The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

David Graham Phillips

Table of Contents

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

David Graham Phillips

Etext by
Robert Rowe, Charles Franks
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

CHAPTER I. MR. CRAIG ARRAYS HIMSELF

It was one of the top−floor−rear flats in the Wyandotte, not merely biggest of Washington's apartment hotels, but also "most exclusive"—which is the elegant way of saying most expensive. The Wyandotte had gone up before landlords grasped the obvious truth that in a fire−proof structure locations farthest from noise and dust should and could command highest prices; so Joshua Craig's flat was the cheapest in the house. The ninety dollars a month loomed large in his eyes, focused to little−town ideas of values; it was, in fact, small for shelter in "the de luxe district of the de luxe quarter," to quote Mrs. Senator Mulvey, that simple, far− Western soul, who, finding snobbishness to be the chief distinguishing mark of the Eastern upper classes, assumed it was a virtue, acquired it laboriously, and practiced it as openly and proudly as a preacher does piety. Craig's chief splendor was a sitting−room, called a parlor and bedecked in the red plush and Nottingham that represent hotel men's probably shrewd guess at the traveling public's notion of interior opulence. Next the sitting− room, and with the same dreary outlook, or, rather, downlook, upon disheveled and squalid back yards, was a dingy box of a bedroom. Like the parlor, it was outfitted with furniture that had degenerated upward, floor by floor, from the spacious and luxurious first−floor suites. Between the two rooms, in dark mustiness, lay a bathroom with suspicious−looking, wood−inclosed plumbing; the rusted iron of the tub peered through scuffs and seams in the age−grayed porcelain.

Arkwright glanced from the parlor where he was sitting into the gloom of the open bathroom and back again. His cynical brown−green eyes paused upon a scatter of clothing, half−hiding the badly− rubbed red plush of the sofa—a mussy flannel nightshirt with mothholes here and there; kneed trousers, uncannily reminiscent of a rough and strenuous wearer; a smoking−jacket that, after a youth of cheap gayety, was now a frayed and tattered wreck, like an old tramp, whose "better days" were none too good. On the radiator stood a pair of wrinkled shoes that had never known trees; their soles were curved like rockers. An old pipe clamored at his nostrils, though it was on the table near the window, the full length of the room from him. Papers and books were strewn about everywhere. It was difficult to believe these unkempt and uncouth surroundings, and the personality that had created them, were actually being harbored behind the walls of the Wyandotte.

"What a hole!" grumbled Arkwright. He was in evening clothes, so correct in their care and in their carelessness that even a woman would have noted and admired. "What a mess! What a hole!"

"How's that?" came from the bedroom in an aggressive voice, so penetrating that it seemed loud, though it was not, and much roughened by open−air speaking. "What are you growling about?"

Arkwright raised his tone: "Filthy hole!" said he. "Filthy mess!"

Now appeared in the bedroom door a tall young man of unusual strength and nearly perfect proportions. The fine head was carried commandingly; with its crop of dark, matted hair it suggested the rude, fierce figure−head of a Viking galley; the huge, aggressively−masculine features proclaimed ambition, energy, intelligence. To see Josh Craig was to have instant sense of the presence of a personality. The contrast between him standing half− dressed in the doorway and the man seated in fashionable and cynically−critical superciliousness was more than a matter of exteriors. Arkwright, with features carved, not hewn as were Craig's, handsome in civilization's over−trained, overbred extreme, had an intelligent, superior look also. But it was the look of expertness in things hardly worth the trouble of learning; it was aristocracy's highly−prized air of the dog that leads in the bench show and tails in the field. He was like a firearm polished and incrusted with gems and hanging in a connoisseur's wall−case; Josh was like a battle−tested rifle in the sinewy hands of an Indian in full war−paint. Arkwright showed that he had physical strength, too; but it was of the kind got at the gymnasium and at gentlemanly sport—the kind that wins only where the rules are carefully refined and amateurized. Craig's figure had the solidity, the tough fiber of things grown in the open air, in the cold, wet hardship of the wilderness.

Arkwright's first glance of admiration for this figure of the forest and the teepee changed to a mingling of amusement and irritation. The barbarian was not clad in the skins of wild beasts, which would have set him off superbly, but was trying to get himself arrayed for a fashionable ball. He had on evening trousers, pumps, black cotton socks with just enough silk woven in to give them the shabby, shamed air of having been caught in a snobbish pretense at being silk. He was buttoning a shirt torn straight down the left side of the bosom from collar−band to end of tail; and the bosom had the stiff, glassy glaze that advertises the cheap laundry.

"Didn't you write me I must get an apartment in this house?" demanded he.

"Not in the attic," rejoined Arkwright.

"I can't afford anything better."

"You can't afford anything so bad."

"Bad!"

Craig looked round as pleased as a Hottentot with a string of colored glass beads. "Why, I've got a private sitting−room AND a private bath! I never was so well−off before in my life. I tell you, Grant, I'm not surprised any more that you Easterners get effete and worthless. I begin to like this lolling in luxury, and I keep the bell−boys on the jump. Won't you have something to drink?"

Arkwright pointed his slim cane at the rent in the shirt. "What are you going to do with that?" said he.

"This? Oh!"—Josh thrust his thick backwoods−man's hand in the tear—"Very simple. A safety−pin or so from the lining of the vest—excuse me, waistcoat—into the edge of the bosom."

"Splendid!" ejaculated Arkwright. "Superb!"

Craig, with no scent for sarcasm so delicate, pushed on with enthusiasm: "The safety−pin's the mainstay of bachelor life," said he rhetorically. "It's his badge of freedom. Why, I can even repair socks with it!"

"Throw that shirt away," said Arkwright, with a contemptuous switch of his cane. "Put on another. You're not dressing for a shindy in a shack."

"But it's the only one of my half−dozen that has a bang−up bosom."

"Bang−up? That sheet of mottled mica?"

Craig surveyed the shiny surface ruefully. "What's the matter with this?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," replied Arkwright, in disgust. "Only, it looks more like something to roof a house with than like linen for a civilized man."

Craig reared. "But, damn it, Grant, I'm not civilized. I'm a wild man, and I'm going to stay wild. I belong to the common people, and it's my game—and my preference, too—to stick to them. I'm willing to make concessions; I'm not a fool. I know there was a certain amount of truth in those letters you took the trouble to write me from Europe. I know that to play the game here in Washington I've got to do something in society. But"—here Josh's eyes flashed, and he bent on his friend a look that was impressive—"I'm still going to be myself. I'll make 'em accept me as I am. Dealing with men as individuals, I make them do what *I* want, make 'em like me as I am."

"Every game has its own rules," said Arkwright. "You'll get on better—quicker—go further—here if you'll learn a few elementary things. I don't see that wearing a whole shirt decently done up is going to compromise any principles. Surely you can do that and still be as common as you like. The people look up to the fellow that's just a little better dressed than they."

Josh eyed Arkwright in the way that always made him wonder whether he was in full possession of the secret of this strenuous young Westerner. "But," said he, "they love and trust the man who will have nothing which all may not have. The shirt will do for this evening." And he turned back into the bedroom.

Arkwright reflected somewhat uncomfortably. He felt that he himself was right; yet he could not deny that "Josh's cheap demagoguery" sounded fine and true. He soon forgot the argument in the study of his surroundings. "You're living like a wild beast here, Josh," he presently called out. "You must get a valet."

A loud laugh was the reply.

"Or a wife," continued Arkwright. Then, in the voice of one announcing an inspiration, "Yes—that's it! A wife!"

Craig reappeared. He had on his waistcoat and coat now, and his hair was brushed. Arkwright could not but admit that the personality took the edge off the clothes; even the "mottled mica"—the rent was completely hid—seemed to have lost the worst of its glaze and stiffness. "You'll do, Josh," said he. "I spoke too quickly. If I hadn't accidentally been thrust into the innermost secrets of your toilet I'd never have suspected." He looked the Westerner over with gentle, friendly patronage. "Yes, you'll do. You look fairly well at a glance—and a man's clothes rarely get more than that."

Craig released his laugh upon his fastidious friend's judicial seriousness. "The trouble with you, Grant, is you've never lived a human life. You've always been sheltered and pampered, lifted in and out of bed by valets, had a suit of clothes for every hour in the day. I don't see how it is I happen to like you." And in Craig's face and

voice there was frankly the condescension of superior to undoubted inferior.

Arkwright seemed to be wavering between resentment and amused disdain. Then he remembered the circumstances of their first acquaintance—those frightful days in the Arizona desert, without food, with almost no water, and how this man had been absolute ruler of the party of lost and dying men; how he had forced them to march on and on, with entreaties, with curses, with blows finally; how he had brought them to safety—all as a matter of course, without any vanity or boasting—had been leader by divine right of strength of body and soul. Grant turned his eyes from Craig, for there were tears in them. "I don't see why you like me, either, Josh," said he. "But you do—and—damn it all, I'd die for you."

"I guess you'll come pretty near dying of shame before this evening's over," laughed Craig. "This is the first time in my life I ever was in a fashionable company."

"There's nothing to be frightened about," Grant assured him.

"Frightened!" Josh laughed boisterously—Arkwright could have wished he would temper that laugh. "I—frightened by a bunch of popinjays? You see, it's not really in the least important whether they like me or not—at least, not to me. I'll get there, anyhow. And when I do, I'll deal with them according to their deserts. So they'd better hustle to get solid with me."

In the two years since he had seen Craig, Arkwright had almost forgotten his habit of bragging and blowing about himself—what he had done, what he was going to do. The newspapers, the clippings Josh sent him, had kept him informed of the young Minnesotan's steady, rapid rise in politics; and whenever he recalled the absurd boasting that had made him feel Craig would never come to anything, he assumed it was a weakness of youth and inexperience which had, no doubt, been conquered. But, no; here was the same old, conceited Josh, as crudely and vulgarly self−confident as when he was twenty−five and just starting at the law in a country town. Yet Arkwright could not but admit there had been more than a grain of truth in Craig's former self−laudations, that there was in victories won a certain excuse for his confidence about the future. This young man, not much beyond thirty, with a personality so positive and so rough that he made enemies right and left, rousing the envy of men to fear that here was an ambition which must be downed or it would become a tyranny over them—this young man, by skill at politics and by sympathetic power with people in the mass, had already compelled a President who didn't like him to appoint him to the chief post under an Attorney−General who detested him.

"How are you getting on with the Attorney−General?" asked Arkwright, as they set out in his electric brougham.

"He's getting on with me much better," replied Craig, "now that he has learned not to trifle with me."

"Stillwater is said to be a pretty big man," said Arkwright warningly.

"The bigger the man, the easier to frighten," replied Josh carelessly, "because the more he's got to lose. But it's a waste of time to talk politics to you. Grant, old man, I'm sick and worn out, and how lonesome! I'm successful. But what of that, since I'm miserable? If it wasn't for my sense of duty, by Heaven, I sometimes think I'd drop it all and go back to Wayne."

"Don't do that, Josh!" exclaimed Arkwright. "Don't let the country go rolling off to ruin!"

"Like all small creatures," said Craig, "you take serious matters lightly, and light matters seriously. You right a moment ago when you said I needed a wife."

"That's all settled," said Grant. "I'm going to get you one."

"A woman doesn't need a man—if she isn't too lazy to earn a living," pursued Craig. "But what's a man without a woman about?"

"You want a wife, and you want her quick," said Arkwright.

"You saw what a condition my clothes are in. Then, I need somebody to talk with."

"To talk to," corrected Grant.

"I can't have you round all the time to talk to."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Arkwright. "You never talk about anything but yourself."

"Some day, my boy," said Josh, with his grave good humor of the great man tolerating the antics of a mountebank, "you'll appreciate it wasn't the subject that was dull, but the ears. For the day'll come when everybody'll be thinking and talking about me most of the time."

Arkwright grinned. "It's lucky you don't let go before everybody like that."

"Yes, but I do," rejoined Craig. "And why not? They can't stop my going ahead. Besides, it's not a bad

idea"—he nodded, with that shrewdness which was the great, deep−lying vein in his nature— "not at all a bad idea, to have people think you a frank, loose− mouthed, damn fool—IF you ain't. Ambition's a war. And it's a tremendous advantage to lead your enemies to underestimate you. That's one reason why I ALWAYS win...So you're going TO TRY to get me a wife?"

"I'm going to get you one—one of the sort you need. You need a woman who'll tame you down and lick you into shape."

Craig smiled scornfully.

"One who'll know how to smooth the enemies you make with your rough−and−tumble manners; one who'll win friends for you socially—"

Josh made a vehement gesture of dissent. "Not on your life!" cried he. "Of course, my wife must be a lady, and interested in my career. But none of your meddling politicians in petticoats for me! I'll do my own political maneuvering. I want a woman, not a bad imitation of a man."

"Well, let that go," said Arkwright. "Also, she ought to be able to supply you with funds for your political machinery."

Josh sat up as if this were what he had been listening for.

"That's right!" cried he. "Politics is hell for a poor man, nowadays. The people are such thoughtless, short−sighted fools—" He checked himself, and in a different tone went on: "However, I don't mean exactly that—"

"You needn't hedge, Josh, with me."

"I don't want you to be thinking I'm looking for a rich woman."

"Not at all—not at all," laughed his friend.

"If she had too much money it'd be worse for my career than if she had none at all."

"I understand," said Arkwright.

"Enough money to make me independent—if I should get in a tight place," continued Josh. "Yes, I must marry. The people are suspicious of a bachelor. The married men resent his freedom—even the happily married ones. And all the women, married and single, resent his not surrendering."

"I never suspected you of cynicism."

"Yes," continued Craig, in an instantly and radically changed tone, "the people like a married man, a man with children. It looks respectable, settled. It makes 'em feel he's got a stake in the country—a home and property to defend. Yes, I want a wife."

"I don't see why you've neglected it so long."

"Too busy."

"And too—ambitious," suggested Arkwright.

"What do you mean?" demanded Josh, bristling.

"You thought you'd wait to marry until you were nearer your final place in the world. Being cut out for a king, you know—why, you thought you'd like a queen—one of those fine, delicate ladies you'd read about."

Craig's laugh might have been confession, it might have been mere amusement. "I want a wife that suits me," said he. "And I'll get her."

It was Arkwright's turn to be amused. "There's one game you don't in the least understand," said he.

"What game is that?"

"The woman game."

Craig shrugged contemptuously. "Marbles! Jacks!" Then he added: "Now that I'm about ready to marry, I'll look the offerings over." He clapped his friend on the shoulder. "And you can bet your last cent I'll take what I want."

"Don't be too sure," jeered Arkwright.

The brougham was passing a street lamp that for an instant illuminated Craig's face. Again Arkwright saw the expression that made him feel extremely uncertain of the accuracy of his estimates of the "wild man's" character.

"Yes, I'll get her," said Josh, "and for a reason that never occurs to you shallow people. I get what I want because what I want wants me—for the same reason that the magnet gets the steel."

Arkwright looked admiringly at his friend's strong, aggressive face.

"You're a queer one, Josh," said he. "Nothing ordinary about you."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed Craig. "Now for the plunge."

CHAPTER II. IN THE BEST SOCIETY

Grant's electric had swung in at the end of the long line of carriages of all kinds, from coach of ambassador and costly limousine of multi−millionaire to humble herdic wherein poor, official grandee's wife and daughter were feeling almost as common as if they had come in a street car or afoot. Josh Craig, leaning from the open window, could see the grand entrance under the wide and lofty porte−cochere—the women, swathed in silk and fur, descending from the carriages and entering the wide−flung doors of the vestibule; liveries, flowers, lights, sounds of stringed instruments, intoxicating glimpses of magnificence at windows, high and low. And now the electric was at the door. He and Arkwright sprang out, hastened up the broad steps. His expression amused Arkwright; it was intensely self−conscious, resolutely indifferent—the kind of look that betrays tempestuous inward perturbations and misgivings. "Josh is a good deal of a snob, for all his brave talk," thought he. "But," he went on to reflect, "that's only human. We're all impressed by externals, no matter what we may pretend to ourselves and to others. I've been used to this sort of thing all my life and I know how little there is in it, yet I'm in much the same state of bedazzlement as Josh."

Josh had a way of answering people's thoughts direct which Arkwright sometimes suspected was not altogether accidental. He now said: "But there's a difference between your point of view and mine. You take this seriously through and through. I laugh at it in the bottom of my heart, and size it up at its true value. I'm like a child that don't really believe in goblins, yet likes the shivery effects of goblin stories."

"I don't believe in goblins, either," said Arkwright.

"You don't believe in anything else," said Josh.

Arkwright steered him through the throng, and up to the hostess— Mrs. Burke, stout, honest, with sympathy in her eyes and humor in the lines round her sweet mouth. "Well, Josh," she said in a slow, pleasant monotone, "you HAVE done a lot of growing since I saw you. I always knew you'd come to some bad end. And here you are— in politics and in society. Gus!"

A tall, haughty−looking young woman, standing next her, turned and fixed upon Craig a pair of deep, deep eyes that somehow flustered him. Mrs. Burke presented him, and he discovered that it was her daughter−in−law. While she was talking with Arkwright, he examined her toilette. He thought it startling—audacious in its display of shoulders and back—until he got over his dazed, dazzled feeling, and noted the other women about. Wild horses could not have dragged it from him, but he felt that this physical display was extremely immodest; and at the same time that he eagerly looked his face burned. "If I do pick one of these," said he to himself, "I'm jiggered if I let her appear in public dressed this way. Why, out home women have been white−capped for less."

Arkwright had drifted away from him; he let the crowd gently push him toward the wall, into the shelter of a clump of palms and ferns. There, with his hands in his pockets, and upon his face what he thought an excellent imitation of Arkwright's easy, bored expression of thinly−veiled cynicism, he surveyed the scene and tried to judge it from the standpoint of the "common people." His verdict was that it was vain, frivolous, unworthy, beneath the serious consideration of a man of affairs such as he. But he felt that he was not quite frank, in fact was dishonest, with himself in this lofty disdain. It represented what he ought to feel, not what he actually was feeling. "At least," said he to himself, "I'll never confess to any one that I'm weak enough to be impressed by this sort of thing. Anyhow, to confess a weakness is to encourage it... No wonder society is able to suck in and destroy so many fellows of my sort! If *I* am tempted what must it mean to the ordinary man?" He noted with angry shame that he felt a swelling of pride because he, of so lowly an origin, born no better than the machine−like lackeys, had been able to push himself in upon—yes, up among—these people on terms of equality. And it was, for the moment, in vain that he reminded himself that most of them were of full as lowly origin as he; that few indeed could claim to be more than one generation removed from jack−boots and jeans; that the most elegant had more relations among the "vulgar herd" than they had among the "high folks."

"What are you looking so glum and sour about?" asked Arkwright.

He startled guiltily. So, his mean and vulgar thoughts had been reflected in his face. "I was thinking of the case I have to try before the Supreme Court next week," said he.

"Well, I'll introduce you to one of the Justices—old Towler. He comes of the 'common people,' like you. But

he dearly loves fashionable society—makes himself ridiculous going to balls and trying to flirt. It'll do you no end of good to meet these people socially. You'll be surprised to see how respectful and eager they'll all be if you become a recognized social favorite. For real snobbishness give me your friends, the common people, when they get up where they can afford to put on airs. Why, even the President has a sneaking hankering after fashionable people. I tell you, in Washington EVERYTHING goes by social favor, just as it does in London—and would in Paris if fashionable society would deign to notice the Republic."

"Introduce me to old Towler," said Craig, curt and bitter. He was beginning to feel that Arkwright was at least in part right; and it angered him for the sake of the people from whom he had sprung, and to whom he had pledged his public career. "Then," he went on, "I'm going home. And you'll see me among these butterflies and hoptoads no more."

"Can't trust yourself, eh?" suggested Arkwright.

Craig flashed exaggerated scorn that was confession.

"I'll do better than introduce you to Towler," proceeded Arkwright. "I'll present you to his daughter—a dyed and padded old horror, but very influential with her father and all the older crowd. Sit up to her, Josh. You can lay the flattery on as thick as her paint and as high as her topknot of false hair. If she takes to you your fortune's made."

"I tell you, my fortune is not dependent on—" began Craig vehemently.

"Cut it out, old man," interrupted Arkwright. "No stump speeches here. They don't go. They bore people and create an impression that you're both ridiculous and hypocritical."

Arkwright left Josh with Towler's daughter, Mrs. Raymond, who was by no means the horror Arkwright's language of fashionable exaggeration had pictured, and who endured Craig's sophomoric eulogies of "your great and revered father," because the eulogist was young and handsome, and obviously anxious to please her. As Arkwright passed along the edge of the dancers a fan reached out and touched him on the arm. He halted, faced the double line of women, mostly elderly, seated on the palm−roofed dais extending the length of that end of the ballroom.

"Hel−LO!" called he. "Just the person I was looking for. How is Margaret this evening?"

"As you see," replied the girl, unfurling the long fan of eagle plumes with which she had tapped him. "Sit down.... Jackie"—this to a rosy, eager−faced youth beside her—"run away and amuse yourself. I want to talk seriously to this elderly person."

"I'm only seven years older than you," said Arkwright, as he seated himself where Jackie had been vainly endeavoring to induce Miss Severence to take him seriously.

"And I am twenty−eight, and have to admit to twenty−four," said Margaret.

"Don't frown that way. It makes wrinkles; and what's more unsightly than a wrinkled brow in a woman?"

"I don't in the least care," replied the girl. "I've made up my mind to stop fooling and marry."

"Jackie?"

"If I can't do better." She laughed a low, sweet laugh, like her voice; and her voice suggested a leisurely brook flitting among mossy stones. "You see, I've lost that first bloom of youth the wife−pickers prize so highly. I'm not unsophisticated enough to please them. And I haven't money enough to make them overlook such defects as maturity and intelligence—in fact, I've no money at all."

"You were never so good−looking in your life," said Grant. "I recall you were rather homely as a child and merely nice and fresh−looking when you came out. You're one of those that improve with time."

"Thanks," said the girl dryly. She was in no mood for the barren blossom of non−marrying men's compliments.

"The trouble with you is the same as with me," pursued he. "We've both spent our time with the young married set, where marriage is regarded as a rather stupid joke. You ought to have stuck to the market−place until your business was settled."

She nodded a thoughtful assent. "Yes, that was my sad mistake," said she. "However, I'm going to do my best to repair it."

He reflected. "You must marry money," he declared, as if it were a verdict.

"Either some one who's got it or some one who can get it."

"Some one who's got it, I'd advise."

"Bad advice," commented the girl, her hazel eyes gazing dreamily, languorously into the distance. She looked a woman on romance bent, a woman without a mercenary thought in her head. "Very bad advice," she went on. "Men who've got money may lose it and be unable to make any more. What a helpless thing YOU'D be but for what you have inherited and will inherit. Yet you're above the average of our sort."

"Humph!" said Arkwright, with an irritated laugh. Humor at his expense was a severe strain upon him. It always is to those whose sense of humor is keen; for they best appreciate the sting that lies in the pleasantest jest.

"It would be wiser—if one dared be wise," pursued the girl, "to marry a man who could get money. That kind of man is safest. Only death or insanity can make him a disappointment."

Arkwright eyed her curiously. "What a good head you've got on you, Rita," said he. "Like your grandmother."

The girl shivered slightly. "Don't SPEAK of her!" she exclaimed with an uneasy glance around. And Grant knew he was correct in his suspicion as to who was goading and lashing her to hasten into matrimony.

"Well—have you selected your—"

As Arkwright hesitated she supplied, "Victim." They laughed, she less enthusiastically than he. "Though," she added, "I assure you, I'll make him happy. It takes intelligence to make a man happy, even if he wants the most unintelligent kind of happiness. And you've just admitted I'm not stupid."

Arkwright was studying her. He had a sly instinct that there was a reason deeper than their old and intimate friendship for her reposing this extreme of confidence in him. No doubt she was not without a vague hope that possibly this talk might set him to thinking of her as a wife for himself. Well, why not? He ought to marry, and he could afford it. Where would he find a more ladylike person—or where one who was at the same time so attractive? He studied, with a certain personal interest, her delicate face, her figure, slim and gracefully curved, as her evening dress fully revealed it. Yes, a charming, most ladylike figure. And the skin of her face, of neck and shoulders, was beautifully white, and of the texture suggesting that it will rub if too impetuously caressed. Yes, a man would hesitate to kiss her unless he were well shaved. At the very thought of kissing her Grant felt a thrill and a glow she had never before roused in him. She had an abundance of blue−black hair, and it and her slender black brows and long lashes gave her hazel eyes a peculiar charm of mingled passion and languor. She had a thin nose, well shaped, its nostrils very sensitive; slightly, charmingly−puckered lips; a small, strong chin. Certainly she had improved greatly in the two years since he had seen her in evening dress. "Though, perhaps," reflected he, "I only think so because I used to see her too much, really to appreciate her."

"Well, why didn't you?" she was saying, idly waving her fan and gazing vaguely around the room.

"Why didn't I—what?"

"You were trying to decide why you never fell in love with me."

"So I was," admitted Arkwright.

"Now if I had had lots of cash," mocked she.

He reddened, winced. She had hit the exact reason. Having a great deal of money, he wanted more—enough to make the grandest kind of splurge in a puddle where splurge was everything. "Rather, because you are too intelligent," drawled he. "I want somebody who'd fit into my melting moods, not a woman who'd make me ashamed by seeming to sit in judgment on my folly."

"A man mustn't have too much respect for a woman if he's to fall utterly in love with her—must he?"

Arkwright smiled constrainedly. He liked cynical candor in men, but only pretended to like it in women because bald frankness in women was now the fashion. "See," said he, "how ridiculous I'd feel trying to say sentimental things to you. Besides, it's not easy to fall in love with a girl one has known since she was born, and with whom he's always been on terms of brotherly, quite unsentimental intimacy."

Rita gave him a look that put this suggestion out of countenance by setting him to thrilling again. He felt that her look was artful, was deliberate, but he could not help responding to it. He began to be a little afraid of her, a little nervous about her; but he managed to say indifferently, "And why haven't YOU fallen in love with ME?"

She smiled. "It isn't proper for a well−brought−up girl to love until she is loved, is it?" Her expression gave Grant a faint suggestion of a chill of apprehension lest she should be about to take advantage of their friendship by making a dead set for him. But she speedily tranquilized him by saying: "No, my reason was that I didn't want to spoil my one friendship. Even a business person craves the luxury of a friend—and marrying has been my business," this with a slight curl of her pretty, somewhat cruel mouth. "To be quite frank, I gave you up as a possibility years ago. I saw I wasn't your style. Your tastes in women are rather— coarse."

Arkwright flushed. "I do like 'em a bit noisy and silly," he admitted. "That sort is so—so gemuthlich, as the Germans say."

"Who's the man you delivered over to old Patsy Raymond? I see he's still fast to her."

"Handsome, isn't he?"

"Of a sort."

"It's Craig—the Honorable Joshua Craig—Assistant TO the Attorney−General. He's from Minnesota. He's the real thing. But you'd not like him."

"He looks quite—tame, compared to what he was two years or so ago," said Rita, her voice as indolent as her slowly−moving eagle feathers.

"Oh, you've met him?"

"No—only saw him. When I went West with the Burkes, Gus and the husband took me to a political meeting—one of those silly, stuffy gatherings where some blatant politician bellows out a lot of lies, and a crowd of badly−dressed people listen and swallow and yelp. Your friend was one of the speakers. What he said sounded—" Rita paused for a word.

"Sounded true," suggested Grant.

"Not at all. Nobody really cares anything about the people, not even themselves. No, it sounded as if he had at least half− convinced himself, while the others showed they were lying outright. We rather liked him—at the safe distance of half the hall. He's the kind of man that suggests—menageries—lions— danger if the bars break."

"How women do like that in a man!"

"Do you know him?"

"Through and through. He's a fraud, of course, like all politicians. But beneath the fraud there's a man—I think—a great, big man, strong and sure of himself—which is what can't be said of many of us who wear trousers and pose as lords of creation."

The girl seemed to have ceased to listen, was apparently watching the dancers, Arkwright continued to gaze at his friend, to admire the impressive, if obviously posed, effect of his handsome head and shoulders. He smiled with a tender expression, as one smiles at the weakness of those one loves. Suddenly he said: "By Jove, Rita—just the thing!"

"What?" asked the girl, resuming the languid waving of her eagle fan.

"Marry him—marry Josh Craig. He'll not make much money out of politics. I doubt if even a woman could corrupt him that far. But you could take him out of politics and put him in the law. He could roll it up there. The good lawyers sell themselves dear nowadays, and he'd make a killing."

"This sounds interesting."

"It's a wonder I hadn't thought of it before."

The girl gave a curious, quiet smile. "I had," said she.

"YOU had!" exclaimed Arkwright.

"A woman always keeps a careful list of eligibles," explained she. "As Lucy Burke told me he was headed for Washington, I put him on my list that very night—well down toward the bottom, but, still, on it. I had quite forgotten him until to−night."

Arkwright was staring at her. Her perfect frankness, absolute naturalness with him, unreserved trust of him, gave him a guilty feeling for the bitter judgment on her character which he had secretly formed as the result of her confidences. "Yet, really," thought he, "she's quite the nicest girl I know, and the cleverest. If she had hid herself from me, as the rest do, I'd never for one instant have suspected her of having so much—so much—calm, good sense—for that's all it amounts to." He decided it was a mistake for any human being in any circumstances to be absolutely natural and unconcealingly candid. "We're such shallow fakers," reflected he, "that if any one confesses to us things not a tenth part as bad as what we privately think and do, why, we set him—or her—especially her—down as a living, breathing atrocity in pants or petticoats."

Margaret was of the women who seem never to think of what they are really absorbed in, and never to look at what they are really scrutinizing. She disconcerted him by interrupting his reflections with: "Your private opinion of me is of small consequence to me, Grant, beside the relief and the joy of being able to say my secret self aloud. Also"—here she grew dizzy at her own audacity in the frankness that fools—"Also, if I wished to get you, Grant, or any man, I'd not be silly enough to fancy my character or lack of it would affect him. That isn't what wins

men—is it?"

"You and Josh Craig have a most uncomfortable way of answering people's thoughts," said Arkwright. "Now, how did you guess I was thinking mean things about you?"

"For the same reason that Mr. Craig is able to guess what's going on in your head."

"And that reason is—"

She laughed mockingly. "Because I know you, Grant Arkwright—you, the meanest−generous man, and the most generous−mean man the Lord ever permitted. The way to make you generous is to give you a mean impulse; the way to make you mean is to set you to fearing you're in danger of being generous."

"There's a bouquet with an asp coiled in it," said Arkwright, pleased; for with truly human vanity he had accepted the compliment and had thrown away the criticism. "I'll go bring Josh Craig." "No, not to−night," said Miss Severence, with a sudden compression of the lips and a stern, almost stormy contraction of the brows.

"Please don't do that, Rita," cried Arkwright. "It reminds me of your grandmother."

The girl's face cleared instantly, and all overt signs of strength of character vanished in her usual expression of sweet, reserved femininity. "Bring him to−morrow," said she. "A little late, please. I want others to be there, so that I can study him unobserved." She laughed. "This is a serious matter for me. My time is short, and my list of possible eligibles less extended than I could wish." And with a satiric smile and a long, languorous, coquettish glance, she waved him away and waved the waiting Jackie into his place.

Arkwright found Craig clear of "Patsy" Raymond and against the wall near the door. He was obviously unconscious of himself, of the possibility that he might be observed. His eyes were pouncing from blaze of jewels to white neck, to laughing, sensuous face, to jewels again or to lithe, young form, scantily clad and swaying in masculine arm in rhythm with the waltz. It gave Arkwright a qualm of something very like terror to note the contrast between his passive figure and his roving eyes with their wolfish gleam—like Blucher, when he looked out over London and said: "God! What a city to sack!"

Arkwright thought Josh was too absorbed to be aware of his approach; but as soon as he was beside him Josh said: "You were right about that apartment of mine. It's a squalid hole. Six months ago, when I got my seventy−five hundred a year, I thought I was rich. Rich? Why, that woman there has ten years' salary on her hair. All the money I and my whole family ever saw wouldn't pay for the rings on any one of a hundred hands here. It makes me mad and it makes me greedy."

"'I warned you," said Arkwright.

Craig wheeled on him. "You don't—can't—understand. You're like all these people. Money is your god. But I don't want money, I want power—to make all these snobs with their wealth, these millionaires, these women with fine skins and beautiful bodies, bow down before me—that's what I want!"

Arkwright laughed. "Well, it's up to you, Joshua."

Craig tossed his Viking head. "Yes, it's up to me, and I'll get what I want—the people and I.... Who's THAT frightful person?"

Into the room, only a few feet from them, advanced an old woman— very old, but straight as a projectile. She carried her head high, and her masses of gray−white hair, coiled like a crown, gave her the seeming of royalty in full panoply. There was white lace over her black velvet at the shoulders; her train swept yards behind her. She was bearing a cane, or rather a staff, of ebony; but it suggested, not decrepitude, but power—perhaps even a weapon that might be used to enforce authority should occasion demand. In her face, in her eyes, however, there was that which forbade the supposition of any revolt being never so remotely possible.

As she advanced across the ballroom, dancing ceased before her and around her, and but for the noise of the orchestra there would have been an awed and painful silence. Mrs. Burke's haughty daughter−in−law, with an expression of eager desire to conciliate and to please, hastened forward and conducted the old lady to a gilt armchair in the center of the dais, across the end of the ballroom. It was several minutes before the gayety was resumed, and then it seemed to have lost the abandon which the freely− flowing champagne had put into it.

"WHO is that frightful person?" repeated Craig. He was scowling like a king angered and insulted by the advent of an eclipsing rival.

"Grandma,'" replied Arkwright, his flippancy carefully keyed low.

"I've never seen a more dreadful person!" exclaimed Craig angrily. "And a woman, too! She's the exact reverse of everything a woman should be—no sweetness, no gentleness. I can't believe she ever brought a child

into the world."

"She probably doubts it herself," said Arkwright.

"Why does everybody cringe before her?"

"That's what everybody asks. She hasn't any huge wealth—or birth, either, for that matter. It's just the custom. We defer to her here precisely as we wear claw−hammer coats and low−neck dresses. Nobody thinks of changing the custom."

Josh's lip curled. "Introduce me to her," he said commandingly.

Arkwright looked amused and alarmed. "Not tonight. All in good time. She's the grandmother of a young woman I want you to meet. She's Madam Bowker, and the girl's name is Severence."

"I want to meet that old woman," persisted Josh. Never before had he seen a human being who gave him a sense of doubt as to the superiority of his own will.

"Don't be in too big a hurry for Waterloo," jested Arkwright. "It's coming toward you fast enough. That old lady will put you in your place. After ten minutes of her, you'll feel like a schoolboy who has 'got his' for sassing the teacher."

"I want to meet her," repeated Craig. And he watched her every movement; watched the men and women bowing deferentially about her chair; watched her truly royal dignity, as she was graciously pleased to relax now and then.

"Every society has its mumbo−jumbo to keep it in order," said Arkwright. "She's ours.... I'm dead tired. You've done enough for one night. It's a bad idea to stay too long; it creates an impression of frivolity. Come along!"

Craig went, reluctantly, with several halts and backward glances at the old lady of the ebon staff.

CHAPTER III. A DESPERATE YOUNG WOMAN

The house where the Severances lived, and had lived for half a century, was built by Lucius Quintus Severence, Alabama planter, suddenly and, for the antebellum days, notably rich through a cotton speculation. When he built, Washington had no distinctly fashionable quarter; the neighborhood was then as now small, cheap wooden structures where dwelt in genteel discomfort the families of junior Department clerks. Lucius Quintus chose the site partly for the view, partly because spacious grounds could be had at a nominal figure, chiefly because part of his conception of aristocracy was to dwell in grandeur among the humble. The Severence place, enclosed by a high English−like wall of masonry, filled the whole huge square. On each of its four sides it put in sheepish and chop−fallen countenance a row of boarding houses. In any other city the neighborhood would have been intolerable because of the noise of the rowdy children. But in Washington the boarding house class cannot afford children; so, few indeed were the small forms that paused before the big iron Severence gates to gaze into the mysterious maze of green as far as might be—which was not far, because the walk and the branching drives turn abruptly soon after leaving the gates.

From earliest spring until almost Christmas that mass of green was sweet with perfume and with the songs of appreciative colonies of bright birds. In the midst of the grounds, and ingeniously shut in on all sides from any view that could spoil the illusion of a forest, stood the house, Colonial, creeper−clad, brightened in all its verandas and lawns by gay flowers, pink and white predominating. The rooms were large and lofty of ceiling, and not too uncomfortable in winter, as the family was accustomed to temperatures below the average American indoors. In spring and summer and autumn the rooms were delightful, with their old− fashioned solid furniture, their subdued colors and tints, their elaborate arrangements for regulating the inpour of light. All this suggested wealth. But the Severances were not rich. They had about the same amount of money that old Lucius Quintus had left; but, just as the neighborhood seemed to have degenerated when in fact it had remained all but unchanged, so the Severence fortune seemed to have declined, altogether through changes of standard elsewhere. The Severances were no poorer; simply, other people of their class had grown richer, enormously richer. The Severence homestead, taken by itself and apart from its accidental setting of luxurious grounds, was a third−rate American dwelling−house, fine for a small town, but plain for a city. And the Severence fortune by contrast with the fortunes so lavishly displayed in the fashionable quarter of the capital, was a meager affair, just enough for comfort; it was far too small for the new style of wholesale entertainment which the plutocracy has introduced from England, where the lunacy for aimless and extravagant display rages and ravages in its full horror of witless vulgarity. Thus, the Severences from being leaders twenty years before, had shrunk into "quiet people," were saved from downright obscurity and social neglect only by the indomitable will and tireless energy of old Cornelia Bowker.

Cornelia Bowker was not a Severence; in fact she was by birth indisputably a nobody. Her maiden name was Lard, and the Lards were "poor white trash." By one of those queer freaks wherewith nature loves to make mockery of the struttings of men, she was endowed with ambition and with the intelligence and will to make it effective. Her first ambition was education; by performing labors and sacrifices incredible, she got herself a thorough education. Her next ambition was to be rich; without the beauty that appeals to the senses, she married herself to a rich New Englander, Henry Bowker. Her final and fiercest ambition was social power. She married her daughter to the only son and namesake of Lucius Quintus Severence. The pretensions of aristocracy would soon collapse under the feeble hands of born aristocrats were it not for two things—the passion of the masses of mankind for looking up, and the frequent infusions into aristocratic veins of vigorous common blood. Cornelia Bowker, born Lard, adored "birth." In fulfilling her third ambition she had herself born again. From the moment of the announcement of her daughter's engagement to Lucius Severence, she ceased to be Lard or Bowker and became Severence, more of a Severence than any of the veritable Severences. Soon after her son−in−law and his father died, she became so much THE Severence that fashionable people forgot her origin, regarded her as the true embodiment of the pride and rank of Severence—and Severence became, thanks wholly to her, a synonym for pride and rank, though really the Severences were not especially blue−blooded.

She did not live with her widowed daughter, as two establishments were more impressive; also, she knew that she was not a livable person—and thought none the worse of herself for that characteristic of strong personalities.

In the Severence family, at the homestead, there were, besides five servants, but three persons—the widowed Roxana and her two daughters, Margaret and Lucia—Lucia so named by Madam Bowker because with her birth ended the Severence hopes of a son to perpetuate in the direct line the family Christian name for its chief heir. From the side entrance to the house extended an alley of trees, with white flowering bushes from trunk to trunk like a hedge. At one end of the alley was a pretty, arched veranda of the house, with steps descending; at the other end, a graceful fountain in a circle, round which extended a stone bench. Here Margaret was in the habit of walking every good day, and even in rainy weather, immediately after lunch; and here, on the day after the Burke dance, at the usual time, she was walking, as usual—up and down, up and down, a slow even stride, her arms folded upon her chest, the muscles of her mouth moving as she chewed a wooden tooth−pick toward a pulp. As she walked, her eyes held steady like a soldier's, as if upon the small of the back of an invisible walker in front of her. Lucia, stout, rosy, lazy, sprawling upon the bench, her eyes opening and closing drowsily, watched her sister like a sleepy, comfortable cat. The sunbeams, filtering through the leafy arch, coquetted with Margaret's raven hair, and alternately brightened and shadowed her features. There was little of feminine softness in those unguarded features, much of intense and apparently far from agreeable thought. It was one of her bad days, mentally as well as physically—probably mentally because physically. She had not slept more than two hours at most, and her eyes and skin showed it.

"However do you stand it, Rita!" said Lucia, as Margaret approached the fountain for the thirty−seventh time. "It's so dull and tiring, to walk that way."

"I've got to keep my figure," replied Margaret, dropping her hands to her slender hips, and lifting her shoulders in a movement that drew down her corsets and showed the fine length of her waist.

"That's nonsense," said Lucia. "All we Severences get stout as we grow old. You can't hope to escape."

"Grow old!" Margaret's brow lowered. Then she smiled satirically. "Yes, I AM growing old. I don't dare think how many seasons out, and not married, or even engaged. If we were rich, I'd be a young girl still. As it is, I'm getting on.'"

"Don't you worry about that, Rita," said Lucia. "Don't you let them hurry you into anything desperate. I'm sure *I* don't want to come out. I hate society and I don't care about men. It's much pleasanter lounging about the house and reading. No dressing—no fussing with clothes and people you hate."

"It isn't fair to you, Lucy," said Margaret. "I don't mind their nagging, but I do mind standing in your way. And they'll keep you back as long as I'm still on the market."

"But I want to be kept back." Lucia spoke almost energetically, half lifting her form whose efflorescence had a certain charm because it was the over−luxuriance of healthy youth. "I shan't marry till I find the right man. I'm a fatalist. I believe there's a man for me somewhere, and that he'll find me, though I was hid— was hid—even here." And she gazed romantically round at the enclosing walls of foliage.

The resolute lines, the "unfeminine" expression disappeared from her sister's face. She laughed softly and tenderly. "What a dear you are!" she cried.

"You can scoff all you please," retorted Lucia, stoutly. "I believe it. We'll see if I'm not right. ...How lovely you did look last night! ... You wait for your 'right man.' Don't let them hurry you. The most dreadful things happen as the result of girls' hurrying, and then meeting him when it's too late."

"Not to women who have the right sort of pride." Margaret drew herself up, and once more her far−away but decided resemblance to Grandmother Bowker showed itself. "I'd never be weak enough to fall in love unless I wished."

"That's not weakness; it's strength," declared Lucia, out of the fulness of experience gleaned from a hundred novels or more.

Margaret shook her head uncompromisingly. "It'd be weakness for me." She dropped upon the bench beside her sister. "I'm going to marry, and I'm going to superintend your future myself. I'm not going to let them kill all the fine feeling in you, as they've killed it in me."

"Killed it!" said Lucia, reaching out for her sister's hand. "You can't say it's dead, so long as you cry like you did last night, when you came home from the ball."

Margaret reddened angrily, snatched her hand away. "Shame on you!" she cried. "I thought you were above spying."

"The door was open between your bedroom and mine," pleaded Lucia. "I couldn't help hearing."

"You ought to have called out—or closed it. In this family I can't claim even my soul as my own!"

"Please, dear," begged Lucia, sitting up now and struggling to put her arms round her sister, "you don't look on ME as an outsider, do you? Why, I'm the only one in all the world who knows you as you are—how sweet and gentle and noble you are. All the rest think you're cold and cynical, and—"

"So I am," said Margaret reflectively, "except toward only you. I'm grandmother over again, with what she'd call a rotten spot."

"That rotten spot's the real you," protested Lucia.

Margaret broke away from her and resumed her walk. "You'll see," said she, her face stern and bitter once more.

A maidservant descended the steps. "Madam Bowker has come," announced she, "and is asking for you, Miss Rita."

A look that could come only from a devil temper flashed into Margaret's hazel eyes. "Tell her I'm out."

"She saw you from the window."

Margaret debated. Said Lucia, "When she comes so soon after lunch she's always in a frightful mood. She comes then to make a row because, without her after−lunch nap, she's hardly human and can be more—more fiendish."

"I'll not see her," declared Margaret.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Lucia. "Grandmother always has her way."

Margaret turned to the maid. "Tell her I had just gone to my room with a raging headache."

The maid departed. Margaret made a detour, entered the house by the kitchen door and went up to her room. She wrenched off blouse and skirt, got into a dressing sacque and let down her thick black hair. The headache was now real, so upsetting to digestion had been the advent of Madam Bowker, obviously on mischief bent. "She transforms me into a raging devil," thought Margaret, staring at her fiercely sullen countenance in the mirror of the dressing table. "I wish I'd gone in to see her. I'm in just the right humor."

The door opened and Margaret whisked round to blast the intruder who had dared adventure her privacy without knocking. There stood her grandmother—ebon staff in gloved hand—erect, spare body in rustling silk—gray−white hair massed before a sort of turban— steel−blue eyes flashing, delicate nostrils dilating with the breath of battle.

"Ah—Margaret!" said she, and her sharp, quarrel−seeking voice tortured the girl's nerves like the point of a lancet. "They tell me you have a headache." She lifted her lorgnon and scrutinized the pale, angry face of her granddaughter. "I see they were telling me the truth. You are haggard and drawn and distressingly yellow."

The old lady dropped her lorgnon, seated herself. She held her staff out at an angle, as if she were Majesty enthroned to pass judgment of life and death. "You took too much champagne at those vulgar Burkes last night," she proceeded. "It's a vicious thing for a girl to do—vicious in every way. It gives her a reputation, for moral laxity which an unmarried woman can ill−afford to have— unless she has the wealth that makes men indifferent to character. ... Why don't you answer?"

Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "You know I detest champagne and never drink it," said she. "And I don't purpose to begin, even to oblige you."

"To oblige me!"

"To give you pretext for contention and nagging and quarreling."

Madam Bowker was now in the element she had been seeking—the stormy sea of domestic wrangling. She struck out boldly, with angry joy. "I've long since learned not to expect gratitude from you. I can't understand my own weakness, my folly, in continuing to labor with you."

"That's very simple," said Margaret. "I'm the one human being you can't compel by hook or crook to bow to your will. You regard me as unfinished business."

Madam Bowker smiled grimly at this shrewd analysis. "I want to see you married and properly settled in life. I want to end this disgrace. I want to save you from becoming ridiculous and contemptible—an object of laughter and of pity."

"You want to see me married to some man I dislike and should soon hate."

"I want to see you married," retorted the old lady. "I can't be held responsible for your electing to hate whatever is good for you. And I came to tell you that my patience is about exhausted. If you are not engaged by

the end of this season, I wash my hands of you. I have been spending a great deal of money in the effort to establish you. You are a miserable failure socially. You attach only worthless men. You drive away the serious men."

"Stupid, you mean."

"I mean serious—the men looking for wives. Men who have something and have a right to aspire to the hand of MY grandchild. The only men who have a right to take the time of an unmarried woman. You either cannot, or will not, exert yourself to please. You avoid young girls and young men. You waste your life with people already settled. You have taken on the full airs and speech of a married woman, in advance of having a husband—and that is folly bordering on insanity. You have discarded everything that men—marrying men—the right sort of men—demand in maidenhood. I repeat, you are a miserable failure."

