

# THE DIARY OF DELIA

Being a Veracious Chronicle of the Kitchen with  
Some Side Lights on the Parlor

BY ONOTO WATANNA

A WEEK later. Cleening day. Nobody but a dummed eediot wud put the desafetive-looking matting down on dacint flures. The doost and dirt finds a natchell place to settle down befware the cracks. I was rubbing it over wid a damp cloth in Mr. Wolley's stody whin he cam in wid the male. In wan hand he held a grate boonch of letters, in the uther wan ploomp, fine-looking letter by itself. He looks quare.

"Has Mr. James gon to town yet?" he asks.

"No, sir" ses I. "Its ritng at home he is to-day. He's in his room, sir."

"Ah!" ses the auld gentleman, and, joost thin, Miss Claire cum into the room. Her cheeks are flooshed and she looks ixisted and ankshus.

"You have a letter for me, papa, havent you?" ses she.

The auld gentleman had throost the fat letter hastily into his pocket. As Miss Claire spoke he fussed over the boonch in his uther hand.

"Let me see," ses he, going over them. "No—there's nothing, my deer," ses he.

She seemed so disappoyneted that, for a moment, she joost stared at the auld gentleman. Then she ses gaintly: "Papa, wasnt there an English male in yistiday?"

"I belave there was," ses he.

She put out her hand impetchussly and ses she: "Let me see, papa?"

She wint over the letters, wan be wan. She picked out wan little roll, and she ses:

"Nothing—nothing at all for me—ixcept this." Thin she wint out from the room suddenly.

The auld gentleman looked after her wid a look fool of compashun and guilt. Then he sneeked out of the room.

"You aulld devil!" ses I to meself. "Its a letter ye've got in your pockit for Miss Claire, and the puir thing shull have it if I have to turn thafe to get it for her."

Wid that I wint after the auld rascal. I hurd the dure of Mr. James' room shut, and I wint into the bathroom adjyning, and, wid wan eer to the dure, I lissened.

"James—" ses Mr. Wolley stipping in.

"What the ——" began Mr. James and I herd him hopping up in his seat. "I'm bizzy, father," ses he. "I must get out this artuckel at latest by noon today," ses he. "What is it? What is it?"

"James" ses Mr. Wolley, "I'm afraid yure sister ——"

"For Hivin's sake, father," ses the lad; "hoory up. Jes what is it?"

There was silense for a moment, juring which I knowed from instink Mr. Wolley had tuk out Miss Claire's letter and shown it to his son. I prissed up close against the dure; but the kay was inside, and I cud see not a thing. Then I herd Mr. Wolley say: "You see, it is as we feered. They are corry ——"

"Hauld on!" ses Mr. James, lowering his voycce, and again therre follerred a sylmse. Suddenly, the dure flew open and I fell upon me face into the room. Mr. James saized me by the neck of me gown and hauled me oop.



"Why, Sharee," Ses He (Sharee Being Frinch for Mavorneen),  
"It is as it Shud be——"



And, Wid Wan Eer to the Dure,  
I Lissened

"Delia!" ses he; "ef I ever catch you at sooch a thrick again, I'll—I'll throw you out of the winder," ses he. "Now git!" ses he, and I sloonk off in shame.

I was coming down the stares, scource looking where I wint, whin all of a suddint I seen sumthing which sint me hart flying into me mouth. There, by the winder, was Miss Claire striched out on the flure. Her face looked orful white, and fur a moment the dreadful thort cam into me hed that the puir yung thing was ded. I scrammed wid frite and agunny, and I joomed doon the risst of the stares and run to the child. The paper was on the flure beside her—a torn peecie of noospaper, and I seen the pincl marks in blue upon it. The family cam rooshing down whin they herd me scrame, and, at the site of Miss Claire, they all seemed about to faynt also. Mrs. Wolley guv a friteful scrame, and Mr. John thro his arms aboot her and put her into a chare. Mr. James picked up the bit of paper, turned it over and red: "Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Robbins announce the ingagemint of their dorrect, Miss Una, to Mr. Harry Judd Dudley, son of S. Judd Dudley of New York. The widdig will tak place Choosday the 21st. of October."

There was silince thin, the hole family looking at aich other and then at pur Miss Claire. Thin Mr. Wolley spoke. "Boys," ses he "carry your sister gaintly to her room."

It were a sorry loonch the family et. Mr. John scurcely opened his mouth wanse to speake, and Mr. James spoke only wanse. He sed camly: "Father," ses he, "I've desided to refuse the London corryspontend job."

Mr. Wolley turned feercely upon little, innersint Billy: "Billy," ses he, "ef you play wid yure salt at the table wanse again," ses he; "I'll talk me razer strap to you."

Thin he tuk 2 angry bits at me rolls, and stomped oot to the frunt porch. Looking out, I seen him scowling at the Dudley house.

