



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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**OXFORD
NOTE BOOK**

and so it came about that Poppy received "Christ." For, she argued to herself - "if there is no God or Christ, no difference between right and wrong, no hereafter, why do I feel so badly at the thought of heling?"

There was a new light in her eyes as she rose from her knees and drew a chair to Margaret's side. She listened passively as Margaret told her of the enormity of her new fortune, of the strenuous attempts made to find her, of how she had just phoned Lawyer Block of the arrival of the missing, of how she would formally take possession of it her wealth on

ation." To think you are a bride dearest," murmured Poppy happily.

"You will be some day," answered Margaret smiling quietly.

"So I will," returned Poppy.

She thought over the boys she knew, Hobart Verdy, Waldo Chester, and James to look the gentleman she had just left. Margaret watched the varying colour on her friend's cheek and brow and divined her thoughts.

"Don't sell yourself

cheaply." ~~Chapter 18. The wedding.~~

She said gently.

The church was crowded with people, buzzing and chattering when Margaret, ^{Poppy} and ~~her~~ her mother, ~~and~~ and lawyer took a ~~nee~~ who was a cousin of Margaret's, entered. ~~Her~~ Carl Hoffman and his brother Ned were seated opposite. Jane Carey, at the organ, played the wedding march, then Poppy found herself marching up the aisle, detracting much notice from the bride to herself. After the ceremony in which Margaret became Mrs. Carl Hoffman she turned to ^{her} Margaret with an embrace so ^{warm} passionate and loving

201. it hurt the bride.

"Oh Margaret - my dear!"
cried Poppy hugging ~~the curly hair~~
smooth head to her breast.

Then she resigned her
to the others and congratulated the
groom. Immediately a group formed
about her. Where had she been? How
was she? Why did she go? But
Poppy knowing she could not
answer all answered none.

What an evening of rum-
mation it was!

After a moment she es-
caped the crowd and went to lawyer
Block where she talked a few
moments. Then ~~lawyer~~ Block
went he went out. Poppy turned

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to an old friend. "He's gone on an
errand for me," she said nodding.

When he came back he
handed her a parcel and Poppy
opened it - took out its contents -
then advanced to Margaret's side,
the bride ~~by~~ ^{walked} ~~on the~~ ^{beside} arm of
the groom and they were slowly strol-
ling ^{the group} thru to the door. Accosted
at every hand by friends
and neighbors who wish-
ed to proffer congratula-
tions. Poppy was hiding
the contents of her par-
cel under her handker-
chief. Now she toss'd the
handkerchief into the crowd
and held ~~high~~ daintily ~~before~~

203, her thumb and finger
a necklace.

She swung it above
the head of the bride. Every
diamond glittering like
a sunbeam then dropped
it about Margaret's neck.
"From me," she said un-
ceremoniously throwing
herself into the arms of
the bride.

Margaret tried to
hank her but she could do
thing but clasp the pretty
creature in her motherly
arms and murmur the word
she had uttered in the hark
that night.

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"Don't
sell
yourself
cheaply,"
and add.
"My dar-
ling de-
serves a
husband
as good
and true
as mine."
And
turned to
meet the
smiling
eyes of the
groom.



She
held daintly
between her
thumb and
finger a
~~diamond~~
necklace.

Chapter 18, The fortune.

Above a grocery store in Snowden, in a stuffy front room, Mr. James Block had his office. A large desk, a table, ^{and a} and two chairs constituted the furniture. In one chair, drawn close to the window, sat Poppy. She was pale and sick-looking, and her ~~thin~~ hands were pressed to her ~~taken~~ tired eyes. Mr. Block entered hurriedly, bowed, and then seated himself at the desk. Poppy sat there until she thought she would grow mad from the pressure of the silence. Then she spoke.

"Pardon me, are you busy? Will you proceed with the ~~the~~ will?"

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James Block turned and in the dim light looked at her keenly. "You are sick," he said.

"I am quite well. However sick I may look it is from the heat, or perhaps from the worries I have gone thru in the last week over the fact that my ~~murder~~ runaway caused Miss Amanda's death."

"That is not so," cried James Block.

"It is. Don't try to hide it from me," replied Poppy briefly.

