THE MEASURE OF

A Love Story

Everyone at the beautiful Wynona ing, as Beatrice sat with Lolita in the come from her. It might have

By Ida C. Hinshaw

If not personally, certainly by sight fallen and crippled himself. To come She was the remest girl in the school, and if this distinction was not enough, she was by far the cleverest. Her gowns were copied; her remarks quoted. Where others failed in their studies, and failed ignominiously, she some money, which she begged Lolita to accept, for "old sake's sake." coared. Not by any exertion on her part, but from an inherent ability to grasp knowledge quickly.

And her voice-well, one should eager, enthusiastic way, of Ms vast possibilities. Some day—a blase world After L but blase no longer—would breath-lessly take note of its liquid notes, and he alone would have the satisfac-later sailed to be gone an indefinite tion of knowing, that it was he who period abroad with her aunt. Once had trained it into that pure resonant from Paris she wrote Lolita a letter caressing cadence.

She carried herself regally. But, with a certain hauteur, that did not a long silence.

Beatrice, with great dark eyes inher-ited from her French mother, but without her mother's vivacity, and thing that happened to rule, and others destined to follow. It was ever thus,

It was in the second year of the Princess' reign—as the girls called had con her—some succeingly, others adoringly, for this hero-worship or heroine-worship in this instance, is strongly asked. from the mountains of Virginia a girl words to give utterance in speeca. predicted would usurp the Princess' and yet—some day," pointing to throne. This newcomer—Lolita Desmond.—whom the girls affectionately with sorrow. You will be married gave her-these wonderful fairlesthe faults of people, where others saw only disagreeableness—or to discern merit; where others found arrogance. They gave to here They gave to her a warm, humanly compassionate heart delicate humanly compassionate heart, delicately curved lips as red as the crimson stained roses of her Southland, adorably sweet and warmly tender—hair duskily brant, low, black which she wore brushed simply the dark black which she wore brushed simply back from a low white forchead. They gave her wit, too, which is a fortune in itself, as carelessly they forgot to give her money. "The lack of money is the root of much evil," some one has said. At any rate, it is some one has said. At any rate, it is some of the Hungaritan and the said of home of the Hungaritan and the said of the home of the Hungaritan and the said of the home of the Hungaritan and the said of the home of the Hungaritan and the said of the home of the hungaritan and the said of the home of the hungaritan and the said of the home of the hungaritan and the said of the poet, about "in little things be great . . . Fate the said of the home of the hungaritan and the said of the home of the hungaritan and the said of the poet, about "in little things be great . . . I will make the worthy of me," recurred to her. poverty, or it might prove too galling! shut out from the not a

Would Beatrice snub the newcom- try to be worthy. er, or would she feign indifference? This was a question of absorbing interest in the school world. She did gorgeous apparel of autumnal color, neither. She liked her! From the first and with that peculiar thrill that it she evinced an enthusiasm for her, that surprised the students. Enthusi-asm was so foreign to her nature. As death!—to-morrow the sun would "Dusky," from her great heart help-ed the girls with her loving sympa-thy, so Beatrice helped Lolita. She like of resurrection. Tender colors, of would not call her by the name the other girls had bestowed upon her, the sky and were mirrored in the She piloted her safely along Latin's hard road—and into French road-and showed her how to arrange her hair: taught her to embroider so charmingly that all of Lollta's inexpensive ns seemed transformed by wonderful sprays of flowers that seemed to breathe, so magically real they

Hope, after hearing Lolita sing, and

All of the pupils knew that Beatrice lived on the famous Shore drive" near Chicago, in a veritable palace, with wonderful grounds, for very often the pictures of "Villa Crescent" had appeared in the magazipes, and that her father and mother were dead, and that she lived with an aunt. But only Lolita knew that her mother had died of a broken heart, for Mr. Boutelle, a phlegmatic Englishman, had not understood his girl wife's impulsive French temperement. That Beatrice was engaged to eternity to the son of her father's best friend. man older than she-Jack Ainsleigh. A man who had accomplished wonders as a civil engineer, and whose feats of building bridges and railroads had gained him world-wide recognition. She was proud of him. but she did not love him.

Some day they would marry. ther's will, the one who failed to comply with this request should be

did not meet them in real life. Two-thirds of an estate would suffice Jack, she thought, but her, never. She loved money too well, not for money's sake, but for the luxuries it would buy, that were absolute neces-

This mercenary method of having pink blossoms, glowed softly Prince Charming come into one's life did not appeal to Lollta's high sense of honor. One should love the man of the library. From out the masses she married, But Beatrice, brought up of shrubs, and many vines, and tall a world of artificiality, pityingly told her that romance was provin-

And Beatrice knew, in turn, old Virginia home, to wed the rich suitor whom she did not, and braved her family's displeasure, and tasted poverty—but through it all was very, very happy. Never strong, she had faded like a flower from their

Then—by the closest economy, her father had sent her back to the had gone.