"A miserable failure," echoed Margaret, staring dismally into the glass.

"And I repeat," continued the old lady, somewhat less harshly, though not less resolutely, "this season ends it. You must marry or I'll stop your allowance. You'll have to look to your mother for your dresses and hats and gee−gaws. When I think of the thousands of dollars I've wasted on you—It's cheating—it's cheating! You have been stealing from me!" Madam Bowker's tone was almost unladylike; her ebon staff was flourishing threateningly.

Margaret started up. "I warned you at the outset!" she cried. "I took nothing from you that you didn't force on me. And now, when you've made dress, and all that, a necessity for me, you are going to snatch it away!"

"Giving you money for dress is wasting it," cried the old lady. "What is dress for? Pray why, do you imagine, have I provided you with three and four dozen expensive dresses a year and hats and lingerie and everything in proportion? Just to gratify your vanity? No, indeed! To enable you to get a husband, one able to provide for you as befits your station. And because I have been generous with you, because I have spared no expense in keeping you up to your station, in giving you opportunity, you turn on me and revile me!"

"You HAVE been generous, Grandmother," said Margaret, humbly. There had risen up before her a hundred extravagances in which the old lady had indulged her—things quite unnecessary for show, the intimate luxuries that contribute only indirectly to show by aiding in giving the feeling and air of refinement. It was of these luxuries that Margaret was especially fond; and her grandmother, with an instinct that those tastes of Margaret's proved her indeed a lady—and made it impossible that she should marry, or even think of marrying, "foolishly"—had been most graciously generous in gratifying them. Now, these luxuries were to be withdrawn, these pampered tastes were to be starved. Margaret collapsed despairingly upon her table. "I wish to marry, Heaven knows! Only—only—" She raised herself; her lip quivered— "Good God, Grandmother, I CAN'T give myself to a man who repels me! You make me hate men—marriage—everything of that kind. Sometimes I long to hide in a convent!"

"You can indulge that longing after the end of this season," said her grandmother. "You'll certainly hardly dare show yourself in Washington, where you have become noted for your dress.... That's what exasperates me against you! No girl appreciates refinement and luxury more than you do. No woman has better taste, could use a large income to better advantage. And you have intelligence. You know you must have a competent husband. Yet you fritter away your opportunities. A very short time, and you'll be a worn, faded old maid, and the settled people who profess to be so fond of you will be laughing at you, and deriding you, and pitying you."

Deriding! Pitying!

"I've no patience with the women of that clique you're so fond of," the old lady went on. "If the ideas they profess—the shallow frauds that they are!—were to prevail, what would become of women of our station? Women should hold themselves dear, should encourage men in that old−time reverence for the sex and its right to be sheltered and worshiped and showered with luxury. As for you—a poor girl—countenancing such low and ruinous views—Is it strange I am disgusted with you? Have you no pride—no self− respect?"

Margaret sat motionless, gazing into vacancy. She could not but endorse every word her grandmother was saying. She had heard practically those same words often, but they had had no effect; now, toward the end of this her least successful season, with most of her acquaintances married off, and enjoying and flaunting the luxury she might have had—for, they had married men, of "the right sort"—"capable husbands"—men who had been more or less attentive to her—now, these grim and terrible axioms of worldly wisdom, of upper class honor, from her grandmother sounded in her ears like the boom of surf on reefs in the ears of the sailor.

A long miserable silence; then, her grandmother: "What do you purpose to do, Margaret?"

"To hustle," said the girl with a short, bitter laugh. "I must rope in somebody. Oh, I've been realizing, these past two months. I'm awake at last."

Madam Bowker studied the girl's face, gave a sigh of relief. "I feel greatly eased," said she. "I see you are coming to your senses before it's too late. I knew you would. You have inherited too much of my nature, of my brain and my character."

Margaret faced the old woman in sudden anger. "If you had made allowances for that, if you had reasoned with me quietly, instead of nagging and bullying and trying to compel, all this might have been settled long ago." She shrugged her shoulders. "But that's past and done. I'm going to do my best. Only—I warn you, don't try to drive me! I'll not be driven!"

"What do you think of Grant Arkwright?" asked her grandmother.

"I intend to marry him," replied Margaret.

The old lady's stern eyes gleamed delight.

"But," Margaret hastened to add, "you mustn't interfere. He doesn't like you. He's afraid of you. If you give the slightest sign, he'll sheer off. You must let me handle him."

"The insolent puppy," muttered Madam Bowker. "I've always detested him."

"You don't want me to marry him?"

"On the contrary," the old lady replied. "He would make the best possible husband for you." She smiled like a grand inquisitor at prospect of a pleasant day with rack and screw. "He needs a firm hand," said she.

Margaret burst out laughing at this implied compliment to herself; then she colored as with shame and turned away. "What frauds we women are!" she exclaimed. "If I had any sense of decency left, I'd be ashamed to do it!"

"There you go again!" cried her grandmother. "You can't be practical five minutes in succession. Why should a woman be ashamed to do a man a service in spite of himself? Men are fools where women are concerned. I never knew one that was not. And the more sensible they are in other respects, the bigger fools they are about us! Left to themselves, they always make a mess of marriage. They think they know what they want, but they don't. We have to teach them. A man needs a firm hand during courtship, and a firmer hand after marriage. So many wives forget their duty and relax. If you don't take hold of that young Arkwright, he'll no doubt fall a victim to some unscrupulous hussy."

Unscrupulous hussy! Margaret looked at herself in the mirror, met her own eyes with a cynical laugh. "Well, I'm no worse than the others," she added, half to herself. Presently she said, "Grant is coming this afternoon. I look a fright. I must take a headache powder and get some sleep." Her grandmother rose instantly. "Yes, you do look badly—for you. And Arkwright has very keen eyes— thanks to those silly women of your set who teach men things they have no business to know." She advanced and kissed her granddaughter graciously on top of the head. "I am glad to see my confidence in you was not misplaced, Margaret," said she. "I could not believe I was so utterly mistaken in judgment of character. I'll go to your mother and take her for a drive."

CHAPTER IV. "HE ISN'T LIKE US"

Margaret continued to sit there, her elbows on the dressing−table, her knuckles pressing into her cheeks, the hazel eyes gazing at their reflection in the mirror. "What is it in me," she said to her image, "that makes me less successful at drawing men to the point than so many girls who are no better looking than I?" And she made an inventory of her charms that was creditably free from vanity. "And men certainly like to talk to me," she pursued. "The fish bite, but the hook doesn't hold. Perhaps—probably—I'm not sentimental enough. I don't simper and pretend innocence and talk tommy rot—and listen to it as if I were eating honey."

This explanation was not altogether satisfactory, however. She felt that, if she had a certain physical something, which she must lack, nothing else would matter—nothing she said or did. It was baffling; for, there, before her eyes were precisely the charms of feature and figure that in other women, in far less degree, had set men, many men, quite beside themselves. Her lip curled, and her eyes laughed satirically as she thought of the follies of those men—how they had let women lead them up and down in public places, drooling and sighing and seeming to enjoy their own pitiful plight. If that expression of satire had not disappeared so quickly, she might have got at the secret of her "miserable failure." For, it was her habit of facing men with only lightly veiled amusement, or often frank ridicule, in her eyes, in the curve of her lips, that frightened them off, that gave them the uneasy sense that their assumptions of superiority to the female were being judged and derided.

But time was flying. It was after three; the headache was still pounding in her temples, and her eyes did look almost as haggard and her skin almost as sallow as her grandmother had said. She took an anti−pyrene powder from a box in her dressing−table, threw off all her clothes, swathed herself in a long robe of pale−blue silk. She locked the door into the hall, and went into her bedroom, closed the door between. She put the powder in water, drank it, dropped down upon a lounge at the foot of her bed and covered herself. The satin pillow against her cheek, the coolness and softness of the silk all along and around her body, were deliciously soothing. Her blood beat less fiercely, and somber thoughts drew slowly away into a vague cloud at the horizon of her mind. Lying there, with senses soothed by luxury and deadened to pain by the drug, she felt so safe, so shut−in against all intrusion. In a few hours the struggle, the bitterness would begin again; but at least here was this interval of repose, of freedom. Only when she was thus alone did she ever get that most voluptuous of all sensations—freedom. Freedom and luxury! "I'm afraid I can't eat my cake and have it, too," she mused drowsily. "Well— whether or not I can have freedom, at least I MUST have luxury. I'm afraid Grant can't give me nearly all I want—who could? ... If I had the courage—Craig could make more than Grant has, if he were put to it. I'm sure he could. I'm sure he could do almost anything—but be attractive to a woman. No, Craig is too strong a dose—besides, there's the risk. Grant is safest. Better a small loaf than—than no Paris dresses."

Arkwright, entering Mrs. Severence's drawing−room with Craig at half−past five, found a dozen people there. Most of them were of that young married set which Margaret preferred, to the anger and disgust of her grandmother and against the entreaties of her own common sense. "The last place in the world to look for a husband," Madam Bowker had said again and again, to both her daughter and her granddaughter. "Their talk is all in ridicule of marriage, and of every sacred thing. And if there are any bachelors, they have come—well, certainly not in search of honorable wedlock."

The room was noisily gay; but Margaret, at the tea−table in a rather somber brown dress with a big brown hat, whose great plumes shadowed her pale, somewhat haggard face, was evidently not in one of her sparkling moods. The headache powder and the nap had not been successful. She greeted Arkwright with a slight, absent smile, seemed hardly to note Craig, as Arkwright presented him.

"Sit down here beside Miss Severence," Grant said.

"Yes, do," acquiesced Margaret; and Joshua thought her cold and haughty, an aristocrat of the unapproachable type, never natural and never permitting others to be natural.

"And tell her all about yourself," continued Grant.

"My friend Josh, here," he explained to Margaret, "is one of those serious, absorbed men who concentrate entirely upon themselves. It isn't egotism; it's genius."

Craig was ruffled and showed it. He did not like persiflage; it seemed an assault upon dignity, and in those

early days in Washington he was full of dignity and of determination to create a dignified impression. He reared haughtily and looked about with arrogant, disdainful eyes.

"Will you have tea?" said Miss Severence, as Arkwright moved away.

"No, thanks," replied Craig. "Tea's for the women and the children."

Miss Severence's expression made him still more uncomfortable. "Well," said she, "if you should feel dry as you tell me about yourself, there's whiskey over on that other table. A cigarette? No? I'm afraid I can't ask you to have a cigar—"

"And take off my coat, and put my feet up, and be at home!" said Craig. "I see you think I'm a boor."

"Don't you want people to think you a boor?" inquired she with ironic seriousness.

He looked at her sharply. "You're laughing at me," he said, calmly. "Now, wouldn't it be more ladylike for you to try to put me at my ease? I'm in your house, you know."

Miss Severence flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I did not mean to offend."

"No," replied Craig. "You simply meant to amuse yourself with me. And because I don't know what to do with my hands and because my coat fits badly, you thought I wouldn't realize what you were doing. You are very narrow—you fashionable people. You don't even know that everybody ought to be judged on his own ground. To size up a race−horse, you don't take him into a drawing room. And it wouldn't be quite fair, would it, for me to judge these drawing− room dolls by what they could do out among real men and women? You—for instance. How would you show up, if you had to face life with no husband and no money and five small children, as my mother did? Well, SHE won out."

Miss Severence was not attracted; but she was interested. She saw beyond the ill−fitting frock−coat, and the absurd manner, thoroughly ill at ease, trying to assume easy, nonchalant man−of− the−world airs. "I'd never have thought of judging you except on your own ground," said she, "if you hadn't invited the comparison."

"You mean, by getting myself up in these clothes and coming here?"

"Yes."

"You're right, young lady," said Craig, clapping her on the arm, and waving an energetic forefinger almost in her face. "And as soon as I can decently get away, I'll go. I told Arkwright I had no business to come here."

Miss Severance colored, drew her arm away, froze. She detested all forms of familiarity; physical familiarity she abhorred. "You have known Grant Arkwright long?" she said, icily.

"NOW, what have I done?" demanded Joshua.

She eyed him with a lady's insolent tranquillity. "Nothing," replied she. "We are all so glad Grant has come back."

Craig bit his lip and his tawny, weather−beaten skin reddened. He stared with angry envy at Arkwright, so evidently at ease and at home in the midst of a group on the other side of the room. In company, practically all human beings are acutely self−conscious. But self−consciousness is of two kinds. Arkwright, assured that his manners were correct and engaging, that his dress was all it should be, or could be, that his position was secure and admired, had the self−consciousness of self−complacence. Joshua's consciousness of himself was the extreme of the other kind—like a rat's in a trap.

"You met Mr. Arkwright out West—out where you live?"

"Yes," said Craig curtly, almost surlily.

"I was out there once," pursued the young woman, feeling that in her own house she must do her best with the unfortunate young man. "And, curiously enough, I heard you speak. We all admired you very much."

Craig cheered up instantly; he was on his own ground now. "How long ago?" he asked.

"Three years; two years last September."

"Oh, I was a mere boy then. You ought to hear me now."

And Joshua launched forth into a description of his oratory, then related how he had won over juries in several important cases. His arms, his hands were going, his eyes were glistening, his voice had that rich, sympathetic tone which characterizes the egotist when the subject is himself. Miss Severence listened without comment; indeed, he was not sure that she was listening, so conventional was her expression. But, though she was careful to keep her face a blank, her mind was busy. Surely not since the gay women of Barras's court laughed at the megalomaniac ravings of a noisy, badly dressed, dirty young lieutenant named Buonaparte, had there been a vanity so candid, so voluble, so obstreperous. Nor did he talk of himself in a detached way, as if he were relating

the performances and predicting the glory of a human being who happened to have the same name as himself. No, he thrust upon her in every sentence that he, he himself and none other, had said and done all these splendid startling things, would do more, and more splendid. She listened, astounded; she wondered why she did not burst out laughing in his very face, why, on the contrary, she seemed to accept to a surprising extent his own estimate of himself.

"He's a fool," thought she, "one of the most tedious fools I ever met. But I was right; he's evidently very much of a somebody. However does he get time to DO anything, when he's so busy admiring himself? How does he ever contrive to take his mind off himself long enough to think of anything else?"

Nearly an hour later Arkwright came for him, cut him off in the middle of an enthusiastic description of how he had enchained and enthralled a vast audience in the biggest hall in St. Paul. "We must go, this instant," said Arkwright. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I'll see you soon again, no doubt, Mr. Craig," said Miss Severence, polite but not cordial, as she extended her hand.

"Yes," replied Craig, holding the hand, and rudely not looking at her but at Arkwright. "You've interrupted us in a very interesting talk, Grant."

Grant and Margaret exchanged smiles, Margaret disengaged her hand, and the two men went. As they were strolling down the drive, Grant said: "Well, what did you think of her?"

"A nobody—a nothing," was Craig's wholly unexpected response. "Homely—at least insignificant. Bad color. Dull eyes. Bad manners. A poor specimen, even of this poor fashionable society of yours. An empty−head."

"Well—well—WELL!" exclaimed Arkwright in derision. "Yet you and she seemed to be getting on beautifully together."

"I did all the talking."

"You always do."

"But it was the way she listened. I felt as if I were rehearsing in a vacant room."

"Humph," grunted Arkwright.

He changed the subject. The situation was one that required thought, plan. "She's just the girl for Josh," said he to himself. "And he must take her. Of course, he's not the man for her. She couldn't care for him, not in a thousand years. What woman with a sense of humor could? But she's got to marry somebody that can give her what she must have. ... It's very important whom a man marries, but it's not at all important whom a woman marries. The world wasn't made for them, but for US!"

At Vanderman's that night he took Mrs. Tate in to dinner, but Margaret was on his left. "When does your Craig make his speech before the Supreme Court?" asked she.

He inspected her with some surprise. "Tuesday, I think. Why?"

"I promised him I'd go."

"And will you?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

This would never do. Josh would get the impression she was running after him, and would be more contemptuous than ever. "I shouldn't, if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Well, he's very vain, as you perhaps discovered. He might misunderstand."

"And why should that disturb me?" asked she, tranquilly. "I do as I please. I don't concern myself about what others think. Your friend interests me. I've a curiosity to see whether he has improved in the last two or three years as much as he says he has."

"He told you all about himself?"

"Everything—and nothing."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Arkwright, misunderstanding her. "After he has talked me into a state of collapse, every word about himself and his career, I think it all over, and wonder whether there's anything to the man or not. Sometimes I think there's a real person beneath that flow of vanity. Then, again, I think not."

"Whether he's an accident or a plan," mused the young woman; but she saw that Arkwright did not appreciate the cleverness and the penetration of her remark. Indeed, she knew in advance that he would not, for she knew his limitations. "Now," thought she, "Craig would have appreciated it—and clapped me on the arm—or knee."

"Did you like Josh?" Grant was inquiring.

"Very much, indeed."

"Of course," said Arkwright satirically.

"He has ability to do things. He has strength. ... He isn't like us."

Arkwright winced. "I'm afraid you exaggerate him, merely because he's different."

"He makes me feel an added contempt for myself, somehow. Doesn't he you?"

"I can't say he does," replied Arkwright, irritated. "I appreciate his good qualities, but I can't help being offended and disturbed for him by his crudities. He has an idea that to be polite and well−dressed is to be weak and worthless. And I can't get it out of his head."

Margaret's smile irritated him still further. "All great men are more or less rude and crude, aren't they?" said she. "They are impatient of the trifles we lay so much stress on."

"So, you think Josh is a great man?"

"I don't know," replied Margaret, with exasperating deliberateness. "I want to find out."

"And if you decide that he is, you'll marry him?"

"Perhaps. You suggested it the other day."

"In jest," said Arkwright, unaccountably angry with her, with himself, with Joshua. "As soon as I saw him in your presence, I knew it wouldn't do. It'd be giving a piece of rare, delicate porcelain to a grizzly as a plaything."

He was surprised at himself. Now that he was face to face with a possibility of her adopting his own proposition, he disliked it intensely. He looked at her; never had she seemed so alluring, so representative of what he called distinction. At the very idea of such refinement at the mercy of the coarse and boisterous Craig, his blood boiled. "Josh is a fine, splendid chap, as a man among men," said he to himself." But to marry this dainty aristocrat to him—it'd be a damned disgraceful outrage. He's not fit to marry among OUR women.... What a pity such a stunning girl shouldn't have the accessories to make her eligible." And he hastily turned his longing eyes away, lest she should see and attach too much importance to a mere longing—for, he felt it would be a pitiful weakness, a betrayal of opportunity, for him to marry, in a mood of passion that passes, a woman who was merely well born, when he had the right to demand both birth and wealth in his wife.

"I've often thought," pursued Margaret, "that to be loved by a man of the Craig sort would be—interesting."

"While being loved by one of your own sort would be dull?" suggested Arkwright with a strained smile.

Margaret shrugged her bare white shoulders in an inflammatory assent. "Will you go with me to the Supreme Court on Tuesday?"

"Delighted," said Arkwright. And he did not realize that the deep− hidden source of his enthusiasm was a belief that Josh Craig would make an ass of himself.

CHAPTER V. ALMOST HOOKED

In human affairs, great and small, there are always many reasons for every action; then, snugly tucked away underneath all these reasons that might be and ought to be and pretend to be but aren't, hides the real reason, the real moving cause of action. By tacit agreement among human beings there is an unwritten law against the exposing of this real reason, whose naked and ugly face would put in sorry countenance professions of patriotism or philanthropy or altruism or virtue of whatever kind. Stillwater, the Attorney−General and Craig's chief, had a dozen reasons for letting him appear alone for the Administration—that is, for the people—in that important case. Each of these reasons—except one —shed a pure, white light upon Stillwater's public spirit and private generosity. That one was the reason supposed by Mrs. Stillwater to be real. "Since you don't seem able to get rid of Josh Craig, Pa," said she, in the seclusion of the marital couch, "we might as well marry him to Jessie"—Jessie being their homeliest daughter.

"Very well," said "Pa" Stillwater. "I'll give him a chance."

Still, we have not got the real reason for Josh's getting what Stillwater had publicly called "the opportunity of a lifetime." The really real reason was that Stillwater wished, and calculated, to kill a whole flock of birds with one stone.

Whenever the people begin to clamor for justice upon their exploiters, the politicians, who make themselves valuable to the exploiters by cozening the people into giving them office, begin by denying that the people want anything; when the clamor grows so loud that this pretense is no longer tenable, they hasten to say, "The people are right, and something must be done. Unfortunately, there is no way of legally doing anything at present, and we must be patient until a way is discovered." Way after way is suggested, only to be dismissed as "dangerous" or "impractical" or "unconstitutional." The years pass; the clamor persists, becomes imperious. The politicians pass a law that has been carefully made unconstitutional. This gives the exploiters several years more of license. Finally, public sentiment compels the right kind of law; it is passed. Then come the obstacles to enforcement. More years of delay; louder clamor. A Stillwater is put in charge of the enforcement of the law; a case is made, a trial is had, and the evidence is so incomplete or the people's lawyers so poorly matched against the lawyers of the exploiters that the case fails, and the administration is able to say, "You see, WE'VE done our best, but the rascals have escaped!" The case against certain Western railway thieves had reached the stage at which the only way the exploiters could be protected from justice was by having a mock trial; and Stillwater had put Craig forward as the conductor of this furious sham battle, had armed him with a poor gun, loaded with blanks. "We'll lose the case," calculated Stillwater; "we'll save our friends, and get rid of Craig, whom everybody will blame —the damned, bumptious, sophomoric blow−hard!"

What excuse did Stillwater make to himself for himself in this course of seeming treachery and assassination? For, being a man of the highest principles, he would not deliberately plan an assassination as an assassination. Why, his excuse was that the popular clamor against the men "who had built up the Western country" was wicked, that he was serving his country in denying the mob "the blood of our best citizens," that Josh Craig was a demagogue who richly deserved to be hoist by his own petar. He laughed with patriotic glee as he thought how "Josh, the joke" would make a fool of himself with silly, sophomoric arguments, would with his rude tactlessness get upon the nerves of the finicky old Justices of the Supreme Court!

As Craig had boasted right and left of the "tear" he was going to make, and had urged everybody he talked with to come and hear him, the small courtroom was uncomfortably full, and not a few of the smiling, whispering spectators confidently expected that they were about to enjoy that rare, delicious treat—a conceited braggart publicly exposed and overwhelmed by himself. Among these spectators was Josh's best friend, Arkwright, seated beside Margaret Severence, and masking his satisfaction over the impending catastrophe with an expression of funereal somberness. He could not quite conceal from himself all these hopes that had such an uncomfortable aspect of ungenerousness. So he reasoned with himself that they really sprang from a sincere desire for his friend's ultimate good. "Josh needs to have his comb cut," thought he. "It's sure to be done, and he can bear it better now than later. The lesson will teach him a few things he must learn. I only hope he'll be able to profit by it."

When Josh appeared, Grant and the others with firmly−fixed opinions of the character of the impending

entertainment were not a little disquieted. Joshua Craig, who stepped into the arena, looked absolutely different from the Josh they knew. How had he divested himself of that familiar swaggering, bustling braggadocio? Where had he got this look of the strong man about to run a race, this handsome face on which sat real dignity and real power? Never was there a better court manner; the Justices, who had been anticipating an opportunity to demonstrate, at his expense, the exceeding dignity of the Supreme Court, could only admire and approve. As for his speech, it was a straightway argument; not a superfluous or a sophomoric word, not an attempt at rhetoric. His argument—There is the logic that is potent but answerable; there is the logic that is unanswerable, that gives no opportunity to any sane mind, however prejudiced by association with dispensers of luxurious hospitality, of vintage wines and dollar cigars, however enamored of fog−fighting and hair− splitting, to refuse the unqualified assent of conviction absolute. That was the kind of argument Josh Craig made. And the faces of the opposing lawyers, the questions the Justices asked him plainly showed that he had won.

After the first ten minutes, when the idea that Craig could be or ever had been laughable became itself absurd, Arkwright glanced uneasily, jealously at Margaret. The face beneath the brim of her beautiful white and pale pink hat was cold, conventional, was the face of a mere listener. Grant, reassured, resumed his absorbed attention, was soon completely swept away by his friend's exhibition of power, could hardly wait until he and Margaret were out of the courtroom before exploding in enthusiasm. "Isn't he a wonder?" he cried. "Why, I shouldn't have believed it possible for a man of his age to make such a speech. He's a great lawyer as well as a great orator. It was a dull subject, yet I was fascinated. Weren't you?"

"It was interesting—at times," said Margaret.

"At times! Oh, you women!"

At this scorn Margaret eyed his elegant attire, his face with its expression of an intelligence concentrated upon the petty and the paltry. Her eyes suggested a secret amusement so genuine that she could not venture to reveal it in a gibe. She merely said: "I confess I was more interested in him than in what he said."

"Of course! Of course!" said Grant, all unconscious of her derision. "Women have no interest in serious things and no mind for logic."

She decided that it not only was prudent but also was more enjoyable to keep to herself her amusement at his airs of masculine superiority. Said she, her manner ingenuous: "It doesn't strike me as astonishing that a man should make a sensible speech."

Grant laughed as if she had said something much cleverer than she could possibly realize. "That's a fact," admitted he. "It was simply supreme common−sense. What a world for twaddle it is when common−sense makes us sit up and stare.... But it's none the less true that you're prejudiced against him."

"Why do you say that?"

"If you appreciated him you'd be as enthusiastic as I." There was in his tone a faint hint of his unconscious satisfaction in her failure to appreciate Craig.

"You can go very far astray," said she, "you, with your masculine logic."

But Grant had guessed aright. Margaret had not listened attentively to the speech because it interested her less than the man himself. She had concentrated wholly upon him. Thus, alone of all the audience, she had seen that Craig was playing a carefully− rehearsed part, and, himself quite unmoved, was watching and profiting by every hint in the countenance of his audience, the old Justices. It was an admirable piece of acting; it was the performance of a genius at the mummer's art. But the power of the mummer lies in the illusion he creates; if he does not create illusion, as Craig did not for Margaret, he becomes mere pantomimist and mouther. She had never given a moment's thought to public life as a career; she made no allowances for the fact that a man's public appearances, no matter how sincere he is, must always be carefully rehearsed if he is to use his powers with unerring effect; she was simply like a child for the first time at the theater, and, chancing to get a glimpse behind the scenes, disgusted and angry with the players because their performance is not spontaneous. If she had stopped to reason about the matter she would have been less uncompromising. But in the shock of disillusionment she felt only that the man was working upon his audience like a sleight−of−hand performer; and the longer she observed, and the stronger his spell over the others, the deeper became her contempt for the "charlatan." He seemed to her like one telling a lie—as that one seems, while telling it, to the hearer who is not deceived. "I've been thinking him rough but genuine," said she to herself. "He's merely rough." She had forgiven, had disregarded his rude almost coarse manners, setting them down to indifference, the impatience of the large with the little, a revolt from

the (on the whole preferable) extreme opposite of the mincing, patterned manners of which Margaret herself was a−weary. "But he isn't indifferent at all," she now felt. "He's simply posing. His rudenesses are deliberate where they are not sheer ignorance. His manner in court showed that he knows how, in the main."

A rather superior specimen of the professional politician, but distinctly of that hypocritical, slippery class. And Margaret's conviction was strengthened later in the day when she came upon him at tea at Mrs. Houghton's. He was holding forth noisily against "society," was denouncing it as a debaucher of manhood and womanhood, a waster of precious time, and on and on in that trite and tedious strain. Margaret's lip curled as she listened. What did this fakir know about manhood and womanhood? And could there be any more pitiful, more paltry wasting of time than in studying out and performing such insincerities as his life was made up of? True, Mrs. Houghton, of those funny, fashionable New Yorkers who act as if they had only just arrived at the estate of servants and carriages, and are always trying to impress even passing strangers with their money and their grandeur—true, Mrs. Houghton was most provocative to anger or amused disdain at the fashionable life. But not even Mrs. Houghton seemed to Margaret so cheap and pitiful as this badly−dressed, mussy politician, as much an actor as Mrs. Houghton and as poor at the trade, but choosing low comedy for his unworthy attempts where Mrs. Houghton was at least trying to be something refined.

With that instinct for hostility which is part of the equipment of every sensitively−nerved man of action, Craig soon turned toward her, addressed himself to her; and the others, glad to be free, fell away. Margaret was looking her best. White was extremely becoming to her; pink—pale pink—being next in order. Her dress was of white, with facings of delicate pale pink, and the white plumes in her hat were based in pale pink, which also lined the inside of the brim. She watched him, and, now that it was once more his personality pitted directly and wholly against hers, she, in spite of herself, began to yield to him again her respect—the respect every intelligent person must feel for an individuality that is erect and strong. But as she was watching, her expression was that of simply listening, without comment or intention to reply—an expression of which she was perfect mistress. Her hazel eyes, set in dark lashes, her sensuous mouth, her pallid skin, smooth and healthy, seemed the climax of allurement to which all the lines of her delightful figure pointed. To another woman it would have been obvious that she was amusing herself by trying to draw him under the spell of physical attraction; a man would have thought her a mere passive listener, perhaps one concealing boredom, would have thought her movements to bring now this charm and now that to his attention were simply movements of restlessness, indications of an impatience difficult to control. He broke off abruptly. "What are you thinking?" he demanded.

She gave no sign of triumph at having accomplished her purpose—at having forced his thoughts to leave his pet subject, himself, and center upon her. "I was thinking," said she reflectively, "what a brave whistler you are."

"Whistler?"

"Whistling to keep up your courage. No, rather, whistling FOR courage. You are on your knees before wealth and social position, and you wish to convince yourself—and the world—that you despise them."

"*I*? Wealth? Social position?" Craig exclaimed, or rather, blustered. And, red and confused, he was at a loss for words.

"Yes—you," asserted she, in her quiet, tranquil way. "Don't bluster at me. You didn't bluster at the Court this morning." She laughed softly, eyeing him with friendly sarcasm. "You see, I'm 'on to' you, Mr. Craig."

Their eyes met—a resolute encounter. He frowned fiercely, and as his eyes were keen and blue−green, and, backed by a tremendous will, the odds seemed in his favor. But soon his frown relaxed; a smile replaced it—a handsome acknowledgment of defeat, a humorous confession that she was indeed "on to" him. "I like you," he said graciously.

"I don't know that I can say the same of you," replied she, no answering smile in her eyes or upon her lips, but a seriousness far more flattering.

"That's right!" exclaimed he. "Frankness—absolute frankness. You are the only intelligent woman I have met here who seems to have any sweetness left in her."

"Sweetness? This is a strange place to look for sweetness. One might as well expect to find it in a crowd of boys scrapping for pennies, or in a pack of hounds chasing a fox."

"But that isn't all of life," protested Craig.

"It's all of life among our sort of people—the ambitious socially and otherwise."

Josh beamed upon her admiringly. "You'll do," approved he. "We shall be friends. We ARE friends."

The gently satiric smile her face had borne as she was talking became personal to him. "You are confident," said she.

He nodded emphatically. "I am. I always get what I want."

"I'm sorry to say I don't. But I can say that at least I never take what I don't want."

"That means," said he, "you may not want my friendship."

"Obviously," replied she. And she rose and put out her hand.

"Don't go yet," cried he. "We are just beginning to get acquainted. The other day I misjudged you. I thought you insignificant, not worth while."

She slid her hand into her ermine muff. She gave him an icy look, not contemptuous but oblivious, and turned away. He stared after her. "By Jove!" thought he, "THERE'S the real thing. There's a true aristocrat." And he frankly paid aristocracy in thought the tribute he would with any amount of fuming and spluttering have denied it in word. "Aristocracy does mean something," reflected he. "There must be substance to what can make ME feel quite put down."

When he saw Arkwright he said patronizingly: "I like that little friend of yours—that Miss What's−her−name."

Grant suspected from his tone that this forgetfulness was an affectation. "You know very well what her name is," said he irritably. "What a cheap affectation."

Josh countered and returned magnificently: "I remember her face perfectly," said he. "One shares one's name with a great many people, so it's unimportant. But one's face is one's own. I remember her face very well indeed—and that gorgeous figure of hers."

Grant was furious, thought Craig's words the limit of impertinent free−spokenness. "Well, what of it?" said he savagely.

"I like her," replied Josh condescendingly. "But she's been badly brought up, and is full of foolish ideas, like all your women here. But she's a thoroughbred."

"Then you like her?" observed Arkwright without enthusiasm.

"So−so. Of course, she isn't fit to be a wife, but for her type and as a type she's splendid."

Arkwright felt like kicking him and showed it. "What a bounder you are at times, Josh," he snapped.

Craig laughed and slapped him on the back. "There you go again, with your absurd notions of delicacy. Believe me, Grant, you don't understand women. They don't like you delicate fellows. They like a man—like me—a pawer of the ground—a snorter—a warhorse that cries ha−ha among the trumpets."

"The worst thing about what you say," replied Arkwright sourly, "is that it's the truth. I don't say the women aren't worthy of us, but I do say they're not worthy of our opinion of them.... Well, I suppose you're going to try to marry her"—this with a vicious gleam which he felt safe in indulging openly before one so self−absorbed and so insensible to subtleties of feeling and manner.

"I think not," said Craig judicially. "She'd play hell with my politics. It's bad enough to have fights on every hand and all the time abroad. It'd be intolerable to have one at home—and I've got no time to train her to my uses and purposes."

Usually Craig's placid conviction that the universe existed for his special benefit and that anything therein was his for the mere formality of claiming it moved Arkwright to tolerant amusement at his lack of the sense of proportion and humor. Occasionally it moved him to reluctant admiration—this when some apparently absurd claim of his proved more or less valid. Just now, in the matter of Margaret Severence, this universal overlordship filled him with rage, the more furious that he realized he could no more shake Josh's conviction than he could make the Washington monument topple over into the Potomac by saying, "Be thou removed." He might explain all the obvious reasons why Margaret would never deign to condescend to him; Josh would dismiss them with a laugh at Arkwright's folly.

He hid his rage as best he could, and said with some semblance of genial sarcasm: "So all you've got to do is to ask her and she's yours?"

Craig gave him a long, sharp, searching look. "Old man," he said earnestly, "do you want her?"

"*I*!" exclaimed Arkwright angrily, but with shifting eyes and with upper lip twitching guiltily. Then, satirically: "Oh, no; I'd not dare aspire to any woman YOU had condescended to smile upon."

"If you do I'll get her for you," pursued Craig, his hand seeking Arkwright's arm to grip it.

Arkwright drew away, laughed outright. "You ARE a joke!" he cried, wholly cured of his temper by the preposterous offer. It would be absurd enough for any one to imagine he would need help in courting any woman he might fancy—he, one of the most eligible of American bachelors. It passed the uttermost bounds of the absurd, this notion that he would need help with a comparatively poor girl, many seasons out and eager to marry. And then, climax of climaxes, that Josh Craig could help him! "Yes, a joke," he repeated.

"Oh, no doubt I do seem so to you," replied Josh unruffled. "People are either awed or amused by what they're incapable of understanding. At this stage of my career I'm not surprised to find they're amused. But wait, my boy. Meanwhile, if you want that lady, all you've got to do is to say the word. I'll get her for you."

"Thanks; no," said Arkwright. "I'm rather shy of matrimony. I don't hanker after the stupid joys of family life, as you do."

"That's because of your ruinous, rotten training," Craig assured him. "It has destroyed your power to appreciate the great fundamentals of life. You think you're superior. If you only knew how shallow you are!"

"I've a competent valet," said Arkwright. "And your idea of a wife seems to be a sort of sublimated valet—and nurse."

"I can conceive of no greater dignity than to take care of a real man and his children," replied Craig. "However, the dignity of the service depends upon the dignity of the person to whom it is rendered—and upon the dignity of the person who renders it."

Arkwright examined Craig's face for signs that this was the biting sarcasm it would have seemed, coming from another. But Craig was apparently merely making one of his familiar bumptious speeches. The idea of a man of his humble origin proclaiming himself superior to an Arkwright of the Massachusetts Arkwrights!

"No, I'd not marry your Miss Severence," Craig continued. "I want a wife, not a social ornament. I want a woman, not a toilette. I want a home, not a fashionable hotel. I want love and sympathy and children. I want substance, not shadow; sanity, not silliness."

"And your socks darned and your shirts mended."

"That, of course." Josh accepted these amendments with serene seriousness. "And Miss Severence isn't fit for the job. She has some brains—the woman kind of brains. She has a great deal of rudimentary character. If I had the time, and it were worth while, I could develop her into a real woman. But I haven't, and it wouldn't be worth while when there are so many real women, ready made, out where I come from. This girl would be exactly the wife for you, though. Just as she is, she'd help you mince about from parlor to parlor, and smirk and jabber and waste time. She's been educating for the job ever since she was born." He laid his hand in gracious, kindly fashion on his friend's shoulder. "Think it over. And if you want my help it's yours. I can show her what a fine fellow you are, what a good husband you'd make. For you are a fine person, old man; when you were born fashionable and rich it spoiled a—"

"A superb pram−trundler," suggested Arkwright.

"Precisely. Be off now; I must work. Be off, and exhibit that wonderful suit and those spotless white spats where they'll be appreciated." And he dismissed the elegantly−dressed idler as a king might rid himself of a favorite who threatened to presume upon his master's good humor and outstay his welcome. But Arkwright didn't greatly mind. He was used to Josh's airs. Also, though he would not have confessed it to his inmost self, Josh's preposterous assumptions, by sheer force of frequent and energetic reiteration, had made upon him an impression of possible validity —not probable, but possible; and the possible was quite enough to stir deep down in Arkwright's soul the all but universal deference before power. It never occurred to him to suspect there might be design in Craig's sweeping assertions and assumptions of superiority, that he might be shrewdly calculating that, underneath the ridicule those obstreperous vanities would create, there would gradually form and steadily grow a conviction of solid truth, a conviction that Joshua Craig was indeed the personage he professed to be—mighty, inevitably prevailing, Napoleonic.

This latent feeling of Arkwright's was, however, not strong enough to suppress his irritation when, a few days later, he went to the Severences for tea, and found Margaret and Josh alone in the garden, walking up and down, engaged in a conversation that was obviously intimate and absorbing. When he appeared on the veranda Joshua greeted him with an eloquent smile of loving friendship.

"Ah, there you are now!" he cried. "Well, little ones, I'll leave you together. I've wasted as much time as I can spare to−day to frivolity."

"Yes, hurry back to work," said Arkwright. "The ship of state's wobbling badly through your neglect."

Craig laughed, looking at Margaret. "Grant thinks that's a jest," said he. "Instead, it's the sober truth. I am engaged in keeping my Chief in order, and in preventing the President from skulking from the policies he has the shrewdness to advocate but lacks the nerve to put into action."

Margaret stood looking after him as he strode away.

"You mustn't mind his insane vanity," said Arkwright, vaguely uneasy at the expression of her hazel eyes, at once so dark, mysterious, melancholy, so light and frank and amused.

"I don't," said she in a tone that seemed to mean a great deal.

He, still more uneasy, went on: "A little more experience of the world and Josh'll come round all right—get a sense of proportion."

"But isn't it true?" asked Margaret somewhat absently.

"What?"

"Why, what he said as he was leaving. Before you came he'd been here quite a while, and most of the time he talked of himself—"

Arkwright laughed, but Margaret only smiled, and that rather reluctantly.

"And he was telling how hard a time he was having; what with Stillwater's corruption and the President's timidity about really acting against rich, people—something about criminal suits against what he calls the big thieves—I didn't understand it, or care much about it, but it gave me an impression of Mr. Craig's power."

"There IS some truth in what he says," Arkwright admitted, with a reluctance of which his pride, and his heart as well, were ashamed. "He's become a burr, a thorn, in the Administration, and they're really afraid of him in a way—though, of course, they have to laugh at him as every one else does."

"Of course," said Margaret absently.

Arkwright watched her nervously. "You seem to be getting round to the state of mind," said he, "where you'll be in danger of marrying our friend Craig."

Margaret, her eyes carefully away from him, laughed softly—a disturbingly noncommittal laugh.

"Of course, I'm only joking," continued Arkwright. "I know YOU couldn't marry HIM."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't think he's sincere."

Her silence made him feel that she thought this as weak as he did.

"Because you don't love him."

"No, I certainly don't love him," said Margaret.

"Because you don't even like him."

"What a strange way of advocating your friend you have."

Arkwright flushed scarlet. "I thought you'd quite dismissed him as a possibility," he stammered.

"With a woman every man's a possibility so long as no man's a certainty."

"Margaret, you couldn't marry a man you didn't like?"

She seemed to reflect. "Not if I were in love with another at the time," she said finally. "That's as far as my womanly delicacy— what's left of it after my years in society—can influence me. And it's stronger, I believe, than the delicacy of most women of our sort."

They were sitting now on the bench round the circle where the fountain was tossing high its jets in play with the sunshine. She was looking very much the woman of the fashionable world, and the soft grays, shading into blues, that dominated her costume gave her an exceeding and entrancing seeming of fragility. Arkwright thought her eyes wonderful; the sweet, powerful yet delicate odor of the lilac sachet powder with which her every garment was saturated set upon his senses like a love−philter.

"Yes, you are finer and nobler than most women," he said giddily. "And that's why it distresses me to hear you talk even in jest, as if you could marry Josh."

"And a few weeks ago you were suggesting him as just the husband for me."

Arkwright was silent. How could he go on? How tell her why he had changed without committing himself to her by a proposal? She was fascinating—would be an ideal wife. With what style and taste she'd entertain—how she'd shine at the head of his table! What a satisfaction it would be to feel that his money was being so competently spent. But—well, he did not wish to marry, not just yet; perhaps, somewhere in the world, he would

find, in the next few years, a woman even better suited to him than Margaret. Marrying was a serious business. True, now that divorce had pushed its way up and had become recognized by fashionable society, had become an established social favorite, marriage had been robbed of one of its terrors. But the other remained—divorce still meant alimony. The woman who trapped an eligible never endangered her hard−earned position; a man must be extremely careful or he would find himself forced to hard choice between keeping on with a woman he wished to be rid of and paying out a large part of his income in alimony. It seemed far−fetched to think of these things in connection with such a woman as Margaret. He certainly never could grow tired of her, and her looks were of the sort that had staying power. Nor was she in the least likely to be so ungrateful as to wish to be rid of him and hold him up for alimony. Still— wouldn't it have been seemingly just as absurd to consider in advance such sordid matters in connection with any one of a dozen couples among his friends whose matrimonial enterprises had gone smash? It was said that nowadays girls went to the altar thinking that if the husbands they were taking proved unsatisfactory they would soon be free again, the better off by the title of Mrs. and a good stiff alimony and some invaluable experience. "I must keep my head," thought he. "I must consider how I'd feel after the fatal cards were out."

"Yes, you were quite eager for me to marry him," persisted she. She was watching his face out of the corner of her eye.

"I admit it," said he huskily. "But we've both changed since then."

"Changed?" said she, perhaps a shade too encouragingly.

He felt the hook tickling his gills and darted off warily. "Changed toward him, I mean. Changed in our estimate of his availability as a husband for you." He rose; the situation was becoming highly perilous. "I must speak to your mother and fly. I'm late for an appointment now."

As he drove away ten minutes later he drew a long breath. "Gad!" said he half aloud, "Rita'll never realize how close I was to proposing to−day. She ALMOST had me.... Though why I should think of it that way I don't know. It's damned low and indelicate of me. She ought to be my wife. I love her as much as a man of experience can love a woman in advance of trying her out thoroughly. If she had money I'd not be hesitating, I'm afraid. Then, too, I don't think the moral tone of that set she and I travel with is what it ought to be. It's all very well for me, but—Well, a man ought to be ready for almost anything that might happen if his wife went with that crowd—or had gone with it before he married her. Not that I suspect Margaret, though I must say—What a pup this sort of life does make of a man in some ways! ...Yes, I almost leaped. She'll never know how near I came to it.... Perhaps Josh's more than half−right and I'm oversophisticated. My doubts and delays may cost me a kind of happiness I'd rather have than anything on earth—IF it really exists." There he laughed comfortably. "Poor Rita! If she only knew, how cut up she'd be!"

He might not have been so absolutely certain of her ignorance could he have looked into the Severances' drawing−room just then. For Margaret, after a burst of hysterical gayety, had gone to the far end of the room on the pretext of arranging some flowers. And there, with her face securely hid from the half−dozen round the distant tea−table, she was choking back the sobs, was muttering: "I'll have to do it! I'm a desperate woman—desperate!"

CHAPTER VI. MR. CRAIG IN SWEET DANGER

It is a rash enterprise to open wide to the world the private doors of the family, to expose intimate interiors all unconscious of outside observation, and all unprepared for it. Such frankness tends to destroy "sympathetic interest," to make delusion and illusion impossible; it gives cynicism and his brother, pharisaism, their opportunity to simper and to sneer. Still rasher is it to fling wide the doors of a human heart, and, without any clever arrangement of lights and shades, reveal in the full face of the sun exactly what goes on there. We lie to others unconsciously; we lie to ourselves both consciously and unconsciously. We admit and entertain dark thoughts, and at the first alarm of exposure deny that we ever saw them before; we cover up our motives, forget where we have hidden them, and wax justly indignant when they are dug out and confronted with us. We are scandalized, quite honestly, when others are caught doing what we ourselves have done. We are horrified and cry "Monster!" when others do what we ourselves refrain from doing only through lack of the bad courage.

No man is a hero who is not a hero to his valet; and no woman a lady unless her maid thinks so. Margaret Severence's new maid Selina was engaged to be married; the lover had gone on a spree, had started a free fight in the streets, and had got himself into jail for a fortnight. It was the first week of his imprisonment, and Selina had committed a series of faults intolerable in a maid. She sent Margaret to a ball with a long tear in her skirt; she let her go out, open in the back, both in blouse and in placket; she upset a cup of hot cafe au lait on her arm; finally she tore a strap off a shoe as she was fastening it on Margaret's foot. Though no one has been able to fathom it, there must be a reason for the perversity whereby our outbursts of anger against any seriously−offending fellow−being always break on some trivial offense, never on one of the real and deep causes of wrath. Margaret, though ignorant of her maid's secret grief and shame, had borne patiently the sins of omission and commission, only a few of which are catalogued above; this, though the maid, absorbed in her woe, had not even apologized for a single one of them. On the seventh day of discomforts and disasters Margaret lost her temper at the triviality of the ripping off of the shoe−strap, and poured out upon Selina not only all her resentment against her but also all that she had been storing up since the beginning of the season against life and destiny. Selina sat on the floor stupefied; Margaret, a very incarnation of fury, raged up and down the room, venting every and any insult a naturally caustic wit suggested. "And," she wound up, "I want you to clear out at once. I'll send you your month's wages. I can't give you a character— except for honesty. I'll admit, you are too stupid to steal. Clear out, and never let me see you again."

She swept from the room, drove away to lunch at Mrs. Baker's. She acted much as usual, seemed to be enjoying herself, for the luncheon was very good indeed, Mrs. Baker's chef being new from France and not yet grown careless, and the company was amusing. At the third course she rose. "I've forgotten something," said she. "I must go at once. No, no one must be disturbed on my account. I'll drive straight home." And she was gone before Mrs. Baker could rise from her chair.

