

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 46.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1879.

NUMBER 15.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms—\$2.00 per Year.  
If paid strictly in advance, a deduction of fifty cents will be made. If paid within six months, a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made. If not paid till the end of the year two dollars will be charged.

Rates of Advertising.  
LEGAL NOTICES.  
For one inch of space one week, \$1.00.  
Each subsequent week, 50 cents.  
Special Notices—25 per cent. additional.

PROBATE NOTICES.  
Orders of Sale on Real Estate, 2.00.  
Orders on Wills, 1.50.  
Guardians' Notices, 1.50.  
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 1.50.  
Commissioners' Notices, 1.00.  
Special Terms made with Local Advertisers, and for advertisements continued any considerable length of time, also, for those occupying extensive space.

SUBSCRIBERS.  
Can tell, by examining the colored slip attached to their papers, the amount due, and those wishing to avail themselves of the advanced payments, can send by mail, or hand to the nearest agent, "Sees, 1, 2, 3" on the slip, means the paper is paid for to that date. A single 6, 7, 8, 9 on the slip indicates that the subscription is paid to January, 1879, 1880, or 1881, as the case may be. When money is sent, care should be taken to examine the slip, and if the money is not credited within four weeks we should be notified of it.

## Professional Cards, &c.

T. S. TURNER, M. D.,  
Homeopathic,  
NORWAY, ——— MAINE.  
RESIDENCE: REAL HOTEL.  
OFFICE: AT REAR OF FREELAND HOWE'S IN  
STURGEON OFFICE.  
OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 10 a. m. 7 to 9 p. m.  
April 15, 79.

D. W. DAVIS, M. D.,  
Physician & Surgeon.  
Residence and office on Chapman Street,  
DETROIT HILL, ME.

DR. C. L. ROBINSON,  
DENTIST.  
—OFFICE OVER—  
South Paris Savings Bank.  
OFFICE HOURS: From 8 to 12 a. m.—2 to 5 p. m.

FRED. C. CLARE, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Real Hotel, NORWAY.  
Dec. 31, 1878.  
CHARLES R. ELDER,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
23 Court Street, Boston, Mass.  
Special rates on Attorneys' having business or  
claims for collection in Boston and vicinity.  
June 19, 78.

CHARLES A. BLACK,  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
PARIS HILL, ME.  
—Office over Post Office.  
E. NOCH FOSTER, JR.,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Jan 1, 77. DETROIT HILL, ME.

S. R. HUTCHINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Jan 1, 77. ROCKFORD, ME.  
S. W. FIFE,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
FREDRICK, ME.  
Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan 77 by

G. D. HINDE,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Jan 1, 77. ROCKFORD, ME.  
F. W. REDFORD,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
KEZAR FALLS, ME.  
Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 77

J. A. TWADDELL, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
DETROIT HILL, ME.  
Office over Kimball's store.  
—Diseases of the lungs and heart a specialty.

I. BOUNDS, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
SOUTH PARIS, ME.  
Office at residence, first house above Congrega-  
tional Church. Jan 1, 77.

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.  
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.  
WATERFORD, ME.  
W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent Phy-  
sician and Operating Surgeon. —All interested  
will please send for Circular. Jan 1, 77

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,  
DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,  
KEZAR FALLS, ME.  
Business by mail promptly attended to. J 77

DR. G. F. JONES,  
DENTIST,  
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.  
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or  
Vulcanized Rubber. Jan 1, 77

O. DOUGLASS,  
DEPUTY SHERIFF,  
PARIS HILL, MAINE.  
All business by mail or otherwise will be at-  
tended to promptly. Feb. 13, 77

ISAAC BAGNALL,  
Woolen Manufacturer!  
Manufactures CASSIMERE, SATINETTS, COTTON  
AND WOOL, AND ALL WOOL PLANNERS, FLOCKINGS  
AND YARNS. CUSTOM CLOTH DRESSING AND ROLL  
CARDING.  
HANOVER, ME.  
January 26, 1879.

