## THE WILMINGTON DISPATCH, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1916.

## PAGE SEVEN

When the Veil Was Lifted



angry start. He couch in disgust. The evening had gained. rose, took down the receiver and gazed meditatively at the wallpaper. "Hello," he said. "Is this--Madison?"

山市 坛 山林 新福

ring violently. It the rug.

and brought Miller, see us an anonymous and uninvited

broke the dark si-

ŧİ.

12: 27

武 副海道学 资 小学校 自己主要 教授

been, uneventful, and he could only

conclude that some one had been try-

"Hello," he said crossly,

"Good morning, Billy."

Billy jumped.

night?"

Billy, cautiously.

"Nobody."

"Nobody?"

ler's courtship.

"And who came?"

"Nobody at all."

ing to play a stupid and pointless joke.

On the third day after, which was

"Of course you won't recognize me."

"O, that is nice of you to remember.

"I believe you're-a woman, so I'd

"O, please don't think that," it

"Yes. 'Is this Mr. William Lindlay Miller?" woke him from his morning doze with "It is." said Miller, and his eyes a summons to the telephone. Miller their meditative stare. The voice went in his bathrobe yawning. was a woman's, and it was unusually sweet, with a soft magnetic quality. that provoked an instant interest. At her next word Miller stiffened with surphise.

"it's really Billy! Billy Miller! Isn't once before. funny how easy it is to get you on the wire? Until now you've always One's mind is often cloudy on Sunday seemed so far away-so absolutely un- morning, too. What do you think?" attainable.

"Who is this?" Miller frowned. he demanded sharply. The voice rippled a little. "Of kind of a joke on me."

ourse you'd ask that, but I can't tell vou because I'm no one you ever saw reven heard of. If we do unconven- this, it is all on me, and it's a very ional things we must be careful. Call miserable joke at best. I can't tell above. -'Nobody of Nowhere.'" Nobul Then-"What are you doing?" said

the voice guardedly. "Looking up the number of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum." "Nonsense!" There was another rip-

ple of laughter. "Is any one there with you?" "Only a dog, but he's very intelli-

Would you care to speak to gent.

"No: I'm coming around. I shall he there in a few moments. Goodby." back to bed. He tried to sleep, but I hated her." There was an unmistakable click. could not. "I said I was nobody," re-Miller grasped the telephone excitedly peated the voice, insistently. "Stuff!" don't cut me off. I want that person side. again. Be quick. You can't? Blame

it. you-O! Miller slammed the receiver into the

its niche in the rack. He sat down on a chair, and a sometimes in the morning and somehallway the tele- brindled terrier came and sat in front times in the evening. phone bell began to of him and thumped a stubby tail on

At first Billy was annoyed; later he became resigned, and then interested, "Here's a mess," said Miller with a so that at last he found himself listenlence of the place wry smile. "Fritz, a lady is coming to ing eagerly for the telephone bell.

The owner of the voice told him that she had wanted to know him and could find no other way. Billy began to believe her, but he was not a vain man, a sunday, Lokari, Miller's Japanese, and he wondered. At the end of three months Billy was

in love. Sometimes he wrested wordily with "Central" and found that her calls had come from one of the hotels on the venue or a pay station on the

upper West Side, but his knowledge did not help him at all. "I believe I've heard your voice

crous. She knew how he looked, knew "I saw you today," she told him

Billy. "I suppose all this is some of your club and drove south in a cab.

pleaded. "If there is any joks about miserable laugh. "Where were you?"

guess. Did you wait for me the other same hour?"

"You know I can't."

She had laughingly reproached him for not recognizing her in passing. "It was on Broadway," she said.

"My cousin," said Billy, bluntly.

everybody these days, because they're cared enough for what you saw to "Of course; because I'm nobody-

"Will you ever be Somebody of

"No. never." "Do you mean that?' he asked earnestly.

