



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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## The Cobbler's Daughter.

Aged 13. By Maude Hart.

An old cobbler, whose name was Peter, used to dwell in the village of Tréma. He had a beautiful daughter called Hilda. Her hair was like spun-gold and her eyes were like blue flowers. All day long she used to tend the shop while Peter sewed the shoes.

Many a village youth fell in love with her and came a-wooing, but Hilda sent them away and they had to be contented with the other maidens of the village.

One day as Hilda sat in the shop ~~and~~ sewing the shoes,

a tall graceful youth clad in  
the green, worn by hunters,  
entered the shop.

He fell in love at once  
with the beautiful Hilda.

"My fair lady" he said  
bowing low. "It is a great pleas-  
ure to meet so beautiful a maid  
as thee. Will you give a pair  
of sandals such as will help  
me on a long and trouble-  
some journey?"

Hilda was so pleased  
with his pretty manners  
and handsome face that she  
showed him a pair of sandals  
that she herself had made 'bri-  
dered in gold and silver and

set in with sparkling stones.

"I myself bound and stitched them," she said as she gave them to him.

"They must be rare, if wrought by these fair fingers," he said gallantly and giving her five shillings he departed. <sup>at</sup> I will be back <sup>before long</sup> before long.

As Asthilda sat down again to stitch on her shoe she saw that a silver buckle had fallen from his shoe and written across it was his name <sup>"P. P. P."</sup> "Alongo".

And the maiden kissed it and put it into the bosom of her gown.

Days and weeks past.

ed by and Alonso did not re-  
turn. The maidens grew  
weary with waiting.

As the season of snow  
began but he had not come,  
One day putting on a heavy  
cloak of gray wool and put-  
ting her cake and wine in-  
to a basket she kissed old  
Peter and started for the King's  
palace, which was a great  
distance to the north.

For a fortnight the  
maidens hurried on and one  
evening at twilight she  
reached the castle. She hired  
out for a kitchen maid,  
but did not all sorts of drud-

gery fell to her lot. She swept and baked, receiving as a return the scraps of meat and bread left at the table after each meal. The choicest of the these she sent to Peter and the rest she ate herself.

One morn as she fed the geese the old King Fearless saw her and because she was so fair he ordered her to come to the throne room.

She repainted her golden locks and attired herself in a coarse gown of homespun. Then she timidly entered the hall with its hangings of crimson and gold and

bowing low to the old king, asked him what was his wish.

Now the old king <sup>who</sup> was mightily pleased with her beauty and modesty said,

"Thou art so fair a maid that I shall raise thee to the rank of a princess. Thou shalt henceforth be treated as a king's daughter; so the ladies of the court clothed her in rich gowns of silk and gold and clasped bracelets of gold on the fair ~~with~~ arms and crowned her golden locks with circlets of diamonds.

and she was treated as a king's daughter and hon-

as the fairest lady in the land.

But Hilda was not yet happy and King Careless noticed that she often wept in the solitude of her own chamber.

"Princess," he said to her one day, "I know art as fair as Lass as any in the land, thou hast the richest gown that can be bought with gold, thou art honored as a princess might be. Why dost thou weep and sorrow?"

and the princess did weep sore and cried out, "For I ~~can do~~ cannot see my

lover among the noble  
princes and dukes of this  
court."

"What is the name of  
thy lover Hilda?" asked the old  
King.

And Hilda drew from  
her bosom the silver buckle  
and handed it to the King.  
King fearless glanced at the  
buckle <sup>and</sup> she was troubled.

"There is but one way  
thou canst ever see alongs,  
for the wizard of Hensch has  
cast his spell over my son."

"~~thy~~ <sup>my</sup> son" cried Hilda.  
"Yay princess, my  
son and thy lover. He is con-

lined in a great dungeon far to the west and guarded by the fiercest dragons. The cave is reached only in one way. If you could get in the magic chariot of Henth which flies like an arrow in the sky you might fly like ~~the wind~~ <sup>the</sup> wind to the dungeon and rescue him. But it would be hard to get the chariot, and the old king sighed.

"I will rescue him," cried Hilda. "I will rescue him if such a thing is possible. Tell me how to get the chariot, give me thy blessing and I will start at once."

"The chariot is owned

by blindness, this is all I know.  
Blindness dwells in a castle  
of black four score miles to  
the east."

"I will go!" cried the  
maiden and turning to the maid  
she said.

"Saddle thy fleetest  
horse," she said, "Prepare for  
me a basket of cake and wine,  
and I will prepare myself  
for the journey."

So saying she bowed  
and departed. When she was  
mounted upon the charger  
and her baskets were filled  
with food. The old King came  
down to bid her fare well.

He gave her a basket of leaves  
and a bowl of meat, and  
bottle of sweet smelling stuff.  
"use it quoth he" when it  
is needful" and then the princess  
shook their spears into the charges  
who soon carried her from  
view.

Many days was Hilda  
on her journey and when  
it was over her food was  
gone. Blindness's castle loomed  
up dark and still and trees  
about it were bare of leaves.  
As she drove up blindness  
came out to greet her. "What  
is it ~~you~~ wish?" she asked her  
in a deep quiet voice.

"I wish to hire ~~you~~ <sup>the</sup> chariot," said Hilda. "I have golden eagles amounting to a great sum."

"I will send it," said Blindness, "if thou wilt give me ~~yellow~~ lives, for it ~~grows~~ eyes like blue flowers."

Hilda trembled with fear but she answered bravely, "So there nothing else I have - that would appease you. See this leaf your trees are bare of them. I will give you this basketful for your chariot."

"Oh wilt thou give them to me," cried Blindness delighted with the ~~softer~~ silkiness <sup>of the touch of the</sup> ~~fresh~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ "thou shalt have thy chariot and I will spare thee thy eyes!"

So Hilda bought more food and climbed into again into the car. After tucking the silken robe about her she touched the lever and the chariot rose into the air and with the speed of an arrow she started for the west. She had gone about half of her journey when some hungry gulls came forward as if to devour her but Hilda threw them the meat and by the time they had finished it she was hovering above the dungeon. As she was about to lower the car, the dragons with an angry snort leaped

to derou her. She was at  
her wits end as to what to  
do when she remembered the  
bottle of sweet smelling  
stuff that King Fearless had  
given her. Uncorking it she  
tossed it at them. The contents  
of it fell in their eyes and they  
fell to the ground in a deep  
slumber.

Now Hilda was to  
have her reward. She lowered  
the saw and flew leaped in-  
to the windows and Alonso  
embraced his brave rescuer  
and together they journeyed  
homeward.

The old king received  
them with rejoicing and  
they were married.

Hilda sent for ~~old~~  
Peter who was very old <sup>even</sup>  
and they all lived happily <sup>after</sup>.

## Fair Play?

"D'ye know Dunlap, I'm tired of bachelor life."

Dunlap glanced across the gaming table to where King sat smoking, and a merry smile flitted across his good-natured face. "Why don't you go and do it?" he asked, asked as he shuffled the cards.

"Go and do what?"

"Get married of course," responded Dunlap, "two-four."

"Do you really advise me to do so?" asked King, knocking the ashes from his cigar with his little finger.

"If you can get a girl, six-eight."

"Get a girl! Good heavens Dunlap! Every girl in town makes sheep's eyes at me. When I enter the room there is a decided stir among the fair sex. Not a girl but puts her hand her hair, settles her sash and gets into a Berndhardt pose. Get a girl! Bah!"

"Nothing like modesty," chuckled Dunlap.

"Get a girl Dunlap," continued King without heeding the ejaculation. "Why I tell you—"

"Set!" cried his companion

gathering up the cards.

"Set? What do you mean?"

"I mean my dear fellow, I'm set in solitaire."

King frowned. "When you are receiving confidences Dunlap you shouldn't play solitaire."

Dunlap merely quaffed off the foaming glass at his elbow.

"As I said, there is not a girl in our set who is 't head over heels in love with me."

"Talk about modest maidens!" cried Dunlap in mock horror. "Who is to be the favoured damsel?"

"And who but old Dune's youngest daughter?"

"Ethel Dune!" cried Dunlap.

"The same," replied King serenely.

"By all that's holy she can't."

"And who is interested enough to prevent it?"

"The young lady herself."

King laughed. "I tell you Dunlap the girl would be tickled to death to be Mrs. King."

"She don't love you."

King winced. "My dear fool, every girl in -"

"Well", interposed Dunlap, "we'll put it to a bet."

King jerked a hundred dollar bill from his pocket and laid it upon the gaming table. "If you come back an engaged man-" began Dunlap, but he did not match the bill for private reasons, and very good ones they were too.

"Yes", replied King, "If I come back Ethel Dune's fiancee I am a hundred dollars richer."

He jerked on his ulster and derby and as he reached the door he turned and saw Dunlap shuffling out the cards. "Poor devil," he said

briefly and swung out  
into the night.

.....  
"A gentleman to see you  
miss."

Ethel Dune glanced up  
from her novel keeping one  
tapering finger on the  
page. "A gentleman. This late?"

"Yes'm he didn't give any  
name."

The young lady paused.  
then shrugged her shoulders  
expressively. "Show him  
in."

Altho old Dune was in  
only moderate circumstances  
every thing in the room

was sweet and dainty, to miss Ethel herself. Her golden head and slippered feet were both supported by pillows and she wore a loose dressing gown. The arms she extended to greet him were fair and white. Her smiling grey eyes had the sparkle of a born coquette.

"Oh! Mr. Kung, I didn't expect you to be my late caller."

"I hope I am not unwelcome Miss Dune." he said marking her delicate blushes.

"Not at all," responded Ethel, "But I did not expect a

call from such a well  
bred gentleman at this  
unseemly hour."

"A delicately turned  
complement," replied the  
young man laughing.

"I should say it was  
rather a doubtful one," ob-  
served Ethel with a charm-  
ing pout.

"Do you know Miss  
Ethel that I am an eligible  
parti' or translated a good  
match and you shouldn't  
fool with me?" laughed King.

"The conflict of some peo-  
ple," cried Ethel throwing out  
her hands.

"Ethel, - Miss Dune - ah dear," he stammered, "altho that speech is feet. it is true in part. I have a million in my own right and am heir to more and my income is no laughing matter."

"Why do you say this to me," asked the young lady toying the tassels on her robe.

"Because it concerns you, do you hear? - concerns you. I, Lloyd King, millionaire, come to you humbly and ask you to be my wife."

He was not talking now to win the bet, it was win her.

The blushing, dimpling, girl before him. King could not divine what his answer would be. She allowed him to retain her hand and the hot blood mounted swiftly to her face. "Dear little girl," he murmured, "I love you. I love you. I came to night to tell you."

At the sound the girl raised her eyes to his face. He saw that they were mirthful. Her red lips parted in a roguish smile. Then his answer came. "If that's what you came for you may as well go home - poor fellow."

(SEE NEXT PG.)

Dunlap turned out the electricity and the room was lighted by the glow of the dying fire. He lay back in the leather chair fingering the bills on the gaming table. Then King flung open the door. He threw off his coat in moody silence, took a cigar from his pocket, snapping the match-case viciously as he proceeded to light it.

"Well Dunlap," he said finally, "I'm not sorry you win the bet, for your hard up and need it. It's the refusal that hurts, from a hit of a girl like her too."

Dunlap gathered the bill in his lean fingers, "So I was right?" he asked amiably.

"Yes. Hang it all," replied King grudgingly.

Dunlap pulled on his old cloth cap and started to go out but paused in the doorway. "It's a mean trick I played on you Lloyd King, and I wouldn't have done it - only. Well as you say you're rich, and I'm hard up, and Ethel must have a ring. Why you poor fool, she's been engaged to me for over a month."

1.

## Chapter 1: I - I'm Clara.

The soft May breeze, laden with the breath of the apple blossoms, rustled the vines which sheltered the window where Clara sat sewing. A quaint, latticed window it was, draped in tendrils of green and framing such a picture of youth and beauty, as one seldom sees in this day and age of the world. The girl was garbed in simple white and her only ornaments were the thin gold chain on her neck and the half-blown blossom which caught the turbulent, dusky, waves of hair just behind one dainty ear. Some faces need garnishings to bring out their full beauty, Clara's ~~face~~ loveliness was heightened rather than diminished by the rustic simplicity of her garments. Her face, shaded by the sweep of darkness about it, had the soft bloom of a spring flower and the features were chiseled with ~~clean-cut~~ firm and clean-cut strokes. Her eyes were dark and large and shone

like stars. Stars of joy or of despair. Any mood  
 or feeling of the owners shone in those wonder-  
 ful eyes. Fringed in soot and arched in silky  
 brows they set off the varying colour in her  
 rounded cheeks as she bent over her work.  
 Such a sensitive, delicate, face it was. The  
 face of this rustic beauty. The curve of her  
 nostril showed her to be keenly alive to the  
 faint, elusive scents of the breeze, the curve  
 of her ripe lips betokened a keen sense of hum-  
 or, a brilliant and spontaneous wit, ~~and~~  
~~the~~ while a deep, soft look away superfluous  
 firmness of character from her white chin.  
 While her nimble fingers flew, her rest-  
 ed back in her chair and her ear and nostril  
 caught the essence of summer time. Every  
 island bird call, every bill of gladness from  
 every winged throat, the whisper of the  
 apple blossoms in the great trees by her window,  
 the murmurs of the grasses and flowers in

the sweep of lawn beneath. Suddenly she  
broke into song-

All along the forest dim

Rise one triumphal hymn.

