CHAPTER III-He finds himself an in-chalderante and unconsidered figure in 16 "New Mouse" of the Sheridine. He sees Mary Vortrees hosting 23 him from winning house hear door.

wearing Tich sulfings in dark mixtures."

Jim, approving warmly of his neighbor's profile, perceived her access of
color, which increased his approbation. "What's that old Roscoe saying
to you, Miss Vertrees?" he asked.
"These young married men are mighty
forward nowadays, but you muan't let
'em make you blush."
"Am I blushing?" she said. "Are
you sure?" And with that she gave
him ample opportunity to make sure,
repeating with interest the look
wasted upon Roscoe. "I think you
must be mistaken," she continued. "I
filink if's your brother who is blush
ing. I've thrown him into confusion."
"How?"

"How?"
She laughed, and then, leaning to him a fittle, said in a tone as confidential as she could make it, under cover of the uproar, "By trying to begin with him a courtship I meant for you!"

the uproar, "By trying to begin with him a courtship I meant for you?"

This might well be a style new to Jim: and it was. He supposed it a nonsensical form of badinage, and yet if took his breath. He realized that he wished what she said to be the literal fruth, and he was instantly snared by that realization.

that realization.

"By George!" he said. "I guess you're the kind of girl that can say anything—yes, and get away with it,

too!"

She laughed again—in her way, so that he could not tell whether she was laughing at him or at herself or at the nonsense she was talking; and she and the could be she was talking; and she

But you see I don't care whether I away with it or not. I wish you'd me frankly if you think I've got a nace to get away with you?"

"More like if you're got a chance to get away from ne?" Jin, was inspired to reply. "Not one in the world, espe-cially etter beginning by making fun of me like that."

ially efter beginning by making for it me like that."

"I mightn't be so much in fun as out think," she said, regarding him stiff waden gravity.

"Well," sail Jim, in simple honesty, "you're a funny girl?"

Her gravity continued an instant onger. "I may not turn out to be famy for you."

"So long as you turn out to be anything at all for me, I expect I can manage to be satisfied." And with hat, to his own surprise, it was his turn to blush, whereupon she laughed again.

s," he said, plaintively, not lecking intuition, "I can see the sort of girl that would laugh oute you see a man, really means

the minute you see a man, really means say thing?"

"Laugh?" she cried, gayly. "Why, it might be a matter of life and death! But if you want tragedy. I'd better put the question at once, considering the mistake I made with your brother."

Jim was dazed, the seemed to be playing a little gairs of mockety and nonsense with him, but he had dimpass of a dashing danger in it; he was but too sensible of being out-tassed, and had somewhere a conceiousness that he could never quite mow this giddy and alluring indy, no matter how long it pleased her to play with him. But he mightily wanted her to keep on playing with him.

Full what question? he said, breathsaily.

"As you are a new neighbor of mine
ad of my family," she returned,
reaking slowly and with a cross-exnince's severity." I flink it would be
all for me to know at once whether
me are already walking out with any
sing lady or net. Mr. Sheridan, think
cill Are you spoken for?

"As you are a new neighbor of mine
is a saif little chair under the gnalight
in her own room, which was directly
over the "front hall." Thera, book in
hand, she employed the time in her
own reminiscences, though it was her
own are already walking out with any
sing lady or net. Mr. Sheridan, think
cill Are you spoken for?

Her thoughts went backward into
her life and into her husband's; and

"Not yet," be gasped. "Are you?"
"No!" she cried, and with that they
oth laughed again; and the pastime
resceeded increasing both in its gayety

both laughed agains and the passing proceeded, increasing both in its gayely and in its gravity.

Observing its continuance, Mr. Robert Lauborn, opposite, turned, from a lively conversation with Edith and remarked coverty to Silvyi that Miss Venuese var "starting rather ploturesquely with Jim." And he added, languilly, "Do you suppose she would?"

when thouse on the sharthness he have yet reverse booking 32 him from summer house next door.

If APPERT IV—The Vertreenest old seven mily and upperentiated only in any upperentiated on the minimum and the any upperentiated only in any upperentiated on the fall of the summer of the data of the summer of the summe

Sh," be said. "Listen to your fa-

ther-in-law Sheridan was booming and braying louder than ever, the orchestra having begun to play "The Rosary," to his

begon to play "the Rosary," to his vast content.

