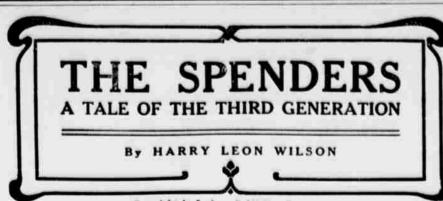
THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1906.

words



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He observed them.

"I shall be staying with Aunt Cornelia a few days after to-morrow." Shepler came up.

"And I shall be leaving to-morrow. Miss Milbrey.'

"Ah, Bines, glad to see you!"

The accepted lover looked Miss Milbrey over with rather a complacent air-with the unruffled confidence of scolded. assured possession. Percival fancied there was a look almost of regret in

the girl's eves. "I'm afraid," said Shepler, "your aunt doesn't want to be kept waiting. less whomsoever it thrilled. And she's already in a fever for rear you won't prefer the necklace she insists you ought to prefer."

"Tell Aunt Cornelia, please, that I shall be along in just a moment."

"She's quite impatient, you know." urged Shepler.

Percival extended his hand.

you again.

as if she had still something to say, thought the things he would have said but could find no words for it.

"Good-by, Mr. Bines."

shook hands with him cordially, "and long afternoon he walked and lazed. the best of luck to you out there. I turning into strange lanes and byshall hope to hear good reports from roads, resting on grassy banks and you. And mind, you're to look us up looking far up. when you're in town again. We shall always he glad to see you. Good-byl

where the largest diamonds reposed return. He heard the hum and clang chastely on their couches of royal vel- of an electric car off through a chestvet.

Percival smiled as he resumed his walk-smiled with all that bitter cyn- premonitions of the city's unrest. He icism which only youth may feel to its determined to stay out for the night. full poignance. Yet, heartless as she It was restful-his car would not arwas, he recalled that while she taiked rive until late the next afternoonto him he had imprinted an imagin- there was no reason why he should ary kiss deliberately upon her full scar- not. He found a little wayside hotel let lips. And now, too, he was forced whose weather-beaten sign was ancient to confess that, in spite of his very enough to promise "entertainment for think about. And he wanted Avice certain knowledge about her, he would man and beast." actually prefer to have communicated it through the recognized physical "I'm both of them-man and beast," media. He laughed again, more cheer- Together they ate tirelessly of young into a definite plan. He recalled the fully.

hold on my judgment," he said to him- claret that had stood back of the dingy A woman could be coerced if a man self

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME PHENOMENA PECULIAR TO SPRING. He awoke early next morning, re-

work done he became conscious of a gether in a fine spirit of amity. feeling of disassociation from the surroundings in which he had so long der the peering little stars and fell make her feel her weakness. He was been at home. He was glad the busi- asleep in an ancient four-poster. He a man with the power, ness was off his mind. He would now dreamed that he had the world, a foot-

der strolling toward, tious concealment, which survives in man from the remote days when enemies beset his forest ways. Go a southern hillside he found a dogwood tree with its blossomed firmament white stars. In low, moist places the violets had sprung through the thatch of leaves and were singing their pur-

ple beauties all unheard. Birds were nesting and squirrels chattered and Under these more obvious signs and

sounds went the steady undertone of life in root and branch and unfurling leaf-provoking, inciting, making law-

He came out of the wood on to another road that ran not far from the river, and set off again to the north along the beaten track.

When he came to a "wheelman's rest." he ate many sandwiches and drank much milk.

The face of the maid that served "Good-by, Miss Milbrey. Don't let him had been no heaven for the souls me detain you. Sorry I shall not see of dead flowers. Still she was a girl; and no girl could be wnolly without She gave him her hand uncertainly, importance on such a day. So he to her if matters had been different. When he had eaten he loafed off "Good-by, young man." Shepler again down the road. Through the

When the shadows stretched in the dusky languor of the spring evening. He led the girl back to the case he began to take his bearings for the nut grove.

The sound disturbed him, bringing

"Just what I want," he declared.

tiquity.

When the man and the beast had been appeased they sat out under a intonations of her voice, little turnfreshed and intensely alive. With the blossomed apple tree and smoked to-

At ten o'clock he went in from un

a his brain, a camos that required all is energy to feed it, so that the spring vent from his step.

