpled under the fitful spring breezes. And everywhere leaves lisped to one another, and birds shrilled insistently. It was a perilous locality.

I fancy Billy Woods was out of his head when he suggested being friends in such a place. Friends, indeed! You

would have thought from the airy confidence with which he spoke that Margaret had come safely to forty-year and wore steel-rimmed spectacles!

But Miss Hugonin merely cast down her eyes and was aware of no reason why they shouldn't be. She was sure he must be hungry, and she thought luncheon must be ready by now.

In his soul Mr. Woods observed that her lashes were long—long beyond all reason. Lacking the numbers that Petrarch flowed in, he did not venture, even to himself, to characterize them further. But oh, how queer it was they should be pure gold at the roots! She must have dipped them in the inkpot. And oh, the strong, sudden, bewildering curve of 'em! He could not recall at the present moment ever noticing quite such lashes anywhere else. No, it was highly improbable that there were such lashes anywhere else. Perhaps a few of the superior angels might have such lashes. He resolved for the future to attend church more regularly.

Aloud, Mr. Woods observed that in that case they had better shake hands.

It would have been ridiculous to contest the point. The dignified course was to shake hands, since he insisted on it, and then to return at once to Selwoode.

Margaret Hugonin had a pretty hand, and Mr. Woods, as an artist, could not well fail to admire it. Still, he needn't have looked at it as though he had never before seen anything quite like it; he needn't have neglected to return it; and when Miss Hugonin reclaimed it, after a decent interval, he needn't have laughed in a manner that compelled her to laugh, too. These things were unnecessary and annoying, as they caused Margaret to forget that she despised him.

For the time being—will you believe it?—she actually thought he was rather nice.

"I acted like an ass," said Mr. Woods tragically. "Oh, yes, I did, you know. But if you'll forgive me for having been an ass, I'll forgive you for throwing me over for Teddy Anstruther; and at the wedding I'll dance through any number of pairs of patent-leathers you choose to mention."

So that was the way he looked at it. Teddy Anstruther, indeed! Why, Teddy was a dark little man with brown eyes—just the sort of man she most objected to. How could any one ever possibly fancy a brown-eyed man? Then, for no apparent reason, Margaret flushed, and Billy, who had stretched his great length of limb on the grass beside her, noted it with a pair of the bluest eyes in the world and thought it vastly becoming.

"Billy," said she impulsively—and the name having slipped out once by accident, it would have been absurd to call him anything else afterward—"it was horrid of you to refuse to take any of that money."

"But I didn't want it," he protested. "You know I'd only have done something foolish with it. It was awfully square of you, Peggy, to offer to divide, but I didn't want it, you see. I don't want to be a millionaire, and give up the rest of my life to founding libraries and explaining to people that if they never spend any money on amusements they'll have a great deal by the time they're too old to enjoy it. I'd rather paint pictures."

So that I think Margaret must have endeavored at some time to make him accept part of Frederick R. Woods' money.

"You make me feel—and look—like a thief," she reproved him.

Then Billy laughed a little. "You don't look in the least like one," he reassured her. "You look like an uncommonly honest, straightforward young woman," Mr. Woods added handsomely, "and I don't believe you'd purloin under the severest temptation."

She thanked him for this testimonial, with all three dimples in evidence.

This was unsettling. He hedged.

"Except, perhaps—" said he.

"Yes?" queried Margaret, after a pause.

However, she questioned him with her head drooped forward, her brows raised; and as this gave him the full effect of her eyes, Mr. Woods became quite certain that there was, at least, one thing she might be expected to rob him of, and wisely declined to mention it.

Margaret did not insist on knowing what it was. Perhaps she heard it thumping under his waistcoat, where it was behaving very queerly.

So they sat in silence for a while. Then Margaret fell a-humming to herself; and the air—will you believe it?—chanced by the purest accident to be that foolish, senseless old song they used to sing together four years ago.

Billy chuckled. "Let's," he obscurely pleaded. Spring prompted her.



AFTER LUNCHEON BILLY HAD A QUIET HALF-HOUR WITH THE COLONEL IN THE SMOKING-ROOM

"Oh, where have you been, Billy boy?" queried Margaret's wonderful contralto:

"Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?"

