THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1922.

Love-in-a-Mist

(Continued From Page One.)

before in his life, prisoned in a stuffy Pullman swaying hotly through an arid landscape. What Amelie had seen in him, that first at her feet. poignant moment, he had also seen "I'll drive

Only, he had a right to see anything he wanted. She hadn't. There no female Arthur in his life. 11:25 Amelie, by adroit leads, had dis-

covered that, carly on the second day. He liked women, but he hadn't had time for them, Too busy pursuing success, which it appeared he had just about captured.

In spite of which she didn't tell him. She couldn't hear to. She was like a girl in a dream. It wasn't there when you arrive?"

only his outright physical charm, al-thur," said Amelie. She managed a look with his own. He had been rather florid disconfort on his part, though that was potent enough, to a tired little smile. She felt like a gay and impersonal and charming Hadn't he gotten a good bit stouter? beauty loving wisp like Amelie-it dead leaf driven by the wind, whipwas the way in which their souls kept | ped and whirled, with no will of its Something in her was con- own for resistance. "He'll be there," cious of wings those long hours she repeated.

rattled and clacked through a sun-baked world. It was exactly as if he of all. There wasn't even a letter he had put out a hand to her and or a telegram.

feel of that hand was the feel of of the inn, her dark eyes wide and life-at the peak of the world. startled, a chill starting at her fin-She said to herself that she would ger tip.

tell him about Arthur the second evening, but she didn't. As before, to Don Reynard, waiting a little at they sat out on the observation platform and watched the little lights go

small, scattered townswatched the stars, when they could see them, and each other's eyes when they couldn't. Amelie didn't even try to dream of Arthur that second night.

And the third day came the desert. Women in the Pullman sat with the necks of their blouses pulled open panting, sweating throats, over. Children whimpered and complained unceasingly. Men left off their coats and in a few brave instances their collars as well. The porter shone like greased ebony when he could be found at all. In at every crevice of door and window sifted a

sickening heat and with it a fine gray gritty dust. The desert-miles of page. gleaming, pallid barrenness-not a "M cloud in the brassy sky-not a shadow on the sand-not a wing in

fevered hell forever shimmering up into nothingness. It was in the desert that Amelie

chose to tell about Arthur-rather, ters or telegrams, at once?" the truth burnt its way out. Don Reynard was so heart-breakingly said the clerk suddenly, with a sugcareful of her. She, who had no gestion of relief, "How do you do, right to his car-no honest right. He lowered shades and lifted win- you?

dows and adjusted cushions. He thought of cool drinks for her; made a fan of a magazine cover; talked

lazy nonsense to make her lovely side the car.

He must have suffered from the His every thought was for her. tired, with the dark hair damp a road map. against her temples.

him suddenly about 2 in the afternoon, when the furnace was at its change your frock and come down worst, "why I'm going out to River-

was happier than he had ever been ing. was happier than he had ever been ing. "I want a machine," she said, hand over hers lightly for a moment, but his touch burned. ondrina'-the Swallow." He put his standing on the platform at San but his touch burned.

Bernardino with her neat new bags "I'll drive over with you, if you "I'll drive over with you, if you place and that song, and you. Life's don't mind," Don Reynard suggested not so uneven, after all."

coolly. "You didn't expect him to meet you here?"

vellow "No, at that inn," said Amelie doggedly.

They sat side by side in a rather dusty hired car and drove over excellent roads, with hardly a word between them.

Once Don Reynard asked carefully, "What shall you do if he isn't

"He will be. You don't know

But he wasn't. In four strange they talked together while the train

she had suddenly found that the Amelie turned away from the desk honey locust.

> "How funny;" she said childishly briefly. changed?" -how funny!

Don Reynard came forward quietlie. ly. He had an air of authority that love him, of course." answered for the complete natural-"Of course," said Don Reynard, politely. And he added: "It's the ness of the situation and silenced a faint question in the eyes of the sort of thing one's supposed to perlerk holding a pen in one hand, a jure one's self about-no blesse

oblige! "Probably delayed unexpectedly-"What do you mean?" asked Amea washout or something. Why don't lie, beginning to tremble. you just register and have your things sent up," he suggested. "There is sure to be word tomorrow, Most "Why, I mean," he said hotly, 'that you don't love him now in the least-that your sense of honor is likely he'll be here himself before driving you." you get down to breakfast."

