The Man w60 Wanted to Write a Love Story from Experience By Mabel Guiller Couch and every how have been and the set of theme and the set of theme and the set of the set of theme and the set of theme and the set of the se "II-who is it". The volue that earns out of the dark

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confeism equal to his own.

got to read in up."

wee, R has never-I have-never-

What is it you want to know?"

" O-of marriage. I mean

for instance, how do you make a proposal?"

strilly.

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He had achtered success, his name had been in print and liad been printed-witness the results. A fligh of pride dyed his chocks, a half suppressed article curled his fips. His name

-Reginald Wardrop-had appeared in letters of gold on the covers of a book. He had written a novel, with his own hand and brain, and it had been published and reviewed. His name, too, had appeared in more than one or two magazines, attached to stories that had been pro nounced good, and not by his friends only. And first results had followed muckly. Results which at the first blush seemed wholly pleasing and surprising.

In two days he had three letters asking him to contribute short stories to magazines of more or loss repute. "We shall be pleased if you can let us have a story from your pen as soon as conventent" Such was the tenor of all three letters.

All that he had written and given to the world so farhad been tales of war and adventure, with the remain element and sentiment complemently facking, and when reviewers had noticed the fact he told himself that not he alone, but a greater before him had been remarkable for the same omission, and had rather gloried in 0.

But he soon had reason to modify his opinion. After, for the sake of appearances, a delay of a day or two, he had written to the editors of the three magazines and graciously granted the favor they craved. That was all delightful, it was such plain suffing and so easy, and withol had a certain feeling of grandeur about it. Later on he sent off three stories, three good stories of rollicking adventure with no stint of incident, or characters, or humor. But he soon needed all the sense of humor he could call on saw her standing by the door of the ballto his own aid, for in a few days two of the editors re- room talking to a tall, dark man. Evidently turned his cherished stories, and the third wrote a gradg. the tail, dark man was asking her for a dance ing nove, intimating that Day would keep the story, but It was not quite what they wanted:

Would keep H. forgooth! Mr Wardrop's noble hp curled and he almost began a curt note demanding his partly to took at them-with a view to hints MS, back, as "he would have no difficulty in plasing it where it would be more fully appreciated." Fur his, then was discounsed. He wanted to talk to ye lighting on the other two rejected MSS prodence reasserted itself and he stuid his hand.

"We are morry to have to return your stories, but they are entirely unsuited to our needs. You will, though, we of newcomers, speaking to this one and that, are sure, have no difficulty in placing them. May we have instead a nice, bright love story, with a happy ending?

The wording of the letters was so similar Mr. Wardropfor a moment half suspected collusion. " A nice, tright little, so that he saw his face for the first love story "-he sat in silent thought for some time, then time rose and went for a walk. " Perhaps walking will give mean idea," he muttered. For three or four days he pursued feeling suddenly annoyed, and took a step this course, but neither walking or sitting still seemed to avail him anything.

He sat downs at last before his artistically littered writing table and began seriously to try to concentrate his mind on the work in hand. The smile and the flush gradually died from his cheek. Now he was face to face with the threes and agonies of composition the glory had kept hanging about any longer, so he joined recoded for a time. "A love story," he muttered. "I haven't got an idea for one. I wonder what made them all pitch on love stories." he went on irasolbly, as the difficulty loomed larger and larger, "how can I write them? I know nothing about leve. Why the dickens do they ask for stories such as 1 never showed the slightest taste for writing? If they had ever seen a love story by me I he was wasting precious time, he sent off his two rejected stories to other magazines and felt for the rest of one whole day that at any rate he had done something,

But the date by which he had promised the love stories drew rapidly nearer and nearer and with every hour that 'copy' I want," Regimild retorted, almost rodely, passed he felt himself more and more wrought up and less capable of fulfilling his obligation.

