

THE OLD JINRIKISHA

By Onoto Watanna

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Continued from the March nur

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This charming serial by Miss Watanna is the
latest production of that versatile young
writer. "The Old Jinrikisha" tells of the
comedies and tragedies it has been a silent
witness of during its earthly career. The Febriary number contained the opening chapter,
or taller the prologue; the story really began
in the isst same, which related the adventure
of an American girl who hires the "Old Jinrikisha" for a long ride. With the independence
characteristic of her country-women, she decides to go alone to a tea sarden in Okubo, the
western suburb of the city. Here she is accosted by are Englishman, who, knowing the
mean offers to accompany her him.
Some of the city of the city of the countrycosted by in inteklang his intentions, will not
allow him to do so. "When they reach a dense
forset the junitalish man attempts to rob her,
but she is rescued by the Englishman who has
followed the "old junitalisha" and its fair occupant.

II.

HE Englishman and the American girl were in the habit of making almost dally trips into the forest where the girl had had such a howible experience with my runner. They did not seem to bear the smallest malice toward the man, however, and even made a point of choosing me as the vehicle to ride in, though they had two new runners now. Shikth had disappeared, no one knew where or what had become of him. The Englishman was the Honorable Frank Arthur Montrose, and he was the heir to a noble English house and title. He had stopped at Japan on a trip round the world, and liking the country full well, had decided to pitch his tent for an indefinite period there. He had been on the island over six months when he met the American girl. They say Englishmen are slow and laborious in their courtships. I do not know as to that

lishmen are slow and laborious in their courtships. I do not know as to that. I only know that hardly a month after their encounter in the woods, the Ameritades

I only know that hardly a month after their encounter in the woods, the American girl was wearing an engagement ring, and I think the Englishman usually addressed her as "sweetheart," "darling," "dearie," or something like that, when they were alone together.

However, I intended in this chapter to tell you not of Montrose and the American girl, whose name, by the way, was Beryl Evans, but of Montrose's little sister, Elinore. Somehow when I have anything to say connected with Montrose and Beryl Evans, I always forget my subject in my prattle about them. You see they managed somehow to creep into the softest part of my heart. They hired me every day for a whole month—their courtship month, and I tell you what, Tomi, my, proprintor was: delighted though, because most people preferred one of the newer and more fashionable vehicles to me, and he had a hard job to let me at all. So you see I had a good opportunity to get well acquainted with the couple, and it is not at all extraordinary that a fondness for each other sprang up between us, for I always had a weakness for lovers, and most people who rode in me more than once or twice ness for lovers, and most people who rode in me more than once or twice usually got attached to me for some reason or another. I fancy there was something more comfortable and sym-pathetic about me than the other vehi-

But pardon an old vehicle's garrulity for straying from my subject. Elinore Montrose hall come to Japan, Elinore Montrose hail come to Japan, not merely to join her brother, but to meet there and marry the man to whom she had been betrothed for three years, and who was with her brother in Japan. The girl had conceived the notion that a marriage in Japan would be quite ideal, and had coaxed her brother into permitting her to join him, for he has always been her adviser and confidante in all things.

baby's. She was shy and retiring in disposition, one of those dependent, lov-ing little women with big pathetic faith-ful eyes, frail and ethereal as a lily, but staunch, and intensely true to those she loved.

loved.

Ernest Crowder, the young man to whom she was betrothed, was in Yokahama at the time she arrived, and they expected him back any day. They had hidden from him the fact of the girl's nequentrial into the fact of the girl's contemplated visit to Japan, wishing to surprise him; and now the days were spent in eager anticipation of his return to Tokyo and his surprised delight at finding the girl there. finding the girl there.

Very joyously and happily did the two girls chatter and confide in each other.

in me, of course. They were both in a happy mood, Beryl chattering on and on to the little English girl who lay back with a pretty dreamy smile playing about her mouth and eyes. Once she said very gently, "I shall always love Japan, Beryl, because—I—I—shall have been so happy here."
"Do you know," said Beryl, studying her curiously, "that if I were in your place I should be perfectly wretched till I was with him, yet you seem as happy as if you were really together. How can you wait so patiently! I should be in a fit of nervousness all the time, especially now when you are so near to him and—"
"You see I have grown used to it," Elinore answered, smiling at the other

"You see I have grown used to it," Elinore answered, smiling at the other girl's impetuosity," and now the waiting is almost over. That makes me so happy." She grew quite fluent, and began telling Beryl about herself.

