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**Fair Play**

**Ann Elizabeth Turns Things About.**

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The journey down in the train had been one of mingled pleasure and pain to Ann Elizabeth Clark. There was pleasure in contemplating how nice she would look in the new suit which Artemus had promised her; there was positive suffering in the mental suggestion that she might have to ask him for the money with which to pay the bill.

They had left Springbrook on the 6:02 train after an early breakfast, and all the way to the station in the rocking, careening old stage Ann Elizabeth had hoped that her husband would reach down into his hip pocket and bring forth the fat brown wallet in which he kept his money. It would be such a nice thing for him to do—to count out the necessary money from the roll of bills and give it to her that she might feel the satisfaction of possessing the money for a short time, for Artemus Clark was a man who paid all his wife's bills, and Ann Elizabeth was one of those unfortunate wives who never have a cent of spending money without asking for it. As she was too proud to beg for what she considered rightfully her own share of the family income Ann Elizabeth went without many things until Artemus, ashamed of her shabbiness and in his heart knowing her reluctance to ask for money, at last made the suggestion that they journey to the city and purchase a suit for Ann Elizabeth.

Not a word about money had Artemus uttered during the stage ride; in the train he became absorbed in his newspaper, and so Ann Elizabeth sat, growing more miserable every moment until at last they rolled into the Central station. Half the pleasure of the journey was lost in the fact that Artemus had forgotten to give her the money for her purchases and she must ask him after all. And Artemus meant to be the kindest of husbands, Ann Elizabeth firmly believed that.

There was a particular store that the Clarks always traded at when in New York, and as they approached it now on the surface car Artemus talked of this and that and the other thing in the most careless manner, but not once did he mention the money for her suit. Ann Elizabeth remembered a horrible experience she had once had, when her husband had gone away and forgotten to give her any money and left her standing penniless in one of the snops surrounded by a heap of unpaid for purchases. Several hours afterward he had found her there waiting doggedly for his return.

"Here we are," announced Artemus, shouldering his way out of the car and helping his little wife to alight. "Now, Ann Elizabeth, I don't see why you can't pick out a suit—get just what you want, and it will please me. I'm going to take the next car down to Triangle's to see about a new harness. Suppose you meet me there at noon and we'll go somewhere for dinner." He was moving away carelessly when Ann Elizabeth clutched desperately at his coat sleeve.

"Oh, Artemus, haven't you forgotten something?" she faltered. Surely he would recollect now!

Her husband looked down from his six feet of handsome good naturedness and smiled. "I don't recollect, Ann; what is it?"

Ann Elizabeth's sensitive face flushed painfully and her gray eyes darkened until they seemed almost black. She swallowed her pride and said humbly, "You forgot to give me the money for my suit, Artemus."

Artemus flung back his head and laughed heartily. "Bless my soul, so I did! Why didn't you ask me before, eh?"

Then it was that Ann Elizabeth Clark realized that her husband had kept her waiting purposely; it had amused him to tease her—she, who had not had a new suit in three years! The tears came into her eyes and she turned away proudly. How she would love to throw his money back into his hands!

"I was only having a little fun, Ann," he laughed softly, as he pulled out his wallet and gave to her generously from it. "There, get what you want. Remember you can always have what you want if you ask for it."

A curious look came into Ann's eyes. She held the roll of bills above her ground and looked down. "Speak, Fido! That's what you mean, don't you, Artemus?"

Artemus reddened uncomfortably. "Oh, now, Ann, you take it too seriously; I didn't mean to be unkind. We've been married ten years, and yet

you act just as bashful about asking me for money as you did in the beginning. Don't mind my teasing. Will you meet me at Triangle's at noon?"

"Yes," said Ann coldly, turning away and entering the shop. She was too much overcome by the little scene to take much pleasure in the selection of her new suit, but dominating any possible satisfaction in the purchase there was a growing feeling of resentment toward her husband. To such proportions did her displeasure arise that she deliberately purchased a most becoming coat and skirt of rich dark blue, with a velvet hat to match, although dark blue was Artemus Clark's especial abhorrence.

