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The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER L.—(Cont'd.)

Again desperately Marcia tried to voice a protest. Again Waldron interrupted her.

"I know what you would say. I know of what you would remind me." Once more a sharp spasm of pain crossed his face. He was silent for a moment as though seeking for words. "I do not want to think of it. I want to forget it; want to teach you to forget it—for a little while. Marcia, think! We have a right, both of us, to take all of happiness that life offers. If we did not care so much it might be different."

"It is because I care so much that I cannot listen to you, will not listen. Jasper, I'm a dying woman, and there is such a little time left to me now! Only a few weeks—so few that one can easily count the days! Oh, you must see how impossible such a thing as marriage would be!"

"Why should we not taste the fullest sweetness those days will yield, Marcia?" He spoke very gently, still standing quietly there above her. "Why should we not spend that time which is left together? We've a right to that much of happiness, of joy, of love, surely?"

His voice grew harsh with a momentary fierce bitterness. It was so hard to believe, looking at the slender form, the girlish, lovely face, that death's wings were already unfurling more widely over her. He dared not let himself think upon it; his own impotence was agony to him.

"And I could make you happy, Marcia," he went on. "I could give you so much love, so much joy!"

"I know!" Her voice was stifled. Her head was bent so low that he could not see her face. She was afraid of him seeing the light that was in her eyes—that sudden, passionate light of yearning that his words had waked within her. She dared not let him guess how sweet to her was the picture that he painted.

Remembrance of her bondage was cold upon her; bondage which was to rob her, to rob them both, of even such short-lived happiness together as might have been theirs.

"I know!" she said again. "But it cannot be! Jasper, I could not consent!"

"Why?" Still his voice was steady, gentle. Marcia pressed her hands hard against her lips.

"I couldn't," she whispered again. "It would be horrible——"

She stopped abruptly. Stooping, Waldron lifted her to him, holding her fast, his eyes burning down at her.

"Horrible! Marcia, you don't mean that!"

She tried to meet his eyes, but she could not. After a moment he laughed, an old laugh that was sorrowful as well as tender, and drew her closer.

"If you are afraid of me, don't be," he said. "It will be worth much to just have been together. And, for me, there will be imperishably sweet memories."

But with a broken cry she wrenched away from him. His pleading was torture to her, her overwhelming desire to yield to him racked her.

"Don't!" she flung at him; then, rather breathlessly, almost hardly: "What you ask is impossible. I mean it. I cannot consent. I will not!"

* * * *

Upon an evening not long after this Kempton Rosslaer and Araby found themselves alone together almost for the first time since the death of Rosslaer's father. Kempton's days had been crowded; there had been so much to do and to arrange with regard to the old man's affairs. And he had found Lady Rosslaer difficult to deal with.

Her husband's death had been a real shock to her. Her feeling was not grief; rather a stunned dismay. As Lord Rosslaer's widow her portion, while generous, as far as circumstances permitted, was less than her allowance had been.

While Marcia's generous gift had made things temporarily easier for her, and had enabled her to get out of immediate debt and to help Gordon, the money, in such hands, was soon dissipated. And Gordon was growing more and more impossible to manage, to advise.

Womanlike, she had no idea of business and refused to believe that Kempton could not help her more if he would. And whenever she thought of Marcia that old, slow, calculating glitter would come into her eyes. She had amazed both her son and Kempton with her eager delight at the news of the girl's return to England.

In the midst of his real worries it had vaguely troubled Rosslaer. He looked to-night a little worn and haggard. He had been talking to Araby of his work for Waldron, his intention of continuing with it, his growing interest in it.

She had listened quietly, her young face full of understanding and sympathy, yet shadowed by something which made him wonder a little. A silence fell between them presently. Araby broke it.

"Then it is likely you will be going away again soon?" He looked at her quickly, nodded.

"Yes. I'm picking things up quicker than I expected. Jasper has confidence in me. He has told me that I can continue as I have been doing; also that there is a post in South America that will have to be filled. I could fill it, but, of course——"

"You're not going to?" Her voice was startled. He shook his head, half smiling.

"No. I've chosen to continue in the old way. South America would mean exile for a couple of years at the least."

"But you will have to go away?" Araby repeated. Again he nodded.

"Yes. But only on and off and for a little while at a stretch. I expect to resume in ten days or so." She was still for a minute. Then she got up suddenly. Coming behind him she laid her hands lightly on his shoulders.

"Kemp!" she whispered; then, eagerly, anxiously: "This time you will take me with you? We can tell the truth now, can't we?"

CHAPTER LI.

Kemp did not answer immediately, but she felt him stiffen under her light hold, and her heart sank. She let her hands fall and stood very quietly before him. He met her eyes for a fleeting instant, then looked away. And Araby caught a sudden sharp breath.

