

# That Foreigner at Lathrop's

BY ROSE WILDER LANE.

## PART III.

In any case, Bill Morton would not have been at that night. He was at home, very much disturbed about his own affairs. Julie and Jeff Rogers had just told him they were going to get married—in June, Julie thought. That meant that he would be left alone in the old house. After supper he went out to smoke his pipe.

The more he thought of going to bachelors the more he disliked it. It had been all right when he was a young fellow, first come to the farm; but he was old now and used to women around the place. He thought of all the milk to take care of. And he had never been much of a hand with chickens or gardening.

He liked the big, sweeping kinds of work on a farm—cultivating, threshing, getting in the hay. He could beat any man in the valley at such jobs, even yet. He had a good farm, a good house, money in the bank. His thoughts kept circling around Ellie Lathrop.

She was a good sensible woman; they could settle down together for a comfortable old age and be company for each other. She couldn't be taking seriously that foreign fellow who was hanging around. Still, you never could tell. Maybe she felt lonesome, too, in that big house of hers.

It would do no harm to clinch the matter, and to-night was as good a time as any.

On the way he made up his mind to ask Henry Kennedy again about that woodland; if the courts didn't settle whom it belonged to it might be sold for taxes. In that case he would buy it and join up the two farms.

He was thinking of this when he came out of the shadows of the woods and saw the Lathrop place. Something strange about it struck him; in a minute he made out what it was. There was no light in the dining room or in the kitchen. The big white house stood gaunt and still in the moonlight; only the shadows of the wisteria trembled against it, and one curtain at an open upstairs window moved slightly in the breeze.

Bill stopped to think. Even in the spring, when all hands were tired, it was too early for bedtime. Bill came on, tramping down the soft dust of the road. In a moment he saw that the gate was open in the paling fence, and then he saw a man furtively moving in the shadow of the lilac bush. He did not need to be told that nobody was up to any good, skulking around a house at night like that.

Bill had aimed to lay the fellow out with one hard punch and ask for explanations afterward. But the stranger squirmed aside with incredible swiftness; the blow landed on his shoulder and he went down. Bill heard a loud crack and a kind of ringing noise, and without waiting for a second shot he rushed in. It had lasted but a good thing if it had lasted, but as soon as the two men rolled into the moonlight Bill saw that the fellow under him was Mendoza, and at the same instant he heard Ellie Lathrop's voice calling, "Who's there? Stop it, Bill Morton!" from the upstairs window.

"Give us that gun!" Bill said grimly, and Mendoza squirmed out from under him like a snake. Bill got up on his feet, and they stood there panting, while Mrs. Lathrop looked down at them.

"He's got a gun, Ellie," Bill said, and Mendoza said, "Gun? I have no gun. Why do you say gun? Ah, it is my harjo breaking that has alarmed you."

There it was on the ground, smashed. Bill simply had nothing to say. He was disgusted. Ellie Lathrop laughed. Then Bill said, angry, "What do you mean skulking around honest folks' houses at night, looking a fool banjo?"

Mendoza said, "Is it your business, sir?"

Ellie Lathrop leaped out of the window and said, "Now, now, none of that! I won't hear it!" But her voice was not as angry as it might have been.

Bill was silent, but Mendoza said, "It is no concern of yours, sir, if I choose to serenade—a lady who has my deepest respect, the lady I hope will be my wife. I know it is not the custom here, but I beg you, madame, believe that I mean it disrespectfully." He said, looking up at Ellie.

"So—all the fool nonsense!" Bill broke out. "Ellie, are you going to marry a man like that?"

Then the most surprising thing happened that had happened that night. After a minute Ellie Lathrop said, "I—don't know," and put down the window.

The last thing that Bill Morton said to Mendoza, out in the road in front of the house, was that if he didn't clear out of the country in twenty-four hours Bill would have him arrested. "We've seen men like you here in this valley before now," Bill said. "We're decent, hard-working folks here, and we're Ellie Lathrop's friends. The sooner you get out the better it'll be for you."

The next afternoon, though it was the middle of the week and he had

twenty acres of corn that needed cultivating, Bill Morton got in the flivver and went to town. Mendoza had not checked out at the Stillwater House, and Bill went around to see George Mathers, the constable. George agreed that something should be done, but public sentiment was one thing and law another, and he didn't know exactly where he'd stand if he arrested the man.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said finally. "I'll telephone Old Jeff Rogers and the Gordon boys and maybe some others, and if they'll stand by me we'll just have him in here and talk to him. I guess you'll find that will serve as well as actually arresting him. He'll clear out soon enough when he finds we mean business." So he telephoned. Mendoza was across the street in the barber shop.

