# HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUBY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves unhappy. 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 and sails for America with him.

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 takes her to live at Red Grange with his aunt.

Monty Fisher exposes Mary to David. Mary disappears. She meets an acquaintance, named Evans, who sees her run over by a cab and taken to a hospital. Evans tells David, and David visits the hospital.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Oh, my dearest—my dearest!" he said brokenly.

"I always shall say," Miss Varney declared afterwards, "that she began to get well from that moment. It's wonderful what love will do. I'm an old maid myself, but I am sure there is nothing more wonderful in all the world than a man's love for a woman."

That was weeks afterwards, when Mary was down at the Red Grange again, with the faint flush of returning strength in her white face.

She was lying out on the lawn, under the shady elms, and Miss Varney was watching from the open window.

It was David to whom she spoke; and he turned away with a little self-conscious laugh.

"You ridiculous old lady!" he said. But he came back and kissed her. "And—and doesn't she know I'm here?" he inquired, with an effort.

Miss Varney laughed.

"I never told her a word. She's afraid of you, David, I do believe. She always turns her face away when I speak about you—not that I speak about you very often," she added mischievously.

David had been away for the last fortnight. As soon as Mary was out of danger he had left home.

It was a golden afternoon—one of the brightest gems from the wonderful necklace of June days. The bees were droning sleepily in the roses; birds chirruped in the sunshine. Somewhere at the back of the house a dog barked.

Mary closed her eyes. It was so good to be here after the noise and heat of London; so good to lie still and forget everything that had worried and hurt her. If only David were here beside her, and—

She opened her eyes with a little impatient sigh, and found him bending over her.

For an instant she could not move; then, with a stifled cry, she started up. The blood rushed to her head, the old terrible feeling of weakness overwhelmed her.

David laid her gently back on the pillows. He took her shaking hands in his, and held them in the strong, comforting grasp of her dreams.

"Mary, you're not afraid of me? Oh, my darling, if you knew how I have longed to see you!"

She tried to answer, but the tears came, and she could find no words.

David bent and kissed the hands he held.

"If you cry, I shall go away. If you cry, I shall believe you don't want to see me. Mary, do you—could you ever care for me?"

It was a dream, of course it was—she kept on saying it to herself over and over again. It was none of it true. She was just sleeping, and would wake up soon to the old longing and emptiness. But dream-lips cannot give passionate kisses; dream-arms cannot hold one in a strong, comforting clasp!

"David!"

She tried to hold him off, to protest that she was not worthy. But he only laughed.

"You are not to call my wife ugly names!" he said fondly.

And then she broke down and cried again.

"But only because I am so happy!" she told him. "Oh, David, if you knew how much I have wanted to see you!"

"Not more than I wanted you, my sweet!"

It seemed impossible that it was really David saying such loving things. She had always been a little afraid of him, always held him a little in awe; and yet now—

She broke out tremblingly:

"But you don't know; I haven't told you! You don't know how I have deceived you!"

"You can tell me all about it some day when you are quite well and strong; but now—well, I don't want you to tell me anything except how much you love me!"

"You know I love you!"

His jealous eyes sought her face.

"Better than—than anyone else you have ever known?" he asked.

She knew what he meant. She knew that he was thinking of his brother—thinking of Nigel, whom she had once loved, but who seemed now to have faded into the background of memories.

"Better than anyone I have ever known!" she answered him.

He seemed contented with that. For a moment he sat holding her hand, without speaking; then:

"Nigel's wife wrote to me," he said suddenly. "Mary, what shall I do for her? I feel that I owe her something for ever having sent you to me. If she hadn't gone abroad, you would never have come into my life at all."

Weak tears sprang to her eyes again.

"David, I'm not good enough for you! I can't bear to think that I—"

He interrupted gently.

"I am the best judge of that, sweetheart. Dearest, when will you marry me?"

She shook her head, trying to hide her eyes.

"You don't really mean it; you're just sorry for me!"

He did not answer at once.

"If being so utterly miserable without you that I wish I were dead is being sorry for you, then I suppose I am!" he said slowly. "If hating every moment of every day without you is being sorry for you, then—Mary, how can you waste time talking

Mary closed her eyes. It was so good to be here.

such nonsense?" he demanded half seriously, half in fun. "I love you, and that's just all about it, and if you won't marry me—"

The ghost of a smile crept into her eyes.