"I count them over, la-la-tum-tee-dum," he roared, beating the measures with his fork. "Each hour a pearl, each pearl tee-dum-tum-dum— What's the matter of all you folks? Why'n't you sing? Miss Verirees, I bet a thousand dollars you sing! Why'n't—"

"Mt. Sheridan," she said, turning cheerfully from the ardent Jim, "you don't know what you interrupted! Your son ian't used to my rough ways, and my soldier's woolng frightens him but I think he was about to say some thing important."

thing important."
"I'll say something important to him
if he docsn't!" the father threatened,
more delighted with her than ever. "By gosh! If I was his age

right now—"
"Oh, wait!" cried Mary. "If they'd.

"Oh, wait!" cried Mary. "If they'd, only make less noise! I want Mrs. Sheridan to hear."

"She'd say the same," he shouted. "She'd tell me I was mighty alow if I couldn't get ahead o' Jim. Why, when I was his age."

"You must listen to your father."

"You must listen to your father."

"Any interrupted, turning to Jim, who had grown red again. "He's going to tell us how, when he was your age, he made those two blades of grass grow out of a teneup—and you could see for yourself he didn't get them out of his alecve!"

yourself he didn't get them out of his sleeve?"

At that Sheridan pounded the table till it jumped. "Look here, young lady!" he roared. "Some o' these days I'm either goin' to slap you—or I'm goin' to klas you!"

Edith looked aghast; she was afraid this was indeed "too awful," but Mary Vertrees burst into ringing laughter. "Both!" she cried. "Both! The one to make me forget the other?"

"Bot which—"he began, and then suddenly gave forth such stentorian trumpetings of mirth that for once the whole table stopped to listen. "Jim," he roared, "If you don't propose to that girl tonight I'll send you back to the machine shop with Ribba!"

And Bibbs—down smong the retainers by the sugar pump works, and watching Mary Vertrees as a ragged boy in the street might watch a right little girl in a garden—Bibbs heard. He heard—sud he knew what his father's plans were now.

Mrs. Vertrees "sat up" for her daugh

that not dare think forward definite by. What thinking forward this tion bled couple reintured took the form of a sender hope which neither of them could have borne to hear put in words, and yet they had taked it over day five day, from the very bour when they heard Sheridan was to built hat new house next door. For—so cetels is dose any that of human behavior become an authono—their youth was of the innevent old days, so dead! or "breeding" and "gouillity," and nearly become an authono—their youth was of the innevent old days, so dead! or "breeding" and "gouillity," and nearly trained they have represented in a district of the innevent old days, so dead! or "breeding" and "gouillity," and ne the peen district of the sent them that the next that difference between Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees and framed in mother-of-pearl. But they make their high new neighbor. Sheridan though his youth was of the same epoch, knew nolhing of such matters. He had been chopping wood for the morning five in the country grocery while they were still dancing.

It was after one o'clock when Mrs. Vertrees was shocked. "Jim!" he exclaimed. "Mary, please—" "Of course," and Mary, "Fill make thinking of the key in the lock, and then, with the pening of the door, Mary's laugh and, "Yes—If you aren't afrid—houserrow."

The 's' a closed, and she rushed to string for a drink," though I noticed that Mr. Lamborn on that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe explained that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe explained that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe and they knew I'd been bored at the district of the morning for interest the present its about the present its about the present of the morning for interest the present of the door, the morning for interest the present of the morning for interest the present of the door, the first the present of the morning for interest the present of the first the mean that of the morning for interest the present of the morning for interest the present of the morning for the door, the first the mean than the first the mean that th

could speak, "he brought me

Vectors could greak, the brought me homoly.

The let her cloak full upon the bed, and, drawing the old ned-relief rocking chair forwing the bedde her mether after giving her a light put upon the shoulder and a hearty kins upon the cheek.

cheek.
"Mamma!" Mary excluded, when
Mrs. Verfrees had expressed a hope



"Why Don't You Ask Me?"

that she had enjoyed the evening and had not caught cold. "Why don't you

This inquiry obviously made her mother uncomfortable. "I don't--" she faltered. "Ask you what, Mary?" "How I got along and what he's

"Mary!" "Oh, it isn't distressing!" said Mary.
"And I got along so fast—" She broke
off to laugh; continuing then. "But
that's the way I went at it, of course.
We are in a hurry, aren't we?"
"My dear, I don't know what to—"

"What to make of anything?" Mary finished for her. "So that's all right! Now I'll tell you all about it. It was gorgeous and denfening and tectotal. We could have lived a year on it. I think the orchids alone would have lasted us a couple of months. There they were, before me, but I couldn't steal 'on and sell 'en, and so—well, so I did whnt I couldn't She leaved back and laughed reases.

