ing and would come forth to be presented.

He did not. There was merely Peter who played on in a fautastic fashion, meant to bealluring, coaxing, conclusive, expletive of the dominant sex coming into all its

"Not jesting?" the little wife said with a falling inflection; the husband shook his head.

"It was absolutely you those days in Washington?" "Yes."

"And you never told me the truth?" "No." "Why not?" Slowly and painfully

the words were spoken. "Because," he cried out gleefully, "because with your adorable perversity I might have lost you if I had." "But the truth!" she exclaimed with

the reverential reproach of a child. "It went by the board, I'm afraid." He laid the violin in the niche in the wall, "Come, little lady, I've not had my kiss," he put out his arms.

But Betty hung back. "Don't you remember I said I'd have to send you flying if you'd been a musical man?"

Yes, of course I do, and for that reason I never touched my violin from that hour to this. You're safely mine now, dear, and you won't be so foolish as not to want me to amuse myself with my bow awhile every day?"

Mrs. Van Zandt did not answer. Shaddle coughed discreetly just then as he emerged from the dining room to announce that dinner was served.

It was a curious meal. The mistress polite, even amiable, with a sad submission in her speech and manner; the young husband overgay, yet triumphaut. He had ideas of being lord and master in his own house, his own pursuits, his own ways; adoring her none the less, but filled with the pious and perfect theory of man's superior wisdom and the duty of husbands to see that they were not too easy in even the sweetest of traces. And Betty?

It all looked like a wreck to ber. The silver, the crystal, the tall old brass candlesticks, the big logs on the bearth, the family portraits, the brilliant posy of a centerpiece, her own es, the soft tread of Shaddle and Sup- sonable." ple-to her all these were nothing else than a devastation, but the wreck of answered. wrecks was the overthrow of her own supremacy, that in which he had most minutely taught her to implicitly believe, swept to bits by this violin.

So it is-first we play at love; then a thing in the world comes our way, on them. that second glorious, conscious conquering youth of power, we become one with love, and it is very well with

ber senior? Little indeed.

of daintiness and courtesy on the on board the night before." ner was esten.

Shaddle in the revesses of his pantry room, his usually immovable countenance all an interrogation point. Bridget Supple, nodding sagely, said

warning. "That's married life, Mr. Shaddle."

> CHAPTER V. Where Betty Went.

学の教育を発展を発展を表現

TETTY VAN ZANDT; Betty Van Zandt." Over and over tle more than three months kept repeating her name to herself the night vine ear and not to any human one. through. It seemed to her that she was hammering the letters out on the plate of a coffin. The ground had been swept from under her feet; the whole of that caliber; she looked it all in the about his violin. face, in the eyes, and made her determinations, or possibly her determinad for him, but it was of no avail. The maked truth remained that he had de- in its supreme entirety. ceived her.

- But about the violin! Could one be so stupid as to resent so little, little a thing?

But it was the very littleness of it that stung.

And to ber, with her curiously, acutely sensitized mentality and fiber, that altar cloths and flower vases, it being violin was no little thing after all. It Friday, was the biggest thing just then in her world.

Could she ever be. . feel to. Peter as she had before she knew?

Betty was sure that she could not. Could she live on and on all her life and his, listening to the violin and remembering the tragedy of its deceit? She could not do that.

What should she do? Go up to Bloomingdale to Anny? Tell Anny? No. She could do neither one. Nobody could be told.

If she could be buried away somewhere afar off and try to smother the shaine and functilation of it. Yes. home. that was it, shame and humiliation.

Peter, whom she had looked up to and reverenced; Peter, whom she had the violin case. It ran this way: so joyonsly vowed to "obey;" Peter. to have played her a subterfuge, a trick, and then to laugh at her and think to coax her into a reconciliation with the noise she detested and which grated on her soul as the saw might grate on raw flesh.

By daylight Betty knew what she

without speech. Words she and Peter must not have. At the breakfast table she was as usual, a bit grave, but not This is for you and Supple. Supple more so than he could account for to bimself as being relevant to a young

every caprice could not be regarded with too much veneration. Peter had come out into the garden to find her for goodby, however, when he was starting for downtown.

Betty was cutting flowers, big crimson dahlias and marigolds and sprays of asparagus, and she made the blithest figure in her flowered frock with a little cape of Shetland wool about ber shoulders, all her curls blowing. her eyes overbrilliant with the wakefulness of the past night, her cheeks aflame with fever.

