Short Story of the Day

INCOGNITO

She has laughed as softly as she has sighed,
She has counted six and over,
With a purse well filled and a heart well tried,
O, each a worthy lover!
E. B. Browning.

The warm, fragrant summer night had closed down with a long line of silver rippling across the lake and a glitter of stars in the purple sky. But the gay crowd in the great dance pavilion of the most fashionable summer resort on the Michigan coast apparently cared little for the external loveliness encompassing them.

The music rose and fell, quite drowning the gentle plashing of the waves on the beach. The place was filled with electricity. Young men and maidens, whirled around and around in the arms of the dance, were flushed and laughing. Here and there a matron sat, her eyes following the graceful movements of her daughter, or a chaperon kept watch over her charges.

Among the latter was Mrs. Devereux, the widow of a well-known Chicago banker, who had died suddenly a year before, leaving her with a large fortune and a beautiful daughter. Mrs. Devereux was a handsome woman of forty-five, who looked younger than her years. She was dressed in black, relieved by a touch of white at the throat and wrists, and her jet ornaments sparkled as she moved her head.

"What is it all about, Mr. Fenwick?" Isa asked her devoted partner of the previous night.

Foreign lady of title here. She is traveling incognito, but the secret leaked out. She is here for rest and recuperation. It seems she is Princess in her own right, but prefers to be known only as plain Mrs. Devere. They are saying an uncle of hers who was a friend of Rhodes—the famous Cecil, you know—has left her an interest in an African diamond mine.

"She looks good-looking."

The floor of the pavilion had filled to overflowing. A [illegible]

A THIN HORSE CART

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]