She sang it in a low, hushed voice, just over her breath—not looking at him, however. And oh, what a voice! thought Billy Woods. A voice that was honey and gold and velvet and all that is most sweet and rich and soft in the world! Find me another voice like that, you *prime donne*! Find me a simile for it, you uninventive poets! Indeed, I'd like to see you do it.

But he chimed in, nevertheless, with his pleasant, throaty baritone and lifted his own part quite creditably:

"I have been to seek a wife.
She's the joy of my life;
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother"—

only Billy sang it "father," just as they used to do.

And then they sang it through, did Margaret and Billy—sang of the dimple in her chin and the ringlets in her hair, and of the cherry pies she achieved with such celerity—sang as they sat in the spring-decked meadow every word of that inane old song that is so utterly senseless and so utterly unforgettable.

It was a quite idiotic performance. I set it down to the snares of Spring—to her insidious, delightful snares of scent and sound and color that—for the moment, at least—had trapped these young people into loving life infinitely.

But I wonder who is responsible for that tatter of rhyme and melody that had come to them from nowhere in particular? Mr. Woods, as he sat up at the conclusion of the singing vigorously to applaud, would have shared his last possession, his ultimate crust, with that unknown benefactor of mankind. Indeed, though, the heart of Mr. Woods just now was very full of lovingkindness and capable of any freakish magnanimity.

For—will it be believed?—Mr. Woods, who four years ago had thrown over a fortune and exiled himself from his native land, rather than propose marriage to Margaret Hugonin, had no sooner come again into her presence and looked once into her perfectly fathomless eyes, than he could no more have left her of his own accord than a moth can turn his back to a lighted candle. He had fancied himself entirely cured of that boy-and-girl nonsense; his broken heart, after the first few months, had not interfered in the least with a naturally healthy appetite; and, behold, here was the old malady raging again in his veins and with renewed fervor.

And all because the girl had a pretty face! I think you will agree with me that in the conversation I have recorded Margaret had not displayed any great wisdom, or learning, or tenderness, or wit, nor, in fine, any of the qualities a man might naturally look for in a helpmate. Yet, at the precise moment he handed his baggage-check to the groom, Mr. Woods had made up his mind to marry her. In an instant he had fallen head over ears in love; or, to whittle accuracy

to a point, he had discovered that he had never fallen out of love; and if you had offered him an empress or fetched Helen of Troy from the grave for his delectation he would have laughed you to scorn.

In his defense, I can only plead that Margaret was an unusually beautiful woman. It is all very well to flourish a death's-head at the feast, and bid my lady go paint herself an inch thick, for this favor she must come; and it is quite true that the reddest lips in the universe may give vent to slander and lies, and the brightest eyes be set in the dullest head, and the most roseate of complexions be purchased at the corner drugstore; but, say what you will, a pretty woman is a pretty woman, and while she continue so no amount of common-sense or experience will prevent a man, on provocation, from alluring, coaxing, even entreating her to make a fool of him. We like it. They like it, too.

So Mr. Woods lost his heart on a fine spring morning and was unreasonably elated over the fact.

And Margaret? Margaret was content.

V

THEY talked for a matter of half an hour in the fashion of foretime recorded—not very wise nor witty talk, if you will, but very pleasant to make. There were many pauses. There was much laughter over nothing in particular. There were any number of sentences ambitiously begun that ended nowhere. Altogether, it was just the sort of talk for a man and a maid.

Yet some twenty minutes later Mr. Woods, preparing for luncheon in the privacy of his chamber, gave a sudden exclamation. Then he sat down and rumbled his hair thoroughly.

"Great Scott!" he groaned. "I'd forgotten all about that dashed money! Oh, you ass!—you abject ass! Why, she's one of the richest women in America, and you're only a fifth-rate painter with a paltry thousand or so a year! You marry her! Why, I dare say she's refused a hundred better men than you! She'd think you were mad! Why, she'd think you were after her money! She—oh, she'd only think you a precious cheeky ass, she would, and she'd be quite right. You *are* an ass, Billy Woods! You ought to be locked up in some nice quiet stable, where your heehawing wouldn't disturb people. You need a keeper, you do!"