She leaned back and laughed reasuringly to her troubled mother. "It seemed to be a success—what I could," she said, clasping her hands behind her neck and stirring the rocker to motion as a thythmic accompanisent to her narrative. "The girl Edith and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, were too anxious about the effect of things on me. The father's worth a bushel of both of them, if he knew it. He's what he is, I like him." She paused reflectively, confinuing, "Edith's 'interested' in that Lamborn boy; he's good-looking and not stiptd, but I think he's." She interrupted herself with a cheery outery: "Ob, I mustn't be calling him names! If he's trying to mike Edith like him. I ought to respect him as a colleague."
"I don't understand a thing you're talking about," Mrs. Vertrees complained.
"All the better! Well, he's a bad lot. She leaned back and laughed reas-

"All the better! Well, he's a bad lot "All file better! Well, he's a bad lot, that Lamborn boy, everybody's always known that, but the Sheridana don't know the everybodies first know. He sat between Editis and Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan. She's like those people you wondered about at the theater the last time we went-dressed in ballgowns:

good it to make up for it. Fur a has us to make the at the dinner. Id Leen a number and the good time at the dinner is dinner. In the supplementary is the supplementary and the second unable to complete the question.

"Never mind, mauma, Pil say it. Is, Mr. James Sh. sidan. Tr., stupid? I'm.

Mr. James Sh. ridan, Jr., stupid? I'm sure he's not at all stupid about busisure he's not at all stupid about busi-ness. Otherwise— Oh, what right have I to be calling people 'stupid' be-cause they're not exactly my kind? On the big dinner table they had enor-mous icing models of the Sheridau building—"
"Oh no!" Mrs. Vertrees cried. "Sure-ly not!"

"Yes, and two other things of that kind—I don't know what. But, after all, I wondered if they were so bad. Well, then, manuma, I managed not to feel superior to Mr. James Sheridan, Jr., because he didn't see anything out of place in the Sheridan building in

Mrs. Vertrees' expression had lost none of its anxiety and she shook her head gravely. "My dear, dear child," she said, "it seems to me—— It looks—— I'm afraid-'

"Say as much of it as you can, mamma," said Mary, encouragingly, "I cân get it, if you'll just give me one

keyword."
"Everything you say," Mrs. Vertrees began, timidly, "seems to have the air of— It is as if you were seek-ing to—to make yourself—" "Oh, I see! You mean I sound as if

the air of— It is as if you were seek ing to—to make yourself—"

"Oh, I see! You mean I sound as if I were trying to force myself to like him."

"Not exactly, Mary. That wasn't quite what I meant," said Mrs. Vertrees, speaking direct untruth with perfect unconsclousness. "But you said that—that you found the latter part of the evening at young Mrs. Sheridan's unentertaining—"

"And as Mr. James Sheridan was there, and I saw more of him than at there, and I saw more of him than at the perfect unfined in spite of that, you think I—" And then it was Mary who left the deduction unfinished.

want them to frame it, and I wish to goodness papa'd quit talking about it; but here, that night after the dinner, and it aloud to the whole crowd of 'en! I thought I'd die of shame!"

Bibbs looked grieved. "The poem ser' who were only seventeen when you wrote it."

"Oh, hush up!" she snapped. "I wish it had burnt my tingers the first time in spite of that, you think I—" And in business to take it, and I've been ashamed—"

"No, no," he said comfortingly. "It was the very most flattering thing very

tion unfinished.

Mrs. Vertrees nodded; and though

both the mother and the daughter un-derstood, Mary felt it better to make

derstood, Mary felt it better to make the understanding definite.

"Well," she asked, gravely, "is there anything eise I can do? You and papa don't want me to do anything that dis-tresses me, and so, as this is the only thing to be done, it seems it's up to me not to let it distress me. That's all there is about if, isn't it?"

"But nothing must distress you!" the mother cried.

"That's what I say!" said Mary.

the mother cried.

"That's what I say!" said Mary, eheerfully. "And so it doesn't. It's all right." She rose and took her clonk over her arm, as if to go to her own room. But on the way to the door she stopped, and stood leaning against the foot of the bed, contemplating a thread-bare rug at her feet. "Mother, you've told me a thousand times that it doesn't really matter whom a girl marries."
"No, no!" Mrs. Vertrees protested "I."

"No, no!" Mrs. Vertrees protested, "I

"No, no!" Mrs. Vertrees protested, "I never said such s."

