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"THE LOVE PENDULUM"

BY MARION RUBINCAM

GOING BACK

Chapter 90

"Would you think me rude if I left you?" I asked.

Colin looked at me in surprise. There was enough light from a big swinging arc on the corner for me to see him plainly.

"What do you mean?" he asked in return, though he must have guessed at once.

"Would you think me rude, if I left you and went—up there?" I looked again at the yellow glow from the windows of my old home. Colin looked very much troubled.

"Of course I wouldn't think you rude," he answered. "Only—it isn't a question of rudeness."

He took my arm and began to lead me down the street.

"Don't do anything too impulsively," he began. "That's one of your faults, Connie. You'll stand almost anything, then you go off your head suddenly."

"And do the wrong thing," I finished, as he hesitated.

"Yes."

We walked on down the street. I do not know why Colin wanted to get me away from the apartment house, unless he felt that if it were out of sight it would be out of mind too.

"Do you think it would be wrong to go back—to try and make it up again with Win?"

"No. But I'm not sure this is the time."

"Why not?"

He walked on, fairly urging me along.

"Why not?" I repeated. "Didn't you just say that Win had come often to the exhibition to see my well, that he isn't entirely indifferent?"

"Down in my heart there was a little exultation. It increased every time I thought of what Colin had told me. If Win had taken the trouble to hunt out my picture and look at it—it had taken him to an art exhibition alone, a place he would never have dreamed of going to, certainly seemed to me a sign that Win cared."

And that was the one thing I wanted. I would willingly have given up everything else in the world, to hear Win say with his own lips that he still cared for me.

Yet Colin had given me what I thought proof of Win's affection, at least of his interest. And there from the windows of our old home was the cheerful inviting glow of a light, a welcoming light, a sign that Win must be at home.

All I had to do was to go up there—and I was sure I would hear him say he still loved me. I could not have done it before—the old bitterness would have come up in me at once, and made a reconciliation impossible.

But now it seemed to me so long since all those unpleasant events, that I could easily forget them when I saw Winthrop again.

And there he was, and here was Colin with his arm linked through mine, urging me away from his and denouncing the chance of seeing him!

"Of course, if you're fully made up your mind, I shan't try to stop you," Colin said, walking rapidly all the time.

"But you are stopping me. Why don't you think it wise?"

"I don't think it's time yet. After all, you and Winthrop had rather serious differences. I'll admit. Time is the great healer of all ills—but you've only been separated a year."

"Only a year! That's a long time."

"Besides, what will you do when you get up there? What are you going to say?"

"I don't know! How can I tell now? He may not be glad to see me. He may not be in. The fact that there's a light in the window doesn't mean he is there."

"No, it doesn't," Colin released my arm.

"Let me go back alone," I said. "And come and have luncheon with me tomorrow, and I'll tell you all about it."

He smiled a little as he held out his hand. "It doesn't go down on his knees and beg forgiveness he ought to be whipped," he said.

I almost ran down the street, my heart beating so rapidly it nearly choked me. I went into the big hallway—for the first time in more than a year. The huge Turkish rug on the marble floor was still there and the growing flowers against the mirrored walls. There was a new man at the elevator—I was glad of that. I did not want to be recognized and gossiped about.

"Mr. Taylor, please," I said. And as he went to the telephone, I announced me. "Never mind, I am expected."

He stared at me curiously. I held my head high, trying to look calm. But he said nothing more and took me up in the elevator. I rang my own doorbell.

There were footsteps—did he have a housekeeper, or a valet? Who would answer the bell? If there had been no sound, I would have turned and run. But the door began to open.

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been thinking nervously what I might say. If only I could get over the first remark safely, the rest would be easy. I intended to hold out my hands, and say, "Win, I've come back." Surely that would make everything easy. Either he would put his arms out—and then after that nothing would matter; or else he would not be pleased, and in that case I would forget my dignity and go away, rebuffed.

But the romantic only happens half the time in real life. Our meeting was not romantic.

Perhaps it was because I forgot my opening remark. I forgot everything when I saw Win standing there in the doorway. He had on some sort of a long velvet dressing gown, and heeled velvet slippers, and I remember that the cord of the gown was untied and one end dragged along the floor.

