The Woman He Married

By June Phelps

WE ARE CHILDREN AT TIMES

Juanita was on the porch. I knew by her change of expression when she saw me that I was unwelcome. But she quickly recovered herself and greeted me as usual.

"Well, Mr. Writer-man, feeling better?" she asked, calling Dick by the name she had given him when we first know her. Then turning to me: "Wasn't he a dear to telephone me when he finished the story? He knew I was waiting to hear."

"Dick is always thoughtful of his friends," I replied, indignant that she had the nerve to mention the telephone message.

"My name will be Dennis with him if this story is accepted," she said with a laugh as she rang for tea which was served on the porch. "He will think he doesn't need me, that he can go it alone."

"And you think he cannot?" I could not help question.

"No—I think he can. But he needs sympathy, encouragement, don't you Writer-man? You are like a good many men—nothing but a boy after all." She seemed to forget I was there, listening.

As she talked she gave him an intriguing look, soft, melting. I thought of what those men had said, of what Mrs. Baker had told me, and clenched my hands in my lap to refrain from saying things I would regret simply because it would give Dick a chance to defend her—something I was determined never to allow. He should not champion her because of anything I said or did. She simply replied:

"We are all children at times, I imagine." Mary just then brought tea and cakes and Dick changed the conversation by complimenting Juanita upon their excellence.

"I made them myself purposely for you because you are fond of them," she murmured.

So she even flattered him by cooking the things he liked. What else did she do that I had not suspected to strengthen her hold over him?

"I don't wonder you like them, Dick they are delicious." I said. "You must give me the recipe, Juanita."

"Oh, I couldn't give it to anyone. That is my especial treat for the Writer-man."

I said no more but looked at Juanita as if I never had known her before. What was she doing? What did this softness, this languishing manner mean? It was not quite like anything I had seen in her before. Had she feared to fail in weaning Dick entirely from me, and now had adopted this clinging vine attitude hoping to work on his man-nature in that way?

We remained about an hour—an hour of distress to me, of no particular pleasure to either Dick or Juanita, I was sure. It was Dick who proposed going. Nothing loath, I rose at once and Juanita made no objection.

When we reached home I found a letter from Junior. Suddenly I decided to make him a visit of a day or two.

"Well you go with me, Dick? I asked. 'Junior would be delighted. He said when he was at home that the boys quite lionized him because his father was an author."

"No, I can't," Dick replied.

"I'm sorry you won't go with me," I replied, already regretting I had said I would go.

"I am tired, too nervous. When I get rested perhaps I'll run down for a day. But stay as long as you can, Nan. It will do good."

"And give you perfect freedom spend all the time with Juanita," I said to myself, my heart full of bitterness. But I would go. It would do me good. The constant striving to hide feelings, to pretend I noticed nothing in Dick's attentions to Juanita was becoming almost unbearable I would relax for a bit. Perhaps when I returned it would not be quite as hard.

And I would be with Junior.

Whenever I became discouraged, when I felt my cross was greater than I could bear, I would think of him and carry on because of him, his future. If I could help it that future should not be blighted by scandal.

How delighted he was to see me! It almost made me forget the indifferent way Dick had bade me goodbye. And he looked so well, was so full of boyish enthusiams and ideas. His teacher told me he was very bright in his studies, that his work in school was exceptionally good. I WAS comforted, and for two or three days almost happy.

ARE DREAMS WARNING?

Chapter 125

I had decided to prolong my stay for a week. But on the fourth night I had such a disturbing dream that in spite of my attempt to be sensible and treat it as only a dream, I could not remain longer.

I had just fallen asleep when I dreamed that I was at sea, on an immense boat. As I leaned over the rail, watching the waves, Juanita joined me. She was dressed in her favorite orange and black, and looked dazzlingly beautiful. We had stood silently for a time when Dick strolled by and he too stopped and stood beside Juanita. In a moment the ship gave a great lurch and we were all thrown into the ocean. Juainta screamed to Dick to save her, but I said nothing.