"But you are the lovellest girl that ever lived!" he exclaimed, staring at his wife, hat in hand. "Betty, do you know how beautiful you are?" She nodded. "Yes. exactly."

"We will go to the Ogden's party tonight, don't forget, don't tire yourself. I want them to see you as you look now. I shall be so proud of you!" She glanced up at him, laughed a little and turned to her flowers. That was the gist of it. A beautiful woman to be vain of. Her lips did quiver, but with superb pride she turned the quiver into mirth.

"Kiss me goodby," he asserted. "Not out bere."

"Come in the house, then." "No. Goodby, Peter." She did no even extend her band. "Is it because of the violin?" be

laughed. "I expect so." She was sorting her

-posies "Now, Betty, look here, dear. If a

man can't have the freedom of practicing a bit on a favorite instrument in furbelows, the clink of the wineglass- his own home, you know, it's not rea-"It doesn't sound reasonable," she

"Well, then?" with considerable im-

patience as he pulled out his watch. Betty's pretty shoulders went up a trifle, her head went to one side. She to the last, his hand reluctant to let go was choosing apparently whether to the coach door. little later maybe we learn to play put one more dahlia in her bouquet or with love, later on perhaps love plays not. She did not look at Peter. If she with us, and by and by, if we are not had, tears would have scalded her eyes, too spent, when the most beautiful brave bonny eyes with the sun shining

> "Will you kiss me or won't you?" he asked with an angry emphasis. His wife shook her head. And Peter

went down to Nassau street. What does masculine one and twenty As soon as the front door had closed them white and trembling with apknow of the magnificent pulsations of Betty sprang to her feet, the flowers prehension talked long and earnestly. twice his years? What does fair femi- fell to the path, she was indoors and niue seventeen know of the later har- the morning paper in her hand in less let's have our banns read on Sunday, vest of spiendid fruition that comes to time than it occupies to set it down. eh and not be runnin risks any longer.'
the woman of seventeen more years The shipping list was scanned. The "Risks,' is it, Shad?" Miss Supple So, quite seemingly submissive, full a. m. for Havre. Passengers must be of risks there is in stoppin' as we are.

wife's part, quite charming, gentle, a Mrs. Van Zandt went upstairs. Two bit nettled, but self satisfied in his po- of her trunks-the "Paradise trunks" sifion and glad all was over with and Peter had called them-still stood in where, in a hired coach. Tell me that!" discovered, on the busband's, the din- her little dressing room, a few trifles still remaining there to be taken out. Inside of three hours she bad packed tapped Miss Supple on the shoulder, them and a valise with her clothing jerked his thumb toward the dining and a few small belongings. She had There's somethin' in her that I love." ordered the coupe, dressed, driven to the steamship office, engaged passage and stateroom under her maiden name. in her emphasis a note of wholesome driven back to the double house, ordered dinner and gone out again, this

time on foot. Into East Tenth street to order a coach from the livery stable she knew was there; this done, Mrs. Van Zandt, having to pass Grace church on her way, halted at the gate, faltered a little, then went in; went to the pew Peter owned, where she and Peter had sat Sundays since their return, and

knelt down. Betty couldn't pray, as prayers are made in fitting words and phrases. again the girl who had only Hers was a torn and wrenched heart been Betty Van Zandt a lit- desiring to spend itself in just one outward throb that might reach to the di-Was she doing wrong? This did not

occur to her She was Betty, and Betty could not go on living any sort of lie life with structure of her wooing, wedding, and the man who had got her by fraud. short married life tumbled to pieces as Because, you see, so intricate and she saw it passing in review before strange are the complexities of some her. She was not distracted, or hys- natures. Betty would not have married terical, or swooning; Betty was not Peter Van Zandt if she had known

Which may reveal the fact that Betty was incapable of love, or then again it tions made her. She argued and plead- may prove the proposition that seventeen never is capable of that emotion

Her sobs came fast, her hands were clinched together in bitterness and loneliness; her eyes behind her mechlin veil were large with tears.

Then she heard some one speaking hear her-hushed women's voices, two of them, as they were busy with the

One said, "I thought they were to be married at Thanksgiving?" "No, not until Christmas. Christmas

is such a perfect time in itself. I think the wedding should be either before or after.