At last there was only a week left before the two Eh. Miss Carlyon?" stories were due. He took his seat at his writing table Dorothea looked at least must be begun that day, if it were only to the extent of one sentence or the faintest glimmering of seeking, he wondered, nn idea.

quetries and dallhances that other writers seemed to know turbed he could not begin. so intimately. What a fool he had been, in what good

Dorothea was there. Reginald, after he bud made his bow to his hostess and passed and both were laugning and talking as though, thought Reginald, they were pleased In see each other. He stood for a moment, for future use- and partly to walt until Doroher and make her understand, she would be able to help him considerably. While he stood there among a little group

bis eye wandered often to the two by the doorway. He thought he had never seen her looking better. Her companion turned a "Why, it is that uss Alusley," he exclaimed.

forward: Dorothea's wandering glance lighted on him and her eyes smilled a welcome. Her companien, noticing it, turned to see who was the recipient of the smile, but did not break off his conversation. Reginald felt vaguely angry; he was not going to be them.

Dorothea gave him her hand and expressed surprise at seeing him there. "I thought you doi not care for this sort of frivolity," she said.

Neither do I. If seems to me an awful hore, but one needs to see life in all its phases,"

'O, you are come for 'copy.'" said Ainsley, with an could understand it." The thing was beginning to get on casy, good tempered hugh, which, though, roused Regionid his nerves. To try to mitigate the haunting feeling that Wardrop to real anger. "You soundn't say those things, Wardrop, they make one so horribly self-conscious, 1 shall spend the next few hours with something of the sensations of a microbe under a microsco

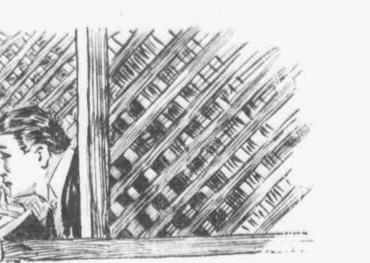
"I don't think you'll be likely to provide me with the But blg, good tempered Tom Ainsley only laughed.

" Ah, my boy, you never know, the most unlikely-

Dorothea looked up and laughed, too, she hardly knew dejectedly and irritably, but strong in the feeling that one why; but Reginald glanced from one to the other with quick, suspicious eyes. Had he already found what he was

At that moment a lady came up to the group, and an For an hour, with its elbows on the table, his head on dressing Mr. Ainsley, walked away with him into the his hands, he sat glaring with haggard, distraught eyes ballroom. For awhile Dorothen and Reginald remained at the ink rot, trying hard to concentrate his thoughts. watching the arrivals and chatting desultorily. He was How bitterly then did he reproach himself for his past longing to tell her of his dilemma, but until he could get indifference to women and love, and all the pretty co- her alone in a quiet place where they should be undis-

" Ah, here is frene," Dorothea broke off short in the



resticss, all observing eyes which yet appeared to see nothing

"Why this air of gloom ?" she said, when Reginald appeared beside her and claimed his next dance. This deadly serious, earnest young man amused her. He led hor into the conservatory and dropped heavily

into a chair beside her. For a moment he did not speak, then he gave a little embarrassed laugh. "I really don't know how to begin," he said at last

trene gave him a long, keen glance, "And 4 don't know new to help you." she said gravely.

"Misse Castle," he began, plunging desperately in his pervousness. "I know you will think me mad-after so short an acculation but I want your help so badly. 1 want to know -how should a man ask a girl to marry him. how should be begin how-1 mean, if a man were to ask you simply in plain straightforward hinguage, simply asking the bald question, would you marry him, would you do 1800

" I certainly should not if he did not " answered Miss Castle aftempting to hide her embarrassment by a careless lightno

No-no. I havon't explained myself properly. No?" interpolated Miss Castle, with something like laughter. "it certainly sounded a little vague."

Regionald drew courage from her fone and manner. "I mean-would a girl-would you consider the plain

straightforward question 'will you be my wife,' sufficient, or is it too bald and blunt?"

"It seems definite," murmured Miss Castle thoughtfully.

"I mean would you be content to do without any of the usual-any of the things lovers say. Would you feel that 1-1-does a girl only believe a man when he talks a lot

In the distance Mr. Ainsley's tall form appeared bending low as it in confiding talk with the hidy by his side, Mrs. Langshire. Irone looked at them for a moment with eyes her companion could not read, but when they had passed she turned again to him with cheeks hot flushed, and eyes that stome and glittered.

