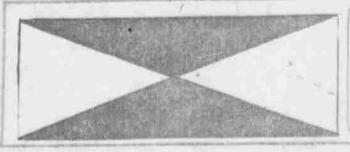
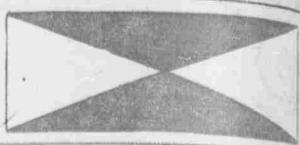
### Stories of Adventures in Love



## "Growing For You"

By Will Seaton





the hill, where she

titled to two meals as well as to a dollar, which in Jenny's case was a real godsend.

dreamily of the pretty things she had clothing, and, although the beautiful seen the gown itself, which had arrived that day from the city-a pearly robe, with a veil like morning mist.

ENNY LEE came But it was less the dress she rememslowly down Mile bered than the lifted radiance of Bess's up the narrow path she reached out A puff of air came in at the open door, flood. Under it the flowers stood still, street from the young face as she cried: "Oh, Jenny, and broke a bit from the nearest freshly scented with the night's distil- as if waiting for something to happen. street from the young face as she cried: "Oh, Jenny, Herrick house on don't you wish you were me?"

Jenny Lee was tired tonight-tired had been sewing all in body and spirit. She dragged along day. The evening like a bird with both wings broken. was so warm that Mile street streamed with lighted cars, the coat she had whose occupants were cooling off aftneeded in the morn- er the heat and stress of the day. Jening felt uncomfort- ny had to wait a long time at a crossable now, and she had thrown it back ing before she could get sufficient on her shoulders. She was late in getting home because she had stayed to down a shabby, old, quiet street which In Westmore a scamstress is eu- grew darker and quieter and shabbler the farther she went. At the very end

was her house. Two generations of Lees had occu-As she walked Jenny thought pied the house before it came to Jenny. It was a little gray house like a worked upon all day-the sheer, lace- hornet's nest. On either side of the trimmed linens which Bess Herrick yard were palings, but the front was was to wear under her wedding gown. open to the street. Here crowded Jen-Jenny had always made Bess Herrick's ny's flowers, some of which were descendants of her grandmother's posatin wedding gown was beyond her sies. Soft waves of perfume rose fnto skill, she was fashioning the things the night air. They came forward to that went with it. She had even greet Jenny, She could distinguish the odor of spice pink, blush roses, and white nancies. white pancies for an old, sweet, sim- nearer than he has been all day,"

pie reason of her own. As she went white flower cluster and pressed it to her face. Its sweetness and the memory of Bess Herrick's wedding dress set her heart aching.

Jenny opened the door. The close, cosy breath of her home breathed upon her. The room was not more than I'll just go to bed by the moonlight." the square line of his spare, trim gray dark, for the moon was floating up like a white globule. Jenny took off her hat. She started to take off her gray coat, and then she changed her mind. She also removed the chimney from the lamp and started to strike a match, but changed her mind about that also.

"I'm always changing my mind," she thought. "It has been my curse." She dropped down into the nearest

chair and submitted herself to reflecwish I hadn't seen that tion. . dress," she thought. "I wish they hadn't asked me to make those bridal things. It brings it all back. It has seemed all day as if-" A sob came into her throat. She tried to swallow it. "Why, if he was right here in the She loved best the room with me he couldn't be any

freshly scented with the night's distil- as if waiting for something to happen. lations. The room became very dark Something had happened. A man stood in the corners, but across the floor half way down the coal ash path bendunder the window the moon's white ing over the tangle of white nancies, guess I won't light up at all. I guess self. His face, the curve of his head

She rose to close the door, but paused to look out. The flowers seemed to sigh, the moonbeams to becken, "I might sit on the porch a few minutes," she thought, "I'm not very sleepy."

On either side the little old--fashloned latticed porch was a wooden settee. Jenny sat down. With her hands folded, she looked wistfully at the flowers which breathed and rocked in the moonlight. She looked until she ceased to see or think or move. She had fallen asleep.

Slowly, as if she were being pulled out the depths of languor, she opened half bewildered, half curious. She her eyes. A shred of dream clung to She seemed to hear a voice and to behold a face which long years be- brought them a little nearer still. fore had passed out of her life. The moon was right over the house, and here last," he said.