Neyther Miss Claire or her mother cum doon to loonch.

"Mr. John," ses I, whin all had left the table ixcept him: "Is Miss Claire all rite now?"

He put his fingies into the fingy bowl and wiped them shortfully:

"I'm going across the strate," ses he. "I belave Jane can make it all rite," ses he, as if spaking to himself.

I was washing the family dishes in the butler's pantry, when I seen Miss Claire cum safty doon the stares. She'd got on a little pink drissing-gown over her nite dress and her long yellow hair was hanging all aboot her. She seen me looking at her; but, whin I wint forward to speake to her, she made a little,

impashunt moshun wid her hand, and I stud back. She wint over to the tillyfone and guv a number.

Then I herd her say:

"Is this the Planut? Yiss. Well I want the idiotoryell department. Hello!" ses she.

want to speake to Mr. Allun—Allun—I sed Allun," ses she, gittng exsited, and she spelled the name. She wated a bit, and thin: "Good morning, Mr. Allen," ses she. "This is Miss Wolley—Wolley—Clair Wolley," ses she. "Now lissem—annownce me ingagemint in tomorrow marning's Planut—and say that I deny it but its so," ses she, begining to larf hysterically. "Whats that?" ses she. "Oh, his name? His name you said? Why, how silly of me! His name is—er—Stevin Vandybilt. Oh! thank you," ses she. "I hope so, too" seshe. "What's that? Oh! thanks Yes, yes, of course, he's wan of the Vandybilts. Goodbye."

She toorned about, an I seen her grarps hold of the back of a chare. She laned aginst it, and she begun to shake, and thin she larfed. She larfed so hard and quarely that she fell upon her nees. Then I ran oop to her, and thried to put me arms aboot her, but she guv me a fierce poosh, and, ses she, wid her eyes flushing: "Don't tooch me! Dont dare put yure hand upon me. Its all yure folt. It was you who broot us thegither. It was you who—Ah, ha ha ha!" ses she, larfing and crying thegither.

The widder cam in wid Mr. John, and she run over to Miss Claire wid her arms spred out.

"O me, deer. Me deer!" ses she, "I wored you! I told you!"

But Miss Claire has cum back to her sinses.

"Mrs. Bangs," ses she, "I am not in nade of inny symphy. Excuse me. Good marning," ses she, and wint up the stares and back to her room. We hurd the dure bangled tite.

The widder burst into teers; and, as fur me, puir, loan, unhappy crachure that I be, I betuk meself to me ritched kitchen and cryed me hart out into me clane, starched table aprun.

I thort the day wud never ind, and whin the Frinch charfer from the Dudleys came over, its small eers I had for his foine spache:

"Museer," ses I; "its a hart-broken wumman I am, and its small cumfut I'm taking in yer perlite langwige to-nite."

"Mumsell Delia," ses he; "belave me on me sacred onor, I adoor you wid me hart and soal. Be mine," ses he.

Mr. Moolvaney coming in joost thin, guv a larf at the Frinchman, which made the puir museer furviss: "Mumsell," ses he; "I be not of the forchune-hoonting sort, as yere frind there," ses he.

"What's that ye're after saying?" ses Larry, at wanse. "Did you speake me name?" ses he.

The Frinchman stud his grownd bravely, and, drowing himself proudly up, faced Mr. Moolvaney wid a stare.



Cryed Me Hart Out into Me Clane, Starched Table Aprun

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT  
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN



*May Wilson Preston*  
Ah, Go Wan, Larry Mulvaney! Ses I, Givung Him a Squaze of His Arm

"Jaccuse," ses he, "Museer Mulvaney of wooing the lady wid his eye on her forchune. Jaccuse"—ses he, but Mr. Mulvaney had him by the collar of his coat and museer was setting outside on the lon before I cud rise to protest. Whin Mr. Mulvaney cam back I'm that insinced wid his avil manners and the revylashun of his meen and greedy character that I skurcely cud even look at him.

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I; "its a puir, hard working girl I am, and its a mistake ye're making in yure forchune-hoontung hart whin ye think I'm after being rich! Ah, go!" ses I; "I'm doon wid avery wan of you."

And I wint oop to me milincly room, me hart sore and aking; for Miss Claire do be hating me feercly now, and Larry Mulvaney is no better than the Frinchman, but is after me puir bit of forchune. Ah wirrah! wirrah! wirrah! Its a sorry day whin me muther bore me.

Nixt day. I was doing up the bed in Mr. Wolley's room whin Miss Claire walked in. She wint into her father's closet and cam out wid her arms fool of his cotes. These she set on the bed and camly wint to work searching thro his pockits. After a bit she cam upon what she's looking for—the fat litter which arrived yistydayer. She hid it in her hand a sicond, her eyes closing oop. Thin, sudintly, she wint over to the fire place. She tear the litter acrost, invillip and all, then neeling thro it into the grate and set it on fire. Joost thin her father cam in, and she looked oop at him and smiled.