"We have been engaged three years now," she said. "When father was alive he would not consent to our marrying. We had to wait. Father did not like Ernest," she stirred uneasily. "After he, father, was gone, why we became engaged and mother and brother were so good about it. But—but brother were so good about it. But-but brother thought we ought to wait a while and he got Ernest to think that way, too. see Ernest was poor-quite poor-

TC Calbert

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE AMERICAN GIRL WERE IN THE HASIT OF TAKING DAILY TRIPS INTO THE FOREST"

Both of their love stories were so differ- such a very little income. I don't think Both of their love stories were so different. The English girl had known her lover ever since they were little boy and girl sweethearts together—the American girl had known hers but one short month! They were planning to be married together on the same day.

Now it happened that Ernest Crowder returned unexpectably to Tokyn one

Now it happened that Ernest Crowder returned unexpectedly to Tokyo one evening, and being tired out from his journey went to his hotel without sending word to any of his friends Next morning he arose quite early, hired a jinrikisha and sped off into the country. I did not know where at that time, but guessed that he was not merely going for a desultory ride, but was bound for some particular place, and, in fact, Crowder, before he left Tokyo, was in the habit of going off by himself for these rides; and seldom returned before evening.

such a very little income. I don't think brother really wanted us to marry, but—'she smiled, "he always did give in to me. So we became engaged and they said that must satisfy me for the time being. I think brother thought we'd run off and get married some time, and that was why before starting out on his trip he persuaded Ernest to accomand that was why before starting out on his trip he persuaded Ernest to accompany him. I cried dreadfully over it at the time, for I did not know when I would see them again. But I got used to it, and Ernest used to write me such dear letters. Brother grew quite fond of Ernest—he couldn't help it—and it was at his suggestion that I finally came here. We have not seen each other for three years. I have never loved, never hardly thought of, or looked, at another man but—Ernest. Beryl dear—" the little hand in the American girl's was begging for her sympathetic underalways been her adviser and confidente the habit of going off by himself for man but—Ernest. Beryl dear—" the these rides; and seldom returned before little hand in the American girl's was She was a fair, quiet, sweet looking evening.

She was a fair, quiet, sweet looking evening.

begging for her sympathetic undergirl; with pale golden hair, dreamy blue eyes, and a skin as white and pink as a lish girls started out together. They were how I love him." under-

But the American girl did know.
"You are such an intense little thing,"
she said slowly. "Oh! Elinore, I
wouldn't love any man too much. They
are not worth it."

From whence got she this bitter cynicism? The American girl was the younger by perhaps three years, but she had lived in the world, the big universal world, where the other girl had lived in the world.

world, where the other girl had lived in a tiny one of her own. Her remark shocked Elinore.

"Beryl!" she faltered.

"There! I didn't mean that," Beryl! said, impatient with herself. "I meant that—that you English girls make godheads out of your men."

"Don't—don't you love brother Frank very much?" asked the other timidly: "Is he not worth all the love in the world?"

The American girl laughed.

The American girl laughed.
"No—indeed no; he is not! My love is sufficient for him."

"Oh! I meant that," Elinore said with

great relief.

'I know, dear," Beryl continued, "still "I know, dear," Beryl continued, "still I don't love him quite the way you would: I don't, I won't worship him. If there is any worshiping to be done, why he can do it. But there, lets talk of something else. See that pretty little house over there? Isn't it sweet? Looks as if t'were made of bright sugar candy, the the anyth houses in the failty books. as it tweer made of origin sugar candy, like the candy houses in the fairy books. Well, dear, we've come an awful long way, and I'm a wee bit hungry and thirsty. Suppose we get out here, trot up that hill and beg of the good fairy who is bound to be in that delightful who is bound to be in that delightful fairy cottage, something to eat and drink. Ho! Mister runner, the—ah—selfish heart of thirstiness thirsty is," she laughed at the jumble she made of the Japanese formal and polite request for water, which she had once had translated to her. I believe it was thus: "The throat of selfshees thirsty is."

her. I believe it was thus: "The throat of selfishness thirsty is."