Then all at once a new-born worl! ohered out of the nebula, and th ight of its measured, orderly whirling dazed him. He had been seized with a wish-almost an intention, so stunning in its audacity that he all but reeled under the shock. It seemed to him that the thing must have been germinated in his mind without his knowledge; it had lain there, gathering force while he rested, now to burst forth and dazzle him with its shine. All that undimmed freshness of longing he had felt the day before-all the unnamed, unidentified, nameless desires-had flooded back upon him, but now no longer aimless. They were acutely definite. He wanted Avice Milbreywanted her with an intensity as un reasoning as it was resistless. This was the new world he had watched swimming out of the chaos in his mind, taking its allotted orbit in a planetary system of possible, rational, matter-of-course proceedings.

And Avice Milbrey was to marry Shepler, the triumphant money king, He sat down by the roadside, wellnigh helpless, surrendering all his forces to the want.

Then there came upon him to reinforce this want a burning sense of defeat. He remembered Uncle Peter's first warnings in the mine about "cupboard love;" the gossip of Higbee: "if you were broke, she'd have about as much use for you-" all the talk he had listened to so long about marriage for money; and, at the last, Shepler's words to Uncle Peter: "I was uncertain until copper went to 51." Those were three wise old men who had talked, men who knew something of women and much of the world. And they were so irritating in their certainty. What a fine play to fool them all!

The sense of defeat burned into him more deeply. He had been vanquished, cheated, scorned, shamefully flouted. The money was gone-all of Uncle Peter's complaints and biting sarcasms came back to him with reneweo bitterness; but his revenge on Uncle Peter would be in showing him a big man at work, with no nonsense about him. But Shepler, who was now certain, and Highee who had always been certain-especially Shepler, with his easy sense of superiority with a woman over any poor man. That was a different matter. There was a thing to Milbrey. He could not, he decided, go back without her.

The great wild wish narrowed itself chickens broiled, and a green salpd, story Uncle Peter had told at the Old-"The sprping has gotten a strangle- and a wonderful pie, with a bottle of akers' about the woman and her hair. little bar so long that it had attained, knew her weakness. He could coerce at least as to its label, a very fair an- her. He knew it instinctively; and the instinctive belief rallied to its support a thousand little looks from her. little ings of her head when they had been together. In spite of her calculations, in spite of her love of money, he could

It was heady wine for the morning.

"Oui, monsieur.' said the waiter, across the room. Still holding her who had been standing dreamily near, tightly, he put the free hand on her startled into attention by the spoken brow and thrust her head back, so that she was forced to look up at him.

"Let me see you-I want to see your

Her head strained against his hand

"Oh, you're hurting my neck. What

shall 1 do? 1 can't scream-think

what it would mean!-you're hurting

"You are hurting your own neck-

He kissed her face, softly, her

"I've loved you so-don't-what's

the use? Be sensible. My arms have

starved for you so-do you think

they're going to loosen now? Avice

His arms tightened about her as he

"That's poetry-it's all the poetry

next verse means that you must have

me-a poor man-be a poor man's

wife-and all the other verses-mil-

lions of them-mean that I'll never

give you up-and there's a lot more

verses for you to write, when you un-

derstand-meaning that you'll never

out and marry you to-night-now, do

you understand ?- right off-this very

"Oh! Oh! this is so terrible! On,

Her voice broke, and he felt her

He released her head, but still held

"Please-oh, please let me go-I beg

you." She managed it with difficulty

between the convulsions that were

He put his lips down upon the soft

"I won't-do you understand that"

He thought there would no end to

"Have it out, dear-there's plenty of

Once she seemed to have stopped the

tears. He turned her face up to his

own again, and softly kissed her wet

eves. Her full lips were parted before

him, but he did not kiss them. The

"There-there!-it will soon be

At last she ceased to cry from sheer

exhaustion, and when, with his hand

under her chin, he forced up her head

again, she looked at him a full minute

her closely to him. Her sobs had be-

body quiver with sobs. Her face was

"Let me go-let-me-go!"

She took it mechanically.