TAXIDERMY.  
A. S. I have this winter the best of June, those  
most skillful manner, and those wishing to re-  
ceive first-class specimens must send in their  
orders before that time. From now to July is the  
time to get birds in their finest plumage.  
All kinds of birds mounted in the most artistic  
manner.  
Prompt attention paid to all orders by mail.  
Price lists on application. Fryeburg, Me.

ISAAC BAGNALL,  
Woolen Manufacturer!  
Manufactures CASSIMERE, SATINETTS, COTTON  
AND WOOL, AND ALL WOOL PLANNERS, FLOCKINGS  
AND YARNS. CUSTOM CLOTH DRESSING AND ROLL  
CARDING.  
HANOVER, ME.  
January 26, 1879.

## IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

BY R. U. STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balm for all our pains,  
But when youth the dream departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better  
Under manhood's sterner reign;  
Still we feel that something sweet,  
Followed youth with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain;  
We behold it every where,  
On the earth, and in the air,  
But it never comes again.

## MY CHILD'S QUESTION.

"Papa, what made you go to war?"  
Said Jennie, climbing from a chair  
Upon my lap, "what did you for?"  
And then she hugged me like a bear.

"Cause, if you hadn't gone, you see,  
You'd have two legs to cauter me."

"Why, child, I went because—and then  
I stopped to think. Of course I knew  
I'd often told her brother Ben  
When the recital thrilled me through.

And still she urged, "What did you for?"  
Papa, what made you go to war?"

I looked abroad. The blacks were free,  
But voiceless, voiceless, filled with woe—  
Slaves of their masters seemed to be,  
As much as twenty years ago.

She said, "And what did Uncle Dorr  
Get killed in front of Richmond for?"

A rifle club went wheeling by:  
I saw the murdered Chisholm's ghost;  
I heard the Hamburg martyrs' cry—  
The rebel yell—the vanishing host.

I saw the wounds of patriot dead—  
"What made you go?" my Jennie said.

"My dear," I said—but nothing more  
For planning through the Senate walls,  
The rebel generals had the floor,  
And ruled the nation's council halls.

"Papa," she urged, "Why did you go?"  
"My child," I said, "I do not know."

[From the Golden Rule Monthly.]

ALICE STERLING.

W. H. MERRILL.

She was "the belle of the beach,"—so  
Robert Horton heard on the first day of  
his arrival at the little summer resort  
whether he had come to renew his allegiance  
to his early love, the Sea.

He had spent half-a-dozen years on the  
plains, by way of rounding out the start-  
ling and varied experiences which the  
young fellows of this generation manage  
to crowd into so brief a space of time,  
and had come to "the States" on a sudden  
impulse to see his civilized fellow-creatures  
on dress-parade.

Robert was now a confirmed bachelor  
of thirty-five, a well-made, athletic fel-  
low, with a bronzed face, clear and steady  
gray eyes, clean-cut features, and that  
air of mingled alertness and repose which  
men acquire who live much alone, or  
amid scenes of danger and physical ex-  
citement. You would be sure, in looking  
at him, that nothing escaped his observa-  
tion, and that no ordinary incident would  
excite him or ruffle his habitual composure.

He passed through the civil war,  
from the Baltimore street-fight to the sur-  
render of Lee; made and lost a handsome  
sum within a year afterwards, in the oil  
region, then in a ferment of excitement;  
and had since that time been a reporter in  
New York, a ranch-man in Texas, a pros-  
pector in Colorado, an Indian-fighter un-  
der Custer, a steamboat-captain on the  
upper Missouri, and a miner in the Black  
Hills. Such an experience, rightly im-  
proved, amounts to a liberal education,  
whether the word be held to mean a mere  
accumulation of knowledge, or the lead-  
ing out of one's faculties. The young chap  
who manage to worry through a college  
course on their fathers' money, are not  
the only "educated class" in this country,  
as some of them seem to suppose. This  
school of the world gives to its graduates,  
moreover, a final equipment which is not  
supplied by the curriculum of the univer-  
sities: that perfect self-possession,—some-  
thing above and beyond mere self-con-  
trol,—which enables one to concentrate  
and use to the utmost every faculty and  
power within him, on the instant of need.

