The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, and a young man, Jasper Waldron.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

She found a curt note from Kempton Rosslaer awaiting her on her return home. She opened it with trembling fingers; read it with lower lip held between her teeth.

It informed her, without detail, that everything was arranged; that he was at her service and awaiting her pleasure. The ceremony could take place at any time; it was for her to name the hour.

She re-read it, then lit a match and burned it. Her eyes, when she raised them, held a flicker of dread, but a grim determination, too.

But it was not until later, long after Rosslaer's ice-cold fingers had slipped the broad band of gold upon her finger, that real comprehension of what she had done came to her. She looked at the ring with half-scared eyes; then took it off and locked it away in a drawer.

As she did so her sleeve brushed against the yellow roses Waldron had sent her, scattering the petals. She looked down at them with a caught breath. She was suddenly afraid of the future—and of the knowledge that she had burned her boats—entered into bondage—and that there was no going back!

CHAPTER XVI.

For more than a week Kempton Rosslaer saw nothing of Araby. He could not bring himself to face those clear eyes of hers with the weight of this deception upon his soul. He dreaded to hear the sound of her voice, to feel the touch of her hands upon him—dreaded immeasurably her caresses, a renewal of those stolen, intimate moments which hitherto had been so sweet.

In his own eyes he was unutterably a cad. He wondered, sometimes, if, had he been given a longer space in which to think things over, he would have gone through with this thing? As it was he had been driven by despair, swept off his feet, carried away by circumstances.

He had not had time to weigh the consequences. He had only been fully alive to the realization that he was completely in Marcia's power; that her desperation was such that she would use that power to the full. He had seen scandal and shame and dishonor staring him in the face—and he had chosen the only way which had presented itself of averting them.

And now he must go through with it. For six long months he must endure the shadow of doubt and dread and uneasiness. For six months must remain fettered with chains which galled all the more since he had lied in forging them.

He thanked God for Marcia's decision to go abroad; the position in which he found himself would be more tenable if there was no possibility of even a chance meeting. He felt, miserably, that every time he should hear her voice, be forced to speak to her, he would be adding to his deception of Araby.

In reality Marcia was nothing to him; less than nothing. She had no part in his life; she never would have. Nevertheless he could not rid himself of the feeling that she stood like an insurmountable barrier between him and the girl who had grown with each day dearer to him than anything life had to offer—than life itself.

That week was interminable; one of utter wretchedness. He avoided his home as much as possible, and when he was there he was taciturn, moody and disinclined for speech of any sort.

He could not help feeling, with a rising, fierce resentment which he found more than a little difficult to conquer, that Lady Rosslaer and her son were primarily responsible for the impossible situation which had arisen. He could not help wishing, bitterly, that he had refused to take part in putting straight the appalling tangle that Gordon had made of affairs.

Yet, deep in his heart, he knew that he would do the same again should the occasion arise. His one thought, in taking the jewels back to Mrs. Alden's flat, had been of his father, of the name they both cherished so deeply. His one desire to protect it, guard it, and to protect and guard the frail old man from ever learning the shame that had come upon it.

That same thought had driven him like a goad, had made it impossible to take that stand he would have wished to take, and tell Marcia to do her worst. For himself he would have infinitely preferred to face discovery and suspicion, to make a grim fight to assert his innocence even against such odds. But Araby, as well as his father, would have suffered.

There had been the girl to think of as well as the old man. The thought of her—the knowledge of what the scandal would have meant to Lord Rosslaer—had made him utterly weak.

And now he was beginning to feel the punishment for that weakness; to realize how thorny was the path he had set his feet to tread; above all, how imperative it was to keep secret that thing which he had done to secure his release, and, for Marcia, a fortune.

It was all wrong, he reflected bitterly over and over again. He had acted criminally in going through the marriage ceremony with Marcia; his was an offence punishable by law; were it to become known it would heap scandal upon scandal. But there had been no other way.

His only comfort was the knowledge that his bondage was but for a term; and that there was no reason at all that the truth should ever become known. It was scant comfort, but it was all he had.

Toward the end of the week he received a little, brief, puzzled note from Araby. It conveyed an unconsciously wistful wonder at his prolonged absence and the fact that she had missed him badly.

The sight of the big, girlish handwriting quickened his pulses. He shrank from the ordeal of meeting her; nevertheless that evening he presented himself at the quaint old Chelsea house.

He found her alone, seated on the broad ledge of one of the wide studio windows. Her slim shoulders were a little hunched, her chin cupped in her palm, and she was looking away toward the tangled garden beneath her. Her mouth looked graver than its wont and she was a little pale.

She turned sharply at the sound of his step, and instantly her lips trembled into smiles, the color came flocking back gloriously over her face.

"Kemp!" She was in his arms, her fingers locked about his neck, and at the touch of her warm body a quick gust of passion shook the man. His arms tightened about her fiercely, he held her strained to him while he kissed her. Then rather abruptly, he put her away, holding her by the elbows.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he demanded. "You don't look so well as usual!"

She laughed. Then with a quick little movement drew his arms about her again.

