## Rotary Club

The meeting this week was held on Wednesday instead of Tuesday. The Rotarians from Bath were the guests of the local Club.

Rev. Lowell MacPherson, of Keuka Park, was one of the speakers. Mr. MacPherson served as a Y. M. C. A. secretary overseas and has had wide experience as a lectlrer.

Don't throw away cobs after you have cut off the corn. Put them in meat stew and taste the pleasant sweetish flavor they impart. When the dish is done take them out and scrape the stew that clings to them back into the pot.

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14 MAIN ST., PENN YAN

# The Cortlandts of Washington Square

*by* Janet A. Fairbank

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CHAPTER II

Transplanted.

The delight of her first ride in a train speedily crowded the sorrow of parting from Ann's mind. She sat straight and taut on the hard seat beside her mother, her lips compressed, her eyes blazing. Mrs. Cortlandt left her alone, except that now and then she tried the effect of poking her unfortunate hair this way or that, or twitched her clothes in a fretful effort to change the look of the child's eager, staring face.

To Ann, used only to the tranquillity of a sleepy village, the confusion at the terminal was amazing. The haste with which people left the car gave her a sense of calamity, the keener because it was unexplained.

A ferry-boat! Occasional copies of Harper's Illustrated Weekly had reached Milton Center, and Ann was prepared for the extraordinary look of these maritime monsters, but no woodcut could have prepared her for the sickening and delightful feeling of uncertainty under her feet. She seized her mother's arm appealingly, in an ecstasy of excitement, and the pallid lady said absently, "Yes—horrid, isn't it?" Ann abandoned her and wormed through the group of people at the bow.

Ahead of them the shore sloped swiftly back from the water-front; and in the foreground the high steeple of a church shepherded a huddled collection of buildings. Ann had never known that a city could be like that—miles of it, overwhelming and intriguing. Suddenly the portentous ferry-house swallowed them . . . shrank back from the jarring grind of the landing, convinced that no mere boat could stand such treatment! The crowd swelled forward, and her mother reclaimed her rebukingly. Outside the ferry-house they paused, aghast. Not wishing to break the news of Ann's existence to her husband on the ferry-dock, Mrs. Cortlandt had not notified him of the hour of her arrival, and for all her fashionable clothes, she was almost as dazed by the city's confusion as Ann, who frankly gaped, and adored it.

The Knickerbocker stage was waiting as they came from the narrow tunnel of the ferry-house. The four big horses that drew it pranced in the trodden snow, and the bells on their necks glistened in the sunlight. Mrs. Cortlandt and Ann climbed in and seated themselves on the long bench that ran down the side of the coach. Beside her, her mother sat trembling visibly; it was evident to the most casual beholder that Mrs. Hudson Cortlandt was badly frightened.

At length they started, with a jingling of bells and a plunging of horses that made the people on the street turn to watch them glide past. Ann pressed her face to the window, now and then impatiently wiping away the cloud of her breath on the glass. Everything she saw enchanted her; even the bare ailantus trees seemed a better thing, in their novelty, than the towering elms she had known.

Washington square was her mother's destination, for here, on the fringe of the town, the Cortlandts and a few other leading families had recently built themselves new houses. The place was inclosed with a high iron fence, which gave the little park an air of gentility. Ann looked with darkening eyes at the ample, dignified houses, rose pink against the snow.

"Does my new father live here?" she demanded. A lonely feeling made her voice break. Suddenly she realized for the first time the threat of a strange relationship.

Her mother nodded. "His brother does," she said. "Mr. Hendricks Cortlandt. Your—my—Mr. Hudson Cortlandt lives with him."

It was the largest of the houses that she timidly approached, and, clinging tremulously to Ann, summoned courage to climb the wide steps, and pull a silver bell handle mysteriously set beside the glass door. A black man came to admit them, and Ann looked at him gapingly, unable, in her surprise, to return his gleaming smile. He was the first negro she had seen.

Mrs. Cortlandt paused.

"Is Mr. Hendricks Cortlandt at home?" she asked and her voice trembled.

"Yas'm. He is in de library." With a dexterous turn, the man shut the front door behind them, and opened one on the right-hand side of the wide hall. Ann had a quick impression of a lofty room, all lined with books—she had never dreamed that there could be so many—and of the late afternoon sun coming through the windows in long yellow streaks so that a fire under a narrow marble mantel glowed red. Then she saw a tall, oldish man rise from his chair and come forward. Immediately she liked him, in spite of her breathless nervousness.

"Well, my dear," Ann heard him say, "back again?". And then his eyes fell on her. He looked at her in kindly perplexity. "And who is this young lady?" he asked.