Then one da

College, situated thirty miles east of latter's rather bare room, a telegram Indianapolis, knew Beatrice Boutelie. came, saying that Lolita's father had

And, one afternoon, worn out from

nursing, and money almost gone, Lolita found this note, and for friend-ship's sake accepted the money and have heard Signer Gilami tell, in his felt better for the lovingly expressed After Lolita's departure, Beatrice

full of the charm and mysterious beauty of that wonderful city. Then

But one day there came a packhad entered her rooms, but those few had openly boasted, in extravagant terms, of their grandeur.

Tall and straight and lithe was Bestrice's with great dark even in the sea. Her presentation at court; her wealth and magnetic charm. Some of her remarks—epigrams of brit-

It all came back to Lollta-somewithout her mother's vivacity, and thing that happened in the long ago fair hair that glistened wondrously in the sunlight, with a marvelous light, because it is a mountain home, reading these papers. and framed her oval face as if in a halo. But hers was a face that lacked animation; it was the flawless beauty one finds in exquisite marble, but with that curious repellant coldness. No royal mandates ever issued were royal mandates ever issued were had chanced upon a gypsy's tent and more effectually, unquestioningly the beautiful imperious looking Hungheyed than hers; while the girls rebelled at her despotism, yet—there are those with the Napoleonic power her dark eyes, and slow soft voice, the dark eyes, and slow soft voice. with American spoken words, but foreign accented, had "read their palms." Each listening, knew that she had correctly told the other's temper-

Then abruptly, gravely, she had sked. "Do you love each other?" They nodded assent in unison, too developed in some schools—there They nodded assent in unison, too came to this great Western college frightened at the strangely spoken

"I believe you," she had answered, called "Dusky," had had many good had forther and to Restrict fairles at her christening. One had given her a wonderful complexion of rose-like tint, not unlike in its transparency and delicacy of coloring to the dainty wild roses that lent their sweetness and freshness to the wayside in her far Southern home. They the fairy book, will have poverty. Sorrow will come to you, and-then one great dark eyes of splender, whose intense duskiness won for her the will say-this oft cruel inexorable name that she was known by her schoolmates, "Dusky," and—the pownot rebelled. Some day I will compen-

Each word was photographed clearly on her memory. Of too sunny a disposition to entertain superstition, yet the slow words uttered in that vibrant, low, grave voice, the words and the dark eyes haunted her. The

alluring the gift of world with its congenial companion-a magnificent ship and wonderful places to seevoice like Beatrice Boutelle's. But with a great sorrow—knowing that hers had in its carol the fresh day by day her father was fast slipping sweetness of a mountain bird. away from her, and then she would and to those whom life had become be entirely alone. Beatrice had "sailed one long sordid struggle to live, there over seas," she had "met queens"loomed in the night's despairing the words had been darkness that luminous star of spoken Would she crue prophetically spoken Would she cruelly "cross her path with sorrow," she wondered. took fresh courage. She comfort- How odd, the Hungarian's idea, that ed the homesick; she was merry with we are our own Fates. When

> Idly she watched the sun set behind the great mountains, with their always gave her to see the sun die. soft silvery violet, and pink, flooded

water, but quickly faded.
Night descended and veiled mountains in their majestic strength, and cast mysterious shadows on the uneven rocks that arose abruptly from the water's edge, with their from the water's edge, with their tall sentincle of pine, whose evening songs of mountng had begun.

Silently, one by one, came the stars. The girl watched them eagerly. One seemed more luminously beautiful to her, sitting in the shadow vines, than the others. It seemed to breathe a message of peace and love and hope. With a lightened heart she went in, and softly closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER II. The long July afternoon was almost spent. It had seemed like an Jack Ainsleigh. alone with his thoughts, in the library of his magnificent home. Outside the sun shone brilliantiv. Lake Michigan scintillated with wonderful col-ors. Underneath its tranguil waters of to-day, with its sleepy song of lazy waves, and of opal colors of faint shimmering greens, and pearl pinks, and mellowed blues, one would not her father's will, and in Jack's fa- so much relentless, heartless treach so much relentless, heartless treach ery, and yet it was so. For the lake was false as she was fair Ah! when ioser of a third of her, or his estate, aroused, it was the arousing of a sleepy tiger—the same passionate the richer. Or, if both married some swift fury. Then gallant ships would one else, each forfeited a third. It toss as a feather on the high waves was all very, very foolish! One that white capped laughed with cruel often read of like circumstances, but merriment, or beat the shore with merriment, or beat the shore with

harsh lamentations.
But to-day the lake peacefully slept. And only sang in a petulant little undertone, like a tired child murmurs of play when sleeping-a croon-

ing luliaby.