"How do you know?" Amelie registered obediently. Don "Don't ask me that! You don't Reynard wrote his name at a disreally want me to tell you." creet distance below hers upon the "But I do. You have no right to

How do you know?" "Amelie," he said her name as no "Miss Lawrence?" said the clerk one else in the world had ever said "Miss Lawrence," said Don Reyit before, in the voice that her heart

"Because we mean already all

the air-nothing but the breath of a nard distinctly, "is expecting to meet would remember-in Arthur's arms, here a gentleman who is on his way "Amelie, I dare you to tell me the up from Mexico. Will you be good truth as you'll tell it to yourself-enough to see that she gets any let-too late to help either of us" enough to see that she gets any let-She said unsteadily: "I've known

"Why, it's Mr. Reynard, isn't it?" you three days." "That doesn't matter. You haven't seen him in two years." "We can never mean anything sir? You've been here before, haven't more to each other-you and I.'

"Twice before," said Don Reynard, that there is. You can't deny smiling.

Things after that moved much She repeated hopelessly: "Three faster. He drew Amelie aside while days-on a train." forget that ugly scaring furnace out- the bellboy picked up her bags and made for the stairs

tentatively.

They stood by a low table which evil heat himself, but he never said held an enormous bowl of mauve and pink foxgloves. At a wide winlying against the hot green plush of dow just across from them several the car seat, her small face pale and garrulous tourists were deciphering

"Go upstairs," said Don Reynard 'You've never asked me," she told in that low whimsically caressing voice of his, "and get a bath and

After that, though, and after his answering look that sent the color wife along," said Amelie, still laugh -like a good little girl. We're go-ing to dine together in the court o dine together in the court streaming across her face, she went I know he's not here! I back to insisting unhappily.

"Goodby!"

I

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the train together; they had been ribbon of sound. It was full of un- | within her whimpered and fought to felt suddenly tired and grown old.] It was not until he had definitely he was now rushing, himself. His aware for two days of a certain assuaged desire and mounful co-sense of humor, so early as that smount of comment among their stacy of longing. Don Reynard told her. "La Gol-bon Reynard told her. "La Gol-

"Arthur, how nice! I was afraid you'd been delayed. I want you to know Mr. Reynard, Arthur, We "I wouldn't give tonight for the crossed the desert together." rest of my life," he said, "This "Almost constitutes a

"Almost constitutes a claim, doesn't it?" Don Reynard said coolly, "Glad to have seen you, Mr. Sherwood." He added something A girl in a white dress and a little vague about letters to write and left jacket like a toreador's ther

brought them their dinner. Amelie "Well!" said Arthur nervously. scarcely knew what she ate. The in-"Well-looks like a nice chap. You're macy of that little table, with its red roses and flickering candle light, looking well, Amelie! Suppose we worlds, and so on!" was too poignantly unreal. The -ah-go somewhere where we can "It's noble of you, Amelie," guitar and the woman's voice, the talk.

Amelie said to herself that no matseductive melancholy of the Spanish Above the coffee cups at last Don going to meet Arthur halfway. She rather thrilling. "What-what shall music, held her like a spell.

eynard leaned over to force her stifled a first unfair impression of you do? And used he to wear such-slochyfor the most part. Now, all at once, clothes? he was quiet and terribly in earnest. Never mind! He was Arthur. She suggested: "Amelic," he said, "tell me about him. I find I've got to know, after

"Those chairs over by that table all. How did it happen? How long look comfortable and there's nobody ago was it? Tell me everything."

.So Amelie told him everything, at "Let's sit in those by that window," said Arthur. There was some last. Beginning and ending with the one near the window. Amelie glanced at him curiously and 1 d the way. Don Reynard was quieter than

ever when she had done. His look Was Arthur himself shy of her now of the hidalgo deepened. Harlequin, she had come all this way to him? out of the garden for good. "Two years ago," he commented tred arm chairs. Amelie braced her-

"Does he know how you've self to meet at least verbal endearments. Arthur, quite obviously, "I've tried to tell him." said Amebraced himself as well. He glanced She added stubbornly, "I still

about, cleared his throat, crossed and uncrossed his knees. "Had you a good trip?" asked Amelie gently.

"Very good-very good indeed. they made some talk of dust and

heat. "Did you-did you leave everynfluenza. Avoid crowds. with your bedroom window open. At thing all right Arthur?" "Excellent shape, yes, indeed!" the first sign of a cold, fever, " sore More talk, desultory and faintly husthroat or that grip feeling consult ky of politics and finance in Mexico. your doctor.

Then, just when Amelie, tired and But, above all, try to keep your certainty . . .

she?'