"I will test him. If he tries to save her letting me struggle alone he oves her and I will drown," I thought in my dream.

He did try to save her, calling her by all the endearing names a man gives the woman he loves when she is in danger, and at the same time he called upon me to forgive him. But before I had ceased struggling, a boat had been lowered and we were all saved.

I awoke sobbing. I had to go on living with those love-words of Dick's ringing in my ears. The relief of finding it was only a dream was great but it left me sleepless. I spent the rest of the night looking out of the window, and praying that I might never be called upon to hear Dick speak love words to another. Twice I had kept quiet when I happened upon him and Juanita. I never could a third time.

I turned cold with dread as I wondered if I had done wrong to throw them together by coming away. They had been together in the water—in my dream. He had forgotten me save to ask for my forgivness. Was he giving Juanita all the endearing names he gave her when he struggled to save her.

I packed my belongings and waited for the dawn. I would take the first train home. Junior was terribly disappointed but even he could not change my determination.

"Shall you telegraph Dad?" he asked.

No dear I will surprise him."

It seemed that the train never ran so slowly. It fairly crawled, it seemed to me. But I finally arrived, and hastened to the house only to find Dick out.

"Where is Mr. Williams?" I asked the maid.

"He is at dinner tonight with Madame Juanita. He also was there for tea. He left soon after breakfast. They lunch in the woods. Can I go for something to tempt Madame? I did not get anything because was to be alone."

"No I will run over to Juanita's also."

"But they are lunching in the woods," the maid reminded me.

"Very well, give me some tea and toast. I will change while you are preparing it."

I wanted desperately to ask if Dick had spent all his time with Juanita during my absence. But I never had been able to question a servant. So I turned, went to my room, bathed my face, changed my traveling dress, then ate my luncheon. Afterwards I went into the study.

Here I found much to disturb me. A letter commenced to me, then partially destroyed. But Juanita's name was legible. What had he written? Had he almost decided to end everything and go with her? I also found a note from her to him, a note written before I went away, in which she upbraided him for not caring enough for her to be impervious to idle gossip. It was an intimate note, one only a woman who felt sure of herself could write. But one sentence in it brought me such peace as I had not experienced in weeks—yes, in months.

"Your moral ideas and actions are a great compliment to your bringing up. Not many men would be so undemonstrative toward the woman they loved. I, of course; honor you for it, but how long are going to allow false notions of fidelity to her, to your marriage vows, to stand between us? You swear you adore me, and—remain on the other side of the room. Too much conscience is a disease in these times, my dear Dick. I would not write this way, but you say you always destroy my notes as soon as read. For heaven's sake destroy this. She doesn't make you happy—you will not allow me to. What is one to do with such a boy? Come over and talk it over, Writer-man."

You may think that there was not much in this paragraph to give me peace, but it proved beyond a doubt that Dick had not been untrue to me in deed even though he had in thought. I am a woman, and that meant much to me, more than I can tell. Was my dream a warning for me to join Dick, to prevent his being with Juanita?

Their surprise when I joined them at tea and declared I must remain for dinner as we had none provided at home was genuine, but far from flattering. I went home more disheartened that ever almost sure they had come to an understanding while I had been away.

DARKEST JUST BEFORE DAWN

Chapter 126

In the morning the postman brought Dick a thick letter.

His big serial had been accepted, and a check of such dimensions as made us gasp was his reward.

"Don't you see, Dear, that you never needed Juanita or anyone else to make you a success? In fact, I rather think she put you back about a year," I remarked casually as we planned what we would do with the money. "It was perfectly lovely for her to want to help you along. I wanted awfully to myself. But I felt I would only hinder, so I never offered."

"Just as though you had not helped! Why, Nan had it not been for you I never could have writte anything. You financed the family until I got on my feet."

It had been a long, long time since Dick had said anything like that to me. My eyes moisted yet I would not let him see how childish I was.