But these details came to me afterward. Meantime I stood there, saying nothing.

"Connie! Why, it is Connie."

Win said, only half believing.

"Yes," I said nervously. "May I come in?"

Suddenly I wondered whether there were people there—it seemed much more likely that if Win were home for an evening, it would be because he expected guests. I never knew him to stay home alone, or with me except by accident, and then he was restless and bored.

But my question brought us both back to the odd little politeness and formalities of life, and as usual they saved the situation.

"Of course! I beg your pardon. But I was so surprised! Win was recovering his composure now and he held his hand open."

"If there are people here—" I began in a low voice.

"There isn't anyone. That is, I expect someone later—but don't mind."

I went in and down the hall—every article of furniture fairly stabbing me with its familiarity. The living room was exactly the same, the long blue curtains, the great couch pushed near the fireplace, and the table by it that I used when serving tea.

It was so strangely different, too. It was too warm for a fire. Whenever possible I burned small logs because it made the room so much more inviting. I never liked a house without at least one tiny open fireplace, and never lived in one that did not have it.

The fireplace was piled with fresh wood now, the legs covered with burnt out matches that had been there for a long time.

The big table in the centre had some sort of map over it. I vaguely sensed it was to show the conditions in industrial centres of the country. This took the place of an exquisite linen cover. Where my tea service stood was a tumbled pile of books; where a great bowl of lustre were once stood, always filled with fresh flowers, was a large calendar the lettering of which could be read across the whole room.

I turned around to Win. But instead of coming towards me, he stood in the doorway, still looking at me in that puzzled, troubled fashion.

"Win!"

He crossed the room to me, but quite evidently he only half saw me. I was sure I wasn't wanted. I felt hurt, and troubled, and suddenly wished I had taken Colin's advice, not to return.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," he murmured, rather conventionally. "I was just thinking—how odd it would seem if people came and found you here."

"Why not? After all, it's my home, too. I'm going in a moment." I tried to excuse myself and to get away all at once.

"No. I'll fix it. Wait a moment."

He left the room, closing the door. I heard his voice in the hallway at the phone. He was evidently breaking some engagement. Who was it, I wondered?

I wandered about the room, still surprised at the change in it. I opened the door into what had been my own room—evidently Win had made it his bedroom now, for his

TRIVIALITIES

Chapter 92

So all our differences came to this—that Win walked across the room and kissed me.

And in his kiss I forgot everything that worried me, and everything that had hurt me in the past.

"Win, dear; Win, dear," I heard myself saying over and over, while I clung to him.

And he answered simply, "Connie—and kissed me again."

Then I pulled away to see him better.

"How well you look," I cried. "Not so tired. You did look so tired—before. Only you never would admit it, you kept on going and going."

"I'm well. I've been working hard."

The talk ended. We stood and looked at each other for awhile. With so many things to say, we could find nothing to talk about for a long time.

So he had been working hard! That accounted for the maps, the inkstands and pencils at other office equipment. Not a word as to how much he had been going out!

"You're looking rather well, too," he said finally. "Not pale, as you are in your portrait."

He admitted he had seen it! My heart leaped at that. Probably I was looking particularly well at that moment, for my cheeks were flushed from happiness and the excitement of being back, of seeing Win, of his kiss of reconciliation.

"Did you like the picture?" I asked, still unable to get away from trivialities in talk.

"Yes—that is, as well as I like any of MacReady's work. I think he's over-estimated as an artist."

Instantly I was on the defensive for Colin. I found myself resenting the fact that Win should talk like this, Win who knew nothing of art and cared even less! Once I would have accepted his casual criticism, even in the face of my own judgment which I knew was superior, since I had been educated in these things and Winthrop had not.

I doubt whether many people would agree with you about Colin," I answered. "His picture is the sensation of the season."

"He seems to have made you the sensation of the season. Your name is on every list of guests I read about. You used to say you cared nothing about society. You seem to be running it hard enough now."

So that rankled still with him! I made a sudden effort to please him.

"If you knew how I hated it among the people, the old ones and the new ones too. I want to drop it all."

"That's where you are foolish. You've made some influential friends."