He sat for some ten minutes, aghast. Afterward he rose and threw back his shoulders and drew a deep breath.

"No, we aren't an ass," he addressed his reflection in the mirror as he carefully knotted his tie. "We're only a poor, chuckle-headed moth who's been looking at a star too long. It's a bright star, Billy, but it isn't for you. So we're going to be sensible now. We're going to get a telegram to-morrow that will call us away from Selwoode. We aren't coming back any more, either. We're simply going to continue painting fifth-rate pictures, and hoping that some day she'll find the right man and be very, very happy."

Nevertheless, he decided that a blue tie would look better and he was very particular in arranging it.

At the same moment Margaret stood before her mirror and tidied her hair for luncheon, and assured her image in the glass that she was a weak-minded fool. She pointed out to herself the undeniable fact that Billy, having formerly refused to marry her—oh, ignominy!—seemed pleasant-spoken enough, now that she had become an heiress. His refusal to accept part of her fortune was a very flimsy device; it simply meant he hoped to get all of it. Oh, he did, did he!

Margaret powdered her nose viciously.

She saw through him! His honest bearing, she very plainly perceived to be the result of consummate hypocrisy. In his laughter her keen ear detected a hollow ring; and his courteous manner she found, at bottom, mere servility. And finally she demonstrated—to her own satisfaction, at least—that his charm of manner was of exactly the same sort that had been possessed by many other eminently distinguished criminals.

How did she do this? My dear sir, you had best inquire of your mother or your sister or your wife or any other lady that your fancy dictates. They know. I'm sure I don't.

And after it all—

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Margaret; "I do wish he didn't have such nice eyes!"

VI

ON THE way to luncheon Mr. Woods came upon Adèle Haggage and Hugh Van Orden, both of whom he knew, very much engrossed in one another in a nook under the stairway. To Billy, it seemed just now quite proper that every one should be in love; wasn't it—after all—the most pleasant

condition in the world? So he greeted them with a semi-paternal smile that caused Adèle to flush a little.

For she was—let us say—interested in Mr. Van Orden. That was tolerably well known. In fact, Margaret—prompted by Mrs. Haggage, it must be confessed—had invited him to Selwoode for the especial purpose of entertaining Miss Adèle Haggage; for he was a good match, and Mrs. Haggage, as an experienced chaperon, knew the value of country-houses. Very unexpectedly, however, the boy had developed a disconcerting tendency to fall in love with Margaret, who snubbed him promptly and unmercifully. He had accordingly fallen back on Adèle, and Mrs. Haggage had regained both her trust in Providence and her temper.

In the breakfast-room, where luncheon was laid out, the Colonel greeted Mr. Woods with the enthusiasm a sailor shipwrecked on a desert island might conceivably display toward the boat crew come to rescue him. The Colonel liked Billy; and, furthermore, the poor Colonel's position at Selwoode just now was not utterly unlike that of the supposititious mariner; were I minded to venture into metaphor I should picture him as clinging desperately to the rock of old fogeyism and surrounded by weltering seas of advanced thought. Colonel Hugonin himself was not advanced in his ideas. Also, he had forceful opinions as to the ultimate destination of those who were.

Then Billy was presented to the men of the party—Mr. Felix Kennaston and Mr. Petheridge Jukesbury. Mrs. Haggage he knew slightly; and Kathleen Saumarez he had known very well indeed, some six years previously, before she had ever heard of Miguel Saumarez, and when Billy was still an undergraduate. She was a widow now and not well-to-do; and Mr. Woods' first thought on seeing her was that a man was a fool to write verses, and that she looked like just the sort of woman to preserve them.

His second was that he had verged on imbecility when he fancied he admired that slender, dark-haired type. A woman's hair ought to be an enormous coronal of sunlight; a woman ought to have very large candid eyes of a color between that of sapphires and that of the spring heavens, only infinitely more beautiful than either; and all petticoated persons differing from this description were manifestly quite unworthy of any serious consideration.