"Let us go over and tell Juanita of your success." I suggested. Frequently I urged Dick to go over there with me. It gave him less excuse to go alone. Yet I knew that he did go; that her hold was still strong enough to make him long for her, and seek her society.

Mary, Juanita's old servant who had been with her for many years, was in her confidence to an extent not often seen between maid and mistress. When we first met Juanita she had told me that she never had any secrets from this old woman who had been with her since her childhood.

"She knows all my goodness and all my badness," she had said laughingly. "I can be quite myself with her."

I never had liked the old woman, although I could give no real reason for my dislike. She was inoffensive, almost servile toward Juanita's guests, but there was something almost sly about her.

The parlor maid admitted us. She said she would tell Juanita we were there. After a bit she came back and said her mistress was not in, and asked us to wait as she was ssure she would soon return.

We sat in the living room, the windows of which opened upon the porch. About 15 minutes had passed when we heard voices Juanita and Mary had paused on the porch, and the windows being raised we heard distinctly. It was Dick's name uttered by Juanita that caught our attention—that kept us silent. Then,

"Now, Mary, you know it won't do any good to urge me."

"But Miss Juanita," Mary's voice was stubborn, "Mister Williams ain't fitten to make you act like you do. He ain't nothin' but a poor writer man with a wife that he'd have to git rid of betore he could marry you and—"

"Marry me? That's rich! I don't want to marry him, Mary."

"Then what do you want of him, Honey?"

"I want to make him get rid of her! I want to show her I can! She thinks he cares for her, the ordinary little thing. Why he has been crazy over me since the first day I met him."

"And you likes to show your power over him same as you have with the others don't you? But Honey, never mind worritin' about this writer man—let his wife have him."

I listened to the old woman pleading for me with curiously mixed feelings. I couldn't have spoken to save my life. So it was to show her power over him that Juanita wanted to take Dick from me, not because she loved him.

"I tell you Mary, I will not give up. I'll make him—make him say he wants me to go away with him. He is the first man who has ever resisted me so long. I'll prove to you that I can take him from her, the plain, unattractive working woman."

"But you won't marry him, you sever does. Mrs. Williams ain't ever done nothing to hurt you. Just let him go, Honey. It ain't love you has for him else I wouldn't be a teazing you. It's only that 'getin' them to love you and then laffs at them.' You ain't bad, Honey—only thata way."

"I won't let her have him!" Dick's hand was on my arm now, the pressure and his glance demanded silence. "Not until I have proven I can take him away from her!" Juanita stamped her foot. "I tell you he's going to be at my feet where he belongs!"

Dick opened the door and, still holding my arm, drew me out upon the porch with him.

"You have just said, Juanita, that Nan thought I cared for her. Well—I do! You see we have heard all you have said. We should have stopped you perhaps when we heard ourselves discussed. But—well, we have proved the old adage that listeners never hear good of themselves."

"I don't care if you did hear!" Juanita was white with passion. "Mary is right! You are too common a man for me to bother with. A man who makes love to a woman and then tells his wife about it, is not worth thinking about!" I could have laughed as I recalled that once I had told her Dick always confided his affairs to me. Then she turned to me.

"I wish you joy of the warmed-over affection you will get from him!"

Dick laid his arm over my shoulders and replied:

"If Nan will forgive and love me, I will make her as happy as I can. Will you, Nan?"

"I have already forgiven, and I never have ceased to love you, Dick. Come, let us go home." I wanted to get away before Juanita could say anything more.

As we hurried down the walk I heard Juanita's mocking laugh. But it no longer had the power to hurt me—Dick's arm was around my waist.

The End.

WHY SUFFER NEEDLESSLY

headaches yield to

Kumfort HEADACHE POWDERS

An Adventure In Years

By CAROLYN BEECHER

AN ADVENTURE IN YEARS

Chapter 1.

