

Lady Warbury at home?

ladyship has gone fo Elstee."

'Of course," exclaimed Oliver. forgetfulness, of the sofa. To Miss Church-

ill's wedding! He was on the point of turning away from the house, when the butler, who knew him well, sympathetically add-

"I think Miss Warbury is at home.

"Then she hasn't gone with Lady Warbury?" sald Oliver, wondering why in the world Eunice has stayed away from the wedding of her dearest friend. "I don't know whether Miss Mar-

bury would see you, sir," suggested the butter. "I will wait here while you ask," re-

turned Oliver. Eunice Warbury was leaning back in one corner of a large sofa looking extremely miscrable, but when the butler explained that Mr. Tracy was downstairs she rose with considerable alacrity and crossed the room to a mirror which hung on the wall between the two large windows.

Standing before it, she made a careful inspection. Eunice did not think that Oliver would discern any traces stand. of the unwonted tears which had recently been shed.

"You can bring Mr. Tracy here, please," she said, turning with a smile and an outstretched hand when Oliver, a few minutes later entered drawing room.

"How is it," he asked, "that you have not gone to the wedding?" "How is it," she cried, "chat you

have came, since you knew we were

lapse of memory on your part as on mine," said Oliver.

"My mother," returned Eunice, "declared she should tell Mrs. Churchill I am not well."

"Upon my word. I have never seen with an expression you looking better," he insisted, as laugh. of annoyance at his she returned to her seat in the corner

"O!" she exclaimed, flinging out her hands with a despondent gesture, "I feel so utterly sick of it all."

"There has been such a dreadful scene," she explained. "You must know I am a rebel. I have been putting my foot down." Oliver glanced at the small member peeping out beneath her skirt. "I simply refused to go to

Elstree," she added. "I am immensely glad-but why he asked.

You know Mr. Alexander, the most odious of men. I hate to look at him with his huge pale face, his bald head, his little pig's eyes and his spiky mustach-if only it hid his mouth.

"Still," suggested Oliver, "the fact that Miss Churchill is marrying a man who is not an Adonis seems insufficient reason for your declining to go to her wedding at the latest moment.

"Of course," said Eunice, "you don't know Dolly Stuart!" 'Never even heard of him.' Dolly is a gunner," she explained. When he was home, two years ago, he and Laura Churchill-O, you under-

"A bit of a flirtation. least describe it. It may seem ridic- she yielded. ulous to you, but they fell very seriously in love with each other. Dolly had to go back to Iudia for two years. and in any case the Churchills would never have consented to an engage-

ment." "Out of sight, out of mind," remark-"I don't suppose," Eunice insisted.

in the world."

'Upon my word I can't let that pass without a protest," he said with a the altar, twisting his black mustache;

"And her people are what they call

ambitious a horse to the water, you know, but you can't make him drink."

"O. I admit that Laura is weak." "Well, now said Eunice. "If I had been in her swered Oliver. place nothing in the world should have induced me to promise to marry a her head. man I detested.

"I am hoping you're going to marry one you are immensely fond of," he returned, rising from his chair and standing with one hand on the head of the sofa.

I shall-if I marry at all!" "The chances are that you will," he insisted.

"My mother," cried Eunice, with a smile, "declares that it's doubtful now heart on my sleeve" I have passed my twenty-third birth-

"But although Laura." Eunice continued, "ought to have stood out, you claimed, bending over the sofa. can't imagine what she had to put up with at home. I supose the separation by Stuart," said Eunice, rather hastily, from Dolly and the hopelessness of the prospect took the courage out of man look half so miserable her. She refused Mr. Alexander time after time, but the horrid man perse- Oliver vered, her mother put pressure on ber, "O, dear, no, that does not in the and for some reason or other at last

"Anybow," returned Oliver, "the couldnt"

die is east by this time. "O. yes," said Eunice, "I really might just as well have gone," she added. "I have sat here picturing everything as about her engagement to Mr. Alexandistinctly as though I had been in the der, and I actually had to tell him she

"I could imagine Laura entering on days." her father's arm, followed by the six

"O, well, it can't very well be a "that Laura has passed a single day bridesmaids-the eldest was not seven without thinking of him, nor that he years of age! Mrs. Churchill, proud has passed one without thinking of and smiling, and half afraid Laura thought he was losing his senses. But Laura is the levellest girl would break down. You know how dropped into a chair and gazed at me Mrs. Churchill would look!

