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# HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

## by RUBY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's 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. Mary is given a hearty welcome to her new home by David and his aunt. David takes Mary for an auto ride and gives her a lesson in driving.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

David was lighting a cigaret; he did not look up as he answered.

"Splendidly, so far. Aunt Florence is delighted with her; she quite seems to waken the old place up now she is getting over her sadness a little."

"You think she felt Nigel's death very keenly?"

There was a slight surprise in Fisher's voice; he had had his own opinion as to the relationship between Nigel and his wife.

"I am sure she did," David answered quietly. "But when all is said and done, she is still young, and one cannot go on grieving forever."

"Exactly! I dare say she'll marry again; she struck me as being just the kind of woman to marry again."

David hurled the spent match firewards; there was a little pucker of annoyance between his brows.

"I think you are mistaken there," he said. "I should say she is about the last woman in the world to marry again."

The eyes of the two men met. Fisher looked away first; there was a trace of embarrassment in his face and voice.

"I'm sorry: I didn't mean to be offensive. After all, I hardly know Mrs. Bretherton."

He suddenly thought of his sister. "By the way, when may we come down for that week-end you spoke of?" he asked, changing the subject rather abruptly. "Dora reminded me of it at breakfast the other morning. She seems very anxious to see the old place again."

"It looks rather cheerless just at present." David answered rather hurriedly. "Better wait till the finer weather comes; it makes a marvelous difference; I shall be delighted to see you both, then."

"Thanks—thanks very much." There was a sort of constraint in Monty Fisher's voice; he had not been blind to the evasiveness of his friend's words; he resented it.

Were things going to be different now between them? he wondered, with a sense of loss. They had always been such pals, in spite of their different positions. Surely David was not going to turn snobbish, and wish to drop his old friend?

He adopted his business manner; it was he who kept up the attitude of employer and employed until David rose to go.

* * *

At dinner that night he told Dora that David had been up to London Dora looked interested.

"Why didn't you bring him to dinner? I should love to have seen him. Surely he's coming in before he goes back, isn't he?"

"He didn't say anything about it, my dear." Monty laughed rather awkwardly. "I mentioned the week-end visit, as you asked me to, and he didn't jump at the idea at all. Rather choked me off, in fact."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing particular. But he rather seemed as if he didn't want us just at present—talked about us going down later on, when the weather was better. Of course, it may have been my imagination, but it struck me that he did not want us."

Dora flushed a little. She pushed her plate aside.

"Have you done anything to annoy him, Monty?"

"Of course not! My dear child, what can I have done? I haven't seen him since that night he slept here, and I've only written business letters to him."

She sat staring before her with moody eyes. Just lately, since her open confession to Monty, she had been haunted with memories of the Red Grange. She had dreamed wild dreams and built wonderful castles in the air. Surely—surely they were not to be undermined and thrown down?

"I wonder if it's anything to do with Nigel's wife?" she said suddenly. "Perhaps she's been making mischief. You said she never liked you; perhaps she wants to keep all David's friends away from the house now."

"I SHALL GO DOWN TO RED GRANGE WITHOUT BEING ASKED."

She leaned forward with a little added excitement. "Monty, do you know what I shall do?"

"What?"

Monty was only half listening.

"I shall go down to Red Grange without being asked."

"My dear child, it's impossible!"

"Oh no, it isn't! I can ostensibly go to see the Carews; they used to live at Selmont, you know. Oh, I know they've left now; but I can pretend I didn't, and then go on to David's. It will look quite natural, and I shall be able to see for myself just how the land lies."

"You can't force yourself on people who go out of their way to let you see you're not wanted."

Monty spoke decidedly. He knew that sometimes Dora's methods of getting her own way were very crude.

But she only laughed.

"It won't be forcing myself, I can just drop in one afternoon; it won't hurt David to give me a cup of tea. Don't be silly, Monty!"

He shrugged his shoulders; this was one of those occasions when he knew argument to be useless. He was not in the least surprised to come home the following evening and learn from the maid that Miss Fisher had gone down to Selmont to spend the day with Mrs. Carew.

He frowned, then laughed. After all, it could do no harm, and if Dora was really keen about old David—well, good luck to her!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Not a Welcome Visitor.

But it was the Red Grange, much more than David, that took Dora on that long journey.

It made her angry to think of Nigel's wife queening it there, where she herself wishd to reign. She took extra pains with her toilet before she started, and she certainly knew how to dress well.