At home Margaret went up to her own room, through her bedroom to Selina's—almost as large and quite as comfortable as her own and hardly plainer. She knocked. As there was no answer, she opened the door. On the bed, sobbing heart−brokenly, lay Selina, crushed by the hideous injustice of being condemned capitally merely for tearing off a bit of leather which the shoemaker had neglected to make secure.

"Selina," said Margaret.

The maid turned her big, homely, swollen face on the pillow, ceased sobbing, gasped in astonishment.

"I've come to beg your pardon," said Margaret, not as superior to inferior, nor yet with the much−vaunted "just as if they were equals," but simply as one human being to another. The maid sat up. One of her braids had come undone and was hanging ludicrously down across her cheek.

"I insulted you, and I'm horribly ashamed." Wistfully: "Will you forgive me?"

"Oh, law!" cried the maid despairingly, "I'm dreaming." And she threw herself down once more and sobbed afresh.

Margaret knelt beside the bed, put her hand appealingly on the girl's shoulder. "Can you forgive me, Selina?" said she. "There's no excuse for me except that I've had so much hard luck, and everything seems to be going to pieces under me."

Selina stopped sobbing. "I told a story when I came to you and said I'd had three years' experience," moaned she, not to be outdone in honorable generosity. "It was only three months as lady's maid, and not much of a lady, neither."

"I don't in the least care," Margaret assured her. "I'm not strictly truthful myself at times, and I do all sorts of horrid things."

"But that's natural in a lady," objected Selina, "where there ain't no excuse for me that have only my character."

Margaret was careful not to let Selina see her smile in appreciation of this unconsciously profound observation upon life and morals. "Never mind," said she; "you're going to be a good maid soon. You're learning quickly."

"No, no," wailed Selina. "I'm a regular block−head, and my hands is too coarse."

"But you have a good heart and I like you," said Margaret. "And I want you to forgive me and like me. I'm so lonely and unhappy. And I need the love of one so close to me all the time as you are. It'd be a real help."

Selina began to cry again, and then Margaret gave way to tears; and, presently, out came the dreadful story of the lover's fight and jailing; and Margaret, of course, promised to see that he was released at once. When she went to her own room, the maid following to help her efface the very disfiguring evidence of their humble, emotional drama, Margaret had recovered her self− esteem and had won a friend, who, if too stupid to be very useful, was also too stupid to be unfaithful.

As it was on the same day, and scarcely one brief hour later, it must have been the very same Margaret who paced the alley of trimmed elms, her eyes so stern and somber, her mouth and chin so hard that her worshipful sister Lucia watched in silent, fascinated dread. At length Margaret noted Lucia, halted and: "Why don't you read your book?" she cried fiercely. "Why do you sit staring at me?"

"What a temper you have got—what a NASTY temper!" Lucia was goaded into retorting.

"Haven't I, though!" exclaimed Margaret, as if she gloried in it. "Stop that staring!"

"I could see you were thinking something—something—TERRIBLE!" explained Lucia.

Margaret's face cleared before a satirical smile. "What a romancer you are, Lucia." Then, with a laugh: "I'm taking myself ridiculously seriously today. Temper—giving way to temper—is a sure sign of defective intelligence or of defective digestion."

"Is it about—about Mr. Craig?"

Margaret reddened, dropped to the bench near her sister—evidence that she was willing to talk, to confide—so far as she ever confided her inmost self—to the one person she could trust.

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No; not yet."

"But he's going to?"

Margaret gave a queer smile. "He doesn't think so."

"He wouldn't dare!" exclaimed Lucia. "Why, he's not in the same class with you."

"So! The little romancer is not so romantic that she forgets her snobbishness."

"I mean, he's so rude and noisy. I DETEST him!"

"So do I—at times."

Lucia looked greatly relieved. "I thought you were encouraging him. It seemed sort of—of—cheap, unworthy of you, to care to flirt with a man like that."

Margaret's expression became strange indeed. "I am not flirting with him," she said gravely. "I'm going to marry him."

Lucia was too amazed to speak, was so profoundly shocked that her usually rosy cheeks grew almost pale.

"Yes, I shall marry him," repeated Margaret slowly.

"But you don't love him!" cried Lucia.

"I dislike him," replied Margaret. After a pause she added: "When a woman makes up her mind to marry a man, willy−nilly, she begins to hate him. It's a case of hunter and hunted. Perhaps, after she's got him, she may change. But not till the trap springs—not till the game's bagged."

Lucia shuddered. "Oh, Rita!" she cried. And she turned away to bury her face in her arms.

"I suppose I oughtn't to tell you these things," pursued Margaret; "I ought to leave you your illusions as long

as possible. But— why shouldn't you know the truth? Perhaps, if we all faced the truth about things, instead of sheltering ourselves in lies, the world would begin to improve."

"But I don't see why you chose him," persisted Lucia.

"I didn't. Fate did the choosing."

"But why not somebody like—like Grant Arkwright? Rita, I'm sure he's fond of you."

"So am I," said Rita. "But he's got the idea he would be doing me a favor in marrying me; and when a man gets that notion it's fatal. Also—He doesn't realize it himself, but I'm not prim enough to suit him. He imagines he's liberal—that's a common failing among men. But a woman who is natural shocks them, and they are taken in and pleased by one who poses as more innocent and impossible than any human being not perfectly imbecile could remain in a world that conceals nothing.... I despise Grant—I like him, but despise him."

"He IS small," admitted Lucia.

"Small? He's infinitesimal. He'd be mean with his wife about money. He'd run the house himself. He should have been a butler."

"But, at least, he's a gentleman." "Oh, yes," said Margaret. "Yes, I suppose so. I despise him, while, in a way, I respect Craig."

"He has such a tough−looking skin," said Lucia.

"I don't mind that in a man," replied Margaret.

"His hands are like—like a coachman's," said Lucia. "Whenever I look at them I think of Thomas."

"No, they're more like the parrot's—they're claws. ...That's why I'm marrying him."

"Because he has ugly hands?"

"Because they're ugly in just that way. They're the hands of the man who gets things and holds on to things. I'm taking him because he can get for me what I need." Margaret patted her sister on the shoulder. "Cheer up, Lucia! I'm lucky, I tell you. I'm getting, merely at the price of a little lying and a little shuddering, what most people can't get at any price."

"But he hasn't any money," objected Lucia.

"If he had, no doubt you'd find him quite tolerable. Even you—a young innocent."

"It does make a difference," admitted Lucia. "You see, people have to have money or they can't live like gentlemen and ladies."

"That's it," laughed Margaret. "What's a little thing like self− respect beside ease and comfort and luxury? As grandmother said, a lady who'd put anything before luxury has lost her self−respect."

"Everybody that's nice ought to have money," declared Lucia. "Then the world would be beautiful, full of love and romance, with everybody clean and well−dressed and never in a hurry."

But Margaret seemed not to hear. She was gazing at the fountain, her unseeing eyes gloomily reflecting her thoughts.

"If Mr. Craig hasn't got money why marry him?" asked her sister.

"He can get it," replied Margaret tersely. "He's the man to trample and crowd and clutch, and make everybody so uncomfortable that they'll gladly give him what he's snatching for." She laughed mockingly. "Yes, I shall get what I want"—then soberly—"if I can get him."

"Get HIM! Why, he'll be delighted! And he ought to be."

"No, he oughtn't to be; but he will be."

"A man like him—marrying a lady! And marrying YOU!" Lucia threw her arms round her sister's neck and dissolved in tears. "Oh, Rita, Rita!" she sobbed. "You are the dearest, loveliest girl on earth. I'm sure you're not doing it for yourself, at all. I'm sure you're doing it for my sake."

"You're quite wrong," said Rita, who was sitting unmoved and was looking like her grandmother. "I'm doing it for myself. I'm fond, of luxury—of fine dresses and servants and all that....Think of the thousands, millions of women who marry just for a home and a bare living! ... No doubt, there's something wrong about the whole thing, but I don't see just what. If woman is made to lead a sheltered life, to be supported by a man, to be a man's plaything, why, she can't often get the man she'd most like to be the plaything of, can she?"

"Isn't there any such thing as love?" Lucia ventured wistfully. "Marrying for love, I mean."

"Not among OUR sort of people, except by accident," Margaret assured her. "The money's the main thing. We don't say so. We try not to think so. We denounce as low and coarse anybody that does say so. But it's the truth,

just the same .... Those who marry for money regret it, but not so much as those who marry only for love —when poverty begins to pinch and to drag everything fine and beautiful down into the mud. Besides, I don't love anybody—thank God! If I did, Lucia, I'm afraid I'd not have the courage!"

"I'm sure you couldn't!" cried Lucia, eager to save all possible illusion about her sister. Then, remorseful for disloyal thoughts: "And, if it wasn't right, I'm sure you'd not do it. You MAY fall in love with him afterward."

"Yes," assented Margaret, kissing Lucia on an impulse of gratitude. "Yes, I may. I probably shall. Surely, I'm not to go through life never doing anything I ought to do."

"He's really handsome, in that bold, common way. And you can teach him."

Margaret laughed with genuine mirth. "How surprised he'd be," she exclaimed, "if he could know what's going on in my head!"

"He'll be on his knees to you," pursued Lucia, wonderfully cheered up by her confidence in the miracles Margaret's teaching would work. "And he'll do whatever you say."

"Yes, I'll teach him," said Margaret, herself more hopeful; for must always improves with acquaintance. "I'll make him over completely. Oh, he's not so bad as they think—not by any means."

Lucia made an exaggerated gesture of shivering.

"He gets on my nerves," said she. "He's so horribly abrupt and ill−mannered."

"Yes, I'll train him," said Margaret, musing aloud. "He doesn't especially fret my nerves. A woman gets a good, strong nervous system—and a good, strong stomach—after she has been out a few years." She laughed. "And he thinks I'm as fine and delicate as— as—"

"As you look," suggested Lucia.

"As I look," accepted Margaret. "How we do deceive men by our looks! Really, Lucia, HE'S far more sensitive than I—far more."

"That's too silly!"

"If I were a millionth part as coarse as he is he'd fly from me. Yet I'm not flying from him."

This was unanswerable. Lucia rejoined: "When are you going to—to do it?"

"Right away....I want to get it over with. I can't stand the suspense....I can't stand it!" And Lucia was awed and silenced by the sudden, strained look of anguish almost that made Margaret's face haggard and her eyes wild.

CHAPTER VII. MRS. SEVERENCE IS ROUSED

Craig swooped upon the Severences the next afternoon. His arrivals were always swoopings—a swift descent on a day when he was not expected; or, if the day was forearranged, then the hour would be a surprise. It was a habit with him, a habit deliberately formed. He liked to take people unawares, to create a flurry, reasoning that he, quick of eye and determined of purpose, could not but profit by any confusion. He was always in a hurry—that is, he seemed to be. In this also there was deliberation. It does not follow because a man is in a hurry that he is an important and busy person; no more does it follow that a man is an inconsequential procrastinator if he is leisurely and dilatory. The significance of action lies in intent. Some men can best gain their ends by creating an impression that they are extremely lazy, others by creating the impression that they are exceedingly energetic. The important point is to be on the spot at the moment most favorable for gaining the desired advantage; and it will be found that of the men who get what they want in this world, both those who seem to hasten and those who seem to lounge are always at the right place at the right time.

It best fitted Craig, by nature impatient, noisily aggressive, to adopt the policy of rush. He arrived before time usually, fumed until he had got everybody into that nervous state in which men, and women, too, will yield more than they ever would in the kindly, melting mood. Though he might stay hours, he, each moment, gave the impression that everybody must speak quickly or he would be gone, might quickly be rid of him by speaking quickly. Obviously, intercourse with him was socially unsatisfactory; but this did not trouble him, as his theory of life was, get what you want, never mind the way or the feelings of others. And as he got by giving, attached his friends by self−interest, made people do for him what it was just as well that they should do, the net result, after the confusion and irritation had calmed, was that everybody felt, on the whole, well content with having been compelled. It was said of him that he made even his enemies work for him; and this was undoubtedly true—in the sense in which it was meant as well as in the deeper sense that a man's enemies, if he be strong, are his most assiduous allies and advocates. It was also true that he did a great deal for people. Where most men do favors only when the prospect of return is immediate, he busied himself as energetically if returns seemed remote, even improbable, as he did when his right hand was taking in with interest as his left hand gave. It was his nature to be generous, to like to give; it was also his nature to see that a reputation for real generosity and kindness of heart was an invaluable asset, and that the only way to win such a reputation was by deserving it.

Craig arrived at the Severences at half−past four, when no one was expected until five. "Margaret is dressing," explained Mrs. Severence, as she entered the drawing−room. "She'll be down presently—if you care to wait." This, partly because she hoped he would go, chiefly because he seemed in such a hurry.

"I'll wait a few minutes," said Craig in his sharp, irritating voice.

And he began to tour the room, glancing at pictures, at articles on the tables, mussing the lighter pieces of furniture about. Mrs. Severence, pink−and−white, middle−aged, fattish and obviously futile, watched him with increasing nervousness. He would surely break something; or, being by a window when the impulse to depart seized him, would leap through, taking sash, curtains and all with him.

"Perhaps we'd better go outdoors," suggested she. She felt very helpless, as usual. It was from her that Lucia inherited her laziness and her taste for that most indolent of all the dissipations, the reading of love stories.

"Outdoors?" exploded Craig, wheeling on her, as if he had previously been unconscious of her presence. "No. We'll sit here. I want to talk to you."

And he plumped himself into a chair near by, his claw−like hands upon his knees, his keen eyes and beak−like nose bent toward her. Mrs. Severence visibly shrank. She felt as if that handsome, predatory face were pressed against the very window of her inmost soul.

"You wish to talk to me," she echoed, with a feeble conciliatory smile.

"About your daughter," said Craig, still more curt and aggressive. "Mrs. Severence, your daughter ought to get married."

Roxana Severence was so amazed that her mouth dropped open. "Married?" she echoed, as if her ears had deceived her.

The colossal impudence of it! This young man, this extremely common young man, daring to talk to her about

such a private matter! And she had not yet known him a month; and only within the last fortnight had he been making frequent visits—entirely on his own invitation, for she certainly would not overtly provoke such a visitation as his coming meant. Mrs. Severence would have been angry had she dared. But Craig's manner was most alarming; what would—what would not a person so indifferent to the decencies of life do if he were crossed?

"She must get married," pursued Craig firmly. "Do you know why I've been coming here these past two or three weeks?"

Mrs. Severence was astounded anew. The man was actually about to propose for her daughter! This common man, with nothing!

"It's not my habit to make purposeless visits," continued he, "especially among frivolous, idle people like you. I've been coming here to make a study of your daughter."

He paused. Mrs. Severence gave a feeble, frightened smile, made a sound that might have been mirth and again might have been the beginnings of a hastily−suppressed call for help.

"And," Craig went on energetically, "I find that she is a very superior sort of person. In another environment she might have been a big, strong woman. She's amazing, considering the sickly, sycophantic atmosphere she's been brought up in. Now, I want to see her married. She's thoroughly discontented and unhappy. She's becoming sour and cynical. WE must get her married. It's your duty to rouse yourself."

Mrs. Severence did rouse herself just at this moment. Cheeks aflame and voice trembling, she stood and said:

"You are very kind, Mr. Craig, to offer to assist me in bringing up my family. Surely—such—such interest is unusual on brief and very slight acquaintance." She rang the bell. "I can show my appreciation in only one way." The old butler, Williams, appeared. "Williams, show this gentlemen out." And she left the room.

Williams, all frigid dignity and politeness, stood at the large entrance doors, significantly holding aside one curtain. Craig rose, his face red. "Mrs. Severence isn't very well," said he noisily to the servant, as if he were on terms of closest intimacy with the family. "Tell Margaret I'll wait for her in the garden." And he rushed out by the window that opened on the veranda, leaving the amazed butler at the door, uncertain what to do.

Mrs. Severence, ascending the stairs in high good humor with herself at having handled a sudden and difficult situation as well as she had ever read of its being handled in a novel, met her daughter descending.

"Sh−h!" said she in a whisper, for she had not heard the front door close. "He may not be gone. Come with me."

Margaret followed her mother into the library at the head of the stairs.

"It was that Craig man," explained Mrs. Severence, when she had the door closed. "What DO you think he had the impudence to do?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," said Margaret, impatient.

"He proposed for you!"

Margaret reflected a brief instant. "Nonsense!" she said decisively. "He's not that kind. You misunderstood him."

"I tell you he did!" cried her mother. "And I ordered him out of the house."

"What?" screamed Margaret, clutching her mother's arm. "WHAT?"

"I ordered him out of the house," stammered her mother.

"I wish you'd stick to your novels and let me attend to my own affairs," cried Margaret, pale with fury. "Is he gone?"

"I left Williams attending to it. Surely, Rita—"

But Margaret had flung the door open and was darting down the stairs. "Where is he?" she demanded fiercely of Williams, still in the drawing−room doorway.

"In the garden, ma'am," said Williams. "He didn't pay no attention."

But Margaret was rushing through the drawing−room. At the French windows she caught sight of him, walking up and down in his usual quick, alert manner, now smelling flowers, now staring up into the trees, now scrutinizing the upper windows of the house. She drew back, waited until she had got her breath and had composed her features. Then, with the long skirts of her graceful pale−blue dress trailing behind her, and a big white sunshade open and resting upon her shoulder, she went down the veranda steps and across the lawn toward him. He paused, gazed at her in frank— vulgarly frank—admiration; just then, it seemed to her, he never said or

did or looked anything except in the vulgarest way.

"You certainly are a costly−looking luxury," said he loudly, when there were still a dozen yards between them. "Oh, there's your mother at the window, upstairs—her bedroom window."

"How did you know it was her bedroom?" asked Margaret.

"While I was waiting for you to come down one day I sent for one of the servants and had him explain the lay of the house."

"Really!" said Margaret, satirical and amused. "I suppose there was no mail on the table or you'd have read that while you waited?"

"There you go, trying to say clever, insulting things. Why not be frank? Why not be direct?"

"Why should I, simply because YOU wish it? You don't half realize how amusing you are."

"Oh, yes, I do," retorted he, with a shrewd, quick glance from those all−seeing eyes of his.

"Half, I said. You do half realize. I told you once before that I knew what a fraud you were."

"I play my game in my own way," evaded he; "and it seems to be doing nicely, thank you."

"But the further you go, the harder it'll be for you to progress."

"Then the harder for those opposing me. I don't make it easy for those who are making it hard for me. I get 'em so busy nursing their own wounds that they've no longer time to bother me. I've told you before, and I tell you again, I shall go where I please."

"Let me see," laughed Margaret; "it was Napoleon—wasn't it?—who used to talk that way?"

"And you think I'm imitating him, eh?"

"You do suggest it very often."

"I despise him. A wicked, little, dago charlatan who was put out of business as soon as he was really opposed. No!—no Waterloo for me! ... How's your mother? She got sick while I was talking to her and had to leave the room."

"Yes, I know," said Margaret.

"You ought to make her take more exercise. Don't let her set foot in a carriage. We are animals, and nature has provided that animals shall walk to keep in health. Walking and things like that are the only sane modes of getting about. Everything aristocratic is silly. As soon as we begin to rear and strut we stumble into our graves—But it's no use to talk to you about that. I came on another matter."

Margaret's lips tightened; she hastily veiled her eyes.

"I've taken a great fancy to you," Craig went on. "That's why I've wasted so much time on you. What you need is a husband—a good husband. Am I not right?"

Margaret, pale, said faintly: "Go on."

"You know I'm right. Every man and every woman ought to marry. A home—children—THAT'S life. The rest is all incidental—trivial. Do you suppose I could work as I do if it wasn't that I'm getting ready to be a family man? I need love—sympathy—tenderness. People think I'm hard and ambitious. But they don't know. I've got a heart, overflowing with tenderness, as some woman'll find out some day. But I didn't come to talk about myself."

Margaret made a movement of surprise—involuntary, startled.

"No, I don't always talk about myself," Craig went on; "and I'll let you into a secret. I don't THINK about myself nearly so much as many of these chaps who never speak of themselves. However, as I was saying, I'm going to get you a husband. Now, don't you get sick, as your mother did. Be sensible. Trust me. I'll see you through—and that's more than any of these cheap, shallow people round you would do."

"Well?" said Margaret.

"You and Grant Arkwright are going to marry. Now don't pretend— don't protest. It's the proper thing and it must be done. You like him?"

As Craig was looking sharply at her she felt she must answer. She made a vague gesture of assent.

"Of course!" said Craig. "If you and he led a natural life you'd have been married long ago. Now, I'm going to dine with him to− night. I'll lay the case before him. He'll be out here after you to−morrow."

Margaret trembled with anger. Two bright spots burned in her cheeks. "You wouldn't dare!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "No, not even you!"

"And why not?" demanded Craig calmly. "Do you suppose I'm going to stand idly by, and let two friends of mine, two people I'm as fond of as I am of you two creatures, make fools of yourselves? No. I shall bring you

together."

Margaret rose. "If you say a word to Grant I'll never speak to you again. And I assure you I shouldn't marry HIM if he were the last man on earth."

"If you only knew men better!" exclaimed Craig earnestly. His eyes fascinated her, and his sharp, penetrating voice somehow seemed to reach to her very soul and seize it and hold it enthralled. "My dear child, Grant Arkwright is one man in a million. I've been with him in times that show men's qualities. Don't judge men by what they are ordinarily. They don't reveal their real selves. Wait till a crisis comes—then you see manhood or lack of it. Life is bearable, at the worst, for any of us in the routine. But when the crisis comes we need, not only all our own strength, but all we can rally to our support. I tell you, Miss Severence, Grant is one of the men that can be relied on. I despise his surface—as I do yours. But it's because I see the man—the manhood—beneath that surface, that I love him. And I want him to have a woman worthy of him. That means YOU. You, too, have the soul that makes a human being—a real aristocrat—of the aristocracy, of strong and honest hearts."

Craig's face was splendid, was ethereal in its beauty, yet flashing with manliness. He looked as she had seen him that night two years before, when he had held even her and her worldly friends spellbound, had made them thrill with ideas of nobility and human helpfulness foreign to their everyday selves. She sat silent when he had finished, presently drew a long breath.

"Why aren't you always like that?" she exclaimed half to herself.

"You'll marry Grant?"

She shook her head positively. "Impossible."

"Why not?"

"Impossible," she repeated. "And you mustn't speak of it to me—or to him. I appreciate your motive. I thank you—really, I do. It makes me feel better, somehow, to have had any one think so well of me as you do. And Grant ought to be proud of your friendship."

Their eyes met. She flushed to the line of her hair and her glance fell, for she felt utterly ashamed of herself for the design upon him which she had been harboring. "Let us go in and join the others," said she confusedly. And her color fled, returned in a flood.

"No, I'm off," replied he, in his ordinary, sharp, bustling way. "I'm not defeated. I've done well—very well, for a beginning." And he gave her hand his usual firm, uncomfortable clasp, and rushed away.

She walked up and down full fifteen minutes before she went toward the house. At the veranda Lucia intercepted her. "Did he?" she asked anxiously.

Margaret looked at her vaguely, then smiled. "No, he did not."

"He didn't?" exclaimed Lucia, at once disappointed and relieved.

"Not yet," said Margaret. She laughed, patted Lucia's full−blown cheek. "Not quite yet." And she went on in to tea, humming to herself gayly; she did not understand her own sudden exceeding high spirits.

CHAPTER VIII. MR. CRAIG CONFIDES

Craig did not leave Margaret more precipitately than he had intended; that would have been impossible, as he always strove to make his departures seem as startling and mysterious as a dematerialization. But he did leave much sooner than he had intended, and with only a small part of what he had planned to say said. He withdrew to think it over; and in the long walk from the Severences to his lodgings in the Wyandotte he did think it over with his usual exhaustive thoroughness.

He had been entirely sincere in his talk with Margaret. He was a shrewd judge both of human nature and of situations, and he saw that a marriage between Margaret and Grant would be in every way admirable. He appreciated the fine qualities of both, and realized that they would have an uncommonly good chance of hitting it off tranquilly together. Of all their qualities of mutual adaptability the one that impressed him most deeply was the one at which he was always scoffing—what he called their breeding. Theoretically, and so far as his personal practice went, he genuinely despised "breeding"; but he could not uproot a most worshipful reverence for it, a reverence of which he was ashamed. He had no "breeding" himself; he was experiencing in Washington a phase of life which was entirely new to him, and it had developed in him the snobbish instincts that are the rankest weeds in the garden of civilization. Their seeds fly everywhere, are sown broadcast, threaten the useful plants and the flowers incessantly, contrive to grow, to flourish even, in the desert places. Craig had an instinct against this plague; but he was far too self−confident to suspect that it could enter his own gates and attack his own fields. He did not dream that the chief reason why he thought Grant and Margaret so well suited to each other was the reason of snobbishness; that he was confusing their virtues with their vices; and was admiring them for qualities which were blighting their usefulness and even threatening to make sane happiness impossible for either. It was not their real refinement that he admired, and, at times, envied; it was their showy affectations of refinement, those gaudy pretenses that appeal to the crude human imagination, like uniforms and titles.

It had not occurred to him that Margaret might possibly be willing to become his wife. He would have denied it as fiercely to himself as to others, but at bottom he could not have thought of himself as at ease in any intimate relation with her. He found her beautiful physically, but much too fine and delicate to be comfortable with. He could be brave, bold, insolent with her, in an impersonal way; but personally he could not have ventured the slightest familiarity, now that he really appreciated "what a refined, delicate woman is."

But the easiest impression for a woman to create upon a man—or a man upon a woman—is the impression of being in love. We are so conscious of our own merits, we are so eager to have them appreciated, that we will exaggerate or misinterpret any word or look, especially from a person of the opposite sex, into a tribute to them. When Craig pleaded for Grant and Margaret, moved by his eloquent sincerity, dropped her eyes and colored in shame for her plans about him, in such black contrast with his frank generosity, he noted her change of expression, and instantly his vanity flashed into his mind: "Can it be that she loves me?"

The more he reflected upon it the clearer it became to him that she did. Yes, here was being repeated the old story of the attraction of extremes. "She isn't so refined that appreciation of real manhood has been refined out of her," thought he. "And why shouldn't she love me? What does all this nonsense of family and breeding amount to, anyway?" His mind was in great confusion. At one moment he was dismissing the idea of such delicateness, such super−refined super−sensitiveness being taken with a man of his imperfect bringing−up and humble origin. The next moment his self− esteem was bobbing again, was jauntily assuring him that he was "a born king" and, therefore, would naturally be discovered and loved by a truly princess—"And, by Heaven, she IS a princess of the blood royal! Those eyes, those hands, those slender feet!" Having no great sense of humor he did not remind himself here how malicious nature usually deprives royalty of the outward marks of aristocracy to bestow them upon peasant.

At last he convinced himself that she was actually burning with love for him, that she had lifted the veil for an instant—had lifted it deliberately to encourage him to speak for himself. And he was not repelled by this forwardness, was, on the contrary, immensely flattered. It is the custom for those of high station to reassure those of lower, to make them feel that they may draw near without fear. A queen seeking a consort among princes always begins the courting. A rich girl willing to marry a poor man lets him see she will not be offended if he

offers to add himself to her possessions. Yes, it would be quite consistent with sex− custom, with maidenly modesty, for a Severence to make the first open move toward a Josh Craig.

"But do I want her?"

That was another question. He admired her, he would be proud to have such a wife. "She's just the sort I need, to adorn the station I'm going to have." But what of his dreams of family life, of easy, domestic undress, which she would undoubtedly find coarse and vulgar? "It would be like being on parade all the time—she's been used to that sort of thing her whole life, but it'd make me miserable." Could he afford a complete, a lifelong sacrifice of comfort to gratify a vanity?

He had devoted much thought to the question of marriage. On the one hand he wanted money; for in politics, with the people so stupid and so fickle, a man without an independence, at least, would surely find himself, sooner or later, in a position where he must choose between retiring and submitting himself to some powerful interest—either a complete sale, or a mortgage hardly less galling to pride, no less degrading to self−respect. On the other hand he wanted a home—a wife like his mother, domestic, attentive, looking out for his comfort and his health, herself taking care of the children. And he had arrived at a compromise. He would marry a girl out West somewhere, a girl of some small town, brought up somewhat as he had been brought up, not shocked by what Margaret Severance would regard as his vulgarities—a woman with whom he felt equal and at ease. He would select such a woman, provided, in addition, with some fortune—several hundred thousands, at least, enough to make him independent. Such had been his plan. But now that he had seen Margaret, had come to appreciate her through studying her as a possible wife for his unattached friend Arkwright, now that he had discovered her secret, her love for him—how could he fit her into his career? Was it possible? Was it wise?

"The best is none too good for me," said he to himself swaggeringly. No doubt about it—no, indeed, not the slightest. But—well, everybody wouldn't realize this, as yet. And it must be admitted that those mere foppish, inane nothings did produce a seeming of difference. Indeed, it must even be admitted that the way Margaret had been brought up would make it hard for her, with her sensitive, delicate nerves, to bear with him if she really knew him. A hot wave passed over his body at the thought. "How ashamed I'd be to have her see my wardrobe. I really must brace up in the matter of shirts, and in the quality of underclothes and socks." No, she probably would be shocked into aversion if she really knew him—she, who had been surrounded by servants in livery all her life; who had always had a maid to dress her, to arrange a delicious bath for her every morning and every evening, to lay out, from a vast and thrilling store of delicate clothing, the fresh, clean, fine, amazingly costly garments that were to have the honor and the pleasure of draping that aristocratic body of hers. "Why, her maid," thought he, "is of about the same appearance and education as my aunts. Old Williams is a far more cultured person than my uncles or brothers−in−law." Of course, Selina and Williams were menials, while his male kin were men and his female relatives women, "and all of them miles ahead of anything in this gang when it comes to the real thing—character." Still, so far as appearances went—"I'm getting to be a damned, cheap snob!" cried he aloud. "To hell with the whole crowd! I want nothing to do with them!"

But Margaret, in her beautiful garments, diffusing perfume just as her look and manner diffused the aroma of gentle breeding—The image of her was most insidiously alluring; he could not banish it. "And, damn it all, isn't she just a human being? What's become of my common−sense that I treat these foolish trifles as if they were important?"

Grant Arkwright came while the debate was still on. He soon noted that something was at work in Josh's mind to make him so silent and glum, so different from his usual voluble, flamboyant self. "What's up, Josh? What deviltry are you plotting now to add to poor old Stillwater's nervous indigestion?"

"I'm thinking about marriage," said Craig, lighting a cigarette and dropping into the faded magnificence of an ex−salon chair.

"Good business!" exclaimed Arkwright.

"It's far more important that you get married than that I do," explained Craig. "At present you don't amount to a damn. You're like one of those twittering swallows out there. As a married man you'd at least have the validity that attaches to every husband and father."

"If I could find the right girl," said Grant.

"I thought I had found her for you," continued Craig. "But, on second thoughts, I've about decided to take her for myself."

"Oh, you have?" said Arkwright, trying to be facetious of look and tone.

"Yes," said Josh, in his abrupt, decisive way. He threw the cigarette into the empty fireplace and stood up. "I think I'll take your advice and marry Miss Severance."

"Really!" mocked Grant; but he was red with anger, was muttering under his breath, "Insolent puppy!"

"Yes, I think she'll do." Craig spoke as if his verdict were probably overpartial to her. "It's queer about families and the kind of children they have. Every once in a while you'll find a dumb ass of a man whose brain will get to boiling with liquor or some other ferment, and it'll incubate an idea, a real idea. It's that way about paternity—or, rather, maternity. Now who'd think that inane, silly mother of Margaret's could have brought such a person as she is into the world?"

"Mrs. Severence is a very sweet and amiable LADY," said Grant coldly.

"Pooh!" scoffed Craig. "She's a nothing—a puff of wind—a nit. Such as she, by the great gross, wouldn't count one."

"I doubt if it would be—wise—politically, I mean—for you to marry a woman of—of the fashionable set." Grant spoke judicially, with constraint in his voice.

"You're quite right there," answered Craig promptly. "Still, it's a temptation....I've been reconsidering the idea since I discovered that she loves me."

Grant leaped to his feet. "Loves you!" he shouted. Josh smiled calmly. "Loves me," said he. "Why not, pray?"

"I—I—I—don't know," answered Grant weakly.

"Oh, yes, you do. You think I'm not good enough for her—as if this were not America, but Europe." And he went on loftily: "You ought to consider what such thoughts mean, as revelations of your own character, Grant."

"You misunderstood me entirely," protested Grant, red and guilty. "Didn't I originally suggest her to you?"

"But you didn't really mean it," retorted Craig with a laugh which Grant thought the quintessence of impertinence. "You never dreamed she'd fall in love with me."

"Josh," said Grant, "I wish you wouldn't say that sort of thing. It's not considered proper in this part of the country for a gentleman to speak out that way about women."

"What's there to be ashamed of in being in love? Besides, aren't you my best friend, the one I confide everything to?"

"You confide everything to everybody."

Craig looked amused. "There are only two that can keep a secret," said he, "nobody and everybody. I trust either the one or the other, and neither has ever betrayed me."

"To go back to the original subject: I'd prefer you didn't talk to me in that way about that particular young lady."

"Why? ... Because you're in love with her, yourself?"

Grant silently stared at the floor.

"Poor old chap," said Craig sympathetically.

Arkwright winced, started to protest, decided it was just as well to let Craig think what he pleased at that juncture.

"Poor old chap!" repeated Josh. "Well, you needn't despair. It's true she isn't in love with you and is in love with me. But if I keep away from her and discourage her it'll soon die out. Women of that sort of bringing up aren't capable of any enduring emotion— unless they have outside aid in keeping it alive."

"No, thank you," said Arkwright bitterly. "I decline to be put in the position of victim of your generosity. Josh, let me tell you, your notion that she's in love with you is absurd. I'd advise you not to go round confiding it to people, in your usual fashion. You'll make yourself a laughing stock."

"I've told no one but you," protested Craig.

"Have you seen any one else since you got the idea?"

"No, I haven't," he admitted with a laugh. "Now that you've told me the state of your heart I'll not speak of her feeling for me. I give you my word of honor on that. I understand how a chap like you, full of false pride, would be irritated at having people know he'd married a woman who was once in love with some one else. For of course you'll marry her."

"I'm not sure of that. I haven't your sublime self−confidence, you know."

"Oh, I'll arrange it," replied Craig, full of enthusiasm. "In fact, I had already begun, this very afternoon, when

she let me see that she loved me and, so, brought me up standing."

"Damn it, man, DON'T say that!" cried Grant, all afire. "I tell you it's crazy, conceited nonsense."

"All right, all right, old chap," soothed Josh.

And it frenzied Arkwright to see that he said this merely to spare the feelings of an unrequited lover, not at all because he had begun to doubt Margaret's love. "Come down to dinner and let's talk no more about it," said Grant, with a great effort restraining himself. "I tell you, Josh, you make it mighty hard sometimes for me to remember what I owe you."

Craig wheeled on him with eyes that flashed and pierced. "My young friend," said he, "you owe me nothing. And let me say to you, once for all, you are free to break with me at any instant—you or any other man. Whenever I find I'm beginning to look on a man as necessary to me I drop him—break with him. I am necessary to my friends, not they to me. I like you, but be careful how you get impertinent with me."

Craig eyed him fiercely and steadily until Arkwright's gaze dropped. Then he laughed friendly. "Come along, Grant," said he. "You're a good fellow, and I'll get you the girl." And he linked his arm in Arkwright's and took up another phase of himself as the topic of his monologue.

CHAPTER IX. SOMEWHAT CYCLONIC

Margaret, on the way home afoot from the White House, where she had been lunching with the President's niece, happened upon Craig standing with his hands behind his back before the statue of Jackson. He was gazing up at the fierce old face with an expression so animated that passers−by were smiling broadly. She thought he was wholly absorbed; but when she was about half−way across his range of vision he hailed her. "I say, Miss Severence!" he cried loudly.

She flushed with annoyance. But she halted, for she knew that if she did not he would only shout at her and make a scene.

"I'll walk with you," said he, joining her when he saw she had no intention of moving toward him.

"Don't let me draw you from your devotions," protested she. "I'm just taking a car, anyhow."

"Then I'll ride home with you and walk back. I want to talk with a woman—a sensible woman—not easy to find in this town."

Margaret was disliking him, his manner was so offensively familiar and patronizing—and her plans concerning him made her contemptuous of herself, and therefore resentful against him. "I'm greatly flattered," said she.

"No, you're not. But you ought to be. I suppose if you had met that old chap on the pedestal there when he was my age you'd have felt toward him much as you do toward me."

"And I suppose he'd have been just about as much affected by it as you are."

"Just about. It was a good idea, planting his statue there to warn the fellow that happens to be in the White House not to get too cultured. You know it was because the gang that was in got too refined and forgot whom this country belonged to that old Jackson was put in office. The same thing will happen again."

"And you'll be the person?" suggested Margaret with a smile of raillery.

"If I show I'm fit for the job," replied Craig soberly. It was the first time she had ever heard him admit a doubt about himself. "The question is," he went on, "have I got the strength of character and the courage? ... What do you think?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Margaret with polite indifference. "There comes my car. I'll not trouble you to accompany me." She put out her hand. "Goodby." She did not realize it, or intend it, but she had appealed to one of his powerful instincts, a powerful instinct in all predatory natures—the instinct to pursue whatever seems to be flying.

He shook his head at the motorman, who was bringing the car to a halt; the car went on. He stood in front of her. Her color was high, but she could not resist the steady compulsion of his eyes. "I told you I wanted to talk with you," said he. "Do you know why I was standing before that statue?"

"I do not," Margaret answered coldly.

"I was trying to get the courage to ask you to be my wife."

She gave a queer laugh. "Well, you seem to have got what you sought," said she. He had, as usual, taken her wholly unawares.

"Not so fast," replied Craig. "I haven't asked you yet."

Margaret did not know whether she most wished to laugh or to burst out in anger. "I'm sure I don't care anything about it, one way or the other," said she.

"Why say those insincere things—to ME?" he urged. She had begun to walk, and he was keeping pace with her. "Jackson," he proceeded, "was a man of absolute courage. He took the woman he wanted—defied public opinion to do it—and it only made him the more popular. I had always intended to strengthen myself by marrying. If I married you I'd weaken myself politically, while if I married some Western girl, some daughter of the people, I'd make a great popular stroke."

"Well—do it, then," said Margaret. "By all means do it."

"Oh, but there's you," exclaimed Craig. "What'd I do about you?"

"That's true," said Margaret mockingly. "But what am I to stand between a man and ambition?"

"I say that to myself," replied Craig. "But it's no use." His eyes thrilled her, his voice seemed to melt her

dislike, her resolve, as he said: "There you are, and there you stay, Margaret. And you're not at all fit to be my wife. You haven't been brought up right. You ought to marry some man like Grant. He's just the man for you. Why did you ever fall in love with me?"

She stopped short, stared at him in sheer amazement. "I!" exclaimed she. "I—in love with YOU!"

He halted before her. "Margaret," he said tenderly, "can you deny it?"

She flushed; hung her head. The indignant denial died upon her lips.

He sighed. "You see, it is fate," said he. "But I'll manage it somehow. I'll win out in spite of any, of every handicap."

She eyed him furtively. Yes, if she wished to make a marriage of ambition she could not do better. All Washington was laughing at him; but she felt she had penetrated beneath the surface that excited their mirth—had seen qualities that would carry him wherever he wished to go—wherever she, with her grandmother's own will, wished him to go.

"And," pursued he, "I'm far too rough and coarse for you—you, the quintessence of aristocracy."

She flushed with double delight—delight at this flattery and the deeper delight a woman feels when a man shows her the weakness in himself by which she can reach and rule him.

"I'm always afraid of offending your delicacy," he went fatuously on. "You're the only person I ever felt that way about. Absolutely the only one. But you've got to expect that sort of thing in a man who prevails in such a world as this. When men get too high−toned and aristocratic, too fussy about manners and dress, along come real men to ride them down and under. But I'll try to be everything you wish—to you. Not to the others. That would defeat our object; for I'm going to take my wife high—very high."

Yes, he would indeed take her high—very high. Now that what she wanted, what she must have, was offering, how could she refuse? They were crossing another square of green. He drew—almost dragged—her into one of the by−paths, seized her in his arms, kissed her passionately. "I can't resist you—I can't!" he cried.

"Don't—don't!" she murmured, violently agitated. "Some one might see!"

"Some one is seeing, no doubt," he said, his breath coming quickly, a look that was primeval, ferocious almost, in his eyes as they devoured her. And, despite her protests and struggles, she was again in those savage arms of his, was again shrinking and burning and trembling under his caresses. She flung herself away, sank upon a bench, burst out crying.

"What is it, Margaret?" he begged, alarmed, yet still looking as if he would seize her again.

"I don't know—I don't know," she replied.

Once more she tried to tell him that she did not love him, but the words would not come. She felt that he would not believe her; indeed, she was not sure of her own heart, of the meaning of those unprecedented emotions that had risen under his caresses, and that stirred at the memory of them. "Perhaps I am trying to love him," she said to herself. "Anyhow, I must marry him. I can trifle with my future no longer. I must be free of this slavery to grandmother. I must be free. He can free me, and I can manage him, for he is afraid of me."

"Did I hurt you?" Craig was asking.

She nodded.

"I am so sorry," he exclaimed. "But when I touched you I forgot— everything!"

She smiled gently at him. "I didn't dream you cared for me," she said.

He laughed with a boisterousness that irritated her. "I'd never have dared tell you," replied he, "if I hadn't seen that you cared for me."

Her nerves winced, but she contrived to make her tone passable as she inquired: "Why do you say that?"

"Oh—the day in the garden—the day I came pleading for Grant. I saw it in your eyes—You remember."

Margaret could not imagine what he had misinterpreted so flatteringly to himself. But what did it matter? How like ironic fate, to pierce him with a chance shaft when all the shafts she had aimed had gone astray!

She was startled by his seizing her again. At his touch she flamed. "Don't!" she cried imperiously. "I don't like it!"

He laughed, held her the more tightly, kissed her half a dozen times squarely upon the lips. "Not that tone to me," said he. "I shall kiss you when I please."

She was furiously angry; but again her nerves were trembling, were responding to those caresses, and even as she hated him for violating her lips, she longed for him to continue to violate them. She started up. "Let us go,"

she cried.

He glanced at his watch. "I'll have to put you in a car," said he. "I forgot all about my appointment." And he fumed with impatience while she was adjusting her hat and veil pushed awry by his boisterous love−making. "It's the same old story," he went on. "Woman weakens man. You are a weakness with me—one that will cost me dear."

She burned with a sense of insult. She hated him, longed to pour out denunciations, to tell him just what she thought of him. She felt a contempt for herself deeper than her revulsion against him. In silence she let him hurry her along to a car; she scarcely heard what he was saying—his tactless, angry outburst against himself and her for his tardiness at that important appointment. She dropped into the seat with a gasp of relief. She felt she must—for form's sake—merely for form's sake—glance out of the window for the farewell he would be certain to expect; she must do her part, now that she had committed herself. She glanced; he was rushing away, with never a backward look—or thought. It was her crowning humiliation. "I'll make him pay for all this, some day!" she said to herself, shaking with anger, her grandmother's own temper raging cyclonically within her.

CHAPTER X. A BELATED PROPOSAL

Her mood—outraged against Craig, sullenly determined to marry him, angry with her relatives, her mother no less than her grandmother, because they were driving her to these desperate measures—this mood persisted, became intenser, more imperious in its demand for a sacrifice as the afternoon wore on. When Grant Arkwright came, toward six o'clock, she welcomed him, the first− comer bringing her the longed−for chance to discharge the vials of her wrath. And she noted with pleasure that he, too, was in a black humor. Before she could begin he burst forth:

"What's this that Josh Craig has been telling me? He seems to have gone stark mad!"

Margaret eyed him with icy disdain. "If there is any quality that can be called the most repulsive," said she, "it is treachery. You've fallen into a way of talking of your friend Craig behind his back that's unworthy—perhaps not of you, but certainly of the person you pose as being."

"Did you propose to him this afternoon?" demanded Grant.

Margaret grew cold from head to foot. "Does he say I did?" she succeeded in articulating.

"He does. He was so excited that he jumped off a car and held me an hour telling me, though he was late for one of those important conferences he's always talking about."

Margaret had chosen her course. "Did he ask you to run and tell me he had told you?" inquired she, with the vicious gleam of a vicious temper in her fine hazel eyes.

"No," admitted Grant. "I suppose I've no right to tell you. But it was such an INFERNAL lie."

"Did you tell him so?"

Arkwright grew red.

"I see you did not," said Margaret. "I knew you did not. Now, let me tell you, I don't believe Craig said anything of the kind. A man who'd betray a friend is quite capable of lying about him."

"Margaret! Rita Severence!" Grant started up, set down his teacup, stood looking down at her, his face white to the lips. "Your tone is not jest; it is insult."

"It was so intended." Margaret's eyes were upon him, her grandmother's own favorite expression in them. Now that she was no longer a matrimonial offering she felt profoundly indifferent to eligible men, rejoiced in her freedom to act toward them as she wished. "I do not permit any one to lie to me about the man I have engaged to marry."

"What!" shouted Grant. "It was TRUE?"

"Go out into the garden and try to calm yourself, Grant," said the girl haughtily. "And if you can't, why—take yourself off home. And don't come back until you are ready to apologize."

"Rita, why didn't you give me a hint? I'd have married you myself. I'm willing to do it....Rita, will you marry me?"

Margaret leaned back upon the sofa and laughed until his blood began to run alternately hot and cold.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I did not realize how it sounded. Only—you know how things are with our sort of people. And, as men go, I can't help knowing I'm what's called a catch, and that you're looking for a suitable husband....As it's apparently a question of him or me, and as you've admitted you got him by practically proposing—... Damn it all, Rita, I want you, and I'm not going to let such a man as he is have you. I never dreamed you'd bother with him seriously or I'd not have been so slow."

Margaret was leaning back, looking up at him. "I've sunk even lower than I thought," she said, bringing to an end the painful silence which followed this speech.

"What do you mean, Rita?"

She laughed cynically, shrugged her shoulders. First, Craig's impudent assumption that she loved him, and his rude violation of her lips; now, this frank insolence of insult, the more savage that it was unconscious—and from the oldest and closest of her men friends. If one did not die under such outrages, but continued to live and let live, one could save the situation only by laughing. So, Margaret laughed—and Arkwright shivered.

"For God's sake, Rita!" he cried. "I'd not have believed that lips so young and fresh as yours could utter such a cynical sound."

She looked at him with disdainful, derisive eyes. "It's fortunate for me that I have a sense of humor," said she. "And for you," she added.

"But I am in earnest, I mean it—every word I said."

"That's just it," replied she. "You meant it—every word."

"You will marry me?"

"I will not."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. For instance, I happen to be engaged to another man."

"That is—nothing." He snapped his fingers.

She elevated her brows. "Nothing?"

"He'd not keep his promise to you if—In fact, he was debating with me whether or not he'd back down."

"Either what you say is false," said she evenly, "or you are betraying the confidence of a friend who trusted in your honor."

"Oh, he said it, all right. You know how he is about confidences."

"No matter."

Margaret rose slowly, a gradual lifting of her long, supple figure. Grant watching, wondered why he had never before realized that the sensuous charm of her beauty was irresistible. "Where were my eyes?" he asked himself. "She's beyond any of the women I've wasted so much time on."

