

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS. Neale Crittenden, a young man, has taken a position with a lumber firm. He is a young man of about thirty, with a good deal of experience in the woods. He is a young man of about thirty, with a good deal of experience in the woods. He is a young man of about thirty, with a good deal of experience in the woods.

He was saying to himself: "Five days since she left! Only five days! God! How am I going to live through any more of them. How many more sleepless nights! Will she ever get back?"

"Yes, isn't it warm tonight?" said Eugenia, seeing that he was wiping his wet forehead with his handkerchief.

"Unreasonable, very," agreed Neale. He had turned sick with his recurrent panic lest she never come back. He ought to have taken that next train and gone right after her, as he wanted to.

"Have you any news from Miss Allen?" asked Neale.

"Oh, no," said Eugenia, slightly surprised. "When she's coming back so soon, she probably doesn't see there's any need to write."

Neale was trying again to think things over reasonably, trying to do as he had always done about everything, to get things clear and straight and sure in his head. There must be no possibility of a mistake where Marise was concerned. "How about this now? I've gone state on other things. How do I know I won't have a slump some time later? A human being is so full of such damn unexpected things—I must be sure for Marise's sake. How can any man be..."

At this he was shaken by so terrible a thought of longing for Marise that he was frightened. He sat pale, breathless, helpless before it, suffering, tortured, exalted.

When he could breathe he wiped his forehead again. His fingers were shaking. He would go out of his mind if she didn't come back soon. His need for her was like a man's need for air and food and water and sleep. Think reasonably about such essential needs as that! A man cannot live without them. He could not live without Marise. He had not lived before he knew her.

"How moved he is!" thought Eugenia, seeing his pale, shaken look. "But he doesn't dare speak. He will tomorrow. Or the day afterwards."

The waiter brought the dessert. Also coffee with the unorderly cordial.

CHAPTER LII. Father had grown stouter. He always did. But he looked very well. And his shirts and socks seemed to be all right. Melanie had seen to

her white young hand with her gnarled fingers that had worked so hard for the child Marise. And when her first agitation was over, and she was calm enough to try to talk, the questions, the loving, anxious questions: "Was she well, the darling, darling girl? And was she happy? And did that Parisian slut of a maid look out for her decently? And who did the marketing? And who did her hair, her beautiful, beautiful hair? Jeanne's brown hand rested lightly on the shining dark head. No one had hair like her Marise. She must let it down so that Jeanne could see it again as in the old days. And how about her linen? Jeanne was troubled on this point. Linen was not what it had been and the way it was washed in Paris was a crime. A Parisian family were staying near by, and Jeanne's daughter-in-law did their washing. Such grimy, gray linen—it made Jeanne sick to think that perhaps her darling was no better cared for. Marise must needs open her valise there and then, and take out a chemise to show Jeanne, who handed it, it close to her good eye, touched the tip of her tongue to it, and gave it back, saying, with an attempt at tolerance, "Oh, well, it's as good as a laundress can do nowadays. I dare say."

When Marise went quietly out at the gate she left Jeanne dozing in her chair under the plane trees, dozing, and waking to talk lovingly to the two little girls who had both died so long ago.

She had learned in the village that Mile. Hasparren was no longer teaching in Bayonne, had gone back to her own little hill town in the Pyrenees. Marise knew the way there very well, having spent many a week-end and vacation with Mile. Hasparren in the old days. The boy from the farm where Jeanne was living chanced to have an errand that took him over the pass and down into that valley. On an impulse Marise asked to go with him. She stowed her valise away under the plank seat and scrambled up beside the bullet-headed boy in the blue beret. How it all took her back to her childhood!

When, after a few days of sharing this menage, she told her father she thought she would go down to see Jeanne, he said, sure, that was all right she felt like it, and was she sure she didn't need any more money?

Under the thick green shade of polarded sycamores sat old Jeanne in the wheeled chair Marise and her father had given her. The young girl, whom Marise and her father paid to take care of Jeanne, came running to unlock the gate and let the visitor in.

There was old Jeanne, her head tied up in the black coil, just as Marise had seen her a thousand times, her face all twisted to one side just as she had seen her that one time she could not forget.

Marise must sit beside her, and let old Jeanne look into her face closely with her loving old eyes, and stroke

them, although the dusk was thick all over the furniture, and the windows, were semi-opaque with smoke. Father was glad to see her, said she was looking very pretty and asked her kindly if she didn't need some more money; but he was not in the least enthusiastic over her reforms in the housekeeping. "Who cares about dust!" he told her. "And as for smoke on the windows, I'm never here in the daytime anyhow except for lunch—and I don't want to look out of the windows then." And as for getting hold of Biron to keep him up to the mark, Marise found that it was trying to put your finger between the tree and the bark to get between Biron and her father. Every evening after dinner, Biron left Melanie to the mere brute labor of cleaning up and washing dishes while he put on a clean apron and came into the salon to talk with his employer about the two meals of the morrow. Marise was astonished at the learning and acumen displayed by both of them in the matter. However had her father learned so intimately all the resources of Les Halles in all the seasons? He subscribed to a newspaper which gave a complete report of the arrivals at the market from both seashore and country side, over which he and Biron pored frames over the page. And there was a wine seller's journal, too, the new items of which were brought up for consideration once a week.

"When it falls, I go out and run a mile, and then I can eat anything."

Melanie was no longer allowed to serve the meals thus prayerfully planned. It was Biron himself who brought in the plat, set it down and waited anxiously till it had been tasted and the verdict pronounced. He did not sit down opposite his master and share the meal... not yet! he would. Why not? He was the only other person capable of appreciating that meal. He and her father were bound together by a common passion; they completed and rounded out each other's lives. Where else could Biron find another such employer? They were blood brothers, fellow priests of a common cult. They might be thankful that somehow they had found each other in the world.

When, after a few days of sharing this menage, she told her father she thought she would go down to see Jeanne, he said, sure, that was all right she felt like it, and was she sure she didn't need any more money?

Under the thick green shade of polarded sycamores sat old Jeanne in the wheeled chair Marise and her father had given her. The young girl, whom Marise and her father paid to take care of Jeanne, came running to unlock the gate and let the visitor in.

There was old Jeanne, her head tied up in the black coil, just as Marise had seen her a thousand times, her face all twisted to one side just as she had seen her that one time she could not forget.

Marise must sit beside her, and let old Jeanne look into her face closely with her loving old eyes, and stroke

her white young hand with her gnarled fingers that had worked so hard for the child Marise. And when her first agitation was over, and she was calm enough to try to talk, the questions, the loving, anxious questions: "Was she well, the darling, darling girl? And was she happy? And did that Parisian slut of a maid look out for her decently? And who did the marketing? And who did her hair, her beautiful, beautiful hair? Jeanne's brown hand rested lightly on the shining dark head. No one had hair like her Marise. She must let it down so that Jeanne could see it again as in the old days. And how about her linen? Jeanne was troubled on this point. Linen was not what it had been and the way it was washed in Paris was a crime. A Parisian family were staying near by, and Jeanne's daughter-in-law did their washing. Such grimy, gray linen—it made Jeanne sick to think that perhaps her darling was no better cared for. Marise must needs open her valise there and then, and take out a chemise to show Jeanne, who handed it, it close to her good eye, touched the tip of her tongue to it, and gave it back, saying, with an attempt at tolerance, "Oh, well, it's as good as a laundress can do nowadays. I dare say."

When Marise went quietly out at the gate she left Jeanne dozing in her chair under the plane trees, dozing, and waking to talk lovingly to the two little girls who had both died so long ago.

She had learned in the village that Mile. Hasparren was no longer teaching in Bayonne, had gone back to her own little hill town in the Pyrenees. Marise knew the way there very well, having spent many a week-end and vacation with Mile. Hasparren in the old days. The boy from the farm where Jeanne was living chanced to have an errand that took him over the pass and down into that valley. On an impulse Marise asked to go with him. She stowed her valise away under the plank seat and scrambled up beside the bullet-headed boy in the blue beret. How it all took her back to her childhood!

When, after a few days of sharing this menage, she told her father she thought she would go down to see Jeanne, he said, sure, that was all right she felt like it, and was she sure she didn't need any more money?

Under the thick green shade of polarded sycamores sat old Jeanne in the wheeled chair Marise and her father had given her. The young girl, whom Marise and her father paid to take care of Jeanne, came running to unlock the gate and let the visitor in.

There was old Jeanne, her head tied up in the black coil, just as Marise had seen her a thousand times, her face all twisted to one side just as she had seen her that one time she could not forget.

Marise must sit beside her, and let old Jeanne look into her face closely with her loving old eyes, and stroke

her white young hand with her gnarled fingers that had worked so hard for the child Marise. And when her first agitation was over, and she was calm enough to try to talk, the questions, the loving, anxious questions: "Was she well, the darling, darling girl? And was she happy? And did that Parisian slut of a maid look out for her decently? And who did the marketing? And who did her hair, her beautiful, beautiful hair? Jeanne's brown hand rested lightly on the shining dark head. No one had hair like her Marise. She must let it down so that Jeanne could see it again as in the old days. And how about her linen? Jeanne was troubled on this point. Linen was not what it had been and the way it was washed in Paris was a crime. A Parisian family were staying near by, and Jeanne's daughter-in-law did their washing. Such grimy, gray linen—it made Jeanne sick to think that perhaps her darling was no better cared for. Marise must needs open her valise there and then, and take out a chemise to show Jeanne, who handed it, it close to her good eye, touched the tip of her tongue to it, and gave it back, saying, with an attempt at tolerance, "Oh, well, it's as good as a laundress can do nowadays. I dare say."

When Marise went quietly out at the gate she left Jeanne dozing in her chair under the plane trees, dozing, and waking to talk lovingly to the two little girls who had both died so long ago.

She had learned in the village that Mile. Hasparren was no longer teaching in Bayonne, had gone back to her own little hill town in the Pyrenees. Marise knew the way there very well, having spent many a week-end and vacation with Mile. Hasparren in the old days. The boy from the farm where Jeanne was living chanced to have an errand that took him over the pass and down into that valley. On an impulse Marise asked to go with him. She stowed her valise away under the plank seat and scrambled up beside the bullet-headed boy in the blue beret. How it all took her back to her childhood!

The little two-wheeled cart flew off behind the swift small horse, rattling and jolting up hill and down, just as she and Mile. Hasparren had gone off together.

At the beginning of the long steep road up to the divide, she and the boy got out and walked, her shoes soon powdered white with dust. How dusty Mile. Hasparren's shoes had been the day they stood waiting in the station.

They plunged down the other side into the green, poplar-planted valley with every home, every turn of the road as it had been. They stopped at the tiny, white-washed cabin, with its lonely atrium of sycamores. As the boy drove away and the sound of his rattling wheels died to silence, Marise heard from within the first notes of the Sonata in G, the one she had first studied with Mile. Hasparren.

She went in without knocking, sure that the little home contained no servant, and there sat Mile. Hasparren, her hair several shades whiter, her black dress several degrees shabbier, her quiet worn face and steady eyes bent lovingly over the keys. The music was like the very sound of her voice.

They sat up late that night talking. Marise must tell all about Rome and the old Visconti, as legendary a figure to Mile. Hasparren as Paganini; and Mile. Hasparren must tell

how she came to leave her city school and go back to the little mountaintop in the rough, plain village classroom. "I seemed to feel nearer to them," she said, not knowing very well how to tell why she had, "and I felt a great longing for my mountains and my old home. And they need music here."

That evening Marise watched a choir rehearsal. Mile. Hasparren at her piano, Father Armandariz, bony, threadbare, hollow-cheeked, his eyes gleaming with ardor, leading now the group of serious-faced Basque girls in black mantillas, now the great-chested, burly Basque men whose resonant basses shook the little house. (One of them, Mile. Hasparren had said he was the village shoemaker) was given a bass solo and practiced it over several times, while the others listened.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)
Bee Want Ads produce results.

All Charge Purchases Made Thursday Will Be Entered in September Statements, Payable October 10th

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.

Final Clearance of Silk Dresses

In Three Groups—Suitable for Early Fall Wear

50 Dresses **\$9.90**
Originally \$21 to \$35

57 Dresses **\$15.90**
Originally \$39 to \$59.50



58 Dresses **\$28.90**
Originally \$65 to \$110



Three groups of wonderful values. Each dress among them, one that you'd enjoy wearing many times. The littleness of the pricing is no reflection upon the styling or the materials, for every dress is a distinctive model of finest fabric.

All are silks: Taffetas, Roshanaras, Crepe de Chines, Flat Crepes, Cantons, Printed Crepes, Georgettes, Waffle Crepe and Satin Cantons. In navy, black and browns; also light shades and high colors.

Models include street and afternoon costumes, sports dresses and semi-formal modes. Each is so cleverly designed that you'll find selection difficult.

New Arrivals in Fabric Gloves

Fashion favors the fabric glove for early fall wear. One of the newest shown is of "Kayer" make, 12-button length, suede finish. \$1.00 pair.

Covert Mode Oak Main Floor

New Fall Styles in Fabric and Leather Bags \$7.50

Most attractive bags of serviceable character whose counterparts will be greatly in demand during the coming season.

The Fabric: Include pouchy moire silks in black, brown, tan and red. Some have jeweled frames. Main Floor

The Leathers: Represent the popular envelope purse and underarm styles in black and brown, all beautifully lined. Main Floor

Voile and Linen Blouses

At Clearance Prices Values \$5.79 to \$8.50 \$12.95 and \$14.50 \$7.89 Values

Those of voile are embroidered in self and contrasting colors and trimmed with val and filet lace. Flesh Orchid Blue Lemon Jade

The linen blouses are white with beautiful designs attractively embroidered. All are overblouse style with or without collars.

Wash Blouses 500 beautifully made and well tailored blouses in becoming styles for sweater or suit. Dimities and voiles made with round, Peter Pan and tuxedo collars and either long or short sleeves, in overblouse or tuck-in styles. All are specially priced. \$1.00 Third Floor

Sale of Chantilly Lace \$3.95 Beautiful imported Chantilly lace flouncings, 36 inches in width in white, brown and black. A wide assortment of delicate patterns from which to choose. Regularly priced up to \$6.95 a yard, on sale at \$3.95 a yard. Main Floor

Last Week of August Fur Sale

August Blanket Sale Still in Progress



Neckwear Sale Priced

Organdy Sets At 98c Tuxedo sets made of white organdy trimmed with lace and colored stitching.

Net Vest Sets At \$3.45 Imported Venetian and val lace trim these exquisitely dainty tuxedo sets. Main Floor

Most Remarkable Pricing of Autumn Hats

Values from \$12.50 to \$15.00 \$7.50 On Sale Thursday

A splendid grouping of new velvets that embrace latest style features in shapes and trimmings.

All are copies of higher priced millinery and are made of Lyons and Panne velvets.

Tam effects, cloches, poke shapes, short backs, drooping models, turbans and medium and large sailor effects developed in every conceivable shade with effective trimmings of

Self-Fabric Cabachons Feathers Burnt Goose Flowers Ostrich Flowers All made with linings to match. Third Floor

Save 1/2 on Furniture

"Here's Where You Find the Real Bargains" Last Week of Our August Sale Don't Miss This Final Opportunity to Save 50% on the Cost of Every Piece of Furniture

Nationally-advertised, guaranteed merchandise on sale at lowest prices. For Your Living Room Only \$95.75 Beautifully finished in tapestry and velour; spring construction. An actual \$250 value on sale at \$95.75.

A Cozy Dining Room Beautiful 8-piece dining room suites, in walnut, period design. Your chance to buy a regular \$210 suite during our August Sale at only— \$96.50

A Pretty Bedroom Only \$86.75 Beautiful Bedroom Suites finished in walnut, oak, etc., in popular period designs. This \$200 Suite has been reduced in this mighty sale to \$86.75.

No Interest Charges on Charge Accounts Rugs and Floor Coverings ONE-HALF PRICE

GAS RANGES In our big sale are included all our better Gas Stoves and Ranges. In some instances the reductions are even more than 50%. \$45.00 Ranges \$22.00 for \$65.00 Ranges \$30.00 for \$85.00 Ranges \$42.00 for

EXCHANGE DEPT. Avail yourself of our Exchange Department, which is maintained for your benefit. This department will take in your old furniture for new. We make liberal allowances for old pieces and supply you new furniture at the cash price others pay. No extra costs or higher prices charged you when you trade in your old pieces.

Sale of Phonographs Here is an unusual Phonograph offer for the last week of our big sale. An upright phonograph, including FREE 10 record selections \$29.50 for Double-faced Records...17¢

No extra charges for delivery and special services in either wholesale or retail way.

STATE FURNITURE COMPANY S. E. Corner 14th and Dodge St. Phone JA ckson 1317