As they approached the little house, they could see the figure of a Japanese girl framed in the doorway. She seemed but a part of and added to the beauty of the scene. The two girls paused in the bushes to look at the pretty picture. The Japanese girl was very small and dainty. She had a rose colored kimona on, and red poppies in her hair and obi. Her little hauds—such pretty, dainty, slender little ones, were clasped together, and the girl was outly dreaming, all unconscious of the sweet picture she presented.

"I will do without drink or food for a moment," Beryl whispered, with the excuted enthusiasm of an artist. "Oh! my camera—I can't wait to sketch it." She turned the camera toward the doorway; and then-

A man's voice, a lazy, mellow, caress-ing voice, broke the stillness of the

ing voice, broke the stillness of the summer quiet.

"Well, and what is my little Jap dreaming of?" He had come from out-the-cottage, and now stood with his arms about the little figure in the doorway. The girl raised a radiant adoring face to his, and flung her arms with all the abandon and delight of her nature about his neck. "Of you!" she said. "Oh! eijinsan, you are so good to come bag at me agin."

me agina The American girl shut up her camera with a delighted bang, and turned to her

companion. The English girl's face was white as death, and she was staring with fixed eyes of despair and horror straight before

The figures in the doorway had disap-

peared.
"Elinore!" the American girl shook her arm, "Good gracious! what is it,

The girl opened her pale lips to reply, but no sound escaped them.
"Elinore, Elinore—you are going to faint;" she dropped the camera and sup-

faint;" she dropped the camera and supported the girl.

The man in the little Japanese house must have heard their voices, for they were quite near at hand. He came toward them, peering into the bushes.

"Any one there?" he called.

"Yes," the American girl answered before the other girl could stop her. Elinore had by this time somewhat recovered her strength, and was standing very erect. She took a few forced steps toward the man, followed by Beryl, and Continued on page 29.

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arber. He in-had brought had left him or seven miles the woods for en he returned he grew angry a trick of hers ds and drive er waiting for rse of the first d rode home. r fear of being

truth as far as t within two the "brush," e other side of ise at seeing kidnapping.
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aintained that reinda always ndy barber's ity was gone,

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story it proved

id not believe ie girl, whom be in C—'s e sought, and ather's horse, lay morning. iester, sixteen i their story, gh the village rnoon before, lunch to be d were away. ed at various esh horse in e well known, offering, but Monday after-object some-'heir too obvi-tenderness .larmed Crter of a mile ed horse into lonely prairie

YOU WHAT

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OR.

had left him

Church, and he left at the hotel was found to be utterly her; but conworthless: It seemed from what he said to saw his reto the girl that he had expected at least hof a carriage sixteen or eighteen hours' 'start,' and barrel of a pisharrel of a pi

ONSEA

RANGE

During Monday the story had gone abroad in many grotesque forms in Jacksonville, and volunteer aids in the pursuit had set out in buggies and on horseback who fell in behind Smith and my father when they were net returning my father when they were met returning, with the girl sitting on an upturned can-dle-box between their feet, so that when they arrived at home late on Tuesday afternoon they headed a little triumphal procession. Neither of them had rested, nor sat down at a table to eat, from the nor sat down at a table to eat, from the time they began the pursuit at midnight of Sunday till their return. Yet both these men, a few years afterward when the anti-slavery fever ran high, were counted as partially pro-slavery men, though both were unflinchingly on the National side when the Civil War broke out nearly twenty years later.

at the horse, out nearly twenty years later.

