## Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

## When She Found Him

## **By Ethelred Elkins**



tives had appeared a year before and narrated with much detail the circumstances of his death by fever. Accordingly his will had been probated and his estate settled, and Eleanor Hepburn was already laying aside both his relations with his wife. the insignia and the attitude of mourning.

years in the interior

guela after two eyes challenged men's respect.

In the fever-brightened watches of

himself with a clearer vision, and to

ing attitude, which had characterized

Nothing had happened to her.

The voyage set him up so far as his

body was concerned, and he reached

England still thin and yellow, but

his spirits it was a different matter.

These refused to respond to clean air

they received could be counter-

The first inkling of the truth came

when he found his London letter of

credit had been canceled. There was,

of course, but one explanation of that.

Delaying only to make himself pre-

sentable in the matter of clothes, he

sailed immediately for New York. He

had to borrow money for his passage.

The second day out, however, a gen-

fleman scraped acquaintance with him

on the deck one morning, smoking and

"Yes," returned Sayre. "Know the

o All On Purpose

and he swore the friend who lent it to

She must think him dead.

Certain of his na- dergone a change.

Everyone expected her to wait a reasonable time and then marry Jack Macarthur, and every one welcomed the prospects as most felicitous. The to expect. marriage had not proved a happy one. and nobody knew this better than Macarthur.

There had been friction from the with legs once more beneath him. With first, an unconscious nagging on her part and an arbitrariness on his, with a minimum of forbearance on both sides. It was this lack of domestic and good food and grateful rest. The blow happiness which had sent Hepburn to acted by no sophistical imaginings. Africa, and doubtless was what had kept him there for two years.

In the meantime Macarthur came into intimate relations with Mrs. Hepburn. As her lawyer he was called upon to advise and to execute for her; it was he who brought the news of Hepburn's death; and the settlement of the estate had been in his hands.

Macarthur himself had waited a deutter secrecy. On the boat he passed cent six months out of respect to his friend's memory; but when a year had as H. E. P. Burn, and the passenger list passed he and Mrs Hepburn were seen included none whom he knew. much together.

This was the situation when Hepin the smoking room, introducing himburn emerged at Benguela in Portuself as a Mr. Sayre. They were sitting guese, West Africa. He had gone in trim and clean shaven; he came forth bearded to the eyes and clad in tattalking, when Sayre made some casual

mention of his country place. Yet fever and starvation and the all "You say you have a place at Chat-but fatal struggle against long odds ham Farms?" Hepburn took him up had been the making of him, and in without interest. place of the rather shallow-mindee.

HEN Arthur Hepburn notoriety hunting youth who had sone place? I bought the Judson tract turned up at Ben- there came back one whose level gray and built there last spring. "Perhaps, then," said Hepburn, "you

The lack of any word when he came know my-you may know Mrs. Hephis appearance was in touch with the world of steamers burn. in most particulars and a more or less regular post was a "Indeed, yes," returned Sayre. "Deequivalent to a re- shock, and all the more disturbing lightful woman. You know her, do you? Sad about her husband, wasn't turn from the dead, since his attitude toward her had un-

> "Very," said Hepburn. "Do you happen to know any of the particulars?" the African night he had come to see "O, he went exploring across Central Africa and died of fever. That's all despise the selfishness, the want of any one knows, I believe. Guess he consideration, the bullying, overbeardidn't amount to much at best. Her friends seem to think she is well rid of him."

> or "I haven't seen her since then." said that he felt assured. Jack would have Hepburn, after a pause. let him know. One letter might have

> "They say she is beginning to take notice again," said Sayre, in a rather cynical tone. "She had some fellow in been lost, but not the dozen he had hoped to find, and felt he had a right

ow last summer. I've forgotten his name. Can't blame her, though." The more he considered the circumstances, however, the more clear it became that this thing was not merely possible but altogether natural. She was still young and he had gone completely out of her life. He had treat- tivesed her badly while he was with her. and now was it to be expected that she could rest content to go througe It is you?" life with his memory?

Should he present himself and try proceeding. She could not refuse him home to him. if he returned to her, however she might feel toward him. He saw that the decision must be his; that her they sat down again. part in the outcome was foreordained, and with a sensitiveness which sprang from his deepened consideration for her he shrank from forcing himself the circumstances. I haven't heard upon her.

On the other hand, he understood her well enough to know that she would not marry again if she tives swore they saw you die." thought him alive, nor would she take it as a kindness if he deceived her in return upon his track and lose himself. That would be doing her a morview

At the end of all his arguments he found himself clinging to the hope that Sayre might be mistaken. He consoled himself with thinking that gossip rarely speaks the truth and resolved at least to have a friend's advice before he went further. It was with this resolve that he entered Macarthur's office within an hour of his arrival at New York.

