

# At Benson Harbor.

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON.

"Dye mean to say, Dave, that you've trusted that girl with the telegraph cipher?"

"Yes, and with a good deal more, including the affairs of my clients."

The absolute evenness and calmness of David Graham's tones should have warned his impetuous brother, but the latter plunged blindly on.

"Never knew a woman that could keep her mouth shut!"

"Then you'll meet one now—Miss Mattland!"

The click of the typewriter in the inner office moved on as smoothly as if the operator's cheeks were not aflame, nor her eyes flashing.

"Young Graham acknowledged the introduction as best he could under the quiet scrutiny of Helen Mattland's clear, gray eyes and slipped away with an air of evident relief."

"The looks you square in the eye, which is more than most women do," he murmured unobtrusively as he hurried toward the elevator.

No name adorned the ground glass door of David Graham's office, situated at the end of a dark corridor in the towering office building.

Those who had need of his services knew where to find him. As for the rest of the world the less it knew of his movements the better he was suited.

For Graham was a successful private detective, quiet, unostentatious, inscrutable, and he looked for his clients in the very hub of the financial world—Wall street.

That is how he happened to get the Worrell case. All the Manhattan security and investment company incorporation asked of Graham was the return of the money and bonds with which young Worrell had absconded.

They had no intention of prosecuting the son of the institution's founder. The one horror which the situation held for the company was publicity. The fact that so solid, so conservative a firm had been wantonly, flagrantly fleeced was to be suppressed at any cost, even that of the hypothecated funds.

Helen Mattland knew all this and more, the names and numbers of the stolen bonds, the color of the young man's eyes and hair and the number in his watch. She had innumerable specimens of his handwriting in person notes and business letters, a half dozen of his photographs and a picture of the woman in the case, a stage beauty who stood in the front row of a Broadway chorus.

Graham was annoyed by the slowness of his agents. No trace of Worrell had been found abroad or in Canada, and the fact that the stage beauty still haunted Broadway inclined the detective to the belief that the absconding cashier was shrewdly hiding in New York, pending the subsiding of interest in the case.

Helen. "The gray-eyed stenographer gave a sigh of relief."

"I am glad to hear that Mr. Graham will be with you for a while, for I—"

David Graham compressed his lips suddenly. She was about to tender her resignation. Well, trying to make her increased salary should not stand between them.

"Yes," he said, encouragingly.

"Why, you see, Mr. Graham, we've been so busy, and—and, well, perhaps you have forgotten the fact, but I've had no vacation this year."

No, Graham had not forgotten the fact. All summer long he had postponed offering her the vacation because—and now he woke suddenly to the selfishness of his attitude—she could not endure the thought of the office without her presence.

He had saved his conscience with the belief that he had never put in such a busy summer. He had no intention, however, of telling Helen all this. She was far too valuable an employe to be frightened away by any expression of sentimental nonsense. Better to have her in the role of stenographer than not at all.

"That is so, Miss Mattland, and let's see—this is November 10. Rather late to turn summer girl, eh? Shall you go to Saratoga or Long Branch?"

Helen smiled at his unexpected pleasantry. He was always so grave, so absorbed in the complications of his clients.

"Neither, Mr. Graham. You see we are New Englanders, and my mother still occupies the small homestead at Benson Harbor. We've never been separated on Thanksgiving day, and I'd like to spend my two weeks with her and brother Jim."

"Certainly, I'm a New Englander myself and know just how you feel, though there is no mother nor old homestead to entice me away from New York this year. Just remind me Saturday to make sure you check for the vacation salary, and—I hope you'll have a pleasant time."

Then Helen went back to her typewriter and Graham apparently resumed his cogitations on the Worrell case. At least he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets and his brows knotted into a frown.

"Mother dear, however do you stand it?" asked Helen, as she stood at the small-paneled window of her mother's cottage and watched the night fog settle down the jagged coast rocks. She pictured Broadway at the same hour, the crush of people homeward bound, the brilliant windows, the glowing electric signs. And here were the bleakness and blackness of night, all unrelieved.

"Hand what?" asked her mother, placidly trimming the lamp. "I hope one year in New York hasn't made you hate your old home."