This reminiscence of an almost forgotelon while her us, sprang into elon while her to the structure of ten done to the attis, sprang into both the injustice often done to the attiand not until arer St. Louis and some of the methods of a nefarious and some of the methods of a nefarious and some of the methods of a nefarious "industry" little treated by any writer, as well as the hatred with which that industry was regarded by the people. It dustry was regarded by the people. It is a peculiarly mild illustration of the latter. There was loud and deep grumbling at the mistaken mildness of letting the mistaken mildness of letting the miscreant off unburt, on his pledge, to keep away from Jacksonville. But the two principals stuck to their story and kept their own counsel; and C—did keep away from Jacksonville.

THE OLD JINRIKISHA

Continued from page 9

there in the open, right before the little Japanese woman, who had quietly joined the man, she faced him. Had a wraith suddenly arisen from the grave the man could not have grown whiter or shown more abject fear and consternation. For a long moment no one spoke a word. Then the man took a step toward the English girl, his arms half outstretched. a long Then

"Elinore," he said, and the piercing tenderness, in his voice was not feigned. But the girl withered him with a look of utter scorn-

"Don't dare-dare touch me," she said in a passionate whisper. "No-you-."
She could say no more—but stood still in

lonely prairie She could say no more—but stood still in gate in gate graphs, a white accusing dumb figure. In the path, a white accusing dumb figure in the path, a white accusing dumb figure. In the path, a white accusing dumb figure. In the path, a white accusing dumb figure in the path, a white accusing dumb figure. In the path accusing dumb figure. In the path, a white accusing dumb figure. In the path accusing du

The man ignored her. All his mind and heart were centered on the other girl. "Elinore, forgive me. I can explain."

RANGH

The English girl was weakening She would have broken down but for her friend. That young woman was burning with indignation sufficient for both of them.

"Who is that Japanese woman" she demanded.

demanded.

Again the man ignored her, his eyes fixed imploringly on Elimore.

Beryl turned to the Japanese girl, who had been regarding them all with puzzled

eyes. "Who is he? What is he to you?" she

who is ne? What is ne to you? she demanded imperiously.

The Japanese girl smiled. She looked with great pride at the man, and them—"An! tha's Mister Ernest Crowder.

Tha's my hosban'. Me? I Mrs. Ernest Crowder—tha's mc. How nize thad ich.

"No, no!" the man burst out fiercely,

"No, no?" the man ourst out nercety,
"It is not true. It was a — I —"
"We understand," Beryl said, with
cold contempt. "A Japanese marriage!
We, Elinore and I, consider it as bind-We, Elinore and I, consider it as binding as any other, and—but we are wasting our time on you. Come, Elinore," she turned to the girl, "Let us leave Mr. and Mrs. Crowder." The man attempted to stay them. He caught hold of Elinore's hand, and held on to it desperately. The American girl's voice was relentless as fate.

"For Elinore's sake we would keep it from her brother, but, if you dare to

For Elinor's sake we would keep it from her brother, but, if you dare to hold us—her—I'll tell him everything, and he will thrash you within an inch of your life," she said slowly.

The man's excitement had vanished somewhat. He held himself in check

check.

check.

"Who are you and what business is it of yours? You have no proof of anything against me—and Elinore, my Elinore, would not turn against me."

"No proof?" the girl echoed, scornfully.

"As soon as I get home I will develop and send you proofs of a certain picture I took of you and that Japanese woman in the doorway."

The man had turned a rick group sales.

The man had turned a sick gray color. He did not try to hold them after that. Not one word did the English girl say all the way home. Beryl held the dumb white figure in her arms, and begged her to say something—if only a word, but the girl seemed as if turned to stone, and sat looking straight before her, with a white set countenance. She did not even hear-the other girl's voice, for hearing, speech, memory—all seemed to have speech, memory—all seemed to have gone. When they reached the hotel, the American girl alighted first. Montrose gone. When they reached the note, the American girl alighted first. Montrose was at the door, and went down to the gate to meet them. He saw the figure in the vehicle and staggered back as if shot.

"My God!" ·

"My God!" "She—it is—a sunstroke," the American girl began, and broke down. "Oh, no, no," she wailed, "You shall know the truth—she—she has seen him."

"Yes—Ernest Crowder."
"And?"

t Elinore wants "I will show you something that will She would not explain to-morrow."

To be continued



CENTS



MUSIC IN THE AIR!

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