The little girl glanced expectantly at her mother, but no sound came from her white lips, so she said, as cheerfully as she could: "I am Ann," and, catching no gleam of intelligence in his attentive eyes, she added, "Ann Byrne, you know."

Mr. Cortlandt continued to look at her blankly. Slowly a realization of who she might be dawned on him, and he turned his steady gaze on his sister-in-law, as she trembled before him.

"Your child?" he inquired coldly.

Mrs. Cortlandt sank into a chair; she was manifestly struggling with tears. "Yes," she admitted briefly.

"A child! But my brother said you had no family. . . . Does he know, madam?"

As her mother was now frankly crying, Ann took up the burden of their sorry tale. "She didn't tell him," she confided. "I am a surprise, and it is too bad I am not pretty."

The head of the house of Cortlandt straightened up scornfully. "Ah," he said, "I see."

There was an uncomfortable silence in the library: it was broken by Ann, who volunteered cheerfully, "She has to tell my new father, now, all about me."

Mrs. Cortlandt looked up to nod a miserable assent to this announcement.

"It might have been—less embarrassing, if you had done so—earlier. He was insane about you."

"I was afraid."

"I see. We shall have to tell him, however. Is this the only one, madam?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Cortlandt said, in shocked surprise, "of course, if there had been more I should have told him!"

"Let me look at you, young lady." He put a gentle hand under Ann's sharp chin, and turned her face toward him.

"She has never looked like me," her mother mourned. "She is like her father, in every way."

"This makes the man important. . . . What was your first husband?"

"He ran a newspaper—just a country one. He always expected to do better, but then he died."

Ann wriggled away from the stranger's improprietory touch. "My father was Irish," she volunteered, "and he was very clever, and he had red hair, like me!"

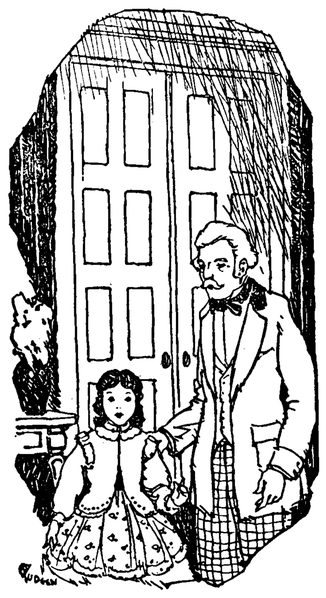
"Machree got into trouble in Fenian riots—I never knew just what he did—but he had to leave Ireland. . . . We were only married a few years . . . He was always getting into trouble, and he never would listen to what I told him. . . . What do you think Hudson will do?"

"There is only one way to answer that," Mr. Cortlandt said simply. He crossed the room with long determined strides to summon the man in the hall. "Tell Mr. Hudson his wife is here," he directed.

Mr. Cortlandt turned to Ann. "We have only just finished supper," he said. "Suppose you and I go and see if there is any left." The child glanced irresolutely at her mother. Ann wanted to stay with her, but suddenly she realized that she was devastatingly hungry. Her mother caught her eye.

"Go with him, Ann, for mercy sakes!" she urged irritably.

Mr. Cortlandt laughed, for some unexplained, grown-up reason, and led her away through folding-doors into what seemed, indubitably, fairyland. Her first impression was of a great glare of light; it was like noonday in the big empty room, and she blinked,



She Blinked, Bewildered.

bewildered. Directly under an overpowering brass chandelier was a square table covered with a cloth so white that it glistened like snow; this, then, was the dining-room. In Milton Center one sewed, read, and sometimes slept in such an apartment, but this one seemed scared to the business of dining. She looked about her with avid curiosity.

"What is it?" Ann demanded breathlessly, pointing to the fixture from whence the glory sprang.

"The chandelier?" Mr. Cortlandt inquired, bewildered in his turn.

"No, the light. It isn't candles—it isn't paraffin, it—"

"Oh, that! . . . It is gas."

"Oh!" She recalled weary hours filling lamps. "Do you put it in like oil?"

"No. . . . I'll tell you about it, but first we must have supper. Are you hungry?"

Ann gasped. It was extraordinary, but the enormous appetite which had ravaged her but a moment before was gone. "I—don't know," she confessed.

Mr. Cortlandt drew a chair out for her and, pulling a bell cord, he summoned the black man and told him to bring food. "You didn't have gas in—er—Milton Center?" he suggested.

Ann shook her head; her eyes were swimming with tears, and met Mr. Cortlandt's miserably.