He had no card and he did not give the boy his name, but was immediately ushered into the private office. Macarthur sat at his desk using the telephone. He glanced at his visitor, mutioned him to a chair and continued his conversation.

-All right then. I'll be out tonight. You'll meet the train, I suppose?--very well. Goodby."

He hung up the receiver, pushed the instrument from him and turned to Hepburn.

What can I do for you?" he said briskly.

"Helio, Jack," said Hepburn with a smile.

"My God! Arthur," he said. "Where we thought you were dead-ine na-"It's too good to be true, old man. I

can't believe it yet. Give me time.

'Yes, I've come back, Jack."

It might have been his fancy, but to win back the love he had lost? He he thought a cloud settled on Macarrecognized that it would be an unfair thur's face as the certainty came

> "How is Eleanor?" he asked. Macarthur dropped his hand, and

"Well," he answered. "Have you written her?

"No," said Hepburn. "I didn't know for two years, you know. I thought it better not.

"Tell me about it, Arthur. Your na-

Briefly Hepburn narrated his experiences, and at times his friend the matter. He could not, therefore, seemed to listen, while at times his thoughts seemed otherwhere. Once his hand went out to a letter on the tal hurt, at least from her point of desk. He picked it up, tore it into bits and dropped it into the waste basket.

'as long as the meetin' lasts.'

unpleasant voice in the strain.

breakfast-table

The regularity of the widow's ac-

Sometimes there was a mere hand-

tendance at the meetings put to shame

"Jeck, there's no use dissembling. You know how things were with us. Had I better go to her?"

Macarthur searched his face with burning eyes. He found his task hard. "Of course, you will go to her," he said presently.

Hepburn rose, and walking to the window stood looking out with his back to his friend.

"I understand there's someone clse, Jack," he said. Macarthur's lips opened twice be-

fore he spoke. "Who told you that?" he asked.

"I heard it accidentally coming over.'

"And you believed it?" Hepburn wheeled suddenly and came

back to the desk. "I couldn't blame her. Jack," he said.

"I treated her like a brute. If she's forgotten me it's my fault. But, my God, man I want another chance." "She won't refuse you, Arthur," cald

Macarthur quietly. "It's not that," cried Hepburn. "Don't you see? If this-other man can make her happy, and-I can't, per-

haps I'd better not see her. Perhaps I'd better go away at once." Macarthur turned to the window. Before his mind lay a dreariluess of un-

told years from which he could see no escape. He might deceive the husband and

send him away, but he could not deceive the wife. The very trust she had in him made that impossible. All his towers of hope were crumbung into ruins as he turned and faced his friend.

"There is no other, Arthur," he said. "She hasn't forgotten you. I have reason to know that."

There was that in his tone and the look of his eye that suddenly opened out the truth to Hepburn's comprchension. There was silence for a moment; then Hepburn spoke.

"I might have known," he said. There was no resentmeint in his voice. Rather an unimpassioned statement of "Of course, it would be you, facts. Jack. I don't blame you or her, but-I must think what I shall do.

He rose as if to go without further already lit up and he st out words, but Macarthur stopped him. "Sit down, Arthur," he said in a But as the share be and slackened, and when be and share be could hards be

quiet voice. "There's more to be said." Hepburn looked at him inquiringly and resumed his seat.

self to advance at all. "You're going too fast," went on should have prepared by Macarthur. "Now, listen. We've always been friends and this musn't cruel to come thus sude come between us. I might lie to you dead. It was not right to send you away again, but it and 80. wouldn't help me. I'd have to tell her opened and she entered the tall, graceful, just as he had the truth and you know that would end

it, so far as I'm concerned-"But you miss my viewpoint," said

her. She crossed the room to one of the windows, when Hepburn wearily, "She's forgotten me, looking out. and tf-

"She hasn't forgotten you," inter-rupted Macarthur. "If she had-I might-I don't know-but anyway, she He could not see her lights were behind her; but line of her figure was faulte movement he could anticipal hesn't. Their eyes met steadily. Then Hep-

thur's hand.

sudden rush of memories all burn reached out and took Macarwere swept aside. Quickly he approached in and presently she saw his a "I must go to her, Jack. Good-by,"

eager baste.

