

**CUPID ON CRUTCHES;
OR, ONE SUMMER AT
NARRAGANSETT PIER**

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Cupid on Crutches; Or, One Summer at Narragansett Pier by Augustus B. Wood

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AUGUSTUS B. WOOD

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CUPID ON CRUTCHES;

OR,

ONE SUMMER

AT

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

BY

A. B. W.

[OF THE ELKWOOD CLUB.]

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CUPID ON CRUTCHES.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELMWOOD CLUB.

SEATED around a table, amply covered with dishes, decanters, glasses, and all those various items which constitute a "select supper," in one of the lower rooms of the Studio, Narragansett Pier, one night in July, were some twenty young men, all of whom were more or less occupied in dissecting woodcock, drinking champagne, or engaged in the ordinary chit-chat which floats around a "Stag Party," after the first tinges of hunger have been appeased.

The inner man had been well supplied; and the wine and cigars began to be the only items of interest, as far as the *menu* was concerned, when Halsey, of Philadelphia, now somewhat tipsy, rose, as well as possible under the weight of two bottles, and, having rapped furiously on the table to command attention, proposed that his friend, Jack Martin, should relate, for the benefit of the com-

pany present, an episode that happened to him during his residence in Paris, which he (Halsey) had heard that afternoon for the first time—"As it has, in a measure, caused my friend's return to this country sooner than was expected;" Halsey said in conclusion, "and as there is a woman in the case, I think he ought to relate it, if merely as an explanation for his sudden appearance on this side of the Atlantic."

The very mention that a woman had something to do with the story was a happy stroke on Halsey's part; for no sooner had he finished speaking than cries of "Go on, Jack;" "Skip ahead, Martin;" "Let us hear the thing;" "Give him some wine," and numerous other kindly suggestions, resounded on all sides of the table.

After the din had somewhat subsided, Mr. Martin, who was always a well-disposed young man, helped himself liberally to champagne; and having cleared his throat, waved his hand theatrically and began:

"The bell had ceased to ring, and the organ was pealing forth its richest notes in the American church at Paris, when——"

"Rather a poetical beginning," broke in one. (Cries of "Shut up!" "Go on, Martin," etc.)

"Is it? Well, at any rate, the services had just commenced, and I was sitting quietly in my seat, when two ladies, dressed in the height of