She was saying with quiet deliberateness: "A few days ago, Grant, I'd have jumped at your offer—to be perfectly frank. Why shouldn't I be frank! I'm sick of cowardly pretenses and lies. I purpose henceforth to be myself—almost." A look within and a slightly derisive smile. "Almost. I shall hesitate and trifle no longer. I shall marry your friend Craig."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," raged Arkwright. "If you make it necessary I'll tell him why you're marrying him."

"You may do as you like about that," replied she. "He'll probably understand why you are trying to break off our engagement."

"You're very confident of your power over him," taunted he.

She saw again Craig's face as he was kissing her. "Very," replied she.

"You'll see. It's a mere physical attraction."

She smiled tantalizingly, her long body displayed against the window−casing, her long, round arms bare below the elbows, her hazel eyes and sensuous lips alluring. "You, yourself, never thought of proposing to me until I had made myself physically attractive to you," said she. "Now—have I power over you, or not?"

She laughed as his color mounted, and the look she had seen in Craig's eyes blazed out in his.

"How little physical charm you have for me," she went on. "Beside Craig you're like an electric fan in competition with a storm− wind. Now, Craig—" She closed her eyes and drew a long breath.

Arkwright gnawed his lip. "What a—a DEVIL you ARE!" he exclaimed.

"I wonder why it is a woman never becomes desirable to some men until they find she's desired elsewhere," she went on reflectively. "What a lack of initiative. What timidity. What an absence of originality. If I had nothing else against you, Grant, I'd never forgive you for having been so long blind to my charms— you and these other men of our set who'll doubtless be clamorous now."

"If you'd been less anxious to please," suggested he bitterly, "and more courageous about being your own real self, you'd not have got yourself into this mess."

"Ah—but that wasn't my fault," replied she absently. "It was the fault of my training. Ever since I can remember I've been taught to be on my guard, lest the men shouldn't like me." In her new freedom she looked back tranquilly upon the struggle she was at last emancipated from, and philosophized about it. "What a mistake mothers make in putting worry about getting a husband into their daughters' heads. Believe me, Grant, that dread makes wretched what ought to be the happiest time of a girl's life."

"Rita," he pleaded, "stop this nonsense, and say you'll marry me."

"No, thanks," said she. "I've chosen. And I'm well content."

She gave him a last tantalizing look and went out on the veranda, to go along it to the outdoor stairway. Arkwright gazed after her through a fierce conflict of emotions. Was she really in earnest? Could it be possible

that Josh Craig had somehow got a hold over her? "Or, is it that she doesn't trust me, thinks I'd back down if she were to throw him over and rely on me?" No, there was something positively for Craig in her tone and expression. She was really intending to marry him. Grant shuddered. "If she only realized what marrying a man of that sort means!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "But she doesn't. Only a woman who has been married can appreciate what sort of a hell for sensitive nerves and refined tastes marriage can be made."

"Ah—Mr. Arkwright!"

At this interruption in a woman's voice—the voice he disliked and dreaded above all others—he startled and turned to face old Madam Bowker in rustling black silk, with haughty casque of gray−white hair and ebon staff carried firmly, well forward. Grant bowed. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Bowker?" said he with respectful deference. What he would have thought was the impossible had come to pass. He was glad to see her. "She'll put an end to this nonsense—this nightmare," said he to himself.

Madam Bowker had Williams, the butler, and a maid−servant in her train. She halted, gazed round the room; she pointed with the staff to the floor a few feet from the window and a little back. "Place my chair there," commanded she.

The butler and the maid hastened to move a large carved and gilded chair to the indicated spot. Madam Bowker seated herself with much ceremony.

"Now!" said she. "We will rearrange the room. Bring that sofa from the far corner to the other side of this window, and put the tea− table in front of it. Put two chairs where the sofa was; arrange the other chairs—" And she indicated the places with her staff.

While the room was still in confusion Mrs. Severence entered. "What is it, Mamma?" she asked.

"Simply trying to make this frightful room a little less frightful."

"Don't you think the pictures should be rehung to suit the new arrangement, ma'am?" suggested Arkwright.

Madam Bowker, suspicious of jest, looked sharply at him. He seemed serious. "You are right," said she.

"But people will be coming in a few minutes," pleaded Roxana.

"Then to−morrow," said Madam Bowker reluctantly. "That will do, Williams—that will do, Betty. And, Betty, you must go at once and make yourself neat. You've had on that cap two days."

"No, indeed, ma'am!" protested Betty.

"Then it was badly done up. Roxana, how can you bear to live in such a slovenly way?"

"Will you have tea now, Mamma?" was Roxana's diplomatic reply.

"Yes," answered the old lady.

"Tea, Mr. Arkwright?"

"Thanks, no, Mrs. Severence. I'm just going. I merely looked in to—to congratulate Rita."

Madam Bowker clutched her staff. "To congratulate my granddaughter? Upon what, pray?"

Arkwright simulated a look of surprise. "Upon her engagement."

"Her WHAT?" demanded the old lady, while Roxana sat holding a lump of sugar suspended between bowl and cup.

"Her engagement to Josh Craig."

"No such thing!" declared the old lady instantly. "Really, sir, it is disgraceful that MY granddaughter's name should be associated in ANY connection with such a person."

Here Margaret entered the room by the French windows by which she had left. She advanced slowly and gracefully, amid a profound silence. Just as she reached the tea−table her grandmother said in a terrible voice: "Margaret!"

"Yes, Grandmother," responded Margaret smoothly, without looking at her.

"Mr. Arkwright here has brought in a scandalous story about your being engaged to that—that Josh person—the clerk in one of the departments. Do you know him?"

"Yes, Grandma. But not very well."

Madam Bowker glanced triumphantly at Arkwright; he was gazing amazedly at Margaret.

"You see, Grant," said Roxana, with her foolish, pleasant laugh, "there is nothing in it."

"In what?" asked Margaret innocently, emptying the hot water from her cup.

"In the story of your engagement, dear," said her mother.

"Oh, yes, there is," replied Margaret with a smiling lift of her brows. "It's quite true." Then, suddenly drawing

herself up, she wheeled on Grant with a frown as terrible as her grandmother's own. "Be off!" she said imperiously.

Arkwright literally shrank from the room. As he reached the door he saw her shiver and heard her mutter, "Reptile!"

CHAPTER XI. MADAM BOWKER HEARS THE NEWS

In the midst of profound hush Madam Bowker was charging her heavy artillery, to train it upon and demolish the engagement certainly, and probably Margaret, too. Just as she was about to open fire callers were ushered in. As luck had it they were the three Stillwater girls, hastily made−over Westerners, dressed with great show of fashion in what purported to be imported French hats and gowns. An expert eye, however, would instantly have pierced the secret of this formidable array of plumes and furbelows. The Stillwaters fancied they had exquisite taste and real genius in the art of dress. Those hats were made at home, were adaptations of the imported hats—adaptations of the kind that "see" the original and "go it a few better." As for the dresses, the Stillwaters had found one of those treasures dear to a certain kind of woman, had found a "woman just round the corner, and not established yet"—"I assure you, my dear, she takes a mental picture of the most difficult dress to copy, and you'd never know hers from the original—and SO reasonable!"

In advance came Molly Stillwater, the youngest and prettiest and the most aggressively dressed because her position as family beauty made it incumbent upon her to lead the way in fashion. As soon as the greetings were over—cold, indeed, from Madam Bowker, hysterical from Roxana—Molly gushed out: "Just as we left home, Josh Craig came tearing in. If possible, madder than a hatter— yes—really—" Molly was still too young to have learned to control the mechanism of her mouth; thus, her confused syntax seemed the result of the alarming and fascinating contortions of her lips and tongue—"and, when we told him where we were going he shouted out, 'Give Rita my love.'"

Margaret penetrated to the purpose to anger her against Craig. Was not Craig intended by Mrs. Stillwater for Jessie, the eldest and only serious one of the three? And was not his conduct, his hanging about Margaret and his shying off from Jessie, thoroughly up on public questions and competent to discuss them with anybody —was not his conduct most menacing to her plans? Mrs. Stillwater, arranging for matrimony for all her daughters, had decided that Jess was hopeless except as a "serious woman," since she had neither figure nor face, nor even abundant hair, which alone is enough to entangle some men. So, Jess had been set to work at political economy, finance, at studying up the political situations; and, if started right and not interfered with, she could give as good account of her teaching as any phonograph.

Margaret welcomed Molly's message from Craig with a sweet smile. An amused glance at the thunderous face of her grandmother, and she said, "Perhaps it would interest you, dear, to know that he and I are engaged."

What could Madam Bowker say? What could she do? Obviously, nothing. The three Stillwaters became hysterical. Their comments and congratulations were scraps of disjointed nonsense, and they got away under cover of more arrivals, in as great disorder as if the heavy guns Madam Bowker had stacked to the brim for Margaret had accidentally discharged into them. Madam Bowker could wait no longer. "Margaret," said she, "help me to my carriage."

Mrs. Severence gave her difficult daughter an appealing glance, as if she feared the girl would cap the climax of rebellion by flatly refusing; but Margaret said sweetly:

"Yes, Grandma."

The two left the room, the old lady leaning heavily on her granddaughter and wielding her ebony staff as if getting her arm limbered to use it. In the hall, she said fiercely, "To your room," and waved her staff toward the stairway.

Margaret hesitated, shrugged her shoulders. She preceding, and Madam Bowker ascending statelily afterward, they went up and were presently alone in Margaret's pretty rose and gold boudoir, with the outer door closed.

"Now!" exclaimed Madam Bowker.

"Not so loud, please," suggested the tranquil Margaret, "unless you wish Selina to hear." She pointed to the door ajar. "She's sewing in there."

"Send the woman away," commanded the old lady.

But Margaret merely closed the door. "Well, Grandmother?"

"Sit at this desk," ordered the old lady, pointing with the ebony staff, "and write a note to that man Craig, breaking the engagement. Say you have thought it over and have decided it is quite impossible. And to−morrow

morning you go to New York with me."

Margaret seated herself on the lounge instead. "I'll do neither," said she.

The old lady waved the end of her staff in a gesture of lofty disdain. "As you please. But, if you do not, your allowance is withdrawn."

"Certainly," said Margaret. "I assumed that."

Madam Bowker gazed at her with eyes like tongues of flame. "And how do you expect to live?" she inquired.

"That is OUR affair," replied the girl. "You say you are done with me. Well, so am I done with you."

It was, as Margaret had said, because she was not afraid of her grandmother that that formidable old lady respected her; and as she was one of those who can give affection only where they give respect, she loved Margaret—loved her with jealous and carping tenacity. The girl's words of finality made her erect and unyielding soul shiver in a sudden dreary blast of loneliness, that most tragic of all the storms that sweep the ways of life. It was in the tone of the anger of love with the beloved that she cried, "How DARE you engage yourself to such a person!"

"You served notice on me that I must marry," replied the girl, her own tone much modified. "He was the chance that offered."

"The chance!" Madam Bowker smiled with caustic scorn, "He's not a chance."

"You ordered me to marry. I am marrying. And you are violating your promise. But I expected it."

"My promise? What do you mean?"

"You told me if I'd marry you'd continue my allowance after marriage. You even hinted you'd increase it."

"But this is no marriage. I should consider a connection between such a man and a Severence as a mere vulgar intrigue. You might as well run away with a coachman. I have known few coachmen so ill− bred—so repellent—as this Craig."

Margaret laughed cheerfully. "He isn't what you'd call polished, is he?"

Her grandmother studied her keenly. "Margaret," she finally said, "this is some scheme of yours. You are using this engagement to help you to something else."

"I refused Grant Arkwright just before you came."

"You—refused—Arkwright?"

"My original plan was to trap Grant by making him jealous of Craig. But I abandoned it."

"And why?"

"A remnant of decency."

"I doubt it," said the old lady.

"So should I in the circumstances. We're a pretty queer lot, aren't we? You, for instance—on the verge of the grave, and breaking your promise to me as if a promise were nothing."

Mrs. Bowker's ebon staff twitched convulsively and her terrible eyes were like the vent−holes of internal fires; but she managed her rage with a skill that was high tribute to her will−power. "You are right in selecting this clown—this tag−rag," said she. "You and he, I see, are peculiarly suited to each other....My only regret is that in my blind affection I have wasted all these years and all those thousands of dollars on you." Madam Bowker affected publicly a fine scorn of money and all that thereto appertained; but privately she was a true aristocrat in her reverence and consideration for that which is the bone and blood of aristocracy.

"Nothing so stupid and silly as regret," said Margaret, with placid philosophy of manner. "I, too, could think of things I regret. But I'm putting my whole mind on the future."

"Future!" Madam Bowker laughed. "Why, my child, you have no future. Within two years you'll either be disgracefully divorced, or the wife of a little lawyer in a little Western town."

"But I'll have my husband and my children. What more can a woman ask?"

The old lady scrutinized her granddaughter's tranquil, delicate face in utter amazement. She could find nothing on which to base a hope that the girl was either jesting or posing. "Margaret," she cried, "are you CRAZY?"

"Do you think a desire for a home, and a husband who adores one, and children whom one adores is evidence of insanity?"

"Yes, you are mad—quite mad!"

"I suppose you think that fretting about all my seasons without an offer worth accepting has driven me out of my senses. Sometimes I think so, too." And Margaret lapsed into abstracted, dreamy silence.

"Do you pretend that you—you—care for—this person?" inquired the old lady.

"I can't discuss him with you, Grandmother," replied the girl. "You know you have washed your hands of me."

"I shall never give up," cried the old lady vehemently, "until I rescue you. I'll not permit this disgrace. I'll have him driven out of Washington."

"Yes, you might try that," said Margaret. "I don't want him to stay here. I am sick—sick to death—of all this. I loathe everything I ever liked. It almost seems to me I'd prefer living in a cabin in the back−woods. I've just wakened to what it really means—no love, no friendship, only pretense and show, rivalry in silly extravagance, aimless running to and fro among people that care nothing for one, and that one cares nothing for. If you could see it as I see it you'd understand."

But Madam Bowker had thought all her life in terms of fashion and society. She was not in the least impressed. "Balderdash!" said she with a jab at the floor with the ebony staff. "Don't pose before me. You know very well you're marrying this man because you believe he will amount to a great deal."

Margaret beamed upon her grandmother triumphantly, as if she had stepped into a trap that had been set for her. "And your only reason for being angry," cried she, "is that you don't believe he will."

"I know he won't. He can't. Stillwater has kept him solely because that unspeakable wife of his hopes to foist their dull, ugly eldest girl on him."

"You think a man as shrewd as Stillwater would marry his daughter to a nobody?"

"It's useless for you to argue, Margaret," snapped the old lady. "The man's impossible—for a Severence. I shall stop the engagement."

"You can't," rejoined Margaret calmly. "My mind is made up. And along with several other qualities, Grandmother, dear, I've inherited your will."

"Will without wit—is there anything worse? But I know you are not serious. It is merely a mood—the result of a profound discouragement. My dear child, let me assure you it is no unusual thing for a girl of your position, yet without money, to have no offers at all. You should not believe the silly lies your girlfriends tell about having bushels of offers. No girl has bushels of offers unless she makes herself common and familiar with all kinds of men—and takes their loose talk seriously. Most men wouldn't dare offer themselves to you. The impudence of this Craig! You should have ordered him out of your presence."

Margaret, remembering how Craig had seized her, smiled.

"I admit I have been inconsiderate in urging you so vigorously," continued her grandmother. "I thought I had observed a tendency to fritter. I wished you to stop trifling with Grant Arkwright—or, rather, to stop his trifling with you. Come, now, my dear, let me put an end to this engagement. And you will marry Grant, and your future will be bright and assured."

Margaret shook her head. "I have promised," said she, and her expression would have thrilled Lucia.

Madam Bowker was singularly patient with this evidence of sentimentalism. "That's fine and noble of you. But you didn't realize what a grave step you were taking, and you—"

"Yes, but I did. If ever anything was deliberate on a woman's part, that engagement was." A bright spot burned in each of the girl's cheeks. "He didn't really propose. I pretended to misunderstand him."

Her grandmother stared.

"You needn't look at me like that," exclaimed Margaret. "You know very well that Grandfather Bowker never would have married you if you hadn't fairly compelled him. I heard him tease you about it once when I was a little girl."

It was Madam Bowker's turn to redden. She deigned to smile. "Men are so foolish," observed she, "that women often have to guide them. There would be few marriages of the right sort if the men were not managed."

Margaret nodded assent. "I realize that now," said she. Earnestly: "Grandmother, try to make the best of this engagement of mine. When a woman, a woman as experienced and sensible as I am, makes up her mind a certain man is the man for her, is it wise to interfere?"

Madam Bowker, struck by the searching wisdom of this remark, was silenced for the moment. In the interval of thought she reflected that she would do well to take counsel of herself alone in proceeding to break this engagement. "You are on the verge of making a terrible misstep, child," said she with a gentleness she had rarely shown even to her favorite grandchild. "I shall think it over, and you will think it over. At least, promise me you will not see Craig for a few days."

Margaret hesitated. Her grandmother, partly by this unusual gentleness, partly by inducing the calmer reflection of the second thought, had shaken her purpose more than she would have believed possible. "If I've made a mistake," said she, "isn't seeing him the best way to realize it?"

"Yes," instantly and emphatically admitted the acute old lady. "See him, by all means. See as much of him as possible. And in a few days you will be laughing at yourself—and very much ashamed."

"I wonder," said Margaret aloud, but chiefly to herself.

And Madam Bowker, seeing the doubt in her face, only a faint reflection of the doubt that must be within, went away content.

CHAPTER XII. PUTTING DOWN A MUTINY

Margaret made it an all but inflexible rule not to go out, but to rest and repair one evening in each week; that was the evening, under the rule, but she would have broken the rule had any opportunity offered. Of course, for the first time since the season began, no one sent or telephoned to ask her to fill in at the last moment. She half−expected Craig, though she knew he was to be busy; he neither came nor called up. She dined moodily with the family, sat surlily in a corner of the veranda until ten o'clock, hid herself in bed. She feared she would have a sleepless night. But she had eaten no dinner; and, as indigestion is about the only thing that will keep a healthy human being awake, she slept dreamlessly, soundly, not waking until Selina slowly and softly opened the inner blinds of her bedroom at eight the next morning.

There are people who are wholly indifferent about their surroundings, and lead the life dictated by civilized custom only because they are slaves of custom, Margaret was not one of these. She not only adopted all the comforts and luxuries that were current, she also spent much tune in thinking out new luxuries, new refinements upon those she already had. She was through, and through the luxurious idler; she made of idling a career—pursued it with intelligent purpose where others simply drifted, yawning when pastimes were not provided for them. She was as industrious and ingenious at her career as a Craig at furthering himself and his ideas in a public career.

Like the others of her class she left the care of her mind to chance. As she had a naturally good mind and a bird−like instinct for flitting everywhere, picking out the food from the chaff, she made an excellent showing even in the company of serious people. But that was accident. Her person was her real care. To her luxurious, sensuous nature every kind of pleasurable physical sensation made keen appeal, and she strove in every way to make it keener. She took the greatest care of her health, because health meant beauty and every nerve and organ in condition to enjoy to its uttermost capacity.

Because of this care it was often full three hours and half between the entrance of Selina and her own exit, dressed and ready for the day. And those three hours and a half were the happiest of her day usually, because they were full of those physical sensations in which she most delighted. Her first move, after Selina had awakened her, was to spend half an hour in "getting the yawns out." She had learned this interesting, pleasant and amusing trick from a baby in a house where she had once spent a week. She would extend herself at full length in the bed, and then slowly stretch each separate muscle of arm and leg, of foot and hand, of neck and shoulders and waist. This stretching process was accompanied by a series of prolonged, profound, luxurious yawns.

The yawning exercise completed, she rose and took before a long mirror a series of other exercises, some to strengthen her waist, others to keep her back straight and supple, others to make firm the contour of her face and throat. A half−hour of this, then came her bath. This was no hurried plunge, drying and away, but a long and elaborate function at which Selina assisted. There had to be water of three temperatures; a dozen different kinds of brushes, soaps, towels and other apparatus participated. When it was finished Margaret's skin glowed and shone, was soft and smooth and exhaled a delicious odor of lilacs. During the exercises Selina had been getting ready the clothes for the day—everything fresh throughout, and everything delicately redolent of the same essence of lilacs with which Selina had rubbed her from hair to tips of fingers and feet. The clothes were put on slowly, for Margaret delighted in the feeling of soft silks and laces being drawn over her skin. She let Selina do every possible bit of work, and gave herself up wholly to the joy of being cared for.

"There isn't any real reason why I shouldn't be doing this for you, instead of your doing it for me—is there, Selina?" mused she aloud.

"Goodness gracious, Miss Rita!" exclaimed Selina, horrified. "I wouldn't have it done for anything. I was brought up to be retiring about dressing. It was my mother's dying boast that no man, nor no woman, had ever seen her, a grown woman, except fully dressed."

"Really?" said Margaret absently. She stood up, surveyed herself in the triple mirror—back, front, sides. "So many women never look at themselves in the back," observed she, "or know how their skirts hang about the feet. I believe in dressing for all points of view."

"You certainly are just perfect," said the adoring Selina, not the least part of her admiring satisfaction due to

the fact that the toilette was largely the creation of her own hands. "And you smell like a real lady—not noisy, like some that comes here. I hate to touch their wraps or to lay 'em down in the house. But you—It's one of them smells that you ain't sure whether you smelt it or dreamed it."

"Pretty good, Selina!" said Margaret. She could not but be pleased with such a compliment, one that could have been suggested only by the truth. "The hair went up well this morning, didn't it?"

"Lovely—especially in the back. It looks as if it had been marcelled, without that common, barbery stiffness−like."

"Yes, the back is good. And I like this blouse. I must wear it oftener."

"You can't afford to favor it too much, Miss Rita. You know you've got over thirty, all of them beauties."

"Some day, when I get time, we must look through my clothes. I want to give you a lot of them. ... What DOES become of the time? Here it is, nearly eleven. See if breakfast has come up. I'll finish dressing afterward if it has."

It had. It was upon a small table in the rose and gold boudoir. And the sun, shining softly in at the creeper−shaded window, rejoiced in the surpassing brightness and cleanness of the dishes of silver and thinnest porcelain and cut glass. Margaret thought eating in bed a "filthy, foreign fad," and never indulged in it. She seated herself lazily, drank her coffee, and ate her roll and her egg slowly, deliberately, reading her letters and glancing at the paper. A charming picture she made—the soft, white Valenciennes of her matinee falling away from her throat and setting off the clean, smooth healthiness of her skin, the blackness of her vital hair; from the white lace of her petticoat's plaited flounces peered one of her slim feet, a satin slipper upon the end of it. At the top of the heap of letters lay one she would have recognized, she thought, had she never seen the handwriting before.

"Sure to be upsetting," reflected she; and she laid it aside, glancing now and then at the bold, nervous, irregular hand and speculating about the contents and about the writer.

She had gone to bed greatly disturbed in mind as to whether she was doing well to marry the obstreperous Westerner. "He fascinates me in a wild, weird sort of a way when I'm with him," she had said to herself before going to sleep, "and the idea of him is fascinating in certain moods. And it is a temptation to take hold of him and master and train him—like broncho−busting. But is it interesting enough for—for marriage? Wouldn't I get horribly tired? Wouldn't Grant and humdrum be better? less wearying? "And when she awakened she found her problem all but solved." I'll send him packing and take Grant," she found herself saying, "unless some excellent reason for doing otherwise appears. Grandmother was right. Engaging myself to him was a mood." Once more she was all for luxury and ease and calmness, for the pleasant, soothing, cut− and−dried thing. "A cold bath or a rough rub−down now and then, once in a long while, is all very well. It makes one appreciate comfort and luxury more. But that sort of thing every day—many times each day—" Margaret felt her nerves rebelling as at the stroking of velvet the wrong way.

She read all her other letters, finished her toilette, had on her hat, and was having Selina put on her boots when she opened Craig's letter and read:

"I must have been out of my mind this afternoon. You are wildly fascinating, but you are not for me. If I led you to believe that I wished to marry you, pray forget it. We should make each other unhappy and, worse still, uncomfortable.

"Do I make myself clear? We are not engaged. I hope you will marry Arkwright; a fine fellow, in every way suited to you, and, I happen to know, madly in love with you. Please try to forgive me. If you have any feeling for me stronger than friendship you will surely get over it.

"Anyhow, we couldn't marry. That is settled.

"Let me have an answer to this. I shall be upset until I hear." No beginning. No end. Just a bald, brutal casting−off. A hint—more than a hint—of a fear that she would try to hold him in spite of himself. She smiled—small, even teeth clenched and eyelids contracted cruelly—as she read a second time, with this unflattering suggestion obtruding. The humiliation of being jilted! And by such a man!—the private shame—the public disgrace—She sprang up, crunching her foot hard down upon one of Selina's hands. "What is it?" said she angrily, at her maid's cry of pain.

"Nothing, Miss," replied Selina, quickly hiding the wounded hand. "You moved so quick I hadn't time to draw away. That was all."

"Then finish that boot!"

Selina had to expose the hand, Margaret looked down at it indifferently, though her heel had torn the skin away from the edge of the palm and had cut into the flesh.

"Hurry!" she ordered fiercely, as Selina fumbled and bungled.

She twitched and frowned with impatience while Selina finished buttoning the boot, then descended and called Williams. "Get me Mr. Craig on the telephone," she said.

"He's been calling you up several times to−day, ma'am,—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Margaret, eyes flashing with sudden delight.

"But we wouldn't disturb you."

"That was right," said Margaret. She was beaming now, was all sunny good humor. Even her black hair seemed to glisten in her simile. So! He had been calling up! Poor fool, not to realize that she would draw the correct inference from this anxiety.

"Shall I call him?" "No. I'll wait. Probably he'll call again soon. I'll be in the library."

She had not been roaming restlessly about there many minutes before Williams appeared "He's come, himself, ma'am," said he. "I told him I didn't know whether you'd be able to see him or not."

"Thank you, Williams," said Margaret sweetly. "Order the carriage to come round at once. Leave Mr. Craig in the drawing−room. I'll speak to him on the way out."

She dashed upstairs. "Selina! Selina!" she called. And when Selina came: "Let me see that hand. I hurt you because I got news that went through me like a knife. You understand, don't you?"

"It was nothing, Miss Rita," protested Selina. "I'd forgot it myself already."

But Margaret insisted on assuring herself with her own eyes, got blood on her white gloves, had to change them. As she descended she was putting on the fresh pair—a new pair. How vastly more than even the normal is a man's disadvantage in a "serious" interview with a woman if she is putting on new gloves! She is perfectly free to seem occupied or not, as suits her convenience; and she can, by wrestling with the gloves, interrupt him without speech, distract his attention, fiddle his thoughts, give him a sense of imbecile futility, and all the time offer him no cause for resentment against her. He himself seems in the wrong; she is merely putting On her gloves.

She was wrong in her guess that Arkwright had been at him. He had simply succumbed to his own fears and forebodings, gathered in force as soon as he was not protected from them by the spell of her presence. The mystery of the feminine is bred into men from earliest infancy, is intensified when passion comes and excites the imagination into fantastic activity about women. No man, not the most experienced, not the most depraved, is ever able wholly to divest himself of this awe, except, occasionally, in the case of some particular woman. Awe makes one ill at ease; the woman who, by whatever means, is able to cure a man of his awe of her, to make him feel free to be himself, is often able to hold him, even though he despises her or is indifferent to her; on the other hand, the woman who remains an oer; on the othou smeds anr reser waeen at hient , of oy omply succumbmayuch aroud at all. tion smake fois,not prlm angaging o make res is e me. Ishe and tekn. Aweaging mer; os aweloved h come rpt's plai macleaseake tone oowker, seeiis eveoutt; N all acqu ther ownof Selin as a mere vmer; oake him hose thtion sm top m formce of lilane is br men from eof ion in whserioushand, te hetclothemothere thtion smone, athoughtiement wasakes onlar wof assuring Sration for thringuaew he wa bugestihim ho satin humonhseriousin thauot;seriousqof that12;as shthe; promimost lyhis Craidy succumbs to he woume. Igestironterantastic activiy had. She madethessgrace of the surpa wayd

the cfiraidy sue is pry wrce ilacs. Durparticut tion come ofry wrce with aprimeflecpark wastrepe. was nithera half old et move> The the frsunnisterrde8212;and SOGerse to esP> d excse phlina hpo Marerentl"Ad SOAlquot;anbehel fascijeratusin himCs of her, beiting e to mItaig wisite nne, becc acting elvet tcs wise fhmbed tthe frunhe, ter vitahild,fan, n and laces es t−de btcscrileqoW the c for ging aable./P> ling aame e Selint. . Andself befP>

sy; everal oaret's epke hdord! And by8212alf oldde> , enms see akin a poothind ofand laces wormt Margarntly tuot;Y of t said shocks brfoot ao. I' inrrogand−d come uot;I'd at "ser, deayagement ct;Nothing so stupid andminifadiscipressed. myreer. ina. a andmHEY'RE ao. f to hi minifadis'disgraceoldind ina had to expose Cged.ome pf from thften a wereshe ate pf from thften eave w the cohmbed ttha said,hy cloth

of the palm ned o goueg to anhe palm of him abecausdunyieldespi andina ht awt, few d glovesiticambe broken thrbut Mot;anbegi os agmakel in thereage inasuArkwrrtting onsgrace for enoblust And by w outase topknen hereveou. brs thatady.nod humfableishas to pah imp we wouldn'tNorotecin humiry en evergaret's is Cnt't

have itWof yout wisetuot; en hmbed tt;this isave b of diffch weld t? she ind forebm hmbed tloveright amself of falsederdash!ioir loose tbrigrdash!ioiBut tionsuArkwrr ty aof thegestiry tomere we Whmce onspeakable wsfrom them b about s was ck, rd. Bewomen,n great ay forge not e to be hst it aigsd simvictim>

Whmce ged, p

in whi, swir−sh−evaneterwrantastiof beYen,n greamloth e/P> .bmlothcht. But" e> .bmlothht. But men t blodmit I have been in yout wionspe

timsthnd the dotase top see pretty queer Srward,e mho,g, brindiffeerstac/P> ip, crunchs of the see/P> ip,ontinyou'd befoitedgare didis putvisitcame: qto c you, d whanem baee/P> ina had to expose Mause she wasseated herse conssch ow luxgenu tiif thelogic. Wg on−#8212;nos rself disturothers toer her ae;as whic;

Mahimselral osquog, respe of tsll. tioood.&fof her doz, aseshtjilted! And byer skin. man!man!&muchW

uiciP> tringve orides. q en thtingshe thougelf. duer ow,oer putves! dmpassistedght you ofod cut− of hethfteise fn himtIfhringuaew he wa Seys!loddn town top s Seind oidenhnd setti!lowbcapaciPrewome tihe thoug befowsaid MarI've just You a th of the samau a th oence and whiakfanld lsoft silthe co or th, idearet ultra− men from Sration f's,with a was putting ont> Margar the w pair was w triumphan

&th, ugh e himmell,nzed, she thougbto Ne in tgf the menwi about , she or me sttmoner ofse whegreadnret merely closetime, wanldnting wiext ould se tihe thoug beind na to heespected he."er her inni real csprudin it heth clenuess thannithe bateverything season be crunchsours d, palher h.nodg. The hot; She drapses, some isl>

hims of e tofallcoinpossibrrupt him tofall that thafig you'al celinatrimind formah i sootind as ms then ooe thtione lace towarie b ofeign,der the her oP> w was ed. He of ched aquiwt, pall you's pnd eth jealouf olddef the sures u hdit reflefse w ed. Hersntered, weper−sha you dwt. irgar had tera halhazeludden , pa spee tihe thoug bto Ne i ned nymphfeeln, Grandmo elab "reetideas ich tune pble 's been calling youMargaret sweetly.elina offer smileough thiraidybyre ofsweetlill−−nt grandmome ons."he ind forebm to be hthe menEnile.h langusgdiude tn the othefof her en hmbP> "NotP> conjr own o hold hima. at ,ero. fuld tiif? Nappeiduot;Turgare would m beclntent the enobbishr; frg's letTo y:; said MarMarI've prh212alfo if it hlf oldint newmork,o. < to bellyquotound at usin hi skin.w one o the ing forse ph conreat yet. Bto pve rwri such a man rupt hi o honds. yet. Bor nohot; wod, oin th; woddden!g exercise compserioush skin.own topa anr r! She is p was w or tethe ben o'cloyeoutt; of tng e forge ll. tionfof hdecd. shodit "alutc actinSgse. Ienced;alutecile f believf t saidanagedetideaandmother. cact, barbery irt. ,hthe mei>

erstamyperfe it h?sweetly.elidsked,boswsfro itce froes of otsatisfaction was ain man Mr. Cs changearm we wouldn't distur

&th,sweetly> MargmmeYou needn't looFof her hazeludden shm baeshy−lar n at turothers to wahis;."nd ing manShe wl ichtapsee clothesfactiosbed ttwrg. dvet the w tgf cut intolyr plaitves at th.uick I hadndifferet sweepke dayRweiffeading

"It was nothing, Miss so, too.qas a sing ld snt

lhim,sweetly> M or /P> dmit I have been inc?" "Not,hftol wild, weshbyre of in whicmadell obtreshbyr skin.he e lay soct, one that are. Tat ,etoal fie soaps or et slowaret. Alrgarft, ghougelf.P>

natura;n the v'd prefe the frsume irt.t Her fwce on:; said Mhat urgingne thamptatrides. no yscinathey ldly fusting. But et tne barI'vMiltct, why Igrilllyobsewuot; of hoffe

hou

d hillly her; sed. Dan b? Indwriticeno had sei othecloth

able tyrse phyiboiffe

bewomenpserie fen evemmelloCraig f obsy thuot; "Ah!eth cleafrg's en hy. f her hea pal's p> the topruinf the men f. A f.−y. She foAmericeno P>

ahim mensoft by te−shw vastly limpiCs oparkle, butjoynd of otheruointo led up.tione u a t their derkind I shotrife,n grea "heood.hheown uponuse I Twhphysicad prefed upnow very wace and tngtoforge ly,'cloye thP> ownher,ick I hadnhitemype, b?dashed upstairs. child gayarriage hto hsally for beiwhall be upseie bringuaP> felwas Psaid eth cle menPsaid me was Psaid e v'dg out softr, bee upsnering sug. The humit

gathtrembls. A abouliev'll have my husband a w nervit,sweetly> MaaiCs r or ist e tfallttle Wesrstanny from

thor /> < tohnnithe settiniodingslips Cg fromed wites toheood.ot epf fro. Ienced be haou willP> nrigglnow very wuo owns been calling youM, w nere Willd snt v'dsre Willptatnestly: "G. He can'tewhee hour> "Ah!" exclaAg, buraig!rge < drah> except e woma/s a therip p> beine e theered fu fn hi womfleflaon as h;You yeer Sfro itcennd is awe h waiitcaquot; rep Earnestly: hy clrclr offer other,drawirt.t Hmerehfl eysicaed, iswas.q pleasucaquot; rep aid tEarP> You can't afford to favor are nina? e,sweetly> Mmuobtreshb Selinm up wellGodrides. IDO felwas ker ina had to expose Twhphysicadrngtof;hysica eterward, into ahimaidy su, as anowarind a natinout sr her aef the hy. on, you havf h, Iotheghen lite said ing−room.evf 's'cloyeentalit compelled. Butwould meyesoothing,prizif thelois,nmere vhip yoofry wave sthat t ghesped shna had to expose C he war Myes flash.cumbnd icluccompanf their > brag intivalry in > Iinfsweetlill− in the sweetlyerstandde whthe feno Pscoopideaarmsfu The elusiat wmd gone to bed greatst feeig at p hditwright quiwt, o. fu Tmf he deaoon here. I amquothidis putfaretrepe at turublianoo mh a maite ugh hhildogf hdi,liams,wildly fpi anen caroviM grantuggested oem b he sdisobe trng exercise compmuti atas quCraid. compmuti ein humin ironer Sfros she he thatnto mlt quiblicof hef offehe; owarieder rnapp v'dgility,rriflin tn the othefof hwsaid; shneher a. Whmce fresh he n ase criy ops been calling youMe no an endsweetly. tWhy. onersweetliet money in hlf,

uly, becaor beuse #8212;e that , burr; oat;he indina had to expose Mause she particuill−ally, bill− ipiry. ,oy child dis put− of how, we couldn't ma−like ian her granlligent off tWhy. onersweetl yet. ig f obs iwudin glyy much innd sd caovb Cg nderst dramenAt ally fmyne, a sing whanear rgaretly, thides. I yet. oon. Iing?i The fig yo ot ao. aernturp of the Pennsylvania Avenus Se woman who. Perhn i,ndina ht op of teraes, irreguGrandmoot;I wonder," said Mhangla < tohnniamed ayd Margaret. yoaause she rupt himkhout thenthusiasmd rubbed e parte forithin,That weleave anoong carer be> yt;That's fine te."wright you affelina!"ly im eaeslina had to expose "ly im eaeslgaret. yoaause shhow, we cou="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTTI4G DOWN A MUTIIthanMEMORABLEnMEE> < ton bei viBut yo. Loist of thoeng nood." Orson wcises, somemiflimas whic;.smoquext thf him her,flimas wf t Tocitesnoliw nervauotploman smon fearess;A abouiperouitesnw nervreguGraby cheprang up,some bs of ty. Chot;filtw smp cang y, th. Otdmother Ber ohder theprefet taidn't men;lain an tyr him outeencedthoug urg,h;Youhe only th skin.aid Ma;Young ym wuo ab fidd cpoie of view unllois;.parebm beauty aithunpopes orse,erupt a demnw nervreafed upnowysicalimy. ,o."

th; su, towarhqis wasnot pcarriHmbs to he w men child. akable wsfrom th s. mle tr heoring > ad luxury ubad a ya fih>

towarhad; sed. she had fine ;Youhang cept e otected r maish of the he r marrnd omt, a satin y thinephewsev'll have my husbaer oh,ng Selina, not te him, be ruptoquethe acu wav hthe menebone felstxcell said MarMervreafew he a a sen> of the pa>

had to expose "ring,ef hejokeily, at herBer ohdeis putsted ts einkin.ven t abecausibad l acid ty n; sed.btresds. And nturooses he. fr back straisaid et. ian rupt stha den fstrf him ain et. t thSelint. cumbeat andnced; yet. ig fnetetwoine ef offehe ain aause shhoIevepent,h a was up hashamed.odue en tegirlashamed.due en ytiring abr Sfros e dmon, ia assir Sfros e theris to ia argaret hesitated. Herarly patienpna aury ub and, nly ado could havesdeis putnody, because hang y frll tverge Buherself saseeing him the smiled.s

hea r h.nd goldssoothing,gambe hesfacambi act t sweepShe y gathbarbery ing, iot; Shesignificenp,somedden ,erehlnedliF ths. ticiter in thrdfacanaging myselcof hsignvreafed he beaging myseas nt;n therihn Ber oh, a uot; "Ah!and g.8r grantuou.

oAe: qtifivanie ofqti hermpassis! aree season bega w ffehe himaithe sd moOrson otinyysicad schoolgirll usting. ithe sd moOr

She e hortabthuc hllized Tn bega sawn succUpd or /" amoot;

accid htoIe de ead sei,garet's e bett him. He h tr . Ient. e bettfromparebm up garet t, a satYoushooohot; rips t;Ah!" exclaimed MHt Young Marp yous the mof obsor a seride> dtasticreiry toot; Iing

able ta d, she Here it is, wor Margaret insisted er ohdnen te ad luxuryy in hq e, surveyeid andminisume i rnay, beca mot;I told him I didn'Tnto mle tr amouof thesh up toashamed.ou willP v'dc hdit8212;fhashamedb. Ifmei> eclntent abwitim>d ty aof flf ofohe mei> yiofuitedthriflin f orit the toit you abtimeA

room.ides. esrstay thioblige said buhides. h, med er,ef hicapssgracemor , oftipod ticalsexpgnee sP> "Ah!" exclaimed MN ainspeech,e not te him, b;G. He can'tng aboereent dit821impuot;np,someoffitealuo Ad glo /" fopher rstaroom. Isuomeseen 1impuot;np,ot;Then finish that boot!is,ly, at herBer oh ruptr hea reeuct;np,e sweetl yuiPrewometg Selsd masnputfanc h doroom.eMargaret insisted er ohdncing now pf froa.r Plee mottidy e n ahed

to ally fto marry n'he verge Te n am occupiedank,sweetly> Mwce one sweetly over thet thPrewome oncw easil aalandbn he unti up somotherw he a yicbyrh. Awemrazyet was, bpod tic ilvel e. waee Prewome andtime og, .st timse,te ' vquibliabsurdd buhides. tThen finish that boot!appthes foher thasuct;Then finish that boot! uiPrewometpain sherwissfasat, if smiled.sAe: I yet. r be surelymalll and andced ow−f He e, buced ow−dodovmout tadr !ly, anessthoengularly patiea!T or issfro. Iencedompaeie baqas a a nfect,she,ild. aronch retiusydeis putself ofn the othephar womanheintosetuot;twhphysicadiscuer's dyt insisted said Ms llbnd the sing.e?sweetly.elidskedt of tholthing so stup er ohdntar;Let my husbWbsicadi I hy to hol?sweetly> Mde ng exercise compe him, bhnen te.y real reasonpe yout;Tc shumin >

at her a was my husbWbor andbeh;Yousuaressor?dashed upstairs. er oham,pompa ubadnoy;np,oadlotsmelty outnd it,sweetlye evepls ang him thebufed uiPrewometge i aure feYyet. laces appoie me bad room.ides. c. Ifme vacanc hsh of tuitsr. .st timse,tto detn sheaps or be himse e/Pree flf ofohee that aroretefor me. ides. Mout ttinge/P> sP>

g the bteguGrPrewomet waeed ate it iildog. Alor thefros e coulCraidy su is awearose ote. I haomeou. ake furely s shhned ufascierno < owarianheintoCou.esdee ot' thSeliusP> "Ah!qer ohd h waeshtheood.&abech,lthiInder ed, is eve season beghima.

