

Rough-Hewn Dorothy Canfield

Neale Crittenden, a young man, has been granted a position with a lumber firm...

But she hadn't. As they passed through the city walls and came out, just the two of them, under the wide sky he asked her about it, timidly...

"I'm going to see that front porch before so very long, you know," said Neale, springing one of his surprises...

"Yes, you've persuaded me. I've persuaded myself. I'm not going to sell the Ashley property right away, not without going up to look at it at least..."

"You know—you know what we've been talking about, trying to find a way, know what I mean, apparently forgotten it. They sat down on the short grass, their backs against a low heap of stones, part of the ruins of a very ancient aqueduct..."

"You know—you know what we've been talking about, trying to find a way, know what I mean, apparently forgotten it. They sat down on the short grass, their backs against a low heap of stones..."

He sat silent, listening to the word as it echoed over their two homeless heads. And then he took his courage in his two hands and turned toward Marise. What he saw in her face so shocked and startled him that every carefully planned word dropped from his mind...

With her shoulders and eyebrows she made an ugly, dry little gesture of dissenting to the subject, and said ironically, "What makes you so sure everybody wants a home?"

He stared at her stupidly, not able to think of anything to say, till she went on impatiently, irritably, "It's just sentimental to talk like that. I never heard you say a sentimental word before..."

Neale was startled by the quivering, low-tired violence of her accent. Why should she wince and shrink back as if he had struck on an intolerably sensitive bruise—at the word, home?

"Why, let me tell you about my home," he said eagerly to her, in answer to the tragic challenge he felt in her look, her tone, "I don't believe I ever told you about what my home was like; just the usual kind, of course, what any child has, I suppose, but—let me tell you about it..."

He began anywhere, the first thing that came into his mind, what the house was like, and where the library was, and how he liked his room, and the security of it; his free play with little boys on the street that was his great world, and how he felt back of him, as a sure refuge from the uncertainties of that or any other great world, the certainties of what he found when he ran up the steps every afternoon, opened the door, his door, stepped into his home, where he was sure of being loved and cared for, and yet not fettered or shut in...

heavy with it. He was afraid of what might be coming. But he longed to have it come, to have it tear down the barrier between them.

"So that's what you have known—what every child has, you suppose?" she said passionately, her voice quivering and breaking. She stopped herself abruptly. She could scarcely breathe, her agitation was so great. She knew what she would do if she opened her lips again. But she would die of suffocation if she did not speak. It rose within her like a delirious flood, all that old, ever-new bitterness, and beat her down.

She heard herself, in a desperate, stammering voice, telling him—telling him! When she had finished she leaned her face on her hands and was silent, feeling as though she had died. When she finally looked up at him she saw that the tears stood thick in his eyes. She had never dreamed that for good or ill one human being could feel so close to another. It was as though she could not tell whether those tears were his, or had come heaving into her own dry eyes.

She saw the anguish of his yearning sympathy—and yet what was it he said? Something she had not dreamed any one could say. "Oh, the poor little girl you were! Wasn't there any one to help you to get it straight, to understand it?" "Understand it!" she said harshly. "I understood it only too well."

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

He cried out furiously, "No, no, no!"

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

He looked away from her, across the plain, and kept a thoughtful silence. Then he said, "I don't believe you understood it in the least. Is it likely that any 14-year-old little girl could understand anything like that, anything that must have begun, had its real causes back before you were born—and why should you take the point of view of an ignorant old woman who certainly had the ignorant old woman's appetite for scandal?"

filled with the crystal clarity of day light. As she opened her eyes, she was thinking as though it were the continuation of a dream, that if she ever had children she would... You're yourself. You don't have to keep carrying that around with you. It doesn't belong to you. Let it fall. Leave it here. He commanded abruptly, springing to his feet and holding out his hand to help her rise. "Leave it here! And walk off into your own life!"

She stood up beside him now, so giddy with a strange new lightness that she laid her hand on his arm to steady herself. At her touch he flushed hot with the desire to put his arms about her and hold her passionately close. The desire was so intense that he had for an instant the hallucination that he had done it, that she leaned her head against his breast. But he had been so harrowed by sympathy for her poor bruised heart, had been so touched by the revelation of the delicacy and fineness of fiber which had served to deepen the dreadful, unhealed hurt with which she had lived helplessly, he was so moved by her white, drawn face, lifted to his own with a childlike faith in what he said, he was so wrung with his thankfulness to see on that pale face a sensitive reflection of his own certainty, oh, now was no time to burst out on her with the flame of his passion, now when she was so weak, so defenseless. He put aside his passion with a strong hand, resolutely.

Looking at him, she saw his face flush darkly with his desire, and felt herself as safe from a touch as though she looked down on him from a high tower. Had she ever felt safe before? She leaned on his arm like a convalescent. She walked off beside him quietly, into her own life.

She was tired, heavenly tired, when she reached her room that late afternoon. She had not been tired like that since she was a little girl; relaxed, abandoned before the soft-footed advance of sleep. She could scarcely think coherently enough to send word that she would not appear at dinner, before she was undressed and in her bed. There was nothing in her mind but this exquisite fatigue, from which presently, even now, as she thought of it, sleep would drift her away. She laid her tired head on the pillow with a long breath. Some weak tears gathered in her eyes and ran slowly down, but they were sweet tears, not bitter. And so she fell asleep.

It was late, when she woke, well on into the next day, and the room was

for them, look out for them! Marise stood fiercely on her guard for them now, up in arms against what threatened them. It had never before in her life, not even fleetingly, not once, occurred to her that she might ever have children. She knew now that she wanted them.

That was the second step into her own life. (Continued in The Morning Bee.) Use very little furniture polish in warm weather and rub that in well. Much polish will give the furniture a bluish, smoky appearance.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY. Saturday We Feature 2 Groups of Wool Jersey Dresses \$16.75 - \$19.75. Luggage Specially Priced. Smart Woolen Frocks \$25 to \$49.50. The New Charmeen and the Favored Twill Cords.

Omaha's Largest Display of New Fall Millinery. Priced Specially for Saturday \$5.95 \$7.50 \$10.00. 1,000 Hats—Modes of the Moment. So new are they that even the names delight us.

Sale of Women's Silk Umbrellas. Regularly Priced Up to \$7.50 \$3.95. Equally serviceable in sun and rain. Art Silk Hose. Toileet Goods At Reduction Prices.

"Pied Piper" Health Shoes. Smart School-Girl Oxfords, \$6.85. High Topped Boots. School Girl Pajamas.

School Needs for Boys and Girls. Boys' Knicker Suits, 8.95. Children's 3/4 Sox Pair 75c. Girls' New Silk Dresses \$5.50 to \$32.50.

Strike Lumber & Coal Co. FOUR YARDS TO SERVE YOU. From now on Pennsylvania Anthracite shipments are likely to be delayed and diverted.