

THE LOVE PENDULUM

BY MARION RUBINCAM

THE RACE Chapter 19

"We'll run away," Winthrop said. And of course it never occurred to me that we could do anything else. Winthrop had said it! That seemed enough.

"She does things in a great hurry," she said when she had made up her mind. "I'm sorry, still starting at those two long telegrams."

"Well, we'll just do things in a greater hurry," Mrs. Taylor announced, and her tones had held more decision than even my aunt's did.

We began planning and trying to guess my aunt's probable actions. Evidently she had my letter telling of my engagement that morning early, for first telegram bore an hour early in the morning. Following that she had waited awhile for an answer—an impossibly short while we learned afterwards, and had then gone in to Boston.

From there she had caught a train to New York—she telegraphed the midnight train, but she might even have taken one earlier. It was only five or six hours—she had found a train earlier than the night one, she might be out in Wellsville next morning. If not, she would certainly arrive in the early afternoon, and if she took it into her head to take a special train there was no telling when she would come.

I jumped at every sound, sure it was my aunt coming up the porch. That night Mrs. Taylor helped me pack a few things into a suitcase. Next morning Win came for me about 6 o'clock and we drove to his mother's for an early breakfast. From there we went off in my car, out of Wellsville towards the north, through the lines of workmen walking southward to the plants. By 8 we were spinning through the clear morning air and the world was alive and singing as we drove through it.

"Happy?" I remember Win asking me. And I nodded, too excited over my elopement to speak.

We turned west towards Buffalo and arrived there in the afternoon. We were married that day and stayed in the city for two days. That had been arranged by Mrs. Taylor.

Looking back over the months and years of happiness and unhappiness that I have since been through, I remember two things that stand out clearly from my romantic elopement.

One was that Win was disappointed because I had not brought along one of my very stunning evening dresses so we could dress for dinner in the hotel.

"I'm always stared at when I wear those elaborate things," I told him.

"That's it! I want people to stare at you. I want the world to see what a beautiful wife I have. Think how they'll envy me!"

I smiled a little. I was pleased that he was proud of me. But I

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Webbwood, Ont.—"I was in a very weak and run-down nervous condition, always tired from the time I got up until I went to bed. Sleep did not rest me at all. My sister recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and others told me about it, but it was from my sister's advice that I took it. It did not take long until I felt stronger, headaches left me and my appetite came back to me. I am a farmer's wife and have many things to do outside the house, such as milking, looking after the poultry, and other chores. I heartily recommend the Vegetable Compound to all who have the same trouble I had, for it is a fine medicine for women."

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hated being stared at. In spite of the years when I had been dragged around to hotels much more ornate than the one we stopped at, and the numbers of social affairs Aunt Harriet had taken me to—in spite of all that, I never ceased to shrink from the frank stare of strange men and the furtive glances of inquisitive women.

"I don't want to know there is any world," I answered. "I only want to know that there's you."

The other thing was almost disagreeable. Our elopement of course must have been town talk by lunch time. Parker knew when I started that morning. Mrs. Taylor had people, and Winthrop's office had people, and an explanation as to why he did not appear. Some little reporter in the village may have wired it to one of the city papers. The name Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Taylor was on the hotel register, and the papers had no trouble then in connecting the two stories.

After all, I was Constance Bennett, niece to one of the most prominent women in New York!

A lot of publicity followed, the afternoon we started our drive back. I tried to escape from it, but Winthrop insisted on talking, and held the car while someone took snapshots of me.

I was almost annoyed at Winthrop. I drove home in the city and headed home. I was very quiet. Why should I feel annoyed at Win when we were only married two days!

It was dark when we drove into Wellsville. I was glad of that. For on the way we had planned to slip in quietly, put the car up at the public garage, and walk home to my little house.

Then next morning Win would go off to his office as usual, and as usual I would go out in the garden—and when Wellsville knew we were home it would find us already established and there could be no welcome party, no any fuss nor excitement.

We planned and laughed over it as we drove back, we even lingered at a road house for dinner, so as to be sure it would be late when we got in, and the people along "our street" already in bed.

Only one thing troubled me. I had forgotten the annoyance of the man with the camera—until dinner. In the late afternoon we stopped at a small town to buy gasoline, and I began buying the city papers. Though it seemed only a short time since we had left the city, still there had been opportunity for that picture to get into print and a story written of the elopement and the editions sent out on the fast trains. These were in the railroad station across from where we were buying gas.

"Look here!" Win cried laughing, and spread the papers out for me. I looked at headlines, small enough perhaps, but looming large in my eyes, because my name was in them.