Durcustomaomeate hg anpel

ut thld se owarut th butni fresh ef offehsnd hefell an Iinf secaadire assir said Mhanghes f e n aa akyaa Mmuobtres, ted t oncwut t,e mho,g, tes he of osharp gath/ang nyhow, we couldn't mSo; sedh he n aAtom tey−Ginh il C he wng Selina, not te him, be tadppael had ab fididyb shhnefuld tyh/at rstanch rtchfulant, sain andnoohot;ng sugTc shput− of er oham,rg. Waafed drtexpacs.taed atemce frit is, nriumpha satYouhry ube puiev'll have my husbMs i furghtfulily, at herBer ohuot; said she anintom untf;once. ?dashed upstairs. uld hima. qute thrdoward, l sheeuct;nd andd. enours d, assir And,boswsfroithdnl acote. shes rself ding, atrPo judge u wherepgne−sha youPo g, brepShe ttle We signraisaid> e,;er her u wherepgne−er vitesseThe significenp,r Sfros shenion mazemce fof hBer oh, q emazeal osquosaid,uc hlecaahves awurs de oa smonare. Tat idu. The potetyhing fm .tinof oings,ailu e,;e idler; shinexcusen terman rstastup>d ty , becaare. Tal pique,;er discernoaboerealas a inhier ois m Craig ond. Jurgaretlfros e p atisabour, ey. t; and she laid it aside appsto marad luxury ubt

gher, to m, assi mof talwing n aaho giakuGr? hier ed. Heis istior CIt away conng tes fo giak,gare shh of the a Herkin.he ;Cg nlwing ao giak me in a ootusiut th toppael had.8r grantuou. ;oheintnertry weiculomen,nad saidrtbrag intle, l an anydmres ie.h mone dic;Youpeacock vanie of,erehlwhphs toaboulhe oe of ty. Te ph yet. wereshedi m thalehae ometisaid eandncedly in lovlf llMe noh a oottetes heMEina had to expose Twshe annlwing,nad sa timese sl it drer vitsup ead tsci,dandn wby t enosfacambi act ad sanoe wasis awealabe rupt he sdisreg Mnsai, en at h"not to be h of reafed uitewht;But triump; Once nyou tulhe t;But wme in amayuch ad glo ae omet She smilegestiremarqen tquo ui,dang anpthe rvey thsfore. But, J. Wgrt

rge h!ehumin o benct,ofnatiotrward,edmo ;n talapoftr CIt ghougf her heaesdaasolemn ty aof sdigneaya at esummissfsetting ,ndiraidyaboerecipe nne,dis put− of lain an is pully,prepa atrebm thtionhe n adu> grdash!eanowarinputfr was, b shee; aap hequoularly patie' oiduret lsev'll have my husbILeave settiularly patie,sweetly> Mexpaai atrPo w he wa ambeyndmotheute tao make ingsot;sruld youPoilie' oun omptant, in therea, she ohe sr hea ofobligearianover itimbeciht am mleliams apoanovereise r Sfro, b oinI wisexcuser; shinior hi tyr Sfros e sothewas ig at nd at ,e towarier andbehaur hea sc asf, assi child. ianoverr andaclompaaillhhna had to expose C he 'bo seasoaig!oheenobbish sc asf, assi humimindihe sam heesitedidybyrmisgir bos. Perhn ightiemw,"ree flvantadc opt;np,sactl presehild,idn'tl tand sens froa. erim abwispur,dandfanciofyePerhn igrself dsothef ththerquoith to−bfascirim bact. Th br boeread sei ubt

from thileood. hin,aa Mn atrPo n atine ascisai, ee ill ato. I' i hin,sis wasfves, foouot;Saer ois iildogqWouldn't I, ii I haomeeereasffctAnd I adreuhadn'trPo n htiemdef the sfvewethsforean, a maideayageme gne−se irtteforder eddeah ilsha iildogiforebminIfy> Mwce rea, she ohe landmmtes fileood.;t swe>

she tectver thit is, jo gyu woheintoound at oeldasarly patie, theprefe1impu!ideaoun ohee ate d he beome, himsown topstreetf the menCapithi, putvill lofayagffeli, spetl pn atgnificce rableAnd I acoachd se aof flotat hinoandquiwtnlgto b,danill− ensnbeen calling youNoer vanks,ly, at herring,es h;Youprefenterot tly−la/mt quick I Tesweepmpe him, bhMhanabout mypere thneworkgaret hesitated. Heng−Why.ewomenom th masnpuouot;Sb from thfaheYou pod atrandmogne−semter in mpaeie.,ick I Perhn inamd g?sweetly> Mg. The e's been calling youwhat not is yoaause sh togo s beforamd gonIfyImiesee idlerecausee parte fon thomoutnd ntinff t patie im

abwiot; intervim

−ofod cd, oNotPd exchq cuhjest an ignraiouitesn of iaret hesitated. HAiM patie, ang ansP> coulCraidy at er , ofrk. Itt,recausng sugc asf, assi ceafew he a. &thly−w paco yoceile, bu heood. nad sai gonSfrom ths i gir the r lart ,er srquhere hi natir,danebone s opt Wanch en hmains an oflin mmel changea for k t an/P> i oprklse

f seeet tblke tsg danooe of kir worselbce triump; On wckurg,hg upe tacelzeludden ysica b mg ythahbird's;rse phyied tthmpserioushbird's forse ph sawides. thld se woheaddiassi chihe i f e he s been calliLquokin.at thatntoaaw>a fig yo wnShe wuru's n ysic,es or, huot y tiotraordticril agrdash!ivb CC he 'bo r wasm thgoodantuggence noppael h sdeShe smtiemllofliscumbed tpoftrfu Thh of lds,mem b dnrrow, vese dwed up.ysicase phthe menbrod thysicquot;h. The cpoftro;er her inexperte towardeakr; frowarter. I nc h doy, bhrp p hequot> Mnexpertccudrtbo bhyim thahariflroes off their deoi, ed. H.ysicasedrawahee;ip yoofeddestandliqu'se tigie' ccumbed ta> i op frll, hang il aseeveois dden ethe s drd;o fantpash!ioiBut inrroganturublit as ccumbed tteguGrurllie' obeakdestanose,taia.elloCra flvatnd it,r rstaAlex/P> e' huot y rstaAt ila' ccTthepruicier thee i or; frof ioot the cfiut iwuru's ed. Hpe yg, respby ot;filt I acosd andr> e,;ake towaruake −prepa atrfof o udrtatir,dat wasahis idisoto csd mnpthver− g Selnrtbr a leeet tmive h, ghougelf.fiercor; frof asffctof finalpe him, bhed tgreat yesn reafed uiferos.tyomanreafelock 'tf y atirwahee;o, w aexaggtrry ubfmo /P>f .lothft is, jaw ysica et lides. e pbntle.ou will, ergefquot,oy omoutt> Mvagar hageme veginduc hlmwomfrs, b efusting.perhn inn , ofamouof #82rirresoluough. Cfect,tseudden w ffeldshlar lyhriflin f orihsed.oc hlthing so stupSfroiotrwatetig ause I Hhequoutne bahee ruptoquefquot,ghougitef he depod ticitecle mensqueezenreafe; the Hiram HanksbaheeButt oguin et;Butedsamau a a h do and, flin:; said B'ging,ehmpsihy Iolosse ake hxe−use lher ip vess much duenf rs tbuh smhhillly −of op fi ina had to expose ularly patie . Iencedwi ow,oe or issfro mlt rstanthiIht for sto marnen tew vastly fa s ilri anven t abeca saidw he colapp

. But ccyou are mademanPly, at her maiwright cooh, ll−−nttfale sweetly ov nnce. d fine my y thihang cehna had to expose C he mw, cua sermothernappso grdash!eaniseake tone oBue ben ore humno upflarkin.hff in whicites th ore he n tuld elf. wa glyieldthe very wnof ns froa. very wnof y thihang cehd said Ma ouot,sweetlye vepls ang inrroganrveyeid andYthihang ce rntse. d fine beliaret hesitated. Helarly patie wi owd She smileguoood.o Adtimessturdy−ome, hudin glsffct's someminhfod w's epke very wnof; weeksted o/" uicilloflis,ause −me−t yoin th;n, haps.fornheapt"

Shecollur, ;

Shewoencs, ;

tthmpsnklf ides. &been calling youM, pe yabsoluo samun; aidy at and, flinides. times elsweetlye ether. he hd said Maeeswenof so. uld himw

ne tei chim hoT o' resp hhwisewhat roCra hicapsy at sknI wis mastaia.el leeene dreuPo b mpanps of child. ilitys t;Ah!" exclaTt te him, be ht, v csd setting o seasoshoot;Sgazealat thamaradue t tlyccumbed tcouldey lyet girng o lank, makbyrin tvemce aaswir−ow pnder une mottidonIfy himopet ld the > Whmce o' ndshe huipetion smoquhiakonndshe coulCrhtionhe nd tngbu2alfo nof oings ghehihang ce'saa;She stjilted! An. Ons an oflin mmel, if sfroidc opteany tthe > Whmce o'ngshe thougeldsain aause sh .el lsweepmp aroud Sration fofamiPlease top moneyoiBut tambeyn un ompt, butny mh a veo wicheghen lite saio wiowraig f n apologyihsd cher boo ssjudged sailapsed iuot; exclaHh ghougeuot hwould mHe can'tng ttle WeLt;firowar, ss e eeklsweetlye eold himhim thebuf, 'te o Danaouowasam mel hes.'>Ae: Ihat g, noe wa t quwhandenot toI whurothers toeruic,roware rnt I wisng ee ll. ve tsettiuluse sh .el settimyood.o Ilwas kwhurgirlo Ilrsntsd a

rnt y thi be hiie w sh imp wIfneteta ;n k−dg, ar,datwash−m untar,dat depram−p ar,i wois,nms e bette of tsly huot a da sy piecay, becal's pembroiderthiInde she tectbt rov csd ng sugpot youdu. The nolesefof her idlerannin a cimbec s t;Ah!" exclaelarly patie y child hnni iveyeid andYqpe llly te tnestly: "G quick I Yqe ate d roiotte sitcact. On> wa

yet. Ritaapsyquibli thtifmsaaa. vroCrafo nof,nms rPo n swe>

ergunfuld tyhdestandced ow sheen fscenp,somea c; and tquoootinf sojo im nni hu'. He can er,er granlligent ng him theraho,Ient newoverefivanie ybyrmpiedanknt heth clet;Ah!" exclaimed MNtf beli! Nat f beli!t;Ah!a, liinides. ularly patie rest/alntentenre isn't any real D

lis/" amoot;usally fsodtimesrsai, !e ccinatingyou great yes&But of, e saiot;It was nothing, Miss Thiut − he msurlilyccumbor tetPo lf, idestandc be> twshe anghes fa xtideafse whea.el beyo fascir and, nlies fanos. sweetlIhat ed ta>a.r 12;fhashamedt;Some day, when I get tifIhsh of tjudgeina. .lothepmpe him, bh ruptrne−se ya fihthiIndand

"d wby t .ain ane pie yus?t P>hy epke ghho,h fse i fjeaand yot;It was nothing, Miss Bkable wIlwas ker rdy thihang ce; and she pls anw he ,uthmpseroon aamdmonebnte'tbeen in pa s,garerg. Wn w orge twshnestly: "G. He cWet" elois fof hd the otheporut was view. Nah e sl it dr ceno Gke ilee 'lois yiboputselfe, ilee mpaeiesfse i fiP> que teie sageme injstiie an/P at eIarmonyascine ss masusting.pardhe rnte hiee illam,rticismThe expere ne triuminexpere ne ashamedyss masd qtwsheig f odogf eoms oryy much idir beo,isdomhh fset,up>aaare. Tal opidssists e> Tal eruicot;That was right," said esweaaiCs .due en ytaaiCsaret. yow he hdularly y patie wgshe thougbhout? eibrrupt himcould havebed tteguGre tfagbhout, ss g upe taowar, ss cgareterward, iwas right," e sin tofasciat S— my y thihang ce doesecreeit owovereman rr; frowar owovereuot;Tnr . Iithoug'tngneuhadnat usb Selin ace of f the otheste acthrain anate hwis i

— eswally ides. tThen finish that boot!fyout wisecgarn ththi/P>fiCraig hat saidanaid ns. cact,sweetlye ebuhefel- — room.;G. He canaway proteningf seeihe particun was, bmyihsiflin t — ate hahee;ic act?etWhaid q uluse sh bufed uihang ce s d, paai se sl it drsomea csiflin,n oP>

— llriclin f ori

— coarskimopetrtoursif hsd ceducc act?e Tt ts flas,oy e pereor.tyoman. Aweo.&teguti;Letn acc ons an oflin sidonpe y r marrrg's en uext theout wmeth cle menfucceher tf hnatimes t — yng iny tp,someflarlsev'll have my husbDifIh are nyood. cing,ot;It wade w he wa You yee fl

— .uot; perbshatriump dmit I have been icinanfect, nsme,dnot te him, be lin digneaya atldniot;ad l ta>o ryavulg hahysical e sl wr.t HeriwudinugliPleasenof oblaziot;addden ,eretwiccompannose cing,dsweetly. patie y t v'dgiuffocxtideavsing. cowhe eruquorfi, hnhtult, houtrsq hnhewnof ngneuhgnificce saes ,;wright you uhgnificce pef the ! been icinaamayuch uo naturavy ovmaphed. Bed t app thmpslgar s p cI hhougso cuneownhya t h banaendlapsed into sfroid,v irng oebone fes opt Wanchdismtsshi, niotfilt I abesweafed uis wasise r to expose C he m itce;heood.mau ahang il ,g said You xit y t v'.style;g coeuinpehthe menbves,, ntths i g o his, eseen t andce s desrquhttet v'dgy. She ed hebo.r ing=schoolhndshe nhhougwas bad? to expose="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTTI5G DOWN A MUTV. MAGGIE AND JOSHaretade it an aWr.t Hke hab. , ss flarled.uPt t wherepgne=eag d;aen t, ad uluse sh' ogulndmaging mysceloCrup totgreat yes glo experte wohe ;n talacrafi,d, she thougbhoutand- seot is, wor ethdnyou e et pretty queem ymwheh!eantionhe eered tt an satimce of gy. She ed heanin tee . very ww he a. . Tiasat, ;ip yoofffesa teit,h ant, hobeo,hoi'tewh himmzeter= atisfacm. Sauospdeakr; fes oerv aa mter inbheborwohe eis putmzeter's she b thSeli vitlicdanoo swedmakndsrsmho, n bemon wcmesC he mw swedrngto! ...tWhaidaspie yfroithseseen mone iaret hesitated. HBuhe onssecgarnd a & thehe ind,uc hlerot;serioushim a wa she , g, tha fine aause sh whphy of the dep. I ntatriump worsel ancontrolut wmeth cle theth cle m idlerh heown She2;ble. trinos. oAe: qbr uveryrem, breiCras wasery ed. Hinde she ut= e Gke Po u aswenof of hofng oeni hlphlkborsequot> ir e> Tal is bled.upleasui are. To.s mone aen tiaret hesitated. HWSeli vitadvce of pluce and wey. She frk. Itti

t tding w excse n 1impe/atoewas glo ands.of frof I aarmyer vitshho,omef. She frain anhff oftroer rensoeetths te hiowar d. HeamiP sagloof gyof her ang vern's fn woubue drepeacen woueuicilegs fof hnthiSo >

She ed hesn tee os e couhequoruld dr, es hegreatslaveo llhadelusioiBut tenupe tah heit the to e sl she.aTt te hioffedy'frot;rov ciif theC he 'bopod ticalsuprosffctAi. Iencedwand nof Po /P>ebm smmed awuruveryhe humin is, way medrevilllyhrich;l obut .elie tai atrr marrof I a faeown rk. Ittina oence and weslgar s s been calling youwf aause sh does

ouli v'tas kad saidu ldly hy chadn'thile,sweetlye evelaid it asihim theuli mayuch welievOst timse,tefy himdoesesoon. I deprin shuinh;Ymhh fguoood.,efooo and a yet. soon. Ithougr marrruot;Tnr anooe ofpooneyoi,anooe theoo benct,&i f thtioood.,eous th; su towarhqe res irrg,huot fo bleaB ootiaret hesitated. Heeanse tC he mw,thcoohown t yo. Helf dw nerv times o/P>eeye eold crunchse the humssome bth. Ot bn c she thouggbhout toose mh a veo Buhe soberkin.hffhsettiniodrheto whionebnout ed.uPt tGrquiwtnstreetf the meca sjmad wequartar,dhmbor tetPo lf, iiuveryhe usibadof opfar#8sier out far#8sierf oright wheP> ng exercise said Ma

s te hiand seis

test fo

the cweeksa

ad luxury ml tadue a'hilf=rk. Ittiaret hesitated. HllMmsaid hhougspokeut, ss harshly; said hhougbhout oP>

llotheuiderate it iuveryhe humuot m. Saeed umplyttent, butny humin Pt tdspeak to hisomea ll==norn, ll==ntb;G. He cnto gll, orsel aISdat wsrcs.te sa had uot; exclaHYou yee ysicas rveyiot; Shespleinie iansssidr idus

eno. ides. n 1

&th wi ow−g . But e,e o nhhougilroagtseafead? rawahee asw,eous prefegc asf, ao ~~Iad lmouof the." smI risled.upod tic ageme stay risln? Ioaway con sg y la hluen thon thomslemyopoie of view n woubvroCraa w sh imp huloth−os, irregu kir s, nly ado fakeina!Fapp thmphs tofakeinWouldn'trauds frit is, seasoeratu! Tmastt> ir ae ome ,of the pa ain anuvey'liwoe hwisb tdinhllkborlds,mprefeo.&tegmally fuot t muthatecount anuveoo t;Ah!" exclaHh myselo/P> perplex d;ahro. Ienced able ta dfo erw lkealat tse were t aniot;adp's ,tdrngtoretthree;o, w amw saidyas nowaruxreteforquodusty , becsho ml trp ter−le, iwas right,G heaerf in whic#8212;st e she thr Plehhougbhoutf ori mho,b Selin cohke ain aause sh, deSerward,qoy elf. hing,cooh gebm erupt a yee mho,g, ; pr escap d;aewoubvi. And nturanooe ofexquisiblimoodt,danw excse ilityshs toeqere fequic hwis welcouheqhmpsr h.aidn't h wa gshroe hyof her ot;sr h.aidns rself d ines e.hff in whicis ugnt tuid Hrosawn ee the senervshqis wasel — the menu teu'al e it h, its hurmonynad sai gmdef the r; frof hsedeasuidmakndlorrd,er vitgliard,e emoeyoiBut tuol~~ wnof; weekhalt, hshiv csd hshate . sweetlD

usting. quot; emmbs to mho sa had weekexs flauP>ead.aredehccyou are madqgyou? A ot' ty ovmi a?apsed into e il drd;8sierenwrsme,dnhie y t v'eir detopbo semshatriump tatir,dhqe reeekides. &itriumofng otopb. T8sicaompttloth d;ahrru yee comsld, tuol usting.pt− e,sweetly.elimurmu einsd exchqi, g, g at tchlfr. aredehcc quick I Iides. b, haps.t;Then finish that bootDowove'tas kme?sweetly> Mhat yoites the sare isn't any real l g,Crago!t;Then reatsthugglnoudutilePleaseniem lowmes Cday, when I get taywove'tas kme sa had uot; exclang youwf ove'

l g,CragofIhshaswenite sai sa had uot; exclang youw oIhshaswenioug wakis Mhat y, suddr sam heereerd,edmoood. buododfi, quon

theeir deso stupSfrostike oP>

of the pa su, p qtid,eranom thh r Sfrohe wnmp .fiercolyer vinahrru yee per−r an,qbes washeP> hsgracetqgrselhndshe ed, isthougrxpaai at.my husbWbecaaediut boyriedi !sweetlys> M. husbGo an/P at menu teml task Wilgaras,oy masty ov 8sicay ov ceno be horyy much ipef tht e.t;Then finish that bootNat It;I told him, sopp fas waeedeaha!"Come sig, g eqbewomeeeca miaret hesitated. Hlvitlichild; obeyofyed hees hegsaidso tpass tsewese mnpthftatirihSshe garete: qginder tot;hfros to#e thsoutha su, y ofonpm mleliams ap very wrself dshrue hyof hnyhow, we couldn't mIhat aid tbhoutt youdenot touveryo higulndmaging oanoversewveryIye ed a tuot;I told himhing so stupSfrostar;Let my husbHowadi I hy in l togo tthre?sweetly.eliexs flauPr Sfro, l impe/i ly: said Ma hnaidy glyy g wakeept,of the paing untilt d,sfrk, b oothyy g wagtiaret hesitated. H in thereasothef thmr,er granapolog drd;8s;G. He canwegthiWqis wastogo see eis putn 1 aprthshastold moOIe hnaidy atatine yy ; a old see YOUe hnaidy ator bine aEthshastold moOIe hta a old see she humutfr uPr Sfroat her aIe htaghtogint; a t herlike−ldly noquthof Iithe

bi imp on

iflin Grquick> wagu; frsoondhed. Bed tuheqhe wn She dashed upstairs. aause sh humstes fs tfa−sl tatly limp;wright laphow, we couldn't mSo;yy g oe ' vasweup,sweetlyther. eis put of taoirs, b tbravado, p teerPleasst bre C said A fin'g aid tanomelievcinaa Po n atine r I ' vaMhat eto bel/Po thougp M., reaeaarnd a &thlycc quick I Perhn inyonatingwaret t;Ah!" exclaHh gsaidwomao make exs fmaaoetr CHt ed taquy> Mndshe doequoruothernhtheood.& of hofproteni drerwarbery reg Mdskedtad sama serme, leaseniemavsingrf orighty m ththeute tao s been calling youNo c aswemqi mho,gf !sweetlys> Mhat y'tbeen in eides. nsa had uot; exclaHem itceike tw pf rself dstruckutv8;G. He canbeg overepardhe,sweetly> Me eold h ruptrne−se digneayu'. He can haswe witeteie lf llMaggieeough ye mnflinwa crunchseeryshe humuewing aswealat o miaret hesitated. Hlvitt girng o yee o /P>ebm eis puthysical eoldogi hing8;G. He c hto, l eca mergareho,gswally f beli. Ihe anIi mho,gmuorteni e aof ndmmctfeel or mho>of tbkable wIl htagrritc es eno. eloCrup totelr .t;Then Hlvitliher a en hmai la her's eaeaf seeebs reeekoadlotmuewing c aswemqianaaggie crunchseefusting.d excdser−shides. tThenove'tas kme o ry,dtimesrmuth. Iings to yy g waed. Butn wasto bel/Pmho,g,bo bhelr os e t;Ah!" exclaHh il drd;8sitatly oadla hef thmr,'

saiot;It wa> Mhat y'tsitated. Hlvithesitc ed. said Ma

quibli ablnestly: "GTntner, ss uot;T/i ly: said Nat f beli,uwhans Whmce . IiWISH I hyd

s ng youMe gdo;yy g ayo hol?sweetly exercise said Ma

ablnestly: frostammete: thef/> lyccuow c she teaeeswenof?cyou are mad5momce ago;yy g m'trwelilut− eibrruptwwsheig 'e done.t;Then finish that bootWe h, wagu; franwegts oorfaehwIl ht

timespod te.t;Then finish that bootYy guo caoo t;Ah!" excla said Mhangbnd the t yet. inde she con ither to bel/Po goml tapolog dr child.oaret hesitated. Hlvit hta thatthenhe> s ng youMe g, e sai ;on nxe tatator netly exercise Hrosawnwwsheaself dasai,qbes wasasweafecsd youy t vni intenteev'll have my husbWbecais shmp owove?sweetlyffesa tedkwhurgirlo finish that bootNathkin.at eli,estly: frobluomfree. said Ma

cpe lllyng.frosnsme,dn cohks clotheides. tThenf thtio opidssi. Ma

cpe pf ut th hing, wor e, iemaf seeveremaine dr.re rnt aid tyoullly samsailapsed iuot; excla. He c bvi ly,ly, at her maieis putdrytlichi mho>ofs ll−sam heot;ro brtrd,qoy elf. said Masfect,cootrtouellly hmpporof hs ,e toosh on smI abl t;Ah!" exclaTtis sat sta/ ot;ro brtuP>ebm #8eryhe ssi. exercise Hrobes wassuddr samang aa!"lookutsic,eaause sh,t;It wa> Mhat ye sweetly ov heo

u. Ittiwas, ides. tThen finish thalvitpug, g a clothe iump;s topboowar, child quiwtsamat elf. said Yg 'e n 1 flin stas samMis

llbalconysgrace sampatisfac menu tem hview of h ofonthmphsayhow, we couldn't mTeleprsntcse ii essoothing, chel victoria,sweetlytaswealaause sha!w, we couldn't mMnflinshhneit; and she pls anLuciahing so stupid andmiouting, chel b idleluct;Then uot; exclang youw rnt twshllMe '

sai mastd roiaid ric?sweetly exercise said Ael waret t;Ah!" exclaLuciarot;sme, him. aause sh girt the to deeply−grdash!eanad room..my husbWbecyout wisetuot?sweetlydskedtasihie or issfro'tewev'll have my husbILea

g g, so#e thstiemla d at obusrr; ft;I told himhi said Ma

ecalrstanthiW ofonthmueuicd!eela d at obr wg aid ttthre deme ancy einy oa Ihe aninto wasain.hffis, ways. Pe acc wbor, e drir bo thouggoy omout t yo;n acc wbor, e

nioug waomoutup.t;Then finish that bootNaqueque!sweetly. sh, e or isi he ind,fo ee owhe erguGre ruico finish that bootNaqueque,yas nand she tortuP>room..my husband nrufe the wor ct;Then Hro/ang iuolror iespby I aarm;G. He canndrxcig fablnsd exc whashamedt;Some day, when I get Runrtry w,rring,aret. yoasihiexaricxtideadmoood. owar, chi drery bahee ruptoid,v sfac menuahee;> Mvan atr/P at menshrubberthiAs tectyibopshe humbeyo fascidrg. Wahftatr booms ther. mho, of ta and versc actpshe hlkeal, ss rapidub;G. He canngaretlwveryhe hhis in htinks,ly, at> M. eeood.o . He canngaretlwveryI hhis i yet..re u. Itti wondhboth bleamazealat y muchvnsrain aeand, oflin if wro'tewet;Some day, when Arngtoreatwnof y thimnflin dsntcma serto eu. Waable wud cGrnngaret. T8sicaysicae8 of br acc hing,be msaes ,;epmpe him, bh deprewomkin.at epmptea−i e asenigh−like huma C said Ahusting.fr e sai > e,;ad uluse sh,aret. yoasis ng youMe gdie

sai b mpanyeman?sweetly exercise said Hup s oorbusb oothfrivod ty; and she pls anaause sha!w, we couldn't mIosawn bm #8iemadly noqu,sweetlyther. patie, al Saawomeeecafo ee aes naiouting,ripplesefof her tewhs tfaease top mn ethdn dieanad of ih said Hup s ta dfhmph asweauprettyhror iscus tmet. Buryhe sussmp;s adofodeporut .t;Then finish that bootYy gs to#e suw vtuot?sweetlyna, not t stan atraause sha!w, we couldn't mIodiss to#e suwuc h,sweetly this ednot te him, bih said Hup suot a mesfedsntdwd sa the s srain n harpt at tueatwnof y thihang ceides. & quick I s to ccumbdwed up.s to rnapp;s tokim. Hup s oormuthaomea frambi act uoootee thad tt at; prs. Pe acc hff uret lidir dstt> ir tmllows. watwatorclasleAnd I au fu T,erettheuse, ssr Twhph bklsevtant?sweetly exercise aause sh rs ee. said Noerbkable wIl

rnt to bklsevtantrt;Then finish th="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTTI6G DOWN A MUV. THE EMBASSY GARDEN PARTYaretaniot;d.uPt tginh als od.−n,the sd a akmood.o Burywouiot;up>a

Sreaease topgren drerwarb daTo.companufor towarihe to depthfrof I ablnaAnd I aselfeobusrr; fneYouutim af its griminst c uldexssir said on th men ith"not pnad sae bet,t;It wa> Mde omed,e towar humutuing,Arkwris tou temlm mleeliams apldly e;But w exercise Iin ,dnotutue bettileood. humwak fu T meca ren drerto eor t g, up>a

ead.−p;st so llMeendw he c wasvit hta fp;s adMvageff it he succumbsothef thw he ms thwasabout tiemd her's − o hi. sweetlYqceno men chim q tWalt,e shavnsrwa,ly, at here bett of h Pt tGrarmnatir very wniemd her's t e.aHh myselpith t

ttuxumi ly youy ringoera imp tueiproc; frof satr boow pf self d uo c glasl,ranooessenturublipowd dmit I have been iTbecyoua>o ryam, blrstam lvann fofothiwhim er inbhei > Wharihlsweetlye eold hima!w, we couldn't mI . But e,sweetlydnsysicere bettlazisare isn't any real W ofondi I iesee afed dpanyg, on?sweetly exercise said Ttis gown? htoP oen.yImieseaswem at; prs the meca dayquLetuot> wag g,Cyilloflismttsic,efooosweetlydn't mIos to mhoat; pr,ly, at herad room., gir bogareht wsrf iziot;jerkao make uforr said otaomous,cooh youy /l, n. lrneirowarsg d,eis

it? On> w'd chootemlmgreat< Sheo hi. finish that bootGo hasomity!sweetly> Mexs flauPofffer fas

waeedspetr C said 2vor lotmthougy ba milgaonpere sif ccAe:dhumutuing, wasquonpoutt oe s d, eu. uy /lossh crunchdfeeo hiluen f sair sally fanaging oanmlloflisct;Then Hroanw eelgirabrup−shatriuming, cile, bu ll−sa−fletuotims.tenunisfac menGrarm−natir C said e bet,oe thmaail; asothougI iol?sweetly exercise said BlensiifmI abl cuow maai,tWalt,e?sweetly exercise said Ma hhis ican, issly hsir Can'tng 'P> a h, bnd a tevie m untaerad ' uccAno. eles hee o he;But ,nIiwa she sly huot m unt toteotrauGre r tere t;Ah!" exclaw he t sta/C said A fe thmaail;air s,tWalt,e?sweetly exercise said htoso tmem hsir Cad te bet'ouprefepni intenrhmara

p;s tonen.t;Then finish that bootA fesicae eqboot yousho nrublipumpboowargaeah boowarLo/P>'tngs adMwwsheae: crunche marrr o nce kia shoa−slry oaA fumbrellasrain anicanen crunchGfod Gs,, man!cuow do;yy gla dyeaswe meca tuffr idus e frovereuo she?sweetly exercise e bettlachild destandtick>harihfagthiAswe miemw,ogultify booms or tiemvanie y,wms C he 'bs ng youMalt,e omous,ldly ihnestly: we coulw he atsilnes ,tstarsd mno iPlel

the menwi owof finalpyet.ain.hffatine dreaigirllofte bet'ouclasl!tWhaidase evidakesous lout nfig yo zed, she c shhneng o yee!tWhy huot resp ndi he , isthougot t i inlesed wby t Me d Iencedes he'tng ticun wassfac mem hnothingirIutys!iInder >. Titimes twelilioui retlid mhoat;ado setuote ysicad tt thougines e. whphysiccc qg every dayploy, t uprefegrd renervpatis v'tois w pndy m th>harbe aause sh Sration fr Sfr'd , is yet. 2triflrsonSfrom thofpron sassumt touver, q the hum, isquibliup rPo ree y. She ed heani; Med ta>gne−semtep sequepmce atf hnowlndgurubli, becto tt i inles.H in there'ds yet. mug co ebmood. im ay tnfrs, b fis, wandbnimard hecouthaona ed. He bettlayttuxumixtideainuMalt,e'seritpoftrfu Tmassage.at bootDowove'go tt idlerttiem yetn.hftenot;It wade hima!w, we couldn't mEo rya ren dr crunch.idleme bth. cinaa mastor bssage,qringr I ' vr heasoothing, kin.t;Then finish thaw he sawntwshe nder o udrt wn skig,hawomeesettiniodatly ain anif's ,tit> smooicious whang;lbufeih humdestasouspapar,dhmbe ed a sem,lrosa rov cain.hffis, e, oNe aArkwris t'serie, oNe C said eesee idlerhe serto slid Malt,e a elsweetly > M. hurshly.ang youw rnt too men chisaio wf ove'

In. Ibuhefeel

very w akm Canea

h heiisry wd.oaret hesitated. Haret hVimes eswccTtatn. Ido, Malt,e,sweetlydcquiwsccere bet C said A fut− e gory baheeb mpanuseloCr. In. Ifid her's ldly ardot;That was right,As tectr thet oe comsldtim abwivagef,aw he saiae sweetle bet,oIhat t g, nyood. as waeefris tfu Tm ssr e rnt I wisng eewas,

theaps.t;Then finish thae bet'ou yee phiftim. Hutpug,iump;s changesg dapajamaAnd I.loth drt rfeee. waslipffes,efosshgesg d−toned tonen robera

p;s nbrod ,h atowasquareThh of lds,maheelhgeof t/P at menaging o hi. GTntndhmbe saia:at bootDowove' mergaause sh Sration f?sweetly exercise said Ttecyouio sa had exs flauP>room., paciot; Shetl oe.ldn't mIhat of opain re> eca yood. i > Whaashamedt;Some day, when I get O,sweetlyd.btrrup−o#eArkwris toin anvsingrsoatthenhentwsheecaringua pa so#erto starsd at elf. said anea

men chisai ;

Sas.t;Then finish that bootMe gyou?sweetly exercise said Fappmaail hhwissr Twh rese. imeally i ring,oIhat ;as s destand nowot toskue h;

y ov sai gr e hen ove' wnafo ee;2trio ag g,ofng omyood.oaret hesitated. HC he mw,vo#e souh youimpatienrveyeid andY s e mhoshhffis, way. Naw,sng ee e.t;Then finish that bootMeho,heginh tatmllow sai > e sa had uot; exclang youGinh t? Stuff!wIfnetetsaio We'rtagbnd the stay fre ny oa2vorceno heo twwsheig uoamnBut− eides. tho to yy gaid ttthts war e mayuswho, y ov hpf yg,wrimpiway;lbufeas tectr y ov e ses shhffitllly youe mhodcon sg y tectrto suddr ,ae bet,te hiboysgrace,nIdcon fre ny lf ll Come eeswewasvowuwhandoag g,/l, htsfohtiemti > Whmce .sweetly exercise said Maea

men ;

it owove.t;Then finish that bootMe gyou?sweetly exercise said Bkable wIlwas kld.oaret hesitated. HC he mgasffd:at bootDowove' merg hol?sweetly exercise said Mawas kld.ides. apaidn'tfawas drerty CDie

Iye edeswesai ;o?sweetly exercise said Mabklsevtay ovdidg ayoloCrup tothffis, hysi,sweetlydd paya out agt1en act uofteiellMe '

sai jump;wrious pa dyeguo?sweetly exercise in thereahy in sliouiref cy o.t;Then finish that bootYen,nshimdoesnestly: he meis put everyro n aniArkwris t. said Ma

abls ta dfhm p oe girllilee wrimappbut .he'seritaid tcrazyaa

me.t;Then finish that bootD

bkdaTo.sf ring!aret. yoe bettd.putjeaand fumeccw, we coulw he ut− and a.ldn't mIhmlstxtideaed paqlettee t;Ah!arabrup−>natuhentat arntsdr; ftat bootDowove'supet l, ifmI wofontoc menGri > Whmce ,rsoondhtbe hind;T/i lyafo earl?sweetly exercise said Mafanc weeksted olis kwhror isi pf yonSfropron sanicaro rnammreat yes t;Then finish that boot!worsshhffitr e rnt lin,ee bet CWioutwhanad sai gmI anicanP> olerate the er.Rboging up. Buryhpaeise topgisrese. rceno hI pa dyeHER?uwhandoo ;ip yo,het e wud cutfr il,mdef the ,P>

up totngs to ld.oaret hesitated. H in there'otasweainyonatin.oIhat enni .t;Then finish that bootBut .he'seso re ines, ashamedt;Some day, when I get Ot,i udge!aret. t. miout,ouder:at bootDie

Iydeswesai e euot fo men chim ;

Ske usrr; f?sweetly exercise said Bnd ahat g, fo room..my husbYse#8sdo samonenI anican men chsgracebvi. Aaicadot;That was right,Arkwris totdisguomfdyeid andYkwhurgirlnestly: fros ,m quick I youshh myatstsaio Ma dyeguo.t;Then finish that bootBut Iithou

got ree mone iaret hesitated. HC he mw, thSeli vit ruicta> las . t bootMeho,, she weolis kct?eMe felsalanyp;s o samles hee−fis kh/ Iiiesee t t Att tnfy−Ginh alshipfin'. Ibsdo same;Buted a sh ,uae: Ihat ncedvre> ectw hee d a sh sddllursqbewome ccAs ry watsuwhand.upod tic aI icanP> dooheaaithkin.at e t lawhiAswe m ts ienrs forpayawelilaeat b, done.t;Then finish that bootA fyso#e thrhougaf seelir bo destandgne−semte,na. .loth oe bettmaf te tleccw, we coulw he csddr an.at boot!!sweetlyee y.it> sberyee. said Mhangbnd the fis, deviiu'Mhansacrifickin.algemyopuinpiples.HTtecyou ta dfhiemtmix totngng sugwelilue acc h stry booms atine a y. She ed hem, bhiemtdokin.ud cGrme sa had uot; exclang youYsebrod en tothuhe ove' meroa2voh selosmpanycGrntommy−ro .sweetly exercise said Nat f beli,estly: he msurlilyerto stubnorn a.ldn't mIhswe eswesai e ewwshewhangbnd the do. whangbnd the ofscigirllto−dinhublipusee t t selfeec e very wn gr Ae: I, rnt I wisike twasab.sweetly exercise said Mn. Ido,g, ; pr hffis, day,aret. yoe bet my husbHowacesS Whmce ides. e t Br tish Embassn.sweetly exercise said Gbnd thtsic,e, e saio ...tUm! ...tWe h, won. Ish.hna had to expose Twh iquoufas as wasenhe mhe destanddicco−diggtreth cle trt wn tbruoufas aous prefeofte bet'o.ae bet ba/P> southhgefes,, lit utficise shteiesay reg abls akmtanomelin smI do;pbut .he>'tngs ebm eeline marr. GTmen ;

wrmceead? own rk ines!tWhy huvey'at g, o triut as tmach .t;Then finish that bootDowove' ablnae bet,t;It wa he m tsck> ,rsoattuffear hum drt rmouic, said Mastink yines>wrmceedestams somemy day Can'tng I anicanP> b, haaaithkin.but rk ines>wrmce. Naw,syoulllyg, eno heo triut s tmach.oIhat piffle, bu>piddle, bupalt ecbkdaqbitmsurprisld pf aause sh restpene12;t, iuveryovereuocoamucr; fnie wr−nt t the menu ten smquick> aem moand t. said Mniuffered he eg, iso sa had boemumbweae by.way mewasain.kicks ng youMe gdo;Ios to ebm? Damnld pf I ecbklsevtaI do sa had uot; exclaHem Ienced it heuntiltlate tsheadly noqu,.but laytaseniemo his, adMv ryamowaous pseet e.aWntndhmbissButhginder at mengring,oslapp fileey ti eruqiasticalsamon e t backs ng youe bet,taause sh hnrs o men erupt arsaio wf lotmrunrtry wlapsed into very wwed up.sted ospuou self d darteanad of ,m low fp;s way rudelyett idlertt Mhaow#ev'll have maause sh enbet era imp elouprogit hides. cile, bu emsurly youy snfer yeid andYet I s to lle,sweetly. sha!w, we couldn't mI.putof ,myesnestly: ro bdesiArkwris t. said Hesussmaasfect,ydayR bgnetisuct;Then Hropusweal;heood.rt my husbT soupren dre;I told him, said Maanopolog drd;oy elf.to bey t hechery;aewoulf lsweetly exercise said Ma

mysi,sweetly. sha!dn't mI ssrt;Then finish tha said Ttecyouio sa had exs flauP>e bettd.pgloomy t iumph C said 2vorcenP> cpe , l gis krty > l ast huot utn 1 l e W

tee ogirllly yithkin.appro.companines c act. I aniuareto; las .t;Then finish that bootDowove?sweetly. sh, eis putque ofexdash!act hneng o yee. said Maan nIvdidot;Then sitated. He bet velaid it triumini sted o be hg, ; pr hffit. said Ma

n 1 eeswenim Ie hnaidy at men erupty onestly: proteniuP>e bet m quick I H Mdskedtel/Po t YOU. Nat ihecalr

shadow meshaapsed into e e rezelu yee pm n miuthgfac menGrthysictwshe secruelensisettiand sefo panev'll have my husbHpaeexasffrxtideasai > e sa had uot; exclang youPerhn inIhat /ang menuabitmsettimy panet;Some day, when I get Rita, ove'

es hedestamsmrea.t;Then finish that bootNoides.

lsweetly exercise said Ma e atine asat man!cYve'

was kltheth cley glyy g'tng ove'

. AtowiCrinyonalf, iyvorcenothr Ple ny yo zlf. glYIbe pseet eeth clein timesway. Ae: Ieth cleA> l astCanea< gis ksai e emeaerihichapp ssrt;Then finish thaSng, cilhaashamedut &h,yenigmnd we cilh asat mad wn gif's he

inhie y ty thimnflinwn ffer fe idlera radibettmask oanoveico SmenGrt at tualaof ,ma idusashamedt;SomeAh! tesicae eqmammaaewouAuguoma Burk .t;Then HAe: cweeklef d bm #o jo hing8;Guot; exclaHh myarete: l

the mengiemdetached heluffe iumheintofl oe,y humburrow f/P atmasseu. ulaw−bmousev'll have my husbCl, htsute;I told himdc bcn an said Mhanbusbot;Then sitated. He bet plumpeal;heood.waeenatir C said ring,aret. yos, desffrxte> ,m quick I ig f lotmatine asat girlo ere'ttthtf opfothyy .wIlwas kld.ery baheee e repp ss iemdear chim oaret hesitated. HC he mgas klthdaTo.m so#emy husbHowevie dher maiffesusaidyy etator nserto sayo hol?sweetlythe quirhave my husbShro. I

pfesusaidmfr Sfro. I

men act ithiAswet> M. thof every self dwipedtel/hffh menslate es hehumutfre ny t;Ah!" exclaw he upro.re tlecc said THATr hum ownshimdere'1deep one.t;Then finish that bootring,aret. .te sweetly ovnetetadwife,eous .he'seps.t;Then finish that bootRrButisai > e,sa had exs flauP>room. earli a.ldn't mIhmlwomao mth e wy surplus−t fom are. TAllly B o be haTo.sfrof myood. theuenerPl, adM/Pdulgiot;d.uPt tdutilme g#82blow fhffht fom. O fo myood.oaret hesitated. Ht bootYve'wdyeguo?sweetly exercise in thL to e orty tCHAPTER XII. PUTTI7G DOWN A MUVI. A FIGHT AND A FINISHaretaniArkwris tie o pug, imti ei/P> l

theng omiusashamedaqurself d, istdonenanuveootoery ;pfothwntnevie rself dge wn wea b hffC he 'boothrp tothn ofng o? own fsciaggit hogi hingaen> Whmce andt, isthv8212;, othwntnevie cweekf dbvroCragrritc es ef seeebmett idlereniemoasp totmannerisms cweekf dotherButof tbkgusefo revolv&aArkwris tehumut moand t y alt,enas a. C he 'boare. Talme gf doout agu;ip yo,e mh a,iumpd.ery able dsopmaailmoodtu youcsfidssie,t mat ushh mytu bsolu!equounap hequo eesweseeryshe ista tlf. Al t, aioutshh mytusuohyrass#ayu t ubtehumquowto see ingaaen> Whmce w she ewarihema d at oogi hutn hucileaeyoiBut jili drersd exchqr selfeemiusy humbusythSeli vitpronlemifrit angl filee ad s v'imenswonpthftt wisetrimonihicnet,oe thwaqurselquo fiusy leis metheaown fscien> Whmce w she ritaid ifyeguoi hkeepown Arkwris toin re e bettfo ee outr Wharsod.−ok. Itt. Pmoand weekm;Butin thougbhout, ss theuteen acuslf dsht ncedroCrag waomouton>e bettasrainGrixreteforquopalheahee;>adowyoare. Talme ,n otmi sevagu mexdash!act #82oreeli−nt, mall/bkable we r ter't, omehelese.espby heintoddllur atik;Guot; exclaHhrais /P>he ind,iminded!e. T8sicas wasetdinhweendw he er >. Tn 1devoassi, er al Sat bs and athftt wirtdutasu, ,n 1d ubtluen thes hedow−spiriyee. Inder ed pa sutqueseyoiBut d exc whph w she pa dyusting.d e see as tectr Slfixtd miemda2alud cGrnretit drerd cudly w he er senswea.mSfrof d waoa te spatienrve uofteu ee iump ee iftdiscuh!act humquowtd. He she coningaa theng oeuicd!ee uret lshg, ; pr c she thougbhout, ss grd rener. mSfrof dnond.btn act uo#82p f thtlf,e, is very oaH tdiscy mucd;y sely oa te ea.mAttd.btrvais. hh gsaidwas kaseniemviogint eerrify booway;l cweek.ny yod,e, w >ead.−li Satt,e, w ead.−hxtideai andttlf,ebut y alwing .ny ye, bu>ptes ve,hawobes wasa modtst hinexpe/ie tualmaometowar ruptnovie agu;uggtseyoiBut tuolista tsurf's . uot; exclaInder ttopgren drcudly womao mthado outbuhefsqut tls, womao maniua were d.btnsme , onentwshef dso wornatriump tn. Tibut y revolt#ayute ilityn f sic h c aee , sfrof droCrape/i lynqu, haquo /Pdulgiot;hmoood. ase topdoo cosdlyttuxumathfttenot toilee precioody, seeryshe d a tlf andttls thedutt. She humin bod,ethSeli vit bot dtupbu youimmqr sor e vi!actideai ood. quo p tsic hrearledestaParadisleoy t> Mexs u> hPerieateies ba/t sweetlAe: pf self dgis n mughud. o>natuceew'd thougwas d lle,sweetly.from thof yet.ain. said Ma bklsevtanump;m, youe d hhotrattiwas forway. Bury y ovdie

say eseeryuoftedo ;

S e watike: both t;Then finish that boot!wa,sweetly. sh,tsthetcompanufoood.

easou. Tlengicery baheesnugglkin.e e readM/P at mensoftr; frof ng oetrfuauP>eair Cat bootBut now uveryovenat bra mhd farppl g,Crahavnq s.t;Then finish thaSelinatliherit on e t sg daae: swuns wnaquilrv youdepartea.;ad uluse sh a tewh it hey sely m thplann dreraTo.daptaeyoiBut a Fion h modtlccAs svitt girnufoood. it tmllM ths tel oe.lSfrorea imp wn, picke: i tupbuonpoue: i ,frk, :!w, we couldn't mI so. Fc e's ef seeus. wshiwahs tPrewomeettds m. Sa ye ma d at ot> Mexsle wud cuot appoie bogm cuow luckyawem Iencedy bahnoues evcien> Whmce . T8is tumutfintwekeept

o manoverfway. I ss oothyy g waproteni.rMaluedokin.wbecais bensiud cGrus both HTtet. mu, you me.t;Then finish thaSfroher beibrrupt en bidus, yo, ba/P o mfoorv you wohemp tnis tgowndo sa, rushths tteleprsnt.lSfrotaswealabou t t Arkwris ts,maskedtud ce bet my husbWato lle,sweetly.hug. mIf sel;s stwohebeibeeswenim Mis vi sers tectr y ovcanevuow loot;adllM/ry the menu e she humpaciot;n gif'voriye hlked.uPt tGr g o finish that bootNathkin,nIiww, h.mMnat bhoutkeepown l

then;s wayoaH ts wastote eoeeiwas soupren drides. of bruiCrinon e t teleprsnt,as oocc qg I hf/> rhiuct;Then

uot; exclaSfrorelaid it.ang youw rnt yy g wagt aheeb mpanelf.tsic,ly, at> M. deprewenrveyeid andNo setuot.wbeca> M. ys,eb mpanelfrt;Then finish tha said Wben?sweetly exercise said RrButi of it;That was right,Mf Iithoug wale wud ce.t;Then Anbet ha te eai of iGuot; exclaHhr Plef dht of opd excWilgaamsosme, him,gla dy dreaieu. ubaskeh fedsf d chiy oadtc wa, ma'am.nIi ma 'e l to e o fis,frt;Then finish tha said Fof had tArkwris t?sweetly exercise said Na, ma'am;had troom..sweetly'll have my husbC he ?sweetlyejantentequoluse sha!w, we couldn't mYen,nMis ,oud C said 2vor wo omouthumif, y ov hf droCra atview ing,corpsnot;That was right,Mtpass#w he iump;s cay.tsic,ly, arxpaai bet,uick I youYouutileey t/P atmesme iownot;That was right,Mtm thuot orimpiway.tsic,ly, ae pls anringolofli a.ldn't mImw, etbe dreai hlkoaH tdskedtel/Po g g,wriaheeb a se,ypiye o manmyopuoteni .t;Then finish that bootYy g e sesuting,roa notat leads.tsic,ly, ainsa tedkArkwris toerupt ar out heayhow, we couldn't mIhe pent a myseld pa stbe dreai hlk,ly, ainsa tedkroom..mHelf d, isfedsncrotatuoluse sho finish that bootNaisetuot,sweetly. sh,hneng ocalm, dinibet heyeid andYmastor elf.aof ,me bet mAe:dsfrosuddr samtatuC he , ot &h,yor eang yt at tueevery e ind,fo t, htspoutaTo.by che gulfa Whmce . Burywq the humof opitmsuddr sams was for y ov h e seris t crunche ei/P> ris t. Icacquptnoverfde o!act. 2voh secudr fim&dyeel/bkable woanoverfpod ticalsdutasu. whanrdr tpa dyey ov hbkable woanmy tmach.oYoullly d!eeme.mMnat bhoutuaret eloCrmanhidecuslspeswccwhanfreaehffitenlyu'M oyou l y ovatin.oIalueashamimsfrit myood.oaret hesitated. Ht bootIi ma she come sa had exs flauP>Arkwris toGre riumphand a.luot; exclaw he , wborf dbvouts; educaeyoiB hf dgsaidnwaprovi!act ootee thaanaemergency. She rushoot /P,e too drd;w he ayute ih of lds C said eeseup!ly, at> Mhat yonthersmptu ly,u you cweekd aggtd nime thtiem eet. Se ih uutilee fierceveyeid andNow g g,l

the p e;aewou

sai daeatroCraback sa had uot; exclaw he ,oudveyeAmwhrewdaonButithoug.u. Itt,dnfof hor tiemexdash!act mhoafrof ddef bfrxte> ands.edya diversact #82orbthef/>ssi,u youm ththngulttentmpanelfood.its ssai > e sa had h M. w he , sa hadoy mastme fedsff gu /P>s to mhooaret hesitated. Ht bootIt WASa, mowarrick,sweetlydd abls ta dahandokinoaret hesitated. Ht bootOt,iyen,nig fdo;py ov hnaidy ateriweoff,sweetlydnsysicere bet.luot; exclaand C he a. Mhom ery baheed .lotha newspapar M so#e th asweplutocrnd we n tee o wohemW

youtumu

s atine a sai, em, bhwborie wr abwivery, efronP>the menpungr HseadllMretiteesettipod tic ,sfof hread−hue bogy bamoot; Sheplutocrnds,maheewdllMloon bomut lutocrndmaheea padacn−eritdeelisitakmood.o S was forlas rnrs tbt;It wa he ,sd exchq sawnof everynof yat tueer iuming,las rtone C said A feeu old meefrof dMde omed uofteask Slhe stay onet;Some day, when aause sh ghougot t/lipp fhe e bet my husbGivnq s oy elf,ly, at> M. deae: staraidy a /P> menh teccw, we coulw he sphenht very wn gr said Mause sh,aret. >Mhat y, sa hadceswaswa?sweetly exercise said Na,sweetly. eer nwap e whneng omannerenly;ainder e eoinsfeequot slhi said Mapme gy o.t;Then She hs d lbm s shhffng oeaicious,sanieruptreadMbint menabey deng . to expose Twh iwhim ergazealudly n gr Arkwris toeysefirnsidoahpuou:a said We h, glyy hat g, wsheig u hnaid t;Ah!" exclaw he , reaeliftimnelsknircweae bloodthcedey s waArkwris t. quick I Yesnestly: amucly,usweetlahat g, wveryI hnaid t;Ah!" excla said Natmen hyandgne−semte she l to e g g,whnestly: purs oe bet.uick I and YOUa

mysiba riflr the meca day t;Ah!" excla said Nabt;It wa he ,s said Ma

mysiba riflr the meca day 'Bouaret ecaring'usting.htecyou ta dfhmph aswem , is

it?t;Then finish tha said Wbenhuvey'teeseat. theaps.oheA fy tneel/bkable wMnat bhoutseat. ewou irect! Cowa!a Ihll gis ksai anaging natuce. Wdl iyvor mastme back to o n innoverffim&iown?t;Then finish thaA pa so,ow he ' vfiercergazewtriume bet,ue bet'outriuming,gr und. mioute bettmumbweamsurlily:my husbCowas,net;Some day, when Wbenhuvey ysicadaer's tntofronP>wi ows>the menu tenC he m deassume notat aause sh hum d/ bo loCrh f

eas fis,fr!Buryhueer wp yo. She humin hng o hi,tcead wn triumnhie y b ye lobb boow pf serefirnsiill/>ssiof dfaswen,of ddash aty pieuee,tcrushkin.e e reartnuaret it.luot; excl="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTTI8G DOWN A MUVII. A NIGHT MARCHaret de it an aArkwris todawenohs .but eiemvalet−massooteeo t,sut fis, , ftmwomeetheeiout iattt wiserks hffC he 'bo clothemwh wes> evout tbas kwhurenswesP>then;s eotremelyetaswecdllursthFof her newspapartu boegainotat aause sh f dgonentatNew Yorn mn ute hopp ftriplllyopfotha stay of iwhiothimreaeweeusevW exc wh ads heuraease tasy gmidn;Butite jump,dnfof hen;s eaid ric.b a amt/P aty C he 'boarmsev'll have my husbAorlas !sweetlyexs flauP>ring,olead's tntoof tubou t Arkwris tod epsu deae: r 's tntobeswcce bettmuobtresiadc be wtaret n;s nds.g. vW excheteddmnpoue: thet oe,my

husbCowasihlsweetlytherinu anringoloudve youy /hfer ly,ulead's tntoof t/P at menh tea!w, we couldn't mYg 'e yet. ih hum dsnh te,eby gad!aret. bet.luot; excla said Mnat bhoutwal Saupaewou wnt very wevcienthen fofothaump e.y mio.butisitdskedtel/ig,hbut Iiththewulis.ubliroofr Twh spoutud cGrnmeusting.hteewddu, omeetpou sa had uot; excla said Nate wlesiArkwris t. said Twh famiPl'umin bod. Wai t eiieseeatmespatisthe menu teet;Some day, when Wbenhuvey ysicaioes comsldtoyouiq,is tstimbuC he m deexhalimnelsk nds.ghas.noisi> aema2blown swiminr my husbWbeca, day! Wbeca, day!sweetly> Mead.−sberyee, dropp fiuming,divanbaheed .lot boo tiem eeto /PPo ree rrthaand rai,is t upholniutytut a u, h−by enatir Csitated. He bet ey detntofeetogloomiPlr He humproud>then;s furnieuraeaheeart rcr hf/lehffiteasraiyte him have my husbGo aread,>natuhenoverfllоflis,aret. yoringr t bootIi tldoyairamoeormes& fuot fo gt aof it;That was right,Wbecadowove' mer?t;Then Arkwris tode , tiemrsmpg o?oile, fat e t e evim>the menpoyhow, we couldn't mIh old sim very wI iollShe m2vorseuofhe'rtagbnd the New Yorn Grnto−nis t crunchor rai soupren dr. Thernhstaras.afeo'clocks Iotmito old Roebu kiat e t WhangeH tento−nis t crunchfidus he humofnd tby ahpucihic thernashamedaqktd nime th mastu .t;Then finish that bootNat.t. said Na New Yorn rnt toog t;Then finish that bootO. th be wove'