"I've missed you. You've never missed even a day before, you know—and—it was silly—but I was lonely. Everything's so—so empty when you don't come, Kemp!"

She was laughing still, but her voice held a tremulous note. As he met the tenderness of the wide, sweet eyes Kempton stooped and hid his chin suddenly against the round white throat. That tenderness seemed to set every pulse in him throbbing; but at this moment it struck at his heart like a reproach. A sick sense of shame, of unworthiness was upon him.

He told himself, standing there with his face still hidden, that he was not fit to touch her; that he was a cad, all kinds of a bounder, pitifully undeserving of either her love or the pure sweetness of her faith in him.

Against his will he was driven to voice something of his overwhelming feeling.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered, still without lifting his head and holding her very close, "don't love me too much, Araby! It's not worth it. No man is—no man could be! Even the best of us are brutes at times, you know—and I—I'm not one of those best, my sweetheart—not by any manner of means! I'm just a man, very human, painfully ordinary, with all the faults and failings and weaknesses of most, and more than of many! Sometimes I feel that you can't know the real me, Araby—or you wouldn't care so much! Sometimes I wonder what you find in me to care for at all!"

The girl looked down at him with half-puzzled, half-wistful, wholly tender eyes. Then she leaned her cheek against the crisp hair and laughed softly. It was sweet, that laugh, and very, very sure.

"Do you? Ah, well," in mischievous confession, "sometimes I don't altogether know myself! Except that you are you! That you love me! That you belong to me—to me, and only to me! That you're mine—absolutely; ever and always and entirely! That I have the only claim of all women in the world upon you. That you're my man— and that my every heart beat, every thought, every breath holds in it something of you! Oh, my dear—my very dear! I love you—love you—love you! And I shall go on loving you whatever you are, now until the end—and afterward!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Upon her words, suddenly, startlingly, unexpectedly passionate, there followed a little, throbbing silence. Over it rose the poignant sweetness of some bird's song in the garden. Rosslaer could feel the warmth of Araby's breast, the beat of her heart against his cheek.

For a long moment they stood thus: then the girl drew herself out of his hold gently. With a light hand upon his arm she drew him after her to the window.

Her eyes were a little dewey when she looked up at him again; her mouth tremulous. Impulsively Rosslaer bent and kissed it, passionately, yet with a new, lingering tenderness.

"I'm not worth it!" he said again, huskily. "God knows, I'm not worth it!"

Araby, tilting her head back against his arm, laughed contentedly. Nevertheless her clear eyes searched his face intently and with something of question.

There were new lines in it; grim lines that had never been there before, and which made it seem much older. The gay boyishness had fled in his eyes. There was something of brooding, of weariness in his whole expression that perplexed and vaguely disturbed her. After a minute she said, gently:

"Are things still going wrong for you, Kemp?" And was amazed at the sudden violence in his voice when he answered her.

"Damnably wrong!" He freed himself from her hold and went nearer the window, staring out with sombre gaze. Never had what he done seemed more monstrous in his eyes than it did now.

Still a-thrill and tingling with passion for Araby, the insidious, persistent thought of Marcia set every jarred nerve in him quivering. Nor could he rid himself of remembrance of her. She loomed like a pale ghost in the background of his mind, haunting him.

Araby slid soft fingers into his.

"Still—money?" she asked a little wistfully; and Kempton roused himself with an effort. During the last week he had forgotten money matters completely. His financial difficulties had never seemed of less importance. Now he jerked his memory back to them and smiled grimly.

"Only money?" Araby persisted, and he looked at her sharply. A sudden dread of rousing any sort of suspicion in her mind assailed him. He answered with hurried emphasis.

"Only money." And added, half against his will, "why?"

"I only wondered. I've never seen you look quite as you look to-day, Kempton. Almost ill—and so tired. I thought perhaps something else might be troubling you."

He stirred uneasily, but she clung to him. Her uplifted face was very earnest as she went on.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

$2,000 in cash prizes

Many people have discovered that 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes are good for other things than for shining shoes. *For example:—*

2 in 1 BLACK—Good for polishing motor cars; refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers, hats, etc.

2 in 1 WHITE—cake or liquid—Good for cleaning hats, stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, auto tires, etc.

2 in 1 TAN PASTE—Good for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, etc.

For the Best List of New Uses for 2 in 1, We are Awarding Cash Prizes as Follows:

1st award	$500.00—for the most acceptable list	20 Prizes of	$15.00—for the next twenty
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3rd "	200.00—for third best list	50 " "	2.00—for the next fifty
10 Prizes of	25.00—for the next ten	100 " "	1.00—for the next 100 lists

Try to find new uses for any of the 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes, either black, tan, oxblood, or brown paste, white cake or white liquid, black or tan combination.

Write on one side of paper only. List uses according to colors. Awards will be made according to decision of special committee, and payment made on or before October 1st, 1922. All lists submitted to become our property. Address:

2 IN 1 Saves You Money

Prize Editor,
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED,
HAMILTON, CANADA.

The Little Tin Spoon.