"Hate it! Never! I was only thinking of you and how lonely it must be for you when I am gone. I do wish you'd let me take a little fat, and—"

sore away. Glenn Warner was so thoroughly at ease in the dim, simply furnished room, so debonair in his conversation that Helen fell to comparing him, and to his great advantage, with the young man whom she had occasionally met in the dimly colored parlors at her Harlem boarding house. Yes, unquestionably this was a New York man, the sort she had read about, and had seen occasionally at theaters or driving in the park, but never before at such close range.

Young Warner—or was he young? His beard and eyes were the thumb marks of time, but his voice was blithe, almost boyish. He steered the conversation modestly and skillfully away from his book. He had been a mere dilettante in college, but this was to be something serious. He would certainly send them an autographed copy when it came out, but in the meantime there was pleasanter things to think about. And here he looked straight at Helen's beautiful gray eyes. The well-aimed arrow fell short. Helen was mentally arguing whether or not she was glad he had chosen Benson Harbor as a literary workshop and she did not catch the admiring look.

By the next night she had decided in the affirmative. She found that the interests of Benson Harbor were no longer her interests. At 9 a. m. there had come to her an intense yearning for the dull office at the end of the corridor. At 10 she pictured Graham slowly, perhaps irritably, inditing his own correspondence, for he had declared he would have no substitute. At 12 she saw the elevator shooting up to the luncheon room on the top floor. At 4 the janitor's assistant would enter the office and she wondered anxiously if Graham would look

up every scrap of paper. He had looked after these details. Helen was a temperamental, which found its greatest happiness in the knowledge that she was essential to someone. And Graham, in scores of ways, had shown his dependence upon her, his faith in her. By 6 o'clock she had lost her appetite, and the sullen roar of the surf set her wild for the shriek and rattle of the elevated road. When Warner arrived there was genuine welcome in her eyes.

And Warner? Well, he blessed the prospect of the next two weeks and returned to his old game of love-making with the zest of one who had been deprived of the lighter and most enjoyable privileges of life. Not that Benson Harbor could boast of no pretty girls, but they had proved shy, or silly, or inappreciative, or—engaged. And Helen was none of these. She carried her gown, too, almost as well as did the women of her own set. Yes, almost as well as she frowned suddenly, then laughed with Helen, and forgot.

The friendship progressed as it can only between two young people shut in by beetling crags and sullen waves. On sunny mornings they rowed across the inlet to the postoffice. In the afternoon they went for long walks. Helen smart and trim in her rainy-day suit and crimson tam-o'-shanter, which matched the color of Warner's gray sweater. And dimmer and weaker became Helen's anxiety about the condition of affairs in Graham's office.

She was a healthy, spontaneous creature, and the sudden liberation from office routine was followed by a reaction. The joy of her Puritan ancestors seemed to run riot in her veins. She was free—free to climb the rocks, to send her boat flashing across the inlet, to fill her lungs with great draughts of sea air—and she was glad just to be alive. The old love for the sea and the rock-locked town filled her heart and she no longer pined for the brilliant illuminations of Broadway and the insistent clatter of the elevated trains.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and she stood in the cozy kitchen, where the sun poured in through windows on three sides. An asthmatic bird, the old house-hold pet, chirped feebly amidst a nest of blooming geraniums in the sunny window, and the air was charged with savory odors.

"It don't seem like Thanksgiving day was tomorrow," complained Mrs. Mattland, crimping the edges of her third pumpkin pie. "There isn't a sign of storm nor snow, it's most like Indian summer."

"And it seems selfish to make up all these goodies for you and Jimmy and me," laughed Helen, sniffing the spicy air with undisguised pleasure.

"Well, you're the prodigal daughter, and we've got to kill the fatted calf if it's nothing but a gobbler," laughed her mother. "I did write to Otis and his wife, but they're going over to the Deming's this year. There ain't none of our relatives near."

"I wasn't thinking of relatives," murmured Helen, gazing across the rocks and sand to where the inlet danced and sparkled in the unusual mellow light. But she did not add that she was thinking of Graham, and the tone in which he had said: "There is no mother nor homestead to entice me away from New York this year."