This enviable result of the discipline of  
life our adventuresome young Americans  
reach sooner than any other people on earth.  
One of its simple physical gains,—steady  
and normal nerves,—is a blessing that  
few poor city-dwellers cannot fail to ap-  
preciate: starting involuntarily, as we do,  
if a pencil-point but break in our fingers,  
and fired with nervous excitement on such  
slight provocations.

A man was sent, across the foot of the  
table at which Robert was eating dinner,  
on his way out of the mining country;  
but he did not allow his coffee to get cold,  
or his steak to spoil, on that account.

The stage was stopped next day by the  
"Road-Agents;" he knew too much to  
have any valuables on his person, or to  
fight against any hopeless odds, and "put  
up his hands" while the robbers searched  
the party, with even more nonchalance  
than he would have produced a passport  
in Europe,—and the same night tarried  
on his journey and headed a party to  
hunt the robbers down, with no more  
fear or excitement than if he had been  
going rabbit-shooting. At another place  
the hotel took fire in the night; and  
through the rush of fright-crazed people  
apparently oblivious of the smoke and  
cries Robert walked down to the office,  
fully-dressed, with his valise packed, and  
asked for his bill. At this Chicago he stopped  
and "took a hand" in a mining-stock  
game that "he did not understand;" and  
in one week made thirty thousand dollars,  
without losing an hour's sleep, or quick-  
ening his pulse one beat to the minute,  
or spending a dollar foolishly as the re-  
sult.

It was at such a man, tilted back in  
his chair on the veranda, that Alice Ster-  
ling cast a swift, bright glance on the  
evening of his arrival at the hotel. There  
was speculation in the look, for she was a  
belle, and he a strange new-comer; and

young men of his aspect were so uncom-  
mon in this by-way of fashion that he  
would not have escaped the notice of a  
much less acute observer.

"Did you notice the latest arrival?"  
asked Miss Alice carelessly of her partner  
for the promenade, a young lady of the  
brunette pattern, some years her senior,  
whom her envious rivals were uncharita-  
bly enough to say she had chosen as a  
companion-picture, to heighten the effect  
of her own fair order of beauty.

"The brown man, with the savage  
moustache? Yes,—a foreigner, isn't he?"  
A count, or a barber, or something of  
that sort, I dare say."

"Brown? and why not?" responded  
the younger lady. "You have been used  
to our hot-house plants so long that you  
don't know a child of Nature when you  
see him. And he's not a foreigner. No  
subject of an effete despotism has inde-  
pendence enough to tip his chair back on  
his hind legs and take his comfort, in such  
a place."

"No; I should hope not," dryly re-  
sponded the other; "but this one may  
have been naturalized."

"I tell you he is not a foreigner," said  
Miss Alice, with decision. "Not one of  
them that I've ever met could look at a  
lady in that way."

"In what way? I wasn't aware that  
the man looked at us. Perhaps you can  
tell what he had on, and all about him?"

"Of course I can! Didn't I see him?"  
Do I need to ask a gentleman to get up  
on a stool and give me a sitting in order  
to tell what he is like? He has gray-blue  
eyes, and wavy brown hair, and a splen-  
did moustache, and an awfully 'set' mouth,  
and he wears a dark gray suit, with a  
crimson necktie, and a dear little sparkler  
in his shirt-front."

"And you saw all that in just passing  
him? How the noble savage would be  
flattered if he knew it!"

"Oh, he knew it! He looked me over  
just as quickly, and had time enough left  
to let me know that he caught me at my  
inventory,—and it was only three winks  
long at the most. That's what interested  
me. Your foreigner stares so! And  
some of our own swells are even more  
hateful. I've longed to be a man, many  
a time, that I might w-r-r-ing the noses  
of the insolent puppies!"

And the bright beauty twisted her dainty fingers with an  
energy that proved her earnestness. "No-  
body but an American—and I might al-  
most say one from the farther West at  
that—looks at a strange lady with such  
frank and yet respectful admiration,—  
such clear-eyed and calm intendment,—  
such honest homage and pure pleasure as  
shone in that stranger's eyes! I'd trust  
him like a brother for that one look."