"Why, Claire?" ses he, "What are you doin?"

"Papa," ses she, "sumthing told me that he hadritten. I soospected you yistydayer. I've jest been boorning the letter. Hereafter, papa," ses she, "whin anny more such letters cum, trate them in the same way—burn them!—burn them!—burn them!"

Thin she stared up at him, wid her cheeks all red and feverish, and she cryed out sudintly, "Oh papa! papa!" ses she, crowched doon on the harth and sobbed, wid her face all ooncupvered and the teers joost poring down.

"My puir Claire!" ses the auld man brokely. Then he seen me, and spoke in a feerce voyce: "Lave the room, Delia!"

Whin I was gitting undressed tonite I herd me dure opening, and I guv a lowd yell, fer I'm in me chimmy aloan. As Miss Claire cum in, I rooshed into me closet, and I speak to the child frum behind the harf-closed dure.

"What is it, darlint?" ses I. "Its a shamed I am fur you to see me in dishabeel. What is it, swatehart?"

"Delia," ses she, in the gintlest voyce, "plase forgive me for my crofty and ingratiuchude. I've been shortless and oongrateful too," ses she, spakng into the closet. "For aven onder the circumsstunes I doant regret—Harry. So you'll stay—won't you, Delia?" ses she.

"Stay miss?" ses I. "Why, darlant, you cuddent roon me out wid a steem roller."

Another day. It do be thray weeks today sinse Miss Claire's after anounsing her ingagmint to Mr. Vandebilt. The family kept silince upon the subjeck. Its a straynege and sad house its after being now.

Both Mr. John and James wint back to there ray-spectif places in the sity on Siptember 1st, after having spint the intyre summer doing there riting at the hoose.

Mr. James do be a famiss riter and there's hardly a paper pooblished but has a picuture of himself looking out frum the frunt page, bauld and agrisive looking, for shure the lad do have his back oop against the intyre warld. Hes jyned the Soshalist and Annykist ordher, I'm after rading in the papers, and its intindid by him (see wan of the papers, which always nos a person's plans before there made) to live in the sloomis for the rist of his life, devoicing himself to sittlement work amang the Rooshin Jews.

Mr. Wolley's masheen broak doon about a fortnite ago, and the auld gentleman is like a child widout his favorite toy. He do be wavying every day for the new carbureater to arrive, and, manewile, he spins all his time fooling about wid the masheen that isn't roonin anny longer. Mrs. Wolley has dridful, narviss hidakes, injooiced, so she told me in confydunce, as mooch by her wurrly over Miss Claire as frum anny other cause.

As for Miss Claire herslf—Puir child! She do be that quiet and shrinking in her ways. Theres skurcely a site I'm getting of the child ixcept at male times.

Its not wrath interring up the milincly ivints of the sad days, and shure I'll be glad, indade, whin we move back to town in a fu weeks now.

There be no troo Nites abownding in this sad and loansum country, for the Nites are an avarashus lot. Since the news wint abroard that I'm having me little bit of forchune in the bank, I've been pistered wid the dummed forchune-hoonters till I begin to look wid spooishun on every dummed man that spakes to me at all.

Ah; its a sad thing to be ritch in these days; for the lads cum accoorting wid wan eye on yere pocket and the other on yere face. Since museer infarned me of the greedy hart of Mr. Mulvaney its nivver a sivil ward I've handed the lad since, and he pretending to be beside himself wid distress and beggung me ivery day to go wid him to the praste.

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I; "whin Delia O'Malley is riddy to marry she'll be choosing a thrifty lad wid a farchune larger than her own. Ivry dummed wan of those unforchunat crachures do be washing after marrtage, handing over there hard-airned wages to the cauld-harted goomps they've been loonyticks enuff to marry. Larry Mulvaney," ses I; "its a smart lad ye are; but Delia O'Malley sees thro yere thicks."

"Delia, my darlant," ses he, wid such airnestness I'm almost like to belave him. "I wish," ses he, "ye'd tak



*May Wilson Preston*  
Miss Claire Cum Steeling Down, Her Coat and Hat in Her Hand

yere munney frum the bank and drap it into the well," ses he. "Its you I want," ses he; "not yere auld munney."

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I caudly. "Anny wan but an ediot," ses I, "cud fish up a bit of munney put doon in a well."

To museer I likewise ixprised meself consarning forchune-hoonters in general and furriorners in pertickler.

"Museer," ses I, "I understand its the custum in yure country for the wimmen to guv over there bit of a forchune to there worthless hoosbands?"

"Nay, but me share, Munisill Delia," ses he. "Is it not thin a grand custum? Think, sharee," ses he. "Hoo shud be the custodydun of the joyst with of such a onion, if not the hed of the family? Why, sharee," ses he (sharee being Frinch for mavoreen), "it is as it shud be," ses he.