Perhaps he would really have enjoyed coming, but she had not thought to ask him. She pulled herself together sharply. What to do? If he would come all the way to Benson Harbor to take Thanksgiving dinner with his stenographer! In truth, Graham was not the stuff of which maiden's dreams are made. He was irritably, occasionally, blunt, often, but appreciative always. His soft brown hair cropped heavily above his ears, but the forehead of his well-moulded head was quite bald. Ingenious blue eyes, a stubby brown mustache that had serrated lips, and bright pink spots on either cheek, gave him an artless appearance quite out of keeping with his

profession. Graham was the sort of a man who would love a woman for years without telling her so, and then wonder why she did not understand. Was not the fact that she was the object of constant attention, that he always showed a desire to have her with him sufficient evidence of his feeling? It would be hard for him to realize that women insist upon words of mouth—a constant reiteration of old, old story.

Helen came out of her reveries with a start. Jimmy had thrust a note into her hand and was speeding away with old Tige at his heels. Such mornings are rare in brusque New England and not to be wasted. Mrs. Mattland was peering into the oven and did not notice Helen's face as she left the kitchen. Once within her room Helen snapped the door, dropped weakly on the bed and again read the note.

"My Dear Miss Mattland—This day is a gem. Are you good for a climb to the Point? Or are you immersed in Thanksgiving preparations? Better come out. You can feed in New York, and you can't enjoy sea air like this. I'll drop around in half an hour. Faithfully, G. W."

There was nothing startling in the simple wording, yet Helen sat like one fascinated, studying every word, every curve of the clear chirography. Yes, she knew it. "G. W." The interlacing of those letters was unmistakable. In Graham's safe lay two notes, signed with the same interwoven initials. There was no mistaking the similarity. Then she tried a trick of which Graham had often spoken, picturing Warner's face without the beard. Slowly each feature stood out in her mind until she had a perfect reproduction of the photographs also in Graham's safe. And this was Grover Worrell, not Glenn Warner. The book he was writing? A race to throw detectives off his track. He was simply waiting for interest in his case to lag—then Europe and that summer! She remembered quite well that Graham had outlined that very theory, temporary concealment close to New York.

Ten minutes later Helen came down stairs and called for Jimmy. In her hand

like the Puritan mothers of old, closing the doors upon you, or whether she would open her arms and heart to you?"

"Close the doors on Thanksgiving day? No, nor on any other day. Mothers—the right kind of mothers—always ready to forgive, and give us a chance to try it over. That is a woman's right and privilege—to forgive, and make the world better for her forgiveness."

Helen spoke in a low, earnest voice. She had forgotten everything save the knowledge that had come to her through these two interwoven letters.

"I wonder if my mother would look at it that way?"

"I think so, if she's like her son. Why don't you try?"

The words slipped out unconsciously. Warner started and gazed at her—uneasily at first, then quietly, almost fearfully. She sat with her hands loosely clasped about her knees, her clear gray eyes sweeping the distant horizon.

"Oh, I've been a fool—such a selfish ass—there's no chance for me," he answered bitterly.

"There is always a chance—if we make it," said Helen quietly, but with an odd quaver in her voice. "The trouble is that we always wait for some one else to offer the chance—to make it for us."

Warner was silent. His glance followed her to the horizon, where the sunlight seemed to be casting a shower of diamonds.

"By Jove, Miss Mattland, I believe you're right. I'm not going to tell you the story of my life. You've been too good to deserve such a fate as I'm getting to it—but I—well, I'm very glad you came to Benson Harbor for Thanksgiving day."

What was passing in his mind Helen could only guess. But that the demon of remorse had entered his heart she knew. The plea of the prodigal son was on his lips and she—the sunlight danced on the waves and on a boat that rode the water gaily. It was Jimmy coming back from Benson Harbor. The message was speeding toward New York.

For a few moments Helen, silently watch-



"I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL," HE SAID, BITTERLY.

ing the oncoming boat, fought out her fight. Should she tell him the contents of that message? Should she give him the chance to escape that night? In the morning—on Thanksgiving day—Graham would come. What steps would the detective take? Once on their way down, when Warner was helping her over a rough place in the rocks, she almost clasped his hand and told him the truth. Then, as from the distance, came the murmur of voices in Graham's office. What was he saying?