She had been a pupil in his studio. She would never make an artist; he knew it frof the very beginning. She only did things well—just because they came into her head. At first it annoyed him But then, of course, she was ever so much younger than Beverly Strong, so he excused her, and then he fell in love with her. Rather, he married her.

When Sonia Strong went into the dining room in response to the call for lunch she found her husband at the window—a tall gaunt figure in loose fitting clothes, a low collar and flowing tie. He wore a small mustache and imperial, and was not at all bad looking in rather an unkempt sort of a way. He was tapping the floor with his foot, a habit which always annoyed her. Although quite celebrated for his portraits, he was not a fashionable artist. So they were not "unwholesomely rich," a favorite expression of his, although they were comfortably well to do.

He heard her, but he did not turn. He never seemed to know when she was in the room unless she spoke. Yet she always felt that he was aware of her presence. She crossed to the window and stood beside him. He turned and said:

"Is luncheon ready?" Then, "You are looking very well, dear. Any company?"

"Only Ned."

"Um—only Ned," he repeated after her.

Sonia knew she was looking her best and that best was very good indeed. The noon-day sun shone on her auburn hair, making it look copperish in places. It was like spun gold in other lights. She had glorious eyes, this child of an American father and a Russian mother for whom she was named, great gray-green eyes with curling black lashes and a Cupid's bow mouth, whose softness was made the more adorable by a strong chin. "A stubborn chin" her husband called it. Her figure was perfect, neither tall nor short, neither too thin nor too fat. Her every movement was grace itself. It was this, as much as her beauty, that had attracted Beverly Strong, the artist who, until she came to his studio was supposed to be immune.

As they stood looking out into the street a man passed, mounted the steps, then rang the bell. Strong said:

"Here's Ned Campbell."

Sonia knew her husband's eyes were upon her as she moved toward the door. She stopped just this side instead of going into the hall as she had intended.

"Hello, Ned!" Her husband and moved now, and his voice startled her.

"Hello, Ned!" Her husband had man, twenty perhaps, although he looked younger came into the room. Then he shook hands with Sonia who had not yet spoken but when he turned to Strong he had moved away to his seat at the table.

"Sit down, Ned. Ring for lunch, Sonia. I must get back to the studio."

Ned Campbell was as good to look at in his way as was Sonia. Dark brown hair and eyes, eyes which sparkled with fun or darkened with passion. A smooth face, good mouth and teeth. Tall, broad shouldered, narrow hipped. Vital, virile youth was his, a fact recognized by his host—although never had it been mentioned.

"I'm afraid I kept you waiting, I am sorry." Ned murmured as he took his seat.

"Only a moment," Sonia's soft voice answered. "How is your picture coming on?"

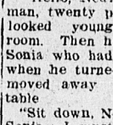
"Ask the master," Ned Campbell was also an artist—"in embryo," he might have told you. But Beverly Strong knew he was a genius; knew that he would reach heights to which he had scarcely dared to aspire and which he never would reach.

"It is the best thing you have done, Ned," Strong spoke in a quiet self-contained tone.

"You have neglected your friends lately," Sonia remarked after a moment. "Claire Fuller was in yesterday and said she hadn't seen you for ages."

"Yes, I have been neglectful." The words were nothing, but the look he bent on her was an apology not to Claire Fuller, but to her.

Mrs. A. Crawford Tells How Cuticura Healed Little Girl



"My little girl's trouble started with small pimples on the back of her head and they spread down her back. The pimples were hard and red and they itched and burned terribly. She scratched and irritated them and they later developed into sore eruptions. Her hair fell out and became thin and dry, and scales fell off on her clothing.

"I used a free sample of Cuticura and the pimples commenced to dry up. I bought more and when I had used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Alonzo Crawford, 83 Parker St., Bangor, Maine, Jan. 22, 1920.

