HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared, Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly in the care of his friend, Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed in action and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham. Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of the ship on which they took passage.

When Nigel's older brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt at Red Grange. An acquaintance of Mary's, named Evans, falls in love with her. Mary writes to tell him that she is leaving for the country.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

If he went round that evening he might be in time to see her.

He changed his office clothes for a blue serge suit; he brushed his hair smartly, and selected his best tie; then he gave an anxious look into the glass before he went out again into the night.

It seemed a long way to Mary's flat, and when he reached it he hardly liked to ring.

He stood outside the shut door for a moment with a wretched sense of nervousness. He wondered if she would be angry; he wondered if she would consider it a liberty on his part to have called at all; he wondered if—With a sudden impulse he lifted his hand to the bell.

He heard it go shrilling through the silence. After a moment a light shone through the glass panel of the door; someone drew back the bolt.

It was Mary herself. There was an anxious glint in her eyes, he thought, and, although she smiled when she recognized him, her welcome was not quite spontaneous, he told himself.

He explained his visit stammeringly: "I wanted to see you again. I am sorry you are leaving. I hope it is not really good-bye."

She had not asked him in, and the light of the narrow hall showed him that everything was stripped and bare. The pictures and furniture had all gone; a couple of large boxes stood one on the other against a wall; a big packing-case was in the act of being corded.

Mary looked round nervously as if wondering what he thought of it all.

"The place is all dismantled," she said hesitatingly. "But if you will come in for a moment—"

He accepted eagerly. She shut the door, and led the way into the dining-room.

Here also everything had gone but a small table and a couple of chairs. A small fire was burning, but the room looked deserted and cheerless.

The table was strewn with papers. Many were torn into pieces, and some of the fragments had fallen to the floor as if a draught had caught and whirled them down.

"Please sit down," said Mary.

Her voice was nervous. She remained standing near the fire, holding her hands to the blaze, and now young Evans saw that the slim third finger of her left hand was barred with a wedding-ring.

For a moment he stared at it with blank eyes. He was sure she had not been wearing it when they had met before; his heart began to beat with a sort of slow disappointment.

Almost as if she could feel his gaze, Mary half turned and looked toward him.

She moved her hand quickly into the shade of the folds of her black frock.

"It is kind of you to come," she said. "I did not like to ask you, but I am glad to be able to thank you for all you did for me the other night."

"I did nothing. I am sorry you are going away. Is it very far?"

"Yes—down in the country."

The reply was evasive. He realized that she did not mean him to know her destination; he began stumblingly to put his wish into words.

"I wanted to ask if—whether you would mind if I—if you would let me write you sometimes? I won't bother you much, but if I might write sometimes—"

There was a little silence. Mary was looking away from him now, and down into the heart of the fire.

When she spoke her voice was kind but rather cold.

"I am afraid I must say no. It isn't that I—that I don't want you to. I am afraid you must think me horribly unkind and ungrateful, but—oh, I don't think you must."

He rose from his chair and moved across to where she was standing; his young face looked very earnest.

"I wouldn't worry you. I'd write very seldom; but I shall be so sorry if—if we never meet again."

The color was fluttering in her cheeks; the hand half-hidden in the folds of her black frock twitched a little.

"You don't understand!" she broke out helplessly. "It's not that I don't want to see you again, but— but I want to leave all my old life behind—to start afresh. I—I haven't been so very happy here that I wish to be reminded of it all," she added, with a catch in her voice.

He took her hand—his own daring astonished him. Such a small nervous hand it was. He felt all at once as if he wanted to help her, to be kind to her, to interpose his broad young shoulders between her and the world's buffeting.

"I know it must seem awful presumption," he said rather unsteadily. "But"—he stopped, and rushed on

"I beg your pardon for having worried you."

again—"I've never taken a fancy to anyone before—till I met you, and—"

She lifted her head, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes, though she smiled.

"Why, I'm years older than you," she said tremulously. "You're only a boy! It's very kind of you. Please don't think I'm not grateful; but it's quite, quite impossible."

"You mean that I'm not the sort of fellow you could ever give a thought to—that—"

There was something so boyish in his appeal, her heart softened toward him.

"It's not that, but—" And now she turned her face away to hide its quivering.

"I loved a man dearly once, and I can never care for anyone else."

He let her hand go—very gently.

"And he is—dead?" he asked.

"Yes."

There was a little silence. The fire leaped and crackled in the grate, casting weird shadows over the bare room. Then young Evans moved back to the table without speaking, and took up his hat.

"I beg your pardon for having worried you," he said; and his voice sounded older and more manly. "Please forgive me."

He held out his hand.

"What is there to forgive?" she asked him, smiling. "You have been so kind to me."

He walked into the hall, and she followed him. The front door stood wide; the little maid was helping a man drag one of the big boxes out to a waiting van; it looked very heavy and cumbersome.

Young Evans went forward.

"Let me lend a hand," he said cheerily.

The little maid stood aside, red-faced and breathless. Young Evans raised one end of the big trunk in his strong arms.

"Ready?" he asked.

Together they carried it out into the darkness and down to the van.