Yes-I would be quite content." she said gravely, though her bosom heaved as though she were breathless with tong running. "I could not believe," holding out to him a little hand that trembled ever so slightly. could not believe all the nonsense many men falk. I should think at once they were insincere. I would much sconerbelieve and trust you and your straightforward----- Her write some I find I know nothing about the subject. You face was pale, her eyes bright and excited and full of

> Reginald looked at her for a moment, puzzled and startled by the appealing face and hand. Suddenly it dawned on him that this girl had taken him seriously. In. time I may-" she began. But he rose suddenly to his feet, the situation was terrible, but his instinctive sense of honor made him stop before he said any more. He was troubled for her sake and his own, and unable to divine what to do. What he did do was to hold out his hand and turning, vanished once more. take hers

"I can only say "thank you,"" he said huskily, and bending kissed the hand he held. At that moment Mr. Ainsley appeared again, apparently seeking some one, For a moment he paused looking at them as though bewil-

and deserted looking in the mounlight. He made for it

ness was mulled, but not so mulled but that alarm and annoyance were discornable through it, and the voice was the conce of Dorothea. Regimild recognized it with relief. Dorothea sat up in her year and assumed a sprightly

air. "Well," she sold surcestically, "how have you got on" Have you come out here to sort out your notes" but her surmous was wasted on a man so haracsed.

Dolly-don't?" The words came almost in a cry-Dolly leaned forward and peered through the dimness at the dejected figure before her. Reginald had dropped into a sout, and sat with elbows on the table, his head in his hands

"What is h?" she asked alarmed, forgetting the fell tale traces of tears on her own face.

"O, my word, but I've-I've made a fool of myself and worse, I can't bring myself to tell you." He raised his head and hashed at her in the abandonment of despair. Tell You must" she said quietly, one little hand extended sympathetically towards him. Reginald groaned.

"I'm engaged-to-to Miss Castle, I-didn't-1'm'n brute -she thinks-" but every attempt to explain seemed only an added dishonor to the girl who had believed in him. But Derothea's cry put an end to all attempts at ex-

planations from has accepted you-why. Tom Ainstey1-he came

an purpose-he adores her, and I thought she-O. It must be a mistake, she is so-so- What can t do! Reginald what have you donot" She sank back in her chair, the very image of perpiexity. " Where did you may she was" she asked after a moment.

I left her in the conservatory

Dorothea got up prepared for flight. "I hope I'm in time," she groaned. " You stay there, won't you? Don't have until-until you have seen me again.

Reginald gladly acquiesced. All he wanted was to stay somewhere where it was dark and quiet. He had enough to think of to keep him there for hours.

What a good little soul Dorothen was, always ready to help a man, and so quick to understand-there was no silly nonsense about ner as there was about most girls." and he sat for a few minutes thinking of her above. Then his mind turned to other things, but stways through his thoughts he way a vision of Dorothea as she tarned at the door to speak to tilm, the moonlight on her bair and her shining gown. He never knew how long he had sot there, when suddenly, almost like a ghost out of the mysterious misty light, a figure appeared again in the entrance and stood tooking at him.

" Dolly." he said, questioningly. "No, it isn't Dolly," said a low, trembling volce, "It

is 1- frome Castle. Fee come-I've come to say-Her head was sunk on her breast, he could hardly hear

the stumbling words. He rose and went to her " Yes?" he said gently, his heart touched by the sight

of her distress. 'I have come to apologize-1 am so desperately ashamed of the way I have behaved. I was angry, burt-

but that is no excuse, but-but-1 have come to my-"That Mr. Ainsley has taiked you to marry him-and you wish to," said Reginald. " I am glad-for your sake,

he is a good wirt." "Thank you," she said simply, holding out a small shaking hand, "and you will forget-

"I have forgotten," said Reginald quietly. " May I take you back to the ballroom?

"No, thank you," she said almost anxiously, " you stay where you are 1-1-calmut face any one yet, and -T0m-Mr. Ainsley is walting for me."

Then, like a spirit, she vanished, leaving the moonlight to pour unobstructed through the entrance.

Are you there? Thank goodness that is all right,' Dorothen had come at insi-

In his belief Regionld could smile. "But how about he asked teasingly.

"You?-O, you are all right. You must have had ex-perience enough tonight to fill a six volume novel." Goodnight. I must go now.

Is that all you kept me waiting for?" Reginald was aggrieved.