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The red blood swept into her face, then receded, leaving her pale. She had missed him so these last weeks that he had kept away from her. He was so brimful of life, so vital, that it had been almost terrifying the way her own vitality, her desires, had gone out to meet him. She had tried to put him out of her thoughts, had gone visiting her friends, had invited them to stay with her. She had attended matinees, concerts, had even gone into the country for several days and tried to tire herself by taking long walks thinking she might sleep more soundly and so forget him—to dream of him. But nothing had served.

Sonia Strong was no coward. So one day she had faced herself. It was wrong. She would kill this feeling, this longing for Ned Campbell's presence—she would not admit it was more than that. But she must do it at once before she was swept away. She instinctively knew there was danger.

Chapter 11

Sonia Strong was twenty-eight years old. Soon she would be really, actualy old—and never had she known real love, passion. The feeling she had for the distinguished looking artist she had married had been that of the pupil for the master, added to the need of making a livelihood aside from an artistic one. Not that Sonia knew all this when at twenty she had married Strong. Eight years of association had taught her. He might have made her love him, had he so willed, but he was all wrapped up in his art—Sonia spelled it in her mind with a capital A. His time was given to painting when not teaching. Sonia had been singularly alone and she had now wakened to the fact.

Life was meant to be lived in its fulness she thought, not gone through sluggishly as she was living it. She had lived now for years with the knowledge that she could expect no warmth, no love—what she called love—in her life. She had tried many distractions. But the longing, coupled with thoughts of Ned Campbell, would not down.

At times her thoughts, her desires, frightened her. She longed to run her fingers through Ned's hair, to press a kiss upon its brown softness. He was ever present with her although she religiously declared morning and night that she would put him ou of her mind. It was shameless, this feeling she had for him—a man eight years younger than herself. And she prayed desperately—for she was devout, religious by nature and education—to be kept pure, to suffer anything, to do Ned good, not harm.

Strangely she never had given thought to his love for her. It would be unnatural if he should care for her, his master's wife. He was younger. Girls like Claire Fuller were the right mates for him. Claire only twenty, just the age she was when she made the awful mistake of marrying a man eighteen years older than she—a man who had lived already, instead of waiting to live with her.

She had conceived the idea that if she and Ned were separated several months it would surely help her to thrust the thought of him from her heart. So while the three sat at luncheon she said:

"Beverly, can't weget away soon I am very anxious to have a change of some sort.

"Yes, I shall be ready in about ten days."

"Shall you go to Maine as usual?" Ned asked.

"Yes, come with us, Campbell. Don't you think it a good plan, Sonia?"

Sonia started blankly. Had she heard aright? She knew that her husband knew of her feeling for Ned Campbell, although it never had been mentioned between them. What did he mean? Was he trying her?

She answered very quietly as they rose from the table.

"Yes, why not, Ned? You can paint there as well or better perhaps.

"Why——"

"No objections," Strong said in a heavily facetious tone. "It's all settled. We leave in ten days, Sonia. See that everything is ready."

Her husband and Ned left for the studio together. Sonia fled to her room, locked the door and threw herself upon the bed in a very tempest of revolt.

"The fool! The blind fool!" she muttered, clenching her hands.

"I have done my best! Let him take the consequences! Yet even in her despair she felt a tingling of joy as she thought of sailing under summer skies with Ned, of the glorious moonlights in the camp, of the long walks through the woods. She had tried to get away from him. Her husband would not let her. He, and he alone, would be to blame if anything happened.

At the thought she shuddered and slipping to her knees prayed for strength to resist her longing her love. But constantly there recurred to her, in the days that followed, the joy it would be to have him with her all the long, lazy summer days. She was all tremulous with secret happiness at the thought. It was the last of May. The fifth of June they were to start. She wished at times they were gong to some different place, a place which held no memories. Beverly had taken her to this camp on their wedding trip and in the disillusioning years since then each year but two they had spent n the same place.

Once in the busy days that followed the luncheon, Strong remarked:

"I hope you will enjoy your summer."

She made no reply. In her heart she knew only too well what he meant. She would not satisfy him to let him see that she knew.