As they shoved it into the back of the cart, the light from a lamp fell on the label attached to the handle.

Young Evans looked at it, and his heart leapt.

This would tell him her address. He bent closer to it eagerly, and then a little puzzled frown bent his straight brows, for the address on the label read: "Mrs. Nigel Bretherton, The Red Grange, Selmont, ——shire."

CHAPTER XXI.

NIGEL'S HOME.

Miss Varney straightened out an imaginary crease in the white bedspread, and stepped back a pace to look round the room with well-satisfied eyes.

"If she doesn't like this"—she appealed to David, who stood in the doorway watching her amusedly—"I am afraid she will be very difficult to please."

"It looks very nice," he admitted, with mannish indifference. "They had no room like this at the flat, at any rate."

Miss Varney sighed.

"Poor Nigel! And he loved his home and the country so much."

A little cloud crossed her gentle face. For a moment she lost herself in retrospection.

Now that he was dead and gone she blamed herself that she had not cared more for her younger nephew. David had always been her favorite. She wondered now if perhaps Nigel had guessed as much.

It seemed impossible that she would never see him again, or hear his teasing voice. Tears filled her eyes, and splashed on to the white lace of her bodice.

David moved towards her, and laid a hand on her arm.

"Don't cry," he said. "Perhaps it's all for the best—and he went out as he would have wished."

Miss Varney stifled a sob.

She wiped her tears resolutely away, and tried to smile.

"I'm an old silly, I know. Forgive me, David. And now we must hurry, or the child will be here before we are ready. Tell me again what she is like, and if you think she really and truly cared for Nigel."

"I am quite sure she did," Bretherton answered quickly. "I should say she cared for him tremendously; she looked broken-hearted when I first saw her. We shall have to be very kind to her, Aunt Florence. She will be able to do with all the petting and coddling you can give her."

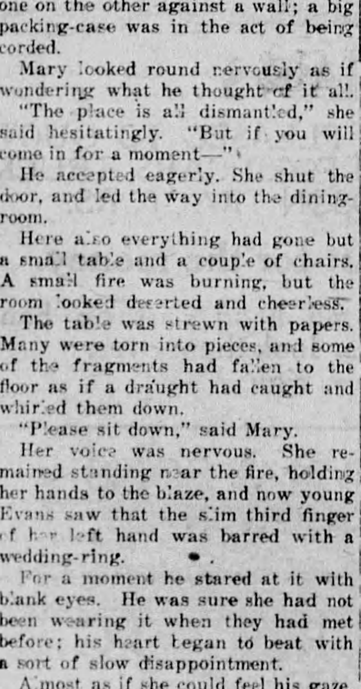
"Poor child, she is more than welcome." Miss Varney stood on tip-toe, and dropped a kiss on David's chin. "I think it's so good of you to have her here. She ought to be very grateful."

She went away hurriedly, leaving David standing in the doorway of the room that had been his brother's.

Miss Varney had certainly done her utmost for the comfort of her guest. There were flowers on the mantelshelf and dressing-table, books on a low shelf, a cushioned chair and a writing-table, and a small cheery fire burning in the grate, for the summer seemed to have gone and the afternoon was chilly.

What would she think of it? he wondered, a little curiously. She had only been to the Red Grange once before, so she had told him.

(To be continued.)



ISSUE No. 23—'26.

Love Song for Lucinda.

Love
Is a ripe plum
Growing on a purple tree.
Taste it once
And the spell of its enchantment
Will never let you be.

Love
Is a bright star
Glowing in far Southern skies.
Look too hard
And its burning flame
Will always hurt your eyes.

Love
Is a high mountain
Stark in a windy sky.
If you
Would never lose your breath,
Do not climb too high.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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The cape has definitely established itself in the realm of fashion, and we present here a smart and practical version of this new mode. It is made of crepella, so much used by Chanel, and features fitted shoulders. The uneven hemline is especially desirable, although the lower edge may be left perfectly straight. The side sections create a panel effect, and openings are left for the arms in the seams where the side sections join the fronts. The convertible collar makes the cape both comfortable and becoming. No. 1350 is in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 is suitable for 34 and 36 bust; size 40 for 38 and 40 bust; and size 44 for 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch material without nap; lining 3½ yards 36-inch. Price 20 cents.

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A Kind Offer.

His Wife—"Out again! If you keep on this way you'll drive me to drink."

Mr. Gadabout—"Can't do it to-night. I'm using the car for another purpose. But you can start in on my private stock."

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

The Lilac Tree.

A dreaming stillness pure as light,
A waft intangible as air,
About the blossoming Lilac flows,
A lambent veil, a scented spell,
Such as in Eden groves befell
When first a lilac bloomed, new lent,
For earth a fleeting ravishment.
The Cherry in her April white,
The early Apple and the Pear,
The greenly kirtled Cinnamon Rose,
Are sweet as maids from neck to hem,
But no whist wonder alters them.
Only the listening Lilac Tree
Is dimly sphered in glamoury.

—Alice Brown.

A Resemblance.

A teacher was trying to give her small pupils a mental picture of a barrel, without disclosing the name of the article.