'And you can see Mr. Alexander by and Laura's uncle, the bishop. Of up in a fury, and flounced about the dreadful thing has happened! course they all knew what she was room like a lunatic. He would insist undergoing, and how she hated it and on seeing Laura; he would-O, he "After all," Oliver expostulated, "Miss had been builted into it, yet not one threatened the most absurd and impos-Churchill is not a child. You may lead of them dreamed of interfering. Poor sible things-poor Dolly. He is real-Dolly! You can't imagine his sensation by one of the nicest men I know.

at 2:45 this afternoon. "Well, now, I fancy I can," an-

"I question it," she cried, shaking "Why are you skeptical?" manded.

"O, you always seem so wonderfully self-possessed; you always say precisely the right thing at the proper ing," returned Oliver, time, but as to natural human sympathy-"You don't consider I'm capable of

anything of the kind." "Did you expect me to wear

"I sometimes wonder," she returned, "whether you possess one.

"I used to, but the fact is-" he "I was going to tell you about Dol-

"In all my life I have never seen a "So he is back in Eugland," asked

"He arrived four days ago and came to see me a few hours after be reach-You understand, he ed London. present himself at Churchill's, and naturally he felt impatient for news of Laura. He hadn't the slightest shadow of a suspicion was going to be married in a few

"How did he take it?" asked Oliver.

seemed to collapse altogether. so blankly with his mouth open, and hadn't a word to say.

"Then," she continued, "he started

"I suppose he thought of emulating Young Lochinvar," suggested Oliver. "He vowed that whatever happened Laura should never marry Mr. Attxander. He didn't care whether she had promised or not; there was plenty of Of course," said Eunice, "the poor fellow didn't know what he said." "Sound and fury, signifying noth-

"And." murmured Eunice with a sigh, "by this time Laura is that odious person's wife!"

Seeing tears in her eyes, Oliver could restrain himself no longer. "Eu- standing with his hands on its back. nice," he said, taking her hand as it rested on the head of the sofa, "I want to know whether you will be mine-As he was speaking the sound of a

started excitedly to her feet. "Surely mother can't be back already," she exclaimed, hastening to the window

"For goodness' sake, don't keep me tain," her on the instant. "Laura was not to leave home

til 4:15," faltered Eunice, with ber hands pressed against her breast. "Darling-" he began, when the door was flung wide open and Lady Warbury entered like a hurricane, Slightly shorter than her daughter, she was morning, about three-quarters of an both hands outstretched and very smartly dressed for the occasion, hour before she ought to have set out quel went far toward restors and she looked surpixed to see the vis-

"At first," Eunice explained, "be her life was to provide a husband for time to let the guests know, Eunice, who was certainly hard to they were driving up to He please.

"O. Mr. Tracy, how do you do?" she cried, but without offering her hand Lady Warbury sank into a chair. "Eunice," she continued, "the most

Yes, I know," said Eunice. "Please, don't try to be sarcastic," answered her mother, "because you do not know anything about it. dear Mrs. Churchill!"

Wasn't she well enough to go to the wedding?" asked Eunice. You will scarcely be-"My dear! lieve it, but there basn't been a wed-

"Not-been-a-wedding!" "At least not at Elstree," said Lady Warbury. "It's to be hoped there will be one somewhere else.

"Mother," urged Eunice, in the greatest excitement, "please tell me all

Oliver placed a chair behind ber, and she sat down, while he remained

"I have never heard anything like it in my life," Lady Warbury explain-"So cool, so barefaced, so audacious! It appears that Laura left the motor fell upon his ears, and Eunice bouse while everybody thought she was dressing to go to the church. No letter! Not a word!

