OUR WEEKLY SERIAL STORY INSTALLMENT

two keys to a cabin

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Dawning, soulful Gabrielle, the he short Grahan, engage to Dall Dawson, retires to a cabin in the Maine woods, accompanied by a friend, Kate Olive. The idea of a stay in the cabin occurred to her when she received a note to it following the death of her godfather, Uncle John Lawrence. The note gave notice that someone is living in the cabin. Kate senses that Gay knows the identity of the mysterious occupant. The mystery man returns. He is John Houghton, a young doctor whom Gay had known in previous years. Immediately impressed, Gay asks him to what right he is in the cabin. He replies, she finds, is greater than her own. He, too, possesses a key, but more than that, he has lived in Uncle John, the godfather. Gay is high handed with him, and he shows contempt that he will have. Looking at him in the doorway, he—all virile, confident—has he will have. Looking at him in the doorway, he—all virile, confident—has he will have. She knows that he is more possessed to be than is Dall Dawson, the man she is to marry. Gay asks John to reconsider his decision to leave. The next morning brings a different feeling, and John decides to remain for his vacation—one more week. The night before Gay and Kate are to return home to New York, John gets an urgent request to call of a nearby farm. Gay accompanies him while he goes for the patient.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"You should have gone back," John said as he slipped in behind the wheel. "They would have taken me or I could have stayed here all night. Do you realize this is nearly three o'clock?" He released the brake and the car moved out into the road. "Who do you suppose Kate is thinking?"

"The worst, probably." Gay moved closer to him in the narrow seat. "Who is it, a boy or a girl?"

"A boy." She was unconscious of having moved toward him, he thought. Wondering if have her have very close to him, wearing his sweater, waiting for him to rush back to the cabin. No risk, of course, a piece of a dream, a part of the strange intimacy of this night they had spent together.

"I hope it." She voice was hushed. "It sounds like a fairytale. It's like to have seen it. I've never seen one so—small."

"They improve with age. He had a close shave. It's the first one and they were complications. They have given my son for hospital squadron. They—" He broke off abruptly. It was odd with Josephine. It should be enthusiasm and the fear that his enthusiasm might have hurt. "I wouldn't have be you in for this. I didn't know it was a baby. Why didn't you take the car back to the cabin hours ago?"

"I wouldn't have missed it," she said, still in the hushed and wondering voice. "Nothing in my life, this one happened to me. I should think the thing what you did would make you feel like—God."

"Good Lord!" he said, trying to remove the pride and pleasure her comment gave him. "I didn't do anything she couldn't have done herself. Kate is a little nervous, possibly. There's no much suffering—one-thirsty," he concluded around.

"Oh, John, don't!" she cried with soft vehemence. "Don't be ashamed of enthusiasm."

"I'm not ashamed," he admitted, moved by the sincerity of her voice. "Only you're always so controlled and—detached. You've made me feel the enthusiasm is—naive."

"I know I hate it!" she cried, "like all the way, my friends. I mean, we think the world is the home and disillusioned. We could only display it emotion to we would seem a virgin. Does Dall—?" She paused.

The motion slowed down, but a hollow where the moon hollow the headlights in wraith-like shapes. John felt his hands tremble on the wheel.

"Don't talk about it. You couldn't mean. Darling, nothing you've written to explain."

"But I want to," she said earnestly. "I could have gone away leaving you think what you pleased of me—but someone like to remember this—yesterday morning when I pulled my net on the float. I must have given you a very unfair impression of Dall. I'm not being loyal to him this morning."

John gave a short laugh. "I could scarcely have this impression," he said.

"Some of the things you probably think are true," she went on. "We didn't merely drift into an engagement. It wasn't prominently in the fact that both families hoped and expected that we would marry. I suppose that would have put us off each other, if anything. We're neither of us kinds which could be led to a sacrifice without a good deal of kicking."

Dreamily she continued. "I like Dall better than anyone I've ever known," she said, as though she were explaining the situation to herself as well as to him. "We enjoy being together. We think the same things are amusing or sad or exciting."

"I should think that would be an excellent foundation for marriage," John said as she paused.

"But it isn't enough. It's all too—What were the words you used?—controlled and detached. We took things too lightly." Mounting vehemence flamed in her voice. "Dall should have let me come here," she said.

"Did you?"

"Oh, I know." She gave a low mirthless laugh. "He couldn't have prevented my coming. But I'd never enough for him. I wouldn't have wanted to come. If he'd cared enough for me he would have tried to keep me from with him. I—" she broke off, and added: "I mean to correct the unfair impression of Dall I've given you. I'm not being a very good job."