With no thro't of fear oppress

Every songster does his best -

Bird and flower and mountain stream,

In the sunlight glance and gleam

north & south & east & west

Small & great all do their best.

Clara's voice was not wonderful, but it had  
a sweet, bird-like quality, which was pleas-  
ant to the ear and on the spontaneous, fine, keen,  
happiness that bubbled up into that song, a  
pure happiness such as only joy from Nature can  
produce.

"Miss Clara", came in gentle old tones from  
the direction of the hedge, where a stout, little,  
figure in rusty black had paused to hear the song.

The girl thrust her curly head thru the half-

X.

opened lattice. "Who called me? O you Dr. Grey. What is't you wish?" as she spied him,

"Miss Clara, O I wish to fetch you over to elm place, Nance wants you."

"Miss Nancy? Indeed I'll be ready unless than no time."

Her face disappeared from the window. Gone the beauty of the scene, the same ~~window~~ frame but gone the picture. The same vine covered lattice which a moment ago looked quaint and picturesque was now old and rude. The girl came quietly thru the door way adjusting ~~the~~ her wide straw hat. Nature had carved her form as happily as her face. ~~Her~~ The ~~round~~ curves of ~~the~~ her lithe young body were well-proportioned and dainty. How graceful and slender she looked as she stood with arms upraised plucking handfuls of fragrant bloom with which to wreath her hat. Dr. Grey eyed

her with tender admiration. "you are going to take tea with Nance and me," he explained as they started up street, "my sister's two children from Chicago are here for a week or so. Nance wants you to meet them, for they are just your age."

"How pleasant," said Elura smiling, "a girl and a boy?"

"Yes. A girl and a boy, children of my sister," began the old man in his inimitable brogue. "They are odd, yes very odd."

"Will I like them?" asked Elura eagerly.

The little man stopped to look at her, all white and pink like an apple-blossom, and he shook his head slowly. "No they are deeper with. They are deeper than young flower. The loss is well enough in her way but she is so effusive, yes effusive and rather insincere."

Elura glanced down at her simple, white, gown with some garlands and spring flowers looped about her girdle. "Does she dress a

great deal finer than I do?" she asked anxiously. "I suppose that she is a great deal fairer."

"Do not worry, my dear", said the old man fondly as he opened the gate of his dwelling, "your face is ~~be~~ as fair as a flower and does not need garnishing."

Miss Nancy stood on the vine draped veranda. She was wide and portly and smiling and radiated good humor and excitement from her very cap ribbons. She folded Clara in her capacious embrace.

"They are charming - charming, my sister's children", she murmured excitedly, "they are in the drawing room now - go on."

"You come in to", said Clara timidly as Miss Nancy twisted her of bonnet her bonnet.

"No - no. I would make ambarves -"

ment. You three are all young and will soon  
make acquaintance" - and she pushed the  
girl thru the curtains into the drawing room.

He made a very picturesque figure, as he sat on a fallen tree at the outskirts of a large forest. There could be no doubt but what he was a gentleman. Even his rustic garments, a dark shirt, short breeches, and high leggins, made him look rather interesting than crude. He ~~so~~ drew heavily at a stubby pipe which looked as if it might <sup>have</sup> ceased to number its birthdays they were so many. ~~He~~ He seemed fond of the stubby pipe. He took it only once out his mouth and then it was to make this singular speech. "This ~~may be~~ would be considered romantic in town but it takes too to make a proper romance" and then he replaced the pipe, closed his eyes, and ~~put~~ puffed in silence. All this was before the advent of the girl, of course. The girl came tripping lightly across the sword. She was small and slim, ~~and~~ with piles of soft, fragrant, hair and snapping black eyes and a vivacious, dark little countenance. She was dressed in pink, the tint of a half-blown flower, and she tilted a rosy parasoll over her shoulder. She was humming a little tune but

she stopped when she saw the man. He was a  
big man and very good to look at, and ~~after~~  
instead of going promptly by as a well-bred  
girl would have done, she surveyed him very  
discreetly thru half-shut eyes and then sat  
down on a low flat rock, tilted her parasol  
until it cast a rosy glow over her face, and  
settled the fluffy, billowy, ruffles of her  
gown and waited ~~like an early~~ for his  
awakening, looking like an early  
crocus of delicate tints. "ahem", she said  
with dainty emphasis. The man never stir-  
red. "ahem", she observed with decision; not  
the flutter of an eyelash. "ahem", in the third  
trial of her success. He wakened. He took his  
pipe out of his mouth and caressed it and put  
it into his pocket, his startled eyes never  
leaving her face. "eh - what did you say?"  
he asked stupidly. The girl screwed up her  
rosy mouth, twisted her parasol and then

"When can I see you?"

"That depends on 2 things - 1st  
you. 2nd me."

"no of you."

"no, for my maidenly modesty should  
compel me to fix a distant date."

"then I should see you sooner in  
spite of it."

"In that case I will not fix a  
date."

"why not?"

"I would not deprive myself of the  
amusement of seeing you try."

"If I should let you have your  
way."

"I might want you soon."

"What should you say if I  
should feign to acquiesce, expecting  
you not to allow me to."

"I should say you were a  
very clever young man."

## Chapter I O. Belle, be true to him.

"Stand into the light Isabel. Let me see what ten years has done for you."

Isabel Boyd stepped back into the flickering patch of sunlight which crept thru the wide, library window. A petite, girlish figure she made, in the ripe beauty of eight years she was not tall but she held herself well, and her gown of some dark, dingy stuff fitted her slim figure to perfection. <sup>Her</sup> Masses of soft, fragrant, brown hair were disorderly arranged, piled lightly atop her erect, dainty head. Beautiful hair it was, with flickering golden lights in it. Her face lifted so proudly and yet so daintily ~~with~~, was almost a perfect oval but for the bewitching cleft in her chin; and the creamy tints of it contrasted brilliantly with the vivid crimson of her thin, sweet lips. While her eyes, luminous and brown, and dewy, gazed from under delicately etched brows and sweeping lashes with wicked shadow ~~or~~ weath them, so this, this haughty patrician,

tiny figure in mourning, was his little charge; Belle Boyd, now arrived at the interesting age of eighteen, an orphan and her own mistress.

The girl did not flush or flinch under his scrutiny but lifted her chin arrogantly and and watched him with hostile eyes until it was over. "It is over. You have passed the ordeal admirably Miss Boyd." He said at length with a whimsical laugh.

"A moment ago I was Isabel," she said gently, "why am I now Miss Boyd?"

"A moment ago," he replied with a court-courtesy bow, "I did not realize how beautiful you were."

Isabel laughed lightly, with an airy wave of her little white hand. "Do you then consider me accomplished, elegant, and well-

enough to dispense with your hitherto indispensable services, Mr. Gaurdian?"

"Isabel", he said gravely, "When the sun first crept above the hills this morning, and the sunbeams slanting rays into your chamber window, heralding your nineteenth year, at that moment my guardianship ended. I trust you dear to make good use of the fortune which now passes unreservedly into your hands. I have guarded only your wealth, Isabel. The day after your fortune passed into my hands, the day you reached your eighth birthday, I left for Europe, and for various reasons I have been delayed until I reach home now, when you have arrived at your eighteenth. Your money I return to you doubled. That part of my trust I have fulfilled. But I cannot tell how you have been raised, what principals you hold, what religious views you cherish. I left that to your ~~mother's~~ aunts

Isabel, ~~will~~ will you ease my con-  
science by assuring me that you are  
fit to take charge of this money?"

The girl remained silent a moment  
furling and unfurling her black fan  
with white, nervous, fingers. Finally she  
raised earnest eyes to his face. "You may  
trust me Mr. Huntley," she said, the fan  
clattered to the floor between them. Her  
hands trembled into his.

A peal of girlish laughter rippled from the  
threshold and turning, the startled pair saw  
the dainty little figure of Ethel Halloway.  
Now Ethel Halloway was far from beautiful  
but ~~there was~~ her dark blue gown  
~~fit~~ with the splashes of red at her throat, fitted  
her so precisely, her golden mop of hair  
~~was~~ swung so saintly in a thick braid,

her blue eyes sparkled so mischievously, that she was really a pleasant figure to look at. "Bless my soul," she cried merrily when she had partially recovered from her laughter, "I suspected it all along. no wonder Mr. Huntley hates to part with ~~it~~ Belle's neat little legacy. It will be quite proper, as well as romantic and story-book like, for the handsome young gentleman and the blushing heiress to tie the knot and share the fortune. Bless my soul, but I never suspected it." She went off into another ringing peal of laughter.

Isabel flushed angrily. Her firm little chin shot up haughtily. Her lips folded sharply. Her nostrils distended and quivered soon fully. Her eyes were like jets of fire. "I don't understand you Ethelwyn," she said coldly.

Quite undaunted Ethel skipped across the room and threw her arms about her. "Don't be uppish now, there's a dear Belle. Really Mr. Huntley you've no idea how ill-natured Isabel can be when she chooses. But she won't be naughty in front of company will she, Sugar-plum? Baby mustn't let her temper get the best of her." She finished with an emphatic kiss and Isabel could not help smiling. "Now I've cheered her up you see," cried Ethel looking over her shoulder at Mr. Huntley. "That's my mission in life, just cheering and sweetening this bad-tempered darling. What I want to say is that you two must skip out and take a nice sleigh-ride. The cutter is hitched just without."

"Has Christian come back for the city?" asked Isabel laughing with her smiles, "I thought all the horses were out."

"So they are. But Harrison Ivesent, came over to take me sleighing, and like ~~of~~ the cherub's dam, I remembered that you had not been out of doors all this beautiful weather. now you and Mr. Huntley go out and take the cutter."

"Harrison may object," said Isabel smiling as she ~~remembered~~ always did at any mention of Ethel's beaux. for the little lady had half a dozen young men always dangling at her apron strings, altho she lashed them down unmercifully. <sup>and</sup> Harrison Ivesent was the most favored one, ~~all~~ of aristocratic pedigree, and a respectable fortune, ~~all~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~as~~ handsome in a heavy Dutch fashion, ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~as~~ stupid enough, and tiresomely in love with Ethel.

"I flatter myself I managed  
Harrison very nicely," replied Ethel with  
a toss of her head, "I persuaded him that  
it was very cold with out, and I drew on  
the coziness of a little divan full of pillows  
drawn up before a fire in the library.  
Don't ~~worry~~ worry about him, but hurry  
and get on your wraps. This is prob-  
ably the last slighting we'll have,  
and the weather is divine for romancing."

At the mention of a romance,  
Isabel flushed hotly. "It is very kind  
of you," she said quietly. "But I am  
forced to decline. I have a great deal of  
mending to do. Mr. Huntley however  
need not miss his ride. Aunt  
Prie has not yet been out and he  
might drive her for an hour or so.

He will doubtless enjoy a ride with her, more than with me. She is an excellent conversationalist."

"That is certainly rubbing it in," was Alan Huntley's reflection as he drove away with faded age and left blooming youth in the door way, "he wants to impress me with the difference of our ages. Well I'm not likely to forget it."

Since the death of her parents, Isabelle Boyd had dwelt with her two old aunts, in this old-fashioned, <sup>New Jersey</sup> ~~New Hampshire~~, <sup>"The Azalea"</sup> mansion, she had realized little what an immense amount of money was to be hers. She knew that her allowance was ample, she could afford pretty clothes, and that books, pictures, bric a brac, and confectionary were always hers for the asking. Miss Katharine had died six months previous to

to her eighteenth birthday, and it was Miss  
Prie who told her that her guardian was  
coming and that her father's money was  
now to pass into her hands. To Isabella,  
Alan Huntley had always been a vague  
memory, a bearded young man who had  
spent a week with them at her ~~mother's~~  
father's death and then left for Europe;  
as she grew older she resented his absence  
a little, even while she dreaded his return;  
it was not honorable, she argued, for him  
to shirk his trust like this. Generous and  
liberal he had always been, his letters  
were brief but kind, his photos came at  
intervals. But it was with mingled  
joy and dread she <sup>had seen</sup> ~~had~~ his carriage  
draw up at the door <sup>four</sup> days previous.  
He was younger than she had expected,

he was more elegant and agreeable, he was  
handsomer and more polished. And it was <sup>with</sup> a  
great, unreasoning anger that she heard the whis-  
perings and laughings and insinuations, that  
passed between her girl friends after the arrival of this  
foreign-looking, young, gentle man. Alan could not  
understand her. One moment Isable was as gentle,  
and kind to him as aunt Pris herself and the next she  
was ~~not~~ so reserved and cool and even arrogant  
that he could not understand her. After the low  
cutter had disappeared from view around the  
bend, Isable turned from the threshold to go to her  
own room. The library door was open and she  
caught a fleeting glimpse of Ethel and Harrison im-  
proving their minds by watching the flames from the  
low dais they had drawn up. The sight made her  
smile as it always did and still smiling she  
ascended the broad stairs and entered her chamber.

ful room. She crossed to her dressing table and took up the <sup>two</sup> pictures tucked into the edge of the glass. One picture was of Alan Huntley, an elegant, full-size, photograph ~~it~~ ~~showed the~~. The grave-sweet face bore her scrutiny as calmly as she had borne its study a few minutes previous. The other was the picture of a lad who could have been but a few years her senior. A frank, laughing, countenance met her prolonged stare. This latter portrait was of Jack Hallaway, the ~~adopted~~ <sup>half</sup> brother of Ethel, and the childhood friend and lover of the girl who now searched his features so carefully. <sup>who had gone out to with his portrait</sup> ~~With~~ Still holding the pictures she sat down before the fire and fell into a brown study. The winter afternoon faded into twilight as she sat there, the

crimson flame throwing rosy tints on one  
pallid cheek leaving the other in shadow.  
her great brown eyes, deep-set and thought-  
ful staring idly at the fire.