"You are clearly hit hard, Alice dear,"  
said her companion, with mock serious-  
ness. "I shall take especial pleasure  
hereafter in contradicting the cruel gossip  
which says that Alice Sterling is a heart-  
less flirt. Meanwhile, let us see if your  
knightly border-ruffian, about whom you  
don't know a thing except that he flatter-  
ed you by a worshipful look, has spit-  
tered on our trails. That will fix his locality  
beyond a doubt."

"Perhaps, if you prefer caricature to  
truth in judging of your countrymen, you  
can report to me that you saw him pick-  
ing his teeth with a bowie-knife," replied  
the fair Alice, slightly flushed, and with  
a little more feeling than her friend  
thought the occasion seemed to demand.

And as the promenaders turned into  
the little room that did duty as a "parlor,"  
Robert lighted a cigar and strolled down  
to the beach, saying to himself: "Yes,  
the Autocrat is right; the intelligent lux-  
ury of three or four generations raised be-  
hind plate-glass, in this infernal climate,  
does result in some fine women as the  
sun shines—no, as the wind blows on,"  
he added, as a puff of the chilly sea-  
breeze caused him to button his coat.

It will save considerable space and  
trouble if the reader will make his or her  
own ideal of young-womanly loveliness  
do duty under the name of our heroine  
for this occasion. You have my word for  
it that she was beautiful; but that phrase  
means such different things to different  
people that if I should proceed to dilate  
upon Miss Alice's statuesque form, her  
glorious eyes, strawberries-and-cream  
complexion and ravishing hair,—her de-  
licious double chin, and all the other re-  
vealed and logically-inferred outlines and  
curves,—her perfect mouth, "with all the  
sweetness nestled there,"—and the rest of  
the customary inventory, I should only be  
doing bunglingly what your imagination  
or memory can picture for you in half the  
time and with twice the effectiveness.

Alice Sterling was not only beautiful,  
but a great many people had made her  
conscious of the fact: some with words,  
but more by looks. Without being ex-  
actly spoiled by the fact and the knowl-  
edge, she was still not superior to it, and  
took a girlish pleasure in making her  
beauty felt. Although not yet twenty,  
she had already

"Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
How to accept a better in his turn."

"It doesn't hurt them any," was her  
comment to a superserviceable adviser;  
"and if it did, how am I to help it? Shall  
I wear a placard hung round my neck  
bearing this strange device?"

"NOTICE!  
All Men are Warned  
AGAINST PROPOSING  
To this Young Person,  
On the Pain of  
Instant Mortification, resulting from  
THE MITTEN."

"There are signs plainer than printing,"  
was the response she heard to this merry  
sally, "and no true woman need leave a  
true man in doubt as to the answer he  
will receive to a well-considered and seri-  
ous proposal. He may dare his fate, in the  
very desperation of hope, or blurt out his  
selfish love impulsively,—asking for  
a heart and a life as a child asks for a  
sugar-plum,—but in such a case the wo-  
man is not to blame."

"In all other cases, I suppose I am to

infer that she is a heartless wretch," re-  
plied the little beauty, with a most per-  
ceptible pout. "If there's one thing  
above another that I just dote on, it is  
being preached to about flirting by women  
who never had a chance to learn the folly  
of it!"

And with this center-shot at her elderly  
cousin, she sailed out of the room,  
"on the tip of her sea-shell ear," as her  
slangy brother Sam remarked.

As a matter of fact, Miss Alice took to  
coquetry as a duck takes to water. Her  
doting father's chief desire was that she  
should not marry "at present,"—that be-  
ing the convenient saving phrase under  
which he hoped to keep her to himself  
for many years to come. He had un-  
bounded faith in the protection which her  
high-bred maidenliness, her ancestral  
pride, her ready wit and dauntless spirit  
afforded her, and his sense of security was  
still further strengthened by the unusual  
course of training which she had received  
at his hands. Major Sterling had pecu-  
liar notions about the proper preparation  
of girls to meet the temptations and  
emergencies of life.