The small, warm room choked her, its light came down in a broad white glance grew. Jenny sat staring at it. His hat was in his hand. He stood "It's a pretty night," she thought. "I motionless as if he had forgotten himshoulders had almost a photographic clearness to Jenny's staring eyes.

She knew, of course, that she was asleep and dreaming. She dreamed that John Mortimer stood there in the moonlight gazing at the flowers he had always admired. Oh, if she might die before she awoke! Ah, but she was awake all the time! This man moved. She rose to her feet. He came loward her. She heard him say, "They said I should find her here." Then she advanced fully into his view.

"I am here," she said. They stood looking at each other, saw him hold out his hand and she reached forth her hand to meet it. This

"Well, it is a long time since I was

She nodded. next month. The 17th, Thursday,'

"Yes. I hadn't forgotten. The trumnet vine has grown some. That's about the only change I see." He gazed at her eagerly.

"About the only change," Jenny replied. She sank down upon the step and he took his scat beside her. They gazed at the garden in silence,

"I notice you're still growing white nancies," he remarked at last. This seemed to drag Jenny out of

her daze. "Yes," she replied. "I carried one of those flowers with me clear to Argentina," he said. "It was that brought me back-partly. He drew forth his pocketbook, opened it and showed her a carefully preserv- adventure, and I didn't und ed, preased flower. "It's gone wherever I've gone for twenty-one years. I guess it's been a kind of talisman. You see, they didn't grow white nancies down there. So I kept this one, at the white nacies appear.

And now I've brought it back. Funny, He kissed her took And now I've brought it back. I have face was sweeter than any face isn't 11?" But the catch in his voice face was sweeter than any face isn't 11?" But the catch in his voice face was sweeter than any face isn't 11?" But the catch in his voice face was sweeter than any face. "Jenny," he asked, tentatively, his. "John," she nume "did you ever wish that-that you'd

gone with me that time?"

"Oh, John!" Her votes sob, "If you knew how I have God only knows what made me my mind. I wanted to my that night-" She sh put his arm about her and de gently nearer. "That aler went on, more bravely, 'a w such a night as this. Reas white nancies were all os and all so sweet and familiar and e couldn't bear to leave it And and mother were coaring me y I never did have much min own, and when they said that really eared you would stay instead of making me go vin

"I guess there was some that," he said sadly. "I way I was naking you to do. I br But I never heard, I there ably you'd married. And the to myself: "I'll just go back g white nancies-I-I-I'm in growing-for you!"

# The Joy Of Forgiveness

By Elsie Endicott



the shortsnaps. O. ness." dear," she laughed

the house and garden have arrived be sweet and gentle, grew cold, her from the photographers?" 'Yes, yes, and they're ripping, Aunt

"Do you mean they are torn, Helen?"

eyes. "You know I don't mean any such a thing," she stammered. "You're only being bateful and sareastic-and

in such a manner. You forget your-You are too excitable, too bois- tears.

UNT MARY! Aunt terous, you laugh too much, talk too Mary! the slapsorts much. You irritate men constantly. have come-I mean Try and cultivate moderation, quiet-

"But, Aunt Mary, I don't want to be gayly, "what am I always quiet and never to laugh faded, saying. I mean like-" She bit her lips suddenly but So her little chin shot out defiantly.

"Helen, you are alarmingly nervous Sit down, think this morning. I see now that I made over carefully what a great mistake in permitting you to you intend to say before beginning a attend the little party last evening; it remark. You are trying to tell me was unwse of me in the extreme." Her that the snap-shots which you took of dark blue eyes which were meant to lips set sternly. "During the remainder of your visit," she went on, "I shall not permit you to remain up later than 8 o'clock each night. I see Angry tears rushed into the girl's that I shall have to discipline you as behaving as such."

blazed. She turned abruptly to the slowly toward the door, "Helen, you are not to address me window and gazed out unseeingly.