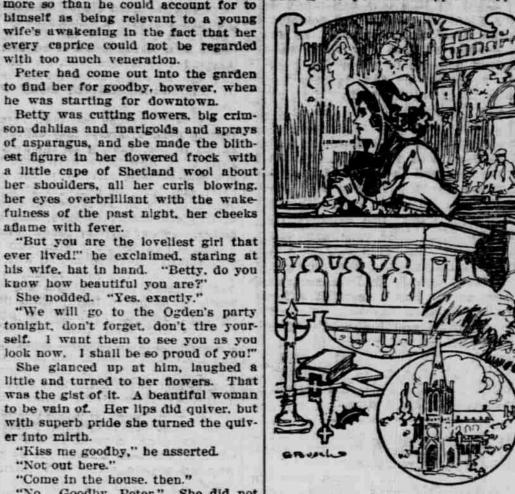
"Yes, so do I. Christmas should not be paired with anything. Wasn't the Van Zandt-Revere wedding lovely?" "Exquisite. I never saw such a perfect bride and bridegroom."

"Yes: theirs is a real happiness," Betty's lip curied: then the sobs came shaking her to her soul; then she rose from her knees and went

She wrote, a line only, to ber hus

I am going to father. BETTY. the astounded Shaddle beheld the drivers were black and cobwebby and er fetch down the two trunks, and the strung and hung with all manner of "New York, Nov. 10, 18-." her arm, just as when she had arrived in faded chintz, calfskin trunks with had mentioned in his letter to Colones must do. It would be done quietly and from her wedding tour.

Betty said, "Shaddle, I am going on



Betty's Lip Curled; Then the Sobs Came Shaking Her to Her Soul.

is out. I know; she has gone to Dean's for the lady cake Mr. Van Zandt

"Thank you, madam, Indeed, madam, I'm sorry you're not taking Bridget with you to wait upon you." "Thank you, Shaddle, I shall be able

to wait upon myself for a few days, 1 am sure." She got into the coach, the faithful butler wistful, compassionate, troubled

But it had to be shut. No directions were given; the driver

evidently knew his goal. With Shaddle shading his eyes with his broad palm, staring after her, Betty started away from her husband's house toward her father's. When Miss Supple got back with the

lady cake. Shaddle told her; both of Then Shaddle urged: "Biddy, darnin "'Risks,' is it. Shad?" Miss Supple Spain sailed the following day "at 6 retorted. "I'd like to know what kind in comparison of a young thing like that's goin' off three months after her weddin' day, all alone, nobody knows Shaddle couldn't tell Miss Supple that at all. Bridget added, "Time enough for our banus to be read. Shad, when the young mistress gets back.

"Supposin' she never comes back!" "Then our banns 'll never be read!"

> CHAPTER VI. What Peter Did.

學是自身自然自然也是自然

R. VAN ZANDT was late in getting from his office that day. He looked up at Betty's windows and saw lights shining through the filmy lace curtains. Poor Bridget had turned on every jet as high as possible. Shaddle had the biggest logs of his store burning on the hearth, and the two, one hovering to open the door, the other ambushed in the pantry, awaited the master's footstep. No need for his key. The butler opened wide, and Peter sprang in expecting his wife's laughter at the threshold, or did he not expect it? Had be one of those mysterious

things called an apprehension? No one might know. He said good evening to Shaddle, threw a short glance around and up the stairs, then into the drawing room, the library. Across, through the arch into the other half of the double house, stepping into bis library, picturing all the while ber fond little arms, her perfect lips, her tender cooing voice, the goodness and warmth and comfort and bliss of her, shortly to be found, enjoyed, reveled in. Perchance a little bit of submission, most delicious, and certainly by and by he should be playing to her on the despised violin, she listening.

won over, conquered. Yes; that would be it-conquered. To conquer-to be conquered-exactment must be always adequate, always

about. back to the other balf, the half they

Betty was not in her room or her dressing room. He did not note the absence of the trunks. Betty was not Mrs. Van Zandt in entire possession of made among themselves. No one knew in his dressing room, nor was she on the noths, flowers, graperies, etc. Brid- where Mrs Van Zandt was until Appy the floor above.