Arthur hearsely, "Amelie-I've got your nose or threat. something to tell you. I know it looks rotten. I-I know I can never druggist at once a bottle of Ely's

explain it to you after my-my letters Cream Balm. Insert a little into the and all that-but the-the whole thing happened so suddenly." nostrils and draw it through all of the air passages so it reaches the like a blinding, scorching throat. Light

flame struck Amelie breathless. She Do this as often as may be re hrust through his futile maunderquired to keep nose and throat anti ings: "Don't bother to be ashamed about septic. Do it the last thing at night

and first thing in the morning until You're in love with someone the flu epidemic has passed. else?" Head colds and catarrh yield like Arthur set his elbows on his knees magic to this antiseptic, healing and wrung his hands together with

cream that soothes swollen, inflamed almost a groan: nembranes of nose and throat. Your "I'm married to her," he burst out logged nostrils open right up and desperately. "She's waiting for me at a hotel-in Los Angeles. I came on you can breathe freely. Don't stay

stuffed up and miscrable. "Or on a ship-or in a citydown here-to see you-and explain. It's a rotten shame-your taking this on top of a mountain-or on a des-ert island. Don't be foolish Chilong trip for nothing."

quita! Time has nothing at all to do with it. I knew, that first morn-do with it. I knew, that first morneyes: "Look here," said Arthur uneas-Amelie flung him a sudden misty

"I didn't suppose anyone else in the world could possibly be so in-sane, did you, truly?" she asked. Take a tablespoonful of Salts

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MEAT

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at 40. The thought was warming. "So we were married and I brought her up as far as Los Angeles, left her there at a hotel." Arthur was say.

ing, "and came on here to see you. I ly he had written all his letters or wired Beechwood, trying to stop you, had not been able to write them at but you had leit. I can never tell all. He looked back at Amelie a **ASTHMA CURED BY** long time, then got up and started

"It's frightfully embarrassing to across to her, have you apologize so much," said Amelie met Amelie met him near the desk. Amelie coldly. "I think you had bet-ter go back to her at once. Tell her briefly. "He's gone?" said Don Reynard riefly. "Where?"

sent you. That I hope you will "He's married," said Amelie quite both be happy-that everything is al-"I'm jilted. She's waiting mply. ways for the best in this best of all him at a hotel in Los Angeles. Like some ridiculous movie, isn't it? said I do seem to have wasted a noble

Arthur, reviving a little, After all, frame of mind on him." Don Reynard turned on her with a simple, easy to take prescription for an imperceptible possessive touch. Asthma-he gave it to people who had sufonce more in the direction of the fered for years and, to their amazement

"I think I shall go into the movies." patio; "There won't be a soul out there, now," he said. "Come and tell me everything. Are you sure you aren't said Amelie a trifle maliciously, "first giving my story to all the pink newspapers in Los Angeles. Juanita would be talked about then, wouldn't She had a hard time getting rid of

everything. Are you sure you aren't traveling incognito, with a camera man in your pocket? This begins to sound rather like it." But once they were out of the light, shadowed by a jutting wall, he caught her recklessly close, stooped his dark him after that. But she saw him go at last, past the desk, out through the wide doorway of the inn, into the night, on his way to Jaunita, who

would, now, never again be talked about. ADVERTISEMENT.

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head till Amelie shut her eyes with a

little sobbing sigh of surrender. "Kiss me" he whispered, harle-

quin and hidalgo, together. "Shall we spend our honeymoon here at the inn or is there another place you'd

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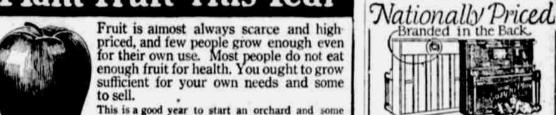
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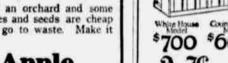
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Then she lay back and looked at him hopelessly, gripping her hands together tight in her lap. The cloth of her skirt was hot to her fingers.

"No?" said Don Reynard, smiling. "Just the fact that you were going was good enough for me." But he saw that she wanted to be asked. Why are you going out to Riverside, then?

"To meet-to meet a man and marry him," said Amelie. Brutally done. But she couldn't be sure of herself on a longer explanation. He looked at her and laughedsaw in the same breath that she meant it, and continued to look with And she fled directly after. something in his eyes that hurt her She had one pretty gown in her bag, meant for the first evening, and

He didn't ask for any more. He arthur's delectation — gray as a dove's wing—gray lace and gray for her about and about, and present- chiffon. She put it on after a bath. The world to feel them crushing her gedly. ly he didn't even look at her. Down and did her hair as she would never own. was peeling a banana. It gave off a stairs, heavy, distasteful sweetness. The Don Reynard was waiting for her

hot, sick hands.

low voice, a triffe hoarse, as if Nothin Harlequin had lingered overlong in the clerk.

Harlequin had lingered overlong in the dews of the garden, "that you had told me that before." "So do I," said Amelie miserably, the whispering fountain to the far-"So do I," said Amelie miserably, the whispering fountain to the far-"It would be-heaven!" she said. Then indeed he looked at her and ther side, and sat down at a small she looked back at him. In which white covered table with a jug of moment they had no words and deep red roses in the middle of it. Four walls of gray weathered stone clerk's direction, and something needed none.