"Museer," ses I, "I may be auld-fashuned, but I shtand here riddy to state the following facts. I'm a hard working girl and before I'd see me hard airned savings pass into the hands of a good-fur-nuthing disloot Frinch husband I'd throw it into purgatory and burn it oop insted. Good marning, museer," ses I. "Will you plaise excuse me this evenning."

A week later. I got ap this marning at seven. While wiping me face after giving it a good souising wid warter, I chanst to look from me winder. I seen the rane poaring down frum a gray and milincly sky.

"Its a sad day its going to be today," ses I to meself, little noing the throoth of the matter.

The day itslf, to be shure, passed away as yushil. I warked and cooked. The family et. The house looked dark and gloomy, and I belave it cheered us all up a bit whin I'm toornin on the lites.

After dinner I planned to rite to Minny, and so was hurrying thro the washing of me pots and pans in the sink whin I herd me bastemint dure open and close wid a bang, and ses I to meself: "Its that bauld Larry Mulvaney walking into me kitchin widout the dacinsky aven of nocking." So I kipt me contenshus back toorned aven whin the stips cam along thro the bastemint hall and paused at me kitchin dure. Thin I herd a voyce spaking me name:

"Delia!"

I toorned aboot, and thin I lit out a turrible yell which I shoot up quickly be throosting me dish cloth into me open mouth. For there, sthtanin in me kitchin, his long coat dripping wid water, the coller toorned up about his eers, and his saft fit hat pooled doon over his eyes, was

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*May Wilson Preston*  
She Wint Over to the Tillyfone and Guv a Number

Mr. Harry Dudley himself. His eyes looked strangle, and his face was all oonshavin about the chin. He cum tords me quickly and clapped a hand on me shoulder. If I hadent reckynised the lad, shure I'd be taking him for a thramph.

"Go upstares," ses he; "and bring Claire—Miss Wolley doon. I want," ses he, "to see her at wanse."

"Yes, sir" ses I, trimpling wid ixstemint; for he do have the wild look of a mainyack in his eye.

I rooshed up the stares to Miss Claire's room, and, forgitting to nock, wint in.

"Miss Claire," ses I, me breth cuming in gasps, "w-wud ye be so kind to step into me kitchin a moment."

She stud up, looking at me surprysed and bewildyed.

"What's the matter, Delia?" ses she.

"Please hlp me, Miss Claire," ses I. "For Hivin's sake,"

ses I, gitting exsited, "cum down at wanse."

"Are you and Larry fiting again?" ses she. "What can I do this time?" ses she, but she let me leed her along doon the stares, and thegither we cum to the bastemint. Me kitchin dure was open, and, I belave, she seen Mr. Harry setting there befor shes cum into the room; fur all of a suddint she guv a turrible start and pulled away frum me arm, trying to go back oop the stares. At that I called: "Mr. Harry!"

And thin he stud up, and she wint slowly tord him. They stud for a moment, looking at aich uther, widout spaking a wurd. Then, he tuk his hat off and put it on the table, and she thried to speake and cuddent say a word. I seen her looking wid horrer at his dripping clothes and wite, haggud face, and, I belave, she guv a little sob; for so it soundwed. Thin he speake in a soft voyce, looking at her full in the eyes.

"Claire," ses he; "I tuk a bote back fur home harf an hour after yure letter and that—that—cursed paper came," ses he. Thin he stopped a bit. "I've cum up strate from the steemer now. I havent been home. Tell me the trooth," ses he. "Why did you threat me in that way?" ses he.

She did not anser, but the culur cum back to her pale face and she raysed up her hed prudly.

"Am I to belave," ses he; "that you wud throw me over for a chap wid more munney? Claire!" He wint a step tord her, his hands hild out. "For Hivin's sake," ses he "till me that it is all sum horribul mistake."

She wint back frum him.

"Mr. Dudley," ses she. "I quistshun yure rite to inquire into me affares; but, if you wish me simply to verfy the annowncement of me ingagemint to Mr. Vandybilt, I do so."

He guv a grone, and set down in the chare, laning forward, wid his hands prissed thegither.

Miss Claire stud there caudly, but she did not look at Mr. Harry anny more.

Suddint he throo back his hed and guv a little larf. Thin he got up and picked up his hat and moved tord the dure.

"Stop!" ses Miss Claire, toorning round suddintly. "Wait wan minit" ses she. "Ansner me this, Mr. Dudley," ses she. "What rite have you, an ingaged man, to speake to me in such a way?"

"What rite have I?" ses he, looking bitterly amoosed. "Yes," ses he, "throo. I was ingaged wance, Miss Wolley. I belave," ses he, "that I guv you me murther's ring."