So his eyes turned to Margaret, who had no eyes for him. She had forgotten his existence, with an utterness that verged on ostentation; and if it had been any one else, Billy would

have surmised she was in a temper. But that angel in a temper? Nonsense! And, oh, what eyes she had! And what lashes! And what hair! And, altogether, how adorable she was, and what a wonder the admiring gods hadn't snatched her up to Olympus long ago!

Thus far, Mr. Woods.

But if Miss Hugonin was somewhat taciturn, her counselors in divers schemes for benefiting the universe were in opulent vein. Billy heard them silently.

"I have spent the entire morning by the lake," Mr. Kennaston informed the party at large, "in company with a mockingbird who was practicing a new aria. It was a wonderful place; the trees were lisping verses to themselves, and the sky overhead was like a robin's egg in color, and a faint wind was making tucks and ruches and pleats all over the water, quite as if the breezes had set up in business as mantua-makers. I fancy they thought they were working on a great sheet of blue silk, for it was very like that. And every once and a while a fish would leap and leave a splurge of bubble and foam behind that you would have sworn was an inserted lace medallion."

Mr. Kennaston, as you are doubtless aware, is the author of "The King's Quest," and other volumes of verse. He is a full-bodied young man with hair of no particular shade; and if his green eyes are a little aged, his manner is very youthful. His voice in speaking is wonderfully pleasing, and he has a habit of cocking his head on one side, in a birdlike fashion.

"Indeed," Mr. Petheridge Jukesbury observed, "it is very true that God made the country, and man made the town. A little more wine, please."

Mr. Jukesbury is a prominent worker in the cause of philanthropy and temperance. He is ponderous and bland; and for the rest, he is president of the Society for the Suppression of Nicotine and the Nude, vice-president of the Anti-Inebriation League, secretary of the Incorporated Brotherhood of Benevolence and the bearer of divers similar honors.

"I am never really happy in the country," Mrs. Saumarez dissented; "it reminds me so constantly of our rural drama. I am always afraid the quartette may come on and sing something."

Kathleen Eppes Saumarez, as I hope you do not need to be told, is the well-known lecturer before women's clubs, and the author of many sympathetic stories of nature and animal life of the kind that have had such a vogue of late.

There was always an indefinable air of pathos about her; as Hunston Wyke put it, one felt, somehow, that her mother had been of a domineering disposition, and that she took after her father.

"Ah, dear lady," Mr. Kennaston cried playfully, "you, like many of us, have become an alien to Nature in your quest of a mere Earthly Paradox. Epigrams are all very well, but I fancy there is more happiness to be derived from a single impulse from a vernal wood than from a whole problem play of smart sayings. So few of us are natural," Mr. Kennaston complained with a dulcet sigh; "we are too sophisticated. Our very speech lacks the tang of outdoor life. Why should we not love Nature—the great mother, who is, I grant you, the necessity of various useful inventions, in her angry moods, but who, in her kindly moments—" He paused, with a wry face. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I believe I've caught rheumatism lying by that confounded pond."

Mrs. Saumarez rallied the poet with a pale smile. "That comes of communing with Nature," she reminded him; "and it serves you rightly, for natural communications corrupt good epigrams. I prefer Nature with wide margins and uncut leaves." She spoke in her best platform manner. "Art should be an expurgated edition of Nature, with all the unpleasant parts left out. And I am sure," Mrs. Saumarez added, handsomely, and clenching her argument, "that Mr. Kennaston gives us much better sunsets in his poems than I have ever seen in the west."

He acknowledged this with a bow.

"Not sherry—claret, if you please," said Mr. Jukesbury.

"Art should be an expurgated edition of Nature," he repeated with a suave chuckle; "do you know, I consider that admirably put, Mrs. Saumarez—admirably, upon my word. Ah, if our latter-day writers would only take that saying to heart! We do not need to be told of the vice and corruption prevalent, I am sorry to say, among the very best people; what we really need is continually to be reminded of the fact that pure hearts and homes and happy faces are to be found to-day alike in the palatial residences of the wealthy and in the humbler homes of those less abundantly favored by

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IN ORDER TO RECOVER HERSELF, MARGARET ACTUALLY SAT DOWN UNDER THE MAPLE TREE

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 11)

fortune, and yet dwelling together in harmony and Christian resignation and—er—comparatively moderate circumstances."

