The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER LIII.

"Araby!"

The girl standing motionless by the big studio window, started violently at the sound of Kempton Rosslaer's voice, and swung round swiftly to face him, one hand outstretched, as though to ward him off.

He had followed her almost immediately, had ignored the old housekeeper's information that she would not see anyone, and Trask's quick protest. Indeed, he had not heard them. His thoughts were entirely with the girl, he was seared by the memory of her eyes.

Now, startled, he halted. In this brief hour she had so strangely altered. Her face was pinched; her eyes looked too big for it. A flame seemed to light them as they met his.

"Why have you come?" she asked at last, and her voice was ice cold. It struck like a knife at his heart; he flung out a hand toward her again.

"Araby! For God's sake don't look like that! Let me explain!"

"Explain!" There was scorn in the word, and he winced. "What is there to explain, except the truth?"

Her lips quivered for a moment; then she turned her back upon him.

"Please go," she said, very steadily. "There is nothing that you can find to say that will make any difference or that I wish to hear."

"Araby!" His voice was choked. He went on, humbly, pleadingly: "I know you've a right to be angry, hurt! I know I've behaved abominably, all the way round. Only, perhaps, if you understood——"

"What is there for me to understand, except that you have gone through a form of marriage with another woman, even as you went through a form of marriage with me?"

She spoke without looking round, her young voice level, without expression.

"I think the whole thing is only too horribly plain. Though, even now, I can't believe that you could be so base!"

"Good God! Araby! What are you thinking? What monstrous thing are you imagining?"

There was horror in his voice now. The girl laughed, facing him.

"What is there for me to think?" she flung at him. "You've deceived me all along, from the very beginning. You met Marcia when it was too late, when you had irrevocably bound yourself to me. It was because of that you persisted in keeping our marriage secret, as well as because of your father. Oh, don't deny it! Else why shouldn't you have said I was your wife as soon as you were free to? You deceived this girl as you deceived me, far more terribly, since——"

"Araby! Great heavens, you're mad! You can't mean that you think I cared for Marcia. That——"

"How can I believe otherwise? You married her. You went to France after her"—she made a weary gesture as he exclaimed. "Oh, don't deny that, either. You were seen with her, often. And yet you lied when you were asked if you knew where she was. I think now it would be better if you said nothing at all. I could not believe you!"

"Araby!"

His reiteration of her name seemed to rouse a sudden spark of fierce passion in her. She swung round upon him fully, facing him with head flung back, eyes ablaze.

"Don't!" she cried hoarsely. "Why can't you go? Why can't you understand that it is an affront for you to dare to try and brazen this thing out with me? Do you think I am still the child, the pitiable little fool I was when I let you persuade me to marry you clandestinely? Don't you realize that you've forfeited everything I ever knew for you of tenderness?

"I gave you so much, so willingly. My trust, all of my love, my whole life! Perhaps I gave too much. Perhaps that's why you tired. Only you were too cowardly to tell me so—so cowardly that you did this thing."

She laughed drearily. "I suppose I ought to have believed the folks who whispered about you, who said that falling in and out of love was the breath of life to you. But I was so hopelessly young—so sure that your protestations were 'the real thing!'"

She stopped. She put her hand for a moment against her lips as though to steady them.

"Please go!" she added. "I don't know what you are going to do. I don't know what you are going to tell Marcia. I don't care. I don't care for anything now. Only——" and suddenly there was a deadly, cold earnestness in her voice—"I never want to see you or hear your voice again!"

Kempton's lips grew white. "You mean that?" he asked. "You will not hear me, will not let me try to justify myself in your eyes?"

She laughed again, her forehead pressed against the window frame. But she did not answer. After a moment he went out and closed the door. Trask met him coming down the stairs, gropingly, like a blind man. And at the tragedy in his face he let him pass without question.

CHAPTER LIV.

As Kempton's bruised mind began to clear he knew that there was yet much to be done. He must see Waldron—must tell the truth to him, make him understand, even if Araby would not hear him. Instinct took him back to Marcia Halstead's flat. He knew, somehow, that Waldron would still be there.

He was. And what had passed between him and Marcia during those hours no one would know. Together, dumbly, they had faced not only the realization that the darkness was closing in upon her, but that the barrier between them was indeed impassable.