"I should think it was enough." said Dorothea, and

"This is one of those strokes of fortune which sometimes come to a man who does his duty against his inclinations." Reginald murmured to himself as Dorothea walked in to pay her duty call on Mrs. Leonard.

stead might experience have stood him now.

minding. But it was no use, "It is experience I want." Just gone. Mrs. Laugslife carried him off." he muttered, helplessly, rising in despair to pace the room. I'd nearly forgotten Mrs. Leonard's dance fonight. And up with a haughtler nose. "O," she said, indifferently -and I'll go, toot" He was thankful for any interruption to his futile brain racking. He really was desperate, heard me speak of my consin, Reginald Wardcop, haven't setting back to the hallroom Desperate with the desire to get these wretched stories you? Dorothes said, furning to the girl, and frame written, desperate to get away from them on any excuse answered prettily that Dorothea was not the only person whatever.

attack the heastly things again, or -or-

to think out real scenes, in which he was to play a pram- and soon he found blueself haughing and taiking and as inent port that night, firiations, in which badinage and much at more as though it had been Dorothea instead or couldn't have burt her feelings that way." repartee must be constant and brilliant; love scenes-and a stranger. they required a deal of thinking out.

towards his hostess' house that evening in a hansom, slitting out this dance? I want to talk to you. I want "If Dorothea is there I might even get as far as a pro- your help and advice. posal-she won't mind, I'm sure."

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middle of a sentence and stepped forward to greet a slim. His mind wandered away, trying to picture himself, fair girl who was coming in a behavely way along the as taking part in a love scene, making a proposal, as-af corridor. "Mr. Ainsley tas been here talking and waiting being really so head over cars in love as to be making a about for ever so long." Reginald heard her say after the fool of himself as he lad seen other fellows do, and not first greeiing and exchange of remarks, "he has only

Reginald, watching the newcomer, bolleed the saintest As he turned his eye fell on a calendar hanging by his of flushes creep over her delicate checks at the first part writing table. "The 18th the 18th already: By Joye, or Dorothes's remarks, at the second part the drew herself

" Regimild, come here and be introduced. You have she had heard speak of Mr. Wurdrop. Whereupon Reg-"Th go-and-and I'll get some experience before I inslit howed and felt grateful to Dorothes for introducing him to such a charming creature, and Dorothen having He put away his patchook and pencil, for now he had strelled off, he asked Miss Castle for more than one dance,

> " Doll," he said, some time ' ter, when he had man-Dorothen looked sufficiently impressed by his solemnity.

Dorothes colored hotly, "I don't make proposals of marriage," she said colily, hor head held high. "No, of course not, O' what a fool I am. Do forgive

it no delighted. I inn sure," she said, kindly, "to

give you any help I can. Is it your work that is bothering

-does any one care for love stories, do you think?"

with happy endings. Do love affairs ever end happily?"

"They want a wretched one?

Yes. They want a lot of wretched love stories, and-

"It depends on the stories, of course," sold Dorothea,

"O, no. I called them that. They want them bright,

"Sometimes-in storles." said Dorothca: with an air of

Well, I never could read one, and now I've got to

"Exactly," said Dorothea. "I understand, and you've-

Reginald stared. "I hadn't thought of that, I thought

"O, loads." said Dorothea jauntily. A faint flush had

"Well, perhaps it is beginning at the wrong end, but

A-a proposal! What sort-" Dorothea looked un-

perhaps you'd tell me-give me some hints-you've had-

crept into her checks, but she kept her eyes lowered.

affectedly surprised. "I am afraid I don't understand."

me, Dolly, I didn't mean anything so preposterous, of course. I meant-you see I must get some idea. What do you say then when a fellow proposes to you - I mean what liftle face which turned to him, not a trace of coquetry mer house in the kitchen mirden. does he say-that's what I want to know." He was so was left in words or manner. Reginald was touched inentirely absorbed he did not notice the expression on explicably. Dorothous since his she reas.

"it-depends upon the math," she answered coldly, tenderly, "I think the next dance will begin soon, we had better be

"But I really want to know.

