Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

A Glimpse Of The Old Light

By. Elsie Endicott



IVE you forgotten. Walter, tomorrow?"

She asked it shyly as she helped him on with his overcoat.

He started. The morrow was alimpressed upon his mind as

but why upon hers?

"Tomorrow?" he asked, blankly, Yes, dear! Don't you remember?

It's the first anniversary of our wedding day. He vowed that the thing had escaped

from him-which was the truth-and strained her vehemently to his arms. "My darling, how could I have been

like for a present?" She said-what, of course, she did not mean—that anything would do. Jewelry was naturally out of the question; they could not afford it. A foun-tain pen would be very useful or a lace handkerchief very ornamental. She was quite sure that she might leave the choice with him.

'And then, of course, Walter, you'll take me somewhere tomorrow evening. All married couples dine out on their first appiversary-if never again. don't mean a very expensive dinuer. but we'll go to a restaurant where we can get a private room, and-why, dear, what's the matter? You approve. don't you?"

"I approve, only it's impossible."

"Don't you remember, Greta, that tomorrow is the 30th of June-the last day of the half year?"

What happens then?" "We strike the balance at the bank We're almost all there until 11 or 12 at night. It's quite impossible for us to celebrate our wedding anniversary to-

morrow. We must do it on the next

Vivid disappointment showed in her face. Had his expression of regret been so burningly sincere she would have been dissolved in tears.

One day a woman is not as good as another. Why had he married her on the 30th of June last year if they were not to make that day one of annual

"You see, Greta, I got special leave to be away last year, and I hadn't quite so important a position then." She still pouted, but there were

signs that she was yielding. "Well, I do think you might have thought a little about the future."

'I should, I admit it. I should have barred the 30th of June like the plague. I ought to have remembered so forgetful? And what would my pet hat we should never be able to keep that evening as it should be kept. But why should we be troubled by what is, after all, only an arbitrary date in the callendar? Let's call the 1st of July our anniversary day and keep it accordingly."

"Every year, Walter?" Every year, if God spares us." Her eyes shone with pleasure. "We'll make it a tradition?

never depart from it. Walter?" "Never! Now where shall it Where shall we go?"

"Somewhere not too expensive, re-member, dear." "Yet nice! Shall we say Misani's. Greta? A private room where we shall not be gazed at by the crowd?"

"That would be splendid." "Misanl's it shall be, then. Why, we shall see Misani's declaring an extra dividend on the strength of its two annual customers."

It was only four years later, but for two of them Walter and Greta Stedman had been separated. Separated

not by the circumstances of life, which may be temporary, but by that gulf of you expect?" mind and soul which is too often per-People said black things about them.

which were usually true. Their kindest friends said nothing, but it was be cause they dared not to speak.

It was the old story-he had sought and won gold, and neglected the wo-

When the success of his rash speculations was assured, when his pile was made, he had tried to win his way back to the woman's heart, only to find that it had slipped-slipped involuntarily and almost inevitably-into the keeping of another.

On this side of the veil one cannot explain such things. They simply

Walter was dressing for dinner. He dined out most nights, sometimes alone, sometimes in company. The deadly solitude of that wife-descried flat he rarely faced in the evenings.

Tonight he dressed leisurely, because he expected to be alone. As he fastened his waistcoat he noticed that heavas growing stouter. Success was writing itself upon him in a way that he would not have preferred. He must do something play golf, perhaps to reduce

He did not suffer himself to think of his wife at all now. Everybody must recognize that he had tried to draw her into the heart of his success, and had dismally failed.

Acting upon his instructions, his bankers made quarterly payments to Greta per Greta's solicitors. She was now to him nothing more than an entry in a passbook.

The telephone bell at his elbow He wiped the lather from his face and lifted the receiver.

"Hullo! Who's that? "Muriel. Is that you. Walter." "Of course it's I. Whom else did

"O, I thought it might be that man of yours. I say, honey, I want to have a good talk with you."

'All right! Talk on, old girl!" "Not over the telephone, stupid, I'm speaking at a call office. Are you en-

gaged tonight?" "Then let's dine out together." "Very well! Where?"

"Misani's." He winced. 'I'm not very keen on Misani's,

Muriel." "But I am." "All right then. What time?"

Seven-" A pause. "Are you there? Are you there?" He was falking to vacancy. The girl at the telephone had switched off the

connection. Walter mildly swore. He put up the receiver and waited. There was no further ringing; doubtless Muriel was under the impression that he had heard all she had to say.