"No, not in words; I mean what you meant. It's true, isn't it, that marringe really is 'not a bed of roses, but a field of battle'? To get right down to it, a girl could fight it out with anybody, couldn't she? One man as well as another?"

other?"
"Mary, I can't bear for you to talk
like that." And Mrs. Vertrees lifted
pleading eyes to her daughter—eyes
that begged to be spared. "It sounds
—almost reckless!"

e."

almost reckless!"

comalmost reckless!"

comand klassed her gayly. "Never fret.

dear! I'm not likely to do anything I
ways don't want to—I've always been too
don't thorough-going a little pig."

She gave her mother a final klas and
second went gayly all the way to the door this
you time, pausing for her postscript with
last her hand on the knob." "Oh, the one
was: that caught me looking in the window.

wondered about at the theater the last time we went dressed in ballgowns; bound to show their clothes and jewels somewhere! She flatters the futher, and so did I, for that matter—but not that way. I treated him outrageously!"

"Mary!"
"That's what flattered him. After dinner be made the whole regiment of in follow him sil over the house, while he tectured like a guide on the Palatine. He gave dimensions and costs, and the whole b'lim' of 'em listened as yaild. He looks dreadfully iii, but

he has pleasant eyes, and it strock me that If—If one were in the Sheridan family"—she implied a little rearrily "he might be interesting to talk be sometimes, when is Ne was too much netimes, when to 3re was too much cks and bonds. I didn't see him aft-

ar dinner."

"Tiere must be something wrong with him." and Mrs. Vertrees, "They'd, have introduced him if there weren't."

"I don't know. His father spoke of some sart; "glanced at him just then, and he was pathetic-look'd clock in another some council before that, but the most tracte change came over him. He seemed just to die, right there at the table?

"Mr. Sherdam nurt be very unfeel."

"Mr. Sherdam nurt be very unfeel."

"Mr. Sheridant be very unfeel-

"No." said Mary, thoughtfully, "! "No." said Mary, thoughtfully, "!
don't think he is; but he might be uncomprehending, and certainly he's the
kind of man to do mything he once
sets out to do. But I wish I hadn't been
looking at that poor boy_just then!
I'm afraid I'll keep remembering—"
"I wouldn'!" My Vertical.

"I wouldn't." Mrs. Vertrees smiled faintly, and in her smile there was the remotest ghost of a genteel reguish-ness. "I'd keep my mind on pleasanter

things, Mary."
Mary laushed and nedded. "Yes, indeed! Pienty pleasant enough, and probably, if all were known, ine good-

ren for me!"

And when she had none Mrs. Ver

CHAPTER VII.

Edith, glancing casually into the "ready-made" liberty, stopped alongity, seeing fillbs face alone. He was standing before the pearl-framed and gold-lettered poem, musingly inspecting it. He read it:

ifg.it. He read it:

FUGUTIVE.

I will forget the thious that sting:
The lasting look, the barbal word.
I mow the very hands that fline
To anger but for me had never stirred
To anger but for me had never stirred
To anger but for me had never stirred
They've suffered so, that's why they
strike.

Ful keep my heart among the stars
Where note shall huot it. Oh, like
These wounded one: I must not be,
For, wounded, I might strike in turn!
Ba, asses shall bur me. Far and free
Where my heart files no one shall learn
"Rilibal". Editive woole.

"Blibbs!" Edith's voice was nagry, and her color deepened suddenly as sie came into the room, preceded by a scent of violets nuch more powerful than that warranted by the actual bunch of them upon the lapel of her cont.

Bibbs did not turn his head, but

wagged it solemnly, seeming depressed by the poem. "Freely soung, Isn't it?" he said. "Here is thave been some-thing about your feels that got the prive, Edith; I can't believe the poem did it."

"Oh, hush up," she snapped. "I wish it had burnt my fingers the first time I fouched it. Then I might have had sense enough to leave it where it was. I had no business to take it, and I've been ashamed."

"No. no," he said, comfortingly, "It was the very most flattering thing ever

was the very most flattering thing ever happened to me. It was almost my last flight before I went to the machine

last flight before I went to the machine shop, and it's pleasant to think seme-body liked it enough to—"
"But I don't like it!" she exclaimed.
"I don't even understand it—and peps made so much fuss over its getting the prize, I just hate it! The truth is I never dreamed it 'd get the prize."
"You have to live it down, Edith, Perhaps Abroad and under another name you might find—"

name you might find-"
"Oh, hush up! I'll hire some steal it and burn it the first chan steat it and burn it the first chance f get." She turned away petalinity moving to the door. "I'd like to thin: I could hope to bear the last of it be-fore I die."
"Edith" he called, as she went into

the hall.
"What's the matter?"
"I want to ask you: Do I really look better, or have you just got used to

said, coming back as far as the thresh old,
"When I first came you couldn't look

"When I first came you couldn't look at me," Bibbs explained, in his impersonal way. "But I've noticed you look at me lately. I wondered if I'd—"
"It's because you look so much better," she told him, cheerfully. "This month you've been here's done you no end of good. Anybody could look at you now, Bibbs, and not—not get—"
"Sick?"
"Well—nimost that?" she laughed.
"And you're getting a better color every day, Bibbs; you really are.

indow, him say something about it the night of the—" The jingle of a distant bell interrupted her, and she glanced at her watch. "Bobby Landborn! 1'm going to motor him out to look at a place in the country. Afternoon, Bibbs."

