

A Man's a Man

By ELEANOR FERRIS

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Author of "On Great Water," etc.
Dr. Maxwell's car being disabled, his

cousin, Margaret Dearborn, was driv-

ing him to the village. Her favorite

high trap bowled rapidly over the

steep road to the quick clack of Mid-

night's trap.

"By way of the station, please,

Peggy," requested the doctor. "We can

pick up Brandon Ives—did you tell

he's coming on this train?"

"Oh, is he?" Margaret's tone was

casual, but a sudden color came to her

cheeks. She skillfully turned the cor-

ner into the highway, at Midnight's

best trot, before she said quietly:

"Remember you promised not to men-

tion my arm, don't."

"Peggy, you conceal your neutrals as

if they were a crime." Dr. Maxwell pro-

ceeded. "I have a mind to make

and tailor made you sit there on the box,

holding that no lady can live in a

horse of yours with one hand. Nobody

would dare, suspect you oferves or

neutrals!"

"I wish to pose to Mr. Ives as still

sound. He has enough demand on his

sympathy from his newsworthy

mother."

"She certainly has her lashed to the

mast!" agreed the doctor. "Poor

Brandon."

He's like a good daughter," de-

clared Margaret. "If his mother fears

rain he wears rubbers without a pur-

pose. He wouldn't do it, if he minded

it much; I think he's naturally

misster."

Rather to Margaret's disappoint-

ment, Dr. Maxwell made no defense of

his friend. She liked Brandon Ives

very much—quite enough to wish him

championed against her in a criti-

cism.

Ives was generous always helping

lame dogs over stiles. He was cul-

ture and learning, as few Americans

ever are, but he was not of her

type of man. Margaret had de-

cided. On their first ride together, they had come to a rail fence crossing the path. Margaret put her eager

horse at it and flew over, looking

back, she saw her cavalier trotting his

sorrel tamely through the open bars.

"I do not jump," he said when he

joined her, and rather scornfully she

held her peace.

Even at the recollection, disdain and

scorn rode sparkling in her eyes.

"You're holding something," she moan-

ed. "I'm holding the last of my

delicacy." "But as if you wasn't blushing!

While your parents are ays, I'm your

guardian, medical and other ays. You

are not to pluck the heart out of Bran-

don Ives and then dance on it. I know

your wicket, womanish ways!" Re-

member that he's beat his girl—also how

he used to let you beat him off—"

"Let me!" she scoffed. "I gave and

asked no quarter."

Now would you now, she roolved.

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member that he's beat his girl—also how

he used to let you beat him off—"

"Jump, if you're afraid!" she said

between her teeth.

"I'd be afraid to jump!" retorted

Brandon with a short laugh, as the

horse rushed over the crest and down

the hill.

Margaret wondered wildly when the

car would overturn; wondered whether

she would rather be killed or ask

help of the deserter behind her; won-

dered vaguely at a dull, grinding

sound, as of a brake on the back

wheel. Her useless arm was all pain,

her left most numb.

The horse, however, lessened, the car

steamed, and at last Margaret, pant-

ing, but with Midnight controlled,

made the turn into their own grounds.

The old coachman met them at the

steps house.

"Oh, Miss, Margaret, did Mid kill your

arm intore?" he cried when he saw

her face.

"Drive Mr. Ives to Dr. Maxwell's

house," said Margaret steadily, giving

Michael the whip and reins.

"I'm not," she said, "but a sudden

color came to her cheeks. She skillfully

turned the corner into the highway,

at Midnight's best trot, before she said

quietly:

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