The long weigels hedges with their against the emerald of green which sloped to the water's edge at the back

A breeze came up and stirred the hand, on a small table, to the floor. but to the man lost in reverie, it was

He was thinking-thinking. Of many things-but most earnestly of the girl to whom he was engaged, was now in Europe. She had bade him an indifferent farewell. had never really cared for him, but for his social position, and the little fame men had in their generosity fame men had in their generosity ly sorry to be cheated out of being bestowed on him. A letter had just with you," with an affectionate glance

written to the newsboy who delivered the evening papers for the interest manifested in him. She knew, too, he had been very, very ill.

It made him shudder now to think that slow long fever, contracted Old Mexico, while getting ready first lilness of any consequence. Even the lake's invigorating breeze had failed to bring back his usual strength.

Quickly the daylight faded, and the sun began to die away. Such an aftermath of splendor, as it left on hill and river! The man's apathy was gone. No one could see such beauty unmoved. Long broken waves, with one moment a white spun foam with golden flecks, gleamed, or with a faint lavender, or a shimmering transparency of riotous color. It vi-brated, this wonderful lake, with movement, and light and color! Quietly, lingeringly, this splendor faded into misty blue gray and the blue gray into black, and the water became mysteriously dark, with here and there, a faint gleam of glistening foam, for night had come quickly. And the darkness covered the beautiful old garden with its sweet odors and only the faint, soft lapping of the waves, with their slow rhythm was heard, as with a long swish they touched the shore. Suddenly from out the mysterious depths of the terraces, into the intense blackness of night, hundreds of tiny phosphorescent lights gleamed weirdly, like will-'o-the-wisps-the fireflies, flitting drowsily about, amidst all the perfumed sweetness of sparykissed grass, and deliciously fragrant flowers.

The man by the window arose and shivered, for it had suddenly become very cold. Behind the curtains, cleverly concealed, was a bell, which he rang. It was responded to by a servant, who noiselessly entered, and. as if anticipating the unspoken com-mand, closed the windows, drew down the heavy velvet curtains, and dispelled the darkness by lighting two of the many quaint old brass fix tures oddly placed about the wall He deftly touched a match to the great gas logs in the immense fire

caller and dinner simultaneously.

The caller proved to be Dr. Malcomb Bruce, Jack Ainsleigh's most intimate friend and physician. It was to his efficient skilful care he had

"Just in time to share my lonely meal," cried Jack. "Robert has just announced dinner. I tell you, man, if a fellow ever needed a dinner guest, it is I. I am heartily tired of my own company."

"Why, man," said his friend, as he sat down in the chair Robert had pulled forward for him, "You sound as if the world was not treating you squarely. That's gratitude!" severely, "from a fellow who had almost derent Notes, telling how indispensable you were to the world's-not United Cheer

surfelt of praise," said Jack smiling, his fine clear-cut features, just now a softened by the candles' roseate glow. world and I used to be gay partners measure should be taken-she would but I've about come to the conclusion"-dejectedly-it's a beastly hole. hole.

His friend laughed heartily. you up as an apostle of optimism, a regular 'Sunny Jim.' Say. I have just had a professional call that carries me | the hall struck 10, the girl arose. down in Virginia. I leave to-morrow afternoon; leave your valet here, go leigh to his room, Invalids must not down there, get next to 'Nature's sit up late," she said with a pretty litheart'—it is the very best thing for the air of authority, you. It will be the making of you. I've engaged board at an old friend's for myself, but find I can't go, so I

"Thank you for the permission to get ready," replied Jack, humbly, then he added, "Great Scott, man, conversational powers are wonderful! I have been so lost in admiration that anyone could deliver such spiel and not take breath, that I didn't sitting. quite catch the trend of all your remorrow with you to Virginia?" "That's about the size of it," said

his friend determinedly. Jack laugh-ed and looked at his friend in admiration-the clean-shaven grave face, the determined jaw, the honest, fearless brown eyes and the capable hands with their combined tenderness and strength. He had

been ever his dearest friend. "I will be by for you early," said Doctor Bruce. "We will take that train which deaves Chicago pretty early in the afternoon. Puts us, I think, into Indianapolis at six somehing, and in Virginia to-morrow at It is a pretty good ride from our sopping place to the mountain where I am to go, but I leave you before I come to my journey's You may find that girl down there, of whom you used to say at college you would never find happiness until you found her. Remember You used to talk me blue in the face,

about Her, with a capital H." "Say, Bruce," responded Jack, pretty stiffly, "I think you've forgotten my