"No!" ses she, and her vyse rung out pashunutly. "Not that! I dont meen that ingagemint—if you considered it ever such," ses she, and her voyce catched oop in her throte which she hild wid her hand. "I mane," ses she, "your ingagemint to Una Robbins. You ——"

He looked so flabbygasted that she stopped.

"What do you mane?" ses he.

"Oh, you know, you know," ses she. "Beofre you were gone a fortnite," ses she "yure ingagemint was anownced."

"My ingage —? Claire!" ses he horsely, and he sazed hold of her hand vilintly. "There's sum misurable mistake. You've been misled, desaved."

"No, no, no!" ses she, struggling to free her hands, which he let go suddintly. "It was anownsed," ses she. "You know it. You know it."

"Announced whare?" ses he caudly.

"In the London Queen."

"When?"

"I doant ——"

It was thin I spoke up; for I'd taken the paper frum the recipshun hall the day Miss Claire faynted, intinding to burn the dummed thing. I now guv it to Mr. Harry. He toorned it over contemshusly. Thin, he guv the paper long scrootiny. Finally, he looked up and fixed his eyes on Miss Claire. His voyse wuz very cam and quiet.

"This notiss," ses he; "was published esactly three and a half years ago. If you had avten taken the thribble to examine the paper you wud have seen that, even tho the date is torn off. Thank you for your faith in me," ses he. "Who sint this I do not no. Probably my father. And now," ses he, "there's nothing more to say. I hope you will be happy, Claire. I dont know Vandybilt" ses he; "but—still I hope you will be happy. Goodnite," ses he; and he wint out of the dure, widout looking at her again.

I seen her wake oop like wan coming out of a transe. She guv a little moan, and thin she wint following after him to the hall.

"Harry! Harry!" she called in the dark. I herd him stop short, and thin her voyse again. "Oh, forgive me!" ses she. "I—I—faynted at the time. I never sor the paper again. My—my hart was broken, for I loved you so—I love you yet," ses she.

And thin I hurd him joomp tord her.

"But yure—ingagemint to Vandybilt?" ses he horsely.

"There's no Mr. Vandybilt," ses she. "I—I made it up" ses she; and, then, she stopped spaking and crying too, fur he's got his arms aboot her and her lips closed oop wid his.

I toorned away and sobbed. How long they stud I do not know; but it was a long time whin finnuly he starts again.

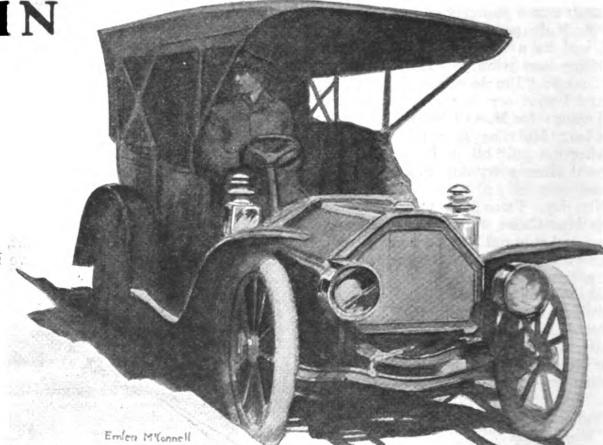
(Continued on Page 24)

# THE CAVE MAN

## BY JOHN CORBIN



Wistar, Haggard and Spectral, Walked,  
Cautious and Erect, up the Marble Steps



Ernest McConnell

XXXI

**W**HEN Minot returned from his interview with Sears his report of the old man's attitude confirmed Wistar's worst apprehensions. It took no clairvoyance to read in it the vacillation of a soul sorely tried—the traditions and habits of a gentleman in unequal combat with plausible temptation and inherent moral weakness.

"I'm going to get up and go out," Wistar announced to the nurse.

There was something in his voice that alarmed her. But she speedily recovered confidence. "Try it," she said. It was a bold course to take, but she trusted in her patient's good sense.

Slowly Wistar rose in bed, his face tortured with pain. "Bravo!" she said, mocking him. "You stand it almost as well as a woman would. But now let's see you walk!" After so long a spell in bed the strongest man is like a baby in its first effort to command its legs.

Wistar rose to his feet, and, though his head swam, he managed to make his way to where his clothes were laid in the wardrobe. "My dear Miss Peters," he said, "for three weeks I have been flicking my muscles, just so I could do this if I had to."

"You sha'n't go!" she cried, now thoroughly alarmed. "One strain on your side and you will tear open the wound!"

Wistar had been moving with catlike softness and smoothness of motion. "I know it," he said. "That's why I'm so careful."

"You are risking your life!" she cried. And Minot, standing by, took part with her.

"The lives of others are at stake," he said to Minot. "Will you kindly tell Mrs. Minot—my own condition entitles me to be heard—that she is to take care of her health? I guarantee that she is justified—that she would not be justified if she didn't!" Then he turned to the nurse. "And it's a matter of more than life, Miss Peters. It is a matter of justice and honor. If you try to force me back I shall resist—you know what that may mean! Let me go and I shall see that no harm is done to the wound."