He ignored this. "Why did you come, Gay?" he asked.

"I've wanted to tell you." Her voice was quiet, now, very thoughtful, almost shamed. "I've been afraid to try. I thought with reasonable time to me. I hoped to find the kind of would be here."

"I know that," John was conscious of the fact that he had shot down the cover of the car. With his gaze still fixed on the road ahead, he waited for her to continue.

"I'm not afraid now," she went on after an interval of silence. "Yesterday while I was waiting for you, I thought of Dall—John."

"Yes?" he said, turning toward her.

"Do you realize that when we are—dying, she added slowly, the only thing worth bothering with is a moment of complete understanding. This alone memory worthy to give to you?"

He turned to a thought in his head, startled with its similarity. He remained silent, his emotions gone, every nerve in his body suddenly tense and alert.

"I thought of the tragedy," she went on without waiting for a reply to her question. "Would you want bringing that baby into the world. When realizing much you, pride seems unimportant. I'm not afraid to tell you now. I wanted to come back to the cabin because I'd felt intensely here. I'd been both happy and unhappy and not ashamed of either, no hidden emotion beneath modesty for fear I'd be thought sentimental and naive."

"But you were so young then, Gay." John drew in at the side of the road and stopped the motor.

"And have you—succeeded?"

"I was disappointing the night Kate and I arrived. I realized how foolish I'd been. The cabin was as I remembered it, but I had no feeling about it until—"

Her voice which had been compressed crumbled to a faltering stop.

"You've made me feel that sentiment is—naive."

She glanced up at him and he saw, in the light from the dashboard, the tears in her lashes, the uncertain half-smile on her lips, the mellow warm in her eyes. His arm went around her, drew her close.

"Gay," he said. "Darling, I love you. It's a relief to say it. I've not afraid either. Oh, Gay."

She turned to him, her cheek against his. Her arm went up around his neck.

"John!" she cried softly. "Oh, I was afraid it wouldn't happen. I was afraid I'd go away without having really been with you. It was you. We're both so stubborn and proud and unbendable." She laughed, half sobbing. "John!"

"I couldn't have gone while you were here," he whispered against her cheek.

Her arm tightened. Her head moved in gentleness from his mouth down along the full line of his jaw. "I couldn't have either. I was always you. It was because you had been there that I had to come back. I knew you would be waiting for me. I felt you there and here always, also. I thought that being here—But I wouldn't have been any good. Darling, John and I came—the cabin was as I had remembered it. But I had no feeling about it until I found you. Darling, this morning and knew it was you who was there."

"That's all sensible. It was you the summer you were here. You remembered!"

"I remembered everything, how you had your hair cut short so it wouldn't wave, your hands—I could have drawn them from memory—your crooked smile that disapproves of me, the way you walk, all the things that make you—you."

"Oh, Gay! You make me—I can't say—" His love for her, so long held in check, broke through the restraints he had set. Logic and common sense were lost in a rushing flood of tenderness, passion, relief. They had this time together, now, tonight. The past was blotted out and the future obscure. They were together on the small secure island of the present. "I've wanted you so," he said in shaken phrases. "I've ached to hold you like this.

CHAPTER V

Kate roused, opened her eyes, blinked at the light coming in through the window beside her bed. She had forgotten to draw the shade when she had retired, she thought. She had forgotten to undress, too, apparently, since she seemed to be fully clothed. That was a little careless, to say the least. She stretched under the blankets, blinked again and remembered.

Her eyes, wide awake now, flew to Gay's bed at the opposite end of the room. The counterpane was drawn smoothly over the pillows and Gay's white wool robe lay flung across it as it had lain since yesterday afternoon. Kate glanced at her watch. Nearly half-past seven. She threw back the blankets, sprang from the bed, stood listening.

She glanced in the mirror above the low chest of drawers. Her face, colorless from anxiety and fatigue, glared back at her in the morning light. What a fright she looked! Not that it mattered. She was glad she'd done what she had. She'd wondered, last night, how she would feel about that this morning. Gay would be furious. Let her. There were limits to patience and tolerance and being a good sport. Last night, at least, she hadn't let her sympathies run away with her common sense.