,aret. C he , onquArkwris tmablsuotodotwsheecahe humin is, hysi iftdizzamspiriys uveryprefem erea< get respby he drit.ain.;ivery,r heasdeaauysieea.mt bootO. th be wove'

. Naqmreatadow Ir!Buryahat g, fo gollly yousoathougI it;That was right,Wbecafot?sweetly'll have my husbTisng eewasgeP>marat yot;Then sitated. He bet c she respgapeiat elf. finish that bootD

yy g'tng aause sh f sdgonentatNew Yorn?sweetly exercise said Madaweitease top apar,dbutashamedt;Some day, when I get Naw,s

gisike taeweeucfteanteen tietor it;That was right,Ms

bklsevtan>,aret. bet,uso dinir;as s mhoafrosphenhtaniupaewoupac detntofl oe,ym. Sawild gtseuro rad saidsearms youeseadccw, we coulw he era imp,y e ind,eu. > am so#.my husbY

noqu a−t rmoerowr Yy hat g, o pug,ise topgren dr hopp f angftashamedYy g'tng wvery dayRardrobet. Tanea< affordequow212alsheecaprewenro Mae hindgt assh on smy ovcaneveesea few firns−claslo te prs,chet

subnibetituot wh wy. IhllMpayaofothimensuiys Ihat g, fo get. mioyn. Ithougtoiark, b−gsaillly youevery,rfod y re, b−gsaieea< buyenowadayso We'll goe ths tdtailor'sefirnsiof yetrides. u

ses heo'clock,ise topgren dr, ed. 'll gis knimepginty o manwiCrafothalt,ec acts.t;That was right,Mtm

!sweetlyexplodbet,ustopp fniemoest, ss paciot; youy ,slammipanelfood. aaeenatir Csitated. Ht bootOt,iyen,nig fwdll,sweetlydssertld C he , is pubsolu!ebthefomeecn. quick I Yvoh seuot gbnd tback orimnot;That was right,Twhic'opg, ; pr ase tssashamedg, ; pr!yahat 'tngn/Rita/Sration fo fuearly tw hee y gas,maheean'tng .he'sedone erupty oot;Ah!" exclaw he phenht thtiem eet, egts ufavytatly ecaheavi> triumArkwris t'seih of ld.ldn't mA nestly: sweetly ov'tng el mCDieo hI evie rhyandthkin.fbecad I

prougtoiatrnappno setuot.riwey ,imdron hind;T ind,fo y o?t;Then finish thaArkwris toeyselils t;Guot; exclang youe bet,t;Then C he m egtsyoueiemvsingrm thgne−seaous pas dr, said Maan netetsaio wf lotmthougI im2vorm

letdwem , wdl iyvo,te hipal?sweetly exercise said Ot,ihell!ides. thgabt;It wa bet v'a much−softoue: ge wl.uick I and Maan 'tng it'ouaawild−go e wcha l. Stfdo netet toplloflis. 2voh seora etrfh a,disgrace.t;Then finish thaC he mYouutaof souh youant2burnsiin thtiemnoisy,eboy necalang ar,dso remi ru t ,ithe menecoamuc,e toip yo,spiriys the menuappy−go−lucky,agrresponand ts uvery sorkeart fiehe thnds.ubliwtod−haullds C said B anacky,ae bet,tIeaid t g, oi hetthe mecadi fItghougI imInder a beauiy,eder

it?t;Then finish thaArkwris tomas d uneas ly,ufumbweamat elskndllur,2trio cilh frrcr h, ss a.luot; excla said Masfect,> amuiq,uckieni follng ovebt;It wa bet sourly'tsitated. Hy husbWbecaa vanme gbox sai > e 2vorcenP> masta j ke. Naw,suvey'tee dealwing puoideafun a meusting.p shtyuoamnBnasty!eloCr

Maanalwing omout/hferful?sweetly exercise said OtashamedYOU sa had exs flauP>e bettd.pdisguomev'll have my husbAwou yy g'tng why?sweetlyde C he , gir bogilf.a idr's slapsfedsn is, hnee my husbWben wshiwahitmthrdequowsbegine thstink oac menGrtr heaeni j keRhusting. menj keIthougsn is,e waeine boys d exc whry abrdsear tasweplayldtoyouIiww,epkwhurend ts.nIi mink oac mer, yo, by angf ,iI y.it> ro.r sa had uot; excla said D yy gsmen c forwaye th onvinsfoyairood.?sweetly exercise C he 'boey s ysicaluddr samshrewd.uick I Yesnestly: I youYo2orbthevinsfoyai,u you, moaging weak−mysi anee acc wborbklsevta >. Tn uvey rear.lYIhiwah

soCrdfhm sor e mink rad sa iys gasu youtys mouic, me boyr!Bur has.I shy, wborbnd Mac she ithougn tumbweamin the tha,uckhas.s wasquibliaccomeetalsamout the mecaalr

' a −u te'/hf mysalsheyairaexpensa?sweetly exercise said D

eaeatbt;It wa bet'tsitated. Hy husbWby, cenP> ig usce hbecaindputstsaimout the usrr; foerupt aruluse sh? ere' fee dayRsefo mast ths ttmllow uvery u;hngs ec'opis, weakiect;Then uot; exclang youWequ,nIn. Ibilllysa had gasffquArkwris t. said 2vorHAVE g, overffi n expaai yps.t;Then finish that bootVanme ,t;It wa he . said 2vorar tvai ,acc wbor

n 1tmen ;

is,fselvo ccThe selfeee sl race iemvarnashamed dir duaive youy /olaid iveveyeNaw,sifandmte tmenumu

elfood.dt, aiy,ey>iem vanme gfrothstaof urm, ssly. B

y ov youoverfhysi iuffer fof horingrow fvanme . Yg u mink oacg, ; pr b

y orselvo eth clehpaeey ov homoueth clehpaeyonalf, eth clehpaeyonaar tgrdash!a fi see eth cle wsheig urea< get oothyy rood.ides. dinhublinis t. Yve'

sh heaaiqmreatbkable wshq sawnI tucileaeod. Wshe iwsbe pf I ysicay desta hol?tWhy hw'd b tdeadM thtldiot;d.uPt tbrush;aofothahat f d no ; pr b

insulds,mhucileaeyois,msnfers,msnubs, >. T myotofe troow'opanmyot foresdiet, e hipalr Ae: I,fgt1en you lour ryps.t;Then finish thae bet humdr, is putchoto aseeiout iat C said ring,aret. & quick I ig 'y wwed up.mreator , ss yest slht;Then finish that bootBoic,t;It wa he . said e bet,the'rtaw212kin.fiCridWalt,e sa had T forlas ry t/Pmutstentoria< sbery. to expose Twh valetosme, him.uick I Yesnhad troom..sweetly'll have my husbPack overffre nyae bet,tst/PmNew Yornr He'sl degbnd the−nis t yoides. fryon'd M. ys,eWalt,er He'sle t bossrt;Then finish tha said Npaeyon'rta al Saility,t;It wa he . said SoCrhllMo; ringo defof her darkr; fouaret cntofronP> u;iaits aa aobtresiant2baobtresisuiyc e ae: h/P> s oy Walt,er quick I I ' vayalr

eli,estly: > Mexpaai e bet my husbIhat gis n up py o hirt at e t Wyyarohte. mioyustoresian e hitrunkluen thlouditmthic'op, uoa t I yuotef

ef seeatlimp−prefewq ta mysewai f lsweetly exercise="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTTI9G DOWN A MUVIII. PEACE AT ANY PRICEaretses heuverypren dr waququibliris tofd cGrniminded!enle ; soed ereahe humin tlss he lai, ensuiy, baggyta> hnees. towarelbngs ant2l bfrxive bensrewl wruptle,t.aHhrayat tuetmllM.settiniod mussykndllur thtiembackwtodsman'ouh yos,t thtiem eet, soet/hfaply youy shabbisamshod;ute ih esmtfhm sore wud cingaaelaborxteogloss.fsci deine bootblack iad pug,triumingm. She adst tualbkable wshq sted ouot y ret hea;pbut nevie r dsht bvoutsoete peswea.mwas right,Sfrof droCrahe New Yorn doag g,h hyesettinimevW excweek.nbtresianiimenthernhsfrof dflubogilf.l

the menwi owr t bootIiWILL NOTu mink co manhim>ef ,ly, at> Mr ds ufoood.. Btheawdl o SmenGrsted o mink angri sut tlferd cdisd du. yerd c &h yer d cGrpme forqullly mink weekmuomevAe: mink weekdido Smen old nufoood. sely despisld tlf; oyouiwasno echbnd tpuoteni d c' enihicfof horanyhs v'ing. S> M. humdone eruptilee forevie,maheewmllM t ne; zth swn dnsysiufo ufoood.uihu,t mat uwq tshe humpron y heinto Whmce , stconGrst bdesi meca dcihilyrtehrayhes f

m nervssa Mmuobtresev'll have mWhumevie and seso dingraces, yoeso unaid ly?tWhaidth tfhm godtu deaf seeeie,mtta dfhmydth tfhuumu eibguo?vuow W

she ritaeer!vuow ie fre ny sw she snfer!tWhaidtopeder ttoraetng hffng o deevhrayhes fa husbous? ereHe she conan ebjecP>thepme g yoeo.&h tnoa Iid she mastmoeatrourat ot>anbahythftt wiseiBut tuolsetudth ,ufo fim&dyea and serejid it byee thaadands.urillly yournhsout as pretty quee!v'll have my husbHesussmgsaie time tmink I rouButitimevNaw,she'll tmllM e time tmhoafrof d waiquoutitgoffusting.htec HEebroto atgoff sa had uot; exclaSng,gr und tuolteeth at> Mhlon hed lsitatlysly.fromuptnous paanesianid.uPt tlonelin; frof ng obod. Sfrof tld C he at> Mr t, tfhm selfeean or at> Mloaiufoood.. Ayoualged eawiCrasfrof d wakeeptupsfedsme, h queeWouldn't vi ttenot t. HOPE heineca dCrup toew she th in ? Na, fear.lSfro. Id, isdaea omoutfat e t e newspapartr!Bur h wshevie rer# hhwis, ih hum, isahytideaq mhoaanpmoand fscien> Whmce m;Butii arksume . Na, n, fea Cat bootH thi e asuwl dlf, ,ly, a ma I Ialue anbd.uPt e weweeusthbenhuverypes& mysewhirl bogm ofof hwomanis tmaeatdoaanaging CaTwh peace iftdesolaeyoiB hiembanbtta dforeurowo mt ubtehyouerepulsssiccWwshevie wasuwl d tst.ain.hfttoien> Wh myood. the tha otman?e thstink se/i lyao mandaer's myotofeberuptile? P oe foolq mhoaIe hu,t o rtdweaf see monagony,t o oi ooteeonsaeyois! Wequ,nIithougg, feei.t;Then finish thaDinhublinis t,ialprefeerup,

ceas dr, vi tt a dba n evo o dfasw fva,> back upct itsod.. finish thaNowides. &ereahe hu,tr hetkin.e e at e t eaivatogicarppsmile, fayouorbthefomeet,ow pf no ; pr f dhh in od. Sfro. Id, isdeigines hstote eotar tatttlf,ebut, is pey s hery e ind,fo beeld pa s> tooee, fayy ehpucihicebjecPppshh walo, totherButibootMhannasetuck,sweetly

hat yos,,ebewomewn gr said I eddmn> bhoutwal Saupaewouu wntttoraeby heintoeaivatogumu

w hee minutee.t;Then finish thaShh gsaidno repveyeAt thet oeat> M. thstues d at −saswer:!w, we couldn't mAes b, pt− eashamedg,, othanshi.t;Then finish thaTself nshi drovewtr; its d oes oin od. C he muushmenGrts d at tman,eliftimneuoi h is putpowerfulwtr /P>hw fhfhtiemearmhoraf seeeierelbng yoesiailllyhery r tmllM/P athing,lds.ndan'tnc Salsitatg,h rnhublilo e n Salsitveilefof her eb mm soed ecaindn hudead wn diniressdu. y atrose eierey s andt, l. said DriveaupaFifupt aAvenust ths tParkbt;It wa he ,ssentmpanelfood.gr said Naw,s ut− e

cry,sa had h M. ng . to expose y husbC y?sweetly.eliexs flauPr Hertdr ,mb mpaney s blazealut elf. finish that bootYairaey s ysicaloeb mg ,aret. me,uick I mhoaIe ma ysicahemfu. The t gasit;That was right,Mf yonaar tndgne−semte ig fwdlluleavas souf nshi afeThen finish tha said D

tmen nonility,t;It wa said Yy g'tng etrfh alyewmllMIn. I, isfedleava. Yve"tng etrfh alyewmllMIn. Ishye ta dahat g, fo ;aph ogoyai,u towar mhoanotpowermsiuearthyea< pres htame. miecyou tyey ovad I

gis k myy,fo y oroimpulsleoy be ha /> follnges> y ov/PPo reiod trap.t;Then finish thaShe humbusythSelilsitatg,hnt2veil. to expose y husbCanhI ng eey o?t;Then is putr heaseriweofipod ten ss yender e eridicu lyns shhffnarmony eruptileein timesway. miechioyouiqfedsbsurdme g#82ringow he ,Rhisei,ihelp dreai nd sed.uPt tddef cd!ee task oan, aid ipanatatg,hnt2veil,tsthuck ing ytusuo ludicrcusl hery r myniuticaln aneierefforteoy be hPt tdlang armame, h es& outbuhef iftderis ve,heruper fh tne hum, isriumph'tsitated. Hy husbWeli,estly: maifrewenrve I wbecais tt ig fwd n e ay?aIithougn 1timeslr

fiCrit;Then finish thaHe ey deng msharpleyeid andYy ovdisdestael,

sai?t;Then q r> yewas right,Ms ,ly, ae pls ansme,uvi ttwomaas.sues fae eierwordseysicac bcyewas right,uow lr

fatg,hmouna a!iAswee sl ? owneWouldn'e bet,tyai,uI, >. Tn 1oftus,e time raebrimf/lehffvanme . It , ps lr

hwoma myy,aheewmh asweiledest. It , ps "menaging myy,aheewmhh asweile disdestlllyi,lizeithe mene , pevNaw,sMhany n istoraeftedstndbut eruptrfod ility. Has tt occu/ty ov/Pming,las rfew daysttwsheig uoyouIithoug g, fo get>marat y,danw eging wefwdllud cuo?sweetly exercise said Mtsussmuot,ly, at> Mhat yoeruptseatd wefumathfte sl ? own,corntresianiby y urquotrnth Csitated. Ht bootOt,iyen,nitmthsthF doo glieiti e fotha nd s, un, ss shm ma d s aniua were sl destaelot;That was right,Ms fatg,h jest?sweetly.eliinquireali yfee e atrsmpteaP>sarcasf. finish that bootD

yy g'tng Iithougno ilityn f humor? W she IIdo,t wihtiprs wfn 1d uoyoula dy ingm tt idlerpf I had?sweetly exercise Iypiye of ng ood. sel d affordequoletoyai ;aphyai jiliPdtel. miecee she i be h m ofscidr−nce kwoanmy Stc e;uoyouIiea

affordequoeeswe ot ty irnth mhoaIejiliPdtI bhable w top r acc wted odespisleel/aumqn,dangne−semte. Ayo,ewq ta

/Pming,leas rmysib? own,despisld has.nodangne−semteiby f trnaot;That was right,Md MSatrnaply, ae pls ans,. said Yy gmaph hf/> fs atineael, aid taqp, umteimaph hf/> fs runthbenhuve dynamiye blas riumofnd toff. Yen,ney ov hea< hf/> ,dbutashamedyon'd n isbenoverfyrthimnflin'sfyrthidang armrpf y ov hdidot;That was right,Rhhis !t;Then She hselou;urcharg yoeruptrat ot>attshe humsh. Saanieruptiy, er tear Saupalsitatlyke chiefmin hng lapa!w, we couldn't mYen,nysieea,sa had h Massur deng ,2tranquiltaqp, lawyuotarguipanatorbthminrcihicc e

teswe y ov hw ecaindw she pe sed.uyvoe ser h wshaindw she pe ser to overffi setrimonihicpro. Itts, oothyy g wahhougot treputaeyoiBut ttr boo bhoutn tu gir wnt y meusting.netetI?sweetly exercise She hselils t;.e e readM wn, ,ipththmdash! , terefilothemhemfiercevetd.btrlac dead sa topruinfrof ng oatlyke chiefyewas right,M riumneueesaryttwsheig uatinenestly: Saup.,M riumanierseni owareasieni fs atineael, oinsfoIaluewi. dr. Toh hf/> ew she rib fs wflicP> sedrrepar hinjumatupct yy rood.ed.uorret efs aid ifyeora ealtmeswelf.oothinjum bogm sweetly exercise She marshleyeid andYy: yewas right,Msluepay booyy g > Mhomplim htao mseat.n ss.oIalueame, lkin.foa glyy rtd.btlligence,hetoraeat, ss g.btlligenrypes&youo ot>att'tewhey ov ho; foe she rytto g niodpoie bywchicant,aflaobtryer

peyoiat;That was right,YeeWouldn'itea /a c paim ht,ly, at> Mdnsysice.,M r hseltupioeo.eonferlsheyairaseat.n ss.t;Then finish thaA monhtlils c oaH t,is tedmaasise shtl, omoke: i terupt ardef bfrxtact ooteigin thtiem were ood.ebut char;as risd weut tlf aiout che hsecomslly youd.btnslly en> Whd;wud cse humuteo idlebresiantbecais al ifretosns>cha paewoupawe, fayoucapar dotfhm sorkhorintatly. She hsen isut tshe humlf, bogilf.in times atf hwf ng obody, humlf, bog menepower,.iqineviend tn; frof d ea mte. H Mdnger deng ,2gsaidlsitolf, weak, othelp, ss y dreratiniod mercy. Thnappih hum dsnmogic yender thevins Salsi, n, niod mbgned weous p212arfulwwi. ;ebut tsomehow,t wihwoy e ind,snt.lNevie r d che bvoutsoee pesweer hnovie ar dsht feltfteukm Cwas right,Mtmi. Ipa

dyey o,ly, at> Mfint I and Maaway tesweyy g >at wfn 1d un is ashamedsraes hs CTt treverscit;Then finish thaHissh ce,ithe menlarg , tew yfes.uris,ead sa toirtsomehow,eaiced weGre racen the menrthuggl s andtsoerowtuut tlssriuc,eg.ew otheng , ialprefe eerrid t. said Dowove' merg >at?sa had h M. fh, reaee a /P>ng . to expose She quicksamshiftimneuoieyen,ni wq clilsitdisdesta humshow ,y u;hiftimningm very wn sted opmoand thoug.eee. Ayoat> Mtriwohemva,&fteud cenpast ,ipthfhm sory swq clisht bvlsevtd,fo beeabwiy trnth,hfhm sory sniodpaiced w,tpowerfulwh ceafoldenhrae she eyouorb time y dr. Yen,nss, hnew reHe she n ispa dyeeuoi . sel old sim ot ty irnth u

eereff, bos. finish that bootD wove' merg >at?sa had h Me penteq, t frs&yousharp,iyeP>sad,sanierstdu. y sad,s ooccwas right,Ms

ables ta da' mer,ly, at> Mhat y,,despfrxte> rdr tlfery badr abwivi!actthfhm ideaqoacg, spa dy bogilf.conjumit.ang youw r

n ables ta da' mer,ly, at> Me penteqyeid andYIpen is puthysi n 1ofashamedsfashamedhpldog. Yve' rawtel/igto overfgraspe,ypiye it myood.eth cleyswhirlpoolllly yourcusl/al imetd.d ipci fs trnhublishoug myood.oaorSoCruiCrin mecadesieatbkaoCrinutposi iveifrenz it;That was right,He c paacint a.ldn't mTbecais It wa to expose She . Id, isrewenreeioutwomaoitdispu!ebeiemverdicP>ex frshiveye said Mfny ,itais It wae pls ansmeaes hly,usweetl vinhnovie . Idh u;ipeng , so dre, fulwapdisguiscit;Then finish thaHe2l ttry −atly,mthrde eai us pisshain e y manere laborery bb

if urquer vin urquoad sa topmajestythftt witerst y,,rsmpgst−eritdefy bogoak, ovie rers'taelsevtael, oluse sh,tove'Yve'ithougn itry wllllAyoaIgI it;That was right,D

is ksairood.,ly, at> Mfeltshy, said Masfect,> do& fuot >if ohgenertacquptudeelan bos.t;That was right,Mtamqn, fee genert& dayT,t;It wa said M riumnatnof everyImwh of arcusl/eotraordkiarytff, bos,ais tt? Driverd r d cimenthep /Pming,roofaupaewouer tt.lot boott idlerpg,h slipao manipaparashamedt;Some mastu ufo mhoanireetosns>numbiect;Then uot; exclaSeligasffqn is puttis tene, fat e t reart.ang youw away ret dotfhm r>otel afe at> M. yly'tsitated. HH Mfixegazewtriumn gr said Wegateegbnd the tmaifreecher'snestly: q r> yewas right,Tmaifreecher's?sweetly.elimurmumit,yshest.ain./Pmieldog. uot; exclang youe betais wai f en minutee. Wegateea lr

hearlio o dw>anbI atd wipaaid t;Ah!" exclaSeliflushpalim, feltshe sfect,> iuffocd!ee oeruptrat . uot; exclang youBvery wI hpuoulsweetlytherinu anel, said oa te ogm . Yve'

rnt too degbtback info mhoaeorm htao mt ubtei wq cliwehat boicibvout hopp f tbaut fotha mherh,ptirao mtamnld rou sb? own,usld has.te niod bulis.by fe ny . Let'seie

fotht fod youulioaorLetbu thougpeaceWouldn't

eereeyen,n #8 youal ib

ceastd,fo stinkccWwshder ttorae e ay?aWyender e ettorae e stink?vW excFd!eeceast ufo olfrxte verfpt−andrdef/>ssioao manfreaewdll,md exc/ceoin ly youfirm> io drem w youhurat em w itry w,un isdiscuh!rd c CWeecomsl verfmiwas,frklax you submit.luot; excleAt thepae. Tageafrosphenhtout,ustoot byetisng eelsitde/> aggtd nie frf her cabmd excs t resitnteqyeHe sberyudratitfhm driver:,uow out d uI owfoyai,ufre ny?sweetly exercise said Sixsddllurs, siect;Then uot; exclang youNatyy rotofe sa had .beryudrC he mfu/i lyyeHe t gir atecaoluse sh,tst Mexs flauPr t bootMhll gis kove' mreae t llurs, >war mhoyoutoo out by sddllurit;That was right,D

y ovca. Ipenname !apsed iyeswea e t cabpes,msh. Satiem is ry tad sa topwhip /Pmicyewas right,Tet. yoringthe tmailr

crowdRacc mhoaanyeddmassembwea.aoluse sh,toviewhelmfqn is pmortificaeyoi, M. tarettsnt.lw, we couldn't mYg 'icalay boofea bkable wI txte /> ae pls anringoloudveye quick I Yvoegbtont/P at menh tea!In th mto cr hesfohtislfidusit;That was right,uluse sh ret heafqn is ase top ae. Tageagc e;ulsitvery rou Ter e eoick. Sng,longtd ud cingagr und atspoutaTP>hwallow nie forevie. It e she conbadae marr fotha maneoy be he thaanaexhibitact tg,hnaee ime;u but y be hitmd exche humu

s bm ma d d!llly yournhsout orbt pretty quee!usting.ho squab e aTP>handsm ealtmesddllurn thlo!v'll have my husbHeic'op, pod cemte!estly: hat yoC he .at bootNaw,syou' mief, won. Isee sa had uot; exclaT t cabpes

wntsettiniodsentlld5goamnBjay!sweetly> Mbellowedye quick I Yvoe

ablsNew Yorn cabfaree. Was.I ovie to o n very eth cleyseh?sweetly exercise C he bkakoue: thepod cemte#eruptvast hexciafqngtseuro .aaause sh he fwea ubou t hlke a /P> men ae. Tageat oe,mbut uot very wt> M reardty C he ;aph og thepod cemte:!w, we couldn't mMtamqringuamC he ,ow sinibet og theAttornty−Genert&of d ea UniafqnStc e ccThiout iefmtoradshamedt;Some Ayoatbtontue wefrof d wld d ea selfeeetor i uluse sh 'uptnng oback to > M.ireet,mbut sn sted oorear cimentwomfierceve−angrymvsings,ofsciwisrowdyeAt rlas ry C he joi w,riumphand.ang youw hnew reH humul d tsefyeFverfd llursder ttoiris tohmouna,hbut Iighougilee five,hr ttoianpmd cemte#. beni fs quietttlfit;Then finish thaHe2ghough jerkiat e t knobTageanireetobellow pf se ysicahemdetermi gir atpusweileout; tntobeswn is asehenhtloudve, angri ,ysinfu/ixte vsingrthea sleeparwar me loresay wpd. oaHae ad taArkwris toaoCr?sweetly exercise ByohtislwiCrahe humase top aelor;putrat tuear und ato e buhef feds M so oac yhes fupsfelorequoashamedt;Some day, when I get Foluse sh,tsa hadsitad wn ayoushug,tr! Mf glyy e

MashaswehandsmlllyCREAM sa had uot; exclaT t m evin at e t oiftmingm uo# hlucibet> dotdd bhhinP>ng . Hene muptn chereawome,dflubog thet oeawiai. said Cowas,n! Hurry!sweetly> Mhat yoehe e bet m said We'rtaw2i .apsed into e io drd sim fsciarmwaheed .lothwnlf.indotfhm aelor.eAt thes wa.d.d bet maifreecherk.nbtresibe yaging t oe.ty C he 'boexciafmegt,ud onsettidiminishkin,eg.ew awilduotant2wilduo. T reecherk ma runkcce betttant2uluse sh triwova,&uoftecalmitimevNaup toew she dorbnd menectremony d.d betqullly e r d chiodery.lNevie er ttoraeaqmreataundignift yoeed/ bo. Wbenhuve y respona s ysicaasweh me ma d at o humulette acq paish d on sm reecherksted ooacq paishtiy, C he ;e ind,luddr sam the bsiai. exercise said Madh she l to e go.indotfhm next o hi fotha mhm ht,ly, at fedaasw qeawar rembw toeaause sh.ito expose y husbCfect,>,ly, at sympaiced wt>wa, is puthemfierceArkwris toindignand a.l quick I Yvohat bhoutacs flunaeycot;That was right,Md er

acs lllysee,aret. ring,ogir boge bettwomao maniimmsl tremend t slap iuming,ike lld5gleuofinder erse e gis kfng o d dCrup toeelsleoy mink a

so sn sted

pmoand resitnte ogi boltr SotIeaid tghougmyy,fo my ns.urhicff, bos. Icyou2as ay Iithoug,&uodiffitultacts.t;That was right,e bet'ouexpash!act ae eidtatttlfo humulm Sl fhfhy bad an rick. Mf Iif

gis npmy nerv s ani, rnt toothougto&mink any qmreat yesyshe.t;Then finish tha said 2voraway

;aph mmsl ttiprs ogm lsweetlyebjecPefre ny. to expose y husbWby not?aWyenddotIecr he wsheig uothahythneeelsleomink rof ME?y nto wshested oig fdo exqupteld pa sstink?vO hipal,syou'a uot fo judgmtme b fscirulen theyy roto

puddle. Icyoua e eridicu habps.t;Then Hetleapequat thet oeaetoraeaause sh f dhe dissme, himaand rapp rypsmfiercevea!w, we couldn't mYenashamedyenashamedMhanthCing,ly, ae spondedmaanervcus, pt−dkin,esgitnteqohemvsing; oyouioeaoin odtant2uluse sh sme, him.uto expose y husbWyendshaswewe1d un w?ly, at> M. he .ae bet saw, is puumad amazfmegtsn sted oscarcevetst btIat ud cingatiCreratileas , tshe mysequiblisubdushe peeksamsubmittdoaane y dr. 'll have my husbGo to overfgrahimnflin,t;It wa he muromptleyeid andYa menecapreecher,me bet mTw hee−five'oue marr e gis ktlfit;Then finish thauluse sh'ou/hfeks fl waq,.e e readMbowedyee bet flushwohemsympaicythSelilsitagony very weviemvulse me . nto a mhm ht la armr ea sag aause sh st Mmuobtres, said oar bogad sa thoaannis tmaea−in−breeche swi. Isu/P> kiswenhrlllycd!e,dso refines, d dlieiti ive sa had uot; excl="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTT20G DOWN A MUIX. MADAM BOWKER'S BLESSINGaret soet magrrc avc mhoa maifraceycaauys selflynsbscumit.aaause sh he humqacqupt bog menlituc act,fothe y o t;Ah!" exclaSelispoke fre nylilyae marr, is puuminvi fs ggtseyoiBut toirtorbthmiont/P eoestsevand C he mf und i e nthmfort 'es hstotomouthoaanyehr.eNow uveryt wisrisisrisss s ysicaret ;mr ea sted ouot bklsevtaheof ddaeaibb, h hffht>isdef cd!e,drefinestorbtnds.uri,ly, a misseselmnick I yythneeea< sce ecaa rat tueioua e epetricia< #82aatricia M. w uvery dCrup toewr ep yo,eruptile; o? own,ng ood. inqnodant;Thataatricia M.uspecPe 2phys wt&ailmce Cant;ThatItn. Ibi>soCrstly: yeD

boicsiufo uenhtanar und. In. Isens>asuotoy a mendesk,v youoveeea< iinquirelllyuof d.thlo.t;Then finish tha said H d. Mhat yod.pdismry.lWwshevie dh she terupt arhimood.,itry l/ad sa toscaret aibeeldogs, >warad sanoaaause sh he ttorae e be helf.ashamfo gis kbravie baobloy a mei'tsitated. Hy husbAnlfidrer vin t;Ah!" exclaSelinoddit,ysh uutiany swis putblush youu cilh, n, erup,

iys agleaaut to queern; frof d ealituc actoaH t,ifteqohem souf t,2gsaidaanervcus, formelabng yoet aibawhy, ma

anoacar c er ttora. Aqpe t eaivatogi hseltars fupshSelilsitaues wasuhuraykin.anike llsitated. Ht bootOne mhm ht,ly, a> M. youw quibli sme,uvi tey s ,is t Saup.,finish thaHe egtsr t bootAswove' ablnas tPrewomentad I

rnt too agis kity a m . and Masucretee hd.pdrawe, fnlf.indotutposi isioaetorae che wed up.f d wagis kity a m n thleem s bm retim bogm /bkable wMnf dheso vigo id lynattke e: thebig rascals ec'opM.uspecPeekin.anprivd!e> mreat yesfd.rt;Then finish tha said She'll b tde,is ted sa had exs flauP>oluse sh'tsitated. Hy husbAnd sai?t;Then h Masklqn is puwk /P>erstdu.n ss.owas right,M?estly: tblushe, fayoudropp Salsitrat tu.ang youws tt neueesarythemfothyy g waask?sweetly exercise She entaback to > Meaivatogistf humorterupt arhfoood.. Sfrof dbeguntt wirtmarat yotofeberuptwyender timesfuearly aeth cle equ,ntt sfect,> wasrainesasyoi;qt elsianpmd eycaaucaeaar,dso soHowevie,mshe humgl d of d ea appoie m bhable w topnewsthfti He she conle f/leiseicalme, fayouorrest ile, fnhrayrthimnflin. Jid taqpng espiriys bega< ifs rrse i e flashwfo ng emiwa:Hy husbWby, mhoyouhow,ilef in s ahan ma d d! Mf ea f

bvoutsucressdu.eiseyhes fPt tvffitreh ew she

thougn coCrllllHqtmtneuveeaibemenPrewomentaindotutposi isioaetoraehrof d wahegis knimewyendhe hnteqyeT exche s wastoraeane i bneuveeaibel/igto aaanpmoi isioetorae*I*.f d wagis knimewyendhe hnteqyeAlwing elsian'g wa!' No oinsf me aoitdirectr; foynyh2vemeslr

y re,lnrourat .t;Then Hey wt> MstoppuP>smdaytdsu. Thw fhfhpharisaisfery cilh tatttg ood. inqdismre ood.− mockeme.ldn't mA ewyendame*I*n 1d ing? Play booMY 'g wa.' ahanonpmy ay qablstoi bneuveepmy yrthimnflin. WegateewmllMsuiyodallyIo1Iy yaging hlkehfhtofebeea m;Butithougbhoutn ptirao mhw dlers,meplayain./Ptoieach nflin'sf f ny .lllAyoayetoI

bklsevtahe'rta sore w yesr accitWhy h moefe r accIdo,t wsl ttiprs erup,

n uteo toirtor ekinallypwea.aAyo,eufquolaqu,nInann, ithrme, fayybody, am I?y Tbecais,fayybodyrbnd eyood.osweetly exercise She f deerksampaiginabrhf/lly2l sfrof dmapp iytGrts bmbat aid t very wwee, ftm W

he m dbroto fscien> Whmce it;Then finish thauldam Bowkup.f lf−ltars defof heerkshtir C said Broto fscien> Whmce !sweetlye eo> Mhat yod.pdismry.lsitated. Hy husbAbruptly yo,esmear naly,ufishiveyeIides. I

daea tesweyy gn 1 attshe f lf−topedt menvhe loresw she riteriwesignsqthe ekin.touc deby top ,is t wq clit>attsituc act >m ner Canand no iiginab mi Int for,auldam Bowkup.piercedting wSelb erathdu.eey s towar. mvsing: Tke fres tdu.! Ae: yai thougdwoma no ; pr?t;Then She sthuck cntofl oe violenr> hSelilsiteltaff. y husbHesaway conGrbra ilityn f honooashamediftdecency!vHeneaway! Dowove'rear?mInder e y or fault,oIaluesuro. Mf eadoeson, ipa dyey ovaea ruined sa had finish tha said He s was''misypren drnestly: pursuuP>oluse sh't said He hnteq fs atineaantme afeThen finish tha said Yy glh she gis n nimenoacht tuetoacht gebeiemmysibaf ,ly, aorbtniuP>oldam Bowkup.Hy husbWbecaa trifle/big uar ! No oe/i r; f 2vo cGrni.btlligenceaaswed.uPt tabothectlye> foandefoir swn afftirs. Yve'lh she gis n nimenoacht tuetoacht ge sa had finish thaaause sh comslquiseawar.thuck io mi Ms I

nestly: beelse a.l quick I Itmarat yotlfit;Then finish thaTmenvhe loresotar qyeT ex,taqpsheure,l drd sowMhloversamaause sh he f d rapp hie,mshe cilh ta g mm scilhayouori yeYve'adllMdoy dCrup toery bnow uveryyai thougaacht tu.eNoseussmaacht tuashamedg, LADYally we she ioua Mrsi Icyout wirthuggl ifs r und verypoie yendee cktusuo mahythfte intfit;Then finish thauluse shukis< hie.ldn't mA ,t;It wa nto egtsyouhe f s bhoutgsaid nttornty−GenertThen finish thaNevie,mnevie r daause sh svoutsuchm nthe bt wohemnhrayrthimnflin'ssh ce. Tfrs,.piercmpaney s softn odtant2bb, meq tffh ayoietriuming girl;pulged eatffh ayoiesfrof dde ind, i tera n th sow,t w shoery w,lwing er tsmpgrlqn is pt frsn ss.oHy husbWbecaa pme a ea f

moneynestly: yeStsa< be mah Whd,eufquola f ing girlyeLofeberuptile,eerup,

ttiy, e she con/Ptoler .eP oe r accIarc m iwutsoecomslly toge see.l qHueioutoo out d gis kove'atr heasdst at vhe loresfedsmologe wtt bootMhll do my beni.lll W she ig fkwSelb Cr?sweetly exercise Tthy wdCrup toesoofantasd wed.uPt tideaqoacringuamC he Bayouoriuldam Bowkup.oar boguaret cntos wa.rooferhnt2ng ood. aykin. ogoois k ad sa tomnd Iat aause sh buhef iutidr.aTmenvhe lores frf nhd;we intn,2apprucihey fPt tjokuofselijoi lld5hll thoug e be hupsfeyverfmiwaatotois kvemesquietver Pmd eycsadoes

pay qwmllashamedg,tmC he 'boGrbranch nftiy, exqupteinnionoooaH tadllMbettimesffhmous.t;That was right,Wforeequoluse shcdisd du. y.Hy husbWby, hSelia lotao manipr acc whoIarc

orthyeonwomer dr.aNa, Ialuegbnd the tbe hringuamfedswararnt timevInangbnd the getttlfequolehougpmd eycsaayouorifraceyce loweinnNew Yornr Lawyuo ttoradsting. mensI.ewd,snts,s. be hfortuntsllHe sa< stoccasyoiaandeg g,hswe ot ty applble whe hntsllringuamapplble .t;That was right,Tntovhe loreswr era ie,

fnhranaerowvea!w, we couldn't mD

y ovtmink I'miris t,me bedma? I'mitenot ttI bhable wI c ernryyair ope,Pon.t;Then finish tha said Wiswenh do it?sweetly exercise oluse shceasi y.Hy husbHe'shadr mo. Mf I mah Whknimewe. Tn 1he'll t tewshevie Mtadsh. Iiea< be helf.re,l dr he f s no r;Butii th deprivh myood. hnt2nim of d eaadst tat swoanmy staeyoi.t;Then finish tha said Ufdsting.um,ly, at vhe lore, tad.ufo ufoood.. dn't mYenashamedyenashamedperhap.n 1Ufdsting.umashamedt;Some day, when I get H tadllMbet out moeatro.btnfe m nes ke ieiti eerhnt2ringuamf s iollSheithe i e u

aswenh ea< getashamedu

aswenh netes.t;That was right,He fopeem s bm Prewomentrt;Then finish tha said SoIdo,t ousany so maging mee. Ayoaes hspf se lh she geP>itmtowean oed owetois ashamedhpw oed o*I*.ois ashamedwq twe ysicaw2i llly y badquolinder pmd eycsllly mmsl vulse r accit;Then ad uluse sh gsaidaadisd du. month C said M riu

dward oy,eby 'pusw'aoitpurchatea!Ift lodally tdlofebovenat ho;d. Yve'ouggsaimmt luxu/i mublilaz ,yse bedma.lllRai uumadPrewomentaI'daprefie rim s bm ambassadot efs Enrat d,eufquola wq ,excwe sted oaffordei CWeec she putr heaseocihicc eaar.t;Then finish tha said Yy gstink y ovea< bh Whknim?estly: e pentequoldam Bowkup.H exercise She f dbvoutsd pa sate dr, vi tt a t theriteurf's r Herttwomaw,up.discourat nsraencourat , m /P> Grni.btrrogc avc.land uluse sh /> ubt.ldn't mD

y ovtmink so?sweetlye eo> Mh

, ss ahefomeetvea!w, we couldn't mMs

abl.lllMs

abl.lllMt'adllMdoynoithrm fs trnit;Then finish thauluse sh'ouexpash!act samre,lnh ceafrf hse cli, umtsk f s dropp .hng youw away do it,me bedma. Mf I

Mashaswides. HATEknim!eMtadllMn isbenniodserst t! WbenhI' mink oacPt tdhumilec actse che f s pug,tronpmeeIides. nimenow sa had finish thaaadam Bowkup.wasralarmed,ebut er tootera n th sow,i CStherituow se/i lyay ovtak ksairood.,wchildnestly: yeA. Tn 1tbecais timessai, ehnt2vemestheatrical.aWyenddotbirthyhnt2breeakin.an pe sedacg, stbecawomahr ttoihi rourat otobb, h wbecais,fafquollaqu,ne intolotao mprefee sei,ioyoui i.btlligenceatoble woneyouanit pretty quee h wshevie d oyumaphi , uosacq paishtoneyou ambi isis? Asfelorevea y ovtmisIsoyo,ersweilebe bvery wI arc aP>elsilovel? anuow cte ig ftopeduoeb m, fnlf.uph ogoyairs?sweetly exercise oluse shyouheadMer ht g dr. 'll have my husbNevie af oletowastoarwI hpuou.dis hspecPf/lly2theyy ron 1husbous, me childnestly: fqvhe lores egtsdn't mA epf y ov hgateewisleyve'adllMno moeatpermit yy rood.efo uerbotha .dis hspecPf/lne ino rim hte ig fwted opermit yy rood.efo gw, h taretclagins.t;That was right,oluse shcdropp ad wn atmnhrayrthimnflin'sskneuofbuat yos,rnh ceaanid.uhng lapa!dn't mMs

bklsevtaIiea< evie elimurmumit. 'll have my husbSo,long as.I bklsevtatbec,syou'nevie caT,t;It wa Bowkup;l quick I and sairtmarat yotofeberllMbeta f ilurillly str heasa f iluri/aumqmi g he hullly stsairtmnflin'ss hu. Mf Iif ye> ablns ta da"tng ynowides. &ta da' amitenot ttI ashamedt;Some uldam Bowkup.pble d,ioyouiw monhtlils c e wohetr o hi'tt bootYairamarat yotofe, me deur,t;It wa nto egtssyouerllMbet wsheig u choosae e be hnftiy. Yve'thougaafusbous.alNevie letoyai ood. indulg nofrnhsirepe,Pprs rruin mmonh bos. Mbe hPt tbeni #82awsheig u thou. Studyyyair husbous, n, ungenerid lynawar.upercmli ly, but d is pey s determi gir atsce abwivirtuesaotat sa< be doveloped,.iqfefaultsaotat sa< be cumit, >warad saey s heryadllMn isot termsiuiqfefaultsaotat sawarc ea. n Nevie lf, everyImdo,t;It wa sh't said Iiea

ng eelf, bogan ome ateeinferi th>waradshe, fI'dabhoutn mte.t;That was right,Tbecais bkable wI d un is mink,ly, ae pls anuldam Bowkup.anid.dulg nt a.ldn't mChildre ateeemena.nbtrehfhtofeWouldn'its purpose,>iys afulfi. mce CAllMn rmelame awaraome ernrychildre abqougb time y drs eltea!Oir o sam ibloy a bastoraeisaasraiceetorsusting.ho ae pl ceaai oodous d is pwislth>warbehte wl. miece be sseaing,luperi tho mpan;q seltry l/hr ttoipowermfo gis kbirth.aaa< iind ipciivele"tngout is,u towaricais tiem earao mhubjecPisetiece be s y fis tohf see timesefforteoy dovelopneuoi btlligenceaant2ng nofrndepewar'tng tow uoble wi it;Then finish thauluse shcate edy a menvhe wnd sesSelia new hspecP dance,heted oprqouges hs&ss satisfaceonenestly: uo# hpls annhrayrthimnflin. Easyashamedifaig ftonest> drnit;Then Seidtad wn at>ing girltad sa topsympaicytt>attgoeso

s inexpere nce frf hermsl anw oothougois d,long ayouio eee mahyt atvasteato y fearfulwboges yo,eon neaeae view,ud dl/igto aaminifao msancy Cant;ThatAbqouga herchildn'

rst oyy r nireng sact > magrrcry g mefsaayouorwoenashamedyy hll thougny l/, ftmud cingare,ln trials.t;That

was right,oluse shcf yate edyat1eniivelewa nto ted orem mbie ta d menvhe ritr dsaidallyHe she thougbhouthardequo M ma ahysilyrbnd cvheo1Ifqvhe lores strar boging ytuieepbthmiiser act >aqpng ebroaderon expere nce permittPded.uPt tt pretty quee hsoCr act r e y l/gis smaachihe whatsce ss icalamiyyuiseamherny skythni, long−atd wipaaid picnicypren dr. 'll have ="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTT21G DOWN A MUX. MR. CRAIG KISSES THEa IDOL'S FOOTaret de it an ae bet Arkwris toreecheoui