"Then go and ask-ask some one else. Irene Castleanyone, I'm afraid I cannot help you," and Dorothea

thought vaguely. "but after all 1-didn't ask her how a man breaks off an engagement-though I wanted to. 1

been so jolly and unaffected, and so hewitching with her there may be no lovers." he muttered sardonically. At How shall you manage then, Reggie ?" "If Dorothea is there," he thought, as he rolled aged to find that young lady again, "Dolly, do you mind laughing month and misphievous eves and tip-tilted nose, the end of the path was a gate, on the other side of the he fell no shyness of her no he did of most of the girls. He had not experience enough to detect the take ring of after him, here at last was solitude. At the end of the

dered, then, with a slight bow turned and went back again

When he had gone frene turned suddenly to Reginald. snatching her hand away. "Will you-leave me now-

Is there nothing I can do?" he stammered, almost

"Only-that, ' she said, with a ghost of a smile. So he left her For the next half hour he wandered aimlessly about the garden, trying to face the situation, and grasp his position. In his heart he anathematized the hour in which he had come to the dance. But neither regrets stalked away, leaving Reginald puzzled and dumfounded. no reproaches, nor moon, nor stars, nor twinkling lights " Poor little soul, she's had a disappointment." he could bring his sairit peace. Everywhere were couples strolling about, talking in low tones, or laughing merrily, "Is there no peace anywhere," he muttered angrily, as he ran into the twentleth couple. On his left he noticed The wandered away in search of Miss Castle. She had a small dark path, and took it. "If there are no lights gate was the kitchen garden. He went in closing the gate him then, the constant laughter, the forced gayety, or to notice the garden he saw a little summer house standing up silent arm, "one is enough for one day, and mine is here."

It was Mrs. Leonard's "at he ten in the garden, and so many to partake of it that it was easy for any guest to evade the hostess' eye. By coincidence or a little judicious maneuvering Reginald found himself with Dorothea on the threshold of the little sum-

"I really think this is not allowed, we are trespossing." said Dorothea with a faugh as she locked up at her cousts But moeting fils, eyes her own fell suddenly. "I think we'll sholl back new," she said modely,

"No, not yet," he answered, anything but meckly, "I want to talk to you. Dolly," and Dolly did not again attempt to stop him. But when he had done she looked up at him with shy, mischlevous eyes.

'Is-hs all this for experience, to-to be able to write-

"Dorothea! how can you. O, my dear, don't you know that there are some things-too-too sacred to be-to bethat a mun keeps always in his own heart-that-

Perhaps that is why love stories are so stupid then," she said mischlevously, "no one writes-the real truth.

But even the still unwritten stories could not depress

" Never mind," he said, drawing her hand through his



stone.

tures looked down intently from the walls. and the daffodils clustered together as pro-the awakening of life after a long season of "I is asking everything of you," he can-that garden, knowing nothing but their was the one person in the world I wanted a shudder. "I can't bear it." fell together with a crash. The spell that restitution and recognition. held her was broken, and she awoke.

"O," she said, stretching out lor arms maid entered. as if to seize some invisible thing, "I am "Mr Temple is below," she said, hand- I would not give you time to think of any "Dick," she said with a son, "I am so but -so tired of it-so tired of it! I want to live- ing her mistress the salver with a card thing che but how I card." to be-and instead I feel as if I were dying on it. slowly every day."

and threw up the such, the roat of the outside world breaking into the slience of the room like the clash of arms upon the stillness of a cloister. Outside the rain was coming down woftly and stendily, wrapping overything in a shroud of gray mist. The stream, of traffic poured densely along, a moving mass of wagons, and omnibuses, and cabs.

A little farther on there was a blockade, The roads were up and the passage marrowed suddenty, leaving only enough room for one vehicle to go through at a time. Above the din rose the voices of the drivers. chaffing one another, and the sounding smooth close cropped hair. To the woman had been suddenly humped by the backward jork of a wagen ahead.

The rush, and the tumult, and the sizess were to her like a battle cry, the battle cry of life calling her to live, to gather her, without any word of greeting. roses, and drink her cup before the world thorns with the rouse and bitterness in the booking at him. He moved nearer. tees. To live-to live-to live! In joy, if it were pendble; in pain, if it were notiful, with me somewhere." Still she did not face was quite bloodiess, but her eyes were Bartrop adjusted his monopie to make a rooms till she came to a quite corner. At She sat for a while with her fingers The address of the sending station made to live!

She stood for awhile watching, then with

tensity seemed to communicate liself 10 For the song the flowers song was a birth for the years that have been wasted " cf living. And the glory of it too the inanimate objects around. The plc- song, telling of a wonderful season that If she cared enough! She turned away woman and made her even as he.