That spring Sonia had been unusually difficult about her clothes and now that the last few articles were to be hurriedly added she was even more so. Her sports clothes must be the most becoming, the best she could afford. Her hunting costume, the yachting togs, the boots—how she fussed and tried on in those last days. She must look her best and young. She had magnified those eight years until one would have thought them a dozen. So she spared no pains to make herself look as young as possibe, not realizing that the feeling she had for Ned, her love, had turned old time back a dozen years—that she looked and seemed like a girl again.

Only Beverly Strong realized and—resented this.

(Continued on Page 2)

GOOD ROADS

(Continued from Page Nine)

the American Road Builders'—Association, Chicago, will be among the speakers on the opening day of the convention in addition to many of the Cabinet Ministers above named; S. L. Squire, chairman of the executive, responding to the welcomes on behalf of the Association.

Dr. E. M. Desaulniers, M. L. A., the president, will occupy the chair at the opening session, and there after the direction of the meetings will be placed in the hands of other prominent good roads enthusiasts, who will be announced later.

The reception committee is headed by R. H. Murray, and as he has as his colleagues, the Hon. H. H. Wickwire, the Hon. Sam J. Latta, of Regina; Messrs. H .H. Shaw, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., B. Michaud, Deputy Minister of Highways, Quebec; G. Fred. Pearson, T. P. Regan, S. A. Churchill, J. M. Robertson, A. S. MacMillan, of Halifax; nothing will be lacking to give the visiting delegates a warm welcome, and look after their comfort while in the city. The entertainment committee comprises A. G. Watson, chairman; Russell T. Kelcy F. A. Gillis, Mrs. R. W. Hendry, Mrs. F. H. Sexton, Mrs. A. G. Watson, Mrs. J. H. Winfield, and Mrs. C. P. Wood, and they are arranging a complete program such as will astonish those who have attended conventions elsewhere, for Nova Scotians do not do things by halves. W. H. Dennis is the head of the publicity comittee, having as his colleagues E. C. Young, J. W. Power, Frank Wallace and J. C. Stewart, with R. Holmes Parson as official recorder of proceedings.

The convention is being held under the auspices and with the cooperation of the Nova Scotia Good Roads Association, the New Brunswick Good Roads Association and the Prince Edward Island Good Roads Association, and apart from the regular sessions there will be an inter-provincial conference of highway officials in the afternoons, at which will be discussed uniform traffic regulations, inter-provincial highway connections, federal aid methods of financing good roads, and matters affecing automobile taxation and traffic, as well as the methods of maintaining various types of roads to suit the traffic using them. There will be other conferences and meetings held during the convention, of which announcement will be made later by Secretary George A. McNamee, who is arranging several special features for this the first general convention in the Maritime Provinces.

All Acadia Mines Are Closed Down

THORBURN, N. S., April 7.—All mines of the Acadia Coal Co, Pictou County, will be closed tomorrow and will remain closed indefinitely.

To Relieve Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness And Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness; cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:

Secure from your druggist 1 oz. Parmint (Double Strength.) Take this home and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are nearly always quick and effective.

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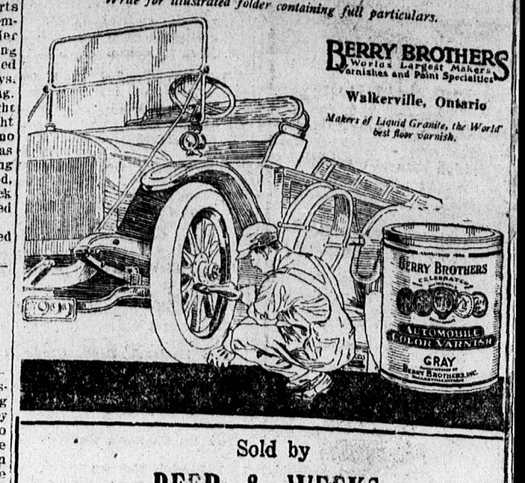

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