Wish I could," he answered brutal-"Of all the crazy wills for y frank those two sensible, otherwise sans men to make! Wish she would marry some one else, and you also fall in love. Then that money would those orphaned little kiddles who need it a sight worse than you two.

said an elderly man, who with the aid of his crutches had limped forward to greet his guest. "I am certainly very glad to see you and your friend. I just this moment got your message. This is Mr. Ainsleigh, Jack Ainsleigh, Mr. Desmond, whom I have taken the privilege of bringing to stay a couple of months in my place. As I had engaged board, I am certainat the older man, "But I have so much hard work to do, I can't even stay to-night. Am called to the hotel in consultation. Take good care of Jack, for he's been ill—he's the Ainsleigh who says railroads can be built where others say they can't, and then to prove his assertion true, he does it. Remember me to Miss Dusky," and with a hearty handshake with each of the men he had cilmbed into the old hack and was soon out or sight

The older man motioned to a chair and asked his guest to be seated, say-ing he would tell his daughter of his arrival. She was expecting Doctor Bruce, but as Doctor Bruce's friend he was welcome.

He arose and walking slowly and painfully, with the aid of his crutches, he went into the house and soon re-

"I am afraid the ride tired you, said the older man gently. "The roads are pretty rough in places. After sup-per you can rest if you wish. It is very nearly ready. my daughter Dusky said. If you will come with me, I will show you to your room, when you are ready come in there," with a wave of his hand toward an open door at the end of the hall.

"Dusky!", Such an appellation! Sounded for all the world like an Indian name. He knew she would be sandy-haired and homely and freckled, Freckles were unpardonable in a woman!

As he entered the low ceilinged room indicated by his host, its quiet simplicity pleased and attracted him. There was an oddly carved old ma-hogany sideboard, on either side of which were quaint cupboards of this gave a third. The man liked the girl to you to-night. The moon is shining same wood, with beaded glass doors very much—he fancied it was love, bright and you who know Venice by same wood, with beaded glass doors set in queer little designs. Inside were many odd bits of china. There were all, save for his social position and that means—its charm and subtle set close to the wall many low book— a little fame that had come his way. set close to the wall many low bookcases, and an open plano on whose All his life he had dreamed of some quilly now. To-night we went—Aunt polished surface was a bowl of red one loving him. His father had been Adelaide and I—fo a stupid at home. roses. A brass bowl of these same very reticent and the few caresses he Not a person there with that magpungently sweet roses were on the had bestowed on his only boy this boy netic charm we call personality save pungently sweet roses were on the had bestowed on his only stable, lighted by four slender brass had treasured as old people do the ro-one, and it is of him I am writing mances of their youth, or the golden you to-night. For this mysterious He, candles. A girl came forward to meet him,

a slender girl in a simple white soft gown, and whose red lips glowed like the red roses in the brass bowl.

"This is our guest, Lolita," Mr. Desmond said. He did not call her "Dusky." That must be a nickname, and yet how well her Spanish name suitel her soft dark beauty as did the others. Dusky eyes, dusky hair! "Mr. Ainsley, my daughter, Miss

Desmond. The girl extended her hand cordi-lly. "We are glad to have you with

us. I am sorry you have been ili. I hope our pure mountain alr will do wonders for you," she added, smilingly. "Thank you," Jack responded, "you

are very kind. I am sure I will get better, but I owe you both an apology for coming in unannounced like this; it's Bruce's fault." "You are welcome to father as one

too, for father owes not being a hopeless cripple," in an undertone,

from the fat woman who was walting on the table, and whose face was very fat, that her features seemed almost blotted out. The girl did not join in the con

versation much at the table, for her father, who had come from the West, was intensely interested in asking triffe thin, and the frank gray eyes and hearing about its wonderful de-softened by the candles' roseate glow, velopment, but when the fat woman had removed the supper, they gather-"But, frankly. Bruce, to-day has seemed like a bit of purgatory. The great wood fire, and talked of many things. Jack Ainsleigh was surprised at the girl's versatile mind and beauty. Such glorious dark eyes and such wonderful black hair. He found himall these years," he chided, "I've held self at a loss for a simile to compare their wistful depths to.

