

The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

CHAPTER XVI.

Rosalind.

Some one was singing—some one who was a long distance from him. The melody was coaxing, plaintively minor, and sweet; a melody that twined into and about the senses as the tendrils of a vine will creep and cling about a lattice.

That was an absurd fancy! Music—lattice! What was wrong with his brain to find any connection between such alien matters?

Perhaps he was bewildered by the thick darkness. Never before had he experienced such long continued darkness. And there was nothing to do except listen to the song.

After a time words commenced to break through the music, like flowers opening upon the vine. He listened attentively until he caught whole phrases and sentences. The song was a love song. It was about a lover and a princess. She was to bind her hair and come to him.

"Wait not to find your slippers, but come in your naked feet!"

Surely he, David Noel, should know that song! Why did the princess have naked feet? Why, of course, because she had given away her little white shoes to a beggar!

His first coherent words, after a month of illness, were a whispered plea for some one to buy shoes for the princess.

"There is money," he weakly insisted. "Plenty of money! I brought it."

A voice like a breeze stirring the music vine soothed him with a promise to do as he wished.

"White shoes!" he stipulated. "And pink ones, and blue ones, with little tassels," generously promised the caressing voice. Satisfied, he fell asleep.

When he again awoke his mind was clearer, but he was still in the darkness. Why did he always awake at night, Noel wondered? And why were there no lamps? The horror of a new thought gripped him suddenly, wrenching a cry from him in his helplessness.

Some one came to his side.

"Mr. Noel?" questioned the professional tones of a nurse.

"You are in pain?"

"Am I—blind?"

"Oh, no—merely badly bruised."

"I do not believe you!" he panted. "I've seen you breed with wounded men—you're all liars! Where is the other?"

"The other?" stiffly.

"The girl. I heard her last time—Miss Arloff. Get her!"

A step both light and rapid, fingers that brushed his hand like the brush of a bird's wing.

"I am here," said the delicious, irregular voice of the dancing girl. "What can I do?"

"Give me your hand. Tell me the truth! I am neither a child nor a coward. Am I blind?"

The hand did not tremble in his grasp.

"No. You are not even badly hurt. Soon you will be quite well. Tomorrow the doctor will take off the bandage now over your eyes."

"Take it off now!"

She hesitated.

"Tomorrow—"

"Now!"

"It would have to go on again until the doctor comes."

"All right!"

The bandage fell away like a black curtain. Dazzled, Noel saw through a mist of pain the face of Rosalind Arloff, luminous with beautiful compassion.

Not even the face of the little Constance, as she held out to him her gift, was more lovely with pity. Never the hand of a comrade had lain so close and strong with comfort in his clasp as this frail hand of hers. After his long night, she came like sunrise on his heart.

Sunrise, indeed!

For the first time in his life the man met love and looked it in the face, and distinguished it from the boy's dream. Love common as humanity, and as rich with life; love, not as a star, but as the fire on the hearth—this was the revelation that shone upon him like the unbandaging of his eyes.

A princess for his palace—was that the prize of life? No, but this girl's palm warm upon his—this girl beside him for his wife!

When she would have drawn away, he moved his head in protest. He did not speak. Once before he had spoken too soon. The nurse was present, too, and he was physically weak. He could

wait.

Rosalind could also wait, it seemed; for she yielded with adorable patience to his mute protest, leaving her hand in his. But now she did not look at him. No matter! He could look at her; and the next time he awoke—

He did not awake perfectly recovered, as he had anticipated. He gradually emerged from that hazy realm of dreams into which he had drifted while looking at Rosalind Arloff, to find the bandage again covering his eyes. By that fact, he knew that the promised tomorrow of its removal had not yet arrived.

Once more he had awakened to darkness shot through with the brightness of music; this time the music of a violin. The player was at some distance, he judged. The music was like none he ever before had heard; strong, like a strong heart in tumult, full of discord that fed the eager ear as mere sweetness could not; barbaric, beautiful.

Presently some one near his bed sighed and stirred. Instinctively he knew it was someone who listened to that poignant music, also; instinctively he knew who it was. His heart beat in eager recognition of the opportunity. Only, were they alone?

