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LINDSAY'S

121 PRINCESS ST. KINGSTON

JOSELYN'S WIFE

By Kathleen Norris
 Author of "The Heart of Rachel," "Marie, the Unconquered," "The Story of Julia Page," "Mother," etc.

That settled it. Ellen had not been born yesterday, after all. She had her own stern girlish standard of judgment, and she knew she was safe. The luncheon was a perfectly natural part of the trip; they were both hungry. And he had not had any breakfast!

She made him an answer that pleased him deeply, although he apparently conceded it nothing but a satisfied nod, and immediately hid his eyes under the glasses again. "If you say it's all right, I know it must be."

So they went to "Adrian's," a big, shabby hostelry set upon a rise of ground, and provided with wide verandas for the summer crowds; verandas deserted now under their bare awning frames.

Inside was great warmth, and the odour of cigars and food. Ellen found the rush of hot air delicious. She was cramped and chilly and sleepy, and surprisingly hungry. Gibbs put her in the care of a cheerful little Irish maid whose presence there was in itself reassuring to Ellen, and when she had washed her face, and brushed her hair, and readjusted her hat, she came out in great spirits to find Gibbs waiting for her at a small table in a corner of the sun-flooded dining room.

Other starved motorists were eating, and Ellen and Gibbs childishly hoped that every tray, borne slanting by a staggering waiter through the swinging kitchen door, might prove to be their own. They rapturously praised the bread and butter.

The meat came at last, hot and odorous and appetizing, and they talked while they ate. Gibbs told her of his first acquaintance with Mrs. Rose.

"It was a small kid of ten or twelve, in Rome, do you see? And she was there with her first husband, Torrey, who was a great deal older than she— a man of fifty-five or sixty, I should say. He had struck it rich in the West somewhere, and she wasn't the woman to settle down in Nevada City. Arthur was a baby then; Lucia was born later. My mother was kind to her, we were at the same hotel, and she was awfully kind to me. She had a brother with her, about my age, and we saw a good deal of each other. Later, when she was a widow, she turned up in Paris with the two children. My mother and father were staying there for a while, before leaving me there to study. And later, she came here, and married Rose, who is a darn nice fellow, and now of course she regards me as a member of her family! And I'm fond of her; too, although Lucia's a little fool, and I can't stand Arthur."

"She went to school in Boston with my mother," Ellen said. "But I never saw her until a few years ago. Now that I've visited her I can see just the careless way she suddenly thought of inviting me to her Thanksgiving house party. She thinks all young people ought to like each other and dance and have a good time, and I suppose she felt sorry for me. But I never had such a wretched, uncomfortable time in my life; perhaps it was my own fault!"

She told him all about it, inconsequentially, and he listened with genuine interest in his handsome eyes. Perhaps this artless revelation of a girl's heart was novel to a man who found the sex remarkable in all its phases, perhaps with beauty like Ellen's opposite him, and a delicious breakfast under way at last, he would have found anything she said equally absorbing.

"Little cads and snobs," he said, when she had finished. "And some of them will never be anything else. If Lucia marries well, and starts off with a limousine and three or four servants, and a big wedding, she'll never know that she really is a rather ignorant and undeveloped girl, whose money has proved about the worst thing that could have come to her! Well—how do you feel now? Anything more?"

He summoned the waiter; the check was paid. It seemed quite natural to Ellen that he should put a piece of silver into her hand: "For the girl, when you get your coat."

Warmed and contented, they went out to the car again, and again Ellen was wrapped in snugly, and disguised by the big dark glasses.

"Half-past two," said Gibbs, again at the wheel. "That means that we will run into the city just about four o'clock."

"It's going to snow," said Captain Latimer's granddaughter with certainty. Her companion gave a quick, suspicious look at the sky.

"I believe you're right, Miss Patricia Latimer. But we'll beat it to New York just the same. Let us away!"

The car moved smoothly away over the snow. Ellen was beginning to love the steady, gliding motion. She secretly wished that there was a longer journey ahead. But when the disquieting thought leaped into her mind that he might offer to drive her all the way down to Port Washington, she most inconspicuously began to pray that it would not occur to him to do so. Aunt Elsie's big Sunday dinner would be over, the house

would reek of grandpa's old pipe. There would be only cold food in the house for supper, and Aunt Elsie might not be gracious. No, if he said anything about it, she must dissuade him at all costs. But perhaps he would mercifully be unaware that it was only seventeen miles from the Williamsburg Bridge to the Port Washington Post Office.

The snow was surely coming; dark little cottony clouds were gathering ahead, and pressing low over the silent earth. There was no sunshine now, and the air seemed heavier and colder. The roads were almost deserted.

"Never you mind, we'll beat it!" Gibbs said with great enjoyment. "Look out for a signpost, and tell me where we are."

"Columbus Circle twelve miles," Ellen announced, after a few minutes.

"Twelve miles—well, we must look out for the Sunday speed cops now!" He slackened his pace. They were running through a well-settled region. Ellen began to realize that the trip was almost over. She might get the train at four-twenty, otherwise she could easily catch the five-twenty, and get home just in time for the late supper. The day had run away; a day always to be a wonderful and treasured memory.

Afterward, she tried to remember just how she was shaken from her musings. Like all accidents, the thing was simplicity itself. They were running parallel to a trolley track, on the wide street under the beginning of the elevated trains. There was a car on the track a few hundred feet ahead, and next to the car a man driving an enormous team of horses and an empty truck. Both truck and trolley were travelling in the same direction as the automobile.

The street was so wide that there was no question, even in Ellen's mind of the propriety of passing the car and truck, especially as the stretch of street beyond was absolutely empty. Gibbs turned his wheel toward the left, and was running unconcernedly by, when the motorcar, suddenly sounded an ear-piercing whistle—a terrific, prolonged blast of the siren with which trolley cars are sometimes equipped in the country. The horses, with a wild plunge of terror, flung themselves straight across the path of the motor-car coming up behind them, almost unseating their driver, and tangling themselves in reins and harness.

Gibbs jerked his car violently to the left, instinctively avoiding the plunging hoofs; there was a moment of horrible skidding and grinding in the snow he edged the ditch, then the roadster turned abruptly on her side, and Ellen was spilled out, with Gibbs on top of her.

The girl had hardly time for a moment of hideous apprehension and panic before she was on her feet

again, with his arms about her, laughing with the revulsion and the shock. The skid had saved them, for the car was turned at an exact angle, and so had slipped with her lights firmly wedged against the side of the ditch, and had no opportunity to turn turtle, as she must otherwise have done.

For a few confused moments Ellen hid her dazed face in the fur of the man's shoulder; no, she really wasn't hurt, she had landed on her shoulder, honestly she was not hurt, it just hurt her for a moment, that was all! And it had scared her—

(To Be Continued.)
 Of English invention is an electric forge which can be operated by one man.
 Mrs. John Helfol, Brockville, died on Monday-after five weeks illness.

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