Her reverie was broken by two soft  
arms creeping about her neck, and a  
wistful face put cheek to cheek with hers,  
as Ethel crept onto the low, broad arm of the  
chair and said in a sweet, laughing, voice.  
"Why are you dreaming like this, little cousin?  
Has the romance already arrived at the stage of  
moaning and weeping? Alan too is quite  
cross and unsociable since his drive, and  
his sentimental household is not agreeable  
for a heart-whole child like me!"

"Ethel started." "Is Alan home, child?  
Has Harrison gone? What time is it?"

"Almost supper time. Aunt P. is in

laying the cloth. "Here her bright eyes speed the pictures Isable held. "Tis - tis Belle, I've caught you in the ad. My eye, it is quite amusing and romantic, which one have you decided on, and which relinquished forever? Alan ~~and~~ Jack?"

"Well you are a sentimental disposition," replied Isable laughing, "that little pug nose of yours sends a romance in everything, you will make me quite self-conscious before Mr. Huntley if you talk this way. Bye the by since when has he become Alan to you?"

"I asked him if I might not call him Alan," replied Ethel naively.

"Ethelwynn Holloway! And you've not known him a week," said Isable

in a slightly shocked tone, "I must change  
my gown now. Up, up."

Ethel obediently climbed off and lit  
the lamps while Isabel replaced the photos.  
"Belle," said Ethel wistfully as she reached  
the door, "will you tell me something? What  
made you compare the pictures of Jack and  
Alan? Surely this gaudium of yours cannot  
be thought of in the same light as Jack's? Is he  
going to make you forget my brother? O  
Belle, Belle, be true to my brother. He's the  
kindest, nicest, brother and ~~he~~ he'll make  
the kindest, nicest, husband for some one -  
O Belle be true to him."

Without waiting for the answer  
to her question she turned and ran down  
stairs.

Isabel turned back to her mirror

with a smile playing on her lips.

## Chapter II. Swedel de deudo.

Tea was half-over when Isabel came in. She had laid off entire black for the first time and she wore a grey gauze tea gown. One of those fascinating creations which are so much more alluring and attractive than any other feminine garment. She wore a deep red tress in her brown hair, ~~just~~ above her ear and she had <sup>more</sup> ~~another~~ rose in her bosom just where ~~was~~ <sup>three</sup> a soft glossy ringlet <sup>was</sup> ~~were~~ drawn over her left shoulder. Her eyes shone like stars, and her face <sup>was</sup> flushed a delicate pink, which made her look unusually pretty. Her skin always wore such a creamy pallor. Alan quite started when she came in and seated herself, with a graceful excuse for her tardiness.

"Did you have a pleasant ride?" she

asked, turning to Miss Pris:

"Yes indeed dear, I was sorry you could not go", replied Miss Pris in the placid, unenthusiastic way which was characteristic of her.

"Did you get your mending done?" asked Alan quietly.

"Yes indeed, I did", fibbed Isable her colour deepening slightly.

"Well I would not have missed that redo if my wardrobe had been in rags", laughed Alan, "Miss Pris ~~was~~ had all of the enter-taining powers you ascribed to her, but it is pleasant to see such industry."

Isable shrugged her shoulders as she broke a hot cake into tiny bits and ate them leisurely.

"May I ask", said Alan pres-ently "May I ask what are the plans of

you ladies in regard to the future?"

"Plans?" echoed Miss Pris in confusion, "plans? why - why. I respect your judgement you know, Mr Huntley, but - but is it necessary for us to contemplate a - a change?"

"Of course Miss Isabel is mistress of her own affairs," replied Alan, "But I hardly supposed that two pretty young ladies, with a fortune which is far from small, would remain in this ~~disconsolate~~ disconsolate village, when the spires and skyscrapers of New-York are to be seen from yonder hill. However if she prefers it, of course it would be very proper."

"~~So~~ O I hope Isabel -", said Miss Pris in a frightened voice, "I hope you are contented here and will not do anything impulsive - or, or rash."

To tell the truth, Miss Pro's did not quite understand her reserved little niece and was somewhat afraid of her. But as Isabel said nothing and quietly layed with her fork, she summoned her courage for one ~~or~~ more appeal. "O - I would regret exceedingly to leave this place," she cont. nervously; "Miss Katherine ~~and~~ lived here ~~when we were~~ girls and all her life. Some of my happiest hours have been passed here with her. She is so lately dead. It <sup>would</sup> seem almost disrespectful to her memory to leave here so soon." The gentle, old voice broke and the sweet eyes filled with tears. Alan wondered intently, why Isabel did not kiss away the distress on the mild face

and take the trembling frame in her arms and reassure the poor lady with <sup>comforting</sup> gentle words. ~~But Miss Belle did~~

Evidently however, Miss Isabel had no such intentions. She pursed up her small mouth and ~~seemed to be~~ her mind seemed to be concentrated on the ~~the~~ lines she was drawing upon the damask with her fork.

Ethel broke the silence. "For heavens sake Belle, say something!" she exclaimed pettishly.

Isabel laid down the fork and smoothed the damask. Then she looked up with the radiant, vivacious smile which was her most charming characteristic. "Really peoples," she said deprecatingly "I have nothing to say, for I have not decided myself."

Alain's momentary pique vanished.  
Ethel's dimples came back as she rose from  
the table. Miss Prie's nerves quieted down.  
Really Isabel's smile was like a bomb.

"and now," out, the young heiress.  
"If I may have an hour with you, we  
will discuss this momentous question."

"You may go to the library,"  
replied Alain pushing away his plate  
as he rose, "I will meet you there  
in an hour."

The library was quite dim, but  
Isabel did not mind the gloom. She crossed  
to the window and flattened her face  
against the pane. Her gaze wandered  
across the fast darkening landscape,  
~~the~~ to the dim horizon where the  
snow and the sky clasped hands.

Only ~~rolling~~ stretches of snowclad  
fields rolled between and beyond this  
bay - New York. New York, where her  
millions would admit her to that coterie  
where fashion held sway, visions of light-  
ed ball rooms, beautiful women and  
stately gentlemen. Visions of crowded  
theatres dancing maidens behind the  
footlights, jeweled beauties in the boxes,  
visions of parks and avenues and gorgeous  
equipages, visions of <sup>beautiful</sup> ~~stately~~ mansions and  
lovely homes. The world of fashion as seen  
thru the envious eyes of a young girl,  
flitted in front of her between the window  
pane and the horizon. With a sigh Isabel  
turned back to the dusky library. Back  
to the common place, workaday world. She  
must take this, for aunt Pris's sake,

and the other was within her grasp.

With ~~the~~ a lighted taper she lit the candles until the room was a blaze with light and the brilliant patches glistened on the snow outside the window. She sat down at ~~an~~ of the open desk and picked up a magazine which someone had been reading. It was opened to an article on philanthropy. She read the article thru and as she finished, the door clicked and Mr. Huntley came in.

"Ah! you are prompt, Miss Isabel. (I've compromised on Miss Isabel, you see.) You wished to see me about -?"

"You know what I wanted you for," replied Isabel petulantly. "To discuss the topic you launched at the tea table."

"Oh," he replied thoughtfully. "Will

~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> we want Miss Holloway in this discussion?"

"Ethel? Yes call her, but for heavens' sake not Miss Pres. She gets me so worried - crying, and - O do forgive ~~my~~ that speech, Mrs. Huntley. I feel so nervous and horrid tonight." The brown head fell into her arms and she could not see the tender glance which he gave her as he pulled the bell.

"Great shakes," cried Ethel as she ran in a few seconds later. "You two have about as much sense of sentimentality as two - mud turtles. Dusky library - youth and maiden - whispered words - and - why do you spoil it all by wanting me? Two's company, three's a crowd. I'll have to lend you my 'How to be beautiful' book, Bell Boyd. It says in the back of it a romantic personality is the

chief charm of woman, you'll have  
to cultivate that, Belle. My beauty book is  
always in use. It told me how to  
remove those wretched freckles on my  
nose.

"Those freckles only existed in  
your imagination, I'm afraid Ethel";  
laughed Isabel.

"No, no sense. I saw 'em in my  
hand mirror every morning. Hargest In-  
junia but —"

"We must call the meeting to  
order", cried Alan with an odd smile.

"Oh - excuse me. I'll be dumb  
as a fish" clapping her hands over her  
mouth Ethel sprang into a large, leather  
chair, and sat there Turk fashion, her  
arms folded over her chest, and her

big braid of yellow hair flung over her left shoulder, and her china blue eyes wide with eagerness. Alan took the swinging desk chair and drew pictures on the blotter with a ruler as he talked. And Belle sat in a low rocker, her hands clasped about her knees, and her big, brown eyes <sup>rarely</sup> ~~never~~ left Alan's face.

"We can divide the question into two sub-divisions," he began slowly.

"First staying here to please aunt Pies, second going to New York and please ourselves. I count myself in, for convenience."

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," cried the fish.

"Tweedle!" You will have to think up another brother Ethel. I have another sub-division

said Isabel smiling.

"May I ask what it is?" said Alaw, while Ethel curled up to think deeply over the twedel's she had met in fiction, quite full of her new responsibility.

"It is philanthropy," replied Isabel quietly.

Alaw smiled. "Oh! my paper magazine did its work, what do you think of the article?" he asked laughing.

Isabel flushed hotly. "Did you mean for me to read it?" she said in a low voice.

"He nodded. She turned abruptly to Ethel. "You needn't think of another twedel - Ethel", she said smiling, but her

eyes were hard and angry.

"Why not? O I had thought of such an excellent one. Tweedelbedando, I made it up from my Latin grounds, don't you remember how Miss Gibbs used to make us say them? Laudandi, Laudando, laudandum, Laudando. Why won't you use my new Tweedel, Belle?"

Isabel laughed merrily and Alan could not help but smile, so Ethel retired sulkily into the depths of the leather chair. A long silence followed. ~~Ethel~~ Isabel bit her lip till it bled. Alan <sup>added</sup> ~~draw~~ another turtled to the castle he was marking on the blotter, finally he said-

"Tweedeldatum - or des. Which is it to be Miss Isabel?"

"O I don't know," cried the perplexed

ed heiress." "Sweldedeeduu means  
slaying on in this desolate place.

My girlhood and womanhood wasted  
in this dim <sup>house</sup> ~~place~~, full of the memory of  
fruch exercises, inked aprons, and tapper  
knuckles. In those days I had something  
to look forward to. Now it would  
mean looking forward to a dull mon-  
otonous life of raising a good gen-  
der and getting prizes at the county  
fair." She pulled the roses from her  
bosom and picked one to pieces with  
nervous fingers.

"And 'sweldedeedee?' asked Alan.

"O you know what that means,"  
she cried, thinking of the vision  
which had flitted past the widow  
between the pane and the horizon.

"which shall it be?" asked Alan softly.

Isabel was hurriedly despoiling another rose. "which shall it be Ethel?" she asked turning to the fish.

To Alan's surprise, the ~~the~~ pretty little flirtatious, child showed more strength of character than her cousin the heiress, "Jurdeldum", she cried, "Jurdeldum. As long as the good lord will let us keep our Paris." The goldhead fell into her arms.

Alan turned to Isabel. Truly, was she going to let this child outdo her in heroism? Was his ideal going to fail him? Isabel's eyes were warm with tears.

"Jurdeldum", she ~~cried~~ said softly. Her ~~eyes met his~~, Her hands ~~but she~~

erupt into his. Her eyes, like  
dew-drenched pansies, hid under  
her silky lashes. The warm colour  
fluttered in her cheek.

### Chapter III. The Traveler Returns

"Wake up! Wake up! Heaven bless my shoe leather if this unromantic girl isn't fast asleep. Wake up, Belle Boyd. Don't you remember that Alan is going this morning?"

Isabel sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Huh?" she ~~asked~~ inquired sleepily.

