

# The Romance of a Million Dollars

(Continued From Page Seven.)

By Elizabeth I

muscles in his cheeks began to twitch. Suddenly his hands settled on her shoulders. "Marie! That man was not lying then—just to hurt you? You have faith in me?"

She looked at him with shining eyes. "It is true. I have loved you from the first day—it was ugly jealousy that made me strange. It was for your sake that I drove him away without exposure to your family."

"And I have loved you! I've feared for you and agonized over you—I thought you had turned away from me forever!" His face was a-quiver, like a glassy pool whose stillness has been suddenly broken by a fallen branch. He caught her up, held her as one would a rescued child, clasped close, rejoiced over. He kissed her, eyes and cheeks, lips and throat, there were unguessed depths of emotion and devotion in Breck Dunbarton-Kent, as in Bella, and a world of love and tenderness in little Marie. Her arms about his neck held him strained; for a few moments life ended—then was born again.

Breck put her down lingeringly. "I want my arms about you!" he said. He stripped off his coat and laid it across a gap in the wall of the cottage. He lifted her up and sat her on her throne, full in the moonlight; put his arms around her and laid his head in her lap. "I have longed and longed for you—ever since the time you said, 'Ah, monsieur, now I know why you look so sad! Little one, I was a thief because I didn't know any better than to steal. You understand, don't you—just ignorance, just wrong fraining? That reform school! Why, it was only a place where I was made to feel that I was an outcast. And the preacher who took me from it and used me to clean his stable and chop his wood—at prayers each day he used to ask God to have mercy on the sinner in their midst and he would as soon have touched a toad as my hand. But my uncle! He brought love and understanding. I had no moral sense—I barely knew how to read and write. He was a big-hearted man and a courtly gentleman. He told me my mind was good and he brought me books.

He said I had in me every good quality he possessed, and that he hoped I had none of his bad ones. He made me laugh and feel happy. Whenever he came he shook hands with me. I loved him—I worshiped him. When they let me but he took me to the Maine woods with him, to hunt and fish. Think what that was to me, a gamin grown into a jailbird of 18! He sent me to a boy's school—he told me he would send me to college, if I had it in me. I was older than the other boys—I worked like mad to catch up—ambition was born in me. Then he put me in college—how I worked! Then, my first vacation, he brought me here. He told me then who I was, his nephew, a Dunbarton-Kent. For hours, here in the cottage, we talked together, and I longed and resolved to become a worthy Dunbarton-Kent. I loved Kent house—I was a Dunbarton-Kent, part of it. Then I lost—him—" He caught his breath in a sob. "It was—hard. I loved him so."

Marie stroked his bent head. "Do not tell me any more, dear one—I know everything, and I understand."

"I must. I've longed so to tell you. Aunt Bulah wrote me to go on in college and try to do well. She hadn't much faith in me, and I worked the harder because of it. I stood well in college. But no one knew my real history. Then West did to me what he said. Every one shunned me—I went through hell. I went to France to get away from it. It helped me, though. It got worked into my marrow that Germany's cause was that of the world thief. When they took me prisoner, I felt that they imprisoned me because I had done right. There's a vast difference. And I lived through it somehow, to come back to Kent house. It was my dream, to come back to the home of my family and make myself respected and loved. Aunt Bulah took me in for my uncle's sake. But West was here—that—"

"Monsieur! Breck, do not!" Marie begged.

He calmed instantly. "I will not, dear. I should not denounce,

for I know them so well, those who have allowed an obsession to eat away their souls. And who knows? When he has reached the depths, perhaps even he will find his soul. It was my uncle's belief that there is no depravity that cannot be cured, that the spark of regeneration lies in every criminal, however great his criminality. My uncle's belief is the right one—it redeemed me; optimism vivifies life, pessimism destroys it."

"But, Marie, there are some things I must tell you. West was right in some of his deductions: I did threaten him; I did know he visited Mrs. Smith's house secretly; I did think her a bad woman, even before I became certain that she was the thief; I did watch her house and search it several times without results. But, Marie, about some things he was wrong—I judged me by himself. I loved you throughout, utterly and unselfishly and without hope."