"Miss Arloff?" he ventured. This time he was determined not to go too fast.

"Yes," came the prompt answer, in the voice he already knew so well.

"It is night?"

"Yes, and no! It is morning, but it is still night. It is half past three."

"And I keep you watching so long? My nurse—"

"I sent her to lie down. I—I was not tired. I did not want to sleep tonight."

"Thank you."

He gathered hope from her presence. Not tired? Not wish to sleep? She was healthy, young, she worked hard, no doubt—surely, it was not insomnia which detained her by his bedside. But he must not let her see that he suspected her awakening to love had been twin with his own. Not yet! He must go warily for a while; he had wounded her before; all but lost her by his haste.

"Miss Arloff, may I come here again after I am well?" he presently asked, quite humbly for David Noel. "The other night—I made a great many mistakes; I want to repair some of them. I would like to know your father better, and your—"

"Abel," she supplied the name quite seriously, unaware that he had forgotten the old man's existence. "Abel makes the most beautiful music in the world, I think. You hear him now, do you not? He is what they call an improvisatore. He plays as the melodies come to him; and when he ceases, he hardly knows what he has played. Often, he could not play it again. He cannot write music. But once, they say, my father used to write it down as Abel played. He can no longer do that, although he loves to hear Abel improvise. So it is born and lost, all that loveliness. I cannot write it either, you see. To read music or play it, yes; to write it down by ear, no. That I was never taught, and I have not the gift."

She had ignored his attempted apology. Noel was not certain what that portended, but he accepted the diversion she offered. He had not intended to speak of Abel, but Abel would do.

"I should like to hear you play."

"It would be better to hear hear Abel," she returned.

Noel smiled involuntarily, recalling the grim hostility of Rosalind's guardian, the night she had gone out with the stranger.

"Do you think he would play for me?" he asked.

He fancied she smiled. A little laughter crept into her voice.

"Oh, perhaps? Since you brought me safely home with the doll."

Still he insisted.

"I should rather hear you."

She said a curious thing; not at all what he would have expected to hear in reply to such a speech from any of the princesses he had met.

"Have you always been sentimental, Mr. Noel?"

He was unreasonably startled. He whose life had been hardest struggle and warfare, strong ambition and fighting, actual and mental, to attain his ends; to be asked that question! He could imagine what any of his associ-

ates in the far south would have replied to that question; their derision and amusement at this absurdity. Benito loved his master with a slavish devotion, but Noel knew how the Indian would have answered it. He knew how Nito Valdez would have laughed or Gil Granados. Yet—there was the House of the Little Shoes! Why was he here, now in this position except because this dancing girl vaguely resembled the child who had walked across his heart? If memory was sentimentality, perhaps—

"Only once," he said dryly, quite careless of her understanding him.

"That is enough," she returned her voice coming only across the distant music. "Yes, I will play for you; some time."

In that oblique way he received at once his pardon and his permission to come at some future day to the home of Vasili Arloff. For the moment, it was much.

"Thank you," he accepted both.

He lay still for a time, listening to the sounds that indicated she was engaged in some bit of sewing. How much might he say now, he debated? How long must he wait? There was his own work to be done. Already he had lingered too long in this country; he must return. He would delight in returning only, he must take his wife with him. Yes, he would take this girl home to his villa; take her and hers.

He fell to thinking of Vasili Arloff, of all the dazzling career sunk to an invalid's chair and dependency upon a young girl's labor and the support of an old man. This was the Vasili whose furred coat the little David had envied. And yet, how much still remained with him, even with his shattered intellect; as the ruins of a palace are more imposing in their majesty than the whole completeness of an ordinary building. To follow Vasili's discourse was indeed like wandering through the broken arcades, the lofty, frescoed halls whose brilliancy lingered amid destruction, as a once royal house of thought. It was as if he and David Noel had passed on the stairs of life, one going down as the other toiled up, but where between those two travellers did Rosalind Arloff stand? Surely on some steady point to which, giving a hand to each, she might draw the two men to stand with her. Noel, in his darkness, and still confused by his illness, fancied he saw her as he had seen her so many mornings, not posed aloft on the shining peak like Constance, but dancing along the common road; a way made beautiful by her passing. And he had affronted, insulted her!