"Surely," Mrs. Saumarez protested, "art has nothing to do with morality. Art is a process. You see a thing in a certain way; you make your reader see it in the same way—or try to. If you succeed, the result is art. If you fail, it may be the book of the year."

"Enduring immortality and—ah—the patronage of the reading public," Mr. Jukesbury placidly insisted, "will be awarded, in the end, only to those who dwell upon the true, the beautiful and the—er—respectable. Art must cheer; it must be optimistic and edifying and—ah—suitable for young persons; it must have an uplift, a leaven of righteousness, a—er—a sort of moral baking-powder. It must utterly eschew the—ah—unpleasant and repugnant details of life. It is, if I may so express myself, not at home in the *ménage à trois* or—er—the representation of the nude. Yes, another glass of claret, if you please."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Haggage in her deep voice. Sarah Ellen Haggage is, of course, the well-known author of *Child Labor* in the South and *The Down-Trodden Afro-American*, and other notable contributions to literature. She is, also, the Madame President both of the Society for the Betterment of Civic Government and Sewerage, and of the Ladies' League for the Edification of the Impecunious.

"And I am glad to see," Mrs. Haggage presently went on, "that the literature of the day is so largely beginning to chronicle the sayings and doings of the laboring classes. The virtues of the humble must be admitted in spite of their dissolute and unhygienic tendencies. Yes," Mrs. Haggage added, meditatively, "our literature is undoubtedly acquiring a more elevated tone; at last we are shaking off the scintillant and unwholesome influence of the French."

"Ah, the French!" sighed Mr. Kennaston; "a people who think depravity the soul of wit! Their art is mere artfulness. They care nothing for Nature."

"No," Mrs. Haggage assented, "they prefer nastiness. All French books are immoral. I ran across one the other day that was simply hideously indecent—unfit for a modest woman to read. And I can assure you that none of its author's other books is any better. I purchased the entire set at once and read them carefully, in order to make sure that I was perfectly justified in warning my working-girls' classes against them. I wish to misjudge no man."

She breathed heavily, and looked at Mr. Woods as if, somehow, he was responsible. Then she gave the name of the book to Petheridge Jukesbury. He wished to have it placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Brotherhood of Benevolence, he said.

"Dear, dear," Felix Kennaston sighed, as Mr. Jukesbury made a note of it; "you are all so practical. You perceive an evil and proceed at once, in your common-sense way, to crush it, to stamp it out. Now, I can merely lament certain unfortunate tendencies of the age; I am quite unable to contend against them. Do you know," Mr. Kennaston continued gayly as he trifled with a bunch of grapes, "I feel horribly out of place amongst you? Here is Mrs. Saumarez creating an epidemic of useful and improving knowledge throughout the country by means of her charming lectures. Here is Mrs. Haggage, the mainspring, if I may say so, of any number of educational and philanthropic alarm clocks, which will some day rouse the sleeping public from its lethargy. And here is my friend Jukesbury, whose eloquent pleas for a higher life have turned so many workmen from gin and improvidence, and which in a printed form are disseminated even in such remote regions as Africa, where I am told they have produced the most satisfactory results upon the unsophisticated but polygamous monarchs of that continent. And here, above all, is Miss Hugonin, utilizing the vast power of money—which I am credibly informed is a very good thing to have, though I cannot pretend to speak from experience—and casting whole bakeryfuls of bread upon the waters of charity. And here am I, the idle singer of an empty day—a mere drone in this hive of philanthropic bees! Dear, dear," said Mr. Kennaston enviously, "what a thing it is to be practical!" And he laughed toward Margaret in his whimsical way.

Miss Hugonin had been strangely silent; but she returned Mr. Kennaston's smile, and began to take part in the conversation.

"You're only an ignorant child," she rebuked him, "and a very naughty child, too, to make fun of us in this fashion."

"Yes," Mr. Kennaston assented; "I am willfully ignorant. The world adores ignorance; and where ignorance is kissed, it is folly to be wise. To-morrow I shall read you a chapter from my *Defense of Ignorance*, which my confiding publisher is going to bring out in the autumn."