"For your sake, I tried to frighten him, but he held the key to his secret and I did not—he himself was Mrs. Smith. I thought him the kind of man who would mislead you if he could. I did want you to leave Kent house, but for your own sake, not for mine. I couldn't tell you what was the trouble at Kent house. I was so desperately afraid if you were friendly to me they would think you were my confederate. I knew that at first you pitied me, I loved you for coming to ask me what ailed me, you child with a big heart! I forgot caution and gave you the little spaniel, you were so lonely and distressed, and I begged you to leave Kent house. But I couldn't explain—it wasn't safe. I had to behave like a dumb fool, or something worse. Then I was afraid my gift would get you into trouble and I took the spaniel away. I gave you the pistol, both as a protection and a warning."

"Then they took you into Kent house and I knew some one had told you my history, as they regarded it, and that you abhorred me. But I went on trying to guard you. I followed you and West about and I made him understand that, if he hurt you, I'd kill him. Just once the misery I

was in got the better of me—that morning at the cottage. You were accusing me of meeting Mrs. Smith, his woman, and I felt that no matter what I said, you would not believe me. I flung at him the thing I would have given anything to believe, that you had and always would have faith in me.

"And, Marie, I did make one friend. He knew my history; he knows many things he is supposed not to know; he's an observer and, too, he knew my uncle. Gibbs was my friend. He helped me—he used to let me in and out of Kent house. He played his part well. He kept the servants under his thumb; he even used you to frighten them, making them believe you were a detective sent by Mrs. Brant-Olwin. But Gibbs liked you and watched over you. He did not like West—he used to tell me that he was certain that you did not care for West, but that you loved Aunt Bulah. When I decided to leave Kent house and give all my time to finding the thief, Gibbs promised to watch over you. I went the night before the party and the next afternoon Gibbs telephoned me that Mrs. Smith had come back. But for Gibbs, I don't know what I should have done."

"And, Marie, Mrs. Brant-Olwin has been like a sister to me. You see, I knew Ward Wakefield well when we were in France. He is a brilliant young lawyer and I thought that should I be arrested, he would help me, so I went to see him. I told nothing about my affairs, but he told me, as a great secret, that he was engaged to Mrs. Brant-Olwin and that they meant to surprise society. They are very much in love with each other. While she was in Florida, she used to make stolen visits to New York to see him, and it was on one of these visits to his office that you met her and she sent you to Kent house, and not as a joke. She has told me that you were so young and pretty and she knew Aunt Bulah would take an interest in you. Little she knew to what she was sending you! Gibbs had telephoned me to come back and, as Ward was not feeling well, I took his place at the dinner. I wanted Mrs. Brant-Olwin to like me—I

liked her as soon as is wholesome, gen Ward's friend and secret, and that M friend, too, but M ginning to end and end, you have been hadn't a hope left, still abhorred me, looked at me or spo I couldn't endure it. I have my arms ab it still seems a mirac made you cry—I d make you cry, dear—

Marie's thoughts jointed as her words suffering for you! I —my heart ached a —I wished these la to be dead. Mr. Gi man; so long as I him. Purposely he you tonight, by sho about Mrs. Brant- paper. I know it no which will never was wicked with j- bad woman—that. Never again will I that, without reason

A graver man tha have succumbed, jumbled English. time in her knowl Marie heard him and happily. He lau her the closer, ar again. He dried he ing them away. "A with all the love there is in me as I'll be a true hu Marie."

It was a glimps ture, and Marie sa you wish most of me here in this house—as did you "Yes!" he said d She put her arms "Then lift me do please—Breck—and and tell it to Mr Kent at once. I th alone in her room."

From the libra them coming up th and into the full i in hand.

(The En

## Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Four.)

day while Mrs. Williams was out walking with her baby the Indian rode up and snatched the baby out of her arms and galloped out of town. The mother was very frightened when she found that every man had gone hunting, so a boy, 15 years old, started after him and shot the Indian, then took the crying baby home to his frightened mother. You may be sure he was honored a great deal.—Maxine Pierce, Shelton, Neb.

### The Punishment.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am 13 and in the Seventh grade. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am writing a story.

Once there was a little boy who always stole birds' eggs. One day when he was stealing some eggs his father saw him and gave him a spanking and ever after he has always left bird eggs alone.—Evelyn Phipes, Stanton, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: We take the Omaha Bee with your page in it. I like it fine and would like very much to join. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and would like you to send me the button. I will try to help someone every day and I will try to protect all birds and all dumb animals. I will be in the Seventh grade at school next year.—Grace E. Reich- enbach, age 12, Washington, Neb.

### A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending you a coupon and a 2-cent stamp. I am 8 years old. I will be in the Fourth grade when school starts again. I have one sister and two brothers. We girls are trying to get a little Tribe. I will close.—Dorothy Moffitt, Mondamin, Ia.