"It's all wrong," he said to his sister  
during a discussion of this subject. "You  
are trying to bring up your daughters be-  
hind a Chinese wall of ignorance. You  
don't want them to have any knowledge  
of evil, you say,—forgetting mother Eve  
and her legacy! What passes for evil is  
often only a good thing that has been  
given a bad name. With our cant of  
culture, and our super-refining of the sen-  
sibilities, and our spiritualizing of the in-  
tellect, we forget that our children are  
animals: born with bodies and instincts  
as well as souls and faculties. We lay  
upon them commands when we should  
render them reasons; we stuff them with  
precepts when we should give them self-  
knowledge; we point them to ideals be-  
fore we have taught them the realities.  
What do your daughters, clever as they  
are, know of physiology beyond the dry  
generalities of their surface-skimming  
school-books?—what of the natural laws,  
the functions and the perils of their  
own organizations? Precious little, I'll  
be bound, under your plan of 'not speak-  
ing of such things.' You ought to have  
the French social code—the isolation of  
girls, the zealous guardianship, the inflexi-  
ble outward proprieties—if you are to  
atone the bogus French ignorance of your  
daughters. But instead of that you bring  
them up under a happy-go-lucky system  
of mock modesty, turn them loose in soci-  
ety with scarcely a form of protection,—glory  
in their freedom, in fact,—and then have  
the temerity to wonder when any of them  
go wrong! The wonder ought to be that  
so many of them keep right. Our home  
education lacks nothing so much as more  
plain speaking by mothers to their daugh-  
ters; aye, and their sons, too,—serious,  
loving, truth telling and wise guidance on  
subjects now avoided as indelicate, or  
left with a folly that is often fatal,  
to their own experience. Fewer lies,  
subterfuges and shirking expedients, and  
more honesty and good sense in the rear-  
ing of children, would improve the race  
a good deal faster than the Sunday  
schools and water-cures are doing it."

"Your theory sounds reasonable," re-  
marked the major's sister, lifting her eyes  
from the bit of work that had dropped  
into her lap as she listened; "but how  
does your practice tally with it?"

"Perfectly," answered her; "Alice  
knows all that a girl ought to know, and  
from my own lips. I could not have  
slept in peace if I had left her in igno-  
rance, or trusted to school-girl chatter, to  
stealthy bits of reading, to curious ques-  
ties and dangerous half-truths. I never  
missed her mother as I did when I awoke  
one day to the fact that our lovely child  
was a beautiful woman. It was only  
after many struggles, and I am not asham-  
ed to say many prayers, that I could  
bring myself to undertake the double  
parental duty. In the friendly dusk of  
a happy Sabbath evening, I drew the dear  
girl's head upon my sheltering shoulder  
—she was then almost seventeen,—and  
telling her in tender words the need I felt  
of her enlightenment, unveiled the mys-  
teries of our being; mysteries to her, but  
the common knowledge of the race for  
six thousand years, and as pure as the  
father-love of God himself. Our confi-  
dences were complete. All her artless,  
faltering questions were freely answered,  
and I shuddered at the depth of igno-  
rance they revealed. Why, in Heaven's  
name, should we feel so free to ask  
strangers about their souls, while we  
shrink from speaking to our own children  
of their bodies? Why do we at such  
cost train the intellect and enlighten the  
spirit, and neglect the physical nature  
that through sin or disease may ruin them  
both?"

"When, at the end of our talk," said  
the major, after a pause, "my child put  
her arms about my neck, and kissed me  
more fondly than ever before, and saying,  
'Dear, dear papa, I can only thank you  
with my life,' stole softly away to her  
chamber, I felt for the first time how  
great a thing it is to be a parent, and how  
sweet the perfect relation of father and  
child may be."

"Since then," concluded he, in a brisk-  
er tone, "I can truly say that I have  
reared my daughter; she hasn't simply  
'grown up.' When she needed to remain  
quiet, for her physical well-being, a word  
from me has kept her so. When she re-  
quired exercise she has been constrained  
to take it. What she ought to read she  
has read, and what she had my word  
that it was not well for her to read, she  
has refrained from reading. The word  
of caution that I have sometimes found  
it necessary to speak regarding her social  
conduct or relations, has been intelligen-  
tly spoken and heard,—not laid down  
arbitrarily, and obeyed blindly. We un-  
derstand each other perfectly; and better  
than all, she understands herself."