Waldron had asked no further questions. He and his love were great enough for complete understanding of Marcia's motives in acting as she had done. If there was anything in his heart for her save love, it was compassion.

Only once, with his lips on hers, he had cried, huskily, "Why should we stand apart? Marcia, Marcia, what does the world matter—what does anything matter—save just our love, the little of joy that is left to us?"

She did not answer at once. When she did she showed herself for a moment, stronger than he.

"Nothing. Only the joy would turn to ashes. A little of the sweetness would be tainted. And for you, afterward, there would be regret."

She drew herself out of his hold a moment later. Kempton had entered unannounced. He glanced quickly from one to the other. But he addressed Waldron.

"Marcia has explained everything?" He spoke jerkily. Waldron gave him a close, long look and nodded.

"Yes. At least, I admit I'm still a bit in the dark as to your side of the story. In God's name, Kemp, what made you consent? What motive had you if you didn't care, and I know it was not that?"

"There's such a thing as chivalry, pity!" Marcia broke in hurriedly. "It was I who made the suggestion. Kempton fell in with it out of—out of compassion——"

She stopped, her eyes meeting Kempton's. He stared, then flushed slowly. There was that in his eyes that brought tears to her own.

"You're a brick!" he said to her simply, then turned again to Waldron. Tersely, very briefly, he told him all that Marcia had left out.

"I wasn't guilty, Jasper," he finished. "But there was only one way I could prove it then. And Miss Halstead was a stranger. I couldn't tell her I was shielding someone else. Besides, if I had she'd have had as much power over me." He saw her wince and made a quick gesture. "Please don't think I blame her. She had so much to lose and to gain. And we were equally desperate. I so desperate that for the time being I was mad. Mad enough even, at first, to forget that the thing I was consenting to do, the step I was taking, was illegal!"

CHAPTER LV.

"Illegal!"

Waldron echoed the word sharply; Marcia spoke it with her eyes. There was that in both their faces, tuned to finer perception, the key to the suffering that had been theirs. Suddenly he understood and his mouth twitched.

"My marriage with Miss Halstead was illegal!" he said, and went on as Waldron took a step toward him, his eyes blazing.

"Araby Trask is my wife. We were married—secretly—long before I even met Marcia. We hid the secret because of my father. And I entered into this bargain with Miss Halstead half blinded by despair, yet not wholly uncomprehending what I was doing. I saw the risk. I realized I was actually and deliberately committing bigamy!

"You may condemn. Yet I would do the same again under exactly the same circumstances! So much was at stake. The honor of our name, Araby's happiness, my father's life. And that fortune which was to mean all the difference to Marcia for—for——"

He stammered suddenly to a stop. He kept his gaze, however, fixed upon Waldron. The girl spoke, quickly, softly, from where she stood.

"For just six months! Afterward—"

Kempton's lips twitched grimly. "I'm afraid I didn't think of afterward. I didn't even know that Gordon himself, he who had got me into such a situation, was the one who would benefit if Marcia failed to comply with the conditions of the will! And I knew that what I was doing was not—forever! I'm sorry!"

He turned to Marcia. The girl smiled at him, faintly, mistily.

"Don't be. You have no more reason than I have!"

There fell a sudden little silence. Waldron broke it.

"You mean," he said rather thickly, "that Marcia is free, absolutely free?"

"I have said so. The marriage was a false one, the whole ceremony a mockery! Of course, some people will have to know the truth. Moore & Moore, for instance; but I think they might be induced to keep silence.

"And—my stepmother! She must know, because Marcia loses her fortune. Only she dare not speak because of what I can say concerning the truth of that night in Audrey's flat. Because of Gordon's guilt——"

"Gordon's guilt?"

Marcia came to him quickly, her eyes very wide. They searched his face for a moment, then deepened to dark pain.

"And I never guessed!" she whispered, "I never guessed!"

He smiled at her, still grimly.

"It doesn't matter," he said, and there was a certain gentleness in his voice. "Nothing really matters now except the truth, the fact that you are free, and with that freedom forfeit all that you gained!"

She laughed, and choked on the laugh. Waldron flung out an arm suddenly and drew her close. His eyes burned.

"God!" he whispered. "As if that mattered—now!"