So the table-talk went on, and now Margaret bore a part therein.

However, I do not think we need record it further.

Mr. Woods listened in a sort of a daze. Adèle Haggage and Hugh Van Orden were conversing in low tones at one end of the table; the Colonel was eating his luncheon, silently and with a certain air of resignation; and so, Billy Woods was left alone to attend and marvel.

The ideas they advanced seemed to him for the most part sensible. What puzzled him was the uniform gravity which they accorded equally—as it appeared to him—to the discussion of the most pompous platitudes and of the most arrant nonsense. They were always serious; and the general tone of infallibility, Billy thought, could be warranted only by a vast fund of inexperience.

But, in the main, they advocated theories he had always held—excellent theories, he considered. And he was seized with an unreasonable desire to repudiate every one of them. For it seemed to him that every one of them was aimed at Margaret's approval. It did not matter to whom a remark was ostensibly addressed; always at its conclusion the maker glanced more or less openly toward Miss Hugonin. She was the audience to which they zealously played, thought Billy; and he wondered.

I think I have said that owing to the smallness of the house-party luncheon was served in the breakfast-room. The dining-room at Selwoode is very rarely used, because Margaret declares its size makes a meal there equivalent to eating out-of-doors.

And I must confess that the breakfast-room is far cosier. The walls and ceiling are paneled in oak, and over the mantel carved in bas-relief the inevitable Eagle is displayed.

The mantel stood behind Margaret's chair; and over her golden head, half-protectingly, half-threateningly, with his wings stretched to the uttermost, the Eagle brooded as he had once brooded over Frederick R. Woods. The old man sat contentedly beneath that symbol of what he had achieved in life. He had started (as the phrase runs) from nothing; he had made himself a power. To him, the Eagle meant that crude, incalculable power of wealth he gloried in. And to Billy Woods, the Eagle meant identically the same thing, and—I am sorry to say—he began to suspect that the Eagle was really the audience to whom Miss Hugonin's friends so zealously played.

Perhaps the misanthropy of Mr. Woods was not wholly unconnected with the fact that Margaret never looked at him. *She'd show him!*—the fortune-hunter!

So her eyes never strayed toward him, and her attention never left him. At the end of luncheon she could have enumerated for you every morsel he had eaten, every glare he had directed toward Kennaston, every beseeching look he had turned to her.

VII

AFTER luncheon Billy had a quiet half-hour with the Colonel in the smoking-room. Said Billy, between puffs of a cigar:

"Peggy's changed a bit."

The Colonel grunted. Perhaps he dared not trust to words.

"Seems to have made some new friends."

A more vigorous grunt.

"Cultured lot, they seem," said Mr. Woods. "Anxious to do good in the world, too—philanthropic set, eh?"

A snort, this time.

"Eh?" said Mr. Woods. There was dawning suspicion in his tone.

The Colonel looked about him. "My boy," said he, "you thank your stars you didn't get that money; and, depend upon it, there never was a gold ship yet that wasn't followed."

"Pirates?" Billy Woods suggested helpfully.

"Pirates are human beings," said Colonel Hugonin with dignity. "Sharks, my boy, sharks!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Summer Clearance Sale

ODD SIZES—REDUCED PRICES

ON THE FAMOUS

Ostermoor Mattress

Those of our readers who have done us the honor to visit our place of business when in New York know that we have probably one of the largest retail warerooms for the display of Mattresses and Brass and Iron Bedsteads that can be found in the country.

Specimen Mattresses were necessary on these bedsteads for exhibition purposes and naturally were the best that we knew how to make. Summer time is clearing time and we have just taken account of stock and desire to get rid of these so that a fresh assortment may be put in our showrooms for the brisk Fall trade to come.

We have also a large lot of samples in odd sizes which we have submitted in the securing of large orders for Colleges, Hotels, Hospitals, Steamship Companies, Palatial Steam Yachts, and the Governmental Service (the Government has bought more than 50,000 Ostermoors) which as you may readily see would be of odd sizes for these diverse uses.



We have decided to offer them at the following schedule of prices—a great reduction—to get them out of the way at once. This extraordinary offer is confined exclusively to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Collier's Weekly, Literary Digest and Public Opinion.