That something bearing on the time of meeting came after the word "seven" he was nearly sure, but whether it was 7:15, 7:30 or 7:45, he could not say. He could only be on the safe side by getting to Misani's by or shortly

He finished dressing with some irritation. Somehow he did not want to meet Muriel tonight Things were drifting between them-whither? Since Greta had left him be had kept from intimate association with any woman.

Without doubt, though, Muriel had touched a soft place in his heart. She was tender, affectionate, clinging-just the kind of woman that often causes a

And Walter was not so sure of hi nself as formerly. She was fed up with the good things of life, and as a consequence the moral fibers were a little

entered the vestibute he noticed that intended to speak froze on Walter's the clock pointed to five minutes past 7. He looked around. There were his wife. several people there-mostly ladiesbut Muriel Woodward was not among

ed through the hall. Seeing Stednan, the table where she was sitting. He he altered his course and came across. "Good evening, Mr. Stedman! Your rooms number five. Yes, you ordered a private dining-room, didn't you'

"I-er-had an appointment to dine here, but-The manager was a man of experience and betrayed no astonishment, if

"The room was booked over the telephone by a lady. It was certainly done in your name."

"O er then it's all right. But it was very far from being all right. He felt highly incensed with Muriel. This was bad form. How dare

she book a private room and in his name, too? Had she some deep game on, that she shunned publicity in this way? In the gaze of others he was sure of him-

self, but if she got him alone-The manager was again at his el-"Beg pardon, Mr. Stedman, but the young woman at the office ielis me

that the lady went up to No. 5 nearly 10 minutes ago. I thought I'd better prevent you waiting needlessly." "O. thanks! There was some little misunderstanding about the time."

Walter went upstairs. He was very angry with Muriel, and he felt that if his anger only lasted, he was safe. The worst of Muriel was that she could not be roused. Oil for troubled waters she always seemed to carry.

He found No. 5 with the assistance of a waiter, and walked abruptly in. A

He took a taxi to Misani's. As he soup, looked up. The words that he back, but your presence isn't lips. The woman was not Muriel, but

"Greta!" he gasped.

In that moment of startled recognition he took in one other thing. There The manager, whom he knew, pass- was another place beside hers laid at wondered for whom it was intended.

> To his amazement his wife did not seem surprised to see him. She stood up in her place with shining eyes.

'I felt," she said, "that in spite of all, you would come. So I ordered this room by telephone in our name." He was still too bewildered to do anything but stare at her. That was certainly Muriel's voice which had

she and his wife between them played this horrible trick upon him. "Won't you speak to me, Walter, now that you are here?"

"Er-yes," he stammered, "but it seems so funny, doesn't it, our both be-

"It would, if we hadn't arranged always to keep the 1st of July in this

Light broke upon him. He had forgotten what day it was. The first of July-the anniversary that in the old days they had agreed always to commemorate. And in the face of all that

had happened, she yet remembered it! "Of course we did," he answered,

"Did you feel, Walter, as I did, that we must make up our quarrel on that day? O, you must have done, or you wouldn't be here now. I prayed that for you." you might come, and this is the answer to my prayer, dearest. I did you a grievous wrong-the most grievous a woman can do to a man. Tell me that you forgive me. I know you wouldn't dining up here with - and he have come here tonight if you hadn't to Greta with the old light in woman scated at the table, alpping been ready to forgive me and take me

-quite.

Am 1 silly? But I want to b words of forgiveness from po Walter, it was all a mistake. ing away as I did. I have logyou can't know how muchfor your arms. Yet if you we

me back as your wife now, I'm to be your slave." As she spoke she was creen pelled by her sense of longing the table towards him.

His first impulse had been to his arms and wave her back that impulse was caused by he alone, and died almost before He was thinking, calculating lightning-like rapidity. He has

spoken to him over the telephone. Had here tonight feeling that a kr being tied about him. Was unraveling of the knot? The voices of wisdom and ency said that he should tal back and rid his life of the unf complication that had entered

But, after all, there was a voice than those. What said r of love? She was near enough now to feel her breath upon him. stant there came a low, dis

at the door. He signaled raised finger to stop. "Come in!" he said, fearfully at the door. But it was only the manager

"I beg your pardon for in

Stedman, but a lady in the room-a Miss Woodward-ha The pause before

very brief. Tell her that I am engaged,

cannot see her tonight. Say th to Greta with the old light in !

And So They Were Married

NGELICA PAGE, coming out of Jorspring morning, ran going in. Angelica apologized. know, I can hardly see anything, my

eyes are so bad." Mrs. Stevens paused sympathetical-"Mercy! After all you've spent on them, too! Didn' that last oculist help you any?

