## Rough-Hewn

SYNOPSIS. ale Crittenden. trpical American man. has crown up in Uniontown. Image near Yer York city. hits been unted from Columbia univer. I should taken a position with a lumb. I should the position with a lumb. I should be feil in love with Martha tworth, who declined his promosal to Martha is spending a year in Ger-with her father. Neale accepts disappointment bhilosophically and a his efforts toward success in busi-In France. Marise Allen, about e's age, lives with her American e's who is foreign agent for an Amer-firm. She is an accomplished lin-in dinaist and goes to Bome to nue her studies. Neale is spending se and they become close friends, se and they become close friends, se and they become close friends, se and they become dother, though are in love with each other, though are in love with each other, though ter has mentioned it. Marise goes to to visit her father. Neale impatient-to the father, Neale impatient-the piano Mile, Hasparren in a nees village. SYNOPSIS.

At the plano Mlle, Hasparren and Father Armandariz were talking to-gether of the next evening's rehear-sal, Mlle. Hasparren occasionally illustrating with one hand what she was saying. How deeply human was the look of intimate confidence they bent on each other, the ugly young priest and the ugly old school teacher. They might well be thankful that they had found each other in the world. away!

Mile. Hasparren turned around nov

and asked Marise if she would not play for them. "I would be so proud to show my friends what an old pupil of mine has come to be," she said

It seemed to Marise that she had never in her life felt so like playing. What should it be? She sweryed on her way to the piano to stoop to kiss Mile. Hasparren's swarthy cheek, and, sitting down, with an affection-ate smile at her, began the Toc-cata in D minor, just as Mile. Has-parren had taught it to her, with all she had learned since then. She had never played to such an audience; when she turned around Father Ar-mandariz was looking beatific and Mile. Hasparren exalted with pride. She had never played so well. at music was.

Mile Hasparren had set up for her a folding cot in her own room, since there was no other bedroom in the tiny house. They slept side by side, near enough so that they could have reached out and clasped each other's hands as on that night so long ago when Mile. Hasparren had puiled Ma-rise out of the black pit. Marise could not go to sleep. Long after Mile. Hasparren lay breath is deep, her dark face relaxed in selfless quiet that was not more selfless than her waking look, Marise lay looking out at the stars and the mountains, thinking, trembling, sometimes feel-ing hot bitter tears in her eyes, some-times feeling her heart swell high with strange, unearthly aspiration. Mile. Hasparren was right. She had always been right. To keep clear of all troubling, maddening, personal relations that were sure to end by poisoning you, not to want anything for yourself, to give all for music—how safe you would be, to live like that. And how sweet it would be to feel safe! She never had. She was so tired of feeling afraid. Why not live like that? When you knew it was the only safe way! When you knew that if you did not, you would fall headlong into that dreadful mire that splashed up such indelible stains upon your mind at even the few ohance contacts with it which life brought to a girl. Yes, that was the only safe way. Never to go back to Rome at all. Somehow to devise Mile Hasparren had set up for he

(Continued from Yesterday.) a life all devotion to music, with the miserable personal affections burned up in that greater ardor. Yes, that, Marise decided, that was the only tolerable, the only endurable future

People began to stand up, to put on their wraps and collect their va-lises. The train was passing the out-skirts of Rome. It would be in the station in a few minutes. Marise tied on her veil over a pit-eous white face. She had said she would not go back to Rome at all. She had scarcely been 10 days away. She had come back. Like any other woman she had come. back to the

woman she had come back to the trap.

Dorothy Canfield

CHAPTER LIII.

She had not seen him yet. She had had her breakfast sent to her room when she heard he was still at the pension. She had thought certainly he would be gone away by this time.

She knew he would not have gone

She stood now with Eugenia at the She stood now with Eugenia at the entrance to the Pincian, up on the hill, by the fountain, under the ilex trees looking down over the city. This was where their first walk to-gether had ended. "I think I see Mr. Crittenden just come up the Trinita steps and turn-ing this way," remarked Eugenia, looking in that direction. If Marise could have stirred, she would have run away. She turned her head and saw him coming. Al-though he was still so far away

though he was still so far away that she could not make out his face,

that she could not make out his face, she knew by the sudden tautness of his figure, by the spring forward of his step that he had seen her. There he came, striding strongly towards her, as he had come to seek

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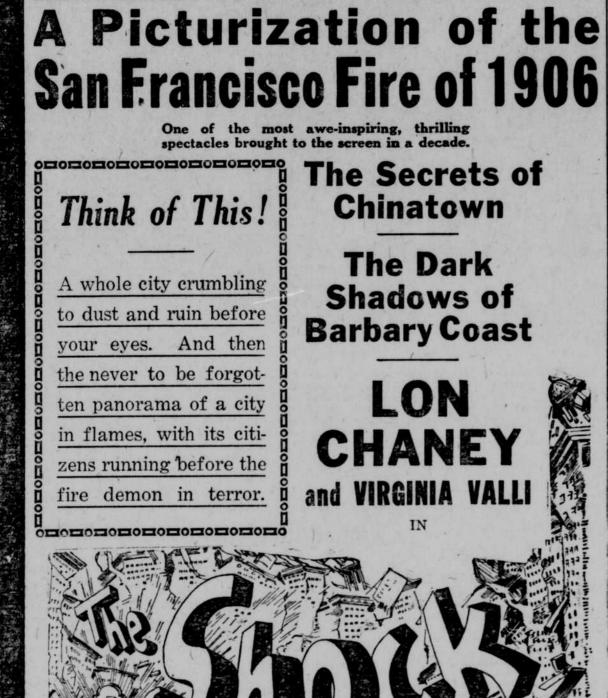
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n his smile. He was welcoming her

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He was smilling at her, all his heart his smile. He was welcoming her With a beating flutter, her heart where they could hear themselves think-with none of those third and in his smile. He was welcoming her back. Marise felt a warm gush all over her body, as though her heart had suddenly begun to beat again, as though he had welcomed her back into life. Why, this was Neale! This fourth persons hanging around. What had he been thinking of, drifting along like a man in a dream, with no sense of time? But that absence of hers had waked him up. Vec it had such

though he had welcomed her back into life. Why, this was Neale! This was no monster to dread. If she had seen him, only seen his face that morning, only had one look from his waked him up. Yes, it had waked him up! He had not had one con-secutive night's sleep since she had

He went boldly to her room and knocked on the door. When Marise came to open it, he said, "To cele-brate your return, won't you let me show you a specially lovely spot on the Campagna I've found? I've been taking some long, solitary walks while you were away." He added firmly. "No, not Miss Mills and Mr. Livingstone because they don't like to tramp, and this is 'cross country." There is it had been to have than to be mighty pretty with a 'ew

There! It had been no harder than

would be mighty pretty with a few Why in the name of haven coats of white pain

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