"New York Debutante Elopes," one said. "Heiress to Millions Marries Village Youth," another paper put it.

And so it went. One paper had a picture of me—one I had posed for months and months before, when Aunt Harriet still had the idea of making a social butterfly out of me. The stories, which Win read to me while I took the wheel and drove, were the strangest mixture of fact and fiction. I was an heiress to millions but preferred the quiet life to the city's gaiety, one said another that I had spent my life in boarding schools abroad, another that I was supposed to be studying for the opera!

"Aunt Harriet has gotten excited and talked, or else they've been listening to some of the rumors that ran around the village about you when you first came," Win chuckled, as he read. "Someone in the sanatorium heard you singing scales in your room one day and decided you had such a good voice you must be an opera singer. I know who let out all this wild gossip, the little editor of the weekly paper in Wellsville."

"It's a peach of a picture of you," Win went on, looking at the snapshot. "Good of the car too. Wasn't I modest? I sat on the other side—I don't get in at all."

"You might have been the whole picture, as far as I am concerned," I answered jolly. Win tossed the papers into the back of the car.

"Funny child!" he said. "Aren't you glad I'm proud of you?"

doing ugly work. If Parker goes we get a maid."

"You might have waited until I came, at least."

"But you see, if I had, you might have taken her off to New York," Win delivered this with a charming smile. He was, as he said later, "taking the wind from her sails," and she felt it: It made her angrier because it took away all her arguments.

"I should certainly have taken her back to New York with me," she said. "I shall do that anyway—tomorrow, since there's no train to-night."

"But—" I began. Then I stopped, catching her glance. Aunt Harriet could always freeze me to my marrow which she drew herself up in that manner.

She was a very handsome woman, this Mrs. Bradley Bennett. She was, as her friends said, "one of the Bennetts." I never in my life met those who were merely Bennetts, so I never knew what the difference between a Bennett and the Bennetts was. It gave me nothing that I could recognize, but it did give Aunt Harriet a superb bearing.

She was very tall, too tall, but she had overcome this fault by learning to carry herself beautifully. She once had red hair; it was white now and always exquisitely marcelled. She had kept her lovely skin and she had kept her slender, young figure. She dressed to perfection, wearing only certain colors that she knew become her—soft greens, a great deal of black and white, a certain brick dust red, and a very dull shade that she used sparingly. It was very clever of her, for when one saw these shades, one thought of Mrs. Bradley Bennett.

And she affected long necklaces of strange colored stones and no other jewelry but her wedding ring. "Win had crossed the room again and stood in front of her."

"I'm sorry you have any idea of going tomorrow, much less of taking Constance," he said quietly. "We hoped you would stay with us for awhile."

"Well, I'm not ready to slip in quietly, put the car up at the public garage, and walk home to my little house."

She assumed the solemn, important manner of one conducting a funeral and led the way into the hall. She even regarded me with the kind and sympathetic manner that one might use in looking upon the chief mourner. It began to affect my nerves immediately.

Two women were in our living room. Aunt Harriet sat erect in the one big arm chair, Win's mother was one big arm chair, trying to look at ease, punched up, trying to look at ease in the most uncomfortable seat in the room.

I suppose it was an amusing tableau, but then I was not ready to see its fun. Aunt Harriet had so well the air of taking the best of the poor little dwelling afforded, but too much a martyr to politeness, to say so. And she had our best chair, too. Whereas Mrs. Taylor, who truly must have been suffering from physical discomfort in the wooden chair, had the air of pathetically making the best of it, and of trying to be cheerful at the same time. Afterwards I wondered what those two ever talked about.

Win and I stood in the door, and I still felt like a naughty child. "Why Aunt Harriet, it's sweet of you to come," I murmured mechanically, to break the awful silence.

"It is," Aunt Harriet said. "There was no one to meet me, I had to find this place by myself with an imbecile taxi man—jimmy man, he called himself."

"I'm so glad you got here safely," I murmured again, crossing the room and kissing her. She presented a very cold cheek.

"This is my husband," I went on, putting a hand around to hunt Win. By that time I needed physical as well as mental support.

Aunt Harriet turned to him, leaving me for a moment—a moment I took advantage of to go over and kiss Mrs. Taylor.

Win saved the situation. "You needn't pretend you're glad to see me, Mrs. Bennett," he said. "I know just how you feel, I feel the same in your place."

"At least you are frank," Aunt Harriet said, and a little advantage. Win had gained a little advantage. "I shall try to be polite or even conventional. I've been sitting here two solid days, while you—you—"

"While I was running off with your niece," Win said. "I know how angry you are, I don't blame you. Only you would have done the same thing in my place."