A man who travelled down to Selmont in the same compartment with her thought he had never seen a more beautiful woman. He wondered enviously whom she was going to see, and why she looked from the window so eagerly as the train drew into the station?

She had to take the one shabby station fly to drive the distance from the station to the Red Grange.

She inquired casually of the driver how long the Carews had left the neighborhood before she gave him David's address. She knew as well and better than he did, but it appeased her conscience.

Only Miss Varney was in when she reached her destination.

Her heart began to beat excitedly as she found herself once more in the beautiful hall.

How she would love to have this place for her home!

What luxury it would mean to be the wife of David Bretherton!

Miss Varney hurried from the drawing-room to meet her. She was a kindly soul, and had a welcome for everyone; but she had never really liked Dora Fisher.

If the truth must be told, she was a little afraid of her and her smart clothes.

"What an unexpected visitor!" she said, holding out her hand.

"But not an unwelcome one, I hope," said Dora quickly. She stooped and kissed Miss Varney's cheek affectionately.

"Do you know that I've done a most silly thing?

"You remember the Carews? They lived at Holly Lodge. Well, Mrs. Carew used to be a great friend of mine, and I suddenly took it into my head to run down and see her. We hadn't met for months, and now I hear that they've left the place weeks ago."

There was laughing dismay in her voice.

"Weeks, my dear? Months!" said Miss Varney. "And didn't you know? What a pity! And you've come all this long way for nothing!"

"I don't mind, and I'm so glad you are at home! I had to wait ages for a train back, so thought I would run up and see you. How well you are looking!"

"We're all very well," Miss Varney answered, as she led the way into the drawing-room.

She rang for tea, and insisted on taking her visitor's wraps, though Dora protested that she could not stay five minutes.

"You must wait and see David now," the old lady declared. "He would be so disappointed not to see you!"

"Is he out, then?"

"Yes; he's teaching Mary to drive the car. Oh, I forgot; you don't know Mary, do you—poor Nigel's wife?"

"I've never met her, but Monty has, and he told me she was staying with you. She's very pretty, isn't she?"

Miss Varney hesitated.

"Sweet-looking, I should call her," she said then. "She's such a dear child; I don't know what I should do without her now!"

"Has she been here long, then?"

"Nearly three weeks, and really I can't imagine how we stood the house without her. It's wonderful, the difference she makes!"

Dora looked interested.

"And so David is teaching her to drive the car. How nice!"

"Yes; she can really drive quite well now. But he's nervous, and won't let her go out alone yet. Of course, the lanes are rather narrow round here, and if anything happened to the child we should never forgive ourselves."

Dora bit her lip. So this was the solution! Nigel's wife had succeeded in ingratiating herself with both David and this old woman. Monty had been right, after all; and even if this girl found the Red Grange dull, and David uninteresting, she had been too clever to let anyone discover it.

"I should love to meet her?" she said enthusiastically. "I was so fond of poor Nigel!"

(To be continued.)


Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.


## Sails.

Sometimes there is naught to see on the waterway but a solitary black hull, a very Stygian ferry-boat, manned by a solitary figure, and moving slowly up under the impulse of the far-reaching sweeps. Then the great barges pass with their . . . treasure, drawn by a small, self-righteous steam-tug. Later, lightened of their load, and waiting on wind and tide, I see them swooping by like birds set free; tawny sails that mind me of red-roofed Whitby with its northern fleet; black sails as of some heedless Theseus; white sails that sweep out of the morning mist "like restless gossamers." They make the bridge, which is just within my vision, and then away past Westminster and Blackfrairs, where St. Paul's great dome lifts the cross high over . . . the city; past Southwark where England's poet illuminated the scroll of divine wisdom at the sign of the Tabard; past the Tower . . . past Greenwich, fairy city, caught in the meshes of riverside mist; and then the salt and speer of the sea, the companying with great ships, the fresh burden.

At night I see them again, silent, mysterious; searching the darkness with unwinking yellow stare, led by a great green light. They creep up under the bridge which spans the river with its watching eyes, and vanish, crying back a warning note as they make the upper reach, or strident hail, as a chain of kindred phantoms passes, ploughing a contrary tide.

Throughout the long watches of the night I follow them; and in the early morning they slide by, their eyes pale in the twilight; while the stars flicker and fade, and the gas lamps . . . a dull yellow blotch against the glory and glow of a new day.—Michael Fairless, in "The Roadmender."