For several days after this trip to the city Ann Elizabeth Clark was very thoughtful. She raved about her pretty little home with grave gray eyes, and occasionally she smiled demurely, or again the tears came unbidden to her lashes. Artemus, busy about the farm and attending to the manifold duties connected with his dairy, did not observe the change in his wife.

One night he came in to supper tired and hungry. The kitchen was immaculately clean, a bright coal fire glowed in the stove, and the kettle sang softly. There was no sign of supper, although it was fifteen minutes past the usual hour. The dining room table was not even laid for the evening meal, while Ann Elizabeth sat in the sitting room embroidering a centerpiece with daintily placed stitches.

"What's the matter?" demanded Artemus, in surprise. "Had company?"

"No. Why?" Ann looked up pleasantly.

"Nothing, only I thought it was funny supper wasn't ready," said Artemus rather grumblingly.

"Why, you can have it now if you want it," Ann spoke in a surprised tone, just as if Artemus' request was what she had been waiting for. She bustled about the rooms, while her husband lounged near the lamp reading the paper.

"What you got?" he asked hungrily as he came in response to her call. "Ham and eggs, pears and cake. I was hoping you'd try some parsnips. You know I can never get enough of them," he said in a disappointed tone.

"Would you like some parsnips? Why didn't you ask me?" returned Ann briskly. "I'll try some at once." She flitted into the kitchen, and soon the sputtering brown slices were placed before her husband.

Artemus ate his supper in silence. There was something peculiar about his wife's demeanor that he could not understand.

He watched Ann furtively as she flew about doing up the evening's work. At last she came and sat down near him and took out her embroidery once more. Artemus looked at it resentfully, almost jealously. She had told him it was to be a wedding present for Jennie Beake, and Miss Beake was to marry one of Ann Elizabeth's old admirers.

From these facts Artemus deduced that, while his wife stitched at a centerpiece to adorn the parlor table of one of her old lovers, he (Artemus, her husband) sat before her with a large hole in the toe of his sock.

But Ann Elizabeth was absorbed in her needlework and did not notice that Artemus had worked off his slipper and that the hole in his sock was painfully in evidence. At last he spoke rather crossly:

"Seems as if you might find time to mend my clothes."

"Why, I do mend them, Art. What is it now?" Ann looked at him with lifted brows.

"That!" complained Artemus, wriggling the peeping toe. "It's confounded uncomfortable, I tell you."

"It must be," said Ann sympathetically. "Want me to mend it?"

"If you please," said Artemus meekly. When he reached his bedroom door that night Mr. Clark stared uncomprehendingly at the disorder that met his gaze. The bed was just as he had left it that morning, untidy, unmade. His clothes were strewn about, and there was a general air of neglect over the place that was very disheartening to a man who had slaved all day and who had waited for the last hour in pleasant anticipation of the comfortable bed that awaited his weary body.

He stepped to the door of his wife's room and looked in. All was in apple order, immaculately clean, with the white dimly spread turned down from the inviting bed. Ann stood before the window letting down her shower of yellow hair. Artemus hesitated for a moment. He wondered if Ann had been too busy or tired to make his bed, and yet she had never found it a trying task before.

Suddenly Ann turned and saw him there, hesitating. "Did you want anything, Artemus?" she asked pleasantly.

"My bed," replied her husband. "I guess you forgot it, Ann. It isn't made."

"I'll make it now," said Ann without surprise or apology, passing into his room. With a few deft movements she went to and fro, picking up things, replacing them in wardrobe or dresser, making the bed into a comfortable couch.

"Much obliged," said Artemus awkwardly.

"You're welcome," said Ann cheerfully. "Whenever you want anything,

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Artemus lay in puzzled wakefulness for several hours. At last he broke into sudden soft laughter. "Cute," he chuckled to himself. "Cunning as the dickens. I declare if it isn't one on me!"

At breakfast next morning Artemus suddenly threw a bombshell into the conversation. "How would you like to have a weekly allowance, Ann?" he asked. "I mean some money every

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