"Not in the least. In fact, I think my eyes are a little worse than they were before I went to him. It is most discouraging."

"I should say so. My sister-in-law has been having a good deal of trouble that way, but she is cured now.' "Whom did she go to?" inquired An-

gelica, with the eagerness of fresh

"Let me see--" Mrs. Stevens set her rather stupid brain to work. "Somebody in New York. Very famous there, I believe. I know it cost her a lot." "But if he cured her!" Angelica

"Oh, he certainly cured her. He is very wonderful, she thinks— I wish I could think of his name. I have it at home somewhere. I'll tell you, Angelica, I'll look it up and 'phone you.'

fervently. They parted, and Angelica went home to the little gray house with the quaint pillars where she had been born, and seen all the happiness and unhappiness of her forty-three years and now lived alone. She entered a large low room, in the best light of which stood her easel. Upon the easel was a half finished picture. She stood a moment looking at the picture, then she turned away with quivering lips and, dropping upon the old couch, covered her face with her hands. "It's no

And how am I going to live!"

Much more than mere sustenance depended upon Angelica's being able to paint. It was her life work and she Out of all that had come to her that alone remained permanent satisfying. She was happy when she had her brush in her hand, and she had a steady market for her work. To be able to paint meant for her to be in-

money was nearly gone and her heart for him to equivocate. sick with apprehension. She was in that state when she was either ready to catch at any straw or fall into absolute despair.

When an hour later the telephone bell rang she went to answer it, feeling as if fate waited on the sound of Mrs. Stevens' heavy voice.

"His name is Oswald-Dr. Oswald

I'll read the address to you." Angelica jotted it down. Ten minutes later she was burrying to the post office with a letter. She had she sobbed, "I can't see to paint. written to ask the great eye specialist to see her.

> A week from that day Angelica was on the train going to New York. The sun was shining gayly and she had put on her brown spectacles to protect her eyes. Over and over in her thoughts she prayed that Dr. Oswald might belp If he could not help her she hoped that she had strength enough to bear it. She was trying very hard main result of those long years of de-

Her eyesight had been failing for a to be brave, but her heart was full of votion to her brush was a pair of faillong time. At first the trouble seemed grave concern. This great doctor, who trivial and easily remedied. It was only saw in her a patient, would not not, however. Angelica had gone from hide the truth from her. If she were one oculist to another without receiv- going blind, he would tell her so ing any specific benefit until her ready frankly. There would be no reason Angelica sat up suddenly and jerked

off her glasses. Across many roofs she caught a gitmpse of an old white lng to do but seek her room and such house on a hill. She drew a deep The house appeared to be empty and yet time was when it had glowed and pulsated with happy home life. Many a good time Angelica had had under its roof visiting Winny Jones. Winny was dead now and her brother had been away so long people had forgotten him. All save Angelica. She could never forget Amos Jones. The one bright dream, the romance of her whole life, centered about him. Circumstances had separated them. Angelica had gone to an art school and he to college. The home on the hill at Arles had been broken up and he and Angelica had never come in each other's way again. But she had clung to that brief, young idyl, and when her girl friends married she had turned to her painting and let it absorb her, 'the

ing eyes.

Arles was quickly left behind and hand. Angelica resumed her brown spectacles. Her appointment was for the following morning, and when the cab left her at the respectable, cheap boarding house, which Westmore people largely patronized, she had nothrest as was possible. All night she The sight of the old house on the hill at Arles had set a flock of memories in motion. She arose next morning wan and miserable and

prepared for the worst. At 10 o'clock she sat in Dr. Oswald's waiting room, which was already crowded with patients. Her heart was beating wickedly. She was ill with uneasiness, sleeplessness and suspense. Then at last a door opened and an attendant spoke her name.

She rose and entered the consulting The doctor came forward. He was a heavily built man, with keen eyes and snow-white hair. Yet his face was fairly youthful. Something about him seemed strangely familiar to Angelica. "Miss Page?" he said

"Please remove the glasses." As Angelica drew off the disfiguring

plereing look. Then he held out his

"Angelica Page from Westmore! said. "Don't you know me? I am Amos Oswald Jones."