"I didn't say I wouldn't," she submitted.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE LITTLE GOD SATISFIED.

It was some time afterwards before she could make him "talk sensibly," as she called it; some time before she could make him tell her how he had found her, and all about young Evans.

"Poor Mr. Evans!" she said half sadly. "David, he was so good to me!"

"I know. I suppose I ought to be glad, but I'm not. I think I'm jealous of everyone who speaks to you, Mary."

"You need not be," she told him shyly. "But if you could help him a little—I should like to help him a little, David."

"You shall do what you like, my queen!"

"David, does Miss Fisher know about—about me?"

She flushed up to her eyes, meeting his. He kissed the hand he held.

"Does she know that I love you, you mean?" he asked tenderly. "Well, I should think she must guess, though I haven't exactly told her." He hesitated; then: "What are you thinking now?" he asked.

"Only that—that I used to be jealous of her. She is so beautiful, and I——"

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world to me!"

And then—but after that even a bright-eyed blackbird up in the tree overhead lost interest in the conversation, and flew away to look for something to eat.

And the only person who was not at all pleased with the arrangement of affairs was Dora Fisher. She declared that David had been forced into marrying Mary, and persisted in alluding to him as "poor David," until even Monty lost his temper, and told her it was a pity she could not hide her chagrin instead of showing it to everybody.

This brought forth the usual burst of tears.

"How unkind you are! Nobody cares in the least how unhappy I am, or what becomes of me!"

But Monty had heard the same plaintive wail so many times it had lost its poignancy, and he merely walked out of the room and shut the door rather forcibly.

That was on David's wedding-day. He and Mary were married very quietly in London, with nobody to witness the ceremony but Miss Varney, who wept copiously the whole time because she was so glad, and a gray-haired old verger, who smiled and wished everybody "Good luck!" half a dozen times.

It was nearly the end of June then.

"The most wonderful June in all the world!" so Mary said as she and David drove away together. "I only wish everyone could be as happy as I am!"

Her thoughts went back to young Evans and Dolly; and she wondered if it were very selfish of her to be so utterly happy and contented.

And then the picture of a lonely grave somewhere in France flitted through her mind, where lay all that was mortal of the man she had once loved, and for a moment a little shadow fell over her face.

Life was such a puzzle! It seemed hard to explain why he should be there, lonely and already almost forgotten, whilst she who had loved him best was here with David, and happier than she had ever been in all her life.

"What are you thinking about, sweetheart?" David asked her.

And she lifted her face to his, as she answered:

"Only how glad I am to be your wife!"

And David said—

But here the little god who had been sitting between them with folded wings, chuckling at his own cleverness in having brought about yet another love-match, stretched them wearily and yawned before he flew away. For, after all, what David was saying was only what he had heard many, many times before, and it bored him stiff.

It was very ill-mannered of him; but neither David nor Mary would have cared, had they known. For David's arm was round her waist and her head was on his shoulder, and both their faces were turned to the sunshine, and a future which they would share together.

(The End.)


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## Look Within.

Almost simultaneously there appear in the press two expressions of opinion which, placed side by side, are mutually explanatory. One is that of a lady who has just rturned from traveling alone in Africa, and who says that the Dark Continent is not nearly so wild as some pretend; the other is that of an English visitor to Glasgow, who says that its manners are much worse than they should be. Adventures are to the adventurous; if the lady traveler had been of a quarrelsome nature, if she had annoyed the rhino and riled the buffalo, they would, in all probability, have got as wild for her as for anybody else. And if the Sassenach explorer found something wanting in our manners, it may have been because there was a lack in his own. But the probability is that he failed to understand us.—Glasgow Herald.

**Not Doing a Thing.**

Prof. (conducting exam.) — "Jones, what is that book doing under your desk"

Stude (staring closely at book)—"It's not doing a thing, sir, that I can see."

**The Kentish Hop Crop.**

Not all the hops grown in the fields of Kent go to the British brewers, for it is said that the dyers take most of the hops grown in all England. The harvesting of the crop is uncertain business, for picking cannot begin until the hops are ripe and they soon spoil. The pods must go to the oasts, or drying kilns, as soon as they are picked, and if the pickers are too energetic there is waste.

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## Fall o' the Year.

Thin is the moning air—
Thin and clear—
And brittle as fine glass,
The light wind tinkles as it flits
Along the dun grass.