"It isn't as if he had any manfolds of her own to stand by her," George Mathers said, ringing and ringing on the country line. "I figure it's up to her friends to show that fellow that she isn't unprotected, not by a whole lot!" And he kept shouting into the phone, "Who's that? No, I want Jeff Rogers."

When he got him, Old Jeff Rogers said he'd leave his work and come in stopping on the way to get Jim Gordon, and while they were waiting Ed Halper came by and joined in with them. So when Mendoza came out of the barber shop George Mathers stepped across the street and asked him to come over to the office.

"Why is this?" Mendoza asked, and George Mathers said, tapping the star on his lapel, "I'm the constable here. Will you come quietly or shall I take you?"

He came quietly enough then, and stood looking at the five men, who looked at him. Now they had him they began to begin, but he cleared his throat and said, "We understand you're paying attentions to a certain lady in Green Valley. Is that so?"

"Is it a matter for the police?" Mendoza said, as cool as a cucumber.

Old Jeff Rogers brought his fist down on George Mathers' table and said, "Maybe it is and maybe it isn't! But you can understand right now, she's got a lot of good friends in this valley and she isn't coming to any harm if we can prevent it!"

Mendoza asked George Mathers, "What is it the police wish to know of me, sir?"

"Well, for one thing," George Mathers said, "you've been passing yourself off around here as having a lot of money."

"Have I?" said Mendoza, acting surprised. Then he said, "And you, sir, an officer of the law, you inquire how much money I have. Is that it?"

"I wouldn't put it just that way," said George Mathers. "But—well—what we want to know is, are you traveling under false pretenses or aren't you?" Jim Gordon put in, "Who are you, anyway, and where do you come from, and what do you mean, pretending to be rich and trying to swindle out of house and home as good a woman as ever drew breath? That's what we want to know."

Just then Mrs. Lathrop's car came rushing up in front of the office and stopped, and Ellie Lathrop got out and slammed the door. Her eyes were snapping and her mouth drawn tight.

She walked into the office, looked around at them all and said, "George Mathers—and all the rest of you—I'd like to know what you mean, interfering in my affairs this way? I'd never have believed it!" she said "if Mandy hadn't heard you with her own ears, tattling and plotting on the telephone, I never would in the world!"

They all looked at her without a word to say and she went on, "I give you all to understand, I intend to marry anybody I want to, and I'd like to know what you mean by arresting him for it!"

They were all flabbergasted except Jim Gordon, who sort of stammered, "You aren't going to marry him, Mrs. Lathrop?" And she said, turning as red as a beet, "Yes, I am!"

"I've made up my mind to it," she said. "I've worked hard and been sensible all my life, and I guess if I—and I can take care of my own money, too, married or not married," she said. "I don't thank anybody for trying to do it for me. I guess I've got enough and to spare, and money isn't everything in the world anyway."

Nobody had anything to say for a minute. Then John Mendoza said, "If you will pardon me, madame—just a moment while I finish with these gentlemen here? If you will be so good—"

He opened the door for her and went with her to the car, and there right before their eyes they saw Mrs. Ellie Lathrop, forty years old if a day, sitting in that muddy flivver on the main street of Stillwater and bustling like a schoolgirl, with that John Mendoza bending over and kissing her hand.

Their eyes stuck out of their heads, Bill Morton said, "Well, I'd be—"

George Mathers leaned back in his chair and said dryly, "That's the kind of thing that gets 'em. I guess every woman in the world'll fall for it."

"Yes," Jim Gordon said. "It gets 'em. And it keeps 'em, too. That's where Jim Lathrop made his mistake. If he'd've given her a little more of that kind of thing, she wouldn't be looking her head now, and like enough throwing away on that foreigner everything Jim worked so hard to leave her. Come right down to it, I guess he'd've given his right arm for that woman. But I let her never told her so."

George Mathers and old Jeff Rogers looked at Jim Gordon, kind of startled. But then Mendoza came back in, smiling all over his face. They all saw there was nothing more they could do; Ellie Lathrop had made her bed and must lie in it.

Then he said, "Gentlemen, now I understand. It is very good. I like it. So, if you please—"

He took a bankbook out of his pocket and handed it to George Mathers, with a motion for them all to look at it. They all saw that he had a balance of \$51,000 in that New York bank.

"Also—" he said, and he showed them a letter of credit for \$10,000.

"If you wish to see more of my money," he said, "I have put in the safe, in the bank of Mr. Kennedy here—"

But they said no, that was enough. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry I have not at first understood. I see now how you are right to ask me, so first, who I am. I am John Mendoza, the only living grandson of Mr. Horace James, who once lived in Green Valley, and I am the son of John Mendoza, of Barcelona, Spain."

"I come from New York, where I have had for nine years an importing business. I am retired. When a man has earned enough for comfort—is it not so?—he looks about to find a quiet and lovely place in the country in which to enjoy his life."