"The object I have in mind," she explained, "is large and round, being nearly as big one way as the other, and if laid on its side and started at the top of a hill, it would roll to the bottom. Now, who can tell me what it is?"

A little hand went up, and the teacher said: "All right, Marjorie; what do you think I was describing?"

"My daddy!" came the reply.

Some spider webs are so strong that birds can be caught in them.

When You Can Buy "SALADA" TEA

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Making Dripped Candles.

A tearoom manager had a telephone call that a group of old college friends wanted a table for luncheon. Her policy had always been to have something different for special luncheons and she wanted to decorate that table with the college colors, blue and white. There were no blue candles on hand, only one or two stub ends of the shade of blue needed; there wasn't time to purchase more candles, so in desperation she lighted the stub end of a blue candle and let the colored wax drip over a fresh white candle until it was covered. She turned and twisted the white candle as she worked letting the warm wax drip where it was most effective. The result was surprisingly pretty, and the candles made the luncheon.

Delighted with the success of her first venture, she soon began to try out dripped candles in all colors. As her skill increased she found it well to scrape the white candle with a coarse grater to roughen the surface before beginning to decorate it, and to chill it frequently in a jar of cold water to set the colored wax drips quickly and keep them round. Care was taken not to wet the wick.

To give a better finish to the candle she made a varnish by dissolving in alcohol amber sealing wax and painting with a brush a thin coating over the completed candle. Crystalline sifted over the candle before the varnish had hardened was sometimes used to give another variety to the surface.

As many color combinations can be tried as there are candles in solid colors. Among those that were particularly effective were rose and green; green and blue; rose, blue and pink; green, tan and orange.

Comes Peace at Last.

Comes peace at last! The drums have beat disarray,
No armistice of hours, but ever and ever
The slow dispersing legions of decay,
Under the muffled skies, tell all is over.

Returns the husbandman, returns the lover,
To reap the quiet harvest of alway;
The bright plumed stars whose wide fields may not cover,
Though wings beat on forever and a day.

Move thus the unquickening, the marshaled powers,
Far swifter from the gathering than they came,
Through doubtful wars, for an uncertain fame.
Forgotten now the toil of thund'ring hours,
What plotting thrônes have given their faithful this
The poor reward that was already his?

—Gerald Chapman.

Wore Out Artificial Limb.

Interest in a book on wages in the United States and working conditions, recently published in London by two young English engineers, following a two months' visit in the United States, was increased when it became generally known that one of the authors is legless. He is Bertram Austin, whose legs were blown off during the war. During his tour of the United States factories and shops he climbed hundreds of ladders and walked so many miles that he wore out one of his artificial legs.

After recovering from his wounds Austin returned to the front, and once or twice got back into the trenches, despite his disability. Austin now indulges in cricket and motor racing, as well as industrial research.

His colleague in writing the book on wages was W Francis Lloyd, with whom he studied economics at Cambridge University.

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The Bluest Lake.

In front of us was that rise of gray ash like a sand-bar, cutting between us and the sky. . . . We dashed up this slope—and stopped abruptly.

Directly under our feet the earth fell away in a vast slide of rock and volcanic ash, at an angle of at least fifty degrees. It fell away for eleven hundred feet, and if you once started down that incline, you would keep on to the bottom. It fell away into a huge hole, and as we looked to right and left, and then across, we saw this hole as an almost perfect circle six miles in diameter.. At the bottom of the hole lay Crater Lake, with the evening stillness coming on it so that it held in reflection all the slides and snowdrifts and white-capped lava pinnacles that ring it round, held them reflected in a mirror of inconceivable blue. You have seen water as blue as the sky, but that is not sky-blue. It is much deeper and richer. It is not Mediterranean nor Caribbean blue. It is a strange, opalescent indigo, with a penumbra of green around the margin where there are shallows. It is opalescent indigo—and yet that does not describe it, for it is capable of many variations and mystic changes, dusky moods of Prussian grayness, richer moments, under a wild sunset, of solemn purple; yet always, somehow, itself, its own incomparable and indescribable color. . . .

It means little when you stand on the rim of Crater Lake, to be told that the water is eleven hundred feet beneath you, because it does not look that far, in the clear mountain atmosphere, and even the two-thousand-foot cliff of Llao Rock does not impress you at a glance. But once you have descended those eleven hundred feet, . . . even once you have walked down and up the mile of steep trail, you have a new conception of the depth. Still more do you have it when in a boat at last you float out on the bottomless blue water, suspended in some strange blue medium between an inverted world and an upright, and see the naked sweeps of pumice . . . the gray and pink and brown cliffs of lava rock, shoot one thousand, two thousand feet right above your head, to meet the snow. It is then, at last, that you realize the majesty as well as the beauty of Crater Lake. . . . What gave this water its magic blue I cannot say.. . . . I am content to accept the fact, and let who will theorize. At any rate, . . . it is the blue jewel of the world's lakes.—Walter Prichard Eaton, in "Skyline Camps."

Minard's Liniment for burns.

Burns.

Oh, but the mountain breeze must have been pleasant
Upon the sunburnt brow
Of that poetic and triumphant peasant
Driving his laureled plow!

—William Alexander.

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