

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen had determined to call on Laura that afternoon and she rather dreaded the ordeal. She had not seen Laura since the afternoon of her confession, but the thought of it had been with Helen ever since, and she felt it her duty to do something to help Laura even if it were nothing more than to take her out for a walk.

The big house on Madison avenue looked cool and formal, and Helen rang the bell with a feeling of repudiation.

Helen's thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a neat little maid who came in at that moment and said that Mrs. Richards would see Mrs. Curtis. Would she come right upstairs?

Helen then followed the trim little figure ahead of her, and was ushered into the pretty sitting room on the second floor, where she had sat with Laura the very first afternoon that she had seen her after her marriage. Laura looked ghastly. The vivid color of her negligee served only to make her more colorless, and her eyes looked as though she had been crying.

"Oh, Laura," said Helen impulsively, "you shouldn't do this, my dear, it's the very worst thing that you could possibly do for yourself."

"What else is there to do?"

"Come out for a walk with me in the sunshine."

"Helen, I just couldn't go out. You are a dear, and I know I ought to thank you forever for the interest you are taking in me, but I just can't go out and try to be happy."

Helen Gives Advice

"Laura, you are looking at this matter all wrong. Now if you will let me, I want to help you. I think I have a scheme, and if we can manage it, you can be happy again. It won't do any harm to try anyway."

Laura looked up with the first spark of interest she had shown.

"What is it?"

"I won't tell you unless you do as I ask. Come on into your room and put on something pretty and fix your face up a little, put some color on. I know what you need."

"Now tell me what has happened lately that has made you so unhappy," Helen said as they walked over to Fifth avenue.

"He met her yesterday."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, Helen."

"And do you let your husband know how you feel about it?"

"Why, yes; how could I keep quiet about it?"

"You oughtn't to tax him with it," said Helen quietly. "If women would only keep their pride about them in a case like this."

Laura stared at her in amazement, and spoke a little stiffly as Helen led the way into one of the hotels for tea.

"Now listen," Helen went on as they settled themselves at a table,

"You must not under any conditions allow your husband to think that you are jealous. That is always fatal."

"What am I to do?"

"You are not to mope in your room and go about looking like a ghost. No wonder he turns to the other woman. If you won't make yourself attractive for him."

Some people came in at that moment and took the next table, Laura could not see them, but Helen was facing them and looked at them curiously. She thought she recognized something familiar in the back of the man who sat with his face partly turned in her direction.

After a few minutes he turned, and Helen started. It was Laura's husband with another man and two women. The party had not looked over as yet, but at any moment Laura might be recognized.

A Pensive Moment

Helen leaned across the table "Listen," she said tensely. "Don't act as if you were startled when I tell you something, and do just as I say, will you?"

Laura grew white and looked at Helen piteously. "What is it?" she whispered.

Helen decided not to wait, but said evenly: "Your husband is, but after a few minutes look over casually. You can move your chair so that it won't be noticeable, and then you will be almost sideways."

"Helen, is that woman with him?"

"There are two women and another man. Now, do just as I tell you, and for Heaven's sake get that expression off your face. Look natural and smile when I say something funny. You can move your chair. I will try to attract their attention, then when they look over you must smile and nod graciously."

"I can't."

"You must, it's the only way. Don't make me think that you have no character."

Laura stole a glance in the direction of the other table and turned back to Helen.

"It's she, the little blonde woman at the right."

"Do you know the others?"

Laura nodded.

Careful now, they're looking over here." At that moment Helen made a remark and laughed, Laura looked at her lead with a hearty laugh as she could manage and then she glanced casually over to the table. They were all looking at her, and Laura showed all her beautiful teeth in a broad smile and bowed. Desperation made her radiant, and she turned back to Helen indifferently. In that moment Helen had noticed a peculiar expression on the face of Mr. Richards, a look of wonder not unmingled with admiration.

"Another incident in this very absorbing series will appear here soon."

HOME

A NOVEL

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Alix. Alix is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and her delirium.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple house Collingford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Alix and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XIII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls in the city.

CHAPTER XIV—Gerry begins to improve Margaret's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XV—In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home.

CHAPTER XVI—Gerry pastures Lieber's cattle during the drought. A baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.

CHAPTER XVII—Collingford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Alix, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

CHAPTER XIX—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

CHAPTER XX—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie.