When she had gone, Bibbs mooned pensimistically from shelf to shelf, his eye wandering among the titles of the books. The library consisted almost suitcely of haddsome "uniform edictions."

In fact, I've only seen him once—in fact, I've only seen him once—in the country. The work in said hon the noticed it," said hon extra the trouble?"

"Unit almost suit people notice if when I bow to them."

"Oh, I seel" said Jim. "Of courseless wandering among the titles of the would ordinarily, but Bibbs is suitcely of haddsome "uniform edictions."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

ration for the room, sil these pensive looks, with a glossy here and there twinkling a reflection of the dame; that crackled in the released Gothic fireplace; but Bibbs had an im-pression that the bookseller who as-lected them considered them a relief,



"It's Bibbs Taking His Constitutional."

ma say wrap up wawm f' you' rida an' she cain' go with you today, an' not fgit go see you' pa at fo' 'clock. Aw ready, suh."

ready, suh."

He equipped Bibbs for the daily drive Doctor Gurney had commanded, and in the manner of master of cere monies unctuously led the way. In the hall they pussed the Moor, and Biblio paused before it while white-Jacket opened the door with a flourish and waved condescendingly to the chauffeur in the car which stood waiting in the driveway.

"It seems to me I asked you what you thought about this statute when I you thought about this statute when I

The said. There is that been some thing about your hokes that got the prive, Edith; I can't believe the poem did it."

She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder and spoke sharply, but in a low voice: "I don't think it's very nice of you to bring if up at 'il, Bibbs. I didn't want them to frame it, and I wish to goodness papa'd quit taking about it, but here, that night, after the diner, didn't he' go and read it aloud to the whole crowd of 'em! I thought I'd die of shame!"

Bibbs looked grieved. "The poem isn't that had, Edith. You see, you were only seventeen when you wrote it."

"Oh, hush up!" she snapped. "I wish it had burnt my fingers the first time.

Mist' Bibbs?"
"It's exactly the word for the statue," sail Bibbs, with conviction, as he climbed into the car, "It's a lami-"High!" George exulted "Man! Man.

inflway. "Same he aw-ways say. Inckson—'1 expect she is!" For ie try t' git me talk 'bout 'at la 'ie fry t' git me talk bont 'at larminal tatue, an' aw ways, has thing he say. I espect she is? You know, Mist' Jackson, if he git well, 'at young me a co' be pride o' the family, Mist' Jackson. Yes suh, right now I plek 'im fo' firs' money?"

"Look out with all 'at money. George!' Jackson warned the enflusiant, "White folks 'n' is house know 'im heap longer 'n you. You the on'y man bettin' on 'im!"

"I risk it!" cried George, merrily, "I put her all on now-ev'y cent! 'At boy's go' be flower o' the flock!'

This singular prophecy, founded somewhat recklessiy upon gratitude

This singular prophecy, founded somewhat recklessly upon gratitude for the meaning of "lamilat." differed radically from another prediction con-cerning Bibbs, set forth for the benefit cerning Ribbs, set forth for the benefit of a fair and for some twenty minutes later. Jim Sheridan, skirting the edges of the town with Mray Vertrees headed him, in his own swift machine, encountered the invalid upon the highrond. The two cars were going in opposite directions, and the occupants of Jim shad only a swaying glimpse of Bibbs had only a swaying glimpse of Bibbs skifting alone on the back was alone. slitting alone on the back seat-his white face startlingly white against cap and collar of black fur-but be to him.

Jim waved his left hand careleast

You're really getting along splendidly."

"I.—I'm afraid so," he said, ructuily.

"Afraid so! Well, if you aren't the
quiercest! I suppose you mean father
imight send you back to the machine.

"Afraid so! Well, if you aren't the
bim, too, though I've never met him
in fact, I've only seen him once—no

"What's the trouble?"
"I'm almost sure people notice if
when I bow to them."
"Ob, I see!" said Jim. "Of courrethey would ordinacily, but Bibbs ifunny."