Ethel looked the picture of dismay. "Do get up Belle. What will Alan think if you're not downstairs, the last morning. Wake up now and hop out!"

"Well, run into your own room and I will," replied Isabel ~~to~~ yawning. "I must say that your romantic notions are rather tough on me."

Ethel showed no inclination to go into her own room, however. She sat down on

the foot of the bed, hugging her knees to keep warm. And her inquisitive little face peered out from a mop of tousled yellow hair. "O there's no hurry," she explained placidly "I can dress in an eye's twink. But you primp so long I thought it was safest to call you now."

"What time is it?" asked Ethel.

"Why I set the alarm for ten minutes to three."

"Is three, <sup>Ethelwyn Hallowsay</sup> ~~Belle~~ <sup>you</sup> are you mad? Run get into bed or you'll catch cold. I'm going to have another nap." and the injured damsel cuddled down with her pillow and closed her eyes.

"Please Belle, mayn't I get in bed with you?" pleaded Ethel wearily. "I do hate to go down that cold hall again."

"Well hop in," said Deable, moving  
"over grudgingly." "Mind don't you sit again  
till seven."

"Alright," responded Ethel leaping  
into the ~~patrony~~ warmth of the downy  
couch.

In ~~the~~ twinkling of an eye, both girls  
were in dreamland. And thus ended Ethel's  
heroic attempt to rise early.

Alan Huntley had been at "The  
Asalea", for over a month; and this morn-  
ing he was to leave again. For some un-  
explicable reason it was not to foreign  
shores, but only over the border to New York.  
Yet the household was sad at the thought of  
this departure. Such beautiful drives and  
walks, such interesting games, such ab-  
sorbent talks, as they had all had with him.

Alan, too, felt his heart grow heavy at the thought of leaving a certain brown-haired young woman, who had been his little charge so many years. But the sad day had come at last.

The morning sun sent dazzling jets of brightness into Isabel's chamber, where a yellow head and a brown were cuddled into the same pillow. They grew brighter and stronger and at last, Isabel blinked, yawned and awakened. Ethel slept peacefully at her side. Isabel raised herself ~~to~~ on ~~one~~ her elbow and looked out of the window across the ~~out~~ fields.

"and today Alan was going. Today - Was she sorry or glad?" she argued the question as she lay there with a thought

ful look in her starry eyes. He had been very kind to her; somehow it saddened her to remember that she was no longer under his protection. Alan was going, Jack would come - and -

Ethel yawned, stretched, awoke. "Good morning," said Isabel smiling down at her, "I thought ~~that~~ you were going to awaken early."

"O. that's so. Alan's going today," cried Ethel remorsefully, "and we have overslept."

"There is still time to get dressed for breakfast," replied Isabel consolingly, "so run into your own room and we'll see which will ~~get~~ ~~down~~ be down first."

She jumped out and Ethel

followed suit and the two girls began  
to dress with all haste and much laughter.  
er.

The warm spring sunshine  
came thru the soft lace curtains  
and cast a bright patch on Aunt Pris'  
carefully arranged ~~table~~ breakfast  
table. The damask shone, the silver  
glittered, the ~~of~~ glass and china shimmered  
under the ardent rays. A large  
bouquet of hothouse roses nodded in  
the center. Aunt Pris flew about putting  
finishing touches to the ~~food~~ <sup>table</sup> daintily. ~~ready~~  
She wore a ~~soft white~~ <sup>the collar</sup> creamy lace  
ruffle over her stiff dark gown and  
a knot of white ribbon on her black silk  
cap.

"Good morning," said a fresh

boyish voice ~~from the long french~~  
~~window~~ behind her. Aunt Pris turned  
sharply and saw, framed in the large  
french window, a manly form, pleasing  
to the eye. A tall, broad shouldered youth  
in a nicely fitting ~~hunting~~ riding  
gostumps, with a frank, smiling  
face and ~~laughing~~ hazel eyes  
laughing from under a lock of  
crisp yellow hair. The old ~~well~~ lady  
dropped her salver and the knives  
and forks which it held fell in a glittering  
heap ~~at her~~ on the floor. "John Milton  
Halloway," she said in an odd half-  
frightened voice.

Jack Halloway swept her slight  
form into his strong arms, kissed  
her heartily. "The same old Jack," he

said good-humoredly, "If <sup>the simile</sup> I weren't  
so hackneyed I'd liken myself to  
the proverbial bad penny. I'm hungry  
as a dog, auntie. Anything doing in  
the line of eating?"

"I was just about to ring the  
bell," cried aunt Pris tremulously, "Dear  
boy, where did you come from? How  
did you happen to drop in? Why didn't  
you let us know? I'll call the girls  
how surprised they'll be. And then  
Isabel's guardian is with us now, a  
Mr. Huntley you know. A very pleas-  
ant gentleman. He has been with us  
sometimes but he is going today.  
I suppose the girls have told you  
all about him their letters the?  
Jack flushed a little, under

his tan." "Er, no fact is, auntie, I'm such a  
roving dog. Never in the same p.o. district for a  
week at a time. That I don't get all my  
mail. I haven't heard since Aunt Kate died.  
This Mr. Huntley. He is an old man, I take it?"

"Er, not exactly," replied aunt Pris,  
a little puzzled. "But then you'll see him  
for yourself at breakfast. You'll just have  
time to wash."

"I'll come down ~~to breakfast~~ when  
the bell rings, and surprise the girls.  
Don't tell them I'm here." And with a wave  
of his hand he vanished up the back stairs.

The young people found the old  
lady somewhat flustered, when they  
came down at breakfast. She kissed  
Ethel so tenderly and placed a rose in  
Isabel's hair with such an eye to contrasts.

But she kept her secret well, and no one suspected anything out of the ordinary.

Isabel wore a cool blue linen and white flowers in her belt and her hair looked crisp, her eyes ~~more~~ livelier and ~~for~~ the tints of her face of more delicate ~~and~~ pink and white than ever. She came in with Alan, chatting ~~with~~ so gaily, that Ethel was obliged to tell her, that she should look weepy and pale at this interesting moment. The gay little party sat down at the table and breakfast was well under way, still Jack did not make his appearance. Aunt Pres began to get nervous and her hand shook so that she tipped

Ethel's coffee and salted Isabel's oatmeal.

"To think that this is my last morning", said Alan ~~of~~ regretfully, "But if one must leave such a pleasant place, it is good to have such an agreeable ~~recall~~ occurrence as this for one's last recollection."

He looked across the table at the girlish figure in blue linen. Perhaps Isabel caught the wistful look in his brown eyes, for a sudden impulse moved her to go across the table to ~~the arm of~~ his chair, and say in ~~her~~ a voice as soft and winning as she could make it, "I'm going to make the recollection still more pleasing" and pulling a flower from her belt

she fastened it in his button hole. ~~It~~  
"There Mr. Guardian," she said saucily.  
"Thank you little charge," he replied  
steadily enough, but the look in his  
eyes made her colour hotly.

At this juncture the door opened,  
but so softly that none of ~~the~~ in the  
room noticed it. Jack Halloway saw  
the act, the look, the blush; and instead  
of a snowy head he saw a dark one  
and instead of a stately old gentleman,  
a sturdy young man. He was very  
young but he had his  $\phi$  temper well  
under control, and if his jealousy  
burned he did not show it except by  
a slight paling under his tan and  
a crunch of the well shaped hands,  
which might have been attributed to

some such passion.

"I know I'm late for breakfast,  
but I always used to be you know, aunt  
Phis," he said at length in a low,  
laughing voice.

Ah! If Jack Halloway had suf-  
fered ~~had Isabel~~ when she came in,  
he had revenge now. Alan paled and  
he bit his underlip until it bled, while  
his eyes looked pained and his appointed,  
instead of first greeting his sister or  
aunt ~~he~~ <sup>Jack</sup> sprang to Isabel and cradled  
her in his strong arms, while she sobbed  
happily against his shoulder, and ~~he~~  
yielded passively when, as he smothered  
her with kisses, <sup>Alan recoiled</sup> this could mean no less  
than an engagement. <sup>Alan</sup> Cousins were  
not so demonstrative, & the hopes, the

longings, the ~~half-realized~~ ambitions, that he felt slipping away as he saw the girl he loved in the arms of another. But no sign did he give, of the intense suffering he went thru in that one brief minute, except that ~~some~~ <sup>the</sup> light went out of his eye, and the joy out of his smile, and ~~his~~ the boyish-mess out of his demeanor.

Ethel read her brother with a glad cry that brimmed over with joy. "Jack! Jack! O it does seem so pleasant to have you back," she cried as he released Isabel and opened his arms to her. Then she could say no more but only clung to him and sobbed, tears of joy -

Such a happy, happy, home coming  
~~what a joy to~~ how familiar it

seemed to see him sitting across from Aunt Pris, with his plate ~~full of the~~ heaped with the steaming good things she had saved for him. Just as she had been wont to do in the old days when Jack was a naughty school boy who always overslept and came down late for breakfast.

When the happy meal was over, Alan rose and went to his room to pack his grips and in half an hour the carriage was at the door.

"I am going to drive you over to the station," said Isabel as he came downstairs. "Just wait until I get on my wraps."

"O - you - I do not wish to take you away from your friend," he said in a low tone.

\* Isabel coloured a trifle. "Of course if you don't want me," she said pouting. "Oh but I do," he broke in, "you can't realize how much."

So she danced away ~~and~~ <sup>to</sup> came back in a few minutes, dressed all in black furs with a nosegay of ~~butter~~ fragrant violets in her bosom.

Jack Holloway watched them from the library window until the ~~carriage~~ <sup>trap</sup> looked like a mere speck in the distance. Then he turned and enthralled Miss Ethel on her turn, while she gave him a complete and detailed account of her last quarrel with Harrison. But his thoughts were not with the hostile lovers.

## Chapter 4. Of Love and Lovers.

It was beautiful with out. The snow was melting and patches of green could be seen here and there. The trees swung their leafless branches in the crisp breeze and the song of an early bird trilled out. But for all this cheer it was cold and damp and Isabel wrapped her furs <sup>closer</sup> around her and shivered.

"I am afraid that you will have a dismal ride back all alone," said Alan at length.

"Oh it will be swifter than that," replied Isabel cheerfully, "and I will sing to amuse myself. ~~It~~ I often do when I take my morning gallop. Rags is used to it."

"And we can have no more gallops together", he said soberly.

Isabel laughed. "But surely you mean to come back, some day, you will be so near to us now."

"I do not think I ever shall", he replied quietly.

"But you told me, only yesterday that you would come anyway twice a year", she persisted a little tremulously.

"Much has happened - since yesterday", he ~~replied~~<sup>observed</sup> gravely.

"I do not see what you refer to." she replied haughtily, "nothing has happened except Jack's coming. I don't see how that could affect your determination."

"Don't you?" he replied turning about so he could look into her eyes.

She fumbled with the flowers on her bosom ~~and~~ and perhaps it was because her head was beat that the blood rushed to her face. At any rate she was composed enough as she answered him.

"Don't talk that way, Mr. Huntley," she said decidedly, "I - I have loved to think of you as my guardian-friends, rather than, in any other light."

He did not reply, but looked down the road which lay straight before them as far as the eye could reach, and laying back, she closed her eyes as if to shut out the unexpected and unpleasant revelation, she had discovered. So they rode on, leaving the mules behind them until the station house

in view.

The train had just come in, and stood panting and puffing like a human thing. Alan would just have time to catch it, he leaped out of the trap, ~~and~~ pulled out his grips, and turned to bid her good bye.

"Good bye little girl," he said in a low, quick, voice seizing both her hands, "It was wrong of me to speak of - of - well hint of what I did. I am old and stupid and rusty and Jack is the man for you. Marry him and be happy, you have my blessing."

A moment more and he had swung himself on to the last car and the train started away with a grinding, creaking, and sputtering, a

cloud of smoke, and a shrill whistle. He stood there on the steps watching her as long as he could see her, and long after the trap was merely a speck in the distance, he saw her in his mind's eye; an erect, graceful figure in dark furs, with a wild rose bloom on her cool, smooth cheek, <sup>and</sup> a shadow of tears in the dusky eyes, and a cluster of dewy violets fastened into the ~~dark~~ fur of her bosom.

As Isabel drove homeward, she did not sing. She was very grave indeed, the reins lay loose in her hands and Rego picked his way home rather from a desire to regain his cozy barn and revel in the fragrant hay he had left behind, rather <sup>than</sup> from any guidance from his

fair mistress.

Ethel greeted her at the door. "Do hurry and tell me all about it?" she cried eagerly. "They generally say the same thing, but Alan is different, somehow."

Isabel drew herself up haughtily. "You are presumptuous, to say the least," she said scornfully.

Ethel was too used to rebukes to be noticeably offended by the reproof. "Don't be high and mighty," she begged with a good humored shrug. "I am taking Mrs. Isabel's horse to the stables. Now come in and get warm, dear."

Isabel followed her friend into the large library, and sank down into one of the cushioned chairs which Ethel drew up before the

fire. "You look so pale and tired," Belle, cried that little person anxiously. "Let me get you a glass of wine, or a hot cup of coffee."

