LOUISE HAS A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE WITH THE BACH-ELOR BROTHER AND SHE STARTS A LITTLE FLAME BURNING IN THE SOUL OF ONE

Synopsis.—On a trip through the English Cumberland country the breakdown of her automobile forces Louise Maurel, a famous London actress, to spend the night at the farm home of John and Stephen Strangeway. At dinner Louise discovers that the brothers are wom-

becile from the kitchen has just He looked at her, a little puzzled. The

step with the plowman by his side, but

without any of the laborer's mechani-

"Good morning! You have slept

"Better, I think, than ever before in

at any rate. And such an awakening!"

glow upon her face and the sunlight

"Tell me," she demanded impetu-

ously, "is this a little corner of fairy-

land that you have found? Does the

sun always shine like this? Does the

earth always smell as sweetly, and are

your trees always in blossom? Does

He turned around to follow the

"It is good," he said, "to find what

you love so much appreciated by some-

They stood together in a silence al-

most curiously protracted. Then the

"Tell me, Mr. Strangewey," she in-

"Come and I will show you," he an-

swered, opening the gate to let her

til we come to the end of the plow;

and then-but no, I won't anticipate.

They reached the end of the plowed

"Is it the home of the fairles you

new perspective was revealed-a little

breathed the elixir of life into it?"

ment upon his face.

well?" he called out.

CHAPTER III.

Louise awoke the next morning cal plod-with a spring in his footfilled with a curious sense of buoyant steps, indeed, pointing with his stick expectancy. The sunshine was pouring along the furrow, so absorbed in the into the room, brightening up its most instructions he was giving that he was somber corners. It lay across the quilt almost opposite the gate before he was perfume of lavender from the pillow abandoned his task and approached her. on which her head reposed. Aline, hearing her mistress stir.

hastened at once to her bedside. "It is half-past nine, madam, and my life," she answered. "Differently, your breakfast is here. The old im-

brought it up." Louise looked approvingly at the upon her brown hair kept him silent. breakfast tray, with the home-made He was content to look at her and wonbread and deep-yellow butter, the der. brown eggs and clear honey. The smell of the coffee was aromatic. She

"How delicious everything looks!" she exclaimed.

breathed a little sigh of content.

"The home-made things are well enough in their way, madam," Aline egreed, "but I have never known a household so strange and disagreeable. That M. Jennings, who calls himself the butler-he is a person unspeakable, a savage!"

Louise's eyes twinkled.

"I don't think they are fond of women in this household. Aline," she remarked. "Tell me, have you seen Charles?

"Charles has gone to the nearest blacksmith's forge to get something made for the car, madam," Aline redown to earth. plied. "He asked me to say that he was afraid he would not be ready to quired, "where are your farm buildstart before midday."

"That does not matter," Louise declared, gazing engerly out of the casement wir dow. Immediately below was through, "Keep close to the hedge una grass-grown orchard which stretched upward, at a precipitous angle, toward a beit of freshly plowed field; beyond, a This way!" a little clain of rocky hills, sheer overhead. The trees were pink and white field and, passing through a gate, with blodsom; the petals lay about turned abruptly to the left and began upon the ground like drifted snow- to climb a narrow path which bordered firkes. Here and there yellow jon- the boundary wall, and which became quils were growing among the long steeper every moment. As they as grass. A waft of perfume stole into

'Fill my bath quickly, Aline," Louise

Louise paused at last, breathless. Aline d'essed her mistress in sileace. Then, suddenly, a little excla- are taking me to?" she asked. "If you returned," he announced. "He sent had the wander fever." watten escaped her. She swung round have discovered that, no wonder you word that he will be ready to start at toward her mistress, and for once there find us ordinary women outside your one o'clock." was animation in her face. lives!

"But, madam," she exclaimed, "I He laughed, have remembered! The name Strangewey. Yesterday morning you read it going." he assured her. out while you took your coffee. You | They were on a roughly made road spoke of the good fortune of some now, which turned abruptly to the when, in the whole course of my life, farmer in the north of England to right a few yards ahead, skirting the I have met with such a delightful adwhom some relative in Australia had side of a deep gorge. They took a few venture or spent such a perfect mornleft a great fortune-hundreds and steps further, and Louise stopped short ing!" thousands of pounds. The name was with a cry of wonder. Strangewey, the same as that. I remember it now

tree. Louise sist for a moment with parted lips.