"I'd trust her with more than that, the affairs of my clients."

She closed her eyes suddenly. She felt terribly faint, and Warner almost carried her down to the sleeping sands where she threw aside the thoughts which crowded upon her like a thick fog. With forced gaiety she roused herself and chatted volubly until they reached her mother's cottage.

Mrs. Mattland met them in the door. Her baking had turned out, marvelously well. She was at peace with the world, and hospitality incarnate.

"Won't you come over to dinner tomorrow, Mr. Warner? I think God Harper's folk can spare you, and four looks better round my table than three."

Warner bowed courteously over the outstretched, work-worn hand.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Mattland. It shall come with pleasure. Then he turned to Helen. Again she had turned pale and her lips moved stiffly.

"Thanking you for the invitation, I'll be glad to put in appearance, isn't it? I wonder if you had come home, not as you are now, strong, self-reliant, clear-eyed and honest, but burdened with mistakes and sins, whether your mother would have been

was a slip of paper.

"Jimmy, dear, I want you to row right over to the Harbor and send this wire." She pressed a \$2 bill into his hand.

Jimmy started curiously at the message. The address, "David Graham, room 171, Edison Bldg., New York," was all he could understand.

"Gee, Nell, this don't make sense."

"Never mind, Jimmy; it will make sense to the man who gets it, and I want it sent just that way. You can keep every cent of the change."

Jubilant Jimmy rowed off toward the Harbor, and Helen went round Indian Point with Warner. He noted her evident despondency. It seemed as if the sunlight had been suddenly drenched and the air turned cold. Once perched on the rocks he tried to resume his old bantering tone.

"Is your mother preparing a feast in the prodigal daughter's honor?"

"She called me that, too," said Helen, musingly.

Sudden silence fell between them. It was Warner who finally spoke, but his voice had lost the careless ring.

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bracelets in hideous guise appeared before her aching eyes.

"Wake up, Helen! It's a real Thanksgiving morning! The weather changed in the night and the ground is covered with snow."

Helen tried to smile into her mother's cheerful face. It had been a bad night for her, and now—in two hours Graham would be at God Harper's.

The moments fairly flew for Mrs. Mattland, on hospitality and good cheer intent. There were geraniums to pick for the table, the old-fashioned turkey to be given a final polishing, and never did a turkey require such incessant basting. Helen tried to be of some assistance, but her hands trembled when she cut the fowls and twice she spilled the succulent juice when she basted the turkey.

"Half-past three. There came a knock at the door, but Helen dared not move. Her mother bustled back to the kitchen, a puzzled look on her face.

"Lawze, Helen," she whispered, closing the door carefully. "It's the man you work for—Mr. Graham—and he's got a valise. I wonder if he's—"

But Helen was out of hearing. At the front room door she paused to gain time—and courage.

Graham stood with his back to her, staring intently at a letter in his hand. He turned abruptly.

"Well, he's gone!"

"Gone!" Helen echoed the word blankly. What had she said or done to rouse Warner's suspicions?

"Let that train last night," continued Graham's blunt, unwavering tones. "This bag and letter he ordered Mr. Harper to send to you."

Mechanically Helen took the letter and bent to open the bag. But her thought was of Graham. Was he mentally accusing her of the theft of his train last night? The bag was filled with papers. Graham knelt beside her, a light of triumph illumined his stern face. She tore open the letter.

It dropped it hastily and then with a great sob Graham was bent in silence, then the veins on his throat and wrists stood out like great cords and an angry light shone in his eyes.

What had Worrell done—added to his other crimes the unforgivable sin of breaking into this girl's heart? And the man who would have protected her, had he dared to do so, stood there before him.

"Miss Mattland—"

She raised her head and at the great joy in her face Graham felt a lead fall from his heart.

"Read it," she said simply, and handed him the crumpled letter.