"Wine please," said ~~Belle~~ Isabel faintly as pain in her hat had loosened her furs. "It was cold riding back and Raqs was prisky."

"So it wasn't cold going," observed Ethel mischievously as she ran from the room to fetch the decanter.

The fire and the wine brought a faint colour to her cheeks and after a few moments Isabel felt well enough to converse. "Where is Jack?" she asked. "I - I am anxious to have a long visit with him."

"He is up stairs with auntie now."

"Fessing you know, I wouldn't disturb them if I were you. But isn't he the dearest boy, Isabel? Arent you more in love with him than ever?"

Isabel was removing her wraps and Ethel could not see her face as she said, "arent you inferring a good deal, huh?"

"Oh no," replied Ethel cheerfully, "I had been some what in the dark until today. But the way you two gazed each other this morning settled all my doubts."

"I don't see -," began Isabel brightly as she managed her hair before the fire and shook out the ruffled folds of ruffled folds of blue linen.

"O yes you do," replied Ethel impatiently, "I see day light now and so does Jack. It was rather hard on Alan now, wasn't it?"

"I decline to discuss my private affairs with anyone," said Isabel ~~sitting herself~~ abruptly as she seated herself.

Ethel laughed merrily but said no more for it was evident that her companion was in earnest. They sat for some time in silence, before the crackling ~~flames~~ <sup>fire</sup> Ethel was curled up like a contented kitten, but Isabel looked thoughtful, even perplexed and far from her own

serene, composed self. Doubtless  
many a girl before her, has  
been perplexed over affairs of  
the heart, but this was John's  
first trial and she ~~could not~~  
~~find it in her heart~~ thought that  
no maiden ever had such a  
difficult question to solve, as  
now rose before her. The  
flames far back in the blazing  
grate, took the features of Alan.  
Dear old Alan! so ~~sweet~~ <sup>and</sup> so  
kind! so gentle! Was he to pass  
out of her life forever,  
because she had ~~spoken to him~~  
told him how she regarded  
him? But ~~was that~~ had she told  
the ~~truly~~ <sup>truly</sup> ~~regarded~~ him? How she would

miss him, his helpful advice  
~~and~~ his friendly counsel, <sup>and</sup> his  
entertaining conversation  
She ~~did not~~ <sup>had</sup> not realized before,  
how she had leaned on him.  
Was this feeling for him  
nothing but friendship, respect,  
and while she meditated, the flick  
flames changed and formed  
the face of Jack. With a start  
she remembered her affectionate  
demonstration towards him in  
the morning. What must he  
have thought! What must they  
all have thought! And - it was  
only that she loved Jack so  
dearly as a brother - or - was  
it as a brother? "Brotherhood!"

she said aloud seizing the poker and stirring the fire industriously.

"What's that?" asked Ethel some what bravely.

"The dinner bell, come along", replied her friend pumping up to her feet.

## Chapter 5.

Summer had come to the 'Azalea'. The lawns were green, the foliage hung like a fragrant, luxuriant, network above; the gardens were odorous and blooming. And the old house had covered its grayness with a tracery of green emerald. The wide porch, which was uninhabitable in winter, had become an outdoor living room. Behind the ~~the~~ vine-curtain, was a cool shady retreat where the young people were wont to congregate on hot July days. ~~But~~ ~~the~~ ~~floor~~ ~~was~~ ~~covered~~ ~~with~~ ~~several~~ ~~hammocks~~ were swung in the quaint lower-like room, and low wicker chairs,

soft cushions, and little round tables covered with books and magazines were scattered down the whole length. One sultry afternoon, Isobel came out with a bit of fancy work and found the cool piazza entirely deserted. "Ethel is probably sleeping, Jack has been out at the stable all afternoon, and aunt Pris is in the garden I dare say," she observed seating herself in a low cushioned chair, "I don't know but I'm glad to be alone and quiet, we've been so gay lately with Jack home and all." She sneaked back, ~~with~~ her sewing falling

unnoticed to the floor, with her white hands locked at the back of ~~the~~ her head, her face quietly, dreamy, serene, ~~with~~ the sunlight flickering over it.

In a few moments, Ethel came out, poured a glass of root beer from the brown pitcher with aunt Pris always kept filled, and then interrupted her friend's day dreaming with a kiss. "So you are awake," said Belle dravily gathering up her sewing, "I came out here intending to be industrious but the stillness of the afternoon broken only by the droning of the bees and the faint song of the birds, bequiled me into dreaming."

"How neatly put," cried Ethel merrily throwing herself into a hammock, "you looked a perfect picture when I came out -"

Sitting there so pensively with your head  
thrown back and your eyes, like wells of -  
She slapped herself on the cheek and rolled  
over, "Quit your romancing Edwyn  
Halloway," she told herself, "you don't know  
very much but quite a lot."

Isobel laughed as she plied  
her needle. "You were doing very  
nicely," she remarked encouragingly,  
"Set me see if I can't do as well. You  
look like a rose, ~~which~~ which had  
just shaken off its fragrant dew,  
and was fresh and pink and odorous  
and - and -"

Then they both burst out  
laughing because they were young  
and because they were girls and  
then Ethel tumbled out of the

hammock and they laughed again,  
and when Jack swung himself  
over the railing all the passiveness  
had been chased out of Isobel's eyes  
by her merriment.

"Good morning merry sun  
shine," she called dimpling, "what do  
you mean by deserting us ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
and leaving us to our own resources,  
as you have been doing. If I were a  
social belle I should now tap you with  
my jeweled fan."

"Belle made a joke," observed  
Jack reaching for the pitcher of root beer.  
"I've got a mad on you, and I wouldn't  
be here now, favoring you with my  
most exalted company only I promised  
Christian to give you your letter."

"A letter! How exciting,"  
cried Isabel taking the letter from  
him, "It is sweet smelling, and pink,  
and addressed in a feminine hand,  
"Therefore it is from Lenore Howard!"

as it fell from her hands to the  
blaze something dropped from the  
heart of the rose. Ethel sprang for  
it but madame reached it first.  
It was bit of paper yellowed from  
age and on tearing it open madame  
read aloud these words-

"Madaline my dearest do not judge me  
hastily, the man with me is an  
old friend of mine fallen into bad  
habits - I had promised his wife to fetch  
him home - Harvold,"

Madame turned as pale as  
a sheet, her lips quivered, "Oh  
Harvold - how I wronged thee - Oh  
my love where art thou - how wide  
oh how wide is <sup>the</sup> world," she whis-  
pered as tears filled her eyes.

The tea-bell broke the

oppressive silence following. Madame raised herself. "Go down to tea sweet heart," she said in a gentle tone, "I will follow when I have composed my self."

But Ethel resolutely refused to go, "no Madame" she repeated again and again, "I shall leave you."

Madame went to the window and opened it to get a breath of cool air. Her cheeks cooled by the wind, and finally she closed her eyes. Seeing her asleep Ethel pulled down the shade, covered her and stole down stairs.

"Your mistress is asleep. If you do you be quiet and don't disturb her - I do not care for any tea but I will stand the

bell while you and morton eat,"  
said Ethel seating her self by  
the hall window. She reviewed  
in her mind the strange tale and  
it's tragical climax until the  
door bell interrupted her re-  
v-er-ies. She opened it to find a tall  
stately white haired gentleman,  
he was well-dressed with an  
air of prosperity and as he spoke  
he stroked his mustache with  
a large white hand.

"I was told," he began  
in an business like tone "I  
was told I could get lodgins  
here for a week as the hotel  
is crowded."

"I do not no sir," replied  
Ethel, "But if you will give

me your card I will refer you to Madame,"

The gentleman took out ~~her~~ a case and handed her an engraved card, and she, with out glancing at ~~the~~ it ran up to Madame's boudoir.

Madame had a wakened and sat fingering the precious explanation.

"Bouvier Madame, a gentle man," said Ethel handing Madame the card.

"Thank you dear, Have you been watching the door? Let me see who is this?" she held up the card and glanced at the name then with a gasp she rose and ran

towards the door.

"Madame! what is it!  
Don't go down like that! you  
have on your ball dress," cried  
Ethel but her hostess was al-  
ready in the hall.

Ethel stooped and pick-  
ed up the card which had  
dropped to the floor and glanced  
at the name.

Mr. Harold Norton.

me a holder for my bouquet. Next  
to the jewelry store was a saloon  
of very bad repute. Several half  
intoxicated men staggered out as  
I sat drowsing in the coach wait-  
ing for father. Then the saloon  
door again swung open and - oh  
my love - my love - Harold came  
out - he did not look intoxicated  
tho his hair was disheveled but  
his companion was - I hardly re-  
he was making a payment of  
a song and gesticulating wildly  
while Harold tried to soothe him -  
I gave a scream I think and sank  
back in the carriage and then fa-  
ther came out and we drove  
on."

"Did you go on to the ball?"  
asked Ethel with interest.

"Oh yes - I was far too proud  
to stay away - he was there too -  
It was there he gave me this rose -  
saying as he did so "It is an  
explanation that is it." On Friday  
I went back all his things and I  
thought I had a cut heart this -  
I laid away the dresses I had  
been preparing for our wedding  
divorced by the time - here I have  
lived from that day to this - all  
these years I have struggled  
with a love greater than myself -  
I thought it was dead - but at the  
sight of this rose which he him-  
self pinned on my gown  
my passion rose up again - as  
she spoke she tore the rose out  
and threw it into the fire

tears flowed freely.

That word brought her back to her guest, madame made a great effort to quiet her sob and dabbed at her eyes with her lacey handkerchief. "Forgive me dear," she said to Ethel her voice trembling. "I thought I had lost the rose but since you have heard me go on like this you may as well hear me all thru."

Ethel settled herself on the floor for a story and madame after composing herself began the tale.

"Harvald and I had been lovers since we were 15, and when I was 18 he asked father formally for my hand-

After due deliberation father, con-  
sulted - sent for me - and Hester  
ed us after the manner of the  
times. But as I had not yet re-  
~~ceived~~ made my debut we  
agreed it was best to <sup>keep</sup> ~~make~~ our  
engagement a secret, & what hap-  
py times we had - strolling hand  
in hand thru the apple orchard,  
when it was in full bloom, and he  
would make wreaths for me  
reciting poetry as he worked,  
but the next winter I made  
my formal debut and was so  
absorbed in making my gowns  
and paying and ~~receiving~~ <sup>receiving</sup> my calls,  
and attending and giving parti-  
es, that we saw less & less of  
each other. One night I went to  
~~Sam~~ Madame Sicily's great  
ball the crowning glory of the

reasons, I wore this white and gold gown and yellow roses on my bosom and in my hair,"

"Put on the gown now Mad. ame - do - I could just inquire it if you would tho it was long before I was born," cried Ethel.

"I might as well I suppose," said Madame half aloud stopping the lace on the yellow gown. Forthwith she picked up the gown and went into the adjoining room.

Ethel sat with her head on her <sup>hand</sup> meditating on what she had heard when she heard a slight noise and looking up saw Madame Wilkewalk in the door way.

The old lady wore the old fashioned gown her nose pink, and the yellow nose. A bright flush than usual lighted up her face.

"You are beautiful Madams" cried Ethel.

Without replying - the old little lady seated herself and took up the thread of her discourse. Over this I wore a great white shawl. A father and I rolled away in the coach I felt like a grand dame instead of a very foolish love-lorn girl of 12. Father stopped the coach in front of a jewelry store and went in to

"Oh mother can't you go over and spend the afternoon with madame? It's so dull at home,"

Mrs. Broy glanced up from her sewing with a cheery smile. "Dull at home Ethel? With your new birthday book?"

"My eyes are tired," replied Ethel, feet fully resting her head on her hand. "And I can't find anything interesting to do. Madame has a great cabinet of curious things, and a closet full of old nation ball gowns, and quaint old fashioned flowered brocades and she lets me dress up in them."

"Well I have no objections to your going," replied her mother stirring the fire and drawing her

Easy chair closer to the cheerful blaze.

Delighted with this permission Ethel ran to put on her wraps and was soon hurrying down the street in the drizzle of rain.

Madame Willerwalk lived in the quaint vine-covered house on the corner. She was a quaint little lady herself, for she lived in the past. She had a great quantity of snowy hair, and big soft eyes. Her skin was faded wrinkled and crumpled like a rose petal with a pale bloom on it. As she opened the door to admit Ethel she wore a quilted rose satin petticoat with a great flowered brocade girdle and hummed with soft.

face. Her delicate hand was gloved -  
her dainty foot slippered. Indeed a  
very stately and aristocratic little  
lady tho her head reached only to Ethel's  
shoulder.

"Why my dear come in," she  
said in her soft flexible voice as  
musical as the miniature falls in  
a cool stream. "I didn't expect you  
over today such weather. Come in  
and have a cup o' tea."

Ethel accepted with alacrity for  
it was not often one had a chance  
to sup with staid madame Wilber  
walk. She threw off her wraps and  
followed her hostess into the dainty  
drawing room. Madame sank in-  
to a soft chair before the bright fire  
and Ethel seated herself on a stool at  
her feet.