Then presently the coach came and halves of the double house. The raft- dient servant and son-in-law, valise and put them on; beheld his garments; there were dusty engrav- This was mailed and went out by the young mistress coming down the stairs ings, cracked mirrors, rusty Franklin ship sailing that very day for Havre. with her reticule and long shawl on stoves, spinning wheels, barrel chairs All the things that Peter Van Zandt brass nails, Hessian boots covered with Revere were promptly done; his orders mold, his father's old saddle, a pillow, carried out to the letter. Bridget a journey, very suddenly necessary. a spinet, piles of La Belle Assemblee agreed, more than willingly, to live on and annuals, rickety tables, three leg- in her accustomed quarters. It would ged chairs, Leghorn bonnets, sleigh not be lonely since the two basement that he had so lately hung on their the back doors of both kitchens were own figure in a cracked cheval glass was to do the cooking for her master but there was no Betty.

first floor. No one was yet to be seen.

to offer explanation. Van Zand: Thought: "She has gone

out, up to Bloomingdale to the De Peysters to give me a little fright, but I will not follow her. No, no. A man must not give in too far. She will come home by 10." He dressed for dinner, sat down and

te. He smoked a cigar or two, pacing the front hall after the servants had gone below. He watched the tall old clock in its niche between the drawing room and library doors, until the hands pointed to 10. Then he crossed again into the other

half of his house; into the law library. and, scanning the table, he at last saw Betty's envelope. He opened and read. He stood still, the frail, bitter little paper weapon grasped in his sledge hammer hand. That was it; the giant, the man, pow-

erless in the flutter of the butterfly's wings; blinded by the little, little thing; a littler thing even than the violin that had wrecked his wife's young

He sat down, still holding the tiny sheet; and he sat there, nearly motionless, until morning.

Shaddle and Supple sat up all night. too, waiting for a possible summons; watching for, they could not even surmise, what. The chilly, pallid sun of the Indian

summer slanted in alike upon master and man, and maid; but no word was spoken between them. Shaddle went up and laid out his

masters fresh clothes, filled his tub. put the morning paper on the candle stand beside his untouched bed, then slipped down again to the kitchen. The breakfast was announced, but although the master sat at meat, he ate

not a morsel; and only drank half the cup of coffee that Supple in silence poured for him. not come back for three days. Shaddie and Bridget were frightened to death almost; visions of suicide, mur-

der and kindred horrors distorting all

their waking and sleeping hours as well. By and by Mr. Van Zandt did come

No one knew until long years after where and how he had spent those seventy-two hours. When he returned it was on foot, unshaven, unkempt and haggard, aged by years, but with no syllable of either inquiry or explanation. He made his toilet, took some breakfast and drove down to his office in the white satin lined coupe he had made into so soft and bridelike a nest for Betty Revere.

and rapid band to his father-in-law at Limoges, merely this:

"Colonel John Paul Revere, American Consul General, Limoges, France: "My Dear Sir-You will do me the hon- of a key in the lock." or to receive each mouth for the future

half of my income from whatever law ple. "And him the light of her eyes practice I may have. It will reach you and her the apple of his!" by check through Rothschild & Co., bankers, of Paris, and I shall highly esteem the condescension of your con- through the wide iron bars of the veying the same monthly to my wife. kitchen window, seizing Bridget's



He Sat There, Nearly Motionless, Until Morning.

ly what the man and the woman each to be immediately altered into two dis- he never pushed aside the curtains wants. But the process of achieve- tinet dwellings; the masons and car- they had so artfully hung to inspect adjusted in a fashion that masculine | half which Mrs. Van Zandt did me the relief to him not to see the new walls. one-and-twenty knows nothing at all knoor of occupying will remain intact not to have to look at the solid dividas she was pleased to leave it, always ing barrier. Peter, of course, did not find Betty ready for her occupancy at any mo. For awhile he led his life quiet, so in the law library. He came slowly ment. The passageways will be walled far as one could see, as usual; only not up, the carriage house will be secluded mingling with his kind. Men never mostly lived in, and as slowly mounted from the square part of the establish ventured to ask Peter Van Zandt one ment and be solely at Mrs. Van Zandt's question; or women either; there was service. The garden will be unequally tacit silence between him and his acdivided by a high brick wall, leaving quaintances, whatever surmises they ret Supple will live in Mrs. Van Zandt's De Peyster had a letter from her at

oand and left it in his library on top of the Godey's Lady's Book, quite near the violin case. It ran this way:

But the enchapting little witch was naif of the house and will noid nerseit in complete readiness at all times to no more of an explanation than her husband. big place, extending all over both be, my dear Colonel Revere, your obe-

"PETER VAN ZANDT.

bells, the key to the big dividing doors | doors in reality opened upon one area; peg, a scrap of pink and yellow ribbon alongside of each other. Shaddle was under his feet, the reflection of his to remain in his place, and Miss Supple holding the candlestick in his hand, and all the general work of the bachelor quarters that were evidently to be Mr. Van Zandt came down to the maintained in the Washington square side of Dr. Van Zandt's big house.

In a fortnight the walls, then, were In fact, Shaddle and Miss Supple built, the arches filled, the new plaster were wedged in their pantry, palpitat- dried and papered in the semblance of ing with a great and suppressed excite- marble columns like the rest of the ment, neither one daring to emerge or halls. Heavy curtains, too, were hung it's your will me and Bridget, sir. 'd same leval matters for a few over the archways, and Peter Van die before we'd let a breath come near hours, Zandt, after that, retired to his half of them." the house and never again in long, long "Very good. I believe you. And years put his foot inside his wife's side of the old brick mansion.

As soon as the workmen began to be busy he had gone to the New York in Mrs. Van Zandt's room as busy to at the court house. hotel and stopped there. When the twilight comes on, and let them burn repairs were finished it was his order that Shaddle should so report to him. Everything now being finished, Shad-



Bridget was inside rolling out pastry She opened her such for the kitchen was hot.

"Shad!" "Yes, Biddy?"

"Do you think if the master finds it out he'll be after killin' us?" "Sure, don't be silly. What have we

got to do with it?" "Oh, haven't we, though!"

"He can't know it if you don't tell "Then maybe he'd blame the boss builder and call him in and make him

do it, and we'd get sent away for in-"No." Shaddle shook his head. "The young master 'll never find it out. He'll never look behind thim curtains,"

"It was bold of us anyhow." "It was yourself, Biddy, with your big heart as thought of leavin' the first floor arch as it was. It was yourself that wheedled the boss builder. It was

yourself that confessed it to Father O'Shaughnessy and got absolution for meddlin' with your superiors." "So it was." Bridget left the pastry board and sat down and cried tempestuously. "Sure it was me myself that did all that same, thinkin' all the time that whin the young creature comes back how sad she'd be to find the road

to him blocked up like that." "Ah, don't be cryin', Biddy. You're in the right of it always. Sure I'm Once at the office, he wrote in a firm | thinkin' the day'll soon come when the | Betty's Rooms Were a Bower of Frayoung master 'Il be glad enough that there's one door leadin' to the mistress' part of the old house that ain't barred ag'in him except by the turnin'

"She'll come home! Ah, she must one-half of my inherited income, one- come home to him!" wailed Miss Sup-

"Biddy," Shaddle dropped his blacking brush hastily and thrust a hand floury fingers, "say, mayn't 1 go beyond and tell Father O'Shaughnessy to read our banns next week?"

Shaddle had, he thought, caught his Dulcines in a melting mood. But Bridget cast a deeply repreachful glance through her bars, jerked her hand back to its rolling pin and an-

swered: "Sure, men has no hearts at all, at all. Shad, I'll not have no banns read until the mistress comes home." "Then the Lord help us!" responded

the butler. "May she come in the next ship." "She won't do that same, but she'll come," was Miss Supple's not altogether comforting rejoinder.

Mr. Van Zandt left the hotel that evening immediately after Shaddle's visit. He came back to his home, your daughter. Betty Revere Van entering now and always by the Wash-Zandt. You will also, my dear sir, I ington square door, the door his father am sure, do me the further favor of had been accustomed to use for all the conveying the intelligence to Mrs. Van years of his professional life. As the Zandt that the house on the square is serving man and woman had foreseen. penters will be at work tomorrow. The the work: in fact, it was an intense

Anny wrote, Betty answered; a correspondence that was between the lines, and wherein Anny proved herself the invaluable. wonderful friend a woman can be when she is made of the right mu-

On the night when Peter had left the New York hotel and returned to his swn roof, he had called Shaddle to him in his library. Shaddle saw the violin lying on the big table, also the Goder's Lady's Book and the little envelore uddressed to his master

"Shaddle." "Yes, sir?"

until morning."