"You are quite right, Aline. I re- It was like a tiny world of its own, whether it could possibly be either of was a long line of farm buildings, built faint sarcasm, "this would seem to be these two men?"

Aline shook her head doubtfully. creatures live here, with no company but the sheep and the cows, if they had money-money to live in the cities, to buy pleasures, to be happy? Unbelievable, madem!"

Louise remained standing before the window. She was watching the blossom-laden boughs of one of the apple trees bending an' swaying in the fresh morning breeze-watching the restless shadows which came and went upon the grass benesch.

"That is just your point of view, Aline," she murmured; "but happiness -well, you would not understand.

They are strange men, these two," Louise found her way without difficuity across a cobbled yard, through a postern gate set in a red-brick wall, into the orchard. At the farther end she came to a gate, against which she rested for a moment, leaning her arms upon the topmost bar. Before her was the little belt of plowed earth, the fresh, pungent odor of which was a new thing to her; a little way to the right, the rolling moorland, starred with clumps of gorse; in front, across the field on the other side of the gray stone wall, the rock-strewn hills. The sky-unusually blue ft seemed to her, and dotted all over with little masses of fleecy, white clouds-seemed some- southward side with creepers; a row how lower and nearer; or was she, per-

She tingered there, absolutely bewildered by the rapid growth in her brain and senses of what surely must be church, in ruins at the farther end, upheaval of emotion. She felt that the of yours to crush it? You will destroy some newly kindled faculty of appreciation. There was a beauty in the hillside.

She turned her head almost lazily at the sound of a man's voice. A teat; of asked, clinging for a moment to John horses, strairing at a plow, were com- Strangewey's arm. ing round the bend of the field, and by their side, talking to the laborer who was that we tilled. Now look down. Strangewey's side. Before he could from the southward, they both watched that brief interview. He saw her defor the grocer every so often, his food guided ther, was John Strangewey. Hold my arm if you feel giddy."

the cows grazing in the pasture like toy animals. Then she turned and the square of farm buildings.

you are a farmer and that this is your life," she said.

the churchyard, by which they were on either side of the prim path.

"Suppose," he suggested, "you tell me about yourself now-about your own life."

of her bed, and seemed to bring out the aware of her presence. He promptly live, seem far away just now," she it there as a woman's protest against said quietly. "I think that it is doing the injustice of that isolation." me good to have a rest from them. Talk to me about yourself, please." He smiled. He was just a little dis-

We shall very soon reach the end

of all that I have to tell you," he re- minded him. "Do you play at being marked. "Still, if there is anything lords paramount here over the souls you would like to know-" "Who were these men and women

interrupted, with a little wave of her hand toward the graves. "All our own people," he told her.

"The married people," he went on "are buried on the south side; the

your wind always taste as if God had single ones and children are nearer the wall. Tell me," he asked, after a make-the sheep on one side and the sweep of her eyes. Something of the moment's hesitation, "are you married same glow seemed to rest for a moor single?"

ness of the question, the keen, steadfast gaze of his compelling eyes, her nerves and her voice. It was as if | ingly, but there was no sign of yieldsomeone had suddenly drawn away one ing in his face. plowman passed again with his team of the stones from the foundation of

"And of Elizabeth, for sixty-one years the faithful wife and helpmate dren, and his partner in the life ever- that one of the great sorrows of the

sat down.

CHAPTER IV.

up. Stephen Strangewey was coming but as a matter of fact, he has been cended, the orchard and the long, low the room through the window which house on the other side seemed to lie path. Louise, suddenly herself again, he who paid for my education at Haralmost at their feet. The road and the rose briskly to her feet. Stephen had row and Oxford." open moorland beyond, stretching to apparently lost none of his dourness ordered. Thurst go out. I want to see the encircling hills, came more clearly of the previous night. As he looked whether it is really as beautiful as it into sight with every backward glance. toward Louise, there was no mistaking

"Your chauffeur, madam, has just

Louise, inspired to battle by the almost provocative hostility of her elder "There are no fairies where we are host, smiled sweetly upon him.

to hear it," she said. "I don't know

its perfectly fitting tailored gown; at She pointed cace more to the family hamlet built on a shoulder of the her patent shoes, so obviously unsuitsteep descent, a wide and sunny valley. faint vision of silk stockings. "If I might say so without appear-

of gray stone and roofed with red tiles; the fitting moment for your departure. there were fifteen or twenty stacks; a A closer examination of our rough life. "It would be unbelievable, madam," quaint, whitewashed house of consid- up here might alter your views. If I tages, and the gray stone church. she decided. "Courl any sane human erable size, almost covered on the do not have the pleasure of seeing you again, permit me to wish you fare-

> watched him with very real interest. Testament, in the way he sees only too, of his way of thinking?"