Mr. Block touched a bell at his elbow and from the adjoining room came 'old man Daws' a lawyer of the town, and some other

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people whom she did not know. They seated themselves on the sofa and after shaking her hand.

Poppy listened quietly thru the dry legal opening of the document which was read by James B. Block. Then the lawyer paused.

"Gentleman, had not I better explain to Miss Kent before continue with this will."

The man nodded assent.

Mr. Block turned his chair facing Poppy and began to talk in a low earnest tone to the nervous, white-faced heiress.

"Miss Kent, in Snowdon many years ago lived a young

20^o and beautiful girl named
Alice Dale who ran away from
her home to the city where she
went on the stage all piousness
remember her. Fair ⁱⁿ form
and face was Alice Dale.
But her parents ^{who were very wealthy} were so angry
that they forbade her name to
be spoken in front of them. While
away she ^{married} ~~she~~ ~~got~~ ~~married~~
after a while her husband died
~~and~~ leaving her with her one
child and she grew so poor she
had to sell all her jewels but a
little ring of twisted gold. At
last, she swallowed her pride
and for the sake of her in-
fant girl returned to Snowdon.

21^o.

Her parents ~~that~~ refused to
forgive. She was again cast into
the cold. She wandered ~~to~~ out
into the country and the Daw's,
some distant relatives of her ~~not~~
husband, ~~refused to~~ admitted her.
That night she died leaving her
child at the mercy of the strangers.
When the next morning nothing
was heard of her, ~~as under Daw's~~
her parents became frightened
thinking she had frozen and freely
forgave her and her child. ~~When~~
they found that the Daw's had
taken her ⁱⁿ and with them she
had died, they paid the Daw's a
large amount yearly to rear the
child, ~~and~~ that Snowdon might

21st never know their cruel actions
in turning out their own child.
When the parents died they left
a fortune to the child, to be given
her on her sixteenth birthday.
I was lawyer on ~~your~~ her 16th
birthday I hunted her up. She
was no where to be found. I
accused her guardians of having
secreted her away that they might
come into possession of her money
we advertised for her in the
press. Then ^{one of} her guardians died,
Her weak heart had ~~been~~ given
way under all of the excite-
ment of the hour. ~~Yesterday~~
~~a week~~ ^{yesterday} go for the heirs & re-
turned. Miss Kent I congratulated.

21st

date you. your father was John
Kent. your mother Ann
Dale Kent. you have, ~~so~~
far as I know, no living rel-
atives. But your many friends
and kind guardians will sus-
tain you until you are of
age. This day you come into pos-
session of about 2, million dollars.
use it wisely under their sup-
ervision again - I congratulate
you."

An hour later, Poppy and
Mr. Block closed the office
door and went out onto the public
streets. She looked strangely chasten-
ed and subdued. Her head was
muddled with thoughts of her mother.

Poppy had never thought much about her mother before but now she was rehearsing in her mind the life of the lovely Alice who had been so happy and met so sad a fate.

As he left her at Snow's cottage Mr. Block gave her a small box. "I could not bear to give it to you before all those men," he said gently. "Your mother said you were to ~~read~~^{have} it when you were old enough to comprehend it. I found it in a box of her things."

The girl took her precious package and thrust out a slender hand. Mr. Block noted that she wore no jewelry except a ring of twisted gold. "Good-bye, Dand - ~~and~~ thank you," she tried to say but broke off in the middle of her sentence and ran quickly to the door sobbing softly.

Poppy had promised Margaret to stay with Mrs. Snow while the bride and groom took their trip and the kind lady sat now in the open window.

Poppy pleaded a head-

215. ache and went up to after
laying of her things
sought off rose room.
She chose a window seat
piled with ~~rose~~ pillows
as a place to ~~read~~ look
over the box. So after lock-
ing the door she seated
herself. The summer
wind was heavy with the
perfume of ~~flowers~~ and
the roses which swung on
the vines across the open
window. Poppy plucked
a red one and after
sniffing it's fragrant
heart tucked it in her

214.

hair then she began to
untie the gold cords which
bound the sacred package.