Her eyes smarted with suppressed gaint's eyes were upon her. She look- From within came voices. Her little hands clenched ed straight into them with a clear,

themselves upon her breast. She was merry comprehensive look which had boyhood suddenly came to life. Going fighting-fighting hard for control; in it an element of deep, understand- in quietly he tiptoed along the hall to-voice, not for worlds would she have broken

down then before her aunt. All the beauty of the day suddenly

So happy she had been, so eager. Now she felt chilled, depressed. Turning, she went over to her nunt. 'You can look at the old slap-snorts

plone, I-" she stopped, horrified, aghast! Not a muscle of the woman's face

changed. All sense of humor seemed frozen within her. "It is emphatically as I said," her

roice cut. "You need sleep! Go to bed at once;" For one bewildered moment Helen stood there. Then her face cleared, broadened and sweetened him. her little shoulders straightened them-

On the threshold she turned.

Two afternoons later came a caller. Fifteen years had elapsed since John Reed's last visit to his old home lown. During that time success had come to

him, but happiness not. Always his heart wandered back to the little town and Mary. She had been so sweet, so gentle. He had loved her so. Never had he understood what had come between them.

If he had only known it, much less had Mary understood. Simply another case of the meddle-

some third person. The ache in his own heart has mase him wonderfully sympathetic: had

On the day of his arrival in the lit-The girl's face went white. Her eyes selves. With head erect she walked the town he went determinedly to call on Mary. He loved her still.

The door of the house stood open. A bit of mischief left over from his

ward the room which had lived in his memory all the years.

limself against the wall. Someone was speaking. The voice was astonishngly hard and cold. He shivered! "You are a most unpleasant child!

Like a rough, boisterous boy you run through my house whistling, singing loudly! Now you have awakened me! You are hopeless! Never have I met such an absolutely irritating, disagreeable child! I cannot understand why your mother sent you here to me-itvas an imposition -- an incomprehensible thing for her to do.

"Mother thought you were lonely," the girlish voice faltered. "She saidus to love you. They-they thought you might love me. I-1 rried-1" the sweet voice broke pitifully.

John Reed's face grew tense.

He felt no slightest computation

over his peculiar position-listening Suddenly he stopped, balancing there. Rather he felt compelled to stay-something held him.

For a moment only did the sound of sobbing come from the room. Then-

"Oh," came a broken, heart-stirred "What a wicked, wicked woman I have been. Little girl, I do love you. You crept into my heart the day you came. But I-I wouldn't let you stay," the voice faltered-then went "I saw in you myself as-as I was years ago; it burt-my heart hardened-grew bitter. I've hated other people's sunny faces-their happiness. I let the wicked hate come into he smoothed back the soft my life. But I loved him so, childshe and dad-that you had no one but and he went away-and all the world went black-black-black!'

"I've wanted to be hard and cold-I've longed to hurt. But O. I'm so "John," she said, her wire! His sorry now - so sorry! Her voice ceas- gentle. "Heaven has bu hands elenched. He wanted to shake ed with a little choking sound.

With wonderful swittens le crossed the room and knell be The little girl watched a s her lips. With wonderfuling

For a moment the man h Then the woman raised her fa

understood.

"Mary, Mary, beloved!" lal was all the power and was years' faithful love. She looked at him as h

Her lips curved in a smile of happiness. Her whole face grew tender-tremulous. Then his arms went are

with one hand he gently dree face against his own-with

loved, see the sun is shiring She looked into his qu Heaven is good'

#### Sorrows And Gladness

By Enos Emory



Manton abe grasped the hand of her friend, Elsie been friends from said; childhood, but had

moved from the country town where they both lived into the city. Elsie's from your face, mother had written that Elsie was not teeling well and was a little downhearted and hoped that her friend might be able to cheer her up and make her seem like herself again. But Nina was much surprised to see her

Elsie would be rested, although the arm. I fainted. sad look never left her face, Nina

OW glad I am to see friend's confidence. Elsie had gone to over me and bathing my face with wa- and I was happily looking forward saids Nina their room, which they occupied together, and as Nina stepped in at the door Elsie tried to hide her fears; but Nina saw, and, taking Elsie in her Moore. They had arms, scated her on a low stool, and

"Now, do tell me your trouble and not seen each other see if I cannot belp you, for I am satfor two years, as isfied it is something that is troubling a physician. Nina's father had your mind that has taken the roses. "He place

"Yes. my dear friend, I will tell you." And this was her story:

"About a year ago I had started to walk over to Auntie's, about a mile from our home, and just as I came to that sharp bend in the road a pair of friend looking so pale and sad and frightened horses came dashing to-thought of herself. "It must be some ward me. I became frightened and beward me. I became frightened and betrouble of the mind that is making her wildered and, catching the heel of my boot in my skirt, fell to the ground. So in a few days, after she thought. The carriage must have gone over my

"When I opened my eyes they looked made up her mind she would get her into the face of a young man bending each other.

ter. I tried to lift my right arm to my head; it was broken, and I cried out

with pain. "'I am so sorry, Miss, it happened," he said, 'but my horses took fright at an auto and I lost control of them for moment. Please tell me where you live, and I will take you home and get

'He placed me gently in the carfrom your cheeks and the bright smite riage and took me home, asking permission to call often to learn how I was getting along. He came or sent flowers every day. To make my story short, he told me one day that he had loved me ever since I looked into his eyes the first time, and it made me

> very happy. But our joy was too sweet to last. One evening he told me his home was with his widowed mother in the city of K-, and he must go there in a few days. So we parted, promising to be true to His letters came often ing

to the time when we would meet again. Then a letter came that business would take him West for a while, after which he hoped to see me soon. He hall, wrote me a loving letter while on his journey-and I have not heard one word from him since. I never will believe he was false, but my heart is breaking with suspense. I even wrote

to his mother, but got no answer." You surely have my deepest sympathy, dear," said Nina as Elsie finished her story. "But you must cheer up and trust in kind Providence to bring

it out all right. "I wish I had your faith," said Elsie;

but I will try." "You remember Uncle Dick, don't "After I got able to go out we en- you, Elsie? He is ill in the hospital, joyed many rides and walks together, and I promised to visit him today.

Will you go with me?"
"I would be glad to," said Elsie, "for I always wanted to visit a city hospital." So after seeing the uncle the nurse took them over the build- sie

As they were passing through one trust and leave him in the care of One started at once for home. would have fallen if the nurse had not caught her and led her to a scat in the

Turning to the nurse, Elsie said: friend," said Elsie, reverently, "Who was that man in the bed nearest the door!

"Oh, that is a man who was brought here last night. He was found on the sidewalk unconscious and has not come to himself yet. The doctors say there is something pressing on his brain that must be removed. There is nothing to identify him by, only a piece of a card with the name Glendon on it." said the nurse

"Oh, Nina, it is my friend!" cried Elste. "What can we do?" "We will go right home and tell pa-He will see and know what is best. How glad I am we came to the

hospital today, and you will not be in suspense now much longer. "Oh, but he is in danger," cried El-

of the wards Elsie grew faint and that doeth all things well. Can you an accident on the train; not trust Him after he has done so "Again I promise to try, my dear

Chesley Giendon-for that was the that pressure was on my name of Elsic's lover—came to himself after a successful operation, and soon the day came when he was able to come to Mr. Manton's and tell El-

As she came into the parlor and he rose to meet her the tears would come as she beheld his wasted form. "Oh, Chesley, how you must have suffered," she said.

sie why she had not heard from him.

"And you have suffered too," he said, as he took her in his arms. "Now," he said, after their first greeting, "I want to tell you at once how it all came about. When I came to the end of my journey to the West one of the first things that came to me was a telegram that my mother was dead, it with sunshine? had died of heart failure, so I put my

jured and taken to the hogic not trit how leng I start. they did not remove it. have my reason for only a h at a time. The side of my held my papers was torn it the accident and, I so washed down the river, # no way of finding out who ! could not remember my out "One day they told me from the hospital, so I ve remember buying a ticket and of boarding the train thing clac was a blank operation at the hospital You know the rest. Mr Will you come into it, day

from the track and plungs

I was picked up will

"I will do my beat." Eule business in the hands of an agent and gently

## An Old Young Man

window the little TETHhouse. down

The

dection in the girl's face. The discontented daughter should have been helping with the dbhes, things to be done on a farm. Instead

greatly to be deplored-self-pity. She sat there heedless of the clatter

The approaching footsteps of her girl? Didn't she know

looking out of the her selfishness, and bravely acknowl- are to have a telephone. How? It's a of edged it to her mother. "Mother," she then continued, "I