> am," he confessed. "Do you never feel cramped-in your

push your way through the clouds laid her fingers lightly upon his arm. into some other life?" "I feel nearer the clouds here," he

answered simply. They were leaving the churchyard now. She paused abruptly, pointing "a necessary part of them."

to a single grave in a part of the from the rest.

told her quietly. "She was the daughter of one of our shepherds. She went here with a child. They are both which were stirring in his brain. They Stood Together in a Silence Al- buried here.'

from the others?" "Yes." he answered. "It is very sel-

passed away. The charm of its simple

"And I thought I had found para- own, and held it steadfastly. dise!" she cried.

She moved quickly from John

height at which they stood, of nothing it reverently at the head of the little shine. mound. For a moment her eyes Her eyes swept this strange tract of drooped and her lips moved-she her- head supported upon her hands. As customed chair, smoking his pipe and country backward and forward. She self scarcely knew whether it was in the car slackened speed, she rose very saw the men like specks in the fields, prayer. Then she turned and came slowly to her feet. slowly back to her companion.

Something had gone, too, from his murmured. looked at the neat row of stacks and charm. She saw in him now nothing but the coming dourness of his broth- marked, gazing down with a slight "I am trying hard to realize that er. Her heart was still heavy. She frown upon his forehead. shivered a little. It was he at last who spoke.

"Will you tell me, please, what is the leisurely fashion. matter with you, and why you placed standing. There was a row of graves that sprig of apple blossom where you

> She was a little surprised at its poignant, almost challenging note. "Certainly," she replied. "I placed

"I deny that it is unjust."

She turned around and waved her hand toward the little gray building. "The Savior to whom your church is dedicated thought otherwise," she re-

and bodies of your serfs?" "You judge without knowledge of the

Louise's footsteps slackened. "You men," she sighed, "are all alike! You judge only by what happens. You never look inside. That is why your justice is so different from a woman's. I do not wish to argue with you; but what I so passionately object to is the sweeping judgment you goats on the other. That is how man judges; God looks further. Every case is different. The law by which one should be judged may be poor justice for another."

She glanced at him almost appeal-

"Laws," he reminded her, "are made of horses and John called out some in- her life. She found herself repeating for the benefit of the whole human structions to him. She followed him the words on the tombstone facing race. Sometimes an individual may suffer for the benefit of others. That is inevitable."

"And so let the subject pass," she of Ezra Cummings, mother of his chil- concluded; "but it saddens me to think world should be there like a monument to spoil the wonder of this morning. was a momentary darkness before her Now I am going to ask you a question. eyes. She felt for the tombstone and Are you the John Strangewey who has recently had a fortune left to him?"

He nodded. "You read about it in the newspapers, I suppose," he said. "Part of the The churchyard gate was opened story isn't true. It was stated that I grimace, "feel that he had given me a . How many thousands of Caribs and closed noisily. They both glanced had never seen my Australian uncle, night's lodging under false pretenses." dwelt in the West Indies in 1492 is

> "What did your brother say to that?" "He opposed it," John confessed, looked at him. "and he hated my uncle. He detests the thought of any one of us going out of sight of our own hills. My uncle

"And you?" she asked suddenly, "I have none of it," he asserted.

A very faint smile played about her

"Perhaps not before," she mur-

mured; "but now?" "Do you mean because I have inherited the money? Why should I go out like a Don Quixote and search for vague adventures?"

swered swiftly. "You have a brain and unscrupulous. His tenants, both here Around the abrupt corner an entirely approving eyes—at her slender form in a soul too big for your life here. You and in Westmoreland, have to work eat and drink, and physically you flourish, but part of you sleeps because it with the means of living a disreputable mountain; and on the right, below a able for her surroundings, and at the is shut away from the world of real life." things. Don't you sometimes feel it in your very heart that life, as we were prince of Seyre is a friend of mine?" member it all perfectly now. I wonder hidden in the bosom of the hills. There ing inhospitable," he remarked, with meant to live it, can only be lived she asked stiffly. among your fellow men?"

