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The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. "I did not know you were coming." upon her, putting her a little away It seems but one short day Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer His voice was harsh, abrupt. In his from him. and in consideration of release within ment. When she did her voice was derness that made her eyelids burn They'd come to say restaurant Marcia faints and is assist- "I meant to. And then—everything She did not answer him. She had After the secret marriage ceremony And so—I stayed. I—didn't realize caught up over her wildly beating They'd kind and loving stay. benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by "I mean—what does it matter if we voice that still shook. "Get out of Brought them to say vites Marcia for the following Sunday.

CHAPTER XXVII.-(Cont'd.)

"You're not playing the game!" he have to avoid each other." said, suddenly, intensely. Marcia Kempton made an almost violent started. Her color flashed higher, movement, but she persisted. then died. She met his angry eyes "Can't we behave just as if no-

"It was not my fault!" she told him. very low, almost appealingly. "I did little whilenot want to come-but it was impos-

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The H. W. Cooey

I did not know you had an engagement for to-night" he told her A Beauty WALNUT

sible to refuse—I could not get out of grant with a promise she did not un-Marcia Haistead, secretary to Mrs. it. You know—I told you—Lady Ross. derstand; which called to her youth first then with answered it, waveringly at ing capacity of about 20 persons, and Alden, is entrusted with some jewels laer and my mother are cousins. I without waking the dormant soul first, then with answering flame. while her employer goes out to lun- don't know"-a little wearily-"how within her. cheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his Lady Rosslaer discovered it. Not that But now! stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son it matters. But-she seems to want She stirred weakly in Waldron's ders. Tremblingly, hesitatingly, she

(who it secretly married to Araby pockets his hands stirred nervously. "Marcia!" Trask) replacing the gems which his "I thought," he added, and now he His voice was low, the merest

see and do that I couldn't do before. closed still, her lips apart, her hands That God would grant that as of yore

denly, almost eagerly, turned to him. speaking tube. do chance to meet-sometimes? It these streets-onto the Embankment "I love you, mother, dear." surely it is no different than if I —anywhere that's quiet. Drive up Dear, brave lads, heeding freedom's had still been with Mrs. Alden? It and down till I tell you."

need be no different! What-what has He sat back as the car slid up a happened is just between ourselves, side street. He did not speak again I saw them march away. Again, as he looked down at her, We-can forget it. Mr. Rosslaer"- until they were in comparative quiet In khaki clad, they look'd so tall, a little gust of rage shook Kempton. again her tone took a note of plead- and away from the glare of lights. He elenched his hands, sliding them ing—"it would make things so much Then he turned and laid his lean. And now my heart is breaking near easier—so less strained—if we did not brown hands above Marcia's. Under The hours seem so long and drear

distressedly, making a swift little thing had happened? You know"her voice dropped suddenly-"it is for such a little while! For such a very

She broke off. In his deep armchair Lord Rosslaer had stirred. Gordon stopped playing and Lady Ross-laer came slowly from the piano. Marcia went to meet her. Kempton | Write at once for your opportunity. looked after her with a sudden softening of his hard face. "For such a AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE AND

The words stayed with him, haunted him. In such a short time release \$8.75 | would be his—release from dread, deception. The path that lay before her was so short. Then the dark gates .22 Calibre would open to her-and close againshoots any shutting her away into the shadows

25 Calibre. He drew a quick, hard breath and turn bolt action. | went forward. Marcia had turned fire. A real from Lady Rosslaer and was bidding

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having supper with me."

watch on her wrist. The look of "My dear!" Waldron whispered. fatigue had left her, the flush was "Love of mine, love of mine!"

stead could not hear. asked anxiously. "I suppose-" hair.

I'll come. You don't mind, mumsie?" him, somehow, of a caught bird. Five minutes later the car was He lifted them until they lay against gliding swiftly along the streets. It his mouth. was still early and there was a good "Look at me!" he said. "Marciadeal of traffic. In turning a corner look at me!" the car came to a violent standstill, His voice was urgent, insistent. His avoiding another just in time. Marcia own hard, strong hands were shaking. was flung forward and she gave a She looked down at them half wonsmothered, frightened cry. But in a deringly; then, with a shy reluctance, flash, Waldron drew her back. A mo- up into his face. ment he held her, panting, against What she saw there made her catch

him-then their eyes met. ed about her, drew her close.

head back. "I love you!" he said starry, suddenly glorious. after a minute, huskily. "I love you!" They said so much more than her free herself; then, as suddenly, was was as if her whole soul and the itild. He bent nearer, letting his throbbing, glad, frightened heart of hand fall, but holding her against him her was in them-the soul that had so

"Kiss me," he whispered again. Again she struggled; and again Before them, before that which they was still. Then, very slowly, as if revealed, he bent his head, resting his against her will, but with a flickering, forehead against her hands. He was wonderful light in her wide open eyes at once uplifted and infinitely humble. she turned her head and tilted her face No woman he had ever known had