"Well," he offered presently, still rose on four sides of them, open to rather low, "that doesn't mean I the sky. Bell tower and roof made can't take care of you until we get lines of peaceful loveliness against the azure twilight overhead, wherein there, does it? "No, it doesn't." answered Amelie a moon hung, languid and honey

unsteadily, "if you still want to clear, a little past the first quarter Should you like to hear about there were flags, great streaks of crimson and green and yellow hang-Arthur? Arthur?" "No. I shouldn't." said Don Rey-ing from upper ledges, and upon ard grimly. He added with a flash of reluctant humor, "Do you think Arthur would like to hear about

breeze that was delicately chill, No me: Amelie hung her head. She felt the other light. A romantic intimacy merest flicker of his hand over hers before he settled back with a book in one hand and a new strained look little tables—not all. Semi-solitude cheumatism is pain only. added to the moon and the fountain of reticence about his mouth.

reticence about his mouth. "Try to go to sleep for a bit," he and the candle light, "What a perfect, perfect place," advised. "We're late-we come into

San Bernardino about 5, you know, sighed Amelie. "Wait!" whispered Don Reynard. Don't bother. I'll see about every-thing. We drive over from there to There was a trickle of notes from thing. a guitar-somewhere above them. Riverside.

The strangest afternoon in the Amelie turned-against one wall a world! Amelie lay back with shut flash of carmine caught her eye. A eyes and saw herself getting nearer balcony, with a strip of scarlet cloth and nearer to Arthur! Saw and shud-stretched on poles above it. Below dered to see. She was cruelly con-the scarlet cloth a woman leaned out, scious of that quiet figure facing her, singing. She was slim and dark and of its steady hands, its lowered lids. smiling. She wore a black lace man-Could he really he deep in the book tilla on her heavy black hair and a he held, or was he, too, fighting his big red rose behind one ear. face was powdered pearl white, her thoughts?

She drew a long sigh. mouth, curved and painted, her eyes The trill of a bell floated to her slumberous. She sung like a bird or a child, throatily sweet, in a liquid

ears. "I'm ringing for a cold drink for you," said Don Reynard's voice. "Poor child, you've had a horrible thrummed a guitar. An Indian woman, two great plaits across her day!

The drink came eventually—he re-fused one himseli—and eventually the time slipped by. It was 4:30, 4:45: Multic softly. The song hung in sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, back-What's that she's singing?" asked 5 itself. Eventually, also, they left that cool enchanted dusk like a silver ache, sprains.

know you feel as if the bottom had fallen out of things, but you can't sypect me to feel it with you, can you? This is something I didn't dare hope for. I've got you one eve-ning more, all to myself. 'One day

fallen out of things, but you can't expect me to feel it with you, can you? This is something I didn't dare hope for. I've got you one eve-ning more, all to myself. 'One day more am I deified. Who knows— the world may end tonight!" He caught her hand in the shadow of the foxgloves, looked down into her wistfully litted eyes so that they litted but briefly. "I wish it would!" murmured Amelie recklessly. But not quite loud enough for him to hear. He caught the sound but not the work. And she fled directly after. She had one pretty gown in her haw meant for the first example and the factor of the foxglows, hooked at this hands, shut And she fled directly after.

Amelie looked at his hands, shut married you."

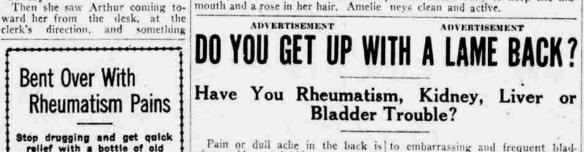
you have severe headaches, nervous

"But I, as I wrote you-I had about four ounces of Jad Salts; take by he didn't even look at her. Down at his brown fingers instead, with a sort of dangerous quietude. A child down the car from them wailed steadily. Across the aisle a woman gray slippered feet just kissed the heart in her breast for a moment well, she went all to pieces! She was from the acid of grapes and lemon with the dark passion of his eyes. going to shoot herself. You see, I juice, combined with lithia, and has

with the dark passion of his eyes. air from the desert came in through the wire screen in the window and lay on Amelie's throat and face like

the wire screen in the window and ay on Amelie's throat and face like out sick hands. "I wish," said Don Reynard in a ow voice, a trifle hoarse, as if farlequin had lingered overlong in

turned, slipped her hand into his for all too obvious emotional chicanery not injure; makes a delightful efferof Juanita. Juanita was dark, doubt- vescent lithia-water drink, and noless like the singer in the patio, pow- body can make a mistake by taking dered pearl white, with a soft scarlet a little occasionally to keep the kidmouth and a rose in her hair. Amelie neys clean and active,



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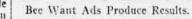
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