On top was a small oval
case of plain gold. The girl
fingered it reverently. She
loosened a spring and with
a click it opened.

she gazed at it a
moment. At ends, shain-
ing moment. She felt, as
she looked on the sweet face
which looked as life like
as a picture can look,
that affection for her un-
known parents, which she
had never known before,
and pressing it to her lips

2¹¹. her heart said.

"At last I feel the love I should feel for thee, my parent. The pent up love which I ~~could~~ had ~~no~~ ~~relations~~ ^{could} ~~to~~ ~~expend~~ ~~upon~~ ~~no~~ ~~relations~~ and which I gave to friends and mere acquaintances, passes ^{ing} to the hands it should go into. A full unbounded measure goes to thee. Tho I never saw thee. Tho I suffered for me. Tho I cannot remember thee, I love thee."

But her lips only said, "my mother."

2/13.

Chapter 19. A sacred letter.

The ^{girl} face, smiling from the miniature, was a beautiful one. Her head was piled with black hair, soft and crinkly and beautiful. The neck was long and slim and white, ^{I adorned} ~~glittering~~ with a rope of diamonds. Her complexion was clear and white but for the peach-like bloom on the cheeks. Two eyes like violets drenched in dew and fringed with dark lashes, smiled into ~~my~~ ~~eye~~ poppy's dark eyes. A slender, delicate nose, and small sensitive

219 - red mouth, and firm chin carried out the beauty of the hair and eyes. Her demure ears just escaped being hidden by the torrent of hair on her head. The picture did not resemble Poppy but for the proud pose of the head and a certain frightened, pleading, look in the ~~dark~~^{sweet} eyes, which these characteristics Poppy had inherited. People had noticed it because the two habits contrasted so oddly.

This picture must have belonged to ~~Alice Dade~~ Poppy's mother when she

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was Alice Dade. So rich the jewels on her neck and in her hair.

Poppy slowly unfastened a cross from the thin gold chain about her neck and attached the cross. There were tears in her eyes as she kissed the face and slipped it inside her gown.

Next in the box was a photograph, it was a handsome, dashing, man with large black eyes. A glance told her that it was her father. For if Poppy knew little of her mother she knew less of her father.

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There were a pair of tiny knitted boots, a silver baby spoon, and a little hood, marked.

Poppy's things

Next came a faded poppy and a bunch of old letters. Poppy opened the top one it began -

My dear little ~~flower~~ Alice:

No work can be found. I can not get it any where. When I think of my darling lying pale and white, as I left you and our dear little Poppy flower by your side, I am almost desperate. Oh my dear one how I -

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but Poppy could read no more. She put the letter back and taking out the gold case showered kisses on the sweet face murmuring -

"Oh my mother, what you have suffered. I can't bear to read more."

At the bottom was a long envelope addressed to

my dear Poppy.

She tore it open with a palpitating heart. A letter from her mother - seemed like a voice from the dead. It read -

Dear little Poppy flower.

As I write we are

in a train and riding
 swiftly towards Snowdon -
 you, a little dark-eyed
 baby, lie on my lap
 blinking at the lights.
 When you read ^{this} you may
 be a servant, you may be
 at Daw's, or if my mis-
 sion in Snowdon is accom-
 plished, you are the adopt-
 ed child of your grand par-
 ents, the dales. We, your
 father, you and I have
 been very poor, we have
 been living in a tent a-
 round house, in a fearful
 district of the city, your

father worked hard to
 support us but the fever
 got him in it's clutches
 and he died in poverty. Oh
 Poppy your father was
 noble - noble - while he
 was hunting for work
 I would not see him for
 weeks at a time but
 he wrote every day and
 some of his letters I am
 placing in this box HE
 loved us both so dearly
 Poppy & I ever.

I met him at the
 theatre one night. I was
 one of the chorus girls in
 a Poppy ballet and

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Chapter 20; 7 mo. later.

It was a little house and a brown one, some people would call it ugly - but it wore a holiday aspect. The vines and ~~the~~ posy beds were in flower and girls in festive dress fluttered in and out like winter flies. One girl paused on the door step to pluck a red rose for her dark hair and chat with her sister who sat in the open window sorting flowers.