Measure Your Bed—See Whether You Can Use One of These

These wareroom mattresses are in two-parts—should cost 50 cents extra. Ticking: Mercerized French Art Twills; should cost \$3.00 extra. Standard sizes.

	Regular	Sale Price
17 Mattresses 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	\$18.50	\$15.00
9 " 4 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	16.85	13.35
22 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	15.20	11.70
14 " 3 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	13.50	10.00
4 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	11.85	8.35

These wareroom mattresses, two-parts, Satin-finish ticking; should cost \$2.00 extra. Standard size.

	Regular	Sale Price
8 Mattresses 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	\$17.00	\$15.00
2 " 4 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	15.35	13.35
11 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	13.70	11.70
3 " 3 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	12.00	10.00
7 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	11.35	8.35

Crib Mattresses, Satin-finish ticking.

	Regular	Sale Price
3 Mattresses 3 ft. wide, 5 ft. long	\$10.50	\$9.10
1 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in.	9.00	8.00

NOTE: We also have about 45 mattresses of assorted sizes (some in one and some in two parts) between those listed above. Space prevents giving full list.

None of these Mattresses offered has ever been used, but some of them show slight signs of wear from exposure in our warerooms and from transportation to the offices of the Purchasing Agents of the Government, of Steamship Companies, etc. We guarantee every one to be in absolutely first-class condition in every way and while the sizes of many are not quite standard, in most cases they come so near to the regular that they will answer every purpose. We cannot send them out on regular orders, because of the slight discrepancy in measurement.

First come, first served. No orders accepted after September 10th under this offer,

even if the entire lot is not sold. The filling is eight layers of OSTERMOOR sheets, all hand laid and enclosed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. The covering is either of our extra-priced, dust-proof, Satin-finished Ticking in linen effects or of beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, in effective and serviceable color combinations, and some in A. C. A. ticking—which is the best old-fashioned, plain blue and white ticking made. If you have a preference in color, state the same and we will try our best to meet it, but cannot guarantee to do so.

The mattresses are made up in the daintiest possible manner by the most expert of our specialists. Our largest orders of last season were secured by the presentation of these samples—they represent in the very highest degree the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

We pay transportation charges anywhere in the United States. No time for correspondence. First come, first served. Terms of sale: Cash in advance. None sent C. O. D. Mattress shipped same day check is received, if you are in time; if not your money will be returned.

NOTE: Ostermoor Mattresses, regular stock, 6 ft. 3 in. long by 4 ft. 6 in. wide, two parts, cost \$15.50 each. They have four inch border, weigh 45 lbs., and are covered with A. C. A. Ticking. Our special satin finish ticking, \$1.50 extra. If you wish to know more about the "Ostermoor," send your name on a postal card for our free book, "The Test of Time," whether you intend to purchase or not.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 101 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

These wareroom mattresses, two parts, A. C. A. ticking, best plain, old-fashioned blue and white. Standard size.

	Regular	Sale Price
26 Mattresses 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	\$15.50	\$14.00
19 " 4 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	13.85	12.10
8 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	12.20	10.90
2 " 3 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	10.50	9.00
11 " 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	8.85	7.85

SAMPLE MATTRESSES—odd sizes—various tickings (state preference) in one and two parts, guaranteed superior material and workmanship.

	Regular	Sale Price
4 Mattresses 5 ft. x 6 ft. 4 in.	\$15.50	
2 " 4 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 2 in.	14.50	
4 " 4 ft. 8 in. x 6 ft. 6 in.	15.00	
5 " 4 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 5 in.	14.50	
12 " 3 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	12.50	
7 " 3 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 2 in.	11.50	
1 Sofa " 3 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 4 in.	12.50	
14 Mattresses 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft.	9.00	
10 " 3 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 10 in.	8.90	
1 Gymnasium mattress (one part) 12 ft. x 15 ft.	98.00	
8 Crib mattresses 3 ft. x 4 ft. 10 in.	10.00	

Regular Sizes and Prices:
2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs. \$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs. 10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs. 11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs. 13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs. 15.00
All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.