Stop talking nonsense."

said the name over and over.

to be down again, and all her strength

was exerted to be away. She found she

eyes-they're my eyes now."

cheeks, her eyes, her chin.

my neck!"

stop it!"

brey!

night!'

her eyes.

the table.

rending her.

hair.

the sobs.

sobs came again.

time."

over.

it's so awful!"

come uncontrollable.

could not move in any direction.

"That's all-give me the check."

He drove first to the Milbrey house, on the chance that she might be at home. Jarvis answered his ring. "Miss Milbrey is with Mrs. Van

Geist, sir." Jarvis spoke regretfully, He had reasons of his own for believing that the severance of the Milbrey relationship with Mr. Bines had been

nothing short of calamitous. He rang Mrs. Van Geist's bell, five minutes later. "The ladies haven't come back, sir don't know where they might be,

Perhaps at the Valners', in Fifty-second street, sir." He rang the Valners' bell.

"Mrs. Van Geist and Miss Milbrey!

They left at least half an hour ago. sir. "Go down the avenue slowly

driver!" At Fortieth street he looked down to

the middle of the block. Mrs. Van Geist, alone, was jus alighting from her coupe.

He signaled the driver. "Go to the other address again, in

Thirty-seventh street "

Jarvis opened the door. "Yes, sir, thank you, sir-Miss Milbrey is in, sir. I'll see, sir." He crossed the Rubicon of a door

mat and stood in the unlighted hall. At the far end he saw light coming give me up-and there's one in the befrom a door that he knew opened into ginning means I'm going to carry you the library.

Jarvis came into the light. Behind him appeared Miss Milbrey in the doorway

"Miss Milbrey says will you enter the library, Mr. Bines?"

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME RUDE BEHAVIOR, OF WHICH ONLY A WESTERN MAN COULD RE GUILTY He walked quickly back. At the doorway she gave him her hand, which he took in silence.

"Why-Mr Bines!-you wouldn't have surprised me last night. Tonight I pictured you on your way west

Her gown was of dull blue dimity She still wore her hat, an arch of straw over her face, with ripe red cherries nodding upon it as she moved. He closed the door behind him. "Do come in. I've been having a

solitary rummage among old things. It is my last night here. We're leaving for the country to-morrow, you know.

She stood by the table, the light from a shaded lamp making her color

glow. Now she noted that he had not spoken. She turned quickly to him

as if to question. He took a swift little step toward her still without speaking. She stepped back with a sudden instinct of fright

He took two quick steps forward and grasped one of her wrists. He spoke in cool, even tones, but the words came fast:

"I've come to marry you to-night; ic and then closed her eyes. take you away with me to that western country. You may not like the

He kissed their lids. There came from time to time the

life Von may prizzo to death for all

possibly commit, and so will every one else here-but you'll do it. To-morrow at this time you'll be half-way to Chicago with me."

"Mr. Bines-I'm perfectly reasonable and serious-1 mean li-are you quite sure you didn't lose your wits when you lost your money?"

"It may be considered a withesa thing to marry a girl who would marry for money-but never mind that-I'm used to taking chances."

She glanced up at him curiously. "You know I'm to marry Mr. Shepler

the tenth of next month. "Your grammar is faulty-tense is wrong-You should say 'was to have married Mr. Shepler.' I'm fastidious about those little things, I confess.'

"How can you jest?" "I can't. Don't think this is any joke. He'll find out."

Milbrey-Avice Milbrey-Avice Mil-"Who will find out-what, pray?" "He will, He's already said he was

afraid there have been some nonsense between you and me, because we talked that evening , at the Oldthere is in the world. It's a verse I akers'. He told my grandfather he say over in the night. You can't unwasn't at all sure of you until that derstand it yet-it's too deep for you. day I lost my money." It means I must have you-and the

"Oh, I see-and of course you'd like your revenge-carrying me off from him just to hurt him."

"If you say that I'll hold you in my arms again." He started toward her. "I've loved you so, I tell you-all the time-all the time."

"Or perhaps it's a brutal revenge on me-after thinking I'd only marry for money."

"I've loved you always, I tell you." He came up to her, more gently now, and took up her hand to kiss it. He saw the ring.