"I don't feel at all as bad as I should", she said,

229. "A wedding don't seem
sad to me but rather joyful."

"I cried all night", said
the other ruefully.

"Why Fannie - how silly
and oh - don't, please don't,
put the red and pink
roses together - here."

"Why you are a true
artist ~~for~~ Lydia", cried
Fannie as her sister
put the pink in a nest of
cut fern and held it up
for inspection with a nod
of satisfaction.

"Now the red will
go well with - oh cream -

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give me some cream - col-
oured roses - just so. That looks
fine."

They chatted on merrily
until Pussy ran around
the house. "Look - a' coming!"

A ^{pretty open} large carriage drawn
by two black horses came rolling
up and stopped at the door.
A tall slender ^{girl} figure in white,
a light haired woman in blue,
and a frail, gentle-eyed woman
in black alighted.

Lydia dropped the roses, Fannie
the vases and Pussy the cat, but
the Rhea came running thru
the door crying "stupid - it's
Poppy, Mrs. Snow, and Mark

231.

parit.

8 mo. has worked a great ^{le} change in Poppy - she ~~was~~ taller now and slim as a reed, but her face ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~still~~ lost none of it's winsome sweetness and ~~her~~ figure has gained erectness and grace, and a quiet dignity.

The Chester is the same gentle, tender, yet merry person. The two girls kissed each other rapturously and the introductions were quickly over.

Agnes and Poppy went off together and Tallie and

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Sydia dragged Mrs. Hoffman into the house to Mopsis.

Poppy put her hand in her waist and drew out a little gold case which she opened and placed in the Chester's hand. "your mother?" asked the Chester. Poppy nodded.

Then she told Agnes of the day she read her fortune, of how she had determined to travel about and regain her health and had come back for ^{Kate's} ~~Margaret's~~ wedding.

And Agnes told of what a happy girl Katherine was, what a pretty wedding outfit she was to have and what beau.

233.

tiful gifts she had rec'd. Then they went into the house. "Dear Poppy," was all Kate could say when the wiry some, little, heiress pointed out the beautiful carriage and prancing horses saying, "Take it Kate and don't be proud. You were good to me when I was poor and all the gifts I could give you could not repay you."

When all the family had been duly embraced she noticed Wald's absence. "Are you still angry Poppy?" asked the boy

234.

in his frank way, ^{coming from} and looked at her with his clear eyes. ^{the new tooth.}

Poppy took out the oval case and thrust it out to him. "I feel what it is to have a mother now," she said as he looked at the sweet face within. "I didn't ~~realize~~ realize ~~it~~ how sweet it was when I was angry at you for confiding in yours. I was only a silly little girl then. I hope you will forgive me."

It was a very happy day. Mopsis' phoned for Herbert and Edith Verde and Miss Sadie and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Stafford, Margaret's uncle

and aunt, and all Poppy's friends both high and low.

They all noticed the change in Poppy. She was ^{more} gentler ^{and patient} ~~wise~~, a little sadder yet a wiser girl.

altho they did not know it the change in Poppy's heart could be traced back to a little oval case next her heart.

I remember Maud's private drawer in the old big chest at 333 Center - It was full of stories like this - she was a mere child when she wrote these things - we had a big laugh over this -

Part I.

Mrs. Glexton Glexton did not look quite happy. The private parlor in which she sat was luxuriously appointed. A little fire snapped and crackled in a pretty grate. Her chair was low and cushioned and her feet were crossed on a low hassock. A dainty tea-service sat at her elbow and her maid had poured her a cupful which was strong and aromatic, and creamed and sugared to her taste. She was conscious of being young, pretty, and wealthy with a ~~devoted~~ ^{properly devoted} husband and her rightful meed of admirers. Yet as I said, Mrs. Glexton - Glexton did not look quite happy.

"Are you at home to callers?" asked patient Fessie as she tucked a soft, lace shawl about her mistress'

shoulders. Mrs. Grentor - Grenton surveyed the capped and aproned figure, over the rim of her cup. "Yes - er - well I trust you Fessie to admit no one who is stupid or gossipy, no one who will notice these ^{ears} ~~eyes~~ feet about my eyes, or that my ~~eyes~~ ^{ears} are dirty; no one who will tell about that I am feeling blue because Lord so and so did not take me into supper ^{last night}. Use your own judgement." It has been said that no ^{man} ~~one~~ is a hero to his valet. In truth no lady is a heroine to her maid."

