

# Her Beautiful Rival

When They Met Again In After Years

By LUCY MEDFORD

"You got awfully sunburned today, Jim," said Jim Lancaster's nice little wife as she handed him his cup.

"I guess I have. My hat blew off just before quitting time, and I wouldn't come down from the rocks for it." He leaned back in his chair contentedly. "Mrs. Holman has company," he announced.

"Has she? Who?" Nan looked eager.

"You can't guess." He was teasing her.

"No, I can't. I'm not good at guessing. Tell me, do!"

"Well, it's Mrs. Abner McClure."

Nan sank back in her chair.

"You mean Molly Stewart?" she asked.

Jim nodded.

"When did she come?" Her voice had changed.

"This morning. She brought a trunk, so I judge she is going to stay quite a spell."

Nan caught her breath and looked at her husband, eating his supper and apparently all unconscious of the strife which he had suddenly renewed in her heart. Long ago, very long ago in the days when she had only loved Jim and never expected to be his wife, Molly Stewart had been his sweetheart.

A wave of jealousy surged through Nan's whole being, a feeling she had not experienced since the old days, when she used to look upon Jim's sweetheart as some one who was keeping from her the one man she had ever loved.

In those days Molly Stewart was a rare beauty, one of those to whom nature has given and given until it seems she can add not one thing more. And she had ways. No other girl could charm as she could, or dance or sing or laugh.

Nan had never known what came between him and Molly. He said he had not asked Molly to marry him, and she had hinted that he had and that she would have none of him.

Nan remembered the first time he walked home with her from church and how the people stared. She was not pretty, like Molly, and she had not Molly's good clothes or Molly's way of wearing them. She was just a sweet, dainty looking girl, with a heart capable of love and happiness. Jim had always been her ideal, her hero. When he turned from Molly Stewart to her she could not understand it.

Molly had married Abner McClure soon afterward and had gone away with him. She had now been away seven years, and still people remembered and spoke of her young beauty, which had reached its transcendent point on her wedding day. Now of a sudden she had come back. The news oppressed Nan. She did not know why.

"I didn't tell you, did I, that Abner McClure's dead?" Jim asked later in the evening.

"No. Is he?" Nan returned in what she tried to make a careless tone. Then she rose and went into the next room for something.

A little while afterward she said: "You needn't put up any luncheon for me tomorrow. I'm going to eat at Holmans'. There's some timber there that I promised to look at long ago, and I guess I'll do it tomorrow."

The hot day subdued itself into a hot night. Jim slept heavily, but Nan could not. She lay looking out of the window at a certain star which struggled wearily to free itself from a cobweb of cloud in which it had become entangled. Varied and very bitter were her thoughts.

Molly had come back a widow. Nan could see her in her black things, with her vivid face and coppery hair. It was said Abner McClure had money, and Molly always would dress well anyway.

Nan had heard of what a beautiful widow may do, and tomorrow Jim, her Jim, was going back to Holmans', straight into the old net that had enmeshed him. She clinched her hands in the darkness and prayed.

Toward morning she fell asleep. At 6 Jim aroused her. He had been up an hour.

"I let you sleep as long as I could," he said. "Don't fuss over the breakfast. Just make me a cup of coffee and give me some bread and butter. I'm in a hurry today, dear."

Nan got breakfast. She did not eat any herself. She kissed Jim passively at the door.

"What's the matter? Aren't you

g well this morning, Nan?" asked anxiously.

Nan watched him up the hill. Then she lay down on the lounge and had her cry out. Noon came. She made some tea and drank it. It braced her up wonderfully. Indeed, she felt almost feverish. It came to her that she would not endure it a moment longer. Jim was there, and he was her husband. She would go there too.

After noon a breeze sprang up which relieved the hot day. Nan dressed carefully in a white lawn with pinkish spots, a dress her husband admired. She loosened her hair about her face and let it drop a little lower toward the nape of her neck.

She felt that she was girding herself for battle, and she meant to have no weak spots in her armor. Then she looked at the door, called Shep to follow her and, raising her umbrella above her bare head, set forth.

The walk put heart into her. She felt ready for anything as she crossed the last field before the Holman house.

Mrs. Holman greeted her with a kiss.

"Why, Nan, how do you do? I'm right glad to see you. I suppose you know Molly McClure's here? Jim told you? Yes. Well, sit right down in this chair. We'll stay on the veranda, for it's cooler than in the house."