"Street boy," he murmured bitterly.

"You spoke, Mr. Noel?" she asked.

"No. I—listened to the music," he seized the nearest pretext.

"And I! What does he play of, for you? What does he make you see?"

"I am afraid I am stupid," he deprecated. "I am not used to that game. What does he make you see, may I ask?"

The laughter crept into her voice again.

"I forget," she apologized.

"You see, we have always played like that, my father and Abel and I, played together a little game. What does he make me see, you ask? A Dutch garden, I think. Rows of tulips like painted silk, or china cups holding perfume instead of tea, and a breeze that bends them this way or that. And then, a girl creature who runs drinking from each cup as a humming bird sips and flies; a girl in painted silks as bright as the tulips in the sun. And there in the sun among the tulips, she dances and dances—until Abel ceases playing."

"You saw all that?" amazed.

"Perhaps, or dreamed I saw it!"

"You saw yourself," he said slowly. "Yes, that is how you would look dancing in the sun. But not in a Holland garden. Rather in one richer, where there are fountains with lilies—"

His voice dropped into silence. Had he alarmed her? If she took flight, he was so helpless to prevent or pursue her! But she neither spoke nor moved, and presently he gained courage.

"I am not gifted with fancy like you," he said, "but if I may, can tell you of another picture that Abel's music brings before me."

"Please do," she permitted.

"It is a painting," he began, summoning the vision before him against the darkness of his bandaged eyes. "A painting exceedingly smooth in finish, of that school which forbade a lady's

cheek to resemble the texture of a gravel walk. Perhaps this obvious beauty made it easier in appreciation for an amateur in art as I am. It is a picture of a garden where a young man and woman are standing beside a white sun dial. They stand a little apart; no one could fail to see that they are of recent acquaintance, perhaps are now together that morning for the first time. The girl's face is quiet and smiling as she looks at the marble dial, her finger pointing to the hour crossed by the shadow. Her companion leans slightly forward to read where she indicates. So far, it is nothing! But beyond and slightly above the pair, appearing formed of the sunlight that shimmers about them, are two replicas of themselves, faint yet vague, nebulous, yet real; two phantom figures ardently alive, who stretch out eager arms to one another in recognition. Their attitude is speaking as a cry, hot as the sunlight and as joyous; strange indeed in contrast with the indifference of the human pair, who are themselves, yet are not, whose material senses are so slow, so cognizant of what has been and was to be. Such is the mastery of the artist, that when one has gazed long enough to understand him, the solid and actual man and woman seem less alive than their mist spun counterparts."

After a moment he added: "It is called 'The Recognition.'"

She was so still that he wondered if she had left him. He raised his hand, half minded to end uncertainty and tear off the bandage. If she had gone, his disobedience would not matter. If she were there, he would at least glimpse her face and gather what knowledge he could from its expression. But even as he raised his hand, she spoke, just audibly.

"It is a real painting?"

"Yes. By a great French artist."

"Where?"—a little hesitation colored the question—"where is it?"

"In—the House of the Little Shoes," he answered. He did not choose to add that it hung in his own apartments.

She was silent so long that again his hand crept up to the linen which blindfolded him. Did she understand what he was trying to tell her? Was she angry or indifferent? Did she consider his suit, or merely listen to the music of Abel's cello? Noel had a sudden vision of the fine, mournful figure of the old Jew bowed over his instrument, lost in the ecstasy of creating. Why did the musician play so late, he wondered. Was Arloff perhaps awake, or did Abe pour out an unrest of his own in those strange tones?

The girl had stood up. Noel heard the rustle of her soft frock and the click of a little tinkle that fell and rolled away across the floor, unheeded. Somehow, he divined that she was standing by the door, and that her face again wore the whiteness of the lily glimpsed floating in the darkness.

"You have told me of a beautiful thing," her voice came to him across the room. He could fancy the defiance he once before had seen blazing in those large brown eyes of hers. "There is no beauty like the beauty of faithfulness. Since you care for nothing that is real, no doubt you will be happy with—a picture. For that is all you will have."