He looked over his shoulder, at the little cluster of farm buildings and cot- the art of evading the truth."

"It seems to me," he declared simply, "that the man who tries to live more then. And now, why your dislike of than one life fails in both. There is my profession?" a little cycle of life here, among our thirty or forty souls, which revolves fessed. "You come from a world of "Do you know," she said to John, around my brother and myself. A which I know nothing. All I can say there is something about your brother passer-by may glance upward from the is that I would rather think of youa little like the prophets in the Old road at our little hamlet, and wonder as something different." what can ever happen in such an outone issue and clings to it. Are you, of-the-way corner. I think the answer patted his arm lightly. is just what I have told you. Love and marriage, birth and death happen. These things make life."

Her curiosity now had become mind, I mean?-feel that you want to merged in an immense interest. She ently." "You speak for your people," she said. "That is well. But you your-

self?" "I am one of them," he answered-

"How you deceive yourself! The churchyard which seemed detached time will come, before very long, when find himself confronted with the adyou will come out into the world; and venture of his life, John Strangewey "Whose grave is that?" he inquired, the sooner the better, I think, Mr. John logged homeward in his high dogeart.

He moved a little uneasily. All the

"You would like to say, wouldn't you," she went on, "that this is a useful and an upright life? So it may be, few hours into absolute and entire forbut it is not wide enough or great getfulness of the present. He could dom, I am glad to say, that anything enough. Some day you will feel the see the motorcar drawn up by the side desire to climb. Promise me, will you, of the road, could hear the fretful For the second time that morning that when you feel the impulse you voice of the maid, and the soft, pleas--in the midst of which was an ancient Louise was conscious of an unexpected won't use all that obstinate will power ant words of greeting from the woman sunshine had gone, that the whole the best part of yourself, if you do. sweetness of the place had suddenly You will give it a chance? Promise!" She held out her hand with a little their accident.

impulsive gesture. He took it in his "I will remember," he promised.

Along the narrow streak of road, realize her intention, she had stopped the rapid approach of a large motor- scend from the car, felt the touch of is likely to cause an unsettled condi-

nd the lower hills on both sides, were | lected grave. She tore out the spray man-inside. It swang into the level parceled out into fields, inclosed within of apple blossom which she had thrust stretch beneath them, a fantasy of cracked it viciously in the air. stone walls, reminding her from the into the bosom of her gown, and placed gray and silver in the reflected sun-

Louise had been leaning forward, her "The chariot of deliverance!" she

"It is the prince of Seyre," John re-

She nodded. They had started the descent and she was walking in very

"The prince is a great friend of mine," she said. "I had promised to spend last night, or, at any rate, some His tone woke her from her lethargy. portion of the evening, at Raynham castle on my way to London."

> He summoned up courage to ask her the question which had been on his lips more than once. "As your stay with us is so nearly

> over, won't you abandon your incognito?" "In the absence of your brother," she

answered, "I will risk it. My name is Louise Maurel." "Louise Maurel, the actress?" he repeated wonderingly.

"I am she," Louise confessed. "Would your brother," she added, with a little

lights standing still."



I Placed It There as a Woman's Protest Against the Injustice of That

world had turned topsyturvy with him. quickly began to die out under the the prince of Seyre! He walked on them as slaves and shot them when mechanically until she turned and they made war. Today it is doubtful

"Well?"

"I am sorry," he declared bluntly, "Why?" she asked, a little startled t his cander.

"I am sorry, first of all, that you are a friend of the prince of Seyre." "And again, why?"

"Because of his reputation in these

"I am not a scandalmonger," John replied dryly. "I speak only of what I know. His estates near here are systematically neglected. He is the worst "Because you are a man!" she an- landlord in the country, and the most themselves to death to provide him

> "Are you not forgetting that the "I forget nothing," he answered, "You see, up here we have not learned

She shrugged her shoulders. "So much for the prince of Seyre,

""That is another matter," he con-

She laughed at his somber face and

"Big man of the hills," she said. "when you come down from your frozen heights to look for the flowers, I shall try to make you see things differ-

CHAPTER V.