"Take his ring off!"

She looked up at him with an amused little smile, but did not move. pitifully convulsed, and tears welled in He reached for the hand, and she put it behind her.

"Take it off," he said, harshiv.

He forced her hand out, took off the ring with its gleaming stone, none too gently, and laid it on the table behind "Here-" he reached for the little him. Then he covered the hand with lace-edged handkerchief that lay bekisses. side her long gloves and her purse, on

"Now it's my hand. Perhaps there was a little of both those feelings you accuse me of-perhaps I did want to triumph over both you and Sheplerand the other people who said you'd never marry for anything but moneybut do you think I'd have had either one of those desires if I hadn't loved you? Do you think I'd have cared how many Sheplers you married if I hadn't loved you so, night and day-always turning to you in spite of everythingloving you always, under everythingalways, I tell you."

"Under what-what 'everything?'

"When I was sure you had no heart -that you couldn't care for any man except a rich man-that you would marry only for money."

"You thought that?"

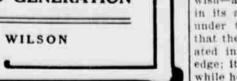
"Of course I thought it."

"What has changed you?"

"Nothing. I'm going to change it now by proving differently. I shall take you against your will-but I shall make you love me-in the end. I know you-you're a woman, in spite of yourself.'

"You were entirely right about me

7



go the pleasant journey and think on the way.

tions for the start completed.

he was bored by the thought that he she ceased to strive against him, and must pass another day in New York. lay panting and helpless in his arms. He was eager now to be off, and the time would hang heavily.

He tried to recall some forgotten detail of the business that might serve to occupy him. But the finishing had tomed silence. As he lay with his eyes been thorough.

He ran over in his mind the friends with whom he could spend the time agreeably. He could recall no one he cared to see. He had no longer an interest in the town or its people.

way in the full flood of a spring morning, breathing the fresh air hungrily, It turned his thought to places out of the grime and clamor of the city; to woods and fields where he might rest little ball had made another turn. Its and feel the stimulus of his new plans. He felt aloof and sufficient unto himself.

He swung on to an open car bound north, and watched without interest thought, would soon be tumbling out the early quick-moving workers of their beds to begin another of their thronging south on the street, and funny, serious days of trial and failcrowding the cars that passed him. At Forty-second street, he changed to a of forgetfulness, when their absurd lit-Boulevard car that took him to the tle ant-hill should turn again away Fort Lee ferry at One Hundred and from the big blazing star. He sat a Twenty-fifth street.

panded his lungs to the clean, sweet ing; meditating on many idle. little air. Excursion boats, fluttering gay matters, but conscious all the time of streamers, worked sturdily up the great power within himself. He felt stream. Little yachts, in fresh-laun- ready now for any conflict. The need dered suits of canvas, darted across for some great immediate action their bows or slanted in their wakes. pressed upon him. He did not identify looking like white butterflies. The it. Something he must do-he must vivid blue of the sky was flecked with have action-and that at once. bits of broken fleece, scurrying like the was glad to think how Uncle Peter yachts below. Across the river was a would begin to rejoice in him-secretly high-towering bank of green inviting at first, and then to praise him. He him over its summit to the languorous was equal to any work. He could not freshness beyond.

He walked off the boat on the farther side and climbed a series of steep wooden stairways, past a tiny cataract that foamed its way down to the river. When he reached the top he walked through a stretch of woods and turned off to the right, down a cool shaded road that wound away to the north through the fresh greens of oak and chestnut.

When he came to a village with an electric car clanging through it, he skirted its borders, and struck off through a woodland toward the river. Even the village was too human, too modern, for his early-pagan mood.

In the woods he felt that curious thrill of stealth that impulse to cau-

ball, clasped to his breast, and was He described himself briefly as a lu had been delayed 24 hours in Chicago, gles; kissed her time after time, until upon him with new force.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNUSUAL PLAN OF ACTION IS MATURED He was awakened by the unaccus-

open, his first thought was that all things had stopped-the world had come to its end. Then remembrance came, and he stretched in lazy enjoyment of the stillness and the soft feather bed upon which he had slept. He went aimlessly out on to Broad- Finding himself too wide awake for more sleep, he went over to the little gable window and looked out. The unfermented wine of another spring day came to his eager nostrils. The cheek was coming once more into the light. Already the east was flushing with a wondrous vague pink. The little animals in the city over there, he ure; to make ready for another night long time at the window, looking out Out on the shining blue river he ex- to the east, where the light was show-

H begin it quickly enough. That queer need to do something at once was still pressing, still unidentified.