If Miss Peters had known the crisis as well as she knew the man, she would have sat on his head as it had lain on the pillow.

When the motor entered Washington Square and glided up to the curb, Judith had been looking out at the window; and as Wistar, haggard and spectral, walked, cautious and erect, up the marble steps, supported between

Minot and Miss Peters, she hurried to the door. Intuitively she took in the situation. "You mustn't!" she pleaded. "All that we promised you—father, Stanley—as long as you live, they must keep their word. By risking your life you risk everything! And what can you possibly gain!"

His suffering made him benign. "I gain this," he said, "that after to-day there will no longer be any doubt about the new things. I love the old ones, but I know they ought all to be more so."

"It's no use," said Minot; and even Miss Peters pleaded that he might be allowed to do what he must as quickly as possible. So they toiled up the stairs within, and presently Wistar stood before his four associates, the anguished pallor of his cheeks standing out from the black neckerchief and fur coat which he had thrown around him.

"Am I in time?" he asked of Onderdonk.

"Yes! To be bundled back to bed, where you belong!"

"Am I in time?" Wistar repeated sternly.

"Just in time," said Billy, obeying a sign from Minot and Miss Peters.

Wistar sank back into an easy chair and looked about him. "What I say must be short. But it will be to the point. Where are we?"

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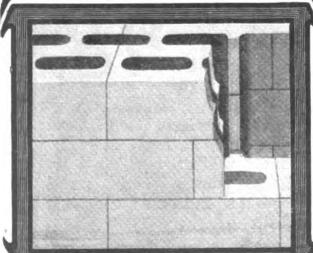
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## THE DIARY OF DELIA

(Continued from Page 12)

to spake again: "Claire—my darlin!" ses he, and then again they wuz silent.

Then after awile: "What will we do?" ses she: "we—we can't give aich uther up now."

He larfed like a boy.

"Give aich uther up?" ses he. "Why, we belong to aich uther. Now lissen, darlin. I havent a cint to me name. Dad has kept me practically pinnyllis lately; but I managed to borrer enuff to get back here. I've never dun a stroke of work in me life, but I've a good ijicashun—I'm yung, strong and willing. I've been offered a job out West wid a stepbrother of me muther's, and we'll go thare as soon as I can rayse the munney to tak us. Oh, my little love!" ses he. "I only wish I cud take you away tonite and kape you wid me always."

"Tak me—take me, Harry!" ses she, clinging about his neck. "Let us go tonite,"

"I wish we cud," ses he. "But look!" And he drew her into the lit of me kitchin and toorned out all his pockits and shown her how imty they was. It was then a brilynt short cum into the hed of Delta O'Malley.

"Mr. Harry," ses I, interrupting, "will ye be excusing me for putting a quis-chun?"

"What is it, Delia?" ses he kindly.

"How mooch is it ye're nading?" ses I. He smiled.

"A few hundred only," ses he. "Just enuff for our imejit ixpenses. Its absurd, but I havent a red sint," ses he. "I'll borrer or steal it if I have to," ses he, trying to larf, the puir lad.

"Mr. Dudley," ses I, "will ye be doing a puir loan, hard-working girl a favor?"

"Why, certainly," ses he. "What can I do for you?"

"It's siven hundred dollars I'm after having in me stocking. I droo it oot of the bank onaly a day or two ago, fur the dummed with do be the bane of me existunce. Shure I'll niver know anny pace of mind so long as I'm ritch. Mr. Mulvaney do protist that he wishes me munney soonek in hell, and Museer is after saying he loves me better than me bagatell. Its tisting the lads I'd be doing; and, ef ye'll do me the favor of accepting me bit of munney —"

"Oh, Delia!" ses Miss Claire.

"No, no," ses Mr. Harry at wanse; but she pulled down his face, and whispered in his eer, and suddenly he toorned and beemed at me.

"Very good! Delia," ses he; "guv me the munney."

I wint into the china closet and tuk it frum me stocking—thin I brot it over to Mr. Harry. He held on to my hand after taking it, and his voxie trimbled a bit. "Yere a foine woman," ses he, "and its a lucky chap who gets you. Your bit of munney," ses he, "will be ten times its size whin it reeches you again."

"Now, Claire, darlin," ses he, and he luks at her wid shinig eyes, hers shaming back at him. "Will you go wid me—tonite?"

"Give me five minits" ses she, smiling saftly, "to get me hat and coat."

"Make it 2" ses he, and he let her go.

He put his watch on the table. After a sicond: "One minit!" ses he, and waches the stares. "One and a harf!" ses he, and, joost thin, the bastemint dure be rung, and I let in both Museer and Larry Mulvaney, pushing and ilboing by aich uther.