But as he approache

He should have sent by

Then suddenly he as he

"Eleanor!" he said and "

"Are you giad?" he asked m

not because he did not know."

cause he wanted to hear her

She drew back till ale

him in the eyes. Herovan

with tears and her voice to

"O, boy," she said. "I've vg

I never knew until I ion

through the door. The boost

He looked for the little al

ered box in which his notice,

Then his wife called his still

place. He spread it spins )

side the sculhouse this men

"I kinder hate to give up

"you may think it odd for a

"youer new pap sends la

serted. The fire is the ar

gone out.

he said, and hurriedly left the office. back a little from the window without thought, before he to Macarthur waited a moment, then know what he did, he halted at pulled the desk telephone toward him tled their trysting call. It was and called for a number.

"That you, Eleanor?" his voice was he had used in his courting or steady and cheerful. "I find I can't prize her of his presence, at come out tonight after all. And listen. her stop in her retreat. He went to her breast and shr m Something tremendous has happened. ing out the window. can't tell you just what. But I want you to prepare yourself for anything He repeated the notes M healtated then he would have away. But at the second all that may come. No. I can't explain. But try and think of the very best thing that could possibly happen, the her turn and run toward the with a choking sensation bet thing you want most, and be ready for the steps to meet her at the it. I can't tell you any more-no, I

the door. can't. Good-by.' He hung up the receiver and his face she answered him. The was drawn as he settled back in his chair. For half an hour he scarcely were 'round her and he bid moved, but sat staring at a point on him close.

the opposite wall. Then he shivered as though cold, shook himself, and his jaw set squarely. He pushed a call outton and his stenographer entered. "Bring your book, Miss Hunt," he said briakly. "I'll give you some dictation.

It was evening when Hepburn alightshe apoke. ed from the train at Chatham Farms. The house on the hill-his house-was

By Annette Angert



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list:

RS. ELIJAH APPLE- master Jonathan Carney, had reared keting some crossties. His mother with the devil. TREE had a pentheir modest rooftree beside the clear The sum of waters of Spider river. sion.

money that a grate- Mrs. Appletree "helped" the family ful republic paid she lived with. Thirty-six dollars per Mrs. Appletree in quarter means pretty nice "helpings" token of services under some circumstances. In this case it meant that the particular famrendered by her husband in the ily with whom she sojourned had bispreservation of said cuit once a day instead of an undeviatrepublic in the days ing fare of cornbread. It meant the

of his youth was small, that is to say, it would have been considered small by a Rockefeller or a Carnegie.

But such things should be weighed according to their relative value, and in Limestone county, that portion of dollars per quarter is a tidy sum.

The Limestone county soil is rough and thin, and yields but a mcager return to the unremitting efforts of its population. The opportunities of achieving competence are rare, and it is only by being strangers to luxury, her mind. The killing of a deer by and by living a life of almost primordial simplicity, that your Limestone countyan is able to make ends meet at all.

A pension therefore sets a Limestone countyan apart. If a man is its pos-sessor, he is entitled to run for the state legislature in the fall or for the county judgeship in the spring. If a woman, she is entitled to take turns living with her children.

Mrs. Appletree, after the death of with. her husband, lived alternately with her two children, Hennery and Mary Jane.

If there was another forty-acre patch in all Limestone county with thinner soil and steeper side hills than the forty where Hennery's "hewedlog" house frowned down on Dry Creek, it must have been the forty where Mary Jane and her lord and

temporary banishment of wild onions from the bill of fare, it meant more

fat in the gravy and more gravy on the potatoes. While the widow tried to divide her

stays evenly into three-month periods. the Ozark mountain country where she was bound by no ironclad rules. Mrs. Appletree sojourned, thirty-six She wasn't proof against any special reason which might develop for prolonging a sojourn. She might have her olicioth-covered box in the buggy ready to drive away from Hennry's when the opportune discovery of a "bee-tree" would cause her to change Jonathan Carney the day before she was due to make a hegira Hennerywards worked a like result.

Such little ruses were common enough, but when Mary Jane contrived to break a "limb" one summer under suspicious circumstances, when the "limbs" put in three full months "knitting," three months during which Hennery's home knew not his mother, he felt that he had been unjustly dealt

"She done it a-purpose, I know she busted it a-purpose," he told his wife. After such chicanery he felt that any

means, however questionable, that he might use in turn, would be permissible. Even to the playing-up of religion, as it developed.

was to leave for Mary Jane's on the the smoke of battle from afar. morrow. How should he contrive to keep her?

He revolved the theory over and over in his mind. How should he contrive to keep her?

He came in sight of the clapboardcovered shanty where the Reverend Jeremiah Slattery, itinerant evangelist, rested when he was not "laboring in her fellow-sectarians. the vineyard."

A thin column of amoke straggled from the stick chimney, proclaiming that the "Reverend" was at home, possibly open for engagement.