Suddenly he pulled his chair closer to hers, and began to talk to her, rapidly and continuously: at first she was so occupied in fighting down her inconvenient emotion that she paid little attention, but presently she understood that he was, with extraordinary kindness, telling her all about gas. She began to listen attentively. She forgot all about the delicious things she was eating as the tale ran on; she was more interested than she had ever been before in all her life.

After that they began to talk of Milton Center, and she spoke of Mrs. Allen casually.

"You lived with her?" Mr. Cortlandt leaned forward.

"Yes. . . . Isn't your brother a Christian?"

Mr. Cortlandt sat back suddenly. "I hope so," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, Mrs. Allen took ma and me to live with her because she was a Christian," Ann explained. "She often said so. . . . She said she hoped she was laying up treasures in heaven. And I hope so, too."

"Your mother had no money at all?"

"Oh, yes, ma had two thousand dollars. That is a great amount of money. Mrs. Allen always said it was a sacred trust—that was when ma wanted to spend it, you see."

"Yes, I see. And what did you do in Milton Center, Miss Ann?"

"I went to school. I don't like my teacher—not much. And of course I did chores—feeding the chickens, an' helping get supper, an' washing up."

This was dear and familiar ground, and Ann chatted pleasantly on. Her heart warmed toward Mr. Cortlandt in reward for his kindly interest; and she poured out unstintingly the simple story of her life and her mother's. It was a good half-hour before she thought of returning to the library.

As Mr. Cortlandt slid back the folding-door, the sound of a man's voice harsh and angry, burst in on them "My new father?" Ann demanded frowning.

Her friend nodded, and she peered into the room under his arm. A tall man was striding furiously about. "It isn't that I resent the child," he was storming. "It is the deceit I cannot forgive. The child, of course, is a responsibility—I am not a man to shirk that—but I hate deceit!" He turned, as his brother opened the door. "Do you know what she has done?" he demanded.

Mr. Hendricks Cortlandt nodded, and held Ann back, as she would have pushed indignantly past him. "There's only one, you know, Hudson," he said pacifically. "There might just as well have been six."

His brother paused, arrested. "Six?" he repeated. The word had the force of an explosion.

The older man laughed, and Ann wondered why. "Of course," he said, "It would have made no difference had there been, since it is the deceit that you resent, and not the children."

"Minnie," her husband roared at her, frantic appeal in his voice, "are there others?" The bride was so overcome by his violence that she merely shook her head speechlessly, but Ann flung off her friend's restraining hand and burst into the room. She confronted her stepfather fiercely; her hands were clenched into little fists.

"Don't you dare speak to my mother like that!" she said.

Hudson Cortlandt glared at her, eye to eye; then he swung away, and appealed to the world at large. "Is this the child my wife asks me to take to my bosom? This red-headed, gawky girl? This spitfire?"

"The deceit would have been less, I have no doubt, had she not had red hair," his brother interposed peaceably, and to her amazement Ann found herself laughing convulsively, in spite of her anger and fright.

Hudson came suddenly down to earth. "Well," he announced, "Minnie will have to choose between us—the child or me. I won't have her, that's flat. . . . If you'll leave her, I'll take you with me—if not, I'm done with you!"

Something in her mother's lifted face frightened Ann, and she found resolution for further defiance. "We don't want to go with you," she declared passionately. "You can go off to Europe by yourself. . . . We'll stay here." She ended on a softened note, and she turned her eyes slantingly on her new friend. She thought that he received this declaration somewhat coldly, and her heart skipped a beat miserably. He was looking at his brother with an expression that terrified her.

"What do you wish, Mrs. Cortlandt?" he demanded.

"I don't know!" she sobbed. "I am so unhappy! How can I go? . . . How can I stay?" She looked imploringly from Ann to her husband, before she buried her face in a minute pocket handkerchief.

Hudson Cortlandt was softened by this wailing appeal. "I am willing to look after the girl," he said uncomfortably. "You could leave her in good hands."

Mrs. Cortlandt looked up with a gleam of returning cheerfulness. "I suppose I might," she murmured.

"I don't see why you can't send her back where she came from; it will be the same for her as if you had never married me, except that her keep will be paid. . . . We sail in a week," he added briskly. He was obviously glad not to break with the pretty creature he had married. He turned to his brother, with a specious relief in his manner. "It is all perfectly simple after all—isn't it?"

Mr. Hendricks Cortlandt looked at him for a moment, and Ann wondered if it was something in his steady gaze that caused the younger man to drop his eyes uneasily. At length he said, "I shall be alone here, when you are gone. . . . It is possible that I might, for a time, undertake the responsibility of Miss Ann—with the understanding, of course, that you will, later on, relieve me." He turned to the silent child. "Would you like to stay with me?" he asked gently.