"Yes ma'am", replied obedient Fessie; "now go. you make me nervous", commanded her inevitable mis-

Bess and Jessie skipped out to report to the housekeeper of ~~that lady's~~ ^{mrs. Glexton-Glexton} temper.

^{lady} When the maid was gone, ~~that Mrs. Glexton-Glexton~~ gazed moodily into the dancing flames. "What a life I am leading," she mused. "Nothing but self-gratification and a weary round of pleasure. If I were poor and had to earn my own living, what keen enjoyment it would give me to have one taste of this luxury. But since my wealth entitles me to it, I find it flat and insipid, and being contented all the time falls upon me. Such is life." She shrugged her pretty shoulders and look another

draft of her fragrant tea, and then
rambled on as if it relieved her.

"I have been wrapped in luxury
for so long", she continued thoughtfully,
"that it does not give me any pleasure.

I have met so many people that
the delightful ones do not appeal
to me, or the stupid ones amuse
me. I have travelled so extensively
that new scenes do not attract me.

I have seen so much famous
painting, sculpture, and architecture
that anything wonderful bores me.

I have had advantages to read all
the best literature and now any-
thing brilliant does not thrill me.

⊙ "I am not denouncing society."

she put in quickly, as tho' to some
invisible listener, "Society is all
that saves me from dying of ennui.
But even that does not awaken a
tingle of anticipation. Competition
and rivalry are stale. Fact is, I am
blase'. Too much culture and enjoy-
ment have spoiled me. O to find
something new, fresh, original.
To find something which would give
me one thrill of excitement, and one
of radiant happiness! There must
be something left which I have
not tasted!" She had risen, and was
pacing the floor excitedly, with
her hands clasped and strained to
her bosom, her eyes shining, and

and her cheeks burning. But in a moment she sank wearily into her chair and took another sip of the cooling tea. "But if there was," she finished with a hard little laugh, "I would ride it to death, ^{or} until it bored me".

She was silent a long time, looking into the fire and holding the empty cup to her lips. Then she broke out. "Once I was quite clever. Even now I am nice - very nice. I can say such amusing things and make such witty comments and pert remarks. If I had not been spoiled, I would be cute; I am not now tame and

flat

like so many society favorites,
 "I wish - I wish - but phau I have
 everything the heart can wish".
 She frowned sharply and put down
 her cup, and then leaning back
 wearily, let her long lashes droop
 on her smooth cheek and indulged
 in a few day-dreams.

Part II.

In a few minutes her reverie
 was broken ~~to~~ by the sound of voices
 in the hall below: the footman's pom-
 poustwang, Fessie's Irish brogue, and
 the sweet, girlish tones of a voice she
 did not recognize. Mrs. Glexton - Glexton
 listened incomprehendingly. She could not
 distinguish the ~~words~~ subject of the con-

Very funny in spots

8

versation, but she finally gathered that the stranger was pleading for an interview with her, and that Jessie and the footman were quarreling about granting it. Some laughing note in the unfamiliar voice struck her fancy for she touched the bell and bade Jessie usher in the visitor. The discomfited footman took to rubbing a door knob, and the triumphant maid led the way up the broad winding stairway to Mrs. Glextor-Glexton's private library.

The intruder was a tall slim girl, fresh and trim as a rose, from the windblown brown hair and damp pink cheeks to the neat boots in shining rubbers. She wore a smart black hat caught up with a wing, and a long black coat with a fur collar. She was the embodiment of the untrampled youth which Mrs. Glextor-Glexton longed for. Her supple grace, her liveliness, her alacrity, vitality, and vigor were glorious to the society weary

eyes of the older woman. This girl's cheeks were wet and ruddy where the rain had beaten them, and her hair was tousled where the wind had swept it, and her eyes were bright and twinkled merrily under long damp lashes. She was like a breath of cold, refreshing wind blowing in on the petted society belle.