While outside a roomful of impatient people waited be took time to tell her about himself; how, in order to humor his fashionable patients, he had left off the Jones and allowed himself to be known merely as Dr. Oswald, how in his college days he had been strick en with eye truble and so had had his attention called to the profession, how he had discovered his knack for it, and how successful he had been. He had not married because there was not time at first, he said; now he supposed he was a confirmed old bachelor. Then he asked what Angelica had done with her life, and incidentally led up to the subject of her eyes. And Angelica, losing her nervousness, told him all her woes-how she had lost faith in all help and had resigned herself to

"The worst, ch?" he said, smiling, Well, we shall soon see.'

Then, he made Angelica look into one side of a dark box for about a did her a good turn.

brown spectacies, he gave her one minute while he dooked into the side. Before even he spoke she from his amile that there was n

By Enos Emory

seriously wrong with her eyes. Angelica went home wit hopes. A tiny operation at the of each eye had corrected trouble forever. She had only h glasses when she read And Dr. Oswald's charge finitesimal compared with that other oculists she had consul wonderful he was! her like a friend. Angelica var-tent with that. The alim, blood of her seventeenth year had gos ever, and she had too much se be foolish about the magnifice

Oswald. So it was all the more surpris her when one day that summers touring car stopped at her don out stepped Dr. Oswald. He had all the way from New York b

about Arles again and to see her She married him, of course, that day in his consulting room she took off the brown glasses, looked into her eyes, he realis he had loved her all along. So, after all, Angelica's weak

"Maggie, The Conqueror"

By Annette Anger!



Todd went to gather the eggs that morning he found the earth coated with ice. Augustus west shuffling along, hanging first the clothesline, and then to a pole, and grumbling to

Maggie, his slender and dark young wife, watched him anxlously from the window. In terror she at last darted forth and caught him by the arm. "Let me steady you, Gus." she entreated.

angered him. "You go back in the house and mind your business," he And Maggie went, because she was

to be her sole duty to obey that su-

With great relief she saw him eater-

perior animal, her husband.

her dish washing. It was Wednesday, the day on which Augustus always took his eggs to the store. Maggie thought wistfully of the

an old-fashioned wife, who believed it that she actually forgot Augustus in

ten dozen eggs which she had washed and packed daintally for the market. Augustus would not put the money to his account in the bank. And she wanted a lavender gingham dress. Augustus always bought her dresses as he felt she needed them, black for best and blue and white for every day. Maggie had grown to hate blue and white. She had worn it most of her days for thirty years, and it was to He shook off her hands with a glow- her a badge of submission if not of ering look from his jaundiced black actual servitude. It seemed to her eyes. Any reference to his age or hers that a good deal of happiness depended for her upon this lavender glug-

The thoughts of the lavender ging-

the henbouse. Remembering him sud-

HEN Augustus ing the henbouse, and, considering the ice in a perfect omelette of cags. him safe for a time, she returned to Maggie gave one cry and ran to him fearlessly over the glassy ice.

'Are you hurt?" she gasped. He glared up at her. "Oh, no. I ain't hurt," he replied sarcastically. Then he groaned loud enough to be heard across the street. "Help me up, you durnel old woman, you!" he growled. Maggie tugged and boosted and got "Oh. Augustus," stricken. "You are hurt badly." doctor." Then she knew that his case

laughed the doctor as he buttoned up

him upon his feet. He groaned wildly, she said, panic 'I'm just about killed." Augustus vouchsafed. "Help me in and get the

was serious, indeed. The doctor came and looked Augustus over, but a broken great toe was to fits. the only thing he could find wrong anywhere. And he laughed at that, having an over-educated sense of hu-"You'll have to stay in a spell. ham distracted her to such an extent my boy," he said jocularly. "You've that she actually forgot Augustus in got a bad looking toe there. Just make yourself comfortable by the fire and sighed. denly she ran to the window and peerlet your wife attend to business for ed out. There he lay crumpled up ou you. She looks like a capable

man "She! She ain't no better'n a houseplant." exploded Augustus. "I 'spose you'll be coming in again tomorrow?" "Yes, and for several tomorrows,"

his coat and departed. "Gus." said Maggle tremulously. could take those eggs to the store. He gave her an awful look. "They'd cheat you in the counting. No, you let 'em be. I ain't going to trust you, Maggie, with most \$4 worth of eggs."

Maggie said no more. When the daily paper was delivered noon Augustus turned at once to the butter and eggs column and gave a growl that nearly scared Maggie m-

What is it?" she asked.

flung the paper from him, tried to get up, failed, and sat back wilted. keep them eggs till next Wednesday we'll lose a dollar on 'em. I'll bet," he

"If you'd let me-" Maggie ventured

afternoon he remained deep in thought. Then he gave up. "You get ready and take them eggs to Towner's," he com-

manded.