She stepped to the door. "Molly!" she called.

"She'll be down in a minute. She's most through dressing," she said, coming back to Nan. "How nice you look in that dress! You're one of the few women I ever knew who could wear pink and keep their complexion in it."

That did Nan good. She was cool and her heart steadied down when a great rustling of skirts on the stairs announced Mrs. McClure. Nan rose to meet her.

"Why, Nan Farrell—Nan Lancaster, I should say!" Molly cried, embracing her ecstatically. "I am perfectly delighted to see you!"

She held Nan off and looked at her. And Nan looked at Molly. In that moment her doubts, her long fear, her jealousy, blew away like a pinch of thistle-down in a strong breeze. She found herself sitting in her chair again with Molly beside her talking volubly. It was all over.

"You haven't changed a bit, Nan," Molly was saying. "I asked Jim if you had yesterday, and he wouldn't say. He said I should judge for myself. What have you done to keep your complexion like that, and your figure?"

Nan laughed. She could laugh now. Molly's young glory had faded sadly. Her wonderful hair was thin and dull, her cheeks coarse; her teeth had unmistakably been replaced; her double chin rested on her full bosom, and she wheezed as she talked.

Presently Jim came striding up with Mr. Holman. From afar he waved his hand toward his wife.

"Just as much in love with you as ever, isn't he?" Molly said, seeing him. She disposed her handsome skirt carefully, so as best to display its cut and finish. But Nan did not notice. She was thinking of Jim. Molly had been an illusion, and the illusion was dispelled.

**Old Mosque Legends.**

The great Begova mosque in Serajevo is the largest mosque in Europe after those of Constantinople and Selim's mosque in Adrianople. In its courtyard stands an old stone, across the top of which there is a groove precisely the length of a Turkish ell. Tradition says that a pasha placed it there to checkmate the local merchants' habitual use of false measures in defiance of the express commandment of the Koran.

But another of Serajevo's hundred mosques has a much better legend. Before this may be seen the tombs of the seven holy dervishes who were beheaded 200 years ago for a great theft. After the decapitation each body tucked its head under its arm and walked into the mosque. So those dervishes are worshipped as saints to this day.

**Something in the Eye.**

So when you get something in your eye do the best you can to suppress the instinct to rub the eye. Then pull the lower lid up and the upper lid out and the particle in the eye will be dislodged by the tears which flow across the eyeball in a torrent. It will be washed out and will appear in the corner of the eye. If any chemical is thrown into the eye do not wait to look in a book for an antidote. The best thing is plain water, or, if you have time and it is handy use a plain salt solution, a teaspoonful in a pint of water, either hot or cold. This will wash it out quicker than you can wait to neutralize it in some other way.—Benton N. Colver, M. D., in Good Health.

## OLD TIME PUNISHMENT.

Agency of a Day in the Stocks For a Fit of Bad Temper.

A record on file in the library of congress contains an account of the adventures of a certain Hubbard, who in the good old days of the long ago was sentenced in Boston to the stocks for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper.

When he had taken his seat for the day there came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet and making feints—unpleasantly approaching reality—of biting him.

Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his decision upon the victim below, and presently a rough fellow, after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid toilet stumps and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some fancied injury, rushed at Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright, which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter, for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage dashed off. The bull made a dash at the stocks and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of the said Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

## Music.

Music as defined by the authorities is the art which employs sound as a medium of artistic expression for what is not in the province of literature, of sculpture, of painting, of acting or of architecture. It has been said, again, that music is the embodiment of the inward feelings of which all other arts can but exhibit the effect. In other words, music is an attempt at the expression of the highest aspirations and the deepest fears of the human soul. After we have spoken and written all that is possible and chiseled our finest forms and painted our most beautiful pictures there remains a feeling that is not satisfied, and music is the effort to satisfy that feeling.—New York American.

## It Looked Suspicious.

"As I was coming out of a store this evening I saw an amusing sight," said a shopper. "A light rain was falling, and as the woman in front of me stepped out she opened her umbrella. Out of it fell a jeweled hatpin, a pair of gloves and two men's handkerchiefs. On its face it seemed like a case of shoplifting, but as she gathered up the articles the woman said:

"Well, if here isn't Mary's emerald hatpin and the gloves I was looking for last week and two of George's best handkerchiefs. I never thought of looking in the umbrellas for them."—New York Sun.

## The True Education.

A boy or girl who loves