### The Canary.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to the Go-Hawks. I received my pin. I like it very much and I like to wear it. I am going to tell you of a wild canary. It has made its nest in one of our flower bushes, and its nest is much like an oriole. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Beryl Pope; Age, 12; Walnut, Ia.

### Will Keep Motto.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk pin and was glad to get it. I have tried to protect the birds and dumb animals as much as I can. My letter is getting long so I will close.—Verle Dority, Shelton, Neb.

### My Pets.

Dear Happy: I have three black kittens. Their names are Jackie, Billie and Sammy. I have a black dog. His name is "Beaver," and a pet horse. Well this will be all for this time.—Florence Getchell, Genoa, Neb.

### Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Go-Hawks' letters and stories in The Omaha Bee every Sunday, and I enjoy reading them very much. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to be kind to birds and dumb animals. I have a pet cat. I'm in the

fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Parker. I like my teacher very much. Next time I will write a story. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.—Rose Croghan, Plainview, Neb.

### Frances.

Dear Happy: I read The Omaha Bee every Sunday and I like it very much. I am 7 years old and in the third A at school. I have one little sister. Her name is Frances. She is so cute. We were getting ready for a party. She went to the table and got a whole chunk of butter.—Caroline Vananda, 707 East Sixth street, Fremont, Neb.

## Dot Puzzle



Has its house upon its back, Caught this one in Hackensack.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

## The World Outsi

(Continued From Page Two.)

talked—exceedingly well. Nothing was overdone, nothing hidden. Bancroft searched in vain for the joker; there was none.

"Well, I'm flabbergasted, as we say here in the village," Bancroft laid the prospectus on his desk.

"That's natural enough. On the face of it it does look incredible. But Marconi was incredible 30 years ago. You buy a book, you sit here under the study lamp and enjoy yourself. Laughter, pathos,

### First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to Happyland and I think I will enjoy to be a member. I hope that some of the Happyland children will write to me. Here is 2 cents enclosed for the Go-Hawk button. I am 10 years of age and I am in the sixth grade in school. Well as my letter is getting long I will close.—Orvel Nelson, Stanton, Ia.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I like the dot puzzles. I am 7 years old. I live on a farm. I read the Teenie Weenies and I like it. I will send a stamp and the coupon.—Rolland Miller, Aged 7, Craig, Neb.

### In Field and Forest.

Nestling plumage is the name of a bird's very first suit of clothes. In some bird families it is just like the dress of grown-up birds. However, it is usually worn only a few weeks before it is outgrown. While it does look as though feathers grow very close together, still they grow in patterns, with spaces of bare skin between. It does not show because the feathers lap over each other and cover the skin.

Some of the babies are dressed just like their mothers, but the young males do not get a coat like their fathers until they are a year old. Sometimes it takes two or three years before they have grown-up suits. Long ago I learned that young robins have speckled breasts and spots on their shoulders, but their parents do not.

Oriole and bluebird babies usually dress like their mothers the first season. Birds that live on the ground have dresses of dull colors, for they would not be safe if they wore gay colors. Sometimes I have seen fathers, mothers, babies all dressed just alike.

One of my little friends, who lives in South Dakota, has written me to ask how birds change their clothes. So I will tell you all next Sunday. Your. UNCLE JOHN.

thrills, love, myster yours. But the me the book, the ch You become an out no souvenirs. Wi what you read. Si "How are the p: Ten thousand in ad "No. One thous 9,000 upon the suc sion."

That was the fin Bancroft was not i converted. He go read a great many l in touch with the the newspapers; bu I ever heard of." length of the roc "What about battl sudden death?"

"Battle—the daily for food. Murder— Death—when does i beside us? Don't y out of the idea?"

"If it weren't for side I might. But r ceive a business lik to act upon it!"

"When human wool they absorber the sheep."

"Now you are cha take a dare," said Ba "That's childish,

forced me or cajoleo my ordinary com belled against. On t I'd be a liar if I refus that you have arous ity considerably."

"Young man," s: turer coldly, "if yo all the precaution in not save you. If yo you will die in be That's all there is t member the old line He either fears his

Or his deserts a Who dares not put To gain or lose

"What's the us money, if you can't fun out of it, you, v so frugally? Will y riotous living, or w hospitals and researc Or will you let it topples over and s In a little while you be a free man; yo the slave of these m you a temporary es: ever played? I sh you had not. Well will never have the will be a drudge all

"Let me ask a que: Copyright, 19

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