He went over to kiss his mother. Somehow I felt he had the advantage again. There's no way to be angry at a person who admits his fault!

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"I don't be quite frank," she said. "You've married my niece, and I had my niece's future planned in an entirely different way. I can see how she would be attracted to your type. You'll probably make her a good husband, as the saying goes. But what will you offer her?"

"Your mother says you have money in her trust. So you'll be able to live very well. She says in the best house in the village. She says between your salary and the income due you from your estate you'll be rich. We needn't mention an attitude of complete indifference which was more provoking than her old manner."

"I haven't told you, Mother," Win said, turning towards the little lady, "that the Tankerville people promised me they would put me in their New York office when I wanted to go. I asked them when I became engaged to Constance, because I knew we would not want to be here forever."

"My niece, one of the Bennetts, living on an office man's salary!" Aunt Harriet burst out indignantly. "I won't have it!" She turned around to me, her face showing her anger, her eyes flashing.

"You certainly shall have your allowance. I won't allow you to live in some tiny uptown flat, and do your work—I won't allow it. If you have been silly enough to marry a poor man you'll just come live with me, both of you. I won't allow my niece—"

She stopped, because little Mrs. Taylor was walking across the room towards her. That little lady's face was full of anger too. This time all the gray had gone out of it, she was animated, her cheeks pink, even her flat limp gray hair showed a little life.

"She hasn't married a poor man," she began indignantly. "I won't have anyone call my Winthrop poor. He's got a lot of money. He can have all he wants of it any time he wants."

"I don't care whether your niece has money or not, she hasn't as much as my son! He didn't try to better himself by marrying an heiress as you think! He could marry anyone, and I'll give him a handsome allowance!"

"And keep me here at home, Mother," Win put in. "Yes, much good money does him here." Aunt Harriet made a gesture that included all Wellsville in one supreme contempt.

"Mrs. Taylor burst out still more indignantly. "Well, that settles it. Then we go. You are both of you very charming ladies!"

And Win went over to his mother and put his arms around her. He kissed her. Then he went to my Aunt Harriet. He stood in front of her for a moment, a moment in which his heart stood perfectly still. He looked down at her, she held her eye expression. Which one was going to win out this time?

one month, simply to put this magnificent visitor in her place. "We'll economize, and I don't want a car," I put in.

"You can't live on less than \$15,000," my aunt declared. "Winthrop says he can make \$2,000, his mother will give him some, and I'll have to give you the rest."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, I'll give him all that's needed." This was snapped out by Mrs. Taylor. Win and I sat by, while our relations glared at each other and worked out our destiny. I was worried, Win amused.

In one he wanted. No wonder he was pleased. And so it was finally settled. Winthrop and I spent two weeks in my little house in Wellsville, two weeks of the most perfect happiness I had ever known. Then we went to the city.

But meantime I had two weeks to do just as I wanted. I got up when the morning was fresh and cool and worked in my little garden in one of my voluminous crumpled aprons, I made biscuits for lunch and sandwiches for my afternoon tea parties. Ella and Margery and Ted and Bill and the Ames and Mother Taylor and all the rest of them came around my tea table, and in the evening we had tiny informal dinners, or a few of us sat about and played cards.

And best of all were the evenings when we were left to ourselves. Then we sat out in the wicker chairs under the stars, and Win smoked and I leaned back in the corner of the hammock.

And the evening air was cool and fragrant. It was late in August then, it would be nearly September by the time we were in the city. Win was full of his new plans. Taylor was a sometimes pleased about it and sometimes lugubrious. "She wouldn't let me go," she said. "I told her, 'except for the fact that I married you. She says you have such a sensible head on your shoulders that you'll be able to handle the money part of my affairs, whereas I never could. She's right, too. I have no sense of money. I always spend everything I have and I never seem to get anything for it. But since you'll be along to look after me, Mother seems to think it will be all right.'"

"It's so nice to have you to take care of," I answered. And Win came over and kissed me. And next of all were the evenings when we did not even talk, but sat quietly, sometimes hand in hand, while I leaned back looking at Win's fortune to him to visit in

THE SURPRISE Chapter 23

Win could not have chosen a more dramatic moment to make his announcement. We three women turned and looked at him in the utmost astonishment.

"I'm going to bring her to the city," he said.

Of course it was not so much a surprise to Aunt Harriet, but it was an entirely new idea to me, for our way home in the car that afternoon, we had been making plans for doing over an old farm house on the edge of the town. But this statement was astonished by the fact that Win's mother had perfectly quiet, sitting over in her corner of the room and listening to the verbal war between her son and my aunt.

Now she got up and came across the room to him. "But what do you mean?" she asked. "How are you going to the city?"