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## The Music Shepherd.

Mother was a music shepherd
Teaching do, re, mi, fa, sol,
Taught our willing childhood voices
Trembling pianissimo.
Could not stop as we were learning,
Called the little neighbor cildren;
Taught them notes and rests and counting—
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol.

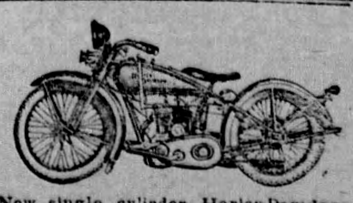
In the choir at church, my mother
Led the altos, led them singing,
Patiently and gently ever,
For her voice was low and ringing;
Led them that they might be sharing
In the music she so cherished,
Led them as a gentle shepherd
Through the anthems heavenward bringing.

Soon, they one and all came asking
Please might they learn notes and measures;
Came the bases, came the tenors
Came sopranos for the treasures,
Great strong men and women, laughing,
To our home from daily labors—
Singing, counting, chiming, chanting
Through an evening's homely pleasures.

As a child I sat enchanted
Sang with them sol, la, ti, do;
Helped the tenors, helped the altos
Bravely toward fortissimo.
Mother's years were tuned to music,
Ages carry on the echo—
Mother was a music shepherd
Teaching fa, sol, la, ti, do.

—Flora Lawrence Myers.

Lemon juice will remove oil and grease stains from brown or tan shoes.

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## Little House.

The transparent April twilight was just drifting into dusk when Nick came to lean once more against the little picket fence. Magic was in the air. It had been hard at word in the neglected garden, pulling the weeds, stirring the brown earth, setting out rows and clumps of sturdy, thrifty green plants. It had even bewitched some of them into flowering; he could see the jeweled pink of minute daisies and the lifted faces of the pansies, beguiling as small children. It had shined the brass knocker on the door and lighted candles between frilled muslin curtains and swelled lilac buds to fat, jade buttons and tempered the remote chill of the air to something soft and sweet and strange; it had unlatched the gate and let spring into Reddy's garden. And now it opened the green door and let Reddy out. . . . Reddy motioned him into the long, low room that was living-room and dining-room and library, and better than her dreams. . . .

He leaned back contentedly in the great winged chair, so serenely gay in its faded Portuguese chintz, watching Reddy's light hands choose exactly the right cup and saucer from the assortment that filled the dim green cupboard like a great nosegay. What an incredibly nice room! Every . . . thing in it was so absolutely right—the shapeless friendliness of the huge sofa, the tidiness of the little fat barrel chairs, the faded silver of the . . . paper on the walls, the wavering light which were generously doing their duty as pictures, too, with their caught in the tarnished mirrors—careful studies of little churches under green willows, little boats on blue waves, little gentlemen and ladies saying farewell forever in long-lost gardens. . . .

The room was full of flowers—flowers climbing up the bell-pulls, blooming on the faded hooked rugs, buossoming luxuriantly in dim gold frames—Friendship's Offerings and Love's Garlands decorously clustered on the round stool in front of the fire on which the fat black kitten, Cricket, had promptly flopped in . . . drowsiness, clutched in stiff bouquets in the gloved paws of the . . . couple on the Pennsylvania Dutch dower chest. He gave a sigh of pleasure. It was gayer and fresher and kinder than a garden, that quiet room, because the flowers in it had been blooming for so many years. . . . No, there wasn't a single thing in it that didn't look as if it had been made for the special place that it occupied.—Frances Noyes Hart, in the Saturday Evening Post.


Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.


### The Superior Male.

Fred, a very small lad, and his sister Annie, who is one year younger, were disputing about the picture of a dog. Annie declared that it was woolly, and therefore was a cat. Their voices got louder and louder, when, finally, Fred, with great dignity, remarked:

"I say 'tis a dog, for mans and boys know the muchest!"

### Left Out.

"Oswald, why don't you clean up the yard?"

"Aw, how can a fellow work when his daddy goes fishin', his uncle's at the ball game an' you gettin' ready for a bazaar?"

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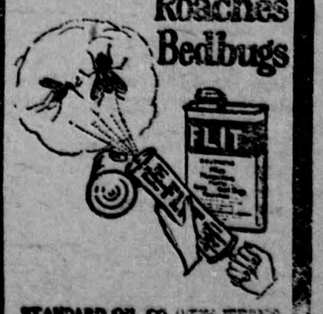


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