Hennery was a Methodist, a Methodist "steward." He took but little packed to suffocation with sain and stock in the particular dogmas of Siattery's band. Indeed, there are but five thousand people in the whole United States who do take stock in them. Here was the rub! Hennery's mother was one of the five thousand. in the front pew.

In a moment of ecstasy she had succumbed to the arguments of a brother elder of Slattery's years previous. She had been adamantine against the arguments of Hennery, and had clung to her peculiar Faith. Why not proft by her obstinacy?

He stepped quickly from his wagon at Jeremiah's gate and invited the from Hennery's if you went by "the evangelist to "hold a meetin'" at the path." Lone Eim schoolhouse, of which school district Hennery was a director. Fie went further. He invited the evagelist to make Hennery's home his path was used. They were near the headquarters during the meeting.

'I'm a Methodist." said Hennery, "but I'm glad to see the grain gar- along without your mother." the "Revnered in any field.

The "Reverend" thanked his visitor. He accepted with alacrity. The inaction of his bachelor quarters had al-Hennery was on his way home from ready begun to pall on him. He long- Hennery, Harrisville, where he had been mar- ed for the excitement of the contest

Already he sniffed ority of Methodism to the Slattery doc-He gathered his "things" burriedly trines.

Hennery, himself, sat through two into a pasteboard suitcase and crawled into the seat with Hennery, Next or three meetings a week at the school morning Mother Appletree announced house, to the no small scandal or his that she would stay another month, or more consistent brethren.

"I'm glad to see the grain garnered in any field." he told his traducers.

When his conscience tried faintly to be heard, he quieted it by mentally "passing the buck" to his sister, "She ful of attendants to the exhortations of didn't need to have busted her leg a-purpose."

the revivalist, and that handful those faithful ones who needed the exhorta-In the meantime Mrs. Hennery and the little Hennerys, as well as himself. tions to flee from the wrath to come the least. Sometimes the room was were having biscuit for breakfast and an abundance of rich gravy at all worldling alike, and the enthusiness meals.

sizzled round the boilingpoint, but al-The weeks wore on. Mary Jane ways the little pensioner with her grew impatient for her turn at the coarse wisps of gray hair straying pension. She came over one Sunday, "to see how the meetin' was gettin' from under her black poke-bonnet was ' she said, although she, too, waz a

She led the singing, and no matter Methodist. how loud the boys in the back row She brought a mess of trout with might bellow forth the verses of her, and painted in glowing terms "There'll Be No Dark Valley," or their abundance in Spider river, and "Some Have Neighbors Over Yonder," the case with which they responded to you could distinguish her thin but not the gig in Jonathan's hands.

Hennery read the eagerness which The schoolhouse was a half-mile she attempted to hide when she asked: "When be you comin' over, Ma?" and If you went by "the road" it his heart leaped joyfully within him at was farther. When the attendance his mother's answer:

from the Appletree family was confin-Not till the meetin' closes." The meeting was successful enough. ed to the minister and the widow, the There is always a certain proportion

of Limestone countyans ready to resame age. They walked together, "I don't know how we could get spond to the excitement of revivalistic efforts. Last year they answered the erend" would say uncluously at the Methodist call. Next year they will be ready for Baptist exhortations. In the

"I'm a gettin' a great blessin', Brothmeantime they fell like ripe grain at er Slattery," she would reply, and Hennery, "wise as scrpents," forbore the stroke of the Slattery sickle. There is always a supply of harmto contradict her, although he was ened ones ready to be snatched as

bursting to call to mind some superi- brands from the burning. There is al- "She wouldn't have mase us ways a supply of backsliders ready to up for nothin'. be won anew to the path. The key-

"Must have," admitted the # erend Slattery won a goodly share or time. At last the house was in \$ all three. threw the lines to one side a

All things must end, however. Even successful meetings.

"Three more days," the revivalist announced one Friday at the breakfasttable, "and we'll wind things up. Brother Sinsabaugh will preach the final sermon and admit the converts to the church on Sunday mornin'."

her things. It was gont He for the parson's pasteboning When that day arrived it found the Gone! whole Hennery family ready to attend the meeting en masse.

a piece of paper planed alon "Your mother and I will walk by the path." the parson said.

to decipher. Methodist Ste The old couple had not yet put in was, he swore. their appearance when the wagou ar-For the note read: Nor yet "Dear Hennery :-- when the rived at the schoolhouse. ieremia an' I will her m when the meeting was half over. "Funniest thing I ever heard of." hunnlemoon, we wut merris