Beth thought that nothing could be harder than teaching a country primary school. Only yesterday little Lucy Herman had fallen out of the swing and bumped her nose and cut her lip. Though Beth did not mind applying bandages and salve, she thought how nerve wracking it was! And the day before that accident had happened Mrs. Hall had visited the school and said she was not satisfied with the progress that her daughter Fannie was making.

"I'm doing the best I can for Fannie," Beth had replied with set lips.

After her visitor had gone Beth had cried a little. Fannie Hall was stupid. Was she, Fannie's teacher, to blame for that?

And how frightened she had been when little Pansy Higgins had swallowed her red eraser! Well, next year she would not teach a primary school!

The morning dragged. Recess came; then it was noon. As Beth was eating her lunch she felt some one tugging at her skirt. She turned and saw little Margie Jackson, her poorest pupil.

Margie wore rubbers every day because her shoes had poor soles; and her dress, though clean, was faded and patched. Her face was thin and freckled; but her eyes were blue, and her mouth was rosy. "Teacher, O teacher," she began eagerly, "Mrs. Shelby gave me five cents for going after her milk, and I bought some candy for you. Look! It's got a little tin spoon in it!"

Beth opened the little bag that the child handed her In it were three gumdrops, an "all-day sucker," two pink peppermints and a little tin spoon. She looked down at the thin upturned face. "But, dear," she said gently, "hadn't you better keep this candy yourself? You have given it all to me."

"I want you to have it all," Margie replied softly. "I—I love you."

A moment later as Margie pattered forth to join her schoolmates Beth took the little tin spoon out of the bag. And as she looked at it the old schoolroom seemed suddenly to become bright and cheerful, and she thought of the little battered chairs, not as mere wooden seats, but as chairs of destiny. Then she looked up and smiled. She, Beth Cameron, was the young priestess at this little altar of learning. How could she ever have dreamed of changing her work!

An Iceless Refrigerator.

Our most convenient device is a home-made iceless refrigerator. It consists of a wooden frame with top, centre, and bottom shelves set on four blocks for feet. It is placed in a pan a little larger than the wooden shelves, and it then covered with a dripping wet cheesecloth, the lower edges of which must rest in bottom of pan, into which pour water until nearly brim full.

Over the top is suspended, by string, a small vessel with a hole in the bottom, so water will drip from it and percolate down all four sides of the cooler, which must be set near a window or in a current of air.

The square I used was made from a small orange box, because it had top, bottom, and shelf (centre partition). From all four sides of the box I removed all boards, leaving only strips for corners. I use a large square baking pan for the water container, giving all a coat of white enamel paint for neatness; but it is so clean and airy that paint is not needed.

The only attention required is to keep top and bottom water containers filled. Be sure drip hole does not get stopped up, for it is necessary that water drip over the cheesecloth covering. The covering must be scalded each morning, and it is best to have two cloths, so that one may be sunning one day and used on cooler the next.

Of course, the pan must have at least two inches of water in it, in which the lower ends of cloth rest, so capillary attraction will cause moisture to ascend sides and meet drip moisture from above. The air passing through cools the food. The taller the container the deeper the water should be.

On the top shelf, under the cloth, I place a covered pitcher of lemonade or a watermelon or cantaloupe, cooling for the next meal, or merely a jar of water to cool—anything to raise the damp cloth from centre and cause drops to flow on all sides alike, possibly a little more on the side the wind strikes.—Mrs. A. O.

Editor's Note: Canton flannel may also be used for covering the iceless refrigerator; and an old cotton blanket is good. If either of these is used, a pan of water should be set on top of the frame; the cloth extends over the top, into the pan of water, thus serving as a wick or siphon to keep the cover moist.

Dye Old Curtains Sweater or Skirt in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

The truth is that human energy is limited, and if too much thought is given to minor things no vitality will be left for the great things.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Abolish fear and you can accomplish anything you wish.

Unique Prize Contest.

New uses for shoe polish! Such is the basis for a novel prize contest recently launched by the F. F. Dalley Company, manufacturers of the famous 2 in 1 Shoe Polish.

For instance, it has been found that 2 in 1 Black is excellent for polishing motor cars, refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers and hats. The Tan Paste is highly recommended for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, and autos, while the White, cake or liquid, has been used with good results on stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, polishing silver, window glass, and in cleaning automobile tires and straw hats.

So impressed have the manufacturers become with its possibilities, they are now offering $2,000 in cash prizes for the discovery of new ways of using their shoe polish.

One would imagine that shoe polish is used exclusively for shining shoes, but that such is not the case has been amply proved by the Dalley Company. This proof came through the medium of letters received from people who, being of an experimental turn of mind, found that 2 in 1 could be used to advantage and profit in various ways.

Good Roads in Quebec.

The province of Quebec, in 1921, laid down 416 miles of good roads, of which 55.5 miles were waterbound macadam, 322.7 miles were gravel, 12.8 miles were bituminous macadam, 12.6 miles were concrete, and 5.6 miles were macadam with cold patch. Over 4,000 miles of good roads are now being kept in thorough repair in Quebec province.

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