"Did she go alone?" asked Eunice. "No one knows anything for cerwas the answer, "but Mr. in suspense," urged Oliver, following Churchill questioned the servants, and it seems that she was seen talking to a tall young man in the lane after dinner last night. She had told her poor mother there were some books and

photographs she wished to pack. "She was seen in the lane," Lady Warbury continued, "and again this to church, a powerful motorear tore Warbury's faith in huma along the main road, and Laura may which the untoward circums itor. Not by any means displeased. however, because the chief purpose of have been inside it. There was no Elstree threatened to destron

one after the other. As to W ander. I never saw a man lo

appointed. The best match of Lady Warbury had nothing tell, and Oliver was words he should manage to obtain a from Eurice when the bulle

with a telegram. "Perhaps this is some for from Elstree!" exclaimed la bury, holding forth her hand "For Miss Warbury, my la the butler, stopping before h

"Then it may be from la self," suggested her mother, a broke the seal with trembling "No," she cried, adding to butler had left the room, " Dolly Stuart. Such spients said Eunice, turning to lock

Oliver's face, "He and lam married by special liceuse at ware and they're on the way in "Shameful!" said Lady w rising from her chair. "Mr. ! little better than a pauper. this kind of thing shakes out dence in human nature." Oliver, forced to the concini

he ought not to stay any le reductant to go away still is m held out his band. "Goodby, Mr. Tracy," said las bury, frowning because of her

isfaction with things in such Eunice suddenly broke into al "Mother," she faltered, "0 asked me to-to marry him frown at once disappeared from Warbury's face.

"Well, my dear, what was yo swer?" she demanded, with a r

And She Loved Besides



school she was ac-

complished in figuring, but all the ability in the world could not make a balance where there er the roof was reshingled, the bathroom pipes attended to, and Nick's course in civil engineering paid for there would be nothing left for the grocery bill or the new suit she so hadly needed.

The door opened and her mother enfered. She had a pleased smile on her triumphantly exhibited. face. "Stop a minute and look at this no appetite for it. double boiler," she said. "Mrs. Simpson just brought it."

"Is it paid for?" Thildy interrupted. That was her invariable query when anything new appeared in the Wain

"No. He's waiting downstairs. It's only \$2. Could you-

staring at the sheet you need another double boiler?" "Of course I did." Her mother's tone held rescutful surprise. "Flow ures she had passed am I to keep house without the proper the best part of an utensils. I'd like to know? Well, if wanted slippers for some special oc-restlessly. How could she read or do was powerless. As teacher you can't give me the money I sup- cation, and how she felt when she anything save struggle with her prob-

With a jump Thildy reached for her bag. "No, no! You musn't." fingers trembled as she counted out the money. A wretched suspicion came was none. The fact remained that aft- to her that perhaps her mother already owed Mrs. Calvert for money borrowed. She must find out whether this was true. With a sigh she leaned her head on her hand and studied the

figured sheet again. There was taploca pudding for dinner made in the new double boiler and Thildy had But seventeenyear-old Nick and fifteen-year-old Madeline joyously made away with

great portions of the food. "Oh, mother," Madeline said, "I didn't tell you, did 1? Dorothy Birdsall is going to have a party the fifth and I'm invited. Can't I have a new pair of white slippers to wear?"

"Cap't I. Thildy?" of mathematics in pose I can go across and borrow it could not have them. It seemed a pity lems? They were so many and so, ed up, the Westmore high of Mrs. Calvert." Madeline should want for anything. "We'll see. She amiled and nodded.

Madeline clapped her hands. Thildy, what you?" she cried. times wondered. As the oldest and long he would keep it was a question. the best prepared she had put on the He had promised to help her with her

barness as her father laid it aside. For bills, but thus far he had not sent any three years she had taught, provided for the family, and fought their bat- ask him for assistance, but it really of it she stuffed a cushion over her tles. At twenty-five she felt as old as seemed as if she must in this emergshe ever would at fifty. And the end ency was not yet.

ing picture show with a friend, and sions in regard to Thildy. He knew did not like to think of Douglas beg- stocking bag out of sight

"Ask Thildy," replied Mrs. Wain, Nick was playing ball on Hempstead's what she carned and how she spent ging Curtis Calvert for a job. Her glancing uneasily at her oldest child, flat. The house was still, Thildy open- it; how her would-be economies aned her book, but she did not read. It noyed her mother, Any liking he might Thildy hesitated. She remembered fell out of her hand, and she lay with have had for her was surely being inadequate. almost helpless. She him. trembled to think of what they would come to if she fell ill or lost her po-It is true that Douglas, the brother who was two years What indeed? Thildy herself some- than herself, had a good job, but how money home. She hated to write and