"My Dear Friend—I told you yesterday I would not bore you with the story of my life. To tell you the truth I lacked the courage to do so. But if you will take this trip to the Manhattan Security and Investment company, incorporated, and turn it over to Mr. Forbes, the president, he will doubtless give you all the information obtainable regarding my iniquities. I am trusting you with this because I know I can and will be telling more. I want you to see my mother and tell her what passed between us yesterday on the point. As for myself, I'm going after that chance. Where—never mind. You'll hear from me in time—when I've something decent to write. I've known for months I was a fool, but it needed just you to show me the way out. I hope the knowledge that you've done me a good turn will add zest to your Thanksgiving dinner and that your mother won't think me unparadoxically rude to thus break our engagement."

"Yours faithfully and gratefully,"

"GROVER WORRELL."

The moist sheet fluttered from Graham's hand to the floor and he grasped roughly the curved back of Mrs. Mattland's ancestral chair.

"Helen, raise her beautiful gray eyes to be in wonder at the tone."

"Helen, you don't care?"

A puzzled look came into her face.

"Don't care—what?"

"That he has gone?" There was a world of meaning in his voice. Her eyes fell.

"No." A mighty wave of joy thrilled her and a spirit of mischief rang in her next words. "Not if you'll have Thanksgiving dinner with us. We have places for four, you know."

Then Graham forgot the Worrell case, the property of the Manhattan Investment company scattered at his feet, the fact that he had never told Helen of his love. He simply held out his arms—and she understood.

"It has been a surprising series of events," answered Graham, with almost boyish enthusiasm. "All day yesterday I was dreading the Thanksgiving dinner at the office. It just goes to show that sometimes one cannot tell what he has to be grateful for until almost time to carve the turkey. And then blessings come thick and fast. Allow me, Mrs. Mattland, as your future son-in-law, to relieve you of that task."

And Mrs. Mattland weakly relinquished the carving, murmuring faintly, "Well, Helen Mattland, this does beat all. You might have told me."

"How could I, mother, dear, when I didn't know it myself!"

For HONORABLE.

## BAD DREAMS.

Where Do They Come From?

A great deal of philosophizing has been done in the endeavor to determine the cause of dreams. At the best, the question is left unsettled, the materialist who relates all dreams to physical causes seeming to have a shade the better of the argument. It is, however, certain that woman's intuition and mother's experience furnish a solution of the common cause of bad dreams, which appears at once to practical good sense. When little Willie wakes shrieking in the night and has been quieted and comforted, his mother remarks to her husband: "I wonder what Willie could have eaten to have made him have such frightful dreams." She puts her finger at once right on the ill used stomach as the immediate cause of the nocturnal disturbance. She has caught on her side. A whole ordered stomach can disturb the whole of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery



body; set the heart galloping, check the proper activity of the liver, make the blood foul, start the nerves to throbbing and the head to aching. Almost every case of indigestion is a result of this physical disturbance as a result of a disordered stomach. But the great evil comes when temporary disorder gives place to permanent disease of the stomach. Then the fuel the power gives out, the engine slows down and ultimately stops. When the fuel of the engine of the body is reduced the power gives out, and in time the body stops activity, because it is starved. But will take care of itself, is the watchword of health. True, not all diseases reach the body through the stomach, but in so many cases, diseases of other organs may be traced directly to the diseased stomach. It is surely true that the man with a sound stomach has the best chance of preserving sound health. It is because it out, the strength fails. Food digested and cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores every organ of the body. When the food is not digested and assimilated, then there is a reduction of physical power felt by every organ of the body, and the result is "PLAYED-OUT" PEOPLE

are usually worked-out people. They are worn-out because they are using up more energy than they can store up every day. Human energy comes from food. Food is the fuel of the body, and its heat is converted into motion. When the fire under the steam engine dies down from want of fuel the power gives out, the engine slows down and ultimately stops. When the fuel of the engine of the body is reduced the power gives out, and in time the body stops activity, because it is starved. But will take care of itself, is the watchword of health. True, not all diseases reach the body through the stomach, but in so many cases, diseases of other organs may be traced directly to the diseased stomach. It is surely true that the man with a sound stomach has the best chance of preserving sound health. It is because it out, the strength fails. Food digested and cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores every organ of the body. When the food is not digested and assimilated, then there is a reduction of physical power felt by every organ of the body, and the result is "PLAYED-OUT" PEOPLE

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