

Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

The Right To Love Her

By Elsie Endicott

THE smell of blossoming grapes greeted Catherine Hoyt as she crossed Walnut street. That evening, and for years afterward, whenever she smelled grape flowers, she saw Laurence Pearson's face as it appeared as he passed her, the face of a man with a knife in his heart.

When Laurence had first handed her out the silver for her small check, and she had felt love's awakening. The old cousin with whom Catherine lived, a hopeless paralytic, owned her home, but there was only Catherine's work as postoffice clerk to keep them.

"Then it's good-by, Theo!" "Good-by," she muttered as she swept angrily out of the room. A few evenings later Pearson met Catherine Hoyt at her cousin's gate. "Please come in," she faltered. "Cousin Azalia wishes to speak to you."

Presently Laurence was alone with the old invalid. "I'm proud of you," the old lady told him. "I love you for being brave enough to stay here and face things. I see you haven't been eating, and under the old lady's gentle urging Pearson ate the first food he had relished since he had lost the gold pieces.

There had been weeks of drought, the little river was but a thread. A rock in the middle of the stream stood up white and dry. Catherine's wet eyes caught a gleam of something shining at the foot of the boulder.

Cautiously she climbed down the bank and poked at the shining thing. A number of coins rolled from a rotted leather bag. On a silver nameplate on the side of the coin holder she made out the words, "First Bank of Kearneyville."

Her money was all spent now. She was happy. She went home put on the kimono and sat down to get the chair. She took the "Arabian Nights" on her lap, but her eyes were full of tears.

Worth Of The Money

By Enos Emory

WHEN some far off half forgotten cousin of Sally Mee's died and left her a hundred dollars and her neighbors who heard the glad news came to tell Sally how glad they were, and also offer her advice upon how to spend it.

"Now, Mis' Mee," said Mrs. Stacey, "that hundred dollars is going to help you out wonderful. I tell you a hundred dollars is a nice, large sum. There's almost no end to the things it will get. I know, Mis' Mee, that you have to live awful careful; I know you go without a good many times. But now you can even eat beefsteak and chicken if you want it.

Two or three times in passing a market or grocery she was tempted to buy something good for her dinner and ask Vera to share it with her. Then she put the temptation aside. "I don't need food," she thought. "I have all I need—bread and butter and tea and an egg or vegetable occasionally, and sometimes a small soup bone. I never was a big eater."

It was on a rainy afternoon—a dull, chill, horrid afternoon—that she went shopping. When she came back her heart was pounding and her arms were full. She looked the door of her room behind her and took off her coat and hat. Then she opened the first bundle. Her fingers trembled as she shook out the gorgeous silk kimono. It was red, with golden birds all over it.

A knock sounded at the door and Vera Wilson entered. She carried the gilt chair. "Mr. Jones was just leaving it, so I brought it up," she panted. "Oh, Mrs. Mee, what you've been getting!"

Sally patted the head buried in kimono. A look of prophecy was on her eyes. "You're going to be late yet," she said. "For when he's married in that rig he'll ask you to marry I thought of that."

"But it took half your money—gretted Vera. "Pshaw!" said Sally. "One-half all my dreams. And I guess they half realize yours I guess they the worth of our money."

To Cheer In Old Age

By Annette Angert

WHOA, girl, whoa there! What's the matter with you? Never knew you to be so skittish before. The young man seized the reins with a firmer grip, as a loud crash of thunder, followed by a flash of lightning gleamed through the air.

The young man was shown into a plain little room. In a few minutes he joined his hostess in the living-room. "I am so glad you are here," she said, in her soft little voice. "Somehow I was afraid until you came. Now I do not mind the storm."

While they had been conversing, the darkness had deepened considerably. The storm came down in all its fury. A second peal of thunder rolled away over the neighboring mountain peaks like the roar of distant artillery. The wind shook the house to its foundations. The rain came down in great dashes against the windows.

He turned as a little hand was placed lightly upon his arm, and the gentle voice of his hostess murmured, "I am so glad you are here, Bennie." The last word was spoken tremulously: "You will stay here tonight, won't you, please? The storm frightens me when I am alone."

Benjamin Driscoll retired to rest but not to sleep. Although the thunder and lightning had subsided, the rain still fell in torrents. It stood in pools upon the floor. When a tiny stream commenced to trickle down Benjamin's nose, it was too much for his peace of mind.

Upon examination, the contents of the other chests, five in number, were equally as precious. "Smuggled, sure as you are born! I'll take these things to the city tomorrow and sell them for a fancy price and—" The young man scented himself upon one of the chests. A troubled expression stole into the honest eyes as he communed with himself.

"Of course, if Aunt Nancy is about this smuggling, she will be sure to use the money and then this roof will still remain and—" He arose and shook himself roughly.

Mrs. Ledyard's Change Of Heart

By Will Seaton

THE coveted invitation arrived, requesting the pleasure of Miss Helen Ledyard's presence at a formal dance to be given by Mrs. Martin Kales in her beautiful residence on Riverside Drive. Nobody except Mrs. Ledyard knew the careful planning that had secured that invitation, the pleasant tea, the matinee party, the judicious cultivation of Mrs. Kales's most intimate friend.

flat most of those four days was the getting up in the latest steps of the fox trot and the Lulu Fada under the supervision of a dancing teacher. After dinner Mrs. Ledyard helped Helen to dress, with several breaks when Harold sent in an SOS call for immediate assistance over the transom, when he couldn't find his shirt studs or fasten his collar or get his tie tied straight.

He was almost a week since the dance had become a matter of past history. Harold had returned to the beaten paths of earning his daily bread; life had settled down to its wonted routine again. Mrs. Ledyard had heard the story of the evening's experience countless times, for she wanted to know every small detail. Helen had described with graphic powers the elegance and the mansion, the two blocks of automobiles outside the door, the footman, the beautiful gowns and all the rest. She had not seen her mother's friend, Mrs. Halladay, who had promised to look out for her and see that she was properly introduced.

Both women turned for an explanation to Helen, who had been standing rather blankly staring at Mrs. Halladay. "Why, what do you suppose could not know any one present. When she and Harold bid good-night to Mrs. Kales, Mrs. Kales had said that she hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing them again at her house some evening. This Mrs. Ledyard thought to herself, held out the assurance of an entree.

She and Helen were just returning from a shopping expedition a few afternoons later when they ran into Mrs. Halladay on the corner of 5th avenue and Forty-second street. After the usual greetings Mrs. Halladay asked: "By the way, what happened the other night that Helen didn't come to Mrs. Kales's dance?"

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