The win- can't get used to it all-this dreary ing alone over the hills. She did not faced the monotonous farm-life with just us and Jim, our helper. Why, we can scarcewonderful by get a living. Theh-I might as sunset of pinks, well acknowledge it-the blov. I gold, purples and mean when I had to leave college after reds that the west- one year's taste of it. I know you at drove up. ern sky displayed found no radiant re- can't belp it; and then there was father's death so suddenly. You can't

blame me. Can you, mother? "Why, if we could only afford a telmilk pans, and the thousand and one ophone, it would be a great change, almost a diversion. Just think to talk it. of this she was indulging in the thing to them all, we're so far off from them

She sat there heedless of the clatter of milk pans—sat there until the flow-rian. If your dear father had—" Her ing colors faded into pale lavender, mother's voice broke. She stood gazthen into the darkening gray of twi- ing at the girl, and pitying her loneli-light. Had she not been a young form-

secret. Just wait and you'll see." Every afternoon found Marian driv-

return until dusk. "It's all right, mother. You wait awhile." binted Marian. One day towards the latter part of

summer a mau with a telephone out-Marian was wild with delight. Mrs. Clay had not the heart to dampen her pleasure by remonstrating.

"In town somewhere?" Not far from our own doors." hinted the girl. "Not far?" echoed the astonished

"There!" triumphed the girl as the

"Picking berries, mother," mischievously confessed Marian. "Well, well, surely when

ARIAN CLAY sat the really kind-hearted girl realized selfish girl. But mark me, mother, we thoroughly enjoy it, dear,

Won't I? I'm going to "Enjoy it? begin neighborizing right away, and call up every neighbor far and near whether I know them or not. Won't here with just the help. Let's make a they think me a kid? First there is compact-Miss-Miss or Mrs.? Oh, the Duncan Farm-

Thus the girl planned. Later that day Marian had the time of her life calling up the farms, and o'clock. Is it a go? telling the neighbors she was "neighborizing," a sort of a rural uplift work in a social way, she laughingly in-formed them. She boped they would be sociable. All promised hearty co- you know.

man drove off. "Guess how I carned operation. The last farm on her list proved the er. one farthest away, but she boldly attacked the 'phone.

hesitated a second, and her exhiara-

tion lessened, but only for a second. "He has a mighty pleasant voice. He is on old man, so there's no harm," thought the girl as their talk began.

Sinclair of the Forrester Farm. He had lately purchased the property. "I'm so glad to neighborize," he be-

gan in answer to her call. "It's lonely Miss Clay. Maiden lady, you say? Oh, sh. yes-h'm? Well, as I was saying. s call up every day at this hour, 7

"I'll be pleased to, Mr. Sinclair, Isn't it fine? Somehow your voice reminds me of my uncle, so you don't seem really a stranger, that is, somehow,

"Marian Clay!" cautioned her moth-

and Marian's sweet voice answered,

"Sh! mother. It's only a little fun after all the monotony. Besides he's A man's voice answered her. Marian an old gentleman, and I-why, I'm a maiden lady. Ha, ha! Who knows what might come of it!" laughingly mocked the spirited girl. "Good-by," came over the 'phone,

he presented his card. Marian read with the greatest con-fusion: "Henry Sinclair, Forrester

an old man," bluried the pa Thus it went on every evening for a week or two. The last evening Mr. Did I, or was it was Sinclair declared his intention of visthe fact to me? Butthe maiden lady you iting the Clay Farm, and set the date. That evening Marian was as flustermocked the What saucy eyes and such ed and particular as if about to be vis-There stood Marian. had anyway. She adorned the rooms with flowers. ionished, keeping that habes

and luduced her mother to don her best dress; while she herself looked pleture of youth in her simple white dress with its pale blue ribbons, and the little fluffy curis bobbed saucily on the pretty brow Just at 7 o'clock Marian answered a

knock at the door. She started back looking exceeding-

ited by a young suitor.

ly puzzled at the fine looking young man on the step. And that strange fellow's eyes brimmed over with mirthful admiration at the pretty picture the girl in the doorway made, as

"Oh. excuse me, plair. Come in and se What a laugh they sli in. and what a neighb Six months later have been heard daughter:

Marian, your 'ele And the girl answ