She toge from her chair, and, going over clinched suddenly, snapping the stems, den, to the window, pulled aside the curtains. The woman bent her head and there was a pause before she answered. Then she said muleties

Tell him to come up."

The maid withdraw, and when she had facing him. His jaw was set and a ven hay gone the bent head was raised and the across his forehead like a whip last. hands holding the broken flowers un- slowing clasped themselves.

The quick, involuntary fear that had The quick, involuntary fear that had you for myself. Hecause I want you more one with the announcement of the man's than anything or anybody on earth. Bestraightened herself up and waited

The door opened and Templa came in, knew her own, he looked older and the lines much those things are worth. Won't you back,

grew iso cold, even though there were simply She made no answer, but just stood come?"

speak, and he went on mechanically? like deep pools with the moon shining on keener survey, and stopped heads his jast through the mists came a voice that elimined, then she got up and stood before him wince. Then he read the mossage:

"You know that If anything else were poss them. He did not mistake her impulse for history, a shiver pulled down the window and sible I would not ask this of you. If there assent, but in a moment his arms were "Miss theory is always one of the most in her car that she started, drawing her "I am not secrificing for religion or mor-

of her gown, making tiny flashes her brain. To live-to live-to live, The haps it sounds brutal, but she has been dead that she was dazed with the splendor of log ing up the still face that but for the warm, looked about her, unconsciously searching have had to come back. The hardness of the last clsely the reason why I want to look again. reached the door. Temple held it open for subdued murmur of the flowing accomliving color might have been cut out of for some tangible reason for this rist of her to go through and followed closing it parlment, bearing the voice along like a senses, her eyes fell upon a bowl of daffedlis, when I have been hungry for you, body and he tailed it was as if some magic suddenly than usually I don't do it as much, for tear upon him. For a moment the man stood bird on the breast of the incoming tide: The intensity of her thoughts held her She let her fingers wander among the green soul, every day since I first now you. Now, swept away all the world weariness in his she, who is serenely unconscious of my still, then he went towards her with his so rapt that for a time it was almost as and gold blossoms, touching them tender- dear, if you care enough we will go away foce and carried him back to the time when existence, will discover what is in my arms outstretched.

" And you-your profession?" The fingers that played with the flowers She spoke thickly and kept her face hid- was.

> " frould throw it up, there is enough for us both without H." She drew a long breath and turned round.

"You would do this for mer" she said "For you"" He hughed. " No, not for

but there was an odd light in them as she cause I would rather be your lover then the Friday ?" love the helr of your head more than all modeled the gold and glory that hange to a court full

ambassadors.

round ble moath seemed more noticeable. come with me and let me teach you that "Di," he said, gently, "Di, little girl, you She put out her hand and touched her. He closed the door and went towards her there is only one thing that really matters, won't be too hard on me, will your

" Dick!" she breathed, and, stretching if her heart would break " Di," he said. " I want you to come away out her hands, stumbled towards him. Her

THE woman sat with clasped hands, walked to the bookcase, and picking out a patiently as I could, but there is none. "The again until her while checks flamed scar- leally; "but there is something about her "Diana, I have come." staring into the fire. Every now and book tried to read. But all the while, like law does not allow divorce for instanity, and let. He prayed her in clear, whilepered tonight that makes me feel each time I see Temple stond at her elbow, waiting. She want you more than everything in all the then the reflection from the little the tramp of sleady feet marching to the (here is no reason why she should not live words to do the thing he asked, sotting he her I want to look again to try and find it." turned and looked at him. leaping flames flickered over the laces beat of drums, the words through for another twenty or thirty years Per. fore her starved ey a such a feast of love "To find what?" asked Marcia, laugh- "We cannot talk here," she said. "Let In another room some one was singing

if she had ceased to breathe. And this in- by as if they were little children's faces, somewhare together and try to make up everything else was absorbed in the joy mind." " It is funny that I used to feel like it

ple do sliently when they are waiting a representen, and this bite-so strong so spien- tinued. "You would know, then, who were own joy, caring for so human heirigs but to see, set Falways hid or booked the other momentous issue. Then suddenly the logs did, and so compelling was demanding your friends and who were not; and at is no themselves, then to Diana, being the way when I saw him coming, and nearly good shirking the fact that they would be woman, came the first awakening. She died of disappointment when he had gone I have thought it out, and I am going to There was a knock on the door and a considerably fewer than they are now, irwed herself fram his arms and stood be- part."

tired.

