

The Magic of a Woman's Love

By Elsie Endicott

THE happy voices of children, as they played around an old cider press, where the older people were engaged in crushing late apples, came to the ears of Dave Thornton as he turned his runabout from the white road of the valley to climb Roan mountain to the pretty little stone lodge he had visited every fall for five years.

When Dave was half a mile away, he looked up and saw the lodge like a little white flower opening out of a green calyx. Smoke curled lazily from the chimney. Evidently the old caretaker was ready for him.

"Is nine points of the law. Mother and I have moved in. Truthfully, we are stopping at the hotel on top of the mountain, but I could not resist running down here and getting things all homelike for you. Like it?" she asked, smiling at his expression.

"Are you going to make me sorry that I came? It will be such a disappointment not to stay here—" She turned away, her lips quivering.

Outside a bird called a tender little mating note, and the answer came soft and sweet from a contented heart.

old, a trifle blue, and her complexion was made up too much for beauty. He had been fortunate to escape her. He found himself critically comparing her to the sincere naturally beautiful little creature who held his heart.

Resurrecting Happiness

By Phil Moore

WHEN Miss Jessup, breathless with haste, rushed in to tell her she had just heard over the telephone that Jessamy West was dead, Harriet Hall was quietly painting some china.

They say. Still Harriet could not believe it. But she had to when she heard the news confirmed. Jessamy West was really dead and her home was made desolate.

Hall could have the Rev. Thomas Brooke for the lifting of a finger. It was not known why she did not have him. That was Harriet's secret and she kept it as religiously as she kept Sunday.

"I've been trying to get Allie Hitt to go after him, but she says she was not cut out to be a second wife. I dunno. I hope when he does marry he won't get some little snippy young piece that'll misuse the children.

"I'm really not fit to get in beside you, Harriet!" he said wistfully. "Nonsense!" Harriet retorted. She looked fresh and brilliant in her brown, fur-trimmed coat and velvet hat.

"Harriet!" he cried. "You wouldn't—you couldn't—Oh, Harriet, you'd not stoop to marry me!"

take notice of him. "Harriet didn't do so badly, after all," they said. Harriet had done far from badly. She made Norman the man he always should have been.

One Woman and Another

By Abner Anthony

EVERYONE in Westmore liked May Hammond and Olive Bibebe, who were friends as well as cousins, besides being extremely young wives, and when old Miss Appleby, their aunt, died and left each of them \$7,000, everybody in town felt a thrill of interest.

for the time when they could afford to get rid of the old house and build a new one. The \$7,000 arriving unexpectedly to the two girls, sent them into a great flurry of excitement.

"I couldn't have it torn down for the sake of building a new house upon its site—" She caught her breath as an inspiration came. Down she sat upon the stairs, and there she was when Jim came whistling in through the front door to supper.

each? Jim, May's been over and we've been talking. She's wild about having a new house. But I like this old house better than any we could build."

"But how?" "Just wait and see." Presently not only May, but all Westmore, saw. Paint, paper, a changed partition or two, a bathroom, a fireplace and a porch transformed the old house.

ed uneasily. "I guess Will and I shall have to ride in your car this summer. Olive, if we go about at all. Every cent has gone into the house. There's nothing left for a runabout."

But after May had gone back to the handsome house across the street, Olive sat by the fire thinking. As she thought her glance moved about the simple, graceful, cozy living room, at the books and music and good pictures that had come out of her legacy. She drew a deep breath of contentment.

Nor Fame Nor Fortune

By Joella Johnson

WHAT is more natural than for a girl to desire a career, especially if she is just 18 and possesses a generous share of intelligence, ambition and good looks? And, be it known, Allison Kent possessed of the qualifications.

good looks come first. Perhaps that will explain why John Graham, the most popular young man in the village, failed entirely to remember the text the first Sunday this little gray-eyed teacher attended church.

gone along smoothly if these two young people had only listened to the sober counsels of ambition, but just about that time another voice began to whisper to them about a radiant future where neither fame nor wealth mattered in the least.

to amass a fortune, and some day, after she had won fame, he would lay his wealth at her feet. Yes, he would wait until he could offer her a mansion instead of a vine-covered cottage.

day dreams when—the crash came! Unexpected business reverses had swept away nearly half of his fortune.

ished, he buried his face in his hands—ashamed of his weakness. But Allison was speaking. "I'm so glad you've told me. I feared you wouldn't," he heard her saying, in a voice that thrilled him.

She hesitated a moment, then, in a voice in which sobs and laughter seemed to mingle, exclaimed: "Can't you see? Will you never understand? Oh, blind boy, I don't want wealth or fame; I want that vine-covered cottage—and you."