Kempton looked at them once and turned away. Presently, very quietly, from his place before the window, he spoke.

"Anything else can be cleared up in due course. There's one thing I want to say to you, Waldron, before I leave you. Is that South American job still going, Because, if so, I've changed my mind about it. I want it. And quickly."

There was a rasp in his voice that brought both pairs of eyes upon him. It was Marcia who voiced their common thought.

"But—Araby?"

She broke off. He faced her with a sudden dim look of utter misery and weariness in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

A Street of Little Homes.

There's a street of little homes,
And of little children running,
A little dog upon a porch,
A drowsy kitten sunning.

There's a row of little yards,
There are fragrant posies growing,
And little fences painted white,
And someone busy sewing.

There's a lane of swaying trees
And the happy squirrels roaming.
There's somebody who sits and rocks
A baby in the gloaming.

There is nowhere in the world
Where ambition burns so keenly,
Where everyone's ideals are high,
And life is lived so cleanly.

As this street of little homes
Where each one lives for the other,
Where baby is the king of all—
The guiding star his mother!

—Anne Campbell.

In Lands Off There.

In lands off there across the seas
The temple bells entreat for prayer
With silver cadenced harmonies—
In lands off there.
Slow swing the caravans that dare
The yellow sands, bound for the leas
Where golden rivers blot despair.

Night long upon the jasmine breeze
The tomtom beats while maidens fair
With faces veiled, rich mysteries
In lands off there.

—Thomas J. Murray.

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Woman's Sphere

How Children Can Be Trained to Love Music.

The educational possibilities of the phonograph are coming to be realized more and more, particularly in the kindergarten and public schools. Nowadays a phonograph is part of the equipment of most up-to-date schools and more or less organized courses in music appreciation are included in the training. But a phonograph in the home also offers many opportunities for developing and training the child mind that are frequently unsuspected. Several of the phonograph companies are devoting considerable time and expense to this phase of the work and there are many records now available which parents will find interesting and valuable for children.

It is a well-established fact that music makes its deepest and most lasting impression in the early years of childhood. The parents who know what music makes the most genuine appeal and how to use it at this period will be amply rewarded for their efforts. Among young children the ear is very susceptible and easily trained, and neglect at this important period of growth can never be fully made up by any amount of musical education in later years.

The question is often asked: How early should a child begin the study of music (with particular reference to learning to play some instrument)? Of more vital importance to the child's future welfare is the question: How early should the child hear music, and what kind of music should he hear?

The Off Day.

It had been one of the days, known to all teachers, when a spirit of restlessness and stupidity seems to sweep the schoolroom. Of course, Miss Bailey said to herself, no human being could be expected to teach Emily Harrow decimal fractions. But for Ray Farrol and Julie Shallop to fail when both of them were as keen as razors! And for the whole class to be indifferent through history and geography!

It was of no use to keep the special offenders in; if she kept them in she would have to keep the whole room, and she did not feel like doing that. Her only hope was that the morrow would be a better day.

They were all gone at last. With a quivering sigh of weariness Miss Bailey dropped down at her desk. She wanted to think things out. Was there really a difference in the children? Or was she getting old and "stale"? The thought sent a stab of fear to her heart. But her supervisor had given her special commendation only last month. She couldn't have changed in a month.

The opening of the door to the schoolroom made her turn. And then a terrible sinking feeling swept through her. It was just what anyone might expect of a day like that; Emily Harrow's mother was coming to take her to task!

Miss Bailey rose automatically. The visitor looked at her half shyly, half eagerly. "Miss Bailey, I am Emily Harrow's mother. I have been meaning to come to see you for weeks, but we've had illness. I wanted to thank you—Mr. Harrow and I both do—for all you have done for Emily."

"I!" Miss Bailey gasped.

Emily's mother smiled, a clear courageous smile. "You've been so patient. You see, we know that Emily will always have a hard time with many studies. And there have been teachers who have hurt her so. She isn't dull in other things, only in books. She is really a wonderful little housekeeper, to say nothing of being the dearest little daughter in the world. That's why we think of her teacher as one of our especial friends. Could you come to dinner Friday night?"

Mrs. Harrow went out in a few minutes. The teacher's discouraged weariness was gone. It was a beautiful world with real fathers and mothers in it. And to-morrow would be a better day.