"Two minets!" ses Mr. Harry, and thin we herd the dure on top of the bastemint steps open, and Miss Claire cum steelin down, her coat and hat in her hand.

"They are all in there rooms," ses she, whispering. Thin she seen Museer and Larry, both of them wid their mouths and eyes gaping at Mr. Harry. He was smiling quarely, and he toorned to Museer: "Alfonse!" ses he, "ye've arrived in the nich of time. I want you," ses he; "to go back to our place and get riddy the big Pinkard. We'll be over in a sicond."

Museer bowed, but he hisitated a minit.

"Well?" ses Mr. Harry. "What are you waiting for?"

"Whare is it Museer wishes to go?" ses the Frinchman, rubbing his hands narivisly thegither, and giving a look at Miss Claire.

"To New Rosette," ses Mr. Harry smiling. "I know a parson there," ses he, "wid do it in a jiffy. His name's Hammond" ses he, and thin, suddenly, he

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turned tord me. "And by the way, Alfonse," ses he, "pur Delia here will be inspecting you back airly. She's lost her little forchune."

"Mon Joor! Sacrey!" ses Museer, and looked at me wid his eyes boogling out. Thin he stamped out, swaring tarribly in Frinch.

Larry guy me wan look, thin he begun to wissel, excusing himself a moment after to Miss Claire.

Mr. Harry hilped Miss Claire on wid her coat, and buttoned it up snug to her chin. "For," ses he; "it's cold and raining, and we have quite a trip to make," ses he.

Thin, we all started out frum the house, Mr. Dudley almost carrying Miss Claire over the wet lon, and Larry Mulvaneey grasping me titely by the arm.

We got into the Dudley driveway and cum up before the grate barn. Then we seen museer at the tillyfone. Hes spaking franticly harf in Frinch and harf in English. Mr. Harry putifyses him wid a look, and he dropped the tillyfone and turned sowerly to the big ortermobile, pretending to start it. Mr. Harry helped Miss Claire into the tonno, thin the Frinchman climed in frunt. Mr. Harry foosed a bit wid the masheeney, thin he joomed in beside the Frinchman, and all of a sudint he seesed the weel frum the Frinchmans hands, guv a toot to his horn, and wint flying out of the barn dure, joost as auld Mr. Dudley cum roonning frum the house waving his hands and shouting:

"Alfonse! Alfonse!"

He cum into the barn farely choking wid rage. The nixt moment he seen Larry and me.

"Larry!" ses he, and he climbed into the uther masheen, standing there. "Overtake those loonyticks," ses he, "and I'll make you a ritch man."

"I will," ses Larry; "I kin beet anny Frinchman living."

I fowned me way home erloan, Larry the crool-harted miscreent wid his avoreeshus hart having obeyed the order of Mr. Dudley. As I cum into me kitchin I fround the hole Wolley family, wid the ixepshun of Mrs. Wolley and the babby, waiting for me.

"Whare have you been?" shouted Mr. James, and Mr. Wolley guv me a look fit to kill me.

"Theres no yuse attimting to desave us, Delia," ses Mr. John quietly, the only cam wanly of the boonch. "The Dudley charfer tillyfoned us the facts a minit sense. Now, whare's Claire? I presoom," ses he, "they were stopped in time?"

"Not by a dummed site, sir," ses I, gitting turribly iraged wid the site of the thray strapping men pursooing the puir, yung, luvng-harted crachures. "They've got a good start of that desateful Larry Mulvaneey, and Mr. Harry himsif has got the wheel."

Mr. Wolley let out a larf of scorn. "Boys," ses he; "me new carbureater arrived yistyday. Well, overtake that Frinch car in harf an our."

Wid that they all wint for the barn, got out the car and in there exsiment let me climb in wid them also.

Well, we wint spinning at a turrible speed along the auld Boston Post Road; but never a site did we get of the Dudley Frinch car.

The roads was turrible for the stiddy rains of the last week do be cutting it up into ditchies, and manny a time me hart was in my mouth fearing we'd be going into the gutter. The nite was pitch dark and the illictric lites over harf the road being out wid the lightning.

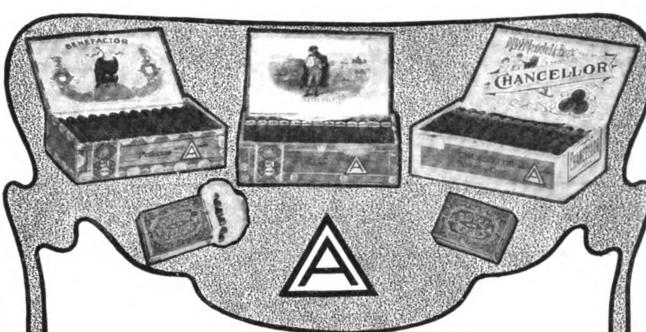
As we cam whizzing along over a wild and loansum country we herd a strayne sound, like sunwan hollering for hilp, and then we seen a lite ahed. We roon up beside it and there in the road was another masheen. It was so dark we cud not see the gentleman but whin I herd his voyce I guy a start.