But if Alice Sterling was well trained,  
physically and morally, nobody could  
say that she was equally well tamed.  
Perhaps her own self-confidence, and the

trust of her indulgent father, had in-  
creased her dislike of constraints. She  
could row, and ride, and swim, and walk,  
as fast and as far as her brother, two  
years younger. "Why not?" said her  
sturdy father; "she is of the same stock.  
A delicate woman, who might have been  
strong if she had been given a fair  
chance in her youth, is a libel on her  
Creator and a reproach to her parents!"

Alice loved homage, and did not resent  
even flattery, if it were but delicate  
enough. She enjoyed the power which her  
beauty and spirit gave to her, and was  
not above exercising it in little will-  
ful, coquettish ways.

Robert Horton was presented in due  
form, a day or two after his arrival, and  
she found him very "interesting," though  
she was secretly a little piqued at his  
quiet self-possession in her presence, and  
his apparent obliviousness to the fact that  
she was a regnant beauty in the first year  
of her reign. He treated her with a  
certain off-hand cordiality, respectful, and  
even kind,—"quite brotherly," she  
thought; but so did all the rest of the  
ladies. He was even more attentive to  
the elderly ones; and one day when a  
country-woman, of the type that enjoys  
the distinction of being "old-fashioned,"  
came to the hotel for a day with her  
daughter, Robert treated her with the  
greatest consideration. It was a rare  
sight to witness the quiet manner in  
which he put the dear old soul at her  
ease, amid the uncomfortably fine sur-  
roundings, and to see her strong, serene  
face light up with pleasure as he talked  
to her,—a sweet, motherly face, made  
beautiful by the record of a long life of  
patient, loving service for others, written  
in its deep lines and pathetic care-marks,  
and crowned with its wreath of thin,  
gray hair.

"She makes me think of my mother,"  
he said, with the moisture springing  
quickly into his eyes, as he came back  
from helping the old lady tenderly into  
the carriage. "I notice them most all do,  
as they come near to the end."

"It was real sweet of him," said Alice,  
as she watched the proceeding from the  
veranda. But all the same she thought  
that the young man required a little les-  
son on her own account; and so that  
evening she kept him "fetching and carry-  
ing" for her at a great rate in the  
summer house and the parlor. The  
number of devices which she employed  
to keep him attentive would have been  
beyond the invention of any except a  
self-willed young woman, sure of her  
power. Finally she dropped for the third  
time, a ball of flax that she was using  
for the creation of some pretty trifle or  
other. But the broad-shouldered knight,  
instead of stooping to pick it up as before,  
intermitted his talk only long enough to  
touch the near bell-pull; and to the an-  
swering waiter, he said,—

"Won't you just pick up that yarn  
for the young lady."

"Thank you, Mr. Horton," said the  
ruffled beauty, "I am quite able to wait  
upon myself," and she swooped down  
upon the ball before the astonished at-  
tendant could make a move. "What an  
enviable aptitude you display for not ex-  
erting yourself," she added, with a  
brighter gleam in her eye and a height-  
ened tint on her cheek,—"one would  
really think you were married!"

"I have not observed that the married  
men are at all backward about exerting  
themselves in your behalf," remarked  
Robert dryly,—an allusion to the flut-  
tering of the matrimonial moths around  
the attraction of her beauty, that caused  
to glow even more brightly as she blushed  
under this home thrust,—"but any need-  
ed service that I can render shall always  
be yours," he added, with an inclination  
of his head that should have meant more  
to her than the lowest bow of some other  
men.

"I'm sure I shall never put you to the  
test," she answered coldly, rising and  
sweeping out of the room.

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Robert softly,  
when she was gone. "It's an even thing  
who's ahead. But she's a high stepper!"

