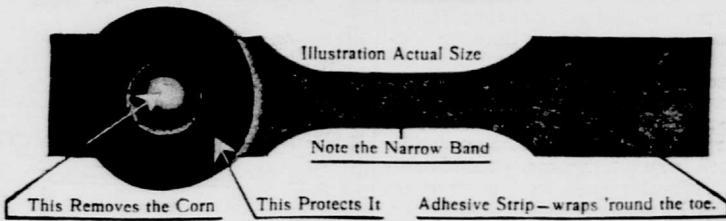


The Bolted Door

Continued from page 11

Protects and Removes the Corn



Druggists everywhere sell Blue-jay Corn Plasters. This, briefly, is how they act.

First, a downy felt ring relieves all the pressure and prevents further chafing—so all the pain instantly stops.

Then a small bit of curious medication begins to work gently on the corn. No pain. No harm.

Forty-eight hours later you simply lift the corn out and you're rid of it.

No dangerous liquid—no nasty salve—no inconvenience—no soreness.

All is done neatly, simply and safely. The results are unfailing.

Nothing else of this sort has one forty-fifth the sale of Blue-jay. Nothing else seems to be even one-half as effective.

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If you want proof before you pay out any money, say so and we'll send you a sample—free.

Blue=jay

15c and 25c per Package

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Corn Plasters

(52) Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York—Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.

FREE OIL FOR ALL

The best oil for all purposes. Cleans, polishes; pianos, dressers, chairs, grill work, picture frames, hardwood floors. Prevents rust on nickel parts of stoves, bathroom, fixtures, door plates, railings.

"3 in One" lubricates anything—locks, clocks, sewing machines, hinges, bicycles, firearms. No acid, no varnish odors, all dealers. Big bottle, little price. New booklet and generous trial bottle free.

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for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

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Stops toothache instantly whether there's a cavity or not. Is not dissolved in the mouth, but stays right on the spot, stays clean.

Don't take substitutes. See that you get Dent's Toothache Gum. At all druggists, 15c., or by mail.

Dent's Corn Gum cures corns and bunions, 15 cents.

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A Swell Adair, 60 Larned St., Detroit, Mich.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. \$2 HAIR SWITCH. WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS.

Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2.00 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also hair, grade, switches, pomades, wigs, puffs, etc. **ANNA AYERS, Dept. 519**
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sidered? She had a longing to look up at him, an irresistible curiosity which amounted almost to a craving to learn what she could read in his face; but she only buried her head deeper in her arms and set her lips more tightly together. She heard him go on speaking slowly, kindly, almost patronizingly.

"As to your sudden change of plans, Natalie dear, I must refer you to Mrs. Gerry Schuyler. She's a good friend of yours, isn't she? She was fully aware of Mrs. Kempton's plans and my own. Perhaps it was fortunate that we made such an early start that morning, or that I went over for Abby in the Vas-y."

"The Vas-y!" she cried, starting up. "Of course, Child. The Vas-y. It's shorter across the harbor by half an hour."

But she turned away and would not look at him. "And the breakfast?"

He laughed. "She was my guest; your guest, if you like. We had breakfasted together before we rode. You didn't mind then."

"No; that was before—we—you—"

"So was the day before yesterday before that, you must remember," he said softly. "I have been very lonely in New York, Dear. There were times when Abby Kempton was the only thing between me and desperation. She is the best friend I have, the best friend you have. She sent me here to find you—to-night—"

"Abby! How could she know?"

"She guessed it. It was what she might have done, she said. Don't you really understand?"

SHE was still resolutely turned away from him. He stopped suddenly and straightened as he realized that perhaps there were other things in her mind that weighed against him. For the moment the more important business of clearing up their own differences had made him forget the other doubts that had all day been raging in his mind. He now remembered the straits to which she was reduced and the little he would have to offer her. Her persistent impassibility made him suddenly cold with fear, which gave his voice a chill note of subjection.

"Of course I don't wish to recall anything unpleasant or to place you in a false position with yourself or with me. There will be a little money left, enough to provide for you comfortably in a quiet way. Perhaps it would suit your plans better to have that sum set aside for your own use, so that you could go alone somewhere and have your own independence. In that case, of course, I shall not bother you further. I had—"

"Brooke!" She had risen, her cheeks aflame, and now put her fingers over his lips to keep the words from coming forth. He caught her in his arms and held her close to him, holding her head up so she could read what she wished in his eyes.

"You won't mind being poor?" he whispered.

"No, no, no! What does it matter?"

"Thank God for that!" he gasped.