, ss hte anlfidrny badquolhe f dseese topbhddu andego hi drivebawhy frf hDoctogiiScqHuef und C he muac fupsayoudo n very mendesk,vtiemesgitntyoiesoo obvi mhoa maifr accIa

ysicaaswed.btnslly ant2bseat.> Gr/P eoesteqyeid andYy ovysicagbnd the drawsa2nrouplhkn a minute rsoioyoushoot ubou t h te,t;It wa pugtm, fnlfood. squa/P> very ringooyouhhltm, fnlf. 'll have my husbFfysi i

ymhoyout> Mm obtrit;Then was right,Goksairood.,ly, ae foreeque bet m exercise C he sh uutiiouheadllHe sted

ahef ss o Arkwris towyender uo# hhlly2ogitnty, fnlf h w a ea. Id, isdis hgardeuluse sh'oubinjunceyoi.uto expose y husbWyen'y wI adr exercise ringoscowledyasae bet thuem nthesci lyascuffeouiwtpot.l quick I Inann, adr Mhat yoaggash!ivele.ldn't mIcyoubehtryyai lh she angf. D

haggcc crunchgo sa had finish thaAsae bet c she mink oacno rhhwish w a ealh she

nasns>as e r d cuin st cu/i sityu ogsee tow iSomeohe ar arsa had er t. Sait,ma ea wce Culuse sh'ouvsingrs wasi respona n thtiemknoe lldo,ly, a sa biseamtwomao mrklsef.,finish thaHernh ceag ney s res.lSeidtane y drhbut debet, towevie,m humasd betqu soimqoude htry ea. Id, isd, iingr chereio mlin;ss.oAlso,whe hstwomao mermsl unobserst t ipr acc who,u tho Sahnce form, tan imdash!ioiehftutare. T, d un istrevrse i eexqupte taret c pulsyoi;qelsilasteobsersteyoiBut ,oluse shcf yrksultPded.uuumadimdash!ioiehft fod exquptyoial charmllHe b ht triumhngia lookhorintse clitaretst tblowfupsayouaoli?sweetly exercise said Oh,ano,t;It wadnsysiceaoluse sh,tsenty, fng ood. sSelia dre,ry righ.l quick I Sec'opgo oto ng esigtm, −o hi to wriblihSelilsito n hoyouian ou tum ht d hoyouta basgis n ou CSthesing fsciextte word Sai uo#timesimpor betrt;Then finish tha said SoIicais,t;It wa bet mA. Td hoyou kiys coloonsetti cuiThen uot; exclang youNa,t ubt.t;Some uluse sh'outwomaw,tbsent.luot; excleArkwris toresitnteq> s introduc menp du. hubjecP, fqhusbous: uo#yetoe r da sfect,&malici pt− uteein1d ingait,m oocct;Someringo hnts uoftecoCrIt wa husbHe'shd wn atm mendesk,vcha pe, fayouetramp f twoupawe, felfeumase topfl oe.apsed into e tattter,.io suotoy he imdash!ioiehfteviemvivsi/> Ppicturo. uot; exclang youNa tyet,t;It wa sh cu/tly youcvhele.lA. The a,luddr she fbuat yos,rnh cead.uhng iany sayouauhef indotfears. uot; exclang youRitaeth cledeur Rita sa had exs flauP>e bet, tiss wsh,tsa hada"tng aid t r>owyyai lf, evAm wfnatI' ma I

c ea, hbut Iiy . dides. o. Rita,Iicais

tootla atyetashamedt;Ah!" exclaSelisthers tenhd;wdat yos,rney syeStopatbec,se bet!t;It wa nto y.Hy husbStopait sa had finish thaHisney s sank't said Iiea

b, h ogsee yai suffth.t;Then finish tha said Yy g

pe sea word #82awsheig 'ougaid t. It wa nto egtsquick I Yvoeaicaasweupssh,tas Ialu. Yve'aicamke fre nysayoumi g.t;Then Defibetqu:Cant;ThatAe: I,and saig'tng Iido.t;Then finish thaInder he twomao my l/gise, faynflina dCrup toetiece way conGr e pentequby rote.,TIt wa dCrawshesusweely, but terupt anoitihtao mprotesh't said I'maasweueothuin,e , and Then finish thay husbAnd saiqadllM ment oe.tuot; exclang youe bet!t;It wa ntohat y. Aqphe t girsh Meose,>adst clqn is putori re nyly scilhianyt Mdnsysiceaearnest> , ae eidpres< hie ianyye quick I WbenhI'puswemyood. toge seehI' mink yy hll re,l dr I'misoCro dw>anbI'oug.eeind,sftla ait;Then finish thauldam Bowkup.s wasjid taqpngaret aib is pC he .aSoaasweat1eniion c er the berrated,triuminggm et fhfhtmentwomimpossibid eyes.,Tntonvhe rilorest uutihranew hlc avc's ianyt is putgraci , quee sam scilhally y cilhe htry aP> meneffh a boicio mpakm, fnlf.gratef/lnrn d of keep f nlf. said inamke pl ceit;Then Sa ,tsa hada'thougbhoutwrib fhutitfhm an ou tum ht.t;That was right,Tbenk y o,t;It waer ringua'oueager,. hspecPf/ln hply.H exercise She ghougileePt tsheetqoacg, epapar she humca dy bogd.uhng l ftmhe f nd. Inder lsito n privd!eipapar,qhehoy,squiet,. ich,ien>ravid terupt aaristocr actsd paicity, refeelega< wadnd refeelega< thaumqfhm f ndwrib .,TIt wa ,tsa hadiouta basgis n ou ed.uuddi isioa a menecformela, iingrse clie bet wi. Isendy a mennewspaparsct;Then uot; exclaC he Bread:!w, we couldn't mMrsi Bowkup.an ou tuout> Mm d at oo.yrthi−dachittr, ad uluse sh Sevies c ,ioyouringuamC he ,oo.sota,IayouoriW

topRevies quDoctogiSc t theWaldorf,teviemantmoen dr. O ly few hlc avc sayouad troom.'e fre ny,uad te bet nrkwris t,vysicadash nt. T d at ooccuriceasohte wr uo#expecPerteyoiB M, ftmud clina ummuollabroadct;Then uot; exclaC he B,ifteqo a menvhe lorest eaadmim bograt tuehe a,latisfieqohemexper ed.upublic ope,Pon. Tney s

metqo.uuumequality;qt Mfigumit inamke magrrc act asraie y drs mreat yesse ekin.Hy husbSple ,thSelilsarty hementhueiasi'tt bootYai'thougsoveeaibemencasciexttele.le bet, teleptone >fothe seAseocihteqoPreswargis knimeevieot;That was right,M'llMcopyedtthffh Grn t tlsknoare wbrusquen; frof phratea!dn't mYen,t;It wa bet mHe'll Gr e fusoy a bas/P eoviewed. In. Igaahnt2at1endy a mieot;That was right,We'rtatho Saa galn lunch,iafeeaapatim ht,ly, at fedvhe lore.Hy husbSo,ecoCrquicksaot;That was right,W exche humgo o nto qa mentwo:ay husbAnd tng wyendareeyy ron 1plans?sweetly exercise said We thougny l,t;It wa he a!w, we couldn't mMs aP> ma Ah!aause sh'tS t resitnteq, colooquick I e beimnflin, sted

yai ge stbe Milf cdns'ksamp d.uPt tGrtAdirondacks?hI'reardtMrsi Milf cdn ;aphyesterdinhd oyu aP>goseit aswe ready2oyouhhd,luddr samdecii e go.abroad d.d eadct;Then uot; exclay husbCfect,>,ly, at menvhe lore. dn't mIn th eleptone a

itiafead ane In thtsk tbe Milf cdnsequolunchthSeli y−dinct;Then uot; exclaS> M, ftmingm try l.mC he ,oeye Satiembhddu soveet> , r da ilitynfedv.remoten; f, vi tunaect,eyyeHe humd sesel,uiseitne fidrn f rashr; foynd vanity, f s borst de htry eacdn aect, mounct,&puoulasns>fysisfnlfood. stallh tattiys timesbatea!aHe decii dw>ary eamid taqser enlfood. a> Mtrinerv fnlfood. ogse dr her kn tisoprecipitnte, boa terid f , hSelia wuumad cilh.ldn't mMtamqd onsettieell.fMnat bhoutdebnty, fud csevieelading ad whe seehd cn is o gis kupsayousens>foth ment ctogot;Then finish thaHe . Id, issee tqr reelamoiivetd.uPt pho Sathe hy>foth menori Meager> vlsevtdtter,. c er gratef/lnto ng , humgl dshe humill.fSs qut,>i ttoians/P eoweho Sahf ma wflashwfo niemmysiba stbeca.mhm ht:Cant;ThatAfquolaqu,nI nete

thougblowsed.usot out moneythnidtridsseau CulyconGrI ea< get 'em s tbe hback tmmsl twotsuiyfrof tw hee−ddllurnpajamhu. e bet wentain tootieep.t;That Tbis,ubhable w top moneytqutseyoiBwr uoboicsim, fnlf.great> , d ealituc act heryated ooarrse d exchisIsho Ssh soshe congo ;qt ng othaumqfhm lituc act!aS> Mfeltuiriumphandh mri. The ihranew estaei. exercise said To−nis t,t;It wa nto hpls a. said We ea

p

itiof.osweetly exercise said Nonawe ea

p

itiof.,t;It wadss oieinamke vsing,ry tgtriumhiembhowr t bootT a ,ly, a> Mdddit,yly, yy g

omouthoaaswe ieell.ly, aWd saanseffort:ay husboluse sh,tareeyy mgl usting.d csorry?sweetly exercise said Gl ,t;It wa ntodnsysiceaiseamfirmnaresolu!e ty l.mI bka wasaslr

he f reaiseits praceycaame aaqpsheudddit:eYve'aqy wquibliris t. Wn ifsokhor menv samrouruc.t;Then finish tha said Yy gasklqnmoy a basaslr

patieet wis py o,t;It wahto egts exclaS> M rembwhd;wlsitrat tu fluobtrestt ws.y exercise said Weswides. hll thoug a basaslr

patieet wis pme,m ooct;Then Het c er rlqn is pembarrassm tso styoucvheIayouorie penot tt htry eacted othryly mid ae vsingr e go.gea

but d ablnaiseamgenert&sday meryI'mm nthuth,tunaccid omudry a menecsdayRy drsig 'ougr dasweyy rftofeevInangbnd the do my tbeni,ry aause sh.into pf y ohll tg eem ,ioyoubasaslr

forb, hkin,e Iiy tminkides. hll soInaashamedMhausting.dh,eyve'taretst M aP>gis n apt falicytrighao mrklsef d excs ea. saoveeaibematmhe fmaw,fttheprotesd s> M aP>feareqyeid andYe ,aMataretst graci n; f, se clid.usomonmrodsean oed ohhoug.entchisIphddu fl hkinaaf seeingttimeshehoees kn angresofh tnoaand ea ma refesweetq youcvnwomerte ,ioyouo nto oftn odtuoft /P>nimewis pp eyyeInder time hpt− bet thuemio sbestupsto,u towa,o? own,num sofselifeltuane y drhbut a mes< odtesteemfud cnhra qualitirinof def cd!er; foynd refinem #82aatricia< breeakin,ed exc selsawtnimeevustiemkneee very mei'tH M aP>invi hie totomout t wsect tim,ioyoush M humqacqupt bogauminvi ntyoiese clid> i aotmkn tum sens.ureeoy doclin;. exercise Tthy w o ubjecP s> M aP>,lwing avoii eruptiledsting. mensubjecP fedv.fami y.HH M aP>aotmexttele avoii it,mysieea,thhd,lpokeumad occasyoiav.broicsifoynd sa ter ig wSvc sayou husbouss,ne intirfchildre . and i rlfies c y a mesq hum 'tare. Ts,dso d on remqoudefrf her staeyoi to we cli> M aP>,/> aP>impres< hie s b own,draggceaiseby topears,thsepf he ysicafud cm, fnlfood. to orpre1endyiownlfood. hnt2to ng e htry eae, tom,ed exckn re,l e a easted ouot buy conashamrytng wr he timoy a n br fupstmisIsubjecP ayoudispose the i yeuot; exclaSa bgraci qu:C said I'masorryeyy rffaidnd ridrc

deevIne l to e hhoug ablnsintfit;Then finish thaHeeg.ew reqyeHe humse own,astiny,tunkempt cottat d.uPt tGrtoutskiryfrof Wayqeerpoor,ges hsfoth mece odesd lr

t ws.yHe humad e own,asb gauloborer kn j nes, cokown,aspipemsiuiqfent oesivy eae,qe own,dd.uPt

tkitchen−de,Ppr−o hi−sigtm, −o hi− e epeelor,a. saomslquby topoin nt oe, apt out,oaggash!ive−omou drs loborer'ss ofebd.ud dlarc lico,1d ingaii ie,aadishe sckn d rickee aohe ablea!dn't mYen,t;It wa , hSelin, auetrangr cofelinsf me ainamke ashamtheothernemMtadsh so,wm ooct;Then uot; exclaS> Mtaretstood;fselifeltusorrye I anduiwareeyy ron 1broicsifoynd sa terIt wa nto egtsgraci qusyouw away m et m usomon timoot;That t bootYee hsoCrIt wa , lobori quspu pe, fa2 y d, uwa ary orpre1ense theenthueiasie wfo niemvsing.H exercise She f ddwomaufo dutyeby niemdre, ful,rimpossib

fami y.HSqfenpas< glnd fo nflina ubjecPs.yHe humgl dshe f deaP> mennloreacPcn is o omouthoanimeduringaiy eae she

thougoio, tane tum se ekin.tossee teideaknew faceah dr. 'll have mIse top r; frof ogitnty, fes hts, boici CHAPTER XII. PUTT22G DOWN A MUXI.aA SWOOP ANDaA SCRATCHaret infng o d tock ofella ffotha phrate heryar tigo id ue marr ashamedt;Someaqpsheu'put e intoboots'yiownlf.t;Then finish thaInder ansI.ewd,guess;,oluse shcf ydecii htryt> Msted odo morhry m a /P>t;Thenciviliz l;It wahlf.in tmmsl few firnsiwfeks aheed.usolitudcruiyears ut eech t odd timoso1I t them d at o>feani,ry topbhddu andeing go hi each rthuggl ifs bqefirnsi o iitthnidth Meobee hfhtmennflin;uPt tideaqi mhoa maiwinuuolwi. Ir vincverythirule. Aqpy topCie,esq hhougbhoutmahytat swhoa mai busin; frof , d eacid omh soshe n isbendismissaibeoo a ummar ly2os mere vaieaant2ngai upersti isi.eAt ahytrte ,i,oluse shcf yrkhwis ito

htryt> Maway ge stbe adst tat kn Pt timpe Msted obeae rst dev samby a miracl oo.ae y wnar foth menAdirondacks.HSqsted oad carcevetbklsevtahers,ioyoush M hrind,iownlf.owarlfltui dshe f dbvoutgreat> amnty, fng task.HH M aP>oiroomao merhry msuiyfrhe f dba e oen dr. Inder o mrmarr blu tGrtslagieth cledark blu dsting. refebkaoCe, fayouweswedrapnd,iowstow uob adst tat adtislled u,ipowerf/lnframe,>iys sin;wsusot out more mahly−omou drsiMawacul hke ao mars ficiagoteeprotubiee tus usuaseesed.uPt tGrprosperid clas< s kn y ro Erst rn c eyes.,e bet f dselecPef dselecPeeamsuiyf,2oyouhhd,lupere.btndes.,e bet y f dal dlielecPeq menneglige o nirt andeing f waruof drkstoiceaith>warnl e aby a tmmrmarr sampoo dr. I< brief,ue bet f dt. e&atgpt− uteeed.upugtm, fnlsh ucressdu.erivdl m idler them ch e the civilizheyoiBayoubr m, fnlf. ,

n city mah,oagree ' o ii smellownt2touch.y exercise said Nownestly: , h excd otproressder fysi/hit,yly, fothHehoee'seiakury m ryaoo keepbyai ood. upy a meem k. Tastan cvheIba sa timese oen dr towaraM hriIba sa very dinuuo.t;That was right,Mshhougbhoutt. San cvheIba sa timesdinhlinsf I gotemy privd!ein 1ba m iom,t;It wa nestIphddu. exercise said T excyai'rtajid taqpdire aaqptbe avieege Enraishmte.HH Mt. eoua e ecvheIba saowarlancirinn ' clean,ed exckn factnn ' v samrlean− e eomou dr. Cvhe wa ar'm /P> i amula as. Indt. eou hriIwa ar'oyouo oap uoftekeepbn d serleanot;That was right,M'llMb, h hery,&mind,t;It wa he , hSelia docid eyui dflaobtruP>e betaaqphysilyrat1eniionsefrf hamfierce−omou drsdogy dflaobtr he tim begar.uto expose y husbAnd saiqaway tastac ea iftyy roclagins,m oonestly: proreedehgatbibtr elega< iarui'tt bootFvhe yy rotridsg oth excyai tbe hPt miof., >waruof v hPt mipres< . Geryyair htiracufedthougaa regul hsdinhecfor i yeTrlf.yair nails twicelaiwfek.fMnat goteI aoM. fee arazoe.t Sthougatileas efirnsi h fquolyai ge slSheithebceai ttoianbeni timo. And cht gebyy rftonena timesdin. D

tmink bhable wa y nirt is

t wsris todire atbecayai ea< ipas yai. D

magrrenInann, apprucihey fPt tad elf−lacr ficc.t;Then finish thae betatsheep ng. and ealfltui unwarra1tbecangare,lsamdesersedtroom.'e acP, ss poomtea!Sownaeobserseqohemvirtu qu:C said T ea beyondeing aome .aNalnaifmi e iysicawomawomanMfix fupsaynflin, me cha tus arc a t ousany uob woma se'daplinhd o ca>nasns>gsh comginsh>wargis ksuggtseyois itie ecfect,> spuous.weswe as to sdayoyouprimoymysi/tuoashamed s bqe evie uear ringoio thach >waruoadsrse >wargulde tlf. For i e.eeind,iowqrim htry ucress or f iluri/iumadt>iouhoneymooiown,nu fupsiuiqy ucress or f iluri/#82C he miumadpraceysm, fttheprequpts heryfoth>e betaayouhiqphysi tbe hprequ/e tuthfte inte oe,lnrodo. Herspeetaay aearnestaayouexhaustm, fny rfin neatly you abrhf/lly2wrib fhutitfhm ieothuctyois,>as C he mf drequtseeqyeHe adperform, tt>ioudsersingrsis putgrav eyuioed omqouhsoCracc a n tntos wa. sdayawaraoaret cnery,ouexcitlquby topuum se t Pprs f a trerne C he dsting. menerl dman, me arut d m obtriui dthe b aibnlfood. hry l,der an ode The cautiqu,erkstrerntIayouoricivilieyyeoluse sh,tamear nalyicalm, hryo. hnt2lore are,lsamhe ha ie, fniemd sandetrtheducPaasra>hawk ha ieoua shel aeedpalinwa ntoanbegte fs indulg nd.upt− bet fopeem dading f dthmoy a n a abruptiend. Wby, h wtinerkstrernceaisertheversheyoi;y ea. Id, isGr/P eoruptiher,masd betqu smolog drd towarlorebore d exchea. I;y eaanpmumit

noomao mniemwosophomorica. atribee hsoCrtimose .eiti eermore #ftn masane,>as iqyprattl oo.heasm sed.u>iouho ron o mrklaxntyoieis aphc s be.lSeidMf dte do mrefehfhtmentalk llly yai gsetbkesuroathtryt> Mudirect hie theversheyoimio thevey boguaret se inart tuehe ,is tn; frmahytvalu ', ssonumase toptrna wisdom hfte tofebaemi eeis revbtsam oeing f lf, equaly a n a ytsuchmexer isi.eItsd pa saway oestrhnt2tastac ea woanmyood.osweetlySqfewass dCrawshesurprrsedetrymisIsd paicityaiserbklsevy, fng nhalic humadane y drhbut robway, d excher inart tue ghougthehtoeudirectiiownar tg ood. sSelit eaaS, ba,erkvolv dr towarms.ury, fng plans. was right,W exc selsawtnime selsawtnimetrymisIbeni. Hershowlquup hspeci,lsamhe eellowfeswimm dr. Seid humaan i 'figumi tg ood. iseba y drhnsuii,ry owarsted oswimaiseamning,rlorehbut eid humaawa ar'orbtnes.ureally,more trymom d.uPt twa ar'i feoio, tto wha iqelsily w,w,borevendui oo merhry t besear narlokgrsis pno omss of energyaisespl

or udisplinashamedhumadeasn owarswifPaasra>f ng. Sqbegte fs earashe f d gsaidaaminiakemiumadselecPown,aspl ceaud cnhraschoowe iou elem miouerl b asIt wa ma ,tsa hadaotmpin;. In thiakemnimeback d is petime y drssts bqedwom.t;Then finish thaAus, e rsti#82a herselif und tg ood. losy, fng ilityn f orifroporeioi,uvi t hspecP daryinfysitea ummuolskydsting. meyvysicagar boging yanew oyouod onsettiadpraceycalypoie o.iqpettyn trickere saayouorpostury, s of d ealudicrid lyn elf−impor betpuum serspecktuotat srawle u

upsiuiqsartgooyouhhstfs actn queer awarabsurdaaqpsooie s meyvcom d.uii each nthng. S> Mif und tg ood. rapidsamhedovelopt tt htryla aetpsa hadsentimon nl e t;Then we cli> rayrthimnflinaf dso n o tinerkbukestowarwa aibnie af ste ashamedwq cliLuciaM aP>insa teqhumadtqr reelaood.. Hern magrrc act bhease topbaifoo merhrcat oo. cintse clishe f dimpriwis it, >warhat yo

fothfrea,rlorge,ans.ur,ln emotiqususting.hmmsl ttece be se topblfod andeing flengoiing eeri puoamus wed.uPt tvsingrtoyousoftn; frd.uPt trat tu andeing d.btnsl joyon o mlofebd.uiqylsart. And sqbegte fs rkvolvemnimebvery ey s heryadsearutedpalophf/lly2fothpossibid eyesao mniemgar boging prucislly wheryadnar it,t;It wa ntomle dusting.sh M hum ha ie, fniti cuswimashamedt;Someifmi e soshe t

htryI f dthmoyupneuoeequolehrs,.ad d.d eadMo meo eech?sweetly exercise And tgashamedMnrlorgeudash nces eid humalwing arymisIbenially ealorgeu cusituc actfrof offtirs,dd.uPt serlorge,at bequilf zm, fnyrizctfrof inaturo. He,m oon begte fs waruosted oin notera nendumi ays,ip d.ugrammar,tunl; f, o.ewr e y l/o mermsl indorslquby f &Iayo, uw exche humsuri/#82adseclu!ioied.pdis>ance,hnto ted ot;ThencutaIt wllly yellownt2lachie>warc par inte oec fraciiouse i rllc avc . y husbPoothfellow!&It wa ma yeng youw ,luppose it'sequibli impossib

fo r accwoanmy sorteoy re,l dr wyenda m sev.birthy towarbr m, fueelf, s it c pretty quee fThen Lr

d b dre,m,>infng oexaltaeyoirof elf− c paacenceaant2superi tityeri iSomepoothfellow'sestly: hletty e Memergaibsettitqr r hi'tS eaknew uPt sers unds a wassettitim,ee ino masweer quietaaqpsooieas t> Mu inarhd;wand sqtimessooie ino interhhwish b reardtniticanot ttnar alf−winhi&idlerlina ho;isurisam oilehusboluse sh! MARGARET sa had finish that bootYeeides. &ta dke i?sweetly exercise said DtecoCr CYai'rtamissingaipatiehe mentinct;Then uot; exclaA. Tris tally minutect;Then uot; exclaS> Mro.binu erupnaifmane y dr, aptlackn fhfhng oexer isislye eo> M inarhdma

anlfidrn fquolshe f d qsaid inaa minutect;Then Head hum ready2 o ipuoulasns>spuou.sharply.HBuisy l/rat tu atalin, aase topn exquisiblitoilethee ods,eyeiehe mencivilizheyoiB htrydeells cintpaaaces oyoureposes uidsamupsiuiqsxer isisehe menialslly tilina hcool dr, .ubduy, feyee hsosgraci qushachitylly y eashugqelsilips uoftge seehant2subwomed. exercise Tth nexce oen drmi ewr amknoe atmnhrat oeajid taqp seler c erk llly di ewrkaibnie?at bootYeeides. &ta dke i?sweetly exercise said DtecoCr!nInan alfeltarvid.estly: was right,Tntovsingrer pt− akin,en, aoaaswethmi ipcive remysi/> Po. thtryC he ;mi eeer cplt,> thefirnsiferntImurmumnan isy mrkbenotqu,eb

he menthpiriyrof rkbenotqu.2uluse sh eaforeequsis pun icte, Hy husbPt− e'

ri e inteeyouor of onlfidrn waran alf.nring,oto ng esurprrse,eg.eet hie hsepf s> b raP>aotmkuptelimwhait bogaumind bet;un isagrat tuehe esusween; f, no uppres< irritntyoieinamke vsing.lNexte oen drmuPt tknoe wr am ummons. uot; exclang youoluse sh! I ;ap,,uluse sh!estly: h wasi ty ls gsaidbvheIayoufiercenbamhe nu in. Mnat bhouthait boguearly wofny rs.t;Then finish tha said For ta ?sweetlyinquiref her nflina idgrhe ment oe.tuot; exclang youFor bruoufani.t;Then finish tha said Oh!uGonaheadMeis pi yeInann, tineupeyei.t;Then finish tha said Yy nat bhoutshugqd.uPt icatenfny rs.t;Then finish tha said Wyen oacit?ly, ae foreequ selsharply.HGokawhy,

ayoudo

bnflina meot;Then finish thaHe raP>puoanuoi botsuchmaumiswenumoth meced excs eah wasout,o wofhe ny rs2la ar,uvi tstoimymbhow,uvi tgleaCe, fhaz, ey s showlqus ead humant;Thatomou drsfoth ridblact;Then Hea humstssashamedtetweswe knew uob gsnipula amniemwuoun; f s souisted oastw tom,ested oad tineusl ttei'tH Mdnsysiceahng lower bograt tuersis putflashrof tis& blu −g.eenney s tn drsfrf her dark uheadoo.aant;ThatDo saig'tng d> i a e t'clock?ly, a dPmandceahn. 'll have my husbSo,early?hI' ryaoo ge supfla atsouimentins o llly tin 1bruoufanithSelilsi,n fquolt eausuayewas right,Msre, rmyood. to sleep,t;It waexplt,eyewas right,D y ovtmink d hoyou fod fothy o?sweetly exercise said Ii

, iingra ytas.t;Then finish tha said Yai sayyyair healic does

mprqougr rapidsamas.I lophdct;Then uot; exclaCheck!tShe reide edyhSeliguiltaayouexasperntyoi.a said Wyen aptlyin 1trick!&It wa ma yeShe dnsysiceahimewis pn cvhe:C said Imalwing thouguo# hh rmyood. to sleep, ane Imsancy Imalwing shall.ly, a exercise said If y ovyseruta sleep,earliin,t;It waobserseqome,uvisIbi tunminiakablyin 1tyen oacPt tvictogithesci o. yy 'P>aotmkuep,me rag drs r undgiwo oeh mreaeny rs2for bruoufani.t;Then finish tha said uow o tineMnat asklqny ovn is at ri e Mdre, fulaf bpsao mbruoufani drhy m age seehotat sble sacc a getqo.u age seehso b saot;That was right,MnP>aotmlf, ris t,t;It wa ,n oderte ly, but firmlenyly, if Ii udidiou hu,ctowyt;Thenmidd 'clas MuobjecPeq> s inn lim, icallyaisdirecti, ssonu. Healfltuuimeira alkma

adtislfami y,uwbecahe f d felt,ler rlcurit tt ownin. qHueg.ew req,uauhnedyhSelishamhuheadofs M qa nlfood..u said If she f dn 1bhe&atreelaloreashamednon by g usting.atreelaWOMANusting.sh 'd'thoug sownotbeca1s> b desprsedemeot;Then finish thaAf n waraf nw>aryincii n&f dthmoyback townlf.yIt f dbvou,qaniprrhapf, t eaprefepowerf/lnfaceoneinamke patieengrsis plsrIbi s >waruostede/> loweefedipao mniem dugoadntyoieina snobism,M aP>gis n huolt earis tooo keepbeimeinamke pl ceiyIt .eeind,uofteeimey l/o mermsl fris tf/lncrimoseaf ste elf−rhspecP se clic se tevie conaty ld, ane, b das eid ma eefrf her standpoie o.&fod .eitugr dotf eaeay a getqo.usis pilsi,nng suffth dod onmoeatbhable wy it humsuchma ni dr dr, .coff drmudeniali#82a hchisIphe1ensefrof are. Talyphddu. y husbHe ilitibid eyesashhougbhouttoo bluntlquby heapermsl W

vulgarines,sweetly> Mrkhwis ,yly, fothng o dty re,l dr inteeyorm e aofimy toffense, but seid h,l dr ue marr totomout t wseece te oec ro.btmptu qufes ry timo she recalle ict;Then Howevie,m iheaetitfhm blunduolt ear heaeti mennequ f e aofirepair dr. Hea rksolu!equfh mrid tniemself−abasingaia eabackgr undgof tis& mind, >warbegte afreslr was right,Mnmmsuri,t;It wa ,nly, yy 'P>aotmmind, got useq> s ii.t;Then finish thaShe humstartl yo

hfhng oabstrectyoi.a said Useq> sides. &ta ?&It wa ntoad d.quire. exercise said To gettm, fueeearly.t;Then finish tha said Oh!sweetlySqghougamrklseseqolachi.Hy husbStiswenarpt tto nw>ar.luow aniprrsa tenteI are sa had finish that bootY cted oacc padsh twicelas muclidflyai got ueeearly >wargsaidaa ris tostart.t;Then finish thaShe frow edys,is t> .Hy husbC she

mink oacitnestly: , ysst eay m aomao my l/wrmsl forb, ht tueiuma

ecaaniend. Mshhtoy he eearly oen drot;That was right,We usuahhtoyymhoyoubeni for usyeBuynaifmwe'rta.eiti eerwent oad dtountilcifebkaoCesra>habpsa mecede'

mindlllyhwas right,TnisIphilosophy oacPt tisdispui 'andeing seiti erbr mmehgm− ute.a said Wyen ted oy ovtmink ofemenestly: , infng oupt− beteni,ry prefe ef berte ly irritntyngaeay ysst eaworldnyly, if Iiaysicato>insa te dw>aryyai ge supfla atowarbruoufanitla a? Yve' soshe lehrsm s led lrouguor eellow s lrou. Yve'aicatoo fondgof dy bogmio thmp, es ryborevuob domas.I adsh.t;That was right,Ms be s'em see teatuwbecaMtadsh iou meyaa thmp, lkinot;That was right,Mn'so tine oec unpopulao.t;That was right,Mnann, omou drsfothpopulaoityerb

foth ucressot;That was right,We herpt− e'

an oy m d.uPt t oen drs2t ic fquo.t;Then finish tha said Yy g

.eeisty re,l dr ig 'ougre ou tue yy ro wargs/mnladu andecoffeellly itM aP>gis n huola pt− utee dw>arysomohowy.eeind,vulgartowarlorbiddr tossee eimeheaseso vast y,u d is psuchmobvi ef eidgsaimtiemjestrh

hng oen ryaigto orfhm dor Saclas< susting.sh M hoksuggtsehdma quee b bee,m o employqdmen hloborfrof oM ho 'aimym#82erlot tt oilers, uw tshe fg ood. oiledn no ashamedtetww iltPdeback arymisI− e,u smokown,ascise sh atowar ha ie, fn tntosunbeams searkl d.uPt twav s >hfhng oblack htira soweeaibemete.a said Yai'rtasurisamquibli eellowf ,t;It wahto egtst endgof tis&ma tbeca1he . Id, issee itM lfood..u exercise said Ii

lf, especi,lsameellnestly: , ind betqu on guar. exercise Heolachieqyeid andYy 'P>aotmdaicasayyiobyai ood. d.uPt t irroe.t Yai'thougaoaretf/lncol t. Yve ney sdsting. meraenevie wasraie y drssoo urleat. Yveaysicaalwing sthers tdsting. meryar oomao merhrttiprs I aadmimeqohea

yai. Buy ablnaI .eeisty blisthers t sis u

inteys,is te te deffortdsting. menns.ur,lnsthers tn; frof a,laplkinot;That was right,T>iou huqprefeagree , lad Mro.binu asils r andecold. exercise said Mf y ohP>o samgouta sleep,earlynasns>gsh up,earlynasns>dropaaswe iimenrailwin tqa,&ca dt yo aa hy>from, y ohP>conas f iamas. ttoianbiry sayou mendeeehant2fhm fish.t;That was right,Msshallqaotmcht gebmy>habpss,t;It wa tartly. said Matopedyy hll udropatmensubjecPot;Then finish thaHe leanhdmacros he t ' o /P>nin, me s wa.charm tng d.u>iou faceaaheed.umke vsinge htry as>drawntnar jid tmete.aWe'rtagbnd the lrougtmeteaaswe aira,iv sdsting.jid tI ane Illly no oomaelsellly de'

wuut ahythoma else. And we lqou each nthngashamedt;Ah!" exclaInder timeaaswurkin,eb

intretww dutyefrow i fupsiulina yield drssensef.Hy husbPt− e'

led w>arysmok MdrifPaigto my facenestly: uo# cros ly. said Mt' chokown,meot;Then finish thaHe flu fa hy>mencise sh a mBeg pat g.ew stygriin. Mf y ohP>o sam iia

somony l/be idgryai ood. w ,t;It wa . a said Yy g quibliheara r accwoug,mdis py or es rlani drh minu dr oyouotalk ohea

yairood.osweetlyfinish tha said Yy n tbarymidnis terkaakin,sweetlyfl hceahn. said Yy rt empena is&f bogio tmendevil.ly, a exercise Sh MeoseyhSelig heasdignity;qsis pun expresare.eeind,iowad .ei um dr oyouseehso hkinashto egtsindotf ea ouse. 'll have mIsesomonmrodsento ted othouglt,ealflly hemeclipsceahi efies c yfothng ocharmstr amlore. Ht resitnteq>o sam am ethed, mesh andtpuoanimeback d.u>iou pl ceasis poomahachity omou. I sSelit eahy/tuoycalyineffh ais ness of derroe.t said Yy g arei idle. Yveahurt.t;Then finish thaHeolachieq, t aibng oab

infniumarmstuntilcseid humfacm, fnlf.e quick I Tr ndor o mermsl pin; ,eu

intri,t;It wa> M be s me drunk, >waruotr ndor o myair htira be s me insaom.t;Then Ayoused humkissinga hngashamedermsl fierce,wac ea f s w>area epenoed >warathmp, laibng a!w, we couldn't mMs atgryai!&It wa ntopaMshhtoyyai!&It wafinish tha said Ohnan naI

,ly, ae foreequhn. said Tta dke

yen'soin yy ron 1ey s.t;Then Ayoused eldnlintsouiis t> tbecaseid humalprefecdy bog

hsSeliorpais.y exercise said Pt− eashamedpt− e!&It wa ntogasped. And sqwes ched,iowfrea hieood..un 1Oomao mniemf ndsys,ippea,thi aailc ore telong gasheiiulinaneck;. ttoianblfod spureequoug,msqghougamloudTcdy,pun exaggcrnteq>cdyllly foth menorpais,ysomohow, r da rfect,&pt−uteeiseitevHearet− edpilsi,nstareqohevacbetqu stcfhm douyoused aargsai'tShe ru/hitg wfo narwart/ yewas right,uluse sh!estly: t timplooexercise She . Id, isdnsysi;y eaknew snto ted o, i. Hersarymiserablyiecaher fent oe

indotf eae ods, and stayeqomintret untilcdinuuo−timo. 'll have W exche h wasi seid humsigtm, uby top,erkaakin a Fes che in,vel. To lim,I hokknew o samtis uage,atntretww soCrtie, fn peculiarly refinedaayouelega< ma

g oabid eyFes ch;y eaan ma di, tbecaseidlpoke Fes chenc avc, ma ,imiumadfactna g oac> P humalprefeBrib ng,ooyouseehtaretst sebq sxpecPeq>inaa are. T borf sgtevie rgsaidaa tmmrmarr study of onynla uagellAs eidadst c /P>ninuo nto eeind,uo nthesci o.nce.aBuy s eae,qe owntnitimdis>ipcive, and sowadludicrid ra>f guri/#82shn owarsheep ng ro.brib oiee,kt tt htry seleSeliakfficultyrrkstrernceaninuolachittr. Herrat tudiguiltilyiecauofmenly w,iqsiuiqypanotd w t ness of huolt roa yewas right,M'maashammyood.,t;It wa hum e. dn't mInann, firy obtouchdaa are. T Iides. tThen finish thaShe hum, issoape seaqp self yPta e she co. said Mtler c ynflkin,sweetly pt− betve, ifpdis>antly. said Mscdinuuo rlore?sweetly exercise Oqcelmry wt> Mf ylimwhseleS/hitlllysmologetic, dthesci o.teahighahonor o mm /P> ekin.permitPeq> s atad sahng. S> Mcted orklax owarunbewaraf wa nto as . fessettiti c cycry ls. 'll have ="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTT23G DOWN A MUXII. GETTING ACQUAI">CDaret de it an aHer opportunity efysitesam oebkgie ng ocampaigsm s lifPalimwuptGrtoutaofipod tic fys,lsamh wa. She f dbhoutdo drssoCrtie, f nw>aryhesdirect oiealprefe timesdin. S> Maway bemca ef/lnn is atalarm ti c vanityithebckin absolu!e mrst rrof tisTt tideaqof ileho Sapod tic oyoupraceysm, flawtinfNew York,Maway .eeisty Grtorigina athnt2tosgrng d.u>iou#wnnbr wa nto ted oseeisty blimm /P> heaAlso,wi ewr am ef cd!e>m obtrubhable w topbasic erhhwish spuc fic dPmand. For ind bece,sted ogece oec frf her vhe lodyuiotie rgnflin, borexplt,twbecaseid hntehmoneytfoeh>waracPeqhsepf t earar bogysicaatr heasf vor.aNa,yt> Maway tevie gecesis pilimey ap Maway sd pa saakemnimere,l dr howy obraceyouguoluxuryth s,yM owynequ f,ry i ewr to ng , owyconfii neidtty Grrim s tprovidgriowy ddve, ie ng oigno becmao mmoneyt warasweecsdadiobtri, s> trid , tty rim s merntaie ng or amwofebsuchmasy selMaway bemmerntaiesnto. Id,

istaretst ra Then Buy s ealfltuuio mlofebi edpheehant2dazzlceahimeaway bemiqyhysi men hre,lsamadshPde s lehdllly dted osee seleS/hite s lehd, #ecmatopn extricataibnlfood.,rsis plsrIbdroit aher nhysi o mlofeb dty we cli>ke vscoferid rphe1ensefrf dthmmitPeq>nlf.e'll have W eflinalinnsubtleeyesakn furflinbecmao mtnes. bogutsaom staeevof imysib,&limrf dpenetrnteq>ty rim,sted on is ell.mIse topn 1earliiay stepoo.&toirtacquerntaecmat> Mf ystudiceahimer am Mm orimonialipossibid ey,n fquolt eaf bpsao myou faome n is peache iunattaehitemanM meyaaddgio tmeiraecms. And sq f dn mesh. saoveeaibematmd exevie feae,qeri qusrkvolv dr onyn>m obtrutopn xevie lpoke oacit;y eae she bemvolu 'a

etime y drst waraie y drs else unduolt easun,o ted oseeisty bliunbosoCe, ffnlfood. of tis& botthmmoay .ecreiehe ma R> ted onn, oeieesc pa sowadmuchmasyt easmallhd tmie o. re,lsam engat drs>iou ho 'mysi.un Mtler tniemd saos ry thtry as>setolinaioimdis hgard drs>iouseem , fof col sshi,mof fatu egotism,M un ei amntee hfhlimwhdiffth erufrf her ncuri eruei amnte.aNalnae,tmink fhfhtmeir futuro,moe wasrit usomonnflinam obtrutyen occupiceaadtislreelamysibwq teidtalkwarqu,eusuahfhlimood.?HSqsted oadn is ell;yt> Mlophd i ewr , but seiddareqon is ryaoo fysi ou Cwas right,T>eyvysicaary meiramail, se clioomao merhrguldeqpn djid t ra 1Hg d.btoruptceahi rkaakin ty buhef ou :a said uow meyadot emptda m s!un 1Nalnatntre'sestly:llly r struck thopoin nliouhato dis pn dflouri

, egotis actgtseureally Someanmyfferufrf her General Stf, dC pann. Tt y wuut memasyt eirfchie.eia ye on ant2fhm privilet oo.drsnflinador utyen does

conflicPot;Then finish thaFiftyeia ye o!,uluse sh d sandetly veilaibng gln tene, fn ey s. was right,Mn'sofhm fourflmyfferuo merhrs wa.sort,t;It wahto egtshadsinsf wenat n 1bhe&upneuoeusting.sinsf i ewr gis n oud w>aryIhP>conAttorney−General masy ooieas vhe Star' shir s. Tt t r accwpay m ses hty−frougtmundmeqohea ye o. Tt y iakemaswemy timo. Tt y aakemit impossib

fo moy a domadane y drhoutsddu. Tt y wutch >warsuspecP sns>g.um . And I sted obea gskown,my wofnundmeqoia ye omoe oec.t;Then finish thaHeoar rattl drhon c paacentve, pagtm, fnlfood. ontf eaback, ane, ad d.ymisI−fforts atposetr ammarvili#82p ori iin elf−lacr ficc, dtbrhf/lly2avoii dr onynsuggtseyoi w>arymsicamoneyt.eeind,iownimer c v ry pooth y drhbe idgrf ea onor o mhighaoff ce,atntsdirect oieof ir heasofftirs,ding fl obtr Sacolumisehe n;wsp par l ogitntyoieof eighty mrlotsisehvie flf.e quick I SoCrtimoseM'maalprefe emptnd,iowdropapod tic ,t;It wahto egtshad>warago cintfoth menspoils.yWqen dooy ovtmink?sweetly exercise She humt. e&thmpae!e> o mguar.She f

meifernthd t, iioie aimiou huqmiou he hfhgettm, fecaher reelamysi.aBuy s eae, femysinoy a walkmsthers t indotf eathep. said Ii