By five he was downstairs. The girl. fresh as a dew-sprayed rose in the garden outside, brought him breakfast of fruit, bacon and eggs, coffee and waffles. He ate with relish, delighting meantime in the girl's florid freshness. and even in the assertive, triumphant whistle of the youth busy at his taskoutside.

When he set out he meant to reach the car and go back to town at once. Yet when he came to the road ov r which he had loltered the day before, he turned off upon it wih slower step-There was a co-fusing whirl of ideas

running down the field for a gain of natic, and walked on again. But the His trunks were ready for the car; 100 yards. Then, suddenly, in place crazy notion would not be gone. The and before he went downstairs his of the world, it was Avice Milbrey in day before he had been passive. Now handbag was packed, and the prepara- his grasp, struggling frantically to be he was active, acutely aware of himfree; and instead of behaving like a self and all his wants. He walked a When, after his breakfast, he read gentleman he flung both arms around mile trying to dismiss the idea. He the telegram announcing that the car her and kissed her despite her strug- sat down again, and it flooded back

Her people were gone. She had even intimated a wish to talk with him again. It could be done quickly. He knew. He felt the primitive superiority of man's mere brute force over woman. He gloried in his knotted muscles and the crushing power of his desires.

Afterward, she would reproach him bitterly. They would both be unhappy. It was no matter. It was the present, the time when he should be living. He would have her, and Shepler-Shepler might have had the One Girl mine-but this girl, never!

He crossed the ferry and went to the hotel, where he shaved and freshened himself. He found Grant, the porter, waiting for him when he went downstairs, and gave him written directions to the railroad people to have the car attached to the Chicago express leaving at eight the next morning; also instructions about his baggage.

"I expect there will be two of us Grant: see that the car is well stocked. and here, take this; go to a florist' and get about four dozen pink roses La France-can you remember ?- piul -don't take any other color, and b sure they're fresh. Have breakfas ready by the time the train starts."

"Yes, Mistah Puhs'val!" said Grant and added to himself: "Yo' suttiny do ca'y yo'se'f mighty han'some. Mistal Man!"

Going out of the hotel, he met Laun ton Oldaker, with whom he chatted a few moments, and then bade good-by. Oldaker, with a sensitive regard for the decencies, refrained from express ing the hearty sympathy he felt for a man who would henceforth be compelled to live out of the world.

Percival walked out to Broadway, revolving his plan. He saw it was six o'clock. He could do nothing for at least an hour. When he noted this he became conscious of his hunger. He had eaten nothing since morning. He turned into a restaurant on Madison square and ordered dinner. When he had eaten, he sat with his coffee for a final smoke of deliberation. He went over once more the day's arguments for and against the novel emprise. He had become insensible, how ever, to all the dissenting ones. As i last rally, he tried to picture the difficulties he might encounter. He faced all he could imagine.

"By God. I'll do it!"

know-but you're going. I won't plead. I won't beg, but I am going to take you."

She had begun to pull away in alarm when he seized her wrist. His grasp did not bruise, it did not seem to be tight; but the hand that held it was immovable.

"Mr. Bines, you forget yourself. Really, this is-

"Don't waste time. You can say all that needs to be said-I'll give you time for that before we start-but don't waste the time saying all those useless things. Don't waste time telling me I'm crazy. Perhaps I am. We

can settle that later." "Mr. Bines-how absurd! Oh! let me go! You're hurting my wrist! Oh!-

don't-don't-don't! Oh!" When he felt the slender wrist trying to writhe from his grasp he had closed upon it more tightly, and thrust-

ing his other arm quickly behind her, had drawn her closely to him. Her cries and pleadings were being smothered down on his breast. Her struggles met only the unbending, pitiless resistance of steel.