Her voice, full when she spoke, fulfilled all the expectations Mrs. Glexton-Glexton had made from the laughing tones that had come dimly from the hall. It was round and full and fresh and held a hint of mischief. "allow me to introduce myself since I have no card," she said smiling, "I am Marigold Drew."

Mrs. Glexton-Glexton rose and extended her hand, "I do not think I have met you before Miss Drew," she said with a puzzled smile, "at least I hardly think so. Of course one meets many people

and never gives them another thought. But - well you are nothing if not distinctive."

The girl laughed pleasantly and peeled a black glove from her rounded arm, but she did not speak.

"Fetch another cup for Miss Drew," said Mrs. Glexton - Glexton nodding towards the maid, and turning again to her visitor, "I pray you draw yourself a chair to the fire. Such miserable weather!"

"Do you think so?" came the quick answer, "to me it is glorious, so refreshing and cool after the August we have passed thru." She had taken off her hat and coat, and stood tall and graceful in the firelight. The healthy colour in her bright face was heightened by ~~the~~ the soft white laces of her waist and ~~the~~ the flexible grace of her figure was brought out by ~~the~~ the ~~black~~ black skirt which fitted so neatly over her round hips. Mrs. Glexton - Glexton surveyed her from one corner

of her eye, ~~as~~ while she fussed over the
tea-service and ~~and~~ finally poured a
~~quantity~~ fragrant cupful.

"Cream Miss Drew? and sugar? and
will you have a scone? Yes they are delicious.
My cook is a jewel."

"Yes I will try one. But please, I am
not Miss Drew. I am ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~old~~ ^{old} to ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~one~~ ^{one}
after I have known them fifteen minutes.
Is not our acquaintance that lengthy?"
asked this singular girl sinking luxuriously
into a cushioned chair and crossing her
feet on the fender.

"What a pretty, cozy place this
is", she cont. accepting the tea with undis-
guised pleasure. "My little room is third
floor back and it is brastly hot in summer.
But this kind of weather it is quite ideal.
My bed is canopied off with bright-coloured
cheese and so is my garolin clove, ~~and~~
but ~~for~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ rest of my room I have for
drawing room and dining parlour com-

lined. I have a fire place and ~~dozens of~~
~~pillows and~~ two easy chairs before it. One
 easy chair is for me and one for a ~~stray~~
 visitor and ~~one the pillow~~ I have dozens
 of bright pillows for my pussy. ~~And then~~ that
 is the drawing room part. Then I have a round
 table and ~~and~~ a stiff chair, and a gayly
 covered box for linen, and a shelf^{ies} for my
 china. It happens that I have no china, or
 cut glass, but only tin. But I shine these tins
 so brightly that my shelves are ~~the~~ highly orna-
 mental and the pride of my heart. ~~so they~~
~~are double.~~ I am very smug, I tell you.
 everything is ex-condensed rather. But I do
 not mind it. Just as brides and grooms do not
 mind a two room flat, either do I mind my
 condensed back bedroom. For I am, in a sense
 a bride and pussy is my spouse." She chuckled
 merrily and ~~then~~ took another scone.

Mrs. Glexton - Glexton ~~had been so~~
~~she~~ laughed until the tears stood in her
 eyes, at this naive confession." Go on,

"go on," she cried clapping her hands like a child, "it is a treat to hear you talk. Mon dieu! a moment ago I was dying of ennui. But you are delicious."

"Thank you," said Margold bobbing her head, "so are these scones. Do you like to hear more about my back bedroom?"

"When I come in from a tramp in the wet I light a fire in the grate and put on my little kettle and ~~on a little~~ a little tin pan with broth in it. And the broth and the kettle sing and my pussy cat purrs. And I put ~~on~~ a ~~shining~~ white cloth on my round table and get out my bright tin dishes and a knife and fork and spoon, and I cut off three slices ^{of} ~~of~~ my round loaf in my cupboard and get out a pat of yellow butter and then I make a cup of chocolate, and what with my ~~to~~ bread and butter and chocolate and broth I have a very ~~very~~ cozy supper all by myself."

"Set me refill, your cup miss Mari-

gold. And then do go on. I am so interested".