The door closed. Noel started up on his pillow, confounded and dismayed.

"Miss Arloff!" he cried. "Rosalind!"

As he jeked off the bandage, the door reopened. His angry eyes encountered the stout figure of the nurse advancing, her face frigid with disapproval.

"Miss Arloff has gone to take some rest," she coldly informed him. "I am sorry to see your excitement. You must have a sedative."

His second opportunity was gone. Rosalind Arloff did not return that night.

(To be continued next week.)

Japan Reassures Senators.

From the New York Post.

"Japan has taken two important steps to put her relations with the United States on the friendliest possible footing." One of them is to prohibit the immigration into this country—mean particularly California—of "picture brides," women who are known to their prospective husbands only by their pictures and whose children, being born here, are American citizens. California has strongly protested against this practice, and now Japan agrees to stop it. Senator Phelan was so pleased by the news that he gave it out, thereby committing the deplorable error of taking Japan at her word. The other step is the giving of assurances that Japan is engaged in not attempt to obtain special privileges in Mexico. This is for the particular benefit of Senator Fall. The Japanese ambassador attributes the rumors to that effect to German agencies in furtherance of a purpose to prevent the capture of German trade with Mexico by American firms.

The American army has obtained 250,000 recruits during the last eight months.

WILL BE FRANCE'S "FIRST LADY" IF TIGER'S ELECTED



Mme. Clemenceau Jacquemaire, photographed since her arrival in the U. S.

According to recent dispatches from France Tiger Clemenceau, now premier, may be chosen next president of France. As the Tiger is a widower his daughter, Mme. Clemenceau Jacquemaire, will become "first lady" of France if he is named and will direct the social activities during his term in office.

GOOD LIVE STOCK IS REGISTERED

Birth registration ought to make a good subject for the day in which a new year is "getting borned." We do not know how much effect the war had on birth registration and cannot learn for another two years more, since the report of the bureau of vital statistics are about two years late. The report for 1917 is printed, but had not been generally distributed when this was written.

The lack of registration made so much trouble for everybody during 1917 and 1918 that it is difficult to see how any parents can fail to register children. Certainly such children are suffering a great injustice. The experiences with draft and passport boards ought to prove it. The native born American who goes abroad without taking a birth certificate with him is running an unnecessary risk. It is only within the last five years that the Washington officials have thought birth registration complete enough anywhere to justify them in recognizing an official birth registration area. In 1917 the area so recognized comprised the six New England states, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky and North Carolina, Kansas, Utah and Washington—a total of 21 states. In this area there live 55,000,000 people, or 53 per cent of the population.

The district starting in New England stretches across the upper half of the United States to the Mississippi river, including the northern part of the southern states. Beyond the Mississippi it embraces Minnesota and Kansas and then skips to Utah, and from there to Washington.

One is surprised to find ordinarily up to date states like New Jersey, Illinois and California absent from the list. A good reason for the people in these states would be to put their communities on the honor roll in 1920.

The birth rate of the registration area fell off slightly during our first year of participation in the great war. The rate was 24.6 per 1,000, as compared with 24.8 in 1916 and 24.9 in 1915. At that the population increased something more than 1 per cent during the year as a result of excess of births over deaths. The increase from immigration was negligible. Dr. W. H. Davis, superintendent of the bureau, said in the 1916 report:

"There is no gainsaying the fact that the price of good registration of births is intense interest and eternal vigilance on the part of registration officials and as a rule the more registration officials prosecute delinquent physicians and mid-wives, the more complete birth registration is. I do not feel like absolving from all blame the people from the states not on the honor roll. It is the duty of parents as well as of physicians to register births."

The Lacemakers.

Spring has her lilacs and daffodils, Summer the glorious rose, Autumn is gay with chrysanthemums, But when the winter wind blows.

Delicate fabrics made by the trees Over the gardens are spread, Woven of twigs, and held by brown arms Close to the sky overhead.

No other lacemakers anywhere Fashion a tissue like these Beautiful hues hung in the air Made by the fingers of trees. —Mrs. E. A. D., in the Kansas City Star.

"Drives" and the Driven.