Faint is the bluebirds' note—
Faint and sweet—
A very thread of sound,
From the tall maple tree it drifts
Softly to the ground.

Hot is the noonday sun—
Hot and still
The valley lies asleep,
In the shorn meadows the swart crows
Solemn meeting keep.

Tall are the roving clouds—
Tall and fleet—
The squadrons of the air,
They crowd sail bravely to the breeze,
Over seas to fare.

Dim is the setting sun—
Dim and pale—
And shrouded in gray wrack.
The wise cows early from the hills
Homeward turn them back.

Swift is the gathering dusk—
Swift and shrewd
The breezes as it falls,
A house door closes, lights spring up,
For off an owl calls.

—Elizabeth Brainard Benta.

**She Knew.**

Little Muriel who lived in the city was riding with her parents past a farmyard.

"What is that?" asked the mother, pointing to one of the cows.

"A cow," answered the little girl, recalling the pictures in her nursery books.

"What do we get from cows?"

"Milk," came the eager reply.

"And what is that?" asked the mother, pointing to a fowl.

"A chickie."

"And what do we get from chickens?"

"Bones," the child said sweetly.


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## Days Out.

On the days out—ah, those delicious days out. For the cook's outings are my innings. She is happy, too. How she works! The luncheon dishes are whisked out of the way, the kitchen is "redd up," and she flies to her room to dress. I slip out, glance up the back stairs, go to the range and poke the fire, change the draughts, shift the kettle a little, then hastily retreat to the parlor, and play the piano, with the soft pedal down, until I hear the back door shut. Then! No more piano for me! I can play the piano any time.

I walk swiftly and boldly out into the kitchen—my kitchen—my kitchen. I perch on the table and swing my feet, in a glory of possession. What shall I make? I go over to the range again. Good fire—good oven. I can make anything, anything! . . . I go to the pantry and scan its contents. I am always careful to have it well stocked on these days. . . . I pick up the cookbook and resume my perch. I am in no special hurry. It is not yet four, and one can do almost anything between four and half-past six.

The telephone rings. I go, with my thumb in the cooky recipes. . . . I hang up the receiver with a sigh of relief. Yes, I think—ginger cookies. Hester and Tom will be in soon—and they're so good when they're just out of the oven. . . .

The front door opens and shuts, there is a stampede of feet up and down stairs. Then the kitchen door bursts open. "Oh, good! It's Sarah's day out! —Hester! Come on. It's Sarah's day out!"

Hester arrives. "May we make the toast?"

"May I set the table?" "What do I smell?"

"May I stir?" "May we scrape the bowl?"

"May we make griddle-cakes?"

It is like a frog chorus in spring.

Perhaps I try to be severe.

"Griddle-cakes? Nonsense! Who ever heard of griddle-cakes at night? Ginger cookies are queer enough. Besides, they don't go well together."

"No matter! Who cares! We always do nice, queer things when Sarah is out. And we can eat up all the cookies as soon as they're done, and then they won't interfere with the cakes."

It makes very little difference how it turns out, what things finally get cooked. The important thing is, that the cooking goes merrily on, and joy reigns.

It is, I maintain, a joy to rejoice in. I am heartily sorry for the people who never do their own cooking . . . A busy mother who was a wonderful cook, once said to me: "Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to cook things when they go fast; but then, I think after all, they leave behind them a memory of a jolly home table that does last, so perhaps it pays."—From Days Out and Other Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge.


Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.


## Recessional.

The flood ebbs—
Flowers that foamed in
About the thresholds of the year
In a spring tide,
Multicolored, palpitant,
Leaves of delicate pattern,
Grass that thrilled its whisper of green sea
Across grey earth.
High rides the glowing crest of autumn,
Gold-petaled, ruddy-leafed, spicy-breathed,
Where the wave draws full,
And overturns its harvest of rich bloom
Down the long beaches southward;
Leaving to the mother-breasted sun
The sleeping forms of rose and dahlia,
Of silk-white violets—
Until the reclaiming chime of April's hour,
And the rush of the returning tide.

—Grace Clementine Howes.

**And the Apples Are Good.**

About this time of year the newspaper editors, who print three lines of news of the day on the front page and continue the rest in the back of the paper, want to know why the farmers put the large apples on the top of the barrel.

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