"I came here, because unexpectedly I was told that I am heir to a small country estate left by my grandfather—that beautiful woodland beyond Mrs. Lathrop's farm. And I have not pretended to have money or land," he said, "because I greatly wished my future wife to think only of me, myself."

"I find it very hard, still, to understand all the customs of your country," he went on, "but I hope in time we will all be friends together, in this beautiful Green Valley. I thank you, gentlemen, from my heart, for your kindly interest in my future wife's happiness."

With that he left them and went out to the car.

(The end.)

## Two Years is Cheapest Age.

The average cost of maintenance of a human being is at the lowest point at the age of 2 years, says a statistician.

In its second year of existence a child consumes less food, wears out fewer clothes and has less sickness than in any other period in its existence.

From that age until 20 years the maintenance cost gradually increases. It is at its peak during the adult period from 20 to 60 years of age, after which it begins to decline.

The average adult has a maintenance cost of \$35 a year. For those over 60 years the cost is approximately \$300.

The writer has found it possible to pack a hatbox of medium size as to have enough clothes for a month.

If she can place three pairs, five dresses, several pairs of stockings, a light weight coat, handkerchiefs, clothes brush and jewelry. She places the hats in the center, then she lays the dresses on the bed, stacks them in an orderly way, lays a roll of the paper along the length of the socks and rolls them upon it. Then she curls this bundle around the hat.

More Bills.

"Any mail for me to-day, sonny?" "Yes, dad, a letter with a baby window."

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

A Hard Guy.

Useful Even if Dead.

What's the Use?

What's the Use?

What's the Use?

What's the Use?

What's the Use?

What's the Use?

What's the Use?  
"It is vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance?" These are the words that the prophet Malachi puts in the mouths not of bad people but of the courageous good people. They had been trying hard to do right, and things went wrong. They had been courageous, but their courage seemed of no avail. They thought they had been missing a great deal of pleasure, that they had "walked in funeral garments before the Lord." The complaint that religion is a kill-joy is not as modern as people suppose.

What if righteousness does not pay, in the sense in which some people think of pay? What if a good man has to give as many dollars a year for coal as a bad man, and his bread and cakes cost just as much whether he loves his neighbor as himself or not? What if righteousness is sometimes expensive, an actual disadvantage? Still, which of us is willing to measure profit and loss in that way? Maybe the three hundred men who fought with Leonidas sometimes crowded that their notions were bad. Maybe the immortal six hundred at Balaklava sometimes stormed and blustered because their pay was small. But which of them, looking back on the record, would now say that the final estimate of reward was so made in that fashion?

It would be easy to show, and has often been shown, that in the long run righteousness is profitable; but it is not well to stress that fact unduly. As soon as we convince ourselves that "honesty is the best policy" we are in danger of being only so far honest as policy requires. No, it is better to serve God in funeral garments and live a joyless life of bondage to duty than to have no higher standard of reward than the commercial.

But that is not the way the prophet ends the matter. Even those discouraged people who sometimes doubt whether it pays to be good are not to be harshly cast aside as of no account. "They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels." That is high reward promised to people who are almost discouraged in pursuit of righteousness. It is worth striving for.

4000 B.C. Tomb.  
Wonderful discoveries are revealed by Dr. Reisner, the Egyptologist, in a deposit of his discovery in the pyramids of Ghiza of a six-thousand-year-old tomb.

It is that of Queen Hetepheh, mother of the Egyptian King Cheops and wife of King Seneferu, who reigned two thousand years before King Tutankhamen was born.

The framework of the canopy of the sarcophagus, says Dr. Reisner, is an astonishing piece of construction.

All the joints and mortises are sheathed in copper and look like those of a modern bed. The upright pieces at the corners are clasped together by a copper bar, with a slot and clepsidra and attachments for curtains or device formed by copper staples driven into the beams.

Other pieces of gold-cased furniture consist of a large bed, a carrying chair, two arm-chairs with papyrus flowers under the arms, and a bed-rest. In a gold-cased jewel box bearing the name of the queen were twenty silver anklets, ten for each ankle.

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## A Contrast.

Although Shakespeare and Milton are familiarly linked together in our ordinary speech as the two greatest poets of England, in the whole spirit and nature of their work they have hardly anything in common. It is not merely that they are, for the most part, distinguished in separate provinces of poetry; that Shakespeare is above all the dramatic, and Milton the epic poet of the literature; the difference lies much deeper, and declares itself unmistakably at almost every point. Now, this is not entirely due to an inborn, personal difference in the genius of these two representative poets; it is due also to the difference in the spirit of the times they represent. For in a sense even Shakespeare was "of an age," as well as "for all time." So far as we can guess from his work, he seems to have shared the orthodox politics of the Tudor times, distrusting the actions of the populace and staunch in his support of the power of the king.