"Please!" I begged. "Let's not talk of it, Win dear. This is just the way we used to begin. Let's not do it again."

For answer he came over to me quickly and kissed me again. And as always, his kiss made me forget everything but my own great love for him.

"I'm different the place seems."

I said to start a new line of conversation, to get away from our dangerous topic.

I walked about, looking at the various new objects. A snapshot on the mantle caught my eye—Win and some men and women suits on a beach. Win, following me, gave me their names. Another picture showed Win standing by a canoe, and Gwen, easily recognized even in an amateur snapshot, sitting in the canoe. She took an extraordinarily good photograph; the test of anyone's appearance is always in these "snaps."

"You moved into my room," I began, wondering whether there was a small town in my mind moving.

"Yes, it had three windows. You know, my old room had only one," he answered, destroying the sentiment at once.

He opened the door and I went in, smiling at the change in a place that I had made so dainty and feminine. It was now, in spite of the delicate graceful lines of its furniture,

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QUARREL Chapter 93.

Naturally I resented being asked whether I was jealous! I was all the more resentful because I was jealous, furiously so, and because I was furious at myself for being jealous.

"It wasn't very nice of you to tear them up," I said.

"I wasn't very nice of you to leave," he answered. "You were the one that left me, you know. I had all the cause in the world to be angry."

"I never wanted to leave, Win," I began. "You practically drove me into doing it."

"How very foolish of you," he turned, walking back into the living room, with me following.

"Besides, I never saw you any way, even when I was living with you. You were always out. I only saw you when I went out on long tiresome parties."

He turned to face me, leaning against a table, his arms crossed, his velvet dressing gown still trailing his cord along the floor.

"You're just were you were a year ago," he said. "You have the same little prejudices, the same jealousies, the same stubborn way of looking at things."

"You went away and left me. Did you expect me to sit here and pine away? Now you come back and resent the fact that once in a while you were living your own way separate from mine. I went out and amused myself!"

I was hurt through and through. "Winthrop! What a way to put Win still had the power to hurt me awfully, one of the penalties of a great and sensitive love. I stood looking at him, wondering why I was in love with him when he could be so cruel and so unfair.

And yet, illogically, I was. It wasn't entirely because he was handsome, though he was one of the finest looking men I have ever seen. It wasn't because he was clever, though he had an amazing ability of picking things up quickly.

Win suffered from a one-sided education, the limited education of a small town. He had developed enormously when he got away among new people and cleverer people. He had the instinct for seeing the best thing to imitate, and

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You don't make the prospect cheerful," I answered dolefully. "I began to smooth out my gloves nervously. "You propose I come back to you and then suggest we live lives that are practically separate."

"What do you propose then?" Win lit the pipe with a match and threw it among the other black matches that littered the fireplace.

"I don't propose anything," I always wanted a little home and nice friends, sincere people that I could like and trust, and—well, books and concerts and lots of things like that, of course, but not so much. I like what they call home life, I suppose."

"How dull you make it sound. I sat quiet for a moment. Then I got up.

"It's no use, Win. We are still at opposite ends of the pole. You want the sort of thing I can't stand and I want something that bore you to death. Goodbye. I'm sorry I came, for you had another engagement this evening."

"A man to talk business, I'm glad to be out of it. Don't go. After all, we might try it. Connie, I do love you. I know you think Continued on Page 4

"You'll like the flavor"

KING COLE TEA

HELP FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Mrs. Holmberg Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Viking, Alta.—"From the time I was 15 years old I would get such sick feelings in the lower part of my abdomen, followed by cramps and vomiting. This kept me from my work (I help my parents on the farm) as I usually had to go to bed for the rest of the day. Or at times I would have to walk the floor. I suffered in this way until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had very satisfactory results so far and am recommending the Vegetable Compound to my friends. I'm surely glad I tried it for I feel like a different person now that I don't have these troubles."

—ODELLA HOLMBERG, Box 93, Viking, Alberta.

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When Back Hurts Flush Your Kidneys as You Clean Your Bowels.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, sometimes get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region begin drinking lots of water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is intended to flush clogged kidneys and help stimulate them to activity. It also helps neutralize the acids in the urine so they no longer irritate, thus helping to relieve bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water or drink which everybody should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean.

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