Once more tine long, winding stretch of mountain road lay empty under the moonlight. Up the long slope, where three months before he had ridden to Strangewey, or you will grow like your The mare, scenting her stable, broke "It is the grave of a young girl," he brother here among your granite hills." into a quick tret as they topped the long rise. Suddenly she felt a hand food. The garden, therefore, should time she was watching him. It seemed tighten upon her reins. She looked into service at Carlisle, and returned to her that she could read the thoughts inquiringly around, and then stood patiently awaiting her master's bidding.

It seemed to John as if he had passed from the partial abstraction of the last she were very far removed indeed from any of the small annoyances of

He set his teeth. The poignancy of the recollection was a torture to him. Word by word he lived again through sight up the steep rise. He walked in stick. The valley sheer below them, her knees by the side of the plain, neg-

him with that pleasant Ltd's air of familiarity, shared by no otifer woman he had ever known.

Then the little scene faded away, and he remembered the tedious present. He had spent two dull days at the house of a neighboring land owner, playing cricket in the daytime, dancing ar night with women in whom he was unable to feel the slightest interest, always with that faraway feeling in his heart, struggling hour by hour with that curious restlessness which seemed to have taken a permanent place in his disposition. He was on his way home to Peak Hall. He knew exactly the welcome which was awaiting him. He knew exactly the news he would receive. He raised his whip and

Stephen was waiting for him, 23 he had expected, in the dining room. The elder Strangewey was seated in his acreading the paper. The table was laid for a meal, which Jennings was preparing to serve.

"Back again, John?" his brother remarked, looking at him fixedly over his newspaper.

John picked up one or two letters, glanced them over, and flung them down upon the table. He had examined every envelope for the last few months with the same expectancy, and thrown each one down with the same throb of disappointment.

"As you see." "Had a good time?"

"Not very. Have they finished the barley fields, Stephen?" "All in at eight o'clock."

There was a brief silence. Then Stephen knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to his feet.

"John," he asked, "why did you pull up on the road there?" There was no immediate answer.

The slightest of frowns formed itself upon the younger man's face. "How did you know that I pulled

"I was sitting with the window open, listening for you. I came outside to see what had happened, and I saw your

"I had a fancy to stop for a moment," John said; "nothing more."

John Strangewey is able to stand this kind of dissatisfaction with life for just so long. Then he takes the bit in his teeth and goes tearing away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAST OF THE CARIB INDIANS

Not More Than One Hundred of Race Which Columbus Found in West Indies Are Still Alive.

The Carib Indian was the first representative of Lo, the poor red man, to meet the tide of European travel. He was the one found by Columbus and the later Spanish explorers in the West Indies, and he has given the Caribbean sea his name. Thus he is assured a monument as long as geography shall last, and he needs it, because as a living race he has practically disappeared.

John made no immediate reply. The largely a matter of conjecture. They whether there are 100 pure-blooded Caribs alive. Practically all of them live on the British isle of Dominica, on a reservation set apart for them called

The reservation is very difficult of access, for there is no skeltered harbor or landing place. The only method of approach is by one of the coasting steamers which circle pe island. "What does that mean?" she asked. When the steamer gets opposite Salybia with anyone who wants to land aboard, she stops and whistles. If the weather is good and the water smooth enough, a canoe puts out and takes the passenger ashore. If the weather is too rough the passenger must needs content himself to go on around the island and try again on the next round.

A Model Man.

Adam, the first, was a man of lovable disposition and a model husband, so I am informed by the recorders of early events. Never once in the recolection of his biographers did he speak fll of his beloved soulmate in the presence of human company, and according to those who were able to know all his private affairs he never kicked on her cooking nor growled at her house-

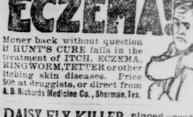
Whether she wore her gowns high cut or low in the neck was a matter of little or no concern to him so long as she was respectably attired in the fashion of the period. And when she got fired from the Palm Garden for nibbling apples without someone's consent Adam did not sneak off to Reno. as husbands do today, to apply for a divorce. No. He cast aside his overalls, threw up his job and went out with the little lady like a little man. That's the kind of a sparerib he was! -Zim, in Cartoons Magazine.