"Every letter of it, so please don't argue.

who was smoking lady. But she had a pretty voice." It did not seem probable that any one too unreasonable and illogical." in the dusk, out of At 11 o'clock he threw all the cush- would persist in a joke for six weeks "I'm not trying to be logical. I'm his revelry with an ions at Fritz and cast himself upon the' when there was no satisfaction to be to explain those, but you won't un-"I can't." he said hopelesly. "You're to explain those, but you won't un-

derstand because you're a man. Now will you meet me tomorrow?' "Five years ago when you were in college I saw you for the first time. Some, one told me your name andand things about you. After that I

ent places. I wanted to know you, something that sounded like a sob, but I couldn't think of any way until and then silence. Billy dashed the this afternoon. Were you there?" one night this wicked old telephone receiver at the instrument in helpless tempted me. rage.

'I was afraid at first and I thought and thought and considered just to Dawson's Galleries. Why he went, what chance there was of my ever he could not have told, except he was meeting you in the natural course of moved as the drowning man is moved events. I decided that there was to grasp a straw. about one chance in a hundred, so I There he saw a girl in a big black for always." rang up your 'phone number and for- hat, whose glance was softly imperfeited that chance. sonal. Billy looked at her and won-

"But ringing you up was an admis- dered. There was another woman sion and I can't deny what it implied. who returned boldly his bright ques- that I ever called you up. I never Ah, Billy, can't you understand? I've tioning gaze, and Billy shuddered as thought that you'd take me seriously in letters that flashed a woman's made advances which only a man can he turned away. make with any decency, and consid-"Crossing the avenue half a block ering everything I shall never, never tested inwardly. "It isn't possible." meet you face to face and say "This and he thrilled suddenly at the mem- whole year of-of-. is I.'

ory of the voice with a sob in it." "You will," said Billy suddenly,

son's Art Galleries." "Not tomorrow, or ever."

"I have something to tell you."

wire. I can't meet you." face. "Very well. Are you listening?"

"Yes." "Then it's just this: You'll have to said, and turned her shoulder upon joke on a vulgar bet." "She was too pretty for a cousin. consider me some in this affair. Per- him.

haps you never anticipated the pres-Billy apologized ent situation. You saw me and you lery.

"It wasn't her voice," he told himmake advances, which, as you say, no self, "and I'll never try that again." girl should make. Well, I've only Late that night he left his club. The Say 'Goodby' Billy.' heard you; but I care enough now to clock in his hall struck 12 as he be ready, as soon as you will let me, closed his own door. His eye fell upto make the most serious advances on the telephone book lying on a ta-

Do you under- ble under the instrument, and the sight of it brought back all his trouble with a rush. He took it up, ruf-

hundreds of girls, but I never wished an unhappy frown. to marry them. It's only since I've "I'd call up every number in the talked to you that I've cared to think book if it would do any good," he

what you are, but I'm staking every- gan to vibrate close to his ear. thing on what I believe you to be. He reached quickly for the receiver.

"Billy!" "Hello! I didn't suppose it could

be you so late."

"I know. It must be midnight, but I-I wanted to speak to you."

"Dear Billy, no, no, no." There was "I wish you'd want to do something

more than speak. I went to Dawson's "No.'

"I've been thinking things over ever The following afternoon he went since ou" talk last evening." "Are yo, going to meet me?"

"No; I rang up to say 'Goodby.'" "What!"

"Goodby, with a capital I, Billy-

"Without my ever knowing anything more about you?"

"I can't help it. I'm sorry, sorry, like this. But after what you said

last night, we can't go on."

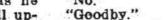
"Of what? Of nothing at all. You "I'd stake my life on that voice," soon forget all of it."

girl in the black hat. Suddenly he You care, too. You said so. If you vehicles. ring off for always now, I'll believe "So you came after all," he said.

"You can't think that," she said, a nervous sob.

gently, "when you remember some of the things I have said."