For the next three days Miss Alice  
was so cool and distant in her manner  
toward him that Robert felt much more  
uncomfortable than his conduct would in-  
dicate. He discovered that he had come  
decidedly to enjoy the pretty impertin-  
ences and charming coquetties of this  
splendid young creature who now held  
herself so aloof.

"Confound it!" he said to himself,  
"why couldn't I leave her training to  
those who have her in charge? I'll play  
spaniel the next time she gives me a  
chance, if that's what she likes. It's none  
of my business; but somehow it makes  
me hot to see that young spoony from  
Boston bazzing her."

And the young man from "out West"  
felt that he had actually been a brute,  
as he caught from the half-averted eyes  
of the fair Alice one of those injured  
looks that lovely woman knows so well  
how to put on when she is conscious of  
having been in the wrong.

The next day, at the bathing-hour for  
ladies, the high tide rolled in on the  
smooth beach delightfully warm and  
fresh. There was a goodly company of  
them in the surf, laughing and chatter-  
ing, and giving vent to little ecstatic  
screams as the waves buffeted them, and  
the pleasing manner of their sex. Fore-  
most among them was belle Alice, in a  
dainty bathing suit of tulle, a robe  
that very decidedly

"More explicit than hid her."

In fact she had said to her room-mate  
that she was afraid—the artless young  
thing!—it would "fit her like a court-  
plaster" as soon as the water touched it;  
—and she was not far wrong in her sur-  
mise. But if ever "beauty is its own  
excuse for being"—seen, it was surely so  
in this instance. Her faultless propor-  
tions, exquisite grace and native modesty  
quite disarmed the envy even of her  
rivals, while the older and plainer ladies  
looked with unfeigned delight on the fair

vision of ideal maidenhood, made real in  
this "perfect woman, nobly planned."

"For a smile of God thou art!"  
quoted the poetess of the party, as she  
watched the young swimmer surmount  
the surf,—white as its foam, graceful as  
its curling waters. "It's something to  
have seen a live Venus, even in merino,"  
responded her artist-friend, as they joined  
hands to meet a breaker.

Robert Horton, banished to the land-  
ward veranda by the accused convention-  
alities of an hypocritical society," as his  
newspaper-friend put it, suddenly heard  
a scream from the beach,—then another,  
followed by loud cries for "Help!"

Springing over the railing ten feet to  
the ground below, he bounded toward  
the water, flinging his hat and coat from  
him as he ran. At the water's edge he  
saw huddled a terror-stricken group of  
women, looking with white faces toward  
the outer line of breakers. Following  
the direction of their outstretched hands,  
all fear-paralyzed, he saw the face of  
Alice Sterling rise out of the water. Her  
white arms were tossed wildly up, and a  
gurgling cry came from her lips as she  
sank again beneath the wave. With a  
bound Robert was into the water, and  
with quick powerful strokes reached the  
spot just as she rose again.

With a murmured ejaculation that  
was half a prayer and half a caress,  
the strong swimmer seized her around  
the waist and lifted the drooping head  
upon his shoulder, while the loosened  
mass of glorious hair, falling far below  
her waist, clung like a drapery about her.

"Oh Mr. Horton!"—is it you?" she  
exclaimed, freeing herself with a sudden  
sinuous movement, and laughingly, "I've  
had a splendid dive, and don't in the  
least require your assistance. Aren't you  
afraid you'll wet your clothing?" she  
asked, with cool but merry audacity.

"Then you were not drowning, or in  
danger!" exclaimed the astonished young  
man.

"Why of course not! I can swim like  
a mermaid,"—and she proceeded to do  
so.

"What made you scream?" demanded  
Robert, with sudden sternness.

"Scream? You are complimentary, I  
must say. I was just practicing my  
scale,—reaching for high C, if you won't  
take it as a pun."

"Well," responded Robert grimly, "in  
our country we have a custom of dis-  
crediting false alarms: Injun outcries  
for fun, and that sort of thing," and  
seizing the practical joker by her Medi-  
canean shoulders, he ducked her head un-  
der water before she could close the ruby  
gateway to her double row of pearls,—  
could shut her mouth, in brief. Raising  
her long enough to allow the salt water  
to run out, as she gasped for  
breath, he said: "You remember the