When the old-fashioned clock "Father, you must show Mr. Alns-

"We breakfast at half-past seven," said Mr. Desmond, "our dinner we have at mid-day, and supper is a mov-

"Thank you," replied Jack, "and I will try to be prompt at my meals for I feel sure this mountain air will make me ravenously hungry." The girl arose from the high old-

timey rocker in which she had been "Good-night," she said in her soft

appeared into the wide old hall.

CHAPTER III.

Too quickly for Jack Ainsleigh he saw the days pass. With each day he buggy with her. In the mornings he said about read or talked to Mr. Desmond. In the Fate would compensate her, if "being lazy," but they both knew, al- herently, madly through her brain. though they did not speak of it, that his days were becoming shorter. Sometimes these two would talk, or the girl would sing, and when she sang all things seemed possible that were good and true.

One night the candles had not yet been lighted-it was after the evening light. meal was over, they sat in front of the great wood fire in the long diningroom, where the moonlight gloriously firelight. A bowl of old-fashlened roses on the quaint old plane sent forth a "We subtle sweetness of perfume. There said honeysuckle in the room also. Some- true to Beatrice. how, in after years Jack Ainsleigh

Not alone for her soulful beauty, but flames of gold and faint silver blues

Perhaps they are too deep"-wistful-

"I was thinking of you," he said

"Flatterer!" she cried smilingly.
To be so deeply lost in thought—it is hard to believe."

"Shall I tell you of what I was really thinking?" he asked suddenly. "Yes," she said gravely, "I am cu-rious to know of the great work you or are planning to do," she asked. To March's bugle horn-earth's blood "I was thinking of you and how when I see beauty I thways appreciate

it, and appreciating it, must needs adore it, and adoring it, must tell the one I adore," he answered smiling.
"Base flatterer!" she cried. "I would not have thought it of you!" "Can't you distinguish between sincerlty and mere flattery?" reproving-

ly. "I gave you credit for greater dis-cernment than that." Then suddenly his face became very grave. "I am going away early to-morrow norning," he said abruptly. "I will not see you after to-night; and I want to tell you a little story, May I?"

"Yes," she answered slowly.
"Well," he began in his clear, vibrant voice-"once upon a time, I think, sounds more like a storythere lived a man-

"Déscribe him," she demanded "I can't do that, just an every-day kind of a chap. I'll leave the hero to kind of a chap. I'll leave the hero to which had kept it in thrall, on, on your imagination, and next door, until one day it flowed beneath the

which was, in reality, many acres apart, lived a beautiful girl. Their fathers were very great friends for down for a week's visit to his friend, years and they decided that they Robert Burns, at the "C. and L would like these two people to marry. ranch," and incidentally to see a rail-So they drew up a will to that effect. road whose building was to do so much if they married each other—these two for that part of the country, sat at—they were to each inherit without the breakfast table, idly gazing at his any question their father's estates- mail. Suddenly from the pile he drew they were both only children. If the a foreign postmarked letter in a thin man married some one else, he for-feited a third of his estate and an from Venice and had been delayed orphanage secured it; if the girl did and forwarded so much that it was likewise, so also a third of her money was to help to swell the exchequers of it. It was, as he knew from the charthis self-same orphanage, and those acteristic individuality of hand writpoor little children have that much ing, from Beatrice Boutelle, more to eat. If they both proved foolish, according to their fathers, each gan, "but I obey an impulse to write The girl did not care for the man at moonlight so well, can realize what curis of little children who have died. is the one who is to change the cur-His mother"-he spoke so low now rent of our lives, for I am to marry that the girl could scarcely hear-"he him, Jack, and not you! Fate has adored. She was as winsomely dainty willed it so, for never have you truly as a spring flower, with a heart made loved me. But this Italian nobleman, of love. She petted him, she loved who has beside his great birth and him, she broke his heart and his good breeding, a real deep love for father's by going away to another me. I know I do not love him, for I world. The father followed soon, and am not capable of deep love-as you he was entirely alone—you are sure know—I am too selfish. You see I I am not boring you?" he said anx- am treating my faults frankly as if at the sound of that strangely sweet lously. they belonged to some one else-

"No," she said gently, and then I have the greatest, the tenderest re-bravely added. "I like to hear about spect for him. We are to be married the beautiful girl and the lovely little mother.