The Essentials of Gardening. The essentials for successful gardening on a small or large scale are soil, water and cultivation. Much depends also on the grower, the season and the crops selected.

The soil is the storehouse of plantcontain humus or rotted material in large quantities. The gardener should remember that about 50 per cent of ordinary earth is not soil at all, but consists of air and water.

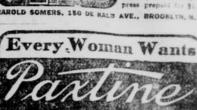
Water makes plantfood that is present freely soluble. Rain and snowwater are soft and contain ammonia. The magic of soft water on the plant world is one of the miracles of good gardening, as everyone who has conwho had seemed from the first as if trasted the effect of rain with that produced by sprinkling with a hose realizes. Plants are succulent and contain large amounts of water which "I have broken down. Can you help?" they have to draw from the soil.

When a fellow doesn't come through









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TIMES CHANGED IN KOREA

Government Which Twenty Years Ago Was Afraid of New Methods Now

Welcome American Ideas.

Twenty years ago the old Korean government was so afraid of new ideas that a Korean student in the Methodist Episcopal School for Boys in Seoul was arrested and put into prison. What was the henious charge? Simple that he had formed a literary society that

discussed matters of general interest! But times have changed and Korea now appreciates American ideas, says the World Outlook. The imprisoned boy, named Cynn, came to America to study and later became the efficient principal of his old boys' school in Seoul. And how the boys discuss our rent events nowadays! Mr. Cynn has since then distinguished himself in a general conference by a speech notable for its thought and its English. He is just one of the many Korean youths who have tested Uncle Sam's tree of knowledge and found it good.

HAVE SOFT, WHITE HANDS

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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

King Edward's Little Needs. Many interesting reminiscences of famous people are given by Mr. F. Townsend Martin in "Things I Re-

Referring to the late King Edward the author says: "Lady Burton once told me an amusing incident which occurred when the

late King Edward stayed at Glen-

member."

"I hope, sir, that you have found everything to your liking? she said to the royal visitor.

"'Yes,' answered the king; 'but, if I may make a suggestion, one little thing would add greatly to the com-

fort of your guests.' "'Oh, sir, what can that be?" "'Well, Lady Burton,' said his majesty, 'the one thing needful is a hook

on the bathroom door."

Promise Easily Kept. "Your honor, let me off this time and I'll never appear before you again," pleaded the culprit. "Am I to take this as a promise to

reform?" "Yes, your honor. And I might add that I am on my way to Australia. If I should happen to backslide, some other court would attend to my case."

"Banks looks all gone to pieces." "No wonder. He's broke."-Baltimore American. A doctor may give a patient hope,

but he charges for the time it takes to

give it.

Natural Result.

Preparing for Tomorrow

Many people seem able to drink coffee for a time without apparent harm, but when health disturbance, even though slight, follows coffee's use, it is wise to investigate.

Thousands of homes, where coffee was found to disagree, have changed the family table drink to

Instant Postum

With improved health, and it usually follows, the change made becomes a permanent one. It pays to prepare for the health of tomorrow.

"There's a Reason"

lanps, higher up?

world which she had not felt before.

she watched him as he came into She followed the wave of his ash over the low dividing wall and was on car. There were two servants upon her hand on his arm, saw the flash tion of the stomach.—Indianapolis

most Curiously Protracted.

of cottages, and a gray-walled inclo-

sure-stretching with its white tomb-

stones to the very brink of the descent

partly rebuilt with the stones of the

Louise looked around her, silent with

"Why not? You asked where the land

wonder. "It isn't real, is it?" she

so much as the quilt upon her bed.

He swung open the wooden gate of

"My life, and the world in which I

who have lived and died here?" she facts," he assured her calmly.

She studied the names upon the tombstones, spelling them out slowly.

She gave a little start. The abruptseemed for a moment to paralyze both

Her knees began to shake. There

the slow dislike in his steely eyes.

"You can't imagine how sorry I am

Stephen looked at her with level, dis-

He turned and walked away. Louise

"Up to a certain point, I believe I

He hesitated.

"Because of that her grave is apart of the sort happens among us,"

austerity had perished.