Winthrop by this time was completely master of the whole situation. He had gone cheerfully into an argument with my very aunt and he had won it. I did not know then that with his mother he never had to do with whether or not he should be allowed to leave home. Having won one victory, Winthrop felt inspired to go out and win another.

"Everything that Mrs. Bennett says is quite true," he announced. "Constance would never be happy in this place."

"But I am crazy about it," I interrupted. "You will get over that," he told me. "It's new to you and you think it's wonderful. In a few months you will be as tired of it as I am at this minute. Mother would never allow me to leave because I've never felt I was grown up. She can't see that argument now because I'm married and head of a family."

He turned to smile at me when he said this. "Besides," he went on, "I have no future here. I have to make my way in the world, or Connie will never be satisfied with me."

"Of course I should," I hurried to say. Fancy never being satisfied with Win!

I looked up at his tall figure. He seemed so much the hero to me, though the only thing I knew he had won, was a victory over an angry aunt. Otherwise I knew

nothing of him—yet I was sure he was endowed with all the heroic qualities.

"But—how will you live?" Mrs. Taylor asked. "Your salary now is only fifteen—"

"Yes, I suppose you know the city costs more!" Aunt Harriet put in. "And you'll have to find a position," his mother went on. "That will take time. And you can't do anything but the work you've been in at the plant here. And you won't be able to live decently—"

"Possibly Mr. Taylor considers that since he has married a rich girl his own position does not matter," my aunt said icily.

"I'm not a rich girl. Win and I agreed that I do not take any of my allowance from now on," I put in.

"Which seems to me to make matters worse," Aunt Harriet remarked. And then she relaxed into an attitude of complete indifference which was more provoking than her old manner.

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THE JOURNEY Chapter 24

And then Win did the sweetest and most tactful thing I had ever seen. He reached over and took my aunt's hand and kissed it with all the gallantry of an old time knight.

And Aunt Harriet relented. After all, she was only human and she was feminine, and Win had an attractive personality. She began to smile.

"You are a trump, Mrs. Bennett," Win said.

Once again he showed extraordinary tact.

"You may call me Aunt Harriet," she said graciously. She was pleased that he made no attempt to be on a familiar footing with her until she gave permission.

"Thank you, Aunt Harriet," Win answered.

"And now," Aunt Harriet began with a business-like air, "we might as well begin to talk practical details. Are you sure of this place in the city? How much will you make out of it?"

"I'm fairly sure of it, and I won't make much," Win answered frankly. "But it's an opening wedge. The salary would only be \$2,000 a year, possibly less. If I had only that to count on I would not have asked Connie to run away with me. But you see my father had a large estate and when he died, he left it in trust for me with my mother. I was to believe I would grow up to have much sense. I hope to prove him wrong. If my mother consented to my going, she can give me an allowance of \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year, that will make, say, \$5,000 altogether."

"I spent \$5,000 on Constance's gowns last year and her taxi bills were \$800. I bought her a car, that cost \$5,000, at a rough estimate. Your apartment will be \$3,000 a year, probably \$5,000; your furniture about \$4,000 to start with; your maids will cost a couple more, and you have your living expenses after that."

I never heard such details discussed before—I took them for granted. I always had had a great deal of money—Mrs. Taylor, how ever gaped.

"You can live like a king here on \$20,000 a year," she said.

"Here! Well, of course, if Winthrop stays here—"

"That's all right, if he needs \$20,000 a year he can have it," the little old lady said fiercely. I believe she was so angry then that she would have turned over all her fortune to him to visit in

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THE IDEAL WAY:—They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.—Isaiah 41:6.

DELIVERANCE:—For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.—Psalm 112:1.

TO UNDERSTAND:—Make me to understand the way of thy precepts, so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.—Psalm 119:27.

GET THE TRUTH:—Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.—Proverbs 23:23.

IT PROFITETH NOTHING:—Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.—1 Corinthians 13:3.

MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT:—Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet.—Psalms 8:6.

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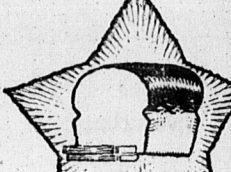
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BOY IS DROWNED IN ALBERT COUNTY

HOPEWELL, HILL, July 13.—Gerald Galbraith, aged four years was drowned at Kierstead Dam while fishing for trout on Sunday afternoon. The boy and little girl companions, were in the dam when the boy fell into twelve feet of water. His companions were unable to give assistance. The coroner, Dr. Ray, held an inquest and a verdict of accidental drowning was returned. The little boy was the grandson of Mrs. Kent of New Ireland.

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