"Did you think so little of me?"

"I feared—it has been a dreadful day—I feared everything. I have known you only since Sunday, Natalie."

"Don't think of it again. Nothing matters but this. It is so—so very sweet! I was so afraid it was never to be again! Oh, Brooke, I have suffered so! You do not know what I have suffered. I have been tortured—tortured! I did not know what I did. Poor Abby! I can never look her in the face again!" She held him away from her and scrutinized him again. "And you say Carol Schuyler knew? Are you sure?"

"Yes," he laughed. "She was up with a sick child and saw Abby go down to meet me."

"That blessed child! I'm sorry it was sick; but there never was such an ill wind to blow such a good."

"How could you have believed—after last night?"

"Was it only last night? It seems ages ago—long enough for us to have been born all over again."

"We are born over again—into a new world where there is nothing but hope and trust and faithfulness."

"Yes, that is true. I have learned—oh, so much! It seems as if I had never had my eyes wide open before."

"Keep them open, then. I want to see them—close. Yes, you're awake at last. I knew, I've always known, the kind of woman you were. Are you sure—sure you'll never regret? There won't be a great deal to live on."

"I don't care. I'm richer to-night than I've ever been. I want you, Brooke. What

is good enough for you will do for me. We will manage somehow."

"Bless you for that! I thought you'd be afraid to face the world from the beginning." He glanced round the room. "You can have no yachts, Dear."

"I don't want them."

"Nor racing machines?"

"I'm content."

"Nor Greek baths."

"I don't care." But she looked up at him anxiously. "Will the Grange have to go, do you think?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid the income may not be enough—"

"It doesn't matter—" she broke in; but the short catch in her breath did not escape him.

"If the town house is sold," he added, "we might manage."

"I don't want the town house; I want only the Grange and you." She paused as a brilliant idea came to her. "We could close the wing and the stable and discharge everybody but Bradley. I can make beds beautifully."

"Yes," slowly; "but you won't. You're a darling. I haven't a doubt that you could do anything in the world you wanted to. The future doesn't alarm me now, and it mustn't alarm you. We shall have enough, more than enough; only buy things that are important. Do you understand? That is how life was meant to be."

"Yes. It makes me happy to think that something is required of me. I want to take my half, my share of your troubles, to be a part of something useful. All my life has been spent in destroying what other people have created. Can't I help?" she pleaded.

"I want so to help!"

He kissed her tenderly. "You are helping now, the way only a woman can help. If you believe in me, everyone else must."

She smoothed the hair anxiously back from his brow. "You look very tired and pale. I have worried you terribly, and you are anxious about things."

"No," he said happily. "Not now—I—" he hesitated and looked round the room.

"What is it, Brooke?"

"Will you be angry? I think that—"

"What?"

"That what I most need is something to eat. I haven't touched a morsel since breakfast."

"Oh!" She fled from his arms to the pantry and kitchen, where she found the remains of her supper. In a little while she was sitting beside him while he ate as a hungry man should. Over his glass he pledged her:

"My woman—my wife!"

She remembered the quotation and understood.

They were as much alone in the linen shrouded house as though in mid ocean, and the rest of the universe was curiously impalpable. So their phrases were fragmentary and had to do with nothing in the world but themselves.

"... and the Bolted Door," he was saying. "I used to sit very often late at night and look at it—it was so cold and white, so cruel to be there where I had to look at it and wonder why the world was so unkind."

"Did you? Perhaps, after all, it had a meaning, who knows? I loved you then, Brooke,—not so much as now; but I loved you. You were the only man who had ever kissed me. That seemed to give you a kind of tragic dignity even then. I used to get the odor of your tobacco in the corridor, and sometimes," she blushed dimly, "I used to leave the inner door open so I could hear the sound of your footsteps. It made me happy to think you were so near me."

"And yet you tried to make me unhappy!" he asked in wonder.

"Yes. I was so afraid you might learn that I cared for you."

"But you're glad now?"

"This is different," she smiled. "There are no complications, no money, no future, no anything but just us."

He drew her closer to him and she sank lower in his arms, so that her lips were just beneath his, her eyes half closed in the sweet languor of perfect contentment. She lay very quiet, and he kissed her tenderly.

"I am so tired!" she said.

CHAPTER XXVII The Commuter

OVER in the Valhalla of the humorist (if there be such a place) the substantial shade of Oliver Judson stopped long enough in its contemplation of the instability of human institutions to raise its short arms over husband and wife in smiling benediction. At least one of his mundane jokes had been