She read in that averted glance a reluctance that hurt and amazed her; that left her bewildered, filled with a blank incomprehension. Presently she spoke again:

"Kemp! We can, surely, now, end the—the deceit? There is no longer any reason why everyone should not know that we are married? It was only because of your father's prejudice that we—you—kept it secret before? Kemp! It was only because of that?"

The sentence ended in a little cry, jerkily. A queer, vague suspicion stirred in her; she knew a moment's sharp dread. Rather abruptly Kemp got to his feet.

"Of course!" he answered her. "Of course!"

But his voice failed to carry conviction. His eyes had darkened a little, his fingers were twitching nervously.

He had forgotten in the stress of the last week or so the possibility of this demand on Araby's part. He had pleaded for so long his father's age and illness and disapproval as his only excuse for secrecy. Now that excuse was utterly dissipated. And he found himself confronted by another boulder in his rough path of deceit.

Araby watched him wonderingly; then she followed him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"What is it?" she asked. "Why do you hesitate, Kemp? Surely—surely you don't want it to remain secret still?"

He drew a deep breath then and turned to her.

"Would you mind, very much?" he asked quickly, and added, as he met the hurt amaze of her eyes, "Not for long, dear. Just for a little while—for two or three months. Until I'm more sure of my footing in this business of Waldron's—until I can come to you feeling that I've really made good."

He halted lamely. Under the grave, soft eyes his own were averted uneasily. He hated himself, hated this continued need of deception. Above all, he hated the knowledge that he was responsible for that new doubt in her eyes.

For a moment she did not answer. Then:

"Very well," she said in a curiously muffled voice. "Only, I don't understand!"

Her voice broke childishly. Kemp, remorseful, distressed, reached out his arms to her, but, unexpectedly, she drew away.

"Don't!" she said, almost sharply. Then: "I'm sorry. But, somehow, just lately, there has seemed to be a difference in you; almost as if something had come between us. I can't explain it, and, no doubt, I'm fanciful, silly. Only, I can't be quite myself, Kemp! I can't be satisfied, just as I was before."

Rosslaer's arms dropped to his sides. He was startled, dismayed. And for the first time he realized how truly she had spoken, how completely she had changed.

She was no longer quite the clinging, trusting girl, half-child, who had been content just with the knowledge that he loved her. Her womanhood had awakened, and with it a passionate demand to take a woman's place at his side in the eyes of the world.

"Araby," he began sharply, but again she stayed him.

"Please don't say any more now," she begged. "I'd rather you didn't."

She turned quickly, with a sigh of relief, at the opening of the door. Trask came in. His mild eyes were unusually bright and he looked flushed.

"I've got another commission," he announced. "A portrait again—and from a complete stranger this time. Araby, the few people who have seen those two portraits of Marcia Halstead have talked about them. Now they're beginning to talk about me."

He blinked as the girl lighted the lamp and nodded to Kempton.

"With luck," he went on, "I've got my chance at last. We'll be able to go to Paris, perhaps, next year, little 'un!" He blinked again. "It seems to me," he added, "that Marcia Halstead brought us luck."

But Araby did not answer. She was looking at Kempton, at the quick change of his expression at Marcia Halstead's name. And suspicion was in her heart again—suspicion and question and wonder.

* * * *

Two days later Marcia called up Araby on the telephone and asked her to come to the flat to tea.

"We can't talk properly in a crowd," she explained, "and mother wants to see you, too. And there's such a heap to tell you and to show you. Come early."

Araby consented reluctantly. Her affection for Marcia was quite as real as Marcia's for her. But the ache of that new, vague suspicion rankled.

The two had tea together in Marcia's flower-filled room. In the delight of hearing all that the latter had to tell, and in looking at the miscellaneous collection of treasures she had brought home with her, Araby warmed and became her natural self. Presently Waldron was announced and she made a movement to rise, but Marcia checked her.

"You haven't seen mother yet. She had a headache and took tea in her room. Will you go to her now and come back to say good-bye to us?"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

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C18

Woman's Sphere

Pleasures of Dining.

When warring nations cease their strife, and they then turn their attention to the higher arts, men and women of culture then give thought to the daily bread which they eat. The science of foods is to-day one of the higher sciences, and, like the highly cultured folks of the eighteenth century, the gentlemen of to-day are true epicures, and have a comprehensive knowledge of dietary.

The housewife in her tiny kitchen can concoct and serve dainty foods that would turn a high-price chef green with envy. This same little housewife also knows food values and nutrition, and can arrange a menu that will comply with the dietary laws and science.

"The Creator, by obliging man to eat to sustain life," says Brillat Savarin, "invites him by the appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure." Ay, but to enjoy real pleasure is the privilege of every age and nationality; it is only necessary that the meal presented to you should please the olfactory nerve by having a pleasing odor, the vision by its attractive appearance, and the palate by the sense of taste.

Apropos, I protest against a custom that is general in so many homes—that of eating in haste, thus giving only the necessary time at the table to throw food into the stomach, much like the manner of giving fuel to the locomotive. This, I firmly believe, is the chief cause of so many distressing stomach and digestive disturbances.