Whereabouts of the Kitchen Sink.

Certain it is that the sink is one of the biggest savers of time, strength, and labor in the home—when properly located—and one of the greatest burdens when missing or of the wrong type.

Strange as it may seem, thousands of women are struggling along with no sink at all or, at best, a very poor and badly placed one.

The size of the family and of the kitchen determines the size of the sink, but a short sink with ample table and shelf room near it may be more convenient than a long sink. Two smaller sinks, one for the table dishes near the dining room and the other for general use in the kitchen, are very convenient.

The material should be the best available, non-absorbent of grease as well as of moisture, and there should be no cracks or square corners to increase the work of keeping it clean. A wooden sink, even when it receives an annual coat of paint, will absorb moisture and grease which attracts insects, and is likely to be swarming with bacteria and to "sour" and have an unpleasant odor. Even drainboards of wood are not best, unless they have a waterproof finish of varnish, oil or paint. If a wooden sink is necessary, it is better to have it metal lined, provided the sheets of metal, which is usually tin, zinc, galvanized iron, copper or lead, are soldered where they are joined and all parts of the sink, including the tops of the sides, are covered with the metal, so that there is no chance for the wood to absorb moisture. Another plan is to have a cement sink built into a wooden frame and lined with sheet copper or tin to make a smooth surface.

Enameled-iron sinks are smooth, last well with careful use, and may be easily kept clean, but they are more expensive than iron. Porcelain sinks are similar to the enameled ones, but their price is almost prohibitive. Perhaps the ideal plan, if cost is not to be considered, would be to have an enameled or porcelain sink for the tableware in the kitchen or pantry near the dining room and an iron sink or soapstone sink for the heavier kitchen ware.

The double sinks, with one basin for washing and another for draining dishes, are very convenient, but unfortunately they are relatively expensive. A small sink with a rubber stopper for its escape pipe may be used as a dish pan.

If possible there should be a wide shelf or drain board on each side of the sink on the level with the rim of the latter, one to receive soiled dishes and the other clean ones. Some housekeepers have these covered with zinc. As in all other places where it is used, the metal must be neatly fitted and closely fastened down, so as not to leave any chance for loose, rough edges, or to provide breeding places for insects or a lodging place for grease and dirt.

If there is no place for permanent drain boards, sliding or hinged shelves may be used. A right-handed person usually holds the dish in the left hand while washing or wiping it, and the dishcloth, dish mop, or towel, in the right hand. It is convenient, therefore, to have the dishes move from right to left as they pass from dishpan to rinsing pan, and from rinsing pan to drainer and tray. This should be kept in mind and provision made for soiled dishes at right and for a drain board at the left of the sink.

Make Your Own Candied Fruit.

Fruit which is to be candied should be washed, peeled or pared if necessary, and then cut or sliced. Drop fruit into boiling water for two or three minutes, drain well and cover with a syrup made by boiling together one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit, with one cup of water. Boil the fruit rapidly in this syrup for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and allow to stand over night. The next morning boil for ten or fifteen minutes again. Repeat the heating and cooling for four to six days, according to how rapidly the water is drawn out and the syrup absorbed. When the fruit is transparent and bright lift it from the syrup and dry in the sun or in a cool oven.

Find of Amber.

The first amber in large quantities discovered on the North American Continent is that recently found in the hundreds of tons of culm from collieries in the Nicola Valley of British Columbia.

His Preference.

Father—"Which would you rather have, a little brother or a little sister?"

Little Jakey—"If it's all the same to you, papa, I'd rather have a white rabbit with red eyes."

A Reproof That Missed Fire.

The young wife entered the kitchen rather nervously and after hesitating for a few seconds said to the cook, "O cook, I must really speak to you. My husband is always complaining about the cooking. One day it is the soup, and the next day it is the fish, and the third day it is the roast; in fact, it's always something or other."

The cook replied with feeling, "Well mum, I'm sorry for you. It must be awful to live with a gentleman like that."

Not What He Asked.

"So you go to school, do you, Bobby?" asked the clergyman of the ten-year-old hopeful of the Briggly household.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby.

"Let me hear how you spell 'bread.'"

"B-r-e-d-e."

"The dictionary spells it with an 'a,' Bobby."

"Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it. You asked me how I spell it."

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