From the Stars and Stripes.

Scarcely a week passes in any city but is marked by some sort of "drive." While the boys were in the trenches the folks at home had "drives" for 101 war charities. That was all right. It was the only way the folks who stayed at home could do their bit.

It was an excellent way to raise money. The only trouble was it was too good, it got to be a habit. And so every few days the pedestrian finds his way blocked by a pretty girl, who smiles ingratiatingly and sells him a tag. It doesn't matter what for.

It's hard for any man to refuse a pretty girl (and they always pick pretty ones to do the selling). Also every man has a dread of being thought "cheap."

And so he buys the tag—just because he is interested in the purely private charity it represents—half the time he doesn't even know what it is—but merely so he can show it to the next girl.

The whole thing is not only a nuisance but a virtual holdup. If we must have any more drives, let it be one for a return to conservative methods of appeal, whereby one may give, instead of having his money literally taken away from him.

The communist party of Cleveland has been abandoned. It is announced. The announcement comes simultaneously with the arrest by the department of justice of three of its leaders.

BULLY!

If Bilious, Constipated or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Feel grand! Clean up inside! Your system is filled with liver and bowel poison which keeps your skin sallow, your stomach upset, your head foggy and aching. Your meals are turning into poison and you can not feel right. Don't stay bilious or constipated. Feel splendidly always by taking Cascarets occasionally. They act without gripping or inconvenience. They never sicken you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little too—Cascarets work while you sleep. Adv.

Big Profits in Pigs.

Tombridge Co-operative Pig-Breeding (Limited), an organization started when the swine flu menace became acute, has been wound up, the shareholders having received back their capital, with 47½ per cent.—London Mail.

SEE SHABBY, FADED GARMENTS TURN NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Make Old Apparel Fresh and Stylish.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

No Home for Leonidas.

"Does your husband stay home nights?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. McEwton. "I insist on his going with me to all the meetings I attend."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, CATARRH is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Druggists 7c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

Sure Sign.

Wife—I think that chauffeur was under the influence of liquor. Husband—I know that he was. He gave me back the right change.—Recall.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Comparative Virtues.

"I will never marry a man unless he knows how to make love romantically."

"I prefer one who can make money steadily."

It's a mighty good thing to watch how one's neighbors do a thing and profit by their mistakes.

No, Hazel, a man seldom proposes to a woman unless she has made up her mind to make him do so.

For Mothers and all Married Women

Omaha, Neb.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was a splendid tonic and relieved me of all nauseating conditions during pregnancy. My baby was strong and hardy in every way. I surely am glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to the expectant mother because I know by actual experience that it is good."—MRS. JOBBE COOPER, 3310 Cass St.

Every woman who has reason to believe that backache, headache, unusual pains, low spirits, sleepless nights, irregularities of a catarrhal condition is caused by a derangement of the womanly functions, owes it to herself and dear ones to speedily overcome the trouble before a general breakdown causes permanent prostration.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a non-alcoholic remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots and herbs containing tonic properties of the most pronounced character. It is not a secret remedy because its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to-day, either in liquid or tablet form, send Dr. P.'s to all Hotels, Buffalo, N. Y., 107 N. 2nd St., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Women Who are Nervous, Weak, or Run-down

Omaha, Neb.—"As a special tonic I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and found it to give almost immediate relief in cases of nervousness or a weakened or run-down condition. I have taken this medicine since my earliest girlhood whenever my system seemed to require a tonic, and it has never failed me. I would recommend the 'Favorite Prescription' to women and young girls who need such a tonic."—MRS. MARY LA LONDE, 5301 N 34th St.

Every woman who has reason to believe that backache, headache, unusual pains, low spirits, sleepless nights, irregularities of a catarrhal condition is caused by a derangement of the womanly functions, owes it to herself and dear ones to speedily overcome the trouble before a general breakdown causes permanent prostration.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a non-alcoholic remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots and herbs containing tonic properties of the most pronounced character. It is not a secret remedy because its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to-day, either in liquid or tablet form, send Dr. P.'s to all Hotels, Buffalo, N. Y., 107 N. 2nd St., Buffalo, N. Y.