Maggie in a flutter made herself ready for the street. She realized that for the first time in her married life she had an opportunity to show Augustus whether or not she had any brains. Somehow she felt not at all afraid of her own ability to dispose of the eggs. For a long time doubt of Augustus' judgment bad been growing in her mind. She suspected that he always did not get the full price for the eggs. Besides, although Tower's was the oldest store in the town, she

had heard to surmise that it was not "Eggs is going down." Augustus the best. kept her eyes open. Outside Towner' was a sign! "Thirty-six cents paid for She passed by.

Hawkins' sign' read thirty-eight cents. Maggie entered there. As she came out triumphantly with

Augustus was grimly silent. All the her money she met Mrs. Rockett, who nearly fell down with astonishment at seeing the bouse plant out on the street so late in the afternoon.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Rockett who was stout and rosy and jolly. She chapped her hand over her mouth. "I mean too myself sometimes? Come right in to cents. I'll hand you the most Isn't it funny how I misspeak Jordan's and let's have some cream-vanilla cream with hot chocolate-sauce. Don't you love it?" "I never ate any," admitted Maggie

bumbly. Over the cream she confided to Mrs. Rockett that she had got two cents a dozen more for her eggs than "Sure," chirped Mrs. Rockett. "Men of lavender gingham under her Augustus could have got at Towner's had gathered enough from what she

aren't near as smart as women when

tioning Towner's makes me think I've

got to go in there. Come with me, my Maggie went. Mr. Towner came him self to speak to her, glancing at her

empty egg basket. You didn't bring your eggs here, completely

"No," admitted Maggie. I too to Hawkins. He paid me thirty-Why, we can't have that," "By the way, Mrs. Towner. there was a little mistake me

Todd. "Thank you," marmured Her eyes were shining. look at lavender gingham," sh clearly to the clerk. Home she marched to Augusta her chin up and her heart dans felt as if she were emancipated

last time your husband brough

here -we underpaid him twee

she had a beautiful dress P 'Well?" grunted Augustus. And then she told him what sh comes to those things. You men- ously. done and what he had done. All said nothing. He said nothing when she showed the lavener

The broken too and Maggie ham. umph seemed to have conque

The Only Way Out Of It

"I'll wager," said she, "that you can't make an impression on 'Green

Dora had never yet refused to take a "It's a go," as she

landlady's, the weekly dances, at church, in the boarding-house parlor,

Dora exhibited herself in filmy, clinging, revealing gowns, more daring than her fellow boarders had thought even she would affect.

young man came in. He looked as hough he needed sleep, almost owllike in fact. "Are you alone?" he said. She said. "Yes." And the word

"I want you -for my wife," and his

never as now joined to such snearing scorn, and never before had she answered to it. "Answer me," he said. Now that you've got me at your feet, where you wanted me, as you want evcryone else, will you marry me?"

before it, the door opened and a pating noarse appeal in a man's voice, but with unshed tears, were trying than came in He looked as more appeal in a man's voice, but with unshed tears, were trying press perhaps he was clere then to know she loved him so and grandly. "If you ever want me, then have to send for me

By Will Seaton

She had a moment of so despair, and then the door ope he came nervously back.

position to worry aite hex. ruse-color of the

worried, and at the same time the dis- pled hair and the propensity for tor-

such a clever ugly young man should be so utterly indifferent to such a clevsay at sunrise, pale auburn hair and er, beautiful young lady

ness of heart which since her early teens. ment of the nothing had ever So, then, when the digmaed young complexion. doctor, with the green eyes and rum-

getting to shave, who had a room on Eyes. everyone else, cape- the floor below her, falled to see her What will you bet?" said Dora, in cially of the oppo- at all, Dors at last was plaued. It was voice much muffled by hairpins. And she really outrageous, she decided, that would have been expected to say. So it was interesting, but not sur-tastefully simple boarding-house par-She confided this vexation to her prising, to Marion when she made a lor-the fire leaping in the open grate,

ORA had a light- way over men's bared hearts ever bed and became initiated into the treat- another striking gown to add to her men of heart which since her early teens. chances of "making an impression." For two weeks, at Mrs. Kent's, the undlady's, the weekly dances, at

seemed somehow a warning to keep He came very near, till he looked directly down upon her. "How severe he is!" she thought

"I don't love you." with a choking in her throat and a new ache in her heart. Perhaps the unobserving doctor.

went heavily and the door sist who had seemed so imperturbable, wan the man to interpret the new language

me?" he said so very as