"Then I'll forget them." "Very well; I suppose that is best. "No."



"I tell you I won't say 'Goodby.'"

There was no answer. "Dear," he cried suddenly.

Only the whirring of the wires "Then I'll put it plainer. I've seen fling thin, closely letered pages with sounded in his ears. He stood erect and hung up the receiver with a white face.

He could not believe that she had what marriage might mean. I donot said, thoughtfully, and was about to rung off for the last time, yet he felt know who you are, where you are or put it down again when the bell be- a chill fear that she had really done

> Three weeks passed, and to Billy each week was eternity .

On an afternon in January he stood in the lobby of one of the big hotels. He leaned against a pillar, looking idly up the wide marble staircase. It was late in the afternoon and the place was thronged with richly dressed men and women, continually pass-

ing. A slender figure came down the staircase and paused at the bottomthe figure of a graceful, well-gowned girl, whose eyes, shining luminous through her veil, rested upon Billy.

He saw her besitate a minute, then she crossed the lobby, passing so close that she touched his hand. Billy's fingers closed over something.

He opened them and discovered a square of white pasteboard engraved name upon his consciousness. It was not a name that he had ever known, "But you can't end it now after a but the single word written across in pencil was "Nobody."

He made a rush for the revolving can't care for a mere voice. You'll doors through which she had gone.

A handsome stood against the curb. "I won't!" he cried savagely. "It A girl who had just entered it leaned walked across to where she stood isn't your voice I love. I know your forward. He stepped in beside her, before a large painting. He leaned whole personality. I can tell when the doors closed and the cab started "You must tell everything over the forward and looked keenly into her you're sad or happy or sick or well. forward into the crush of moving

For a moment Billy sat motionless. "You're mistaken, I think," she forever that you did this for a vile His heart beat fast and he heard the girl beside him catch her breath with

He twisted abruptly, caught both her hands in one of his and, leaning forward, raised her veil. The electric light fell full on her wide pleading eyes and trembling lips. With a low, satisfied laugh he leaned nearer. "Thank God, you can't ring of," he

said.



a man can make.

"I-I don't know."

"I can't-I can't."

"You must,' he cried.

"I can't," said the voice faintly.

"She can't be like that," he pro-

"Tomorrow," repeated Billy.

stand?"

saw you a number of times in differ-

He felt that his position was ludi-

where he lived, knew everything about hom. He grew nervous and restless.

once as he stood glaring helplessly best not tell you what I think," said into the transmitter. "You came out

> It was about 4 oclock." "Just about that," said Billy, with a

you what it is, and please don't try to "Will you be there tomorrow at the

She gave the negative he expected "You'll meet me tomorrow at Daw- he thought, and looked again at the "I was home all the evening," said

"I know you won't,' he said, bitter-

There was a pause. "I said I was "The girl was very pretty." nobody," reminded the voice, gently.

Billy hung up with a slam and went "I hate her, too-at times. I hate

"What!" he shouted. "Here. Central, growled Billy, and turned on his other everywhere and you're nowhere."

This was the beginning of Billy Mil- Nobody of Nowhere."

It rang up every two or three days, Somewhere?"



absorbed in each other, for when they have tasted life and its trials know spare us for each other. Oh, girlie- all eternity. inite their interests and efforts for how I feel.

And in our separations we have ex- shall-must is the angry cry. hanged letters-love letters-each till have love words and smiles for me? ach other.

our wife and divide your fortune? py days I do not remember. vas added to our treasury.

ost the art of writing a love letter. ble. Your broken-hearted

Your true and happy wife.