CHAPTER XXVIII.

like and passionate in that surrender, his soul, with a yearning that was al-It touched Waldron inexplicably, most pain, a desire that would not be brought a surge of tenderness to his denied throat, a great gentleness to his hot Swiftly he straightened himself eyes. He held her less fiercely, yet and caught her into his arms again, none the less strongly, and there was holding her fast, pressing his cheek that in his long, slow meeting of her against the fragrance of her hair. yielding lips that made her own throat "Marcia!" He whispered her name

leaped up so unexpectedly within him appeal, a fierce heart hunger in the as his arm had gone round her, was unleashed again. His mouth bruised hers, she was panting, breathless. For a moment it seemed to her that her senses reeled, that she was scarcely fully conscious. fully conscious.

soul-terror at this unknown, won- words were denied her-her own pasderful thing which had come to her, sion, his, made her dumb. all suddenly, all unlooked for. She she could only lie against him, knew, too, a sweetness so poignant drinking in the rapture of the moa fierce exultation that shook her but the clasp of those strong arms

She had never guessed that she that he cared. could feel like this! If she had ever thought of love in her uneventful life thing—save only just themselves, he it had been in the detached fashion and she alone in the darkness. And of a mere onlooker. It had never nothing else mattered—nothing—notouched her; she had scarcely even thing! wondered about it. She had read of . The car shid to the end of the Emgreat passions, but they had seemed bankment, turned and glided back unreal to her. Until Jasper Waldron again. The soft night air whispered had come into her life no man had ever stirred in her the faintest emotion, strand of Marcia's hair. It blew a appearance in Japan which gives nearsave, perhaps, a passing interest. Yet cross Waldron's eyes and he gave a ly all the thrills of flying but with

Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the to be kind. You surely see how I was fierce hold. Joy was beating up in clasped about his throat. her like a wild bird, imprisoned, that For the second time, fiercely, upon Kempton did not answer, and she sees the sunlight and feels the rustl- a breathless, throbbing silence, their ing whisper of the scented wind. The hips met. answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on the bare."

"It is as—as trying for me as it able—she sobbed suddenly, against his lips, and with a hoarse exclamation to be here."

"It is as—as trying for me as it able—she sobbed suddenly, against his lips, and with a hoarse exclamation to lips, and with a hoarse exclamation to lips."

step-brother had stolen. Believing him could not quite keep the resentment whisper, and shook uncontrollably. Their merry laughter filled my ear to be the thief. Marcia promises sil- out of his tone, "you were going There was passion in it still—passion Their childish love shone bright and days. To shield his father's name Marcia did not answer for a mo- and cheeks; and a deep, throbbing ten- When from their play

ed by three strangers, Araby Trask, was so different here, at home—so no breath, no voice. She lay back Dear, big lads, oh, I loved them more her father, who is an artist, and a changed; there are so many things to against the thick padded seat, her eyes I always seemed to pray

> Waldron looked at her, leaned near-She paused for a moment, then, sud- er-then suddenly caught up the

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and Trask are there-they've been them he could feel the heavy beating of her heart; beneath her lowered lids Marcia glanced at the little diamond there was a shining line of light.

back in her cheeks. After her ordeal He spoke stammeringly, like a the thought of a little relaxation was schoolboy, striving with mere words pleasant. Yet she hesitated. Waldron to express the wonder that was in his spoke swiftly, so low that Mrs. Hal- soul-wonder of his own emotionwonder of her, and her yielding, and "You-you are not angry-annoyed the radiance of her uplifted face, white because I bought the picture?" he now against the dark shadows of her

"Of course not!" She drew her Her hands were in his now, thin, cloak about her again. "And of course nervous, white hands that reminded

her breath, brought the rose sweet Into Waldron's there leaped a sud- warmth to her cheeks again, set her den, blinding flame. His arm tighten- fingers stirring in his grasp. But she did not lower her eyes again, and the "Marcia!" he whispered. His free radiance that was in her whole face hand was on her forehead, tilting her crept slowly into them, making them

For an instant she struggled to lips could have done, those eyes. It suddenly awakened, the heart he had

been like this one-so young, so untouched, so sweet. No emotion that he had ever known had shaken him as There was something at once child- he was shaken now, to the deeps of

yet again, in that same stammering. Then, again, the passion which had eager fashion. There was a strange

He held her closer, straining her Something of terror was in her against him. She tried to speak, but

about her, the sweetness of knowing

she had not been without her dreams. smothered, choked exclamation. He the element of danger practically re-Intangible dreams, which were fra- drew his head back and looked down moved. It consists essentially of a

Slowly, very slowly, she lifted her

of self-reproach he loosed his hold Dear little lads, I lov'd them true,

Since in their rompers worn and blue

Their sunny presence fill'd the year, Their boyish love shone warm and

For close of day

Bring none to say-"I love you, mother, dear."