How treacherous sympathies were! Kate, brushing her long sandy hair, felt here stir beneath anxiety and exasperation as she thought of Gay and John. They were so obviously in love with each other, romantically in love which was more dangerous than a mere physical attraction. Not that he wasn't physically attractive. He had charm and good breeding. His characteristic gravity, lit by flashes of humor, was appealing. He was sensitive, but Gay couldn't dominate him, which, for her, must be unique and intriguing. In that quality, call it strength of character or stubbornness as you please, lay, she supposed, his strong attraction.

What was that? Kate dropped her brush on the top of the chest. They were here. They were laughing together, somewhere, close at hand. Her first reaction was a lightheaded sense of relief. She opened the bedroom door into the main portion of the cabin.

The sound of laughter reached her more clearly. She smelled bacon frying and toast and coffee. Relief shortened into indignation. They were laughing, were they, having breakfast, while she worried. Kate's back stiffened. As she walked through the living-room, she glanced at the telephone against the wall. She was glad she had done it, she told herself, standing her ground this morning, resolutely forcing from her mind an unjustified feeling of guilt.

But she wasn't so sure she was glad when she came to the doorway of the kitchen. Sympathy, for a sentimental moment, took possession—indignation and anxiety. They had built a roaring fire in the wood range and were cooking breakfast together. Gay, wearing his sweater, ran from to fro, the eleven called back to her, her hands, was turning bacon. John, standing beside her, turned toward the skillet. Steam rose from the coffee-pot, cocked in a trivet above the hot-hole. Sunlight streaming in through the two row windows lay warm, a promise, a test of spring, a benediction.

They were not aware of Kate standing in the doorway. Their faces bent over their separate tasks were absorbed and smiling. As she watched, their glances lifted and met. They broke into soft laughter though no word was exchanged. Leaning toward her, his lips brushed across her hair.

The light caress, significant of a new relationship, banished sympathy and sentiment. Kate stiffened.

"Well!" she said crisply. "For two people who've been out all night—"

"We didn't expect to be so long," Gay interrupted. "John had a baby. It took all night."

"What!" Kate's hands grasped the sides of the doorway.

"A Mrs. Whittaker had a baby," John said. "I merely assisted."

Kate drew a steadying breath. "And what did you do?" she asked Gay.

"I waited for John outside in the car."

"I'm surprised you didn't—assist."

"I wanted to. John wouldn't let me."

Kate felt her lips twitching in spite of the very real dismay that weighted her spirits. "I'm glad he had that much sense," she said. "You couldn't have telephoned, I suppose."

"There wasn't a 'phone."

"I am sorry, Kate." John roused from the trance-like state so alarming to Kate. "You must have been frantic. I tried to send Gay back. But you know how she is."

"The toast is burning," Kate said.

"Heavens, yes!" Gay snatched the rack up from the stove.

"Can't you keep your mind on your work?" John took the rack from her. Their hands touched, reluctantly parted. Gay gave a laughing cry.

"Can't you! The bacon is burned to a crisp."

"Good Lord!" The rueful smile widened into his engaging grin. "Will you cook this breakfast, Kate?"

"I'll have to, I suppose," she said grumpily. "If I'm to have anything fit to eat." She took the skillet from John's unresisting hand and marched to the sink. "After you've had breakfast you'd better get some sleep. We can't start for New York today."

A sudden hush fell upon the room. Kate could not see their faces. She was scraping burned bits of bacon from the skillet into the sink.

"The Northfield garage couldn't cope with the generator," she went on. "I left the car there and that boy with the teeth brought me back here last night. They kindly offered to take the car in to Machias today. That means, I suppose, that it won't be ready before night. I'll be glad to get back to civilization again where it doesn't take forever to get something done." She turned. "Where's the rest of the bacon or have you—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Liquid Helium Is Puzzle To Scientific Observers

Liquid helium II, one of the most peculiar substances ever observed by scientists, acts as if it defies the laws of gravitation that apply to all other substances. Difficult under its own power, it can rise against the pull of gravity and flow into a vessel at a greater height than its own solution.

This phenomenon was described by Prof. E. Gregory Smith of the University of Toronto, at the Boston meeting of the American Chemical society. It was first observed at Oxford university. If the closed end of a test tube is dipped into the liquid helium II it will flow up the sides of the tube, over the opening at the top and fill the tube. It will creep over any solid surface with which it comes in contact. It leaks readily through solid materials through which gas can be forced in small quantities only at very high pressures.

This fluid has been 18 to 180 times the best conductivity of silver. Liquid helium II exists only at very low temperatures, near absolute zero. Helium at ordinary temperatures is a gas, well known to the non-informed-balloon-filler.