Hennery said to his wife. The sermonizing of the Reverend

rev mister sinsabau vill Ge Sinsabaugh was wonderfully dull. The side was singin' the openal ceremonies of admission were likewise will spend a month with im ter in springfeeld an' the w dull. Hennery found himself looking up for ouer selvs at his of up at the clock many times, also looking at the door for the missing pair.

quarters. Funniest thing I ever heard of," he shun but then as jeremia m said again, to Reverend Sinsabaugh. the meeting having closed, "what bewill provide. come of the parson and my mother." Sinsabaugh wagged his head sagely

"Strange it is, but doubtless there we felt kind uv bashful a but noncommittally.

are reasons. Perhaps Mary Jane had driven up

mary jane, cum up at' set and abducted the mother. A sense of we git settled. "Gosh!" Hennery said foreboding settled down on Hennery's wouldn't bang Bannagher" spirit. He whipped the team into a man-like, he passed its his trot, although the roughness of the a woman. "If she hadn't road all but threw the family bodily from the wagon.

"Somethin' must have happened to leg a-purpose, it would Ma," he said to his wife repeatedly, pened! 

The Magic Of Love

pretty

to a stop and he

heedlessly on the lacy hangings, and

ANG: The front door She could see her husband had pre- than a few common words to each othslammed after Herpared his breakfast, a loaf of bread on er!

bert Cole. He walkthe table with a butcher knife laid across it, and the coffee pot resting on ing her tearful image in the mirror of smothered her face with kisses. ed swiftly down the street with never a one of her hest china plates. Different the sideboard-"I really am getting glance back at the boxes were strewn around giving an homely. No more pink in my cheeks little house where air of untidiness and wild hurry to the and my eyes look funny. I guess Bert were mingled together as the mother he had brought his room. With a sigh Molly swallowed a doesn't like me any more because I'm girl-bride cup of the tasteless luke-warm coffee. not pret-t-y an-y" four year before. A and tears dropping as she worked, cleared away the last ovidence of the trolley noisily came was gone from sight. disgraceful meal. Back in the tiny white house, a lit-

To think that her husband ever had tle lonesome figure had watched him to get his own breakfast! go down the street from behind the Well, she wouldn't get it at all when

parlor curtains. Molly dried her eyes, he treated her as he did. He never "I'm coming, pet, "she called, and heedlessly on the lacy hangings, and hissed her any more, nor joked with ran up the stairs with some of her old ner shoulders drooping pitifully, went har as he used to. Why, it was a long

"Yes," said Molly to herself, regard- Molly caught her in her arms and and here Molly's voice broke, while great tears of selfpity and loneliness welled up to her eyes. "Baby loves me, anyway," she whispered, and as if in answer to her thoughts, a baby voice piped from above, "Muver! Muver!"

"I'm coming, pet. "she called, and buoyancy

white nightie, was trying her best to climb over the side of the crib, when

"Muver's little darling pet." she cooed, and golden and auburn ringlets pressed her child to her aching breast. "Baby hear aunty!" gurgled the youngster a little later, and ran to the top of the stairs to where Molly's softly. younger sister was standing. "Come up, Maude, I'm just dying to see you." cried Molly, and soon they were talking together as only sisters can after a long absence.

"Molly, dear, what's the trouble?"

chauged countenance. "You don't look like the same girl. Why, your roses have all jaded, and-" she stopped short, for the note of tenderness and love was too much for poor Molly's burdened heart, and she rested her head on her fresh young sister's shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart would break

After a few moments. Maude said

"Is it Bert, dear? Tell me all about it/

Slowly and between many tears. Maude heard the little story. How Molly had busied herself with the baby.

and how she didn't have time to go out to go somewhere-to the theater, or Maude was holding her bister at arm's in the evenings with Bert any more, of

gry because of the ionely evenings spent alone before the library fire, and had finally spent his time at restaurants and the club, seldom had anything to tell her, and now that baby was old enough to leave, he never once thought of asking her to go anywhere, but he just sat reading the old news-paper when he did stay at home.

"I know, dear, I know," spoke Maude soothingly. "But were you ever real sweet, and asked him to go anywhere? And did you ask him to have some of his friends in to dinner? Thought he would say "no," anyway? Oh, no, he wouldn't Molly. You ask him tonight anywhere, and I'll stay with haby

explaining questioning H 153 475 Molly's part. If a Maude had suggested. That night, when Bert street, a little vision in him at the door, with a and a yellow rose in "Who's that? Oh! and once, when he can wistfully at him, he a

## By Joe Busche

he drew her close in his big at

At dinner Bert would a that Molly should at clear "What did it, dear? "A magic. Bett." air ping her band into his with dewy eyes into his