Ann felt the tears burn against her eyelids, so she only nodded. She felt miserably certain that he did not want her. He turned to Mrs. Cortlandt. "I assure you, madam, that your daughter will be as well cared for as lies in my power. Perhaps a little girl in my home may prove a blessing. Eh, Miss Ann?"

The child was spared the difficulty of an answer, for at the moment when she felt that a supreme effort of some sort was expected of her, the library door swung open, and a high clear voice cried, "Do I intrude, Hendricks?"

"Gad!" said Hudson, "It's Clarissa!" Ann was conscious of a general dismay, and that it centered mysteriously on her.

She had never known anyone could be so lovely as the lady who appeared in the high doorway. Her hair was warmly brown, and shining; it hung about her face in artful and complicated arrangements, and her eyes were shining and quick and pretty, above her bright pink cheeks. Compared with its brittle elegance her mother's hard country thinness had a common look. She laughed as she came down the room, showing pretty white teeth.

"A family jar already, Hudson?" she demanded, sending quick and amused glances from her embarrassed brother to his limp bride. "Doves in their little nest, you know!" She turned to Mr. Cortlandt and her darting look dropped to Ann, who stood pressed close beside him.

"Why—where did you find that, Hendricks?" she queried, her voice suddenly shrill, and all the smiling sweetness gone from her eyes.

"This is Miss Ann Byrne, Clarissa, and fate has sent her to me."

"You mean?"

"She is Hudson's stepdaughter, but it has been arranged that she is to stay here with me."

Mrs. Renneslyer swung around to her younger brother, with a great swirl of blue gauze skirts. "So!" she cried. "This is what your mad marriage has done! A child—left here with Hendricks!"

"I believe that I am glad to have her, Clarissa," Mr. Cortlandt intervened. "Already I am charmed with her."

"Charmed?" Her eyes swept Ann from her untidy red hair to her shabbily shod feet, and she laughed incredulously. "You are making the best of it—that is evident—but why should she stay with you? Can't Hudson assume his responsibilities? If you want a child about—and I am sure I don't understand why you do—there's my Hendricks, or little Fanny Cortlandt."

"That will do, Clarissa!" Mr. Cortlandt spoke so sternly that Ann shrank back, frightened. "To what are we indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I have a loge at Wallack's theater tonight; I came in to see if Hudson and my charming new sister-in-law would care to share it with me. It is Madame Rachel."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Hudson. "She is that famous French actress, isn't she? I could be ready in a very few moments—fifteen, at the most!"

Mrs. Renneslyer swept her with indifferent eyes. "Very well," she said, indifferently. She established herself in a chair by the fire.

Mr. Cortlandt seated himself opposite her, leaning toward her with a curious look of an antagonist. "Go with your mother, Ann," he said. "You can doubtless help her hurry."

And so Ann's future was decided. When she was alone with her mother, during the last precious week of their companionship, she found that the only way to avoid mutual tears was not to mention the coming parting, so she obligingly refrained. There were plenty of other things to think about. In the first place she was plunged into an orgy of buying. She and her mother both had completely new wardrobes. The pretty bride bought lavishly, in spite of her imminent visit to Paris.

People came and went during the swift interlude, but the child retained no clear memory of them. Mrs. Renneslyer was the only one whose initial impression persisted through later familiarity; Ann always remembered the malicious prettiness of her first appearance. At her brother-in-law's request, Mrs. William Cortlandt brought her daughter Fanny to see the newcomer, but the two children were shy

The Two Children Were Shy of Each Other.

of each other, and Ann had no time for contemporaneous intimacy in her last days with her mother. Mrs. Hudson was inclined to like this sister-in-law.

"She is a widow, just as I was," Mrs. Hudson informed Ann. "Except that her little girl is pretty. Fanny is sweet, isn't she? I hope you will try to be like her, Ann: she is such a little lady."

Ann clung to her mother in a way that was flattering but disconcerting. She followed her miserably about the house; stood beside her bureau when she curled her blonde hair; helped her to button the complicated new frocks, and to pack her finery into two shiny new trunks.

Notwithstanding all their preparations, however, it was not until they clung together at the dock that the mother and daughter suddenly admitted the serious nature of their separation. Mrs. Cortlandt shed a few gentle tears and prettily besought her brother-in-law to be kind to his charge, but Ann only hung desperately about her mother's neck, dry-eyed and silent. In looking back on the leave-taking it always seemed to her that in the moment before the gangplank was withdrawn, she grew appreciably older. She never forgot the feel of her mother's cool fresh cheek against her own, or the last lovely glimpse of her, young, agitated and charming, as she leaned out over the stern, between the churning side-paddles, crying and smiling together, and waving and kissing both her hands to the old man and the child on the dock.