"Can you tak me as far as New Rosette?" ses he. "I'm soaking wet and cold," ses he, "and me man dont understand the meckaneesm of this masheen."

"Climb in," ses Mr. Wolley gruffly, and he got in at the back.

We started off again, and by and by we cam at last to New Rosette. We wint, feeling our way arround the strates, wid the rane beeting doon upon our lether top and the thoonder and lightning litting out a crack aver wanse in a wile.

Thin, suddenly, we cam to a stop. Theres a gas lite burning in the strate, and setting back a bit from the road on a lumpy



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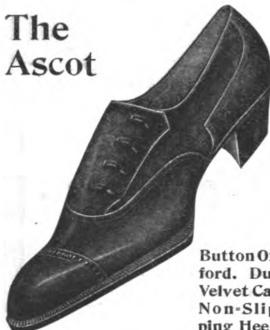
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bit of lon I seen what looked like a church and, at its very dure, indeade there stud the grate Frinch ortermobile of Mr. Dudley. But neyther Miss Claire or Mr. Harry was inside it. The gintleman guy a groont, and thin ses he: "Excuse me, sir, allow me to get out here."

Mr. Wolley has turned about, and now he leened over the back of the set and stuck his face close up to his gest's. Thin, at wanse, they recknised aich other. The boys too soospited the trooth at wanse. Mr. Dudley himsif was for joomping clane out of the masheen, but Mr. John opened the dure wid dignuty, and perlite hilped him to alite.

We wint, all walking up the path to the choorch, and we cud see theres a bit of lite burning inside. We wint into the holy place, which is all very still and quiet wid only a bit of dim lite up near the altar; but under the lite we sor the luvvers, neel-ing side by side.

Neyther Mr. Dudley or Mr. Wolley spoke a wurd. They joost stud back and let the praste finish the wurds. Thin, I seen two gentlemen stip forward an reckynised them wid horrow—Museen and Larry Mulvaney. The latter seen us at the same time, and he cum, smiling frum eer to eer, up to Mr. Dudley, while the yung cupple stud still wid hands in aich uthers, looking wid smiling faces at their fathers, joost as if indeade they were after ixpecting us.

"Mr. Dudley," ses Larry; "ye'll not be haulding it aginst me for me thrick. I boasted," ses he, "that I cud beet the Frinchman, and I did" ses he, "me frate being lite. It was no brake-down ye were after being in on the road," ses he. "I simply doomped ye there," ses he; "to guv the yung fokes time. Besides," ses he; "Delia there made a hyer bid for me sarvisses. All the welth in the world," ses he, "cudient by me frum me pinnyllis dar-lint."

Mr. Dudley silent, but he kipt his eyes stiddly on the yung fokes; then suddenly he hild out his hand to Mr. Wolley.

"I'm afraide, sir," ses he, "that luv has won the race!"

Mr. James was acting strayngely. He wint down the isle in harf a dozen strydyes. He brort his hand down wid a thoomp on Mr. Harry's back; then he toorned on his sister and guv her a smacking kiss.

"Claire!" ses he; "ye've made me insanely happy."

She smiled, and Mr. Harry guy a larf.

"I conderstand, auld chap," ses he; "and here's a bit of pruent advice. Do as I did, tak the first steemer which will carry you her-wurds."

"By jove, I will!" ses Mr. James; "I'll accept the London corryspontid job tomorrow."

By this time the hole family wuz crowding about the yung fokes, and Mr. Dudley wuz after kissing the bride and bridegroom too; and both her and Mr. Wolley look as if they'd blow there noses hard; but seeing they're in choorch it mite not be perlite.

The teens run down me nose, and wan of them splashed on Larry's hand; for I seen him look at it a moment. Thin he whispered in me eer.

"Come, auld girl!" ses he; "hop into the little masheen, which is joost around the corner. Maybe," ses he, "we can injuce suminsible priste to do us a like favor tonite."

And so we wint sneaking out thegither, wid only the Frinchman to observe us, and he wid his mouth gaping open and smiling a bit beside; for Mr. Harry do be after giving him the hole of me forchune to act as witness.

"But dont you be after wurring, swathe-hart," ses Larry Mulvaney; "for tho ye're puryserself now, darlant, its a ritch man I'll be alwey long, wid the grand promises of Mr. Harry."

"Ah, go wan, Larry Mulvaney!" ses I, givung him a squeeze of his arm; "its only a bit of a thrick I've been playing ye, me wanting to tist yere troo luv for me or me with. It was onaly a loan I'm making Mr. Harry, and its hivvy intrest the lad will be after paying on me savings."

(THE END)



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