Preparing the Surface for Painting. It is a common practice when we do

an odd job of painting around the home to simply apply the paint without thought in regard to the surface for foundation. It is just as important that the surface be in good condition as it is that

we select a good grade of paint-for no matter how good the paint, the result will be far from satisfactory if attention is not given to this detail. In the first place, the surface to be painted must be clean, dry and free from dust, grease and dirt. On rew work, a thin coal of shellac should be applied to all knots and sappy places. On work that has been previously painted, use a wire brush to remove all loose particles, and spots that are

chipped off should be given a priming coat of paint reduced with turpentine. The extra labor in thus properly preparing the surface will be more than justified in the durability of the paint coat and the smooth, uniform appearance of the finished surface.

entirely bare where the paint has

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Why it May Become **filegal** to Burn Coal

The utilization of coal by-products had its inception 130 years ago, when Scotch engineer named William Murdoch discovered that by distilling the fossil fuel he could obtain a gas that was an admirable illuminant.

From that epoch-making discovery sprang the utilization of what we cal illuminating gas, which, taking the place of oil lamps, revolutionized lighting. The coke left over after the extraction of the gas was a valuable fuel, and municipal gas companies to-day derive a considerable fraction of their income from its sale. But within very recent years it has come to be known that coal contains other valuable by-products besides gas, and that these, if taken out by suitable chemical means, are worth far more than the coal itset! when utilized merely as fuel. Hence the prediction that before very long the use of cost in a "raw" state-i.e., before its byproducts have been extracted-will be forbidden by law.

When that time arrives, instead of coal, we shall burn coke and gas. Already, indeed, we are doing that very thing to a large and rapidly increasing extent. We are using the gas for fuel, as well as for lighting, to the great convenience and comfort of housewives; and, as for the coke, the popular prejudice against it will dis appear when furnaces and grates are properly constructed for its consumption. In the meantime "by-product coke ovens," designed and operated for the recovery of the valuable ingredients from coal, are multinying in number. Some of them, as part of their business, supply whole towns with illuminating gas. The process employed consists primarily in the distillation of the coal at high temperature in the absence of air, the volatile elements being carried off as vapors through pipes, for subsequent chemical treatment.

A plant of this kind is built on a huge scale, employing a great battery of distilling ovens, into which the coal is poured from above. A powerful machine is used to push out of the ovens the exhausted coke, which, still very hot, drops into "quenching cars," wherein it is cooled with water. I is then delivered to dumps, where there are facilities for feeding it to a belt conveyor that carries it to screens by which it is automatically sorted into sizes.

The hot vapors from the ovens pass through water-cooled tubes, in which The blue color of the sky is caused the coal-tar, naphthalene and water by the scattering of beams of white are condensed. Subsequent processes light on myriads of particles of dust, are too complex for brief description Suffice it to say that the coal-par The remains of what is probably the yields dyes, medicines and carbolia. first Christian church in Britain were acid-the last an indispensable basis disclosed by excavation in North for explosives. Coal-tar is an excellent fuel, and is largely used in openhearth furnaces of steel Naphthalene is a source of important dyes, and is familiar to every house

wife in the form of moth-balls. Ammonia is separated from the vapors in the form of ammonium sulphate, which is a valuable fertilizer From the sulphate commercial ammonia, which has so many varied uses, is obtained. Part of the gas produced by the plant is employed for heating

One of the most important by-products derived from the coal is a oil called "benzol," which yields drugs, dyes, and photographic chemicals. It is, as everybody knows, a valuable motor fuel, entering into the compos tion of most of the mixtures used for driving automobiles. From a ton of coal two and four-fifths gallons of benzol suitable for motor fuel can be extracted.

A Bird Chemist.

There is a bird found in Australia, known as the Megapodius, that is not only a chemist, but also a builder a nests that, in proportion to its size, when compared with man, make the efforts of the latter seem pygmy-like. This bird, about the size of a part-

ridge, and weighing about two pounds, builds a nest 14 feet high, with a cicumference of 150 feet. A man weighs on an average 130 pounds, and in order to built

ture corresponding to the nest of the bird he would have to accumulate a mountain of earth which would be almost double the height and one of the great pyramids of Egypt The mighty task completed, the workman confides its eggs to it. The female usually lays eight, which she

disposes in a circle in the centre of the nest among the herbs and leaves which lie heaped up at this spot. The eggs are placed at exactly equal distances from each other, and in a vertical position. When the laying is completed, the

Megapodius abandons its masterpiece and its offspring, Nature having revealed to it that it is no longer useful to them.

Endowed with a marvellous chemical instinct, this bird only collects such a mass of vegetable matter that itmay safely commit the hatching of the eggs to the fermentation they produce. It is, in fact, on the heat so engendered that the bird relies for supplying her place, the mother thus substituting a chemical process for her own cares.

The use of the words slang word for the face, is probably due to an old-time habit of making drinking mugs to represent a buncas

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