"I tell me my love" cooed Madame stroking the girls soft hair,  
"Why do you like to come over here.  
When you have such kind parents,  
and interesting books, and toys at home?"

"I don't know Madame unless it is because every thing is so quaint over here and there are so many curious cabinets full of shells, and closets of pretty dresses, but I believe I like to see you best, pardon me, but you are so sweet and quaint and pretty you look like you had walked out of a storybook."

"But! but! sugar coated speeches are for the young and fair."  
disapproved Madame but a pleased

smile brightened her <sup>mouth</sup> face as she spoke and a flush crept into her face.

"where did you like madams when you were young," asked Ethel after a pause.

"Oh Boston love, a dear old staid old town in those days tho' it is fast copying after the other cities nowadays," her lips folded tightly over each other, "It's a highly-tightly world <sup>we</sup> you live in my dear and I would give a great deal for the good old days again."

Here the servant girl tripped in. "Morton said as how you wished to speak to me," she said, partly.

"Yes fiji (what a ridiculous name) yes fiji I wanted you. Make a fire in the dining room grate,

get out the fine old linen and silver  
and cut a bouquet for the table, we  
will not be alone to night."

Fifi bowed and left the room  
to obey the orders of her mistress. "Now  
I must cut out air my guest," said  
madame rising. "what do you  
want to do sweetheart? Will you  
look at one of the cabinets, or ~~look at~~  
walk in the conservatory, or try on  
gowns?"

"gowns, gowns," cried  
Ethel, "you promised me I could  
see the dress you came out in,  
long ago."

Madame looked  
pleased at the child's choices, she

look a key out of the great bunch  
of them in the silk bag at her  
waist.

She led the way up the  
narrow the highly polished <sup>stairs into her</sup> boudoir  
and while Ethel looked on with  
interest she unlocked a great chest  
of drawers.

The fine, white hands trem-  
bled as she drew out a great paste-  
board box tied with gilt cord.

The cover was lifted off  
and Ethel eagerly drew out the ele-  
gant, ancient gown which emitted  
a faint odor of rose.

A flowing gown of white  
gauze over a stiff silken petticoat  
of a pale yellow hue, trimmed  
with soft soft lace.

"Oh put it on Madame.

"Please put it on," cried Ethel in excitement. "Did you wear flowers?"

"Yellow roses, love. By my soul." His face in excitement for answer of soft fold a face appeared a rose long hidden, brown, odorous, crumbling, still clinging to the gown by means of a rusty pin. HE put there - "cried Madame forgetting her guest in her excitement." he put it there - "Madame" he had said in a queer voice, "but a my explanation" and he smiled so sweetly at me, I never knew what he meant by calling a flower an explanation - next day I said his things back - "you won't accept my explanation" he had said so sweetly - "Oh I have still a treasure left - I shall give them all back."

"Madame" cried Ethel in surprise as the little lady repeatedly kissed the crumpled paper while the

"And you're sure you won't be lonesome?" said Mrs. Rowan as she ~~adjusted her furs and fumbled~~ ~~fumbled~~ opened her handbag and fumbled thru it to see that coin purse, handkerchief, shopping list, and ~~the~~ powder puff were present, "Is my face red ~~on~~ ~~meaty~~? Don't you think these furs are becoming. Always match one's eyes when ~~choosing~~ <sup>selecting</sup> colours, they say. I insisted on brown furs. Good bye dear," the swift kiss was followed by a hasty but thorough adjustment of veil and furs before ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> hurried in the hall. "Don't be lonesome, will you? I'll hurry back!"

The door closed upon her, shutting in an odor of a most delicate face powder and a pronounced perfume. Sillian ~~walked~~ stepped to the window and watched her friend ~~pick her~~ <sup>step</sup> ~~carefully~~ <sup>cautiously</sup> down the slippery step, and make her careful way, thru the melting snow, to the street corner. A car rumbled by and stopped for her. She boarded it daintily, Sillian watched all the faces in the car windows as the car rumbled on

again - past the waverly flats -  
and out of her line of vision. ~~the~~  
The outlook was a pleasant scene,  
there were plenty of interesting  
passersby, and <sup>some</sup> children were attempting  
to coasting down a nearly slope, where  
a little ice and sloppy snow  
still lingered as if for their amuse-  
ment.

Silian stung and turned away.  
"Alone! alone! all, all alone," she  
observed aloud cheerfully to the fire.  
She put her hands behind her head  
and stood quite still enjoying the  
inconsiderable luxury of it. The fire  
crackled sympathetically, the ~~clock ticked~~  
ticking of the clock emphasized  
the quiet in the room and the  
bliss of it. Silian glanced about the  
apartment. How many comfortable  
chairs there were! what inviting  
pillows! The book case offered many  
an entertaining volume. The fire  
urged her to watch it burn a  
bulky chunk in two. "And I'm all  
alone!" she breathed ecstatically,  
"No one to talk to! No one to  
entertain, for five whole hours."

It was the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of her sojourn in the city. She had come to visit her brother and his pretty little wife in hopes of improving her health and spirits. She had been so glad to come. She had hated the farm, every stick and chick on it, she had told her mother. But her visit in the city! Why, this was the happiest moment in it. John had been glad to see her, but he was busy and her country ways annoyed him. Louise had been kind to her. Why, her visit had been one round of entertaining, shopping, theatre going, and sight seeing. But Lillian had not been happy. Her recollections were chiefly of noise, light, glamour, and fatigue; of vain efforts to <sup>appear</sup> sophisticated, easy, amused, <sup>appreciative</sup> always, she had realized that she was a burden to Louise, an unnecessary adjunct to the lives of both of them. She sighed, how glad Louise must have been to have gone off to this matinee without her. What a sigh they both would heave when she was gone.

"I will not be blue - my

precious 5 hrs," she told the fire  
"without making," "What shall I do?"  
"Read, sew, sit and think? I know.  
I'll make a cup of tea."

She ran happily out to the kitchen.  
It was tiny, but very white & clean.  
The kitchen clock was ticking here,  
as if glad that its surroundings were  
so peaceful. Lillian hummed to herself  
as she tied on a fresh apron and  
filled the long middle tea pot at the  
shining sink.

The tea was ready, fresh, hot, and  
aromatic. The cup cakes, were arranged  
on the pretty silver tray. She carried  
it into the ~~tiny~~ living room exulting.  
The bell pealed sharply.

Lillian put the tray down  
with an imitated bang. "Now  
who can that be? ~~p~~ ~~was~~  
~~just~~" she said frowning, "just  
as I was getting ready to enjoy  
myself! Oh well," brightening,  
"I know so few people. It can't  
be anyone for me. I'll go -"

She opened the door quickly.

"Mrs. Rowan's apartment?"

"Yes," Lillian dropped for a

conventional phrase, "Mrs. Rowan is ~~not in~~ <sup>out</sup>. I am Silian Rowan. ~~Can I do something for you?~~ <sup>Won't you come in</sup>?"

He was a tall young man with serious, spectacled, eyes. Silian approved of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> sleek, uncovered, head.

"~~If I came in, would I intrude?~~" he asked inquired, pleasant and unembarrassed.

Silian looked at him a moment before answering. She was so tired of saying polite things, of doing meaningless things. A wild impulse entered her mind. "That depends largely on you," she replied gravely, "Most people would. This is the first afternoon I have had to myself for two weeks. I was exulting in it. I had brewed myself a selfish cup of tea and was planning to drink it in meditative solitude."

"If you let me in," he said swiftly, "~~you would have the requisite thing, I wouldn't at all mind having~~" "I could be the friend in your retreat. Don't you feel the need of some one to whisper to that solitude is sweet."

Silian smiled, and opened the

the door." Yes," she said, "come in. Promise not to speak unless you're spoken to."

"I promise," he said as he removed his <sup>over</sup>coat.

Silvian put the tea service on an ottoman before the fire. Louise's wedding china, silver, and linen gleamed on it. She called seated herself near the blaze. She poured him a steaming cup.

It was almost twilight. From the window she could see the snow shining ghostly in the new dusk. For the second time she spoke a thought,

"When I look at the window quick, like that, just past it, not out of it, but enough to catch a gleam of snow, it makes me feel as tho' I were in the country,

"Are you from the country?" he asked it as if he wanted to know.

"Yes. I am homesick for it now, but when I am there I hate it."

He looked at her curiously. "Yet you ~~are~~ <sup>have</sup> not an unhappy nature?"

"~~No, she~~ <sup>ans</sup> "I hardly know," she said thoughtfully, "Sately, I have been showing so many different sides. I have <sup>been</sup> trying to make myself so many things that I am not."

"You are just your own self with one," she answered, "If you were just your own self with everyone, everyone would like you better."

She smiled again. "You do not believe in discarding worthy ideas sayings because they happen to be trite."

"There are so few worthy ideas, you know," he defended himself. Then after a few moments, "This is a charming little apartment, and your relatives are charming people. Yet you have not been happy here."

"They are complete in each other," she said, "and one cannot <sup>meet altogether</sup> be ~~completely~~ happy by merely seeing others happy."

"No," he agreed, "It is curious, isn't it? We cannot seem to

spiritual malices  
educate ourselves up to that."

"May I come again?" he asked some minutes later, as he put down his cup and rose.

"No," said William, "I shall always look forward to being with you. I shall be so glad of an opportunity to be myself. And you - will you look forward to being with me? Or do you practise what you preach? are you yourself with everybody?"

"Yes," he said, "to both. I am myself with everybody, but with you only do I feel in my sphere."

"I not at all,"

"Of course not," replied Auntie, raising her brows slightly, "I was merely speaking for your own good."

"Oh," said I. Plainly she was bored for twice she yawned behind her fan and raised her eye brows and when Kincaid's voice was heard in the hall I saw myriads of little flickering lights, in her eyes, and sparkling ripples in her cheeks as she rose to greet him. While for me she had scarcely looked

"I wish to see Miss Grace", I explained laying my card on ~~the~~ the little tray she presented.

After a moment she returned saying "I could see Miss Grace, sir, if I would step into the library, sir." I stepped into the library sir with a willing heart.

Amorita looked lovely in a gown of sea shell pink and foamy lace but I could not ~~find~~ see that her eyes sparkled a bit more than usual or that her cheeks became a shade ~~less~~ pinker at my arrival, which vexed me considerably.

"Have you <sup>been</sup> busy lately Mr. Luxton?" she asked laying with a snowy fan

which fell from her neck on a woad chain.

"Very busy Miss Grace," said I, "I am working myself sick."

"Are you tired of an evening?" she cont. in the same absent tone of voice.

"I can hardly stand up when I get home," I assured her.

"Yet you walk eight blocks to <sup>home</sup> ~~my home~~ every evening. I should really advise you to stay home."

I was truly disconcerted. "Nothing could keep me from you if I that you wanted me Miss Grace," I managed to put in, "but if my visits annoy you —"

It was a night in early September when I wended my way to the residence of Mr. Douglass Grace, as was my wont.

It was a large, stone house, with long french windows, with a ~~long~~ <sup>veranda</sup> ~~balcony~~ bordering on all four walls ~~on both the ~~low~~~~ first & second stories. I stripped up the steps and pulled the bell with the easy assurance a fellow feels when he's well dressed and knows it. A maid ~~named Annie~~ opened the door and bowed.

"Ay! Are my eyes sore and my heart, and 'tis worn out <sup>on</sup> am in mind and body when <sup>we</sup> come home from worruke."

A gleam of sympathy lit up Amorite's expressive eyes and I exclaimed angrily, "Why don't you give Mr. Kincaide the same excellent advice you gave me?" For it rankled that she should pity that brawny Irish man when my own complaints had been cut off so rudely.

But Amorite only gave me a stony glare and cont. talking to Kincaide!

# shifting and wavering all over her face. I suppose this is not the proper way to describe a lady's face but I always did get muddled when I tried to ~~describe~~ <sup>talk about</sup> Amorie and I suppose I am a fool ~~to try~~ to write a story about her.

Kincaide was an admirer of Amorie's (I suppose it is needless to say I was too,) and he could talk so smoothly and work in such witty remarks and graceful blarney after the manner of his race, that Amorie smiled on him. Most naturally I hated Kincaide, ~~when~~ where I ~~generally~~ would have liked the genial fellow if he had not put himself between Amorie and me.

up. What wonder my spirits fell?  
"Miss Grace", cried Kincaide breezily, "Faith and you are a sight for sore eyes!"

"Why the d- I did I forget to compliment her on her gown?" I ejaculated under my breath as I watched the pink creep into her cheeks and deep red into her eyes. "Do you like it?" she asked with downcast eyes.

Kincaide threw out his hands as if the gown was beyond his humble powers to describe, while Amorie laughed merrily. "Are your eyes the sore ones you referred to?" she asked as she seated herself.

1.

The cause of it all was the colour of Amerite's eyes. The colour was brown. No ~~take~~ that back, if her eyes had been an ordinary brown it probably would never have happened. But Amerite's eyes had such sparkles and dancing lights down in their liquid depths when she was pleased that I liked to surprise her. I suppose Kincaid did too and there on hangs <sup>a</sup> tale.