"You see this table, these papers. books, violin case, all these things on

"I do, Mr. Van Zandt." "Well, I want them to remain just so. No finger to touch them; no dusting or moving at any time."

"Yes, sir." "And you will tell Bridget."

Shaddle, see to it always, every night without full-remember and tell Sup. Water was in the city ledge ple, too-light the gas jets, all of them, lookeng after some mailters of

"Yes, sir." Shaddle went down to Bridget. dle was polishing his boots in the gar- "Sure, Biddy," he concluded his orders den ontside of the kitchen window: with, "the mistress "il be comin' soon bere with his friend, Father M. and the banns"-

"Shaddle, be quiet." Supple ran upstairs and lighted up her young mis- John Martin, wine was an ever tress' rooms.

cause every other window was durk "have his dulies at first place, You see, Peter's abode was quite around the corner.

nigh, there arrived from the Berist's a aftermoon and will visit here in load of evergreens and hones of point the home of Mrs. Tergardent setting and wrenths of helly and miss parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. tletoe tied with scariet ribbons. And Smith, over Christmas. the young master said to the butler:

"Shaddle, I want you and Bridget to hang wreaths in the windows of Mrs. I must be direct was in the city has



grance.

Van Zandt's rooms, and gartands around the chandeliers and pictures, here with relatives and friends, and ropes of green over the doorways. The fore leaving for home Mr. and on Christmus eve, tomorrow night, schlater salded his name to the light all the candles on the manual and that of the readers of the told on your mistress' dressing tables and let them burn to the socket. And all the gas jets too. And here's for your

Christmas and Bridget's." And all was done as he had directed. Beity's rooms were a bower of fra- being, accompanying his brothergrance, and ever the picture of the in-law, R. B. Thompson, of Madonna and the little Blessed Child Octoboosa, lower, and J. W. Food. Bridget made bold to hang a blossed by of Hayard, Nebraska, who have medal fraught with prayers to all her been guests at the Whiteman favorite saints.

But the master did not come home that night.

(To Be Continued.)

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

My 1913 Excelsior Motorcycle Demonstrator-7-10 H. P., two cylinders, belt drive, Eclipse free engine clutch, Rosch magneto, fully equipped, Old Soi herdlight, Cidelity Tail lamp, Aermore exmust whistle. Presto-like gas tank, Mickel luguage carrier, Corbin-Brown speedometer, This machine has only been run about 500 miles, is slightly used and will be sold at a LARGAIN. For particulars cull or write.

H. STEINHAUER & SON. Plattamonth, Neb.

Best results are secured by advertising in the Journal.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bough Bears the Catt Wither

on the Market



Local News

Atterney William DelexDermer I Elmwood came in this after-"I shall, sir. Sure, sir, you know if your from his books to attend to

Nicholas Halmes of Westing

Father Withon Biggins of Murrier deported this measure or his bane, after a short with A. Shilipe.

Sumlay visities in this sain with And every night the neighbors saw relatives and friends, deposited the brilliancy in that half of the don-

J. H. Teegarden and wife at A little later on, when Christmas was Breek, Nebruska, stand in this

> day. For a few hourse limbing after Clarence Aprick, the young nor

C. L. Arrick, camer down from

nelscille Saturday to visit for a

ow days with his father in this

Edding G. L. Sirases of the

Luke Wiles and wife were guysengers this morning for Omolin. where they were called to afternito some numbers of business for

a short time.

Mrs. John R. Pierson of Philon was a presenger this morning for streams, where she will visit for the day and look after some matters of business.

Mrs. B. F. Bremiel, Mrs. J. F. Bresides and Mrs. J. T. Bresidel of Morezz were in the city today for a few hours looking after mallers of imviness,

William Starkjeller was nearing he passengers this morning on to, 15 for republic, where he was called to allend to some business. nations for a few hours. Cournd Schlaber departed this

afternoon for his home at Ords. tools, Nefs., after a whors work

J. A. Whiteman of Nehawka came up this morning from his home for a few days, and the fast two gentlemen departed on No. 6 for Owknissess, where Mr. Poster will make a short with,