"Well," he said, as he gazed into the fire whose flames had been so Duke's mother's death is of so recent him, and he thought he saw a tiny bright when the little story began, but a date we will divide our time benow with deadly monotone wearily tween his villa in Rome and my home sweet winsome lips, sent forth a duli breathing, as if all its in America, for after all, in all my brightness was too fast turning into selfishness, I have a deep and abidashes-"the man's great house was ing love for the country of my birth, lonely. He wished to marry that next despite the fact that I had an English fall, for her father was dead, and she father and a French mother. of Doctor Bruce's friends. In his eyes
Doctor Bruce is wonderful. I think so,
too, for father owes not being a hopeto go to Europe, which she did, and
where there is a girl whom you will stayed on and on. Here she was feted; and who will have all those attributes of charm and sweetness that will apcided not to play his part on this world's stage anymore, but whom we decided was too important an according to let slip this early in Life's the table and took some hot bread tor to let slip this early in Life's the table and took some hot bread day she wrote him. Some day it would return; until then, let her be sake's sake shall we not still be pened to be away out here, and everyfree. Free! She had atways been, for only love fetters the heart.

The man went away to get well. and he met a little mountain girl Then he knew-he had at last found the realization of his ideal, her of whom he had dreamed."

A log fell into ashes and suddenly flared into a blaze of light. The girl looked up, startled. The man saw that her dark eyes were full of tears. He happiness. arose and stood looking at "Child," he cried, his voice shaking with emotion, "It is you I love! With and-she had been heartless, and yet determinedly, and go to see Beatrice

was something divinely fore There sweet about the fair face looking up at him, and very adorable; but suddenly he saw her grow very white. What strange freak of Fate was it, Beatrice! Oh, why had she never thought of it before, that this was the man to whom Beatrice Boutelle was And she knew Lolla! Could it be man to whom Beatrice Boutelle was engaged! Jack Ainsleigh-his name had sounded so strangely familiar engagement to Beatrice, and for her and yet she had not once thought of love of Beatrice would not be unfaithhis being the man they had often talked of in the old days at Wynona! Her heart contracted suddenly with the thought of the pain of giving him up. She saw the long, lonely years before her. For a moment she almost hated Beatrice she had loved so much!

After all Beatrice did not love him, she was only proud of his fame She, Lolita, loved him for his gentleness and goodness and his toast, glanced up. great heart. Suddenly from out marks. Am I to understand that slow voice. "The happiest of dreams the past rang the slow sweet voice whether I care to or not I start to- to you both!" she added, as she dis- of the Hudgarian, she was in the the left a gold mine?" he queried, excitautumnal clad woods, looking into the magic drawing dark eyes of the plied most cheerily.
"Of all the fools!" was Burns' comfortune teller, with their strange mesmeric power; the voice compelling rang again in her ears! Would she never forget it! "She will cross your to get turned down," moodily. felt his strength returning. At first he path with sorrow." As if in a dream had walked but little, but now he took she heard it. It had come true! Cruel long tramps. Sometimes he walked to and inexplicable that Fate should be-the hotel where Miss Desmond read stow so great a gift as this wonderafternoons to an irritable old woman ful love, and yet take it away at the and rode home in the high, queer old same time! Ah! what was it she had "standing trials"—then the poet of old, whose name he hapshe pened to bear, was romantic, He evenings Mr. Desmond would slip measured up in her strength to the away early to bed with an apology for sorrow! These thoughts flitted inco-"And you do like me a little?" Jack

was saying. She had not heard, "No," she said slowly, and his face became white and saddened, but fairly radiated joy as she impulsively added, for I love you!" Her face and voice were strangely sweet in the moon-

"Lolita!" he cried, and the very tone in which he pronounced the seft Spanish name had a caress in it, but fooded the room to mingle with the as he would have finished speaking. the girl arose, her face very grave. must part forever to-night," she There said dully, as if rehearsing a lesson. was an elusive hint of the odor of In her heart she knew she would be

"But," he said, as he took her little

"Good-bye," she said simply, brave Not alone for her successed and gay bravery.

How the firelight fickered and were full of unshed tears and the soft danced and curtained low in merry red lips quivered. "You say you love flames of gold and faint sliver blues me. You will be true to that girl."
—as if his heart were as merry as Her voice faltered. Slowly she turned and started toward the door, She

ly-"for a little mountain maid to old stairs and the soft footsteps die read." moonlight.

CHAPTER IV.

atirred."

canyons of Colorado,

Jack Ainsleigh, who had

"It is very, very late, Jack," it be-

the 16th of April from my cousin,

lence. It was a cruelly frank letter,

had ever known her to evince be-

of April. To-day was her wedding day.

morrow, he thought with impatience

His friend, buttering a piece of

"Gee!" he drawled, startled at the

radiance of his friend's face. "Been

"A girl has just jilted me!" Jack re-

ment, "It is a death blow to me ever

he attacked his breakfast with alac-

send a cablegram, and from where?"

