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## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,  
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

### CHAPTER XXV.

After all, Jean wondered, hadn't she been very silly to let what Alice had said make her feel uncomfortable? Hugo wasn't Alice's father; he wasn't even her uncle. Not a drop of the tainted Smarle blood ran in her veins.

Yet—behold the great difficulty of it all.

One lived in a practical world, although for years Mrs. Carnay had hidden herself and her daughter from its cold observant eye. One thing and another had combined to assist them in the anonymous mode of living, not the least of which had been the war. Alice was quite a little girl when the war began, and for all those years they had been cut off from England. They were remembered less and less, and finally almost forgotten, except by Christopher Smarle, who had the handling of Jean's small affairs.

Christopher was the great difficulty. There were several things which he did not know, the most important of all being that Alice was not Hugo's daughter. And one could not tell Christopher the truth about that. Nor did he know that Mrs. Carnay had been passing as a widow, even to her own daughter. He would suppose that Alice was in the secret of Hugo's identity.

As soon as Alice was established in London, Christopher Smarle and his wife would call upon her.

Jean realized with horror that she had overlooked this contingency. As a matter of fact, it could be counted upon as a certainty.

When the rest of the little household had composed itself to slumber that night she stole out with her candle to the salon and resolutely set herself to the bitter task of writing to Christopher and flinging herself bodily upon his Christian mercy. Christopher was of the sterner type of Christian—he believed in reward for the good and in punishment for the wicked. Things were either white or black. A perfectly sound doctrine, but one could not help but feel that no man, not even Christopher, was good enough himself to sit in such heavy and final judgment upon his fellow-beings.

For instance, if Christopher knew what she had done in her youth, he would say that all the evil which subsequently befell Hugo had resulted from that rash marriage of theirs.

So the letter was very troublesome to write.

To begin with, she broke with him light-heartedly the news of Alice's impending marriage, dwelling upon the worldly goods of Dr. Philip Ardeyne to an extent that seemed almost mercenary. Christopher thought a great deal about money.

Then came cheerful news of Hugo's health and—something which would please Christopher Smarle—the fact of his (Hugo's) recovery of a "bad debt," making it unnecessary for him (Christopher) to allow them that promised one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

After this her pen slowed down and she wasted a few sheets of paper. It was even more difficult than she had anticipated. One might be casual and just take for granted that Christopher would see nothing odd or hopelessly wrong in what she had done and persuaded Hugo to be a party to.

Finished, it ran thus:

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you, Hugo is calling himself John Baliss. I believe he wrote you to address him by that name, but didn't explain why. You see, after that terrible affair when you advised me to drop the

common soapwort—almost impossible to root out or to kill, and for this reason often used in old-fashioned gardens or in cemeteries. As children we used to like to take a pin and remove the skin from the fat leaf; then we would blow the skin up like a bladder.

The leaves of this plant are a safe relief for even an extensive growth of warts. Apply the juice of the leaf each night until the warts disappear. Keep on, even if results after the first few days do not seem to warrant the effort, for Bouncing Bet is sure to be getting in her work, and some day the warts will look noticeably shrunken and soon they will be gone.

### CANDY KITS.

Quaint little favors for children's parties may be made from pure gumdrops.

For each kit, select three gumdrops, plump and round in shape and soft enough to be flattened out a bit. These form the body of the kitty. Insert two strong toothpicks perpendicularly through these, pressing the first two down slightly and leaving the third quite round for the head.

Now, on the protruding ends of the toothpicks, adjust two smaller gumdrops, oblong in shape, to form the kitty's ears. Next, insert a toothpick through the lower and middle gumdrops and finish off with four oblongs which make the paws. Attach with a small bit of toothpick a fifth oblong, placing it at an angle to form a saucy tail. Three cloves, stuck in for eyes and nose, complete this seductive pussy, who supplies in a satisfying way the demand that there be sweets on festive occasions.

These attractive favors need not be confined to children's parties; they have found favor and created amusement in grown-up circles.

name of Smarle, I was a little confused about what I ought to do, and when people assumed me to be a widow I didn't trouble to correct them.

It also saved me much painful explanation to poor Alice. It was better for her to think her father was dead—for you know, dear Christopher, we scarcely dared hope the poor fellow would ever be released. So Hugo thought it was much better to go on as we were, and Alice believes he is her uncle. You won't forget this, will you, dear Christopher?

Well Hugo and I have grown so used to the idea that I nearly overlooked mentioning it to you. It's a small thing, but important, really, since Alice will be living in London and you will be seeing her.

There followed messages to the family, a little more fulsome and affectionate than usual, winding up with the remark that she really must cut this letter short now as it was growing late—a letter, the shortness of which had run to eight crowded pages. Jean crept back to bed at two o'clock. She had done all that she could do, but no one could predict Christopher Smarle's reply. No one could say what Christopher's stern creed would direct him to do in the matter.

She dreamed about Christopher, an unusual dream, because the scene of it was laid in a bygone age. There was a village green, and Christopher Smarle in Quaker dress—how perfectly it suited his long-lipped severity!—frowning with folded arms, upon a wretched woman he had condemned to sit in the stocks. And the woman was Jean herself! A young and pretty and terrified Jean, with little boys jeering at her, and more virtuous maidens than she passing by with half-averted, self-righteous eyes. Christopher, grim as his own conception of God, gazed upon her with moody satisfaction.

She awoke from this dream in a cold perspiration. Yes, it was true enough—Christopher Smarle loved punishing people, particularly women. If there had been a leg for him to stand upon he would have blamed her for Hugo's misfortune. Undoubtedly he would disapprove of this crooked business of letting Alice believe that Hugo was merely her uncle. But the real truth could never in this world be revealed to Christopher.