Yet, though all these things barassed After dinner, it being Saturday, she her, there was one worse than all chose a book from the rack on the sit- the fact that her mother ran to Mrs. Curt Calvert for a job," he said. "He ting room table and lay down on the Calvert with all their affairs. Thildy rough for a little well-deserved rest, believed that these untoward confi-Her mother had gone into the next dences were destroying all respect that clerking. I believe I'd like it." house to show the new boiler to Mrs. the Calverts might have for them. Cur-Calvert, Madeline had gone to a mov- tis Calvert himself was left no iliu-

At the opening of the door she start-Thildy was half prepared for "Douglas!" she exclaimed. "Hello, Thildy," he said. He dropped

off's all up. into a chair. wouldn't work for that fellow another minute if he'd paid me in diamonds. What's the use? I'm no slave. Any thing in the house to eat? I came

though without lunch. "There's cold meat and bread," Thildy replied. As Douglas went in search face to smother back her tears.

At the supper table they were a reunited family-outwardly. Douglas. had much to say. "I guess I'll strike ought to be able to find me a place in the store somewhere. I never tried

Thildy said nothing. She sat stlent, wondering what she could do next. She

cheeks were so red that Mrs. Wain remarked anxiously.

"You look feverish, Thildy, You a time when she was fifteen and had her eyes closed, her brain working killed. And Thildy knowing all this haven't caught anything at school, have you?" After supper Douglas invited the

whole family to go with him to the moving picture show, His manner was that of a young lord with favors to bestow. Madeline was as eager for the show as if she had not already been to one that afternoon. Thildy pleaded a headache, and in the end they all went away and left her. She sat at a table in the sitting room darning a stocking when there came a knock at the door. When she opened the door and saw who was there she could hardly speak. Never had Curtis Calvert looked so tall, so fine, so wonderful

"Mother said that they had all gone out and left you alone," he said. I thought I'd come over and chat awhile. I haven't seen you this long ime, Thildy.

"Im so busy," she stammered. They sat down and she tried to tuck the

"Go right on with your work" "Don't mind me. Dit tis said. tell you about the time I no own socks by pinning the

By Will Seaton

gether with safety pins? He had her laughing within utes. Then he grew serious. he said, "I've come over to a proposition. He leaned u ble watching her downcast feet fully. There was a silence

you to marry me," he ended. Thildy's face showed in sure "Is there anything to hinder" tis asked.

"Yes. Four things," Talky mured. He knew what she meant. you've fought alone long comp

me take a hand now. Can't per me, dear? She nodded, sobbing. He to hand and pressed it to his list it doesn't seem fair to you," its

But I do need you. And-and-What, Thildy?" "I love you, besides." Curtis Calvert laughed. This said, "I've known that ever sizes

gan to love you

What The Cyclone Did

he wondered but he always believed. d in superstitions. he never scoffed at

phenomena.

did not arouse his cynical strain-they awed him. But there is a limit to credulity. someone had told Raymond that on a certain day the Mississippi river hadbacked up, that the whole stream had flowed northward for the space of one our and then returned to its original direction, Raymond would have been inclined to doubt him. He would have suggested that such a thing would be highly improbable, had he been on intimate terms with the person who related this alarming fact to him he might have called him a liar. But on

It happened, however, that Raystartling miracle. He accepted it. He offers no explanations, nor asks any, the desert. He saw the thing and takes it for

granted At the time this strange stunt bapsened Raymond and his trusting young wife Margaret, were living in Arizona. They had left the hustle of he big eastern city and gone out on the desert. Solitude is a fine thing for the imagination. Raymond needed all business was that of writing stories. and imagination was the firm's main fearful condition berself, he was not So they had left the roar of the city

and sought solitude, building their little cabin in the heart of the great 20 miles from the nearest neighbor Their cabin was the regular homesteader's shack, pine boards, roughly

brough the planks served as windows.