CHAPTER XXI—Lieber tells his story. "Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go home."

CHAPTER XXII—In South America Alan sets feverish schemer prepares to send him to the coast.

CHAPTER XXIII—Alan is carried to Lieber's fazenda, almost dead, and Gerry sees him.

CHAPTER XXIV—Alan tells Gerry the truth about Alix and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disgusted.

CHAPTER XXV—A flood carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue.

CHAPTER XXVI—Fever follows Gerry's exposure. He sends a note to Alix by Alan when Alan and Kemp go home. He tells Lieber he can't go home.

CHAPTER XXVII—Alan gets back to the city and sends Gerry's note to Red Hill. Alix calls on Alan, but he refuses to tell her Gerry's story. Alan goes home to Red Hill.

CHAPTER XXVIII—As Alan returns to health he builds a barrier between himself and Clem, who does not understand.

CHAPTER XXIX—Alan and Clem play "hide and seek" with the children.

CHAPTER XXX—Alan meets Kemp in the city and takes him to Red Hill. Kemp tells Alix that Gerry will "hog-tie himself" and come home.

CHAPTER XXXI—Alan meditates leaving because he is not fit to love Clem. He goes for a ride.

CHAPTER XXXII—Clem races with Alan and when they talk acknowledges her love for him.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Gerry starts home.

CHAPTER XXXIV—Gerry and Alix meet and for the first time understand each other.

CHAPTER XXXV—Gerry views the baby. Kemp starts home.

CHAPTER XXXVI—Alan goes at night to the old church on the Hill. "I have come back."

Alix, dressed in a filmy blue and white housegown, stood in the middle of the room. With one hand upraised, the other outstretched, she seemed to be poised, equally ready for advance or flight. Her eyes passed swiftly over Gerry's face, swept searching down to his feet and back again to his face. For weeks she had been wondering. Terrible things had come to her mind. Alan and Gerry, with his heartless note, had conspired to mystify, to terrify her. All the joy she had looked forward to in Gerry's home-coming had turned into a bitter pain. They had not known on the hill how she was suffering. Only Kemp had seemed to understand a little and had brought his drop of comfort to her.

As her eyes searched Gerry the sense of impending calamity left her. He was well, well as she had never seen him before. Except for that he seemed almost weirdly familiar, as though only a good night's sleep lay between him and the morning of three years ago when he had bullied her until she had fought back and overwhelmed him.

A hundred little differences went to make up this solitary change. The flush of too many drinks had given way to a deep healthy glow, the eyes were deep and grave instead of deep and vacant, the broad shoulders that had taken to hanging were braced in unconscious strength. Every line in the body that she had seen start on the road to grossness had been fined down. The body was no longer a mere abode for a lingering spirit. It had become a mechanism, tuned to expression in action. It was not the body of a time-server. Alan's sole word of comfort came back to her. "I never thought the old Rock would ever loom so big." What force had done this thing to Gerry? She felt a pang, half envy, half remorse. If she had been wise, less than that, if she had been merely sage, could she not have saved Gerry to himself and spared her faith the test of the three long years lost out of their youth?

Gerry stood erect by the door, one hand still holding the knob. Why was he waiting? Alix's raised hand went slowly out to him in welcome but he did not move. She smiled at him but his eyes remained steadfast and grave. A lump rose in Alix' throat and then, as pride came to her aid, a flare of color showed in her cheeks. Her lips



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(To be continued.)

HURT IN RUNAWAY
 Sunbury, Pa., April 13. — Thrown from his wagon when his team ran away, Morris James, 25 years old, of Turbotville, suffered a broken collarbone and internal injuries.

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The pattern 9006 is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

CLASS TO GIVE PLAY
Special to the Telegraph
 Dillsburg, Pa., April 13. — On Thursday evening the Senior class of the Dillsburg High School will give a play in the Dillsburg Opera House entitled "Professor Pop Just Returning From Rooshy." The money derived from this play will be used to defray the expenses of the graduation exercises.

A. G. KAUFFMAN SERIOUSLY ILL
Special to the Telegraph
 Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 13. — A. G. Kauffman, of South Market street, who is suffering with Bright's disease and has been at Walters' Park Sanatorium near Wernersville, was brought home on Monday evening. There is no improvement in his condition.

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