Her mother had been gone only a fortnight when, one snowy afternoon, Mr. Cortlandt returned home earlier than was his custom. Ann knew at once, as soon as she had run to meet him, that something terrible had happened, because he was so sorry for her. The compassion in his eyes awakened all the bravery in her soul. The worst had happened; there had been a collision at sea, and a scattered few passengers, picked up by another ship, had returned to tell the tragic tale of the doomed Arctic, which had sunk off the banks, while only two days out from New York. For a time Mr. Cortlandt refused to give up hope, and every day he went to the offices of the Collins' line; but as time went on he was forced to abandon any expectation of the rescue of his brother and his bride.

Back in America, President Pierce then cast about among his supporters for another minister to Switzerland, and in Washington square Mr. Cortlandt devoted himself to comforting a passionately rebellious child. Her sorrow, he knew, would pass, and for himself he felt a curiously poignant regret at the sudden end of his lovely and foolish young sister-in-law—a deeper regret, possibly, than if she had been less lovely and more wise.

(To be continued.)

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## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

**PRESBYTERIAN.**

—Sunday, August 12th. Morning worship at 10:30. Mr. Imbrie will preach.

—Evening service at the Chautauqua tent with special music and address.

—This congregation will unite with Friday morning, August 10th with the Protestants of the community in a special Memorial Service for the late President Harding at the M. church at 10:30.

**BAPTIST.**

—Rev. Ellis Gilbert, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Danbury, Conn., preached an able and helpful sermon at the morning service last Sunday morning, last.

—Next Sunday morning the speaker will be Rev. F. N. Darling, pastor of the Conklin Avenue Baptist Church, of Binghamton, N. Y.

—Prayer meeting on Thursday evening in charge of Mr. C. E. Guile.

**METHODIST.**

—The pastor will preach next Sunday morning. There will be no vesper service in the afternoon, on account of the Chautauqua program to be given in the tent at 7:30.

—Prayer meeting on Thursday evening to which all are invited.

—The community needs the uplift of the Chautauqua program. We are helping a worthy cause when we buy a ticket, and attend the entertainments. Let us give it our hearty support.

—The Christian Scientists hold services Sunday morning at eleven o'clock in their rooms in the Elmwood Theatre Building. Subject, "Spirit."

## Trustee's Proceedings

Present were President Cramer, Trustees Shepard, Windnagle, Sheridan, Edington, Ballard and Campbell.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Bills presented were audited and ordered paid out of the proper funds.

The following permits were granted:

To Fred Reed to construct a frame garage 18x20 at his premises, 30 Elm street.

To John Pollar to erect a frame building 10x15 at 149½ Seneca St.

To Mary Bridgman to build a new cement sidewalk at 222 Yiberty St.

To the Penn Yan Fruit Packing Association to build a frame packing house 40x100 on their property east of Clinton street tracks.

To Serefine Bros. to park their truck on Elm street in front of the Roche restaurant.

E. C. Gillette, representing the Penn Yan Fruit Growers Cooperative Packing Association, appeared before the board, requesting a permit to construct a switch across Clinton St., running south from their property on the east side of the present tracks. Property owners living in the vicinity of the crossing also appeared to object against the proposed switch. Owing to the fact that blue-prints were not available, matter was adjourned to a special meeting Monday evening, August 6th.

It was moved and seconded that the matter of changing the name of East Main street to East Avenue, requested in a petition submitted to the board, be tabled to the next meeting for action. Carried.

It was moved and seconded that the Village Attorneys be instructed to take up with the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., the matter of planking the Crossings, with the request that the resolution passed by the Board to that effect be enforced. Carried.

It was moved and seconded that the recent resolution requesting M. A. Beach to make fireproof his garage in the rear of the University Building be turned over to the Village Attorneys with power to act. Carried.

The Clerk was instructed to write the local Express Company in regard to obstructing the traffic on Water street by the parking of the Express wagons across the street.

On motion duly made and seconded the meeting was adjourned.

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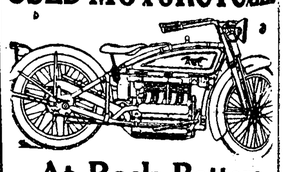

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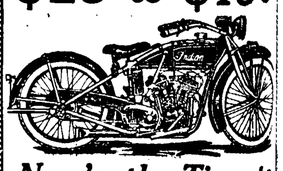

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