"What, is the great Mrs. Flexton - Flexton interested in my pussy cat and me?" cried Marigold accepting the replenished cup.

"I am honored. But what can I tell? ~~these~~ My life is so common place. I wonder that I do not bore you?"

"It is common place but it is charming", cried her listener, "Do you ever get lonely?"

"Of course I do", replied Marigold smiling, "even my room, and my ties, and my pussy, cannot keep me from the blues now and then. But I have a novel remedy," she laughed heartily. "When I ~~start~~ feel the little blue devils coming, I take a good hot bath. Some times I even put in a drop of cologne. Not enough so I am extravagant but only enough to make me feel elegant, and then I braid my hair in two long braids, one over each shoulder so, and I build a fire in the grate and sit before

the fire in my old faded ball gown, and
sip a cup of tea as I am doing now, and I
hold a regular monologue: "Felicie you
may brush my hair and then marcellé it,
I will say in a high languid voice, you
may marcellé my hair, and then you may
lay out my yellow satin gown with the
topaz girdle and topaz coronet. I am going
to the opera ~~to~~ with Lord Ruttyford.

Yes we will have a box of course, and I will wear
my satin opera cloak with the swans down
trimming and my white plumed hat ^{and}
so much more foolishness. It is all
pretending that I am a great lady with a
maid. all ~~my~~ the blue devils go up
the chimney like smoke. Puff!! Now
tell me, is it not a novel remedy? You
could not use it of course; you are a good
lady already!" She paused to sip her tea.

the gasier-glexion watched her
not and tears mingled with her smiles.
She could not even herself to speak,

In a moment Marigold saw the wet eyes
 of her listener and set about to dry them.
 "I know what you are thinking of," she cried,
 "you are thinking - how delightful! how original!
 how charming! you see I am very vain. My
 conceit is unbounded. When I used to go to
 school in Blacksburg, there was one girl
 in the small yard who was my bitter enemy,
 one Lucia Snipes; ~~she~~ now naturally I used
 to draw on my imagination to start naughty
 stories about Lucia. I told ~~her~~ that her great-
 aunt wore a wig and her cousin in New York
 went with a circus, etc. and Lucia sought to
 retaliate. One day as a group of us stood paint-
 ing ~~under~~ by the fence after a game of tag,
 Lucia began a detailed account of my mis-
 doings. 'That Marigold Drew,' she said in a
 tone plainly audible to me, 'she just
 thinks she's the whole thing! I don't know
 but I am', I put in shortly 'I never saw any
 one yet, who could come up to me. In-
 deed I say twice as many cute things as

do: that was my concert at the age of
ten and it has just doubled now."

Mrs. Glaxton. Glaxton laughed until
tears came to her eyes, and Jessie list-
ening furtively while she thought to be ~~laying~~
~~and~~ dusting, smothered a laugh in her
luster. Marygold court, talking in a
quiet simple little manner, ~~and~~ yet so
compelling that her listeners lost not
one word, ~~and~~ weeping when the topic was
pathetic, laughing with her when it was
merry. The maid forgot to do her duties as the
wonderful story teller went on, and Mistress
forgot to ask ^{what} ^{was} her mission at this palatial
home. How naturally yet not boldly, the
girl had entered and taken possession.
Not stealing her business as a menial
would, but partaking of hospitality
like an honored guest.

There was something in her
manner, which while it would permit
of nothing rude or presumptuous, cast

out all the shams of society, and Mrs. Glextor. Glextor felt quite warranted in asking, "Are you ever hard up?"

"Well to speak vulgarly, I am 'ten broke'," replied Max gold frankly, "But I do have fun when I am. I have tried all kinds of life. I have been companion to a fussy old lady, and I have played a minor part in a theatre, and once I - really - sold my little round cakes, on the street. & it is so glorious to be young, like this, I ~~can taste~~ ~~of all the kinds of life.~~ I do not want to marry and settle down with house keeping and babies. It is so nice to be able to play any kind of a prank. ~~I have tasted all~~ ~~but~~ I am ~~tasting~~ ~~all~~ of the things that life holds and ~~then~~ when I have tasted of them all I can ~~well~~ choose the best. I can express what I mean, but poorly —". She broke off impatiently.

"Have you ever tried the life of a young lady of fashion?" asked Mrs.

Glester Glester after a pause.

"No I have not, except thro' the
medium of my imagination. But I
have seen fashionable life. I am
seeing it now," she looked up and
laughed brightly. "It is very nice, but it
would pull upon me. I do not want
to tie myself down, I like changes.
And this way I can take them when I
please. When my stocking grows heavy
with the pennies I am saving, I shall
travel. Ah - well that's not ~~the~~ ideal,"
she locked her hands about her knees
and looked into the fire with glowing eyes.

"I was disappointed in it,"
observed Mrs. Glester-Glester. "Did

"Ah - but you ~~shall~~ not
go as I shall go," she said ^{more} ^{bold} dreamily, "I
shall stop where I please and go where
I please. I shall live, for instance, with
the Parisians, I will assume their
gait and manners, I will work in their

restaurants or play in their theatres, and then I shall go to Germany and be transformed into a cherry, dutch, maid. I shall not follow a conventional route for my travel. I will go to out of the way places and visit the corners of the globe.

"Ah yes," said Mrs. Glextor - Glexton sadly, "you shall not visit it as I did."

"I wish I could take you with me on my beautiful trip," replied Alenigo, "but you are tied down by all this." Her quick eye swept the elegant room. "My back bed room does not tie me down. It permits me to do unconventional things, like I am doing today, telling you people I do not know. And when I come back from Europe, it will be waiting for me. If not that same back bed room, another one will be, and my thousand pusey & fit as well into one as into another. And I will write down all ~~my~~ ^{the} beautiful things I have found into a great glorious

book - and then - "

"And then?" echoed Mrs. Glaxton
glaxton softly.

"Then I am ready for my Prince
Charming," replied the girl with ~~an~~
a laugh, and her expressive eyes grew
brilliant with the thought of all the
unknown, mysterious, joy of that
coming.

There was a long silence, Mrs.
glaxton - glaxton ~~she~~ looked wisely
into the flames. What had she missed?
What had she missed? This girl had found the
essence of joy and taken the cream of life.
~~She~~ But the society woman had aimed no
higher than a brilliant marriage and she
found existence empty. She ^{was} roused as clear
gold rose and began to put on her hat
before the cheval mirror.

"Do not go," she cried, "Do
not go. Here was a passionate appeal in
her voice.

Margold looked at her
wonderingly, "ah, but I must.
~~the~~ It is quite dusk."

"Do not go", repeated
the older woman brokenly,
"Stay with me, for always, I
am lonely and I want you."
She put her arms up around
~~the~~ Margold's neck, ~~and her~~
~~eyes~~ ~~and her~~ and her
Eyes' and loss of the girl, in
tearful entreaty.

For an instance Margold
hesitated then she said gently but
decidedly, "I am sorry if you
are unhappy. But - I do not
wish to be like you". Mrs. Gex-

tor-glexton followed her glance to the cheval mirror. On what glaring contrast were they revealed. The one, tall, vigorous, alert! The joy of living shining her eyes, ~~the~~ smile of happiness dimpling her blooming cheeks. The other, richly clothed in soft ~~laces~~ silks and perfumed laces, ^{but} with tired lines around her mouth and discontent in her eyes. Yes, Marigold, had chosen wisely.

"You will come? and see me, often?" asked Mrs. Glexton, spreadingly.

"As often as you like," replied the girl kindly, "and I shall expect you at my back bedroom, you can occupy my chance visitor chair, and eat with me off my tin dishes, and watch the broth while I eat my loaf. But now good bye."

The girl slooped and kissed the soft cheek of the pampered belle of New York, and with a quick breath, left the room.

Mrs. Glextor-Glexton went to window and watched the ~~girl go out~~ ^{girl go out} into the ~~dust street~~, and start down the avenue. Clarigold watched

with her head up and
the shoulders thrown back.
Her eyes sparkled as the
rain swept into her face,
and patted the smooth
cheek. On she went, smiling
brave, cheerful, Young,
Miss. Glexton Glexton ~~was~~
~~down the stairs~~ turned
away with a quivering lip
and wistful eyes.