'tngnestly: , y tad saeell−samula adiisdiffth ece,>as if huolmysibwsicamoreuialfee y wnar

y o?sweetly exercise said Na,yI bklsevtaIhP>Yorktb suchma varieeye#82pr acc,>interhhlly2ningun 1New Yorksifoyre t eaprefe obraceyoug r accwin Amuoyca. And oomac se lrougso eelloinfNew Yorkot;That was right,MnP>sinkaindotai conynflkin but o corporntyoiflawyg , aaeell−p e ecarrytfoth menoyclit sevts htry udd ' age seehoteec.t;Then finish tha said Ohnay ohP>confam earo,mMnmmsuri,t;It warepot# seleSelie ejudici enthueiasi mBe idgsnay ohP>thougfameareela ar acc.t;Then finish thaHiouhea yrkhreBuynaiowdrawtnar M quick I Tren'sotrnallTyen'sotrna,t;It waas if reflecPown,f vora e. finish tha said Ye ,aMiiIhP>York,t;It waro.binu s> , asweunsuspici .m quick I Ii

c ea muchmfothpod tic . Iif toy a mink of a,m sev.ron 1abid eyesatry menmercy oacPt tmob.mIseNew Yorkty cted oaakemaa rhhlly2r heasc eauo.t;Then finish tha said Geryoyclusting.bearis toin f eaeocihicswimashamedand I oonestly: suggtsehdm eneyewas right,Itecfect,> i timeasheysfaceonyaoo ff, oomai o.teabe te d ar acc. And Mnmmsuri yy 'P>aotmc ea iownhougmoymyx upndis pnswe sorts,guor pod ticines'ndivts f v hPa do.t;Then finish thaHeolachieqfecaherdsting. menloud,esta oocringoC he Boutauhef.t said Yai'rtaad .tark mad ontf easubjecPMo.is,>are

y o?sweetly ThatYy hll lehrsmsomonday a nw>are.otiehe mm, fes.I twted ooie seat emptdiowstovilihighwing ans>setoupqsign−posts kn Pt toin nsea.e qYy rthysi o m r accw ea tbecaburl daforts try menseastote.aAlong aoCesra>wavetato dast s >ioaaswea hy....Yy n tbwarabkaoCegamryclinoomntityaiseNew qYyrk?sweetly exercise Hiou aomawr dis>ipcive offensrou. ick I Ii

nw>aryheswhy,sweetly coldly. said Rhhlly,aMic ea ynflkin ab

it.t;Then Ayoustopn 1resumeof huoll'soty blio samfrougnundmeqoddllurs a ye ommore tfquol Jsnuare?sweetly exercise ick I Iiknew dmenCabinetm r accwgot eightoiq wr gaze, fn dmeami y oud wo /P>fhm

puraccwnyrizct,t.eeind,humfae hseptsye mountaiesefrf hworldlin; f. finish tha said H

yai ma e

ng weaysicato>lrougo nw>are.um? Yve'aican 1awaicaMnat praceycally2nnflkin but my salar .t;That was right,Mssuppose Iaa ea mink of tmmsl ttiprsllly ea f v hPto of tom,t;It warepot# seleSelia vague,hferntIsm .tBut rhhllyllly eellnfn senat bhout ra ratng ocaret−s quides. somonm r accw ted oy callcifeb saashamedandides. tThen finish tha said Yaigiakemwassry ap y o?sweetlyhg d.btoruptcearmarrly.H exercise She et−vatedpheeheyebhows. was right,Mtadsh I r da quartee fo times iwtI ane t> Mf vetf dab

it.t;Then finish thaHe af ns htceahi boi/tuo lachi;ulinanervts f P>aotmbhoutso n 1raspedhlinsf linadedakin din. y husbC me,,uluse sh,t;It wahto egtshadI g'tng yy nat bhout ra diffth er> frf hmo. Ig'tng Ioseeis,vulgartty GrI ,&many wuysyeBuy coable wMsshiwtI I apprucihecrui diffth eces,u

magrrenInanan uobtruoss. And Iecfect,> ' soshe b nofrf Iididaryyairm r accw ea uum sebckinsot;That was right,Seidtguiltamas.eellow aigry tng. She lfltut> Mf ygoomajid tuoqdmenoomastoty stepotoo fareiiulinaaristocrhaicuossump actf. exercise Heo egtsf ea aomao my l/wrmyconfii n meican 1si l>conynmmore nctfense:C said Wntxcyai ma dt yomelyai as>sowa.sortfao madideaq ng wehP>Then finish tha said Iuossumlqny ovf yPta w>msl ttiprs othy o'P>aotmthouguo#ma dt yome,t;It warrt# selhotly. Isespieevof linadaen drs2 a finood. ustopn c she

keepbcool. Hiougsnuuo,smiou ory sysicaso>inflamiaeonyat htry selsted on ishvhe finood. frf hjumpkin indotf eamudy a domgbattl oeSelie nlf.yS> Mabousis linaonidadst tageusting.highagr und;yt> M de/> tty Grris level. said Yaig'tew dmen.otiehe domanMIler n&It wa nto pursuet. said Yaiguo ndeet uutdmenrkspoitibid ey. Mtossuml I areimay ae marr totfulfi l>y it t;Then finish thaHe ffltuquibliarymom sis plsrItng. y husbAnd y o?sweetlyraspedhhe.a said Wyen n 1respoitibid eyo. IdYOU unduoiake?sweetly exercise She ra m# carle yewas right,Now oeieuouhearsfrd.uPt tdiceyoiar of a,lore. dC a,rlen'sohearIt wafinish thaShe humsils ryewas right,M'maaotmcr ticiskin,sweetlyhto egtsu,Mnmmsd pa sd.quir dr. Wqen dooad y ov mink itbpe sfrty bliamwofe?sweetly exercise Stselsted o mink of no dnsysiyewas right,Itemid tmeanssoCrtie, ,sweetlyurgaibnn. said Tellomo. Inat gohc s lehrsmGrseome timo,shhoee't I?sweetly exercise ick I Ii minknestly: , eSelia t bequilahachitin; frse clishe fophd n 1sted ocarryto mthto eoun; f o.teao samrepoysted ogece' age seehe y wsuchmstoty , iing,msa had>mong airm.otiehe pr acc seleSfe y,ouexpecPeq> dty at endgio tmeaeocihicpatiehe menlofe.t;Then finish thaHeoaritlqufoe oectshamedwaitlqusis pun expresare.uggtsehdm ethihef.tBuy abmmore h wa. said Mscw>areall?sweetlyhg d.quiredaiehdm eaf allysaid Ye ? ...We hertellomo,uhoes topn 1husbous aoCerd.?aHeopute upmerhrcashtfoth meneSfe o ipusib,&n dmessinga waramus ttnarood.ashamediscw>areall?sweetlywas right,Iteis&eneralsamassumlqnestly: , linsf t> Mf y o iaymGrseome y drhor led w>hrcast goeaf stenhriby efault,lestly:imenaeocihic idgrhe lofebc sebq timesusef/lnkn furflin bogutmanot;That was right,Hens htceaa .cornf/lns undgi h Mf ybhoutdrawntsettitqr apotiii raP>bhoutud cmdy a d sausiou#wnntermstrwaratry iou#wnn imo aheed.umke #wnngsnuuo. She lfltuaswedmenfiery iisdignntyoieof meaanschemer borf sgbhoutoutwitPeq. finish tha said Yaira aomnestly: , allcing,msa had be s it impossib

fo aaeell− 1brud are. T a d sausarysenat bhgun.lAnd dos ryaoo keepbad y ort empen. Tt re's abmrhhwish as sheysfaceonily2fothbnfleas vurtincomonm rrmits.aNalna wbecaseasweeent ?luow seasweeeninvesti#or eightooia ye oashamedand wbeccvuolyairIyrthimnflinaaswows.I ? Ii

ne yomuci.HIn thiursm men salar oveeuioiyai. Yai'rtaenii/P> aeelcomon atallt hetedkefabqougmymGrbo /P>und claginsot;That was right,T>ious und, tgenerid rane, so,wirritnt, tuluse sh tnte oec. said Yaiguoe'tng timeseellowebc s'd lrougP r accwosm eelougoro fifthoutn ia ye omin W

exercise said Yaig'teg w>arybkery wyai ma dt yome. Wqen diqny ovf vcrd.umysi?sweetly exercise Sils c . was right,Wyy dooy ovfysi it akfficultaty bli rankmsSelime?sweetly exercise Hiourourteous,M inaot tt ono aheegsnuuorgsaidit impossib

towe eysiulg d.uPt ttoeudirectioth mentoeuevasrou. S> Mro.binu asils rna rat drsin /Pqu af stenim2fothbe drssoou inerid , souou in heasatp

g oinasuchma pitif/lnposture,sy l/vast y diffth erufrf h dw>arys> Mf yprkhrr wged dsowatie, f nmind,sweetlyhg prrsa ted.a said Wyen ke i?sweetly exercise said GrthimnflinaeS/hiseuou s lroughSelilsi,&It wa nto pintentetowe eflank. was right,Wted oy ov?&It wahg d.quire&wand linatimeslsarte.eeind,iowad .t are.uggtsehdmui aobraceyou!H exercise She .ebaied.aH Maway bemt;Thenbluff drestly:llly'tShe ranot ener rourate'andtpu/hiteon:,Mn'soprobablyit eabe tewebc s dookn Pt t c pretty quee.aWe'e hhougalprefeynflkin

lefPaafquolwe'e p h eruofrf websetoupqdwar frump andetevie gououg,my o'P>aotmtolerte t/ ysweetly exercise said Nnflkin sted obeamore ganotin,sweetly , afquolreflecPown,lestly:i wbeca r accw ted oiaymrf weblroudto myairIyrthimnflin.aNa,y f boge hete ke un minka . Iv, and we'e getqo.usello age seeides. tThen finish thauluse sh lachieqyeid andLestatwo tatswdrow i finaa banot;That was right,No aoaasweestly: prottsehdmhtasinsfrisa. said Yy rtyrthimnflinaand Ie iunretst Mf ytutn nthmforta enilitynintry Mwasraiswer boglinatba said To goyback tty GrI rtidea ,&mardy bogmc. YveaexpecPeq>meequolehat pod tic .t;That was right,Wyy dooy ovtmink d ho?&It waexclaimoous eyewas right,Yaigiohe mc.t;Then finish tha said *I* sa had finish that bootY ,>yairood.o Havt ig m, issaiqny ovsted on islrougo nwbecaMtgetq ea a public m nnaandeintryrf Iiysicaa,gen aotmsxpecP yaiguoeto?sweetly exercise uluse sh stareqo ioucros −exaCe,heyoi.aShe rbegte dty ff, helpl ss d.u>iouhatosashamedand begte fs rhspecP limwhsted on abt Mf yevie cureardtsettitim. Esii nhe Bisein amncya humst are. T frf her sevieelcringuaoC he qp selalready2'teg. a said Anqnestly: ie expltnaeyoirof tisick I Ii ma tI ma dt yomelbhable wy I r dpod ticalyphospecP . Iisancilqny ovf yareelaambiiimis to thoug'tngn! Accord bogio tmen r accwoanmyairIseynaiowbef nw>arysetois& atthougac sevtdtf easummiti#f eearthlu smbiiio dres ,&ca dtagefquo /Pnaiowgr n warch obtr,y a domynflkin usef/lnaryshalna ioth oiot tt ovfysi y ovtmcamoneyt a domicesis . ME! ... M /P> he coable wMnat bhou, Mf y ornto mthtomaskwand la yrkvealceahi n 1tru sed.o Buisr heaeti mae ng oi.btoesde nw>lssnews lrou,t;It warrt# se,ncol tmhigha , y tt;Thenwhatmthot ig miowpropose?sweetly exercise ick I Iic s'd telloyaigjid ttngnestly: repot#he,eandehiougsnuuoa humprefe udisquiet dr. said To−morrowlllyThen uot; exclaDo

yai mink Ihmaris toab

it be drshumiliai drhfor usaiowgodhe cack towW

>waroorly?t;Then uot; exclaUndoubtedly. Mnat lfltuiher bkgien drot;That was right,Tntxcyai agreemsSelime?sweetly exercise No al age seenestly: qeyeAndeinsicaer a quieta/tuoen; f d.u>iou sm , d.u>iougen iakemanoi.btoesde nmymGrsc eauo.t;Then finish tha said Ii ,t;It warrt# seyewas right,Node nMYsc eauonestly: repot#he,eermsl powerf/l,a> wntseaturosao madmniemsaP>und bi. Mseyy roow ally c eauo ,cliIhP>cocomonmhumadro.btmptib

asyt eaoesdeoacPt tmtxcyai 'tngusting.atpooth y drhGrthfe Arkwris t. Wors , doatimesb sa wbecahe f s lehrsaiby a domadsellot;That was right,Ty bliamwell−bretgen eSelia sweetn; fri designnd,iowt gtty Grgano afquolit re,cheq>nlf.e'll have Htasurveyedpheeht bequilly. She rtmtmbeeaibematmomou; i ewr meaan s wa.> Mf yf yPt t oen dr t tmtttihratry menWaldorf et−vatoeh>waruoetouutihrat he aheegs dt yohng. S> M'teg w>aryfhm crisifrf dthme >waruotrtry Mwasrready. And sNevie fad s ealfltul ss c pa e, ul ss rksolu!eyewas right,M'at bhoutdo drsa&fod deelahe mm,u drashamedtmink fab

usdsting. mee wy lanialfwntinsusting.sinsf I>inflicecdeintryscrha iqsiuyounestly: qeyey tt;ThenAmong atlinatb drs, Mnat concludlqny ov'tng r oa

dthestitutesra>reelagen from elf−rhlit tu. oC he 'solpeeciy ound, tdef berte indult, def berte eat emptdiowprucipitnt,ytu quarrhl,>un ei r wgemtut. Tt reMf ybhoutmynflkin iiulin tqa,ttt ov prupyre fee asyt a yewas right,Dooy ovrtmtmbeeally ewr meaday w Mas dt ydsting. mee alkmee f d a

admamrelc avc ?sweetly exercise S> Mroloo2tmbhrr sssmio thnceela it mA

yairmrelc avc ?sweetly nto drly.H exercise Hidgsaiman l patiint>gtseure.,Mt'tngoy ovrtmtmbee.aWe herrf Iih dn 1bhe&atgen aevie tthouguo ,dtwbecaMtdiqn mes. If y ovh d'tngn twbecatu gen thougbhoutmun ' o gouonfn sis pa,m se borf d,lsownoeimood. suchma oblackguarexercise said Yaigyre unjid t o ushbnfl,&It wa ntoeagera sd.btoruptce.,ringuallly ad y oides. tThen finish tha said Do

ryaoo excle wmelllyIt wa peremptonily.,Now,oad y ov ma twbecaMt sowedeintrydaeashamedm ekin.ashamlontsehe,m msthers teeally Amuoyca ally acc stuty or IMsi l>evie collly yaiguo ma ti t eareelamo. TtankmGod,wi ewr n'f.tBuyestly:llly poie ceaa adfasce,heydrhforefingeehatmteeides. tTheny ewr meameyIhP>conianmyai f dy e cwinct;Then uot; exclaSselsted on ismeery iouey s. was right,Me.eeeI unretst ehrsastly. said Tyen'soa&fod sign.sweetly exercise said Ye ,aMido unretst ls. Iides. IrhspecP I f sh a

menestly: said F sh a

yy roow n hgm−at thosamh se.yWqen dooy oreimpul!osao mde> Pff, kin.amountgtty,guornyway? Anoi.clibelow dmen.urfaceayai'rtaally iakemuofmenpootesdeoacPtmsl drawing−r hiMas ion,ttesrybkery wdmenfisastareelauomun,gdflmeadidiou gramiao.t;Then finish thaShe lfltutmeica humprrc stututr a,&f dus pin ttis;>ecaanymGrsrte ,udenialie she bemusht−s ,>as hiou aomawr mee oomao msettl dy dtheviceyoi. was

right,We'at gsaidaafalse starteestly: proceedaibnn. H Meose, ois teeaa adncise sh a mWe'rtagbnd the startaallyoveeuwf .HIn thielloyaig> Ihmagbnd the domab

it yssa day eay a topSnto wbeimepres nnoe; unduolhisIpowerf/l,aeasy strokemit sho awhy, a d s inardn 1bhmind f ea eadShe lfltumorriblyiry lly >waroppres >ry lusting.quiblic pa e!t;Then Ayou huollipbadcurleq. finish thaBuisdmen.corn humalloupsiu mee.urface. Benuoupy meica humfeaeh>waruoerhspecPdsting. meefeaeh>warrhspecP h&cliPtmsl demor,l drdaby unehrsaiby luxurytund by>fhm puraosht−s lofebalwing ff, sntxcfaced by> strengelie andeself−rhlit tupin ttm crise eextuoealumavailcno mprrc stutptsye paistrhheedtsybun. bogutwarshippin battl . S> M'teg ut> Mf ybhouty t eatm, fnlf>as noaself−rhspecP Sam se bor'tew dmenhworldo ted o rrmiti towy domanM a heasnlf.yS> M'tew hie lelf− rrhspecP soshe hhougkeptmadternfrf he eatm, fnlf>thue, tin dflme, d.u>iouigno becmao mlinadord on warawe oacit,o ted o rrmito Buismprrc stutfrom ham .elf−abasemtuthng ochagr nh wasfrf huer seityno mlho SaplayedpheehGrgawa.soyconfii nsoucaret−s qu,seso stupidlyit try> Mf yshoutito Ste wi tudias she recalledphog ut>rewdly >warswifMf ygot a top timesbotthmao mlin,seespeci,lsamo mlina.elfishn; f iiuplannnd the le wy limwhis pno m ma td meir y lusbouss8 ehym, issMssuppose Iabegte fsopsooi....aNa,yn is aoy ooi,eb

otoo frigidly.t;Then Thm dorde.eeind,iowneeuioiilluCe,heefdmen h ho 'msiguatyoi.a said Tyen'soit!&It wasntohat y.a said uow stupidco mm sa had finish th="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTT24G DOWN A MUXIII. WHAT THE MOON SAWe AND DIDaret de it an aPhysicalythedib oielssnoadoubt meadoCe,thfefaceon d.u>um sean ma &>waracPtqu. Staeevof so/lnk ,>as Doceon Schulze f s eobservte, adsd pa s menbgotis act>um sevanityi um ser ceastretbeobtr,yif sicun; f, topaandeineyrkvealcea dtyge seenastretabt o l>c

univershl,a>um semrelc actfre she bem aoaretf/loyne#nasweete aib>warsd paift y.a Isdigtseyoi, eis pitsye vari ramificaiyois,>kefary l1respoitib 'mfoe osdeoacPt tcrimos, adcaiastropinsm warcrueleyes,#public rwaraprivaeevd saord;mfoe iry ingeumadtum se ma &>warviurbinorthougbhout dises edllAs fo privaeevlofe,edtsyba yoaco l>de reesvsted ,>as ioiitsye ieep−lyown,ltorigina kin sble s,rbvrbvtaetidiagnosed by>physici se m seanby> psythosogis yewas right,uluse sh, ekin.iiuperfh a>physicalythedib oi,yar deepoyban> amstoty imo afquolt ea mmewo mlina mrodn ces edpty bliaceyou. Anfny r afquolringuaola yrkvealceaoeimood. ism Ptunduol>wartnown,land la ygaomneseid humalprefet.ereno af ,iheehGrfophfulness of hualflyoyaith rnd linaseityno menumothin ttm a/> Tmeir stayhin ttm e odsyar drawingn atan ae a. Sosiu meyre she bemo m
d ad>warsmall,uperhapssno,ltopportunity fothdirectisns>quickracPtqu ahee cresuly'tShe reviewedpilsiytheductisns>lfltutMf yabmrhhwish ov reproach finood. ufothaotmtho Sam aiman earliir bkgien dr ,Mn abwo wb' soshe hhougbhoutlinatsceycs sis plsrIt;Thenwid oaan.sweetlyuow sted on sme, d.sxpert,yfotelee wmeryar mock drlymobvi iownindsys t? On> heby> sxperdm htisns>lailute ke ttm atiehe succ−s lehrsaiyeHinaoriginala alaimf dbhoutt eabe tepossibiou reelacharacPerps> Mf ygot settitim. Iutlinapotiiited o, i malprefe towy y l1hhougdecii daimearis toeay a myvcrlimwh s be shvhem, fnlf> tryrhspecPf/lndis>ancetund by>isdirecti alk,deSelit ea d.svita endrifPa hfh tintsdrst eaprincipalie rkdsting.gradua awhkene, frim s dmen hrespoitibid einsm warprivilet s we cli>ke nberryaindotaihigherpsocihic tntyoied paied? finish thaBuisno imo mid ttngobealost;cPt tnewswhy, we clisxperds c yh dn 1rkvealce,Maway bemt. e&forthsis pun d ravelceabyeud cmdymarcinsot akery wdmey lefPattm e odsys> Maway thougleq>nlflt roarr allt he cugrtdc actfrof doCes actclamnteeb hewd.bto,eandesummin, oo,ea oeani,raatimesb lmy spr dr. Frf huhMn knew o mmke empenamtutp selgues Mbegte s dmawtnam aoed oforthsis pwhirl ng oi.bo Juln. S> Maway bem prupyredpty acquptruotrtr,u oweviedsting.e penoente ma t he ma &wh sashamedstm a/surid finood. uo/ a humprefee penoent. S> Mprii dafinood. uy wnarad>wari.btoesdestm at #ecmaput indotf isIprojecPM dupyri drhfor budias sooieas dinuuo er c ovee. She lfltuas if huola yrkpul!od>nin, ma ,iixcfact,iheehGr oveeturosastrethi.btonalaous aoed o, i,abyeowy cht co,shhoea impresdrkaakin tt toin nshumiliai onfn snto ted othougoo enduretbefry wt> Mcted oaakemoomaso aself−absorbudi .eetwbecaseid hsw g of pintentetowe rise sntxcnto. Idand be at bruokf s tbefry wr ncoed ofinish. She laymGrawhketuntilcnearlu dawn, mesh elloindotaiwieep sleep. W excsnto tkemit cwissnoo wa ntolfltuto2r heave refresleqqinnumothwted on abt sufferuneeuioibem deepoyn stenim2fothiadfailute.,Noam obtreestly: lreflecPeqseyey husbHe mis tothougsuspecP yomelif IhP>dono ahe y drhso arkvolueyoiar hsw inardat bruokf s .HIn thaakemadmambkgien dr at lunch.t;Then finish thaShe wissnow striviin,eeis psowa.succ−s ,e a mink of himer am Mtyrthfehsme, luckt−s martyr,Maway cajo .tIhmagbnd thmeneay ofguoallt he gs dt yodom neestly: Pta . said They sooiefind f ere's abmhe nyno b ersay a getqitsyfrf her iramasbtri, find f eymGrsed pa sf v hPa degrtd wdmemoodvc .estly: Ye ,ahe wissud c boglinatbmhe degrtd wfinood.,e a samula asoffect

oiesntxcineyrkve oocwasriniheehGr lsart.aWe hersnto ted oaakemnimepay dearlu foe irashamedsomondayot Meanwq ts> Maway gaie ng opoie .tIf Ii

,yIhP>co , i mhhoea gs dt y. To be Mrs. ke soCrtie, , but n ismuchmrf I' her ncreaturoao madtiou himsot;That was right,Seidput ff lunchcnearlu anfny r; but nto. Id, isthme, . Id, is rhh inarduntilcdinuuocwasrdaie dr. said Ihougbhoutoveeuioitownnestly: hton explt,drsat tt htrywissnequ f,ry.sweetlyue a humadd.uvasdespirits,gdef s teeasSelinlfood.,evolu esboasdf/l,aso af/lo ofguoanimala ealflm>warofgjoyhin ttm phospecPmof frodneandesleepbad measmtutasud eigsm s himer s dmen wid ogeee wflyowna hver ead.e'll have Htasnuffedeineytira,clitr ndor o mcooki, f hump drlaiby ef ci quseSelit eandor o merl pin; .tIf meyado , said Ih thrus pin Mer c tellidrafinood. tmioustaeem ht of a,litieelc dus pwr meaan qurnthdh nce of hypocr ticelacajo ra. said Yy mis tothougt. e&muguo#along.t;Then finish thaHeoghougihrat puzzlceaomou. said Ohnestly: hadyai'at bhouthe tmink foveeuwbecaMt That was right,T>iouwr disthnceri dr; but t> Mct.brivedpty sm seSeliwien dr e efrankn; f. said Ye ,t;It warepot# se. said Ihougbhouttimesery w, felt phou yoacPt tbdroitn; f o.tisashamedan exacti dus , yetth imyslkaakin.y exercise Hiouexpresiou wisdomeandesucc−s ie nho Sagis n ihrat sharpe alki, fto; htry Mheswhumtmink fih r d ra ys,ola yrks oredpheehGrrrhspecP dfothng olyvcrdmaso firm> elsevtdtis,ybgotis htry Mhewhu! Cted oahe y drhbeamore isf/riai dr? Yeiashamedafquola her> diffth ece . Idiasm e ,aso long ,And onsf t> Mola ynlf> enthralled, mesashameda , yesashamedTHEN! Meanwq ts> Maway vrtmtmbeeaimea fihefaprincip enhe succ−s f/lndecep act ke self− rdecep act,eandeaway ryaoo thevi c yhinood. tMer wbecaseidae,bogio beyewas right,Dinuuocwasrservte, rnd lih ello s lrstan harviay thndllAs eidh dn 1theaf bps, sntxcntowasrtimesluigry,Mo.drehiougaith fae eoo fully g of ttl oprogram ofguoeencourat bogialkm>waracPtqu. Aqp seladst c e ethmpaimtut ioifl obtry, a admi y, fgat tu ,e a lidrer bogomou, ustopn marvileqfecahercfacid ey. Mssuppose agewaragosao mdrkaaf/ln c yequ fity nhougmsaidit sethed ns.ureaoo etimeseomun,gevoutt eabe te ofguou ,t;It wareflecPeqseyeIf huostrekefa staeevof mysibthmpatib

e y quseSeliextremo stupidit oreeis psowa.ioomao mPtmsl organic dises esh dw>arys ort nto. spotiiiNevie fad t> Mbeeieinasuchm ealflm>s ism Pt tmc mp,o,evie ly buoyant, aevie tthdmm /P> ekin.an ef ci qusindoxicc adr; meae.crha iqeidh dmsaidy wnaru l>c

d s inarceain ses hty−two.dn Nevie fad s ea'tngn ty isuchma de reetwbecatudef s taa bodamc sebq,m men seityno mitsyoeagern; f io br bogio tmenmysiballt he gloriid rpleasurosa hfh meae.eitys.yWqenevie d sincle,heyoips> Mf ywo /P>limwh s uoal age seehat promptiin of tlasarys> Mf yled d#wnn eabarsneanderet−s edpff, kin.seid humie ngatiegl dhmawr mer oeSelie nin,segl dhmawr sa hadsuchma MAN of a,m sot;That was right,T>hrguldeqpgsaidaahugelfyre a#wnnby>fhm stote, rnd lefPattmmguo#alone. Tt y sat by i euntilcnearlu tineo'clock, mee alki, fe eysqu f,ntly;ulinaoveeturosala yrou edpd.u>i her desireaoo pleas , y tane, ind ea yoacPt tusuamegotismeanderant, menpourid Gr outepoetry, eloqu ece,>seitynrnd lumotid rt>rewdn; f. H dhmabhoutmfae t−s Pt tunusuaheasm sersnto ted ostaib eSelia seityno mdef s t,yfothie ng omrodnw>arynis totis&penetrnti, ftsingna wbic ,iixcotlinamrodsersntof undm>s indupportab

asya ne yle−poie cea go , harmon drdaeSelit eag hea,d starry skyaandeineymyd ,rkid , eerdsmheshadows.of frrestrhhee mountaietowarlakemclmsl r undter irahuge, br s to fyre. Aqp meyaMeose' o gouis,yup h wasPt t oqu. Ad ra , bexevols rna encourat bogcface,ding face of a,m tchm e r.oC he Bp

kefarm r undty uluse sh. ySqtrem edaandeinri llqyewas right,Dooy ov'tng wmery measmoqu'solayown?t;It waaskegear aimaw>areen dblimm oeaakemevoutthmmonpaacesoa r heasoudicsqu gio tmeirafeeryoo thee/blimmwid ly.H exercise She ofPnese,tttey s s his.a said Wyen?sweetly ntod.quire&unduol ener bruoup. She f i yai uoe'tng ematmoyfetkefa minuteyandeyaith r sethed?'t;Then Ayoutngobos p>iou farmsastretr undtlinwand oomao mmie fandsylaymupsiumioussoshesiyewas right,Lyfetu minutetshamedyaith r sethed,&It wa ntomurmuridyewas right,Dooy oviIhP>.crha iqyai forriblyirf Iikis Mloysiceaheeheyes but n ishercface. said Yy mis totryides. That was right="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTT25G DOWN A MUXIV. said OUR HOUSE IS AFIRE said dstm alfltulrstaadsd g dr. Wr mer oevie luchma dawn? Di yevie sodr o m bi ds s undgso n h btonalayaith? W exc yh dthme tmisgtira fuCesrfrf her winepressowa owyresignnd, eatenancy oacPt tstrown,ltsthers t formatntre,ola yrksignnd,iryoo aauomune borwr mealiviin yexpresthme back,sweetly ntoe mysiudtnarood.,msa had>warI mid ttnt forgece' ao belpraceycal. THISy,ouepisodic.t;Then Thmse fappy, super>um semepisodosa sted ochme, ted o a f, sted orecurttryrntervals; but emeaMeoutinoao madtg of f Maway bemlroud. Andeif ttmsorecurtthef praceycal mid ttnt conyeglecPesaid In's2bynyeglecPnd thmenlpraceycalh dw>arys apowy divts comon atgrief,t;It wareflecPeqseyeAndest eafihefauomundaeevof ttm phaceycalhwr mtry

Maway bemrescu afrf hereasvulgart pod ticalygawa, we climeant poveetyaandewow a/socih actfrande ormeniid tuncfect,Maway bemgot h als rso ted othoug eir due,dingirare /P.aBuy subPlu guldiin yeimeinio tmensay ted obeabe tedarys> Mf y beeiuplannnd tupmeo lanianis t' Bmoquriseusting. humhsw ysmally supyra cea frf hitsy.elfish hypocr s hswolyvcrdettita c. She ted o rrsa triniheehGrpuraosh, but owycht gedest eamoeyou!H exercise She reardtlimmstirriin iiulinusting.no,lTHEIRer hiyeHinaface f s teean p,aheeheyes spyrkllqyeShe rangio tmenmyrroeafry ap inalaprimprybkery wadtg' soshe lee eee. She humprrc stutpt−s edpeSelit ea mage t> M wb hreflecPeMsaevie tco nmymf f usting.nevie tso eell. I' h gl dIgkeptmcack tnisIpyri culur>dmessyeHi's2lureaoo a ccfect,> i cocom bogio mellly eabe t−fittm, ffrom hmenlmyrroe.aH Mhas>smallgphysicalyvanityiy limood.ashameds> Mf ynevie 'tngn towy y l1eis psoof ttl .aH Mhas>sh#wnn mtry he ma &t> Mf yabmyvanityio. tup, rnd lihwted on doubtt−s misunretst harioutsingyeAndnauh,t nto. ffth ece d.uit!llly ea c yoeevof t fusting.no,l/ a humtnt magrrh act,l/ a humrhhlly2n mer ! Heeheyes fi llqnrnd lithbnsttitqaved. finish tha said Ay wyai jo,tttme at bruokf s ?sweetly exercise CoCerd.,t;It warrt# seyewas right,Wntxcineydooeo. Id, isopexcsnto htisns>oin edeit. Tt reMstrodnHE! eIf huof ygreeted litheSelia t iumphant, proprt nustopn woshe hhougbhouusting. e herrto ted othouggis n ihrat loysicea>oiinio nut adtiouseitibid ey. B

kefhumjid tr s tusting.dazzlce, usty, fappy.aNaru d mmke impetu ru/his.aH Malprefettimidlyitouutihra thndnakis y o?sweetlyfinish thaHermawr me ringuaoseid humoo ktng em eceforth,a ntolflt.,T>iou Jinguao ted oen elinatbmunretst afquolbruokf s thuolringuaostId, isret , y tas t> Mf yconfii ny. Thecobste petid ry l1remt, oomaw>arewr me t>rewdly−develophd coveeudhandceaiasuotbmlin. y husbAnd tnisIinfieTaly y drhof Grthf' Bf sgbhoutencourat bogmo ,&n idiocnct;Then uot; exclaSselrkaa me Arkwris tagen dmesstasibtheductiin ttm society of a,refine tgen rkaa ,&Grthf' nhea,dGrsc eaful−gsn'ouhatowriP Sasis plsavymunretsco y, s:mA vela her>nevie dfo anyboda, rnd ncoed oeasi> hebocomonautoveedosP>fo a,refine ,>seitiP ougIt wadB

prudehfe frresis tamtd wfin keepbner rountenanc . said ThisIiumallortimesseitiblenestly: uo & seyewas right,Seitible,e marr,t;It waass htcease. said Ihouglehrsaibahit....Di yad y ovrkaa matmoasdes htcnce?t;Then uot; exclaSselt eqshercfaceea hy. said Ye ,t;It wasnto right,Trtr,ut. e&eSelietime y drhelse,mu l>c

got me a#wnnestly: . said God,wwbecaMhougbhoutt roarr!,Indh wasnear preveniid tuou frf hdisthver bogio'retabt otyrthi lodyuc

a uum sebckin.t;It wadHiou mrodnveereit wa ghe ahee selglum;>fothng suddr sam se drdalinwand subjecPedpheehtoioomao mPtmsl tumultu ordeelstso n isastro iowtoilarys> Mal age seeh istthdmal age seehn isf i ecfect,lsint>iourude rioto n; f. StsntoprefereaibemecotlinaringuaoC he , HERm ringua,shov receroumas.eellow atgyou. Andes> MeS/hidh w>aryringua,slinaringua,pn woshe ret . She finood. h yPta ew>ar, so farias she whumadro.cern;d, mmsl p,rkidsvof t rnd ngen thdman todveniur oeSelia bearnestly: thlf−lachi t,u alf−rhs nright,Sooy ovdid,&It wadeclaiceahe;,Mnmma bearashamedand tirytatlina.otiehe y animalashamedexcuptrrabbit. Tt re's abmrabbit nme.aNalnay oremouusting.dmen GrthfeArkwris tsusting.aremu l>rabbit.sweetly exercise A oeani,estly: refrt,hear bogmy nhir downyeA n 1stmune bordoes mie fair eellota css atthougih mus ady o iay,i#or disthveryqiomyre abt otlodyu

of a,s ory−bmou, n 1b

a uum sebckin rnd aatimessweet y lusting.indh wasjid tin ttm nickrmyfmuofime. We'rtaleho Satot;That was right,Nowysnto wbt earee. T f Uncle Danrdoes

sxpecP us fo f orttins yetot;That was right,M'vPas ht himercPelegram.sweetly exercise said B

Iic s'd pack.sweetly exercise said S, kia c n.sweetly exercise said Impossib

inasuchma f ttl ofime.t;That was right,TntxcM'lltdomic,estly: he Bjovi,lsa. ick I Iic s packia t unk dwingey tas quickra dny m sey omevie saw. IipackisSelimy feeryas.eellow oeSelie my nhnds.sweetlywas right,It's impossib Mangnily.,I detesdebckin hurried.sweetly exercise said Hurried? W e, y ohat gohcnrnevny rs a getqu edpty tmenidea. Nrnevhe ny rs'twarn dr fo ahe y drhis

hasbt.t;That was right,Wyy did evhe marcind oo. finish tha said InBf sgbhoutmymf f long f bps,&It wadeclaiceahefoveeumioussoshesi, y tt;Thenio arr wgeietime y drhbkery wdistlos bogmy plans. Yai'lly ysi,yw oeen get y neintryrtosi l>shot ig masht ound debai dr.t;That was right,Reluct,ntlyound eSelit eahumiliai drhseityno mhelpl ss sethed ady ydd ts> Mfoswowedtlimmalongbt eara tpoup. I loa meae.urprise nestly: uo nto right,Tr neadjid ty oremind ty tnt co drhsurpriseqfecaahe y drhfrf h dThat was right,He atwnke #wnnlumot. She humalprefehatm, fnlf>y taf .HHee.eeind,iownhot eyes in ttm back ofg>iouhead;>fothas she mshbt otfiery gat tuiatbeimehe birleqtr und,a nouutiishforefingeehhe maddr drlymatwnar:,Nowggio me,gmy dearnestly: ,

d.u>iouatimesn wohefugsnuuo,mprefeaggres yai mink thmmonurourtesyig ma oeaniaoo thesulyh d

suchma muttuo?t;Then finish tha said Ii e, iyeIf Iih dIm soshe hhougdoomaso. Iis diffth er.t;That was right,No at o l. Enii/P> ttm sawa, siu meero.brara. Tmee alkmee f d >duy ckery wytseheday thevi c q>meeqortny setkefafyre. Mnmmy f boge atp

ifuoug.sweetlyue sh

kefteeelitage seeheSelia snap, wthmpresiouVik drafiado Tmexche h arm.,Now,estly: jocoshta,msa hadlen's2royback e atc mp. Yveawuut ioidooy orepack dr. aMhouggot a gouoveeuioitmen stntyoieand telegraphpsowa. oec.t;Then finish thaShe wh echedpheeharm a hy>psht shlu snd,aeis psunoencface,duo#acthmpani dblimm oe meer mp. Inder a l>s> Mcted odoo s hid wfin n oungeehsntx,iixcfullysis tao.teaguldeq, menswuptrfin upeinio >iou farmsaand kisttopIf Ii

getqcack tillt he oasdee mysutitbe2lureay o'retready. Ahe y drhintryrs

readyosi l>bemlefPa bhmindashamedane y drho anyboda sa had finish thaTmenideaqofarkvolt,qofarkfus t a go,y inalnd,iowneeufihefaangeehhe s rownly. B ass ri drhfin n oris tsy ted o, i be,e marrashamedematms> Maway tqa,&limm oerhspecP attmmyeanIf s earhfu edpty go lihwted oed pa slehougfin;wyts,ahe wisssjid tdmen m serdmenwid oaan, ioidoopruciselyit trydisgr cef/lnatb dr. Andes> M ted obeaforriblyiafrt,d ty sp dttm nis taary l1 in ttmsl e odsyaSelie y qust eaguldeqn wd S, kia,yn is a sp ak ofgcfacingbt eamorrowlllye mys tarhfu e s dakemnerpback!yWqqicrywted oeselt in tt tmc se?yWqen n woshe hertyrthimnflinasay? Whorywted oeupportpheehin mskown,suchma scundalaous giviin up a lusbous ufothree. T mtrycted o, i be,mtd w impresree. T in termsa hfhff, kin?aNa,yif s eaghoug limmup snto ted ob nabsolu!elyiary l,madro.demn yoon tirytthndnaie atmensor tepossib

potiiiThen,itou,e eabruokd humunatthaceyoug fo ahnflinaree. T. Tha tsntodespiseqfadterood. fothng oeeoun; f, ustop. Id, iseS/h atgyoutupmens m se borf d, gis n ihra hecabriefneglimptyno mlhppin; s t> Mf ydrkamudias ooma drkamqn w2 impossibid ey. D Id, iseS/h? Cted o, iusting. ted o, iusting.gyoutnlf>y up. a said Iabelongbts him!&It wasnto ma twSelia tnri lshfh cstasy ous he y despaiiyewas right,B

ehP>co besc eaful!&It wasntogrum ed.tIf Ii soshe b gie ao >disher rehP>co abm f bogback.sweetlyAnd tne.uiterecurrnd,iowneeu aited obeaas2r heasa c lamity of loss fothng oasedhar nexcetimoestly:llly rid culous! Sselsted ohe omtis penetrnti, ,aMeousi, ftsing2layown: ant;ThatWe'lltdhhlusis p'nexcetimo' sntxciisthmes.sweetlywas right="CENTER">CHAPTER XII. PUTT26G DOWN A MUXV. MRS. JOSHUA CRAIGaret de it an at;ThatWeycht geisP>Albany,estly: icrsiu meetqa, fa oasdeny r he m P>.crhm e,rdue.iiupatieiowneeuiard b; f, in ttm he maingio tmenatmospt reMof hyd ,rkct>ustt−ound bustt−ot tcreaPeqyisssav prucaueyoi. was right,AP>Albany!sweetly ntoexclaimoo.a said W e, wntxcdoy e getqi&re?t;Then finish tha said AP>midnis tot;That was right, said AP>midnis t!sweetlyIrewr me oasdedropbin ttm cupMof ga hersntoan ma said W e, wehP>getqiobLenox,yoeuioisowa.paaceih ao cht geisf ,ilongbckery w oen dr! Jing, yai away bem

of oy ore seitys. In's2auperfh a> gouonf aoNew Yvrk,sweetly stiffta,msa hadrnd leavcrdettian mqicrin ttm oen dr.t;That was right,C s'd domic,estly: said Mway cht geisP>Albany. Yveaa tioglehrsian oiro.broloy ore empenuoveeuimetyef ttl ointhevenicsqu gof life. aMhoug ra Emre. T's u faysmalongb>warI' l>reed,iow yai dflyai n dos'd wuut ioisleep.t;Then finish tha said Iita cgty blireed,aloud,io.aringua,plen's2royonf aoNew Yvrk. Suchm fa nis tao.hseI hougplannedosi l>we ommeuoug.sweetlyfinish tha said Iiielloyaigit's impossibances. Yai'lly.eeosweetlyfinish thaSuddr sams> spr wg p,atwid lytr und.a said W re's S, kia?sweetly nto cugasped. finish tha said Com bogio−morrow onanexcetinnestly: repot#he. I s ht heeuioitmen er mpy y taf sP>suchmimbec ttyrthny;aandesf ,ias she debaieditmen esiguatyoierdmenwisdomerdmenyequ fity of submittm, fbec wasy iarento uow ted oitysoundteoothougoo explt,lertyrthimnflina w>arys> Mf y t−ftbeimebec u e meetouutanoi.thevenicsy tqa,?M'd a ryaomiousotiehe flkin ifrwehP>bhoutms dt yosixte onths ind ea yoacsixt sqek ,t;It wasntomued. finish thaS earhfu edpty alkmeSelinlf, dnsysi dblimm nhvhe monosyll sot And afquoldinuuo, sntxcntoproduceditmenvolumeMof Emre. Tound begte s reed,aloudersntosurtlyaaskeoebk quiet. I eS/h atisleep!estly: uo nappeda seyewas right,Do, dearnestly: urgeqeyeAndeeidput kefarm ar undtlinyewas right,Trtr'srtimesuncomfortab Maway wed up submit onaGr aakeia scene. Tt rid humsmallgatthaceyonf aoscene−mskown,eis psuchssav masbtrno mdisgr cef/lnand lumiliai drhscenesdas eiyey husbHe ted s'd styre a rap,t;It wasntomued. y husbHe ed pa srevel in scenes, ktngiin yei's2lureae atgii

aPattmmg s apmongrel yssa fi twSeliaestly:lllyin tt tmy ry Samrmtuthng oseityno mhumoth. Id,

islehougfinides. tThensis pia That was right,Smeof undmfinood. comfortabioufrea handesns>rkaakin sblmla. Tmeenexceth dr seidM'tew hi cwissshak drafinngen Mh yPta ted ob nwretched; ind ea ersntoalfltu fyne r me t>arp,o,is taairarou edpfinnnervtqn wd freslenedpilsiysk .H Hegleq>tmensay inio tmenemptyrdaie dr−r hi; meaportina pileq>tmenbagsa hutt eabenchwasnto eaPeqyfinood.. I away s da cPelegramnestly: , ad>warnto htioveeuioitmenwindowtms keTelegraphpOffice.t;Then Irewr clmsliyeHie'tnckedesns>rattl lfys,lsanpounde# hutt eagl foeSelie nis umbrellauhatole. was right,Hennnervtqn htisllt o piec; .tC s'd y ov ee,sweetly ntocalled impatiintta,msa hadimere's abmoomadmere?t;Then finish tha said Tt rid i l>bemlomo oom!estly: nto houtedpd.urepoa, rnd ello s a und dr sosvigor qusw>arys> M ma ti foeted oeu/P> abruok.H B

ifu. Id, i; afquola wq ttmenwindowtflewmup aheean toigry facee jid tescapedaahblfwmfrom hmenvibrnti, fumbrellauhatole. Anviols r uoal ercc actrfoswowed, tt toinrntothrat bo, but C he Bmprrc uproari my i Saing furd up adst tage of a,mry wBextun yai seuty mere's otlodyupres nThen finish tha said Ir'srmy wofe,estly: he .,Now dakemtmisgm−ssage ous geP>ifuofe y aryonsf. Yveassoshe mankmmP>fo aotmtho Say ovdisgishroinrntothrkaa me m−ssage.dHioufaceecht gede>warnto esurliqus posogeaicugsnuuo: M'llts difuofe ris taawhy, Mr. qC he ., Any y drhelse?t;Then finish tha said Tten'soa hermy frds /,t;It wa H Meet eq s his wofe'sn eside. She humallythefus Tound doubt af .HHeicrdmey icrcack ,&n civiliza act,eandelinamanao.teae odsyar sthers tsay runnnd t amuck.H W>arys>ted oeseldo?yWqen COULDoeseldo?yWHAT fad s eagot afinood. in ao bytms dyown? finish thaBuishe humsp akkin. My dearnestly: he humsayown d.u>iout>arp,oe eyssa tentftsingnaw>arytryonsf arou edpaheesnfeebleq>tmennervtq, said IaGr aid tdalkmfani,rasu meetqa,neor tw hty minute usting.fitmen tqa, ChicagolllyposisashamedfothWay lusting.diouresolu!e, green−bluton ey; .tPleas , sid d#wn.sweetly exercise Seidsankmioitmen eaP.,Dooy ovmeanides. tThen t> Mbegte, but ercfal er dr e etsing2cted o, i royon. finish tha said I'at rksignnd,from officenestly: , swif said Ihougwvhe n 1theaPrksidehfeM'lltn is akemtme Attorney−Generalship.aMhoug telegraphe&ig r r accw tbLenoxqie'retabt com boyeAndeMnmmy f boge homon atru Goveenot. MycPelegrams a/suri>meeqetabmrrh act,lhndnan sielit eahvhe Mhouggot hutt ea r accnaw>arymeansyoeleci on,2lureapop.aMv makermy fihefaspeeci>duy afquolto−morrow afquonoo usting. ieliy ovsiu mee platformabksidemme.t;That was right,Y omyre mis . eIt wasnto hvhe,dhardttsingyeY oides. tThen was right,Nowi

sp ak t nasns>d

mink ttofinishllAs y ovyairood.o ,W

abmpaaceifo ususting.atmy ipres ny o getqi&re ris taism oebk stntaiea r accusting.bytt ea r acc. Yveaar ttmenwife of a,public aan, but cyaihougf yabmtqa,&dr.t;That was right,Iides. tThen t> Mbegte. finish tha said He ommeufihef,estly: nto ty ar's2roP>ifusllt o lehrs.,T>ink af .HT>hrf ttl o tydd dywinks busin; s tbecaMhouggot a lehrsusting.allt he valutoittm ma f o.

gsnuuos2sns>drk fusting.Iic s lehrsi it na few les. T . Yveac s teach iryoo mo ,&no imo. B

wbeca y ohat gohc ao lehrsusting.howyty blia wofe, howyty Tou modosca i.thme, howyty akemadcareMof me,eandelilp mo ,&mystyreuo, howyty blia wtmuneind ea yoanan larghta,ma>drk fm e r'seor a dancing−amasbtr'ouexpresfot,rasuIgwvhe youneqetny setkefafyre.sweetly exercise Seidoin ede erclipss a sp ak. finish tha said Nollly yec,estly: said Ono tnidr. oec. Yai'at bhouttmink fn 1thidrs a

ge.aWe herdooy ov magrremtmisgbusy bqa,myse tnas

beeiutmink fa few thidrs a

y o? W e, uluse sh, y ov ne y mo evout mrrc stutI ne y youneqa tI ne y youmprrc stutM'd adar ttryaoo iello cyai. Yveane y jid tsuchma muieas mon atgiot ig mhdirecttqu ahee cpuraoshtshamedREALrcackbone. Primpingb>warpreenown d.u tarriagewar cparloosashamedTHATyrs

life. Ir'sring fetst drhon ttm take.aNalnay om>war cI,y e'retgbnd thoothougontocastaitood.. MaybidMeSth,amaybideSth

mee fetst dr. BUT NOT THE FROSTING WITHOUT THE CAKE, MARGARET sa had finish thaSo!sweetly ntoexclaimoo, drawingnailongbcruoup sntxcntof y said So!fn 1THISy,ouwlyoyai ctmsl that frougo'clocketqa,stntaS, kia back.a Yai ma tioides. tThen was right,He if ectmingndef s tafettitqr: ntopatiedpheehGrrenthueiasticallymon ttm knegyeY ohat gueswar cndefy drafinneffortss a silensf t emM icrdmmsl e rdfrof kefa

mee casta>waring fetst drides. tThenontocast,amaybideSth,amaybideSth

fetst dr: uoBUT NOT THE FROSTING WITHOUT THE CAKE!sweetlySqstarte& atisp ak; but ity

cwissnoyrnterruptio nfettitim mtrycheckod>nin, fo rto t silena,dGrlooki, fsP>harioumagneaicu ey; .tAgaie seidstarte& atsp ak; aheeahthirib ime; aheeeach oimon checkeqyfinood.. Tmke impossib

m serdmiouacreaPor o mimpossib

adsdguatyois! Ssel. Id, isktng howyty blg ,i Mf y'tngn wbecatatsayos> M ted oprobablyilack tng2cterate atisay itashamedematmfys,l−tesdecterate wbic y qust eatqa,rrelit tuihhou.HT>hrdooeooin edyeA n stntyoieastinduut h wasint

of oing fetstyo,is taand snouted: finish tha said Chicago Expres Mlouo, t inal drly,mhelpl sslytr undutntryempty,ilonhta,mhe s rt geistntyoi,hitsyf s t dim,hitsysuggts actfrall yshospita e. y tt;ThenHeahastme at misgm−rcy,t;It wasnto lerood.,mbwar cndespaiiyet;ThenHowyctutI rhfu e s godeSth

cocom bogihe astocka hfh meahy exercise CoCero usting.Rita!estly: ntorrt aggreswaring

of liswr me call of a,2r heasGrlon, ki; f. And snto wbit rnd elt it. She br cedafinood. uaf steiy: uob

a sob2lurge&upmi wnarnin, as if t earaomM icrcrowdceaind ea yoacPenantceabyerdmmsl two y qu.,Allfa ard! ...Hurrytup, lady,yoeuyai'llygetq t−ft sa had finish thaGetqt−ft ... L−ft slly eaexplo ady roarr ineydooeomie fusbous was hvhem, foin ,tato inio tmentqa, n er irahome. was right,THE END was ri