To allow time to eat sufficient food in a manner that will afford proper digestion is vitally necessary if we are anxious to keep well. The hasty luncheon is dangerous, and from this habit we can trace many cases of the deadly acute indigestion which carries off so many folks evry month.

The family that has a real care about the food that it eats takes time to eat in a leisurely manner. It is a known fact that pleasant thoughts increase the flow of digestive juices, so that the family that complies with the little amenities of the table dines well indeed.

Woman's Best Age.

The age of woman is proverbially one of the mysteries, to be guarded with jealous care. Nevertheless, a daring French writer has ventured to propound the query, "What is woman's best age?" and himself to supply the answer—between thirty and thirty-five years.

This, of course, is on the supposition that the woman takes good care of her health. At the age between thirty and thirty-five years, he insists, every woman is most beautiful.

True, at twenty-two to twenty-five years her whole figure may be more beautiful, but not so her face. At the age of thirty to thirty-five women's features express more character and therefore are most beautiful. Every harshness in the expression is softened, which makes the whole face finer and more expressive. In youth, to be sure, a female face is more delicate and perhaps also prettier, but it is still changing rapidly, and attains lasting beauty only in later years. The most beautiful woman whom the artist claims to have seen was thirty-six years old. But even at forty, he maintains, this woman will be decidedly beautiful.

Besides, this Frenchman does not rely on his own judgment, but affirms that also many ladies' tailors and milliners share his view, and it is the milliners who are considered by him most competent to form opinions on woman's beauty.

Give a Serious Thought to the French Dressing.

To make French dressing use olive oil and pure, fragrant vinegar. Let the oil be put in by a spendthrift, the vinegar by a miser, and the stirring be done by a madman, according to the classic directions. Coming down to more prosaic instructions:

One teaspoonful salt.
One-half teaspoonful dry mustard.
One-fourth to one-half teaspoonful paprika.
One-half teaspoonful celery salt.
Two slices onion (or clove of garlic).
Six tablespoonfuls olive oil.
Two tablespoonfuls vinegar.

Mix the dry seasonings and add the vinegar and oil, beating with a fork. Add the onion (a most essential ingredient) and keep in a cold place one hour or more. Remove the onion. Beat well before serving. This dressing can be made in a large quantity and kept in a bottle ready for use.

For fruit salads substitute lemon juice for vinegar and cut the mustard and celery salt in half. The onion may be omitted with fruits, although a tiny bit of it always improves the flavor, to our way of thinking. Its most violent opponents will prefer the dressing which has been flavored subtly with it, although they may not know why.

A French dressing as made in France has finely cut herbs for seasoning rather than the dry spices.

Waterproof Mitts.

The five or ten-cent cotton mitts which are so largely bought by workingmen may be waterproofed by dipping them in melted paraffin; or, if a thinner coat is preferred and only on the palm of the mitts, melted paraffin may be brushed over their surface. For handling damp bricks, for working with plaster, or cement, paraffin mitts are far superior to the original. Women will find them valuable when scrubbing floors, setting out plants, etc. Leather gloves for use by farmers in hauling damp corn fodder or any material that is wet, may be waterproofed in the same way. The coating of paraffin may be renewed as often as the surface needs it. Mitts and gloves—even boots for ditchers—treated with paraffin last longer, because the water can do them little damage. The comfort the wearer experiences by using waterproofed mitts or gloves far outweighs the bother of melting and applying the paraffin.

Chocolate Cream Cake.

½ cake unsweetened chocolate.
½ cup milk.
1 yolk of egg.
2 tablespoons of sugar.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
Mix and cook over hot water.
1 cup sugar.
½ cup butter.
½ cup milk.
1 egg.
2 cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
Mix loaf and add chocolate mixture last. Bake in a moderate oven.

Fruit Sandwiches.

For fruit sandwiches cherry preserves and chopped almonds make a good combination. Gooseberry jam and cream cheese are also good. Diced bananas mixed with pineapple or strawberry preserves make a good sandwich filling. Chopped dates and nut-meats, or cream or orange-juice also make delectable sandwiches. Another variety is made with a few chopped nut-meats; still another with stewed figs and orange marmalade, with nut-meats.

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Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

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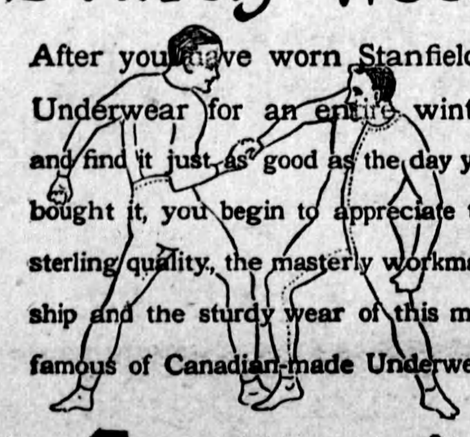

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