in the so-called living room and Sometimes pounding his typewriter, while Margaret followed the shade line of the house in the effort to find a cool place Raymond believ- to sit and read. The solitude had its desired effect

upon Raymond. He began to turn out better stories, and sell more of them. miracles of nature Pleased with her husband's success Margaret was content to stay in the descrt. It made no difference to them if there was no one else around, they had each other and that was all they Everything continued resily for the

young people, and if some one had told Raymond that on June 2f, 1905. he was to witness a strange miracle, he would surely have doubted him. On the night of the 20th, the nearly acclimated westerners retired at their usual hour. Their room was the one with the cast window, and it was their custom to wake up with the sun every the whole. Raymond was a strusting morning and watch it as it climbed out of the edge of the desert and climbed ever higher into the cloudless west ern sky, bringing with if the heat waves that make the queer sights of

On the morning of the 21st Raymond sun. It was not there. But -everythe imagination he could get, for his wake up also. He did not tell her at he wanted her to discover the altogether sure of himself. Margaret soon discovered the wierd condition the sun's rays came from the west She cried out with fear and shrank There had been a wind storm howling about their little cabin during

awoke at the time he always did and looked out of the window to greet the thing was bright with sunlight. He looked again horrors! The shadow was on the cast side of the house! This discovery brought a startled cry from his lips, and caused his wife to

the night and it had gotten on her nerves. She was afraid. A bappy thought struck Raymond, they had overslept, it was now even-It was furnished with rough, home- ing and the sun was setting, there was made, necessary furniture. Here the an easy solution. He looked at his

AVMOND BICKNELL young couple lived. Raymond sitting watch, 8 o'clock! His wife's timepiece himself, could go out and watch the registered the same. No. it was morn-Together they made their way out of the cabin and stood alone on the dust covered desert. There in the west was the great round sun. And been through, he finally sank into an it was rising! Rising up over the edge of the desert the same way it had come out of the cast since the begin-

The uncanniness of the thing weighed upon him. He turned to his wife She was trembling, and on the verge of a collapse. The strange, unholy pheomenon had affected her more than it The lonesomeness of the place preyed upon her, she struggled hard to keep her self-control. "Oh. Ray," she sobbed, clinging to him, "!'m yet they didn't know. afraid, take me away! I can't stand

A strange, blind fear came over Raymond, he feared for his wife's town; mental condition if she was subjected any longer to this unexplainable thing. He himself was frightened. It wasn't right, it couldn't be, but there it was Picking up the hysterical woman in his arms he started to run. He knew no direction, anywhere to get away from the awful, deadly fear. Across the desert he flew, not seeming to notice the weight of the sobbing little woman in his arms.

the alkali dust. He was up again in a moment, and grasping his wife by band started on. All day long they struggled on, lips compressed, eyes on the burning ground, never looking at the sun, eyes? They had lost all sense of direction. had no idea where they were going, to get away from the fear, that was all

A prairie-dog hole caught his foot

and threw them both into a heap in

Late in the evening they came to a ranch house. He knew not how, Nor did he know the rancher who took them. His wife was in a hysterical condition and he put her to bed at once. He did not attempt to offer any explanation to the man. The people at the ranch would think him insune would wait there over night and in the morning the man could see for sun come up out of the west. After worrying with troubled thoughts and anxious for his wife, whom he thought could not stand the strain she had unsatisfactory sleep. The next morning he hurried out.

and there was the sun in the cast. Everything was as usual, nothing strange or wierd as on the preceding day. His wife came out and stood by his side. Neither one said anything. After a rest at the friendly rancher's house they returned to their own little cabin. Everything was all right, just as they left it. They could do nothing a poor doctor just building up a pracbut wonder. They had seen it, and

A few days later Raymond's wife handed him the following dispatch be sure, this young doctor was a refrom the weekly paper in the nearest

"Salome, Arizona -- A tornado in this

of Lee Jones and set it down wrong tors, good, bad and indifferent. None of the occupants were aware of the fact until morning, when gentler tone. "I can't let you, with they found the barn trying to enter the your good looks and clever brains. front door. Mr. Jones says that he remembers a jarring sound in the night and that he nearly rolled out of bed. This explained the mystery to her. Their house had suffered the same treatment. But Raymond would not girl replied heatedly. Her eyes lost accept it, or any other explanation, There was no barn on his place, no had for the first time failed to move landmark of any kind. He offers no. explanation for the occurrence.