After all, it was none of his affair. Jean turned over with a groan and tried to go to sleep again.

The morning she forgot all about her dream and put Christopher Smarle completely out of her mind once the letter had been posted.

What was the good of worrying about it? Everybody said she worried too much, and so far they had been proved right.

There was so much to do that day that Hugo set aside his financial exercises—which was a blessing—and devoted himself to the more menial labor of packing and assisting to get the villa closed up.

He was also far more cheerful than he had been during the past two weeks. Pessimism seemed to have been put away with his needlework. Jean thought she was right, that he had been concerned about the money, though refusing to admit it. What else could have depressed him? Fortunately she knew nothing about that confidential talk between him and Alice concerning Hector Gaunt's feeling for her. Had she known that her eyes might have been opened.

This was a practical day in which sentiment had no chance to enter. Gaunt, looking like a cross between an Italian farmer in his best clothes and a nonconformist preacher, arrived in time for tea.

Jean thought him ridiculous with his wide-brimmed black felt hat and voluminous broad-cloth frock-coat, but while she laughed her throat swelled uncomfortably. Unless she was mightily mistaken that was the same coat he had bought for their bigamous marriage twenty years ago, straining now a little at the shoulder seams; its

lustre reduced to mere well-brushed shininess, but undoubtedly the same coat. Besides his bag Hector had a rush basket which smelled sweet and dripped with moisture. He let them have a peep at its contents, and—behold, the bride's bouquet! White carnations and rosebuds embedded in smilax and asparagus fern, with yards of white satin ribbon to tie it up with. He had risen at dawn to gather the flowers before the sun had touched them, he said.

"I should think that Ardeyne would have ordered a bouquet," said jealous Hugo. "Otherwise I should have done so myself."

But the little bride-to-be was considerably touched by this mark of affection from her mother's old admirer.

"If he has, I can carry them both," she said.

Hugo sighed prodigiously. Gaunt clapped him on the back.

"Come, old chap, you'll make us feel like a funeral."

"Well—weddings are quite as sad. Worse, I think. How time flies! But, of course, I was years in That Place. It seems like only yesterday Alice was no more than so high. Just a mite of a thing."

"Oh, Uncle John, do you remember me when I was a baby? I didn't know."

Jean hysterically dragged them off these dangerous quicksands.

"Dear me, it's after five! Where can the carriage be? Are you quite sure that Louise—"

"Quite sure, Gemsey. Alice called her. 'It's old Genelli. He won't fail us. He wants to come until five-thirty. . . . Well, here he is now!'"

There was a jangle of bells as the roomy old-fashioned carriage drew up at the gate. The driver came in to help Louise carry out the bags and Alice's trunk. Hugo had mislaid his

bag, and a wild search was made for it. Alice was in the carriage before she remembered that she had left her now rather valuable jewel case in her bedroom. Jean discovered that one of the bags had escaped the labelling process, and for a horrible moment Hector Gaunt thought he had left the railway tickets at home.

But one by one these matters were cleared up satisfactorily, and finally they were off, lurching down the hill to the station, brakes shrieking, the heavily burdened vehicle rolling unsteadily on its deep, soft springs.

Jean caught sight of a distant puff of white smoke. The train—their train—was just pulling out of Ventimiglia. In another ten minutes—

"Quickly—quickly!" She urged the driver to hurry.

But eventually the confusion subsided and they were en route for Genoa.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

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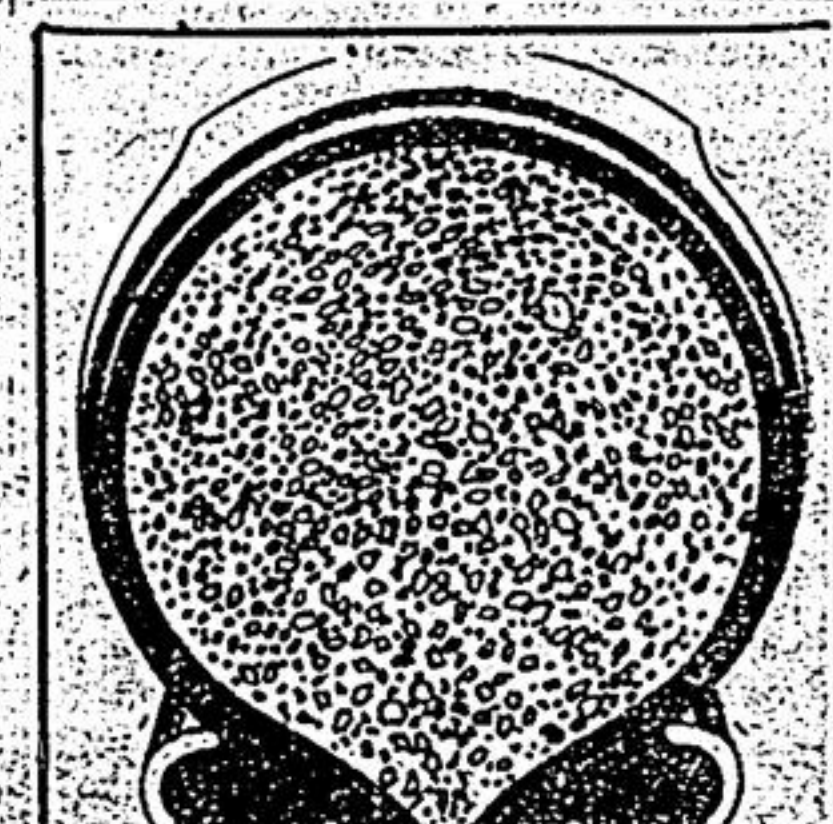
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