"What's the very soonest I can

"When you finish your breakfast,"

he replied, laconically, "Bobbie," like

scented a romance, and he felt cheat-

ed that he was not to be let into its

"You can 'phone it from here to Wichita," he added, "It will be for-

warded from there to New York."
And so a little later a cablegram of

care of Madame L. for Miss Beatrice Boutelle, but whose name had chang-

Two days later en route for home

St. Louis from the operator at Hill-

gram eighteenth returned. Since father's death Miss Desmond gone.

congratulation started to Rome

ed ere it reached there.

ful to her? She must have!

friends?

meet her.

edly.

rity.

secret.

ed no more.

"Where am I." he said.

"At St. Vincent's Hospital," she replied, "but you must be quiet," she said gently, but firmly. "Tantarara! the joyous Book of Spring Lies open, writ in blossoms; not a bird Of evil augury is seen or heard! Come now, like Pan's old crew we'll dance and sing. Or Oberon's, for hill and valley ring "The chauffeur and the man in the wagon. Are they hurt much," ionsly.

"The man in the wagon escaped un-harmed. The chauffeur had an arm broken like you, and not a single Down in southern Kansas the warm bruise. It was miraculous." blood of spring was stirring. Full of

"I'm glad," he said drowsily. It was the next morning when he awoke that a strangely familiar face greeted him. It was none other than Doctor Bruce.

splints. His entire body ached and

each nerve quivered with pain. A white-capped nurse, in white uniform, stood by him.

an eager triumph spring had brushed aside winter's desolate garments. March, boisterous and with biting winds, had gone and April with her "Bruce!" he cried delightedly, "Exsunny, winsome smile was transforming the earth. Timid grass was braveplain yourself." ly showing its tender green, the pecan trees, tall and straight, with mysteri-"They found a letter directed to me in your coat, and not knowing your friends telegraphed me. Thank God ously shimmering bits of green, were flaunting their color against the blue—very blue—of the sky. Such a world

your injuries are not serious, Jack!] am going to stay with you several days, but remember no talking," auof sky! Such an ocean of sky! with its freighted cargo of idle white sails thoritatively. drifting lazily across this sea of cloud-land:

The osage orange hedges, too, were a misty, tender green. The Walnut riv-er flowed swiftly on, as if free at last for him to leave.

A week later, when Jack had begun to grumble at the quantity and quality of medicine given him, Doctor Bruce told him he was convalescing enough drifting lazily across this sea of cloud-

from winter's tyrannical bonds of ice It was after he had gone that it suddenly occurred to him that Mal-comb Bruce would know where Lolita Desmnd was, Idiot that he was, not to

have thought of it before! As soon as he could write, he would enquire of him.

When he was first allowed to sit up, the middle-aged woman, with her pleasant face, who had been his nurse since he was hurt, paused in the magazine article she was reading and said, To-morrow we are expecting to have a difficult operation at which I am to help, and I am going to turn you over to the care of a new nurse who is here in training. She will amuse youthat's what you need most now give you your medicine. She is very capable and has the making of a fine nurse in her." she added profession

"I don't want you to desert me like that," said Jack, with a smile, for he liked the quiet, self-possessed woman who had been so kind and patient

"I'll not do that," she replied. He was idly napping in his great chair the next morning when the door opened to admit his new nurse.

She was a slender girl with adorable red lips which were smiling. Her blue print frock was immensely becoming to her. "By the request of Doctor Bruce, an old friend of yours. I am sent as a

substitute, until your nurse can be with you again," she said demurely. He opened his eyes, not half heartedly but wide open they were now,

familiar voice. "Lolita!" he cried incredulously. happily. "It is time for your medi-cine," she said professionally, al-Madame L.'s, home in Rome. It will though there was an amusing glow of

smile furking at the corners of the He took the medicine submissively. and with his left hand he kept im-

prisoned her slim white hand. The medicine glass fell to the floor. It shivered into atoms.

"Don't," she protested. "It's professional."

"Tell me that you love me," he demanded. "Blessed accident that brought me here! Tell me," anxiously. He still retained her hand. The girl's fair face became roster. cerely-I wish you happiness. For old time you must tell me how you hap-

ends?
"I must stop now and write just a father's death," he added gently. line, as late as it is, to Lolita Des-She looked at him in mond, an old college friend, who is amazement. How did he know about the only girl I ever really cared for. her father's death?