Sandy's Confession.

will not accept any. He believes it.

For did he not see it with his (wn

You were a college man?" interrogated the lady in the vine-covered bungalow.

Yesaum." replied Sandy Pikes as

tackled the wedge of peach pie

And took degrees?"

Vessum. 'How many degrees did you take' "Ninety-one, mum. I stole de col-lege thermometer one summer day"

fused me anything yet. She was right. He had never refused to grant her tiniest wish, and yet he could not see his little girl, the image of her dead mother, married to tice. No, he had high ambitions for her, she must marry a man of wealth who could give her all she desired. To markably likable fellow, a good wholesome boy, but it is a long, slow job establishing a practice in a lown vicinity last week picked up the house where there are already too many doc-

down and shook the

and

able before him.

"No, my dear," he now spoke in marry a poor man, and if I know that young doctor, he won't take you withour my consent. We'll let the matter

"We won't let the matter drop," the their coaxing, pleading light, which her father. They were now windows through which an unconquerable stirit flashed, and her chin took on a firmer line, making her look the counterpart of the powerful man before her. "You are absolutely cruel. You married my mother when you were only a poor You loved her, that was enough. Did either of you ever regret it? know you didn't Dad, and in spite of ened, fan away and threw her, she everything that money can buy, I believe that you were happier in the lit- ous. They are taking her home now tle cottage where you began life than Thought I'd let you know beforehand. in this beautiful house where she ment out of our lives." With a little the distracted father. sob, the girl ran out of the room, leavyes what she said was true. They yes, even let her marry the man of ing her father to his memories.

Father's Final "No" OU can't marry him, had been happy, supremely happy, in her choice. Now it was too at That's final." and their simple little cottage. Of course, In the big, loud-voiced they had been happy in the big, new still. came

their first little vine-covered home. Memories flooded back, once the gates been so happy when she left. love each of time were opened, and the man liv- doctor followed closely, and all But, father, we you ed over again his "courting days" and examination he came out to the know, daddy, dear, the first years of his married life. Anne had long since gone to her rest. peacefully and uncomplainingly, and fail. An operation is necessihe was left with only their daughter. Marjie, to comfort him and fill his

lonely life.

life worth living?"

dressed for a gallop. The day was clear and crisp, a tinge of frost was in the air that sent the spirits rising and the blood tingling. No hint of the interview of last night improving Marile sat propped to lingered in her tones. She had not

forgotten it; her father knew her too "Just the day for a ride," continued the girl. "Oh, doesn't this air make

The girl sparkled with the joy of The spring of her step, the tosa of her head and the wave of her hand all proclaimed her the thoroughbred that she was a fit rider for the beaunever seen her in such high spirits or called the expression of supers such radant health. If she would only forget that young Marsh-Oh, well,

time would remedy that. It was an hour later when the telephone rang sharply. "Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Harring-Marije hurt? How When? Where?" The questions fairly

anked fhemselves. "Yes, a clear, calm voice came over You the wire "Her horse became frightstruck her head and is yet unconsci-

The receiver fell from the hand of

She wight die. Oh, if she would only

In a few moments they broad unconscious form of the f house, but somehow they had seemed and laid her on the bed mast nearer and dearer to each other in to receive her. How different their first t now, so still, so helpless, and see who sat with bowed head. "Your daughter has had a

will be delicate and perhaps for I think yes, I will pull her the Mr. Harrington looked up and it steadfast, determined eyes The next morning Marjie appeared young physician. "Man. save her life, and-" sank wearily into a chair, to stricken to move or utter a wife Some weeks later a pale but fa chair; opposite her sat the doc

had not come on a profess. this time. Her father had just out after saying to him: "My boy, you saved her life. I now on she is yours, with my lost

"Little rascal, I bet she plan blessings. accident purposely," he added to shudder that came thought how nearly fatal that se had been; but he smiled when he piness on the two faces as be them his blessing

His New Specialty. The foolkiller was observed "Off for Mars," Time, facetiously. replied the Foolkiller am up here looking for the fee rocks the airship.

Womanlike, Ostend-The paper says the men's club went out on a party with fifty members.
What does "all told" mean. Pa -Oh, I guess it more

told everything they k