" Pour child." he said tenderly.

She stood sugering the sierve of his "I-I can't talk any more now" also such dangerous lists."

"Ars you going to Marcha's tonight?"

I will see you then and tell you. He turned to go.

ceptance or refusal of the post before different about her-

naget diplomat in the world. Because I She covered her ever with her hand and conight?" said Diana abruptly.

"And you know what it depends on?" Shy nodded again.

"O, my little girl," he said, "we are Temple walked towards the door. With Takk Temple, and I want to be sure he is earch, there is another side to your life. It who knew his face even better than she neither of us children, and we knew how his hand on the knob he stood looking the only one who hears H."

face in the cushions of a small, weeping as middle hurriesly "You can go to the be given to us who have nothing when

us go to Marcia's room."

" Di." he said, and his voice sounded like mother and lover in one-" little Di."

She put up her hands to keep him away. The invocation swelled into a cry of ex-" Don't touch me. Dick " she said, with quisite pain.

woman, and love means everything to me.

She spake slow'y. "You must go right away from me. Dick proke into that passionate avowal:

Then alle laughed again, Not do without you because I want you so that I mean you are in love with Diana. much that I dare not risk losing you by "Dear lady," he said survely, " I could to tell me it would not be so! I want it so rang out, and Temple and Diana stood face

He looked at her and saw how spent she find it casy to be in love with Miss Chess budly that I can almost persuade myself ney if I thought she had ever allowed me that, too. There are moments when I feel sain and their own sorrow, knowing it to be even for five small minutes to enter into that if I went with you and you were to her calculations at all. But at my age one leave me after one day I could live the needs some slight oncouragement to enter text of my life contentedly on the memory of that i wenty-four hours. But it would the needs some was white and his hands scened.

aid, and her voice sounded exhausted. He bowed and moved away, Marcialook. not be so-" fog after him, haif smiling and wondering He interrupted her. ' You don't doubt me. do you. Di? " how much of the admission was true; then,

No. dear, 1 don't doubt you." she said, turning she came face to face with Diana. "Di," she began, and stopped. It was and a sudden look of pride shot into her child, but the loneliness is her even was as You know I have to send in my ac- as Bartrop had said. There was something "yes. " I only know what human nature is, At 20 I would have done it without a moment his suffering.

" Is your own altting room thrown open tremor, not because I could have loved you more, but because I knew life loss well. The difference between us is this-1 am a quietly. " and it shall be as you say; but

Murvia looked surprised. " No. denr. Why?"

"Because I have something to say to You are a man, and however much you and when you send for me I will come."

is not a thing you have the control of; it is and his lips looked as if they were moving, The pain in Diana's eyes hurt Marcia, not an individual matter; it is only part of but he did not speak. When Diana tifted the great original scheme, and you do your her head he had gone.

" Di darling," she said roftly. "I am so part because something greater than you and that nothing is worth a straw without As the door closed after hun the woman sorry-1 was afraid. O. if only I could help Intended you should "Then suddenly she "I have been ordered to China." he said it. Wos,'t you come, little one, won't you slipped down on the floor and hursed her you! "There is some one coming." she beat her hands together. "But what is to midnight his man handed him a telegram."

our own life is denied us? It is cruel-cruel left, sir. enuggery quite safely." Luana walked slowly away through the -cruel?"

bridged the distance and sounded so close him.

you are gone. I am only a coward, and I world." Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and through

My that by I term to tasts, By that more endroied waint. By all the token dowers that tell What words can never speak so well.

By love's alternate Joy and wes-

Zos musi and series

repeating and rising still higher, till it

All the represeion, the unsatisfied longing

The music stopped and there was a sound

to be gripping for something, but he stord

"Yes, Dick," she said sharply, like a little

pathetic that it made Temple forget for a

He took her hands gently and held them.

remember, dear, I always belong to you.

He stood a little while hending over her.

711.

When Temple got back to his rooms at

"This came for you shortly after you

He took it indifferently and opened it.

"Mrs. Temple died unexpectedly this

CUBTIS.

"You are sending me away." he said

straight, with his head well up.

" Di, is it to be good by"

welled up and overflowed in the cry that