V Contributed by E. B. H. year I have been in love, hopelessly dear little precious sweetheart. Not He can awaken us.

what would be my dearest joy. Precious Boy-I how thankful I am died. I still love you, and thoughts that I am writing you now. It is on eye of man. that I have you. of you cherish my heart. There are the threshold of the "Bourne from Now I must ask you to forgive this It is well some- days when I feel my heart is break- whence no traveller returns."

times to count our ing, yet I live-laugh with my com- Darling, I have consumption; I unsteady nowadays. Once more I blessings, you pany and pretend to enjoy life. Yet dreaded it a long while, but dared pray God to bless you and comfort while sitting here alone in our little little lady you once thought me to be. yourself, dear, as you were in those Naturally, young lovers are I am broken-hearted. Those who still to hope that maybe God would you, dear angel of mine. Yours for "Home" tonight, my thoughts have I have not been so lovely a little days of the long ago. I want you, my

their families their love grows to be Time drags with me, but I hope to hardest task of all is to prepare you very wonderful and grand and beau- find eternal rest in my grave by your for this news. I know you never Dearest--It is way past midnight, -you in Europe-I here. O, my dear! we both want to be good, don't we side. My heart is dead, buried in dreamed it could be that. Oh, my but I cannot sleep without writing how sorry I am for those bitter words dearest beloved Tomsy? Our years have been happy ones to- yours, though you know it not. When darling, little bride of my dreams, you a few lines. It seems ages since I spoke to you. How well I remem- Now, darling, do you remember how

Wasn't it fun when you won a prize is it only to torture me. All my lone- est trial. shining gold to hasten home to ly days come back to me, but my hapagain, when by little, artistic handi- If I could only cry I might wash ing into "the other room," hidden the ring you placed on my finger. I this letter! But I pray to God that work that we both watched given un- my decayed heart and begin again. from your gaze a little while by the press it close to my bosom and close you will return safe and well. Now purple twilight I am living over then have I committed a grievous one. ther my fingers, while we sat together My mother, lover, and tears have curtain of mortality-then-dear, my eyes, and before me there is a vi- 1 must close, dear, "and may the Lord again in my dreams the nights of the But you are the most generous of wenings in our cosey home, a mite been snatched from me, but my life there is no parting, there -. Sunday sion. It is twilight. Again I am watch between thee and me" when long ago. The spell of those nights good girls, and I know you will par-

still lasts. Honey boy, thankful we are that I am so tired-tired of everything come to me then, dear little heart, my side and you are crooning words Your loving seare happy in the warmin and glow connected with life-I long to hide and we will be happy in the short of endearment and I am listening with our own home when we can be to- in the cold earth-earth which covers time that is left us. Oh, girliekin, I bent head. I cannot find words to

LETICIA.

Contributed by J. C. L.

And It Wasn't All Settled

bleeding with love and pity. Girlie- dear one; it is only the thought of heart and I gave it to you. I have -just think . . . dearest! Although you do not love, and never kin, dear love of my heart, I have at what you, love of my heart, must be but one love and it is yours. The How lovely to me you looked that answered its call. Boy, dear. I have want to have a lit- did love me, my heart is yours-yours last learned the truth. At last the suffering in the ordeal that torments body sees, feels and dies, but the evening as you stood by my side ap- learned my lesson. It was a hard one. tle chat with you, for ever and ever. I love you as I doctors have given way to my wishes me. I had hoped-so much-but the soul knows no death and love comes pearing as manly and noble faced to Oh, so hard, and so bitter! I won if it must be on pa- would never love another. You took and have told me-all. Beloved, I will divine must be accomplished, from the soul. So remember, dear me as even our Rev. Mr. P- looked all, but, my God, how I suffered! I per, and first of all with you my youth, my heart, my all, know, now-what is to come. It is and we have His own promise of life heart, no death can part us. I am -yes, I compared you with him in my found fame was only a mockery. I'm I want to tell you which I had to offer you when you from out of the shadow eternal where no tear shall dim the yours both in life and in death. Lov- mind, and you were his equal in my so tired of all the world can offer.

poor, shaky 'letter, my hand grows REXIE. kin, dear precious little treasure, the

Contributed by E. M. P. can I forget you, but forget you I buckler in the fight that is to come. I love you. I long for the day when neard you were fighting in the Well, sweetheart, our baby girl is you, unless, indeed, you are displeas-

not sustain the ache and longing in this war is over return to me? If a Dear, try not to dwell upon-that- my heart to be near you.

is visiting day here in the sanitorium; standing out by the holly with you by we are absent, one from the other, are upon me. How sweet the red don my fault. I will endeavor, in the

ether, and thankful still when we all people to be forgotten. Yet I ask always thought death was so awful, voice my thoughts, but my eyes speak unto such as I are given a little gaze finger and clasp me in your arms and marriage.

Dearest, it is not awful at all, just a meet again." The vision fades. I am laid our litle Maxine down to sleep. face dearer to me than my own life. for the last 12 hours, I am sure you feeling that soon "The Laborer's alone, alone in this world of unsat- I received your beautiful love letter Oh, God! what a sweet, boyish face would pity me. I will come to you Dear-Unknown to the world, your Dear Love of My Heart-Oh, how Task" will be o'er, and tired eyes will isfied realities and longings. emory still haunts me. It is almost am I to frame this letter to you, dear, close in that sleep from which only But remember. "Until we meet wedding day-I thought it splendid Oh! how could I send you away, direct you to receive me with gra-20

ingly yours.

Contributed by S. A. E.

gether. Sickness and the brief sep- you held me in your arms and told whose dear image will follow me we parted. Ages it seems, although ber that look on your face, when you we used to pray in the beginning of Isn't that something to be thankful which was full of happiness. How of whose love will be my shield and by week, as long as life endures, shall you went guietly out—and next I so still.

Is there a reward for my love, or be brave in this, your hour of cruel- were it not for these dreams I could Can you ever forgive me-and when little wife.

stray ballet should find you, dear, try to realize your lover is only pass- I gaze with a feeling of pride on how giad I shall be that I wrote you

MARIE.

on the 18th, the anniversary of our --strong, tender, pleading.

\*\*\*\*\*

E. L. H. eyes-equal in goodness, purity and but love, and you, beloved. My heart sweetness.

together-and now we are separated want to be good" as Dicky says-and my boy, and come.

arations which business have caused me of your love. I believed you and through my last voyage unto the re- it was but yesterday. Dear heart, seid, "Is it true that you no longer our married life that God would make and sad at the indifference which you are the only clouds we have seen. dared dreams of a future with you gion of eternal sunlight, the memory day by day, hour by hour and week love me?" And I answered, "Yes" our married life an ideal one? I pray manifested toward me last evening.

God guard and keep you. God lift you, with the rest of the troops will trenches. O! Philip! Philip! How crying and no one but her own dear ed at the very depth of my affection. Oh, why do I love you? Oh, why up the light of His countenance upon return from the field of battle, tri- little did I know my own heart! for mamma will satisfy her, so, dearest If I have been too enthusiastic in my day. Aren't we thankful, dearie, we did you make me care and then leave you and give you peace. God com- umphant. I dream such dreams both these weary years of separation have sweetheart, good night-with as many love, pray forgive me. All my words fort and protect you and help you to asleep and awake constantly, and 'aught me that "I do really love you." kisses as you want. Lovingly, your and actions have come from the heart. MARIE.

## Contributed by G. B.

roses were that one, wonderful night future, to act my part with more dis-

when you told me you loved me only. cretion.

A copy of a real letter written to it shimmered and sparkled below us. yours, and that a frown upon that hust be separated that we have not God to take me also, I am so misera- so terrible. No, no, it is not so, for volumes. You place the ring on my a husband by a wife six years after I can see again the terrace flooded dear face clouds my very existence. with soft, pale moonlight. But, clear- It is then that I feel my weakness. If on the mysteries of the Lord eternal. again I hear you say: "Until we My Darling Husband--I have just est of all, my true love, I can see a you knew how unhappy I have been

again," I am yours, whether it is in that I had so many dear words from boy, when, even then, deep down in cious smiles. Till then, farewell.

world was calling, darling, and I-I is sick with longing and my arms are

Well, I was more of a girlish wom- aching-aching for you and you only, Dear Philip-Do you know that an then. I wish I was still the ideal boy. I need your caresses, your love, been of "you"-and our married life wife as I would liked to have been, boy, my sweetheart, I want you. Dear -those few beautiful years we spent I'm so full of faults. Never mind! "I heart, how I need you. Forgive all, LOIS. . . .

## Contributed by A. L. S.

Dearest Genevieve-I feel pained I am not sensible of having offended Alas! my dear girl, if it is an offense to be able to appreciate your lovely features, your captivating conversation, your fascinating grace of Dear Heart-Sitting here in the manner and your touching candor,

I shall never forget the water. How You know that my whole heart is

again this evening, and may heaven



ad arrested her. Near- "And I'll go with you and carry the ry it all you can. Now, Sylvie, put on stay at home. You get something of "I'm an old, contradictory creature." was as pale as Sylvie's was rosy. "It and nearer the window she press- lard." He took it from her firmly and your apron and finish setting the ta- besides dresses and parties in your "Yes, she might." Sylvie said eager- she thought. "Yesterday I believed was presumption, I know." he faitgazing at the rose-colored gown of shifted the umbrella over them both. ble. And the next time I send you on head right away. I ain't running this ly. "It's the same little frock I saw that to have this dress and dance with ered, "but I overheard what you said Wax lady that was Brainard's pet It was the "going-home" hour and an errand in a hurry see that you get boarding house and slaving myself to at Brainards, mother. I'm sure it is. Earl was all I should ever want on to your mother last night and-I death just to buy finery for you and Oh, if Aunt Helen did this I can never earth. Today I have my wish, and hoped you wouldn't find out. I It was the simplest of the streets were full of people. Be- back.". there sowns, yet there was charm in fore Oswald's drug store a shiny, new For the next hour Sylvie had no keep you in idleness and luxury." thank her shough." I'm wondering what gave Jasper that thought if-if I could help you to hap-Very clinging fold of it. A black- car whirled up to the curb and a time to think of anything save how "Oh, dear!" sighed Syl-"Humph!' said Mrs. Boyd merely unhappy look!" the started her going." and walked out of the room. Going home in piness, Sylvie-" You have!" breathed Sylvie. Going home in the car three sleepy Queer little shivers crept up her back ed to avoid them his eyes lit on Syl- tween dining table and kitchen with- Next morning as she passed Brain-The frock fitted very well and when girls talked over the party. "Then it's all settled-he-" under her shabby black serge coat, vie and passed from her to her com- out slopping the contents of the va- ard5s on her round of errands she that evening Sylvie, glowing like a "Your dress was awfully pretty." "Oh!" cried Sylvie scornfully. "If and her heart beat fast. For a mo- panion. His smile of recognition rious dishes she carried. Mrs. Boyd's saw that the pink dress had disap- rose colored light, drifted down the said Maud. "Where did you get it, you mean Earl Keene-why, he mean stairs, she was glad that Jasper Flint Sylvie?" "Why, Maud," returned Sylvie. him-" Was wearing the rose-colored gown, glad when a few more steps took and dinner was the event of the day. to make some other girl happy. stood in the hall below to see her. He the was the prettiest girl in the room, them into the long, dark side street Sometimes as she flew Sylvie caught But when she returned home Mary, looked pale and tired, she thought. "You know-or your mother does." Jasper was on his feet. Jasper Flint's eyes. If Earl Keene all excitement, met her in the hall. She felt a sudden gentleness toward "You don't think she gave it to "Sylvie! Could you care for me?" and Earl Keene was telling her so. out of sight of everybody. Then her nose touched the chill plate-"That was Earl Keene, wasn't it?" had looked at her so! The very "Oh, Sylvie!" she cried. "I know him. "Isn't it a dear?" she asked. you, do you, when she couldn't afford glass and she started back into bleak Jasper asked, curiously. "I wonder thought of Earl Keene made her heart somebody's going to be the happiest "My Aunt Helen sent it—at least I new frocks for us?" cried Marpory. Teally so violently that she crashed how it would feel to be as rich as they beat faster. It seemed to her that ever! Go right up and see what's in think she did. I don't know who else Sylvie did hot speak again until she "Yes, I could," whispered Sylvie, against his dear, rough shoulder. sainst a young man who had no um-say he is?" inlia and was trying to keep out of the wet by sidling along under the who had no um-say he is?" store her in Earl's estimation after when Sylvie opened the door and thing. I'm so happy, Jasper, tonight." Sylvie did not answer. Sylvie did not answer. They entered the dark high old-whings Ostend-Pa, what is a "bond of against a young man who had no um- say he is?" sympathy?" brella and was trying to keep out of Sylvie did not answer. Pa-A very poor investment, my ed so white that her mother thought swered. Then, as a siren summoned, saw through the open sitting room Awnings. son. It never draws any interest fashioned building, which had begun and that package of lard. she mur- by being somebody's home and was After dinner Sylvie helped Mary she was going to faint. "Oh, mother!" he took her out and put her into the door Jasper Flint at the table with "I beg your pardou!" from the public.

YLVIE BOYD, hurry- mured. "Oh! It's you, Jasper." ing homeward His hat came off and his plain yet was a dim red light in the hall and a "Mother," she began timidly, "there's all!" through the chill rather fine face lit with a smile and smell of vegetables and roast meat. the dearest little dance dress in Brain- Mrs. Boyd was not given to any disfall rain under an tinge of color. "Good evening, Syl- Sylvie deserted Jasper and hurried to ard's window. It's only \$14.75. It's play of affection. "No, I didn't," she girl at least. Earl Keene danced with stood in the doorway. old umbrella, came vie," he said. "Let me carry your the kitchen, where her mother, large. rose color..." to pause suddenly package."

a management share at his one

at Brainard's fashionable show win- the fish in. We didn't know we were "You've got back at last, have you?" at Brainard's window! Just let me Sylvie faltered. dow, which glowed out and mother told me to hurry," she cried angrily. "I thought you'd tell you, miss; you'll have no new "I guess not. Your name was on that Earl Keene meant no more by Jasper," she said, and touched the like a jewel under Sylvie sighed deeply. "Well, I'll forgot what I'd sent you after. Mary, dress to wear this winter. If that the package plain enough. Maybe her than by Maud or Marjory or a rose colored gown. early lights. A hurry along now."

now a common boarding house. There with the dishes, as was her wont.

"Oh, no, Jasper. It's lard to fry Mary, the maid of all work, about. that's what made you late-gaping "Maybe there's some mistake-" how Jasper Flint's, with its strange, hand on his chair and looked into the

she gasped. "You did get it after car with Marjory and Maud, her his papers. It was no unusual thing

aproned had flushed, was ordering Mrs. Boyd turned upon her. "So I can't imagine where it came from." into his face she remembered some- Sylvie went to him. She put her

get that fish into the spider and hur- white voile ain't good enough you can your Aunt Helen sent it. She might dozen, after all.

cousins.

for him to sit up until 2 o'clock to It was fairyland, that party, to one work or study. He looked up as she

By Walt Gregg

"Good time, Sylvie?" he inquired. pale, tired sadness. It came to her eyes. "I want to thank you for this,

He took a deep breath and his face

love, for I fear I will never obtain for myself, but for you, is my heart. Wonderfully peaceful is my heart. I had but one you on that day. Six years have gone my heart, I loved you so? But the

Contributed by M. A. C.