In the true spirit of the Renaissance, Shakespeare's work is taken up chiefly with humanity in this world rather than with its relations to any other; his dramas are alive with the crowding interests and activities which came with the Revival of Learning. But the England in which Milton lived and worked was stirred by far different emotions. Inspired by far different ideals, Milton interprets and expresses the England of Puritanism; as Shakespeare does the England of Elizabeth; and to understand the difference in the spirit of their poetry, we must turn to history and grasp the main distinction between the times they respectively represent—Henry S. Pausanest, in "Introduction to English Literature."



When the Three Met.

Reggie—"So delighted to meet you this morning! Are you—going to walk my way, Miss Smith?"

Aigie—"For shame, Reggie. For shame! It would be a—aw—physical impossibility for Miss Smith to walk your way."

Reading Aloud.

When there is so much to read there is little time for conversation; nor is there leisure for another pastime of the ancient Greeks, called reading aloud. The listeners who heard while they looked into the wide chimney-place, saw there, pass in stately procession the events and the great persons of history, were kindled with the delights of travel, touched by the romance of true love, or made restless by tales of adventure;—the heart became a sort of magic stone that could transport those who sat by it to the most distant places, and times, as soon as the book was opened and the reader began of a winter's night—Charles Dudley Warner.

Nightmare.

Inspiration.

It is a silver thought to me  
So early in the dawn  
When all the world was singing high  
With joy of its own birth.

It is a silver thought to me  
Now that the day is done—  
A quiet thought that lingers low  
And nestles with the sun.

## IDEAL fashions



1351

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## Music and Literature.

Most people with a taste for reading have at some time or another found enjoyment in considering their favorite heroes or heroines in action. They compare the types beloved by the great dramatists or novelists; they comment upon the varieties of character displayed by the personalities who moved through the works of the same author; they may even go so far as to write critical studies upon them. Shakespeare's heroines are as familiar as our friends. Most of us have admired Scott's Jeanie Deans, have heaved a sigh over Lucy Ashton, or been aggravated by the general behavior of Edith Belton, while to this day readers of blackberry judge Lady Castletown as if she were a real person.

All this is delightful, but one is apt to find the pleasure of being to the realm of literature alone, forgetting that music is also a language in which great dramatists and poets have expressed themselves. The literary folk have had the longer start, it is true, for music as a means of direct human expression, begun as early as with Monteverdi, the technique of composition remaining inactable until harmonic discoveries had been pushed far into the unknown. Chaucer wrote his Canterbury Tales some where between 1340 and 1400. Music reached an analogous state of development between 1740 and 1800.

How to Breathe Helium.

Helium mixed with oxygen forms an atmosphere as breathable as ordinary air, and is being used in diving and tunneling activities.

## A RIVER OF FORTUNE

What Thames Means to London

Some statements are secure from contradiction. One is that made recently by an architect. He said that if there were no Thames there would be no other regarding bridges in general or Waterloo Bridge in particular.

That raises the question: Would London be better off without it? It can be said at once that the Thames made London the mighty city she is, and the Thames is far and away the largest factor in keeping London mighty, says an English writer. Had there been no Thames there would have been no London—or but a small and insignificant town. Possessing no normal weight of coal or iron, she would have remained stagnant. But she has risen on water—the muddy waters of the Thames. And how many know that there was a time when the Thames did not touch London, but emptied itself in the Wash?

Market of the Nations.

London was a busy port centuries before the Roman invasion, and became even more flourishing under Roman rule. The Venerable Bede records that in his time London had become "the mart of many nations resorting to it by sea and land." Its growth onwards forms a fascinating narrative—told in detail in "The Story of the Port of London," issued by the Port of London Authority. But what does the Thames mean to London today?

Of the vast army of London's workers, manual and mental, it is estimated that 95,000 out of every 100,000 "live on the Thames." Yes, that puzzle. Your work, and the reward it brings, may not seem to have the remotest connection with the Thames. Think hard, however, and track it back. A link—another—another—and you touch the Thames! The following instances may help!

Do you sell shoes? Well, the leather was brought, as hides, in one of the thousand ships that every day pass Gravesend. If you sell fruit, most of that came Thames-wise to London. You may be employed in the home, say, of a Smithfield meat-seller or a Minard's Liniment manufacturer. Well, the meat and the tea came to London on the Thames, and thus you, through your employer, are living on the results of the Thames.

Men Who Spend Millions.

That is one way of showing what the Thames means to London, and the picture has been under and not over painted. Nothing, for instance, has been said of the wealth that comes into London, distributing itself all over the community, from the fact that the Thames-creeper traffic draws to London a wealthy floating population of business men and buyers from all parts of the world. They spend money—millions in a year. That is all to London's good as a whole, for the hotel proprietors and tradesmen who take also spend. The money passes on.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Back.