Some day when we meet, I will tell · But Jack was talking again ha you of her, and you, too, will want to pily; his voice fairly quivered with happiness. "This right arm of mine "Write me, Jack, that you are glad will be slow in mending—I am glad to be free, but tell me you wish me now I didn't get both crushed—and happiness. "BEATRICE." I am not going to wait until it heals, I am not going to wait until it heals, For a long time Jack sat in si-nce. It was a cruelly frank letter, as soon as I get just a trifle stronger, all my heart I love you! I will ask it had showed more emotion than he who married an Italian Duke this Beatrice to release me and—" had ever known her to evince be-week, and—" week, and-"

Beatrice married!" she gasped, "I So she was to marry on the 16th thought-"Yes, why did yout not tell me you knew her? How much we will have to talk about!" he said.

that brought the news on the very With reddened cheeks the girl said coldly, "Kindly let go my hand. If you possible that Lolita had known of his do not do as I tell you, I shall sen some other nurse to take your case," "I shan't he said obstinately, "until you tell me you love me; this Suddenly there dawned upon him left hand of mine was unhurt, but it the fact that he was free to ask Loliashes; tell me," anxiously.

"That's not fair," she said. but answered, shyly, "yes," and picking up the bits of broken glass with ta to become his wife. And-she had said that she loved him. He would start that very next morning for Hillcrest. The local train had now erted glance she went into the corgone. He would have to wait until to- ridor.

"Would you mind reading a little verse that Nurse First began?" Jack asked that afternoon, "but," innocent-ly, "that I did not quite catch," to Lolits, who had been reading to him in rare intervals they had not been talking. How shey had talked and

And with heightened color, and a queer little catch of happiness in her throat, that after all her measure of fate had been this glorious, over-"Say, Bobble," answered Jack, as whelming love, she read:

"It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for All the world and we two and Heaven be our stay, Like a laverlock in the lift, sing O, bon-All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side!"

TIRESOME TO REPORTERS. Some of the Things Said by a Newspaper's Readers.

New Orleans Daily States. "I've got a good scoop for you-out club's going to give a picnic." "What does it cost to put an ad, in the paper?" "You want to go easy on that. I'm

lack Ainsleigh received a telegram at friend of your boss." crest, Virginia, in response to one he had sent Miss Lolita Desmond. "Teleyou bring them in?"
"If I was you I'd be going to some show

every night."
"To decide a bet, how many rounds did Address unknown to me," it read. He John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett

Address unknown to me, it reads.

Address unknown to me, it reads.

Address unknown to me, it reads.

I going to Europe this aug "I'm going to Europe this aug "I'm going to Europe this aug He read it as he entered the auto-mobile which he had 'phoned for to take him out to Cabanne Place to see "I don't see how you can make up so

many lies."
"Be sure and send back this photo. It's They had gone but two blocks, the only one of me I have."

They had gone but two blocks, the only one of me I have."

They had gone but two blocks, the only one of me I have." They had gone but two blocks, the only when suddenly from around a corner there came a wagon, whose horse was I sin't going, but I want a certain girl steering madly toward the machine, to see it."

"Get me a pass to the ball game, will the driver seemed to the ball game the driver seemed to the driver seemed

steering madly toward the inaction of the state of the st paper on a fellow I know."
"I know how it is—you want to spread this story a whole lot so you'll get more

there was a dull noise as of creaking splinters, a hiss, an explosion of some kind-and Jack Ainsleigh remembermoney for it." ...
"Don't you have to vote the way your "If you print anything about it I'll quit

When he regained consciousness, there was an odor of an anesthetic in

could not bear the odor of tea roses; cold hands in his. "Why is this, dear? there was that in their sweet fra- We love each other, It would be wild tasselled grasses on the beach, grance that reminded him of the pain wrong for two people to sacrifice their had endured that night. happiness for a girl who is a veritable. He had grown quiet. On the mor- April's lady," he added passionately. and you both would be happier apart,' came subtle, sweet, tantalizing fra-It was quite late the next afternoon He had grown quiet. On the an old friend of his mother's the when the two travelers alighted from row he was to leave. His heart ached couple of hours he had to wait. nomely little history of Lolita. How white blossom-laden clematis outthe hack before a low rambling old at the thought. He would be leaving But the girl had suddenly drawn side the windows where the man sat house built in the mountain's side, and the girl who had grown dearer to her hands away. With sad despairing It blew in sharply, and scattered some written sheets of paper near at almost overrun with vines. than all else. How he loved her! eyes she was looking at him. "How do you do, Doctor

> these magic flames.
>
> "A penny for your thoughts," she paused a moment.
>
> "Good luck to you on your journey," bid two pennies? Surely for so mag- she cried, with a brave little attempt nificent a sum you will disclose them, at gayety. Then she slowly crossed the