Besides brown eyes Amerite had piles of dark curly hair and a smooth, velvety complexion with pink tints

And thus it went all evening. She and Kincaide talked in an undertone and I sat miserably and studied the shades in her clustering curls, determined not to go and leave them alone.

Kincaide stayed. So stayed I. Until the clock pointed to 11.30. Then Kincaide rose gracefully and bade her adieu in an undertone and I did too and she followed us into the hall.

"Then ~~you~~ shall call for you at 3.00 o'clock?" said he.

"And won't we have a lovely walk?" cried Amorite eagerly.

"A walk?" said I, "there is no objection I hope to ~~my~~ me making a third of the party?"

Kincaide drew his brows into a frown and looked at Amorite to squelch me, but I could see that she

was amused by the gleam in the  
beautiful eyes as she replied.

"I would be pleased to have you.  
Remember the saying,

Faint heart never won fair lady."  
and still laughing she vanished  
into the library.

"Are you aware —" asked Mu-  
caide, "that you <sup>will</sup> intrude?"

"Maybe on you," I replied  
of breezily. "But the lady is the  
one to be consulted."

"But she don't want you,"  
he fairly roared, "she could do  
no less than invite you, your  
forward pup."

"Let not angry passions rise,"  
I advised airily as I started for  
home.

Men are such fools. A gleam  
in the eye of their lady-love will

Keep the poor fools sitting  
on the verandah of their board-  
ing house, food for all mis-  
questoes while they recall  
every detail of her appearance,  
the fluttering colour in her  
cheek, the falling curl on her  
temple, the graceful way  
she gathered up her gown, the  
snowy hands, the slippered feet.

At prompt 3 o'clock  
Kinsaid's worst fears  
were realized by seeing  
me advance up the walk  
to where they stood on the  
verandah while Amorite  
pulled over the white kids  
which matched her duck

walking suit and birds  
plumed hat.

I was not a laggard  
today in complementing  
her. "Miss Grace!" I said  
bowing low, "By George  
you are a thing of beauty."  
"And a joy forever?"  
she asked piquantly.

"Forever & ever," I as-  
sured her.

"Does your name," grunted  
Kincaid.

"Your eyesight is  
excellent," I returned as  
we started down the  
walk. Where upon Am-  
orite laughed and he

reddened.

We chose to walk down a shady path near the river, and Amorette talked crisply first to Kincaid's and then to me. She was in her glory with two jealous suitors.

Things seemed to be blowing my way when Kincaid's, (by an ~~odd~~ - lucky chance) found a four leaved clover.

"Faith," said she, "and it's a symbol of good luck I've found. It'll be good luck to me if you'll wear it Miss Grace, dear!"

The pleased look  
which, as I have explained,  
came into Amrita's eyes  
on some occasions now  
sparkled in and to my  
sorrow I saw a wave  
of pink creep into her face.

Amrita lifted spark-  
ling eyes to mine, "I sent  
deer?" she asked, "I dare  
say you never found one."

"I but I have," cried,  
altho in all my life I  
never found one of the  
pesky things, despite the  
fact I had turned many  
pairs of duck houses while  
on ~~no~~ all four hunting for one.

"On the ould counthry,"  
said Kincaide, "The dower  
<sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ the red ear of corn en-  
titles the fuid er to a kiss."  
And he kissed her —

Right on her glowing cheek  
and again on her lips,  
while Amonte did not look  
especially angry in spite  
of her gentle, "you take lib-  
erties."

"Liberties," scried, "You'll  
let that brauny Irish man,  
with the green fairy oozing  
from his ears and sham rocks  
in bodson hole kiss you.  
Ye can't even speak English  
like a decent man. You

expect to let him kiss you  
and hug you and still  
remain in society? "Bah!"  
glared around like a raging  
lion.

Amonte went white  
and trembled a little, but  
maintained impressive  
dignity. "I gave Mr. Kucade  
no permission to kiss me!"  
she said quietly. "He did it.  
You perhaps think it will  
be necessary for me to marry  
him in order to clear my-  
self." She was laughing now.  
"No," said I, "marry  
me!"  
Amonte cooked

at me quite steadily. "You  
insulted me just now,"  
she said.

"So did he", replied  
A smile flitted across  
her face and she tore  
in two the clover Kincaid  
had given her. "Bravo" said  
she, "you both have insulted  
me. You are even. The next  
one to find a four leaved  
clover shall lead me to the  
alter a willing bride". And  
nodding to us both in a  
friendly way she left us.

Kincaid stood at one  
side of path and I stood op-  
posite.

"Go to the devil," said he.

"Ditto," said I.

"The devil," said he,

"Ditto," said I.

"Shakes," said he with  
a warm, Irish, smile,

we shook hands.

"Now we are friends,"  
said I.

"Hence forth enemies,"  
said he.

I thought for a minute,

"Let me have her," I said,

"and we can be friends."

For a moment he looked  
at me as if he would con-  
sent and then he shook  
his head, "Nay," said he.

"with her sweet, warm,  
kisses still on my lips,  
I'll fight the fight to  
the bitter end and if I'm  
defeated we'll be friends.  
If I win -"

"I can't promise,"  
said I and we parted.

"Here it is Mr. Lulp, the document I mean," Mr. Lulp took the document, it was fat and legal-looking and sealed with a plain "M." "I didn't mean to seal it up till you saw it," explained Miss Mildred hurriedly, "you'll excuse me I hope?" "Certainly" replied Mr. Lulp putting on his spectacles, "Read it aloud Mr. Lulp," begged Miss Mildred, "I haven't read it over since I drew it up." "Certainly" replied Mr. Lulp again, as he broke the seal. She sat erect in the straight-backed chair, her hands folded in her lap, the morning sun streamed through the open window softening the severity of the profile visible to Mr. Lulp and playing tricks with the colour of the brown hair tucked under a plain, white, cap. "Ahem," began her companions, "I, Mildred Reeves, spinster - I beg your pardon Miss Mildred is that statement quite true? You can't be over twenty five and -". "Please don't argue the point Mr. Lulp." Miss Mildred raised a deprecating hand. "Well then - where was I? - Oh yes, I, Mildred Reeves, spinster, aged twenty-one, do draw up the following compact to be followed by me, all of my life hence-forth." "Is it correct, legally cor-

rest means, so far," asked Miss Mildred eagerly, "shouldn't there be something about it in my right mind?" "There wouldn't be, if any doubt but what you were in your right mind if you'd erase that about 'spuister'; as it is people will really think your insane so it'll have to be put in," Miss Mildred's lips formed a straight line. "I know what I mean Mr. Culp - don't jest." "I'm not jesting Miss Mildred," he said, "I really mean it. Come let me erase that 'spuister'." Miss Mildred's eyes sparkled. "If necessary put down that I'm in my right mind Mr. Culp. The word 'spuister' shall not be erased." "I would it vouch you are in your right mind," grumbled Mr. Culp. "spuister and you only twenty-one." But he hastily jotted down "in my right mind" and settled himself to resume the reading.

1. That I shall rise at 5 and retire at 9.  
(except in such cases as sickness in the family or among neighbors, etc.)
2. That intervening 1/5 of the time or the hours between five and six<sup>a.m.</sup>, two and

three, <sup>P.M.</sup> six and seven P.M. shall be spent  
in walking and riding.

3. That I shall eat two meals in that  
time and two lunches, namely, a glass  
of milk at six, <sup>a.m.</sup> breakfast at nine, <sup>a.m.</sup> milk at one, <sup>P.M.</sup>  
supper at 6 <sup>P.M.</sup>

4. That from my ~~list~~ menu shall be taken  
coffee, butter, roll hot-bread, and  
fried meats and my food shall be chiefly  
of cold breads, cold meat, potatoes, cakes,  
vegetables, milk, cocoa, and fruit.

5. That I shall abandon all frivolous  
things but care to the church, and its  
charities, the housework, and my health  
and a certain style of beauty."

"Rather deviously gotten up, eh?" said  
Miss Milred complacently smoothing out  
her apron.

"I wish you joy of it," grumbled  
Mr. Culp. The "spinster" still raveled.

"Thank you."

SUBJECT: .....

RETURN THIS LETTER WITH YOUR REPLY

CASE No. ....

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
FOURTH ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL  
DIVISION OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY

RURAL AGENT

The matron came hurrying in now, beaming that at last the poor Beast had a chance, "come chad", she said in her brisk manner, "a lady is below, who wants to see you." "I know", replied the Beast tremulously slipping her hot little hand into one of Delaney's. The children waved a frantic farewell as she went out into the hall. "Remember your prettiest manners now dear", said Miss Delaney anxiously, "this is a chance in a thousand for you", and in a moment more the child had been pushed into ~~the~~ the big parlor, ~~and~~ and Miss Delaney was gone. The kind lady who wanted the homeliest child of all was standing by the mantle warming herself but she turned sharply as the child entered. She was tall with a graceful slenderness about her and the Beast thought that a Jane Hilda's description of her as 'elegant' was very apt. Her dress was of a soft clinging silk and covered with beaded ~~and~~ masses of soft scented lace and ribbons; she wore a drooping flowered hat and a long shimmering fur. This much the Beast realized without daring to look at the face, and then the lady held out a slim hand and said, "come to me", in a pleasant, ~~and~~ voice. The Beast edged over to her, without raising her eyes. "Look at me", said the lady laughing, "I want to see your face." "Oh no you don't", said the Beast ~~as she clasped her hands~~ with a pitiful quiver of her lip. The

afraid - I'm afraid you won't want me if you  
see - " "SEE what?" asked the lady laugh-  
ing. "How ugly I am. I'm the homeliest of them  
all" and the poor beast ended in a sob.  
"why silly" said the lady not unsympathetically,  
"I asked to have a homely child. I'm homely myself"  
look at me" The beast raised her tearful eyes.  
The lady had a bright, smiling face, showing a  
little vanity, a whimsical curiosity, and a  
great deal of sweetness. Her ~~face~~ skin  
was pink and white, her eyes blue and long-  
lashed, her lips red and her teeth white, her hair  
fell in damp brown rings around her forehead.

SUBJECT: .....

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
FOURTH ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL  
DIVISION OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY

RURAL AGENT

"And so" concluded Jane Hilda positively, "One on us is sure to be adopted". A little thrill swept over the group of white aproned orphans; a little creepy thrill, followed by a sickening reaction. An astute little person with sharp, bright eyes voiced their unspoken thought, "But, O dear, of course it will be Beauty", "Yes," broke in the others sadly, "Of course, it will be Beauty." Jane Hilda jumped up so hurriedly that her long tail of yellow hair leaped over one shoulder. "But no," she cried excitedly, "I heard the lady tell Miss Delaney that she wanted the child who was homliest of all." The astute little person spoke again with a waggish nod of her head toward one on the outer edge of the eager circle, "Then," she said, "of course it will be the Beast," Ten pairs of eyes gazed enviously at the child who was the homliest of them all, "Yes of course," the children told each other, "It will be the Beast." When this astounding declaration reached the ears of the Beast, she drew her hands from Beauty's and wricked them tightly over the narrow little breast, heaving so quickly under the stump qingham. It took her fully a moment to get the idea into her head. Never since she was a lony child, had she entertained the idea of being adopted, who would want such an ugly, little girl, to mother? Miss Delaney had told her that she would be hired out when she was sixteen, and people would see her lovely character and forget her plainness of exterior. But here was a lady, who wanted a homely one to cuddle, a lady who had found out what lovely characters homely people had, and perhaps one who knew that lovely characters sometimes got lonely and were wicked enough to wish to be beautiful and naughty, if one couldit be both, and she was going to go to this kind lady - 'Oh' - breathed the Beast

ecstatically. "Maybe," she asked Jane Hilda, "Maybe she don't want one quite so homely. Maybe I'm too homely. It ought to be Beauty, who goes." "No," Jane Hilda resumed her, "You are quite the nicest of all." The Beast did not plinch at this assertion; she was quite as used to being considered homely as Beauty was to being considered pretty. False pride was not encouraged at "The Home," Beauty drew the Beast a little apart from the rest and enfolded her in soft, little arms. "Yes Dear, Beastie," she murmured tenderly, "this is your chance." "It ought to be you," said the Beast with wittling lips. "No! No!" insisted Beauty, "I will be asked plenty of times because I am so pretty you know, but you will never have another chance, Beastie dear, if you live to be a hundred years. You must take this, because I want you to have a nice home too; as well as I don't cry, cause even kind ladies don't want children to be too homely." She concluded with cheerful frankness. While Beauty wiped her friend's eyes, the others watched silently. Beauty and the Beast were both favorites. Beauty <sup>because she</sup> was so pretty, with her rings of soft gold hair, her sweet blue eyes, and coral cheeks and lips. The Beast because she was kind and good natured, could always think up new games to occupy play time and tell fairy stories to while away an idle hour. She had not been so named because of her disposition, because she was ~~very~~ very popular. It was once, when a lady had been visiting, that she had been christened. A kind pretty lady dressed in soft perfumed silks and rich laces. She had told them the old fairytale, and after the manner of children, the orphans had nick named their favorites after the principals in the wonderful tale. The names had stuck - even the maids had almost forgotten that the chums had any names other than these - 'Beauty' and 'the Beast'.

impatient shake, and hastened out of the room and down the broad low stairs, giggling to herself in an adorable childish fashion.

But in the lower hall she paused again, irresolutely. The house was dim and cool and seemed almost strange to her who was more accustomed to its aspect at midnight than at this hour. The unbroken quiet which reigned, gave her odd little creeps. And her staid ancestors gazing at her from the wall, brought it to bear upon her that, what she was about to do was extremely unconventional. To say the least. For a moment, she wavered: it was not too late to turn back, she might ~~lay~~ ~~it~~ burn the note, take off

her wraps, <sup>and</sup> stay at home, — and  
marry Mr. Osborn. But — "No,"  
cried Rio in such a loud voice  
that it reverberated thru the  
empty, ~~to~~ silent, rooms. Then,  
she opened the front door, and  
stepped out into the sunlight  
"Bravo," she exclaimed breaking  
into her fresh laugh, "Bravo, I have  
crossed the Rubicon." ~~She~~ was  
ecstatic over the ~~warm~~ bright  
morning sunshine and the cool  
sweet air. She ~~was~~ delighted in  
the beauty of the close-cropped  
green lawns, and the freshness  
of the dewy greenery above,  
~~and she noticed that~~  
~~there were some early roses~~  
~~which grew about the house,~~  
~~and had only buds left~~

She noticed that the rose vines which  
clambered about the veranda, had  
blossomed in the night and were a  
mass of fragrant bloom. Her bulldog,  
who seemed to be the only creature  
astir, spying her from afar, came  
bounding to her, yelping, & thrust  
his ~~his~~ cold nose into her gloved  
hand. He patted him affectionately,  
whispering, "Que! but it's great?" and  
then giggled as contentedly as if  
her sentence had been framed in  
unapproachable English.

She made her way  
around the house to the garage,  
and according to the orders she had  
left the previous ~~night~~ evening, her  
ranchau had been brought out and  
was standing outside, <sup>and</sup> the  
chaffeur awaited her.

"Good morning Deeks," she said in her friendly fashion, addressing him by his nick name. "Good morning, miss Kista." replied the man beaming. "Is it five o'clock? Just the morning for a ride," she said pleasantly. "That it is miss. Just the morning for a grand spin." ~~he agreed enthusiastically~~ He dithered in and took the driver's seat, Deeks, who was ~~beginning~~ preparing to crank it, stopped abruptly and looked at her. She was absorbed in arranging her veil, then her shoe had to be tied and her glove re-fastened. Poor Deeks could not catch her eye. Suddenly, she seemed to notice that he was not cranking ~~it~~ and looked at him with a look of

surprise and displeasure that nearly finished him. It seemed to call for a reply, so Deeks asked ~~with~~ <sup>haltingly</sup> ~~stumblingly~~ mastering fear with a visible effort. "you - you have my place, miss." He surveyed him coldly. "What do you mean?" she ~~asked~~ <sup>inquired</sup> so haughtily that the fellow went hot and cold with fright and perplexity. "Are - are you intending to drive her, this morning?" he questioned. "I shall drive her this morning," replied he so briskly that she seemed to snatch the words from his very mouth. "But, you intend to take me with you, I am sure miss," said the miserable and unaided chaffer. "No Deeks, not this morning," <sup>she</sup> replied in a

impatience  
~~business like~~ tones. "How rude you  
are to stand there gaping. Crank it  
for me, get busy." Deek's numpkin  
head and shifted his feet but made  
no effort to do ~~it~~. "Indeed miss, I  
can't and I won't, maybe your father  
has said you could - <sup>take it</sup> may-be. But  
I can't let you unless I get it from  
his own mouth miss, indeed I  
wouldn't feel right." He looked at  
her sharply and had an awful  
foreboding that he might mean  
what he said. But with char-  
acteristic determination she did  
not despair, only changed her  
tactics. "Deek's," she said in a low,  
very sweet, little voice. "Will you  
please crank the car?" No motion  
of surrender from ~~Deek's~~ the  
tyrant. "Deek's," she repeated softly,

"I'm sorry if I spoke cross. But you  
made me a little - riled. Will you  
be so very kind as to crank it  
now Deek's, - please?" She leaned  
forward him. The wheedling  
voice, when backed by wide,  
fearful eyes, and a lovely,  
beseeching face nearly proved  
his undoing. But still he resisted.  
"Deek's," she pleaded pouting, "will  
you make me crank it myself?  
I never had, but I s'pose I could. I  
know it would tire me all out.  
Nothing could make dad angrier  
than to have me made ~~ill~~ go on".  
Deek's ran his hands thru his  
thatch of iron gray hair ~~with~~  
in wretched indecision. His  
reached out and put her  
hand on his arm. "Gee"

she said confidentially, "if  
you won't do it for me - you're  
a dirty skate". His ~~had a way~~  
<sup>could</sup> ~~saying~~ vulgar ~~words~~ and  
things and used ~~slang~~ slang, in a  
~~such~~ a dainty way, as if she  
~~was half afraid of~~ ~~deliberately~~  
~~doing~~, which always capti-  
vated men. She pronounced  
the words so timidly, ~~and~~  
~~she brought it out~~, and  
when she had finished gave  
such a radiant smile at her  
own daring, that it ~~always~~  
~~captivated men~~ was absolutely  
irresistible. Poor Deeks was  
no exception to the general  
run of male creatures.  
"Well then here goes,"  
he said giving himself a

shake, "though I'll lose my job for it."  
Flister giggled to herself as she  
he cranked it, and the little  
car began to "chug".

There ~~was~~ an old man that's named Dests  
whose heart is so soft that it leaks,  
He did bellow and blow,  
But at last let me go,  
Now, in self condemnation he speaks,  
she yelled at him above the  
noise. And ~~she~~ when she  
~~started off~~ ~~took the wheel~~, she was laughing  
so, <sup>at her own risk</sup> that she drove down the  
paved alley in a zig zag <sup>which</sup>  
was anything but comforting  
to the conscience. Stricken  
chaffeur. As she sailed out into  
the deserted avenue, the hands  
of the p.o. clock pointed to  
five.

## Characters.

Mr. Fred Parks. a visitor at the town.

Mrs. Fitzgerald. His hostess.

Patricia Norton. A village maidens.

Margaret Foster. A young widow.

Jeanette. Her maid.

## Scene. I.

The parlor in Fitzgerald mansions.

Mrs. Fitzgerald in morning gown  
is seated at a low table near front  
of stage is reading a magazine.

~~Mr. F.~~ enters.

Mademoiselle.

Mrs. F. lays down magazine and  
rises.

<sup>Mr.</sup> F. Well?

The gentle man you were expect-  
ing has arrived.

Mrs. F. What! Fred? Why show  
him in at once.

Enter F. with a valise in one hand  
and his hat in the other.

exit. F.

Mrs. F. Why my dear boy so  
glad to see you.

F. sets down valise and they  
shake hands.

F. I did come rather early my  
dear aunt. I hope I don't incon-  
venience you?

Mrs. F. Not at all dear boy. Have  
you breakfasted.

F. No aunt but I'd like to. I could  
eat my hat if it wasn't bad for  
my digestion.

Mrs. F. I have some thing more

palatable than hats in my  
larder. Pray sit down.

F. seats himself on the divan and  
Mrs. F. clears the low table puts  
a chair on either side and touch  
is bell.

Enter J.

Maitamesille.

Mrs. F.

Breakfast for two.

J. disappears and re-enters with  
a tray of dishes which she de-  
posit on the table and then bows  
and retires.

Mrs. F.

Well dear boy, pray be seated.  
I ordered some ~~fruit~~ of Patricia  
Newton but she has not brought

~~thems~~ it.

F. (seating himself.) and who  
is she pray?

Mrs. F. Oh a village girl. The  
pretty kind with no money  
you know.

Enter J.

Mademoiselle.

Mrs. F.

Yes?

J.

Mademoiselle Norton awaits  
your pleasure.

Mrs. F. (aside.) I wonder if  
Fred is susceptible to pretty girls.

F. Oh have her come in aunt.

Mrs. F. you may show her  
in Jeanette.

Exit J. enter P. She is attired in a (gingham) gown reaching to her ankles of either blue or pink with white sun bonnet. Hair tied with ribbon to match. Carries a basket of flowers and ~~a box of raspberries~~ fruit.

Mrs. F.

How do you do Patricia. I see you managed to get here. This is my nephew Mr. Parke Patricia and Fred this is Miss Manton.

F. (Bowing) A great pleasure.

P. Oh not at all one can meet a village maiden at in any clime.

F. They are not always pretty.

P. Don't let me keep you from

breakfast. If you don't mind  
I will rest a bit.

Mrs. F. (Aloud) certainly you  
may. (Aside.) When will  
she go. Fred is infuriated! I  
know it.

F. seats himself again and  
Mrs. F. pours his coffee. P.  
seats herself on the divan.

F. How tastefully you arranged  
the flowers with the fruit Miss  
~~Newton~~ ~~Newton~~, it looks so good to eat.

P. Nonsense.

Mrs. F. (to F.) Don't be foolish,  
dear boy. Do you want the  
bread, or cake, or let me fill  
your cup again.

P. Oh, begging your pardon, I

I think of a story that will amuse you.

Mrs. F. and F. Tell it.

P. And there was an English lord - visiting at a farmhouse in New England.

And the hostess was so flattered because he was dining with her she could not do enough for him. The 4-year old boy noticed that his mother was continually saying, "my lord will you have this" or "my lord will you have some of that" and so when he saw that his lordship was trying to reach the pickles that lay just beyond his reach the child made this astounding

state ment "God wants the  
pickles,

F. (laughing) The idea! Give  
us another.

P. (rising.) No I must go  
so adieu Mr Parke and Mrs.  
Fitzgerald.

F. So pleased to have met you.  
exit P.

F. Isn't she the cutest creat-  
ure. Really aunt you didn't  
half describe her. Why  
when a lass is pretty as  
a peach, and bright as a but-  
ton one can forget the money  
matters.

Mrs. F. But she has no fam-  
ily, her people are nobodies,

and she earns her living  
with her own hands.

F. But her wit.

Mrs. F. If you admire her - wait  
till you see Mrs. Foster. Why  
Margaret Foster has beauty and  
wit and a million to boot.  
F. (aside.) I'm satisfied with  
the village lass (aloud) mar-  
ried is she?

Mrs. F. Jack Foster died a  
year ago. He was an old man  
50 half a hundred I guess,  
Margarie was an old man's  
darling.

F. Better be an old man's  
darling than a young man's  
slave.

Mrs. F. taps bell.

Enter J.

Madameville,

Mrs. F.

Remove the low things.

Mrs. F. seats herself beside  
F. on the divan. J. does as  
directed and then retires.

Mrs. F.

It seems so natural to  
have you head dear boy.  
F.

Me too aunt. I'm jolly glad  
I came. Write a town for pret-  
ty women.

Mrs. F.

You've only seen Patricia.  
F. No I've seen two.

Mrs. F. (opening her fan.)  
Thank you.

F. Oh! I mean Jeanette,  
Mrs. F. Oh.

Enter J.

Madameoiseill.

Mrs. F.

Well.

J.

Mrs. Foster.

Mrs. F.

Oh show her in.

Enter a slender woman, pref-  
erably dark, gowned in black.  
A long shimmering <sup>black</sup> train, a  
black hat and veil covering  
face. ~~It~~ Has black gloves.

~~Mrs. F. M.~~

Excuse me please will you.

dear Mrs. Foster, I call  
ing in the forenoon? But  
I have so many calls to  
make. Don't you know?

7. (aside.) I see where aunt  
get's that fancy brogue.  
Mrs. F. I glad am glad to  
have you Mrs. Foster. I  
have my dear young nep-  
hew visiting me. & red this  
is Mrs. Foster of whom we  
were speaking. Mrs. Foster,  
Med. Park.

~~Mrs. F.~~ (extending her hand.)  
Mistah Park? I am so pleas-  
ed to make your acquaintance.  
7. Your pleasure does not  
exceed mine.

Mrs. F. Sit right on the divan  
with Fred Mrs Foster. I will  
fetch me a chair.

M. How do you like our lit-  
tle city Mistah Pawke.

F. It is charming. Such pret-  
ty women.

M. To whom do you refer  
you flatlahah.

F. To Miss Patricia Norton  
the prettiest, wildest, girl  
I know.

<sup>voice</sup> Bravo.

all turn to see P. standing  
in door way.

~~P. I never before heard a boy,~~

~~say~~  
~~talk in that manner,~~  
~~me~~

7. takes both her hands and kneeling kisses them.  
m. How vulgar.

curtain.

Scene 2.

Margaret Foster's boudoir. A piano at one side she is sitting in a low chair allured in a beautiful morning costume. With a fan and smelling salts.