"Don't waste time, I tell you-can't you understand? Be sensible-talk if you must-only talk sense."

"Let me go at once-i demand itquick-oh!"

"Take this hat off!"

He forced the wrist he had been holding down between them, so that she could not free the hand, and, with his own hand thus freed, he drew out the two long hat pins and flung the



involuntary quick little indrawings of breath-the aftermath of her weeping. of the money-' He held her so for a time, while

neither spoke. She had become too weak to struggle.

"My arms have starved for you so." he murmured. She gave no sign. "Come over here." He led her, un-

resisting, around to the couch at the other side of the table. "Sit here, and we'll talk it over sen-

sibly, before you get ready." When he released her, she started ulckly up toward the door that led

into the hall. "Don't do that-please don't be

foolish.'

He locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Then he went over to the big folding doors and satisfied himself they were locked from the other side. He went back and stood

in front of her. She had watched him with dumb terror in her face. "Now we can talk-but there isn't much to be said. How soon can you be ready?"

"You are crazy!"

'Possibly-believe what you like." 'How did you ever dare? Oh, how awful!"

"If you haven't passed that stage, I'll hold you again."

"No. no-please don't-please stand up again. Sit over there-I can think better.'

"Think quickly. This is Saturday, and to-morrow is their busy day. They may not sit up late to-night."

She arose with a little shrug of des neration that proclaimed her to be in the power of a mad man. She looked her eyes and making little passes and

pats at her disordered hair. He went over to her. "No, no-please go over there again,

Sit down a moment-let me think. I'll talk to you presently."

There was silence for five minutes. He watched her, while she narrowed her eyes in deep thought.

Then he looked at his watch.

"I can give you an hour, if you've anything to say before it's done-not longer." She drew a long breath.

"Mr. Bines, are you mad? Can't you be rational?

"I haven't been irrational, I give you my word, not once since I came here.

He looked at her steadily. All at once he saw her face go crimson. She turned her eyes from his with an effort. "I'm going back to Montana in the morning. I want you to marry me tonight-1 won't even wait one more day-one more hour. I know it's a thing you never dreamed of-marrying a poor man. You'll look at it as the

I would even have married you because

"Tell me what it is you're holding back-don't wait."

"Let me think-don't talk, please!" She sat a long time silent, motionless, her eyes fixed ahead. At length she stirred herself to speak.

"You were right about me, partlyand partly wrong. I don't think I can make you understand. I've always wanted so much from life-so much more than it seemed possible to have. The only thing for a girl in my position and circumstances was to make what is called a good marriage. I wanted what that would bring, too. I was torn between the desires-or rather the natural instincts and the trained desires. I had ideals about loving and being loved, and I had the material ideals of my experience in this world out here.

"I was untrue to each by turns Here-1 want to show you something." She took up a bonk with closely written pages.

"I came here to-night-I won't conceal from you that I thought of you when I came. It was my last time here, and you had gone, 1 supposed. Among other things I had out this old diary to burn, and I had found this, written on my eighteenth birthday, when I came out-the fond, romantic secret ideal or a foolish girl-listen:

"The Soul of Love wed the Soul of Truth and their daughter, Joy, was born; who was immortal and in whom they lived forever!

"You see-that was the sort of moon shine I started in to live. Two or at her face in the oval mirror, wiping three times I was a grievous disappointment to my people, and once or twice, perhaps, I was disappointed myself. I was never quite sure what I wanted. But if you think I was consistently mercenary you are mistaken.

"I shall tell you something moresomething no one knows. There was a man I met while that Ideal was still strong and beautiful to me-but after I'd come to see that here, in this life, it was not easily to be kept. He was older than I, experienced with women -a lover of women, I came to understand in time. I was a novelty to him, a fresh recreation-he enjoyed all those romantic ideals of mine. I thought then he loved me, and I worshiped him. He was married, but constantly said he was about to leave his wife, so she would divorce him. I promised to come to him when it was done. He had married for money and he would have been poor again. I didn't mind in the least. I tell you this to show you that I could have loved a poor man, not only well enough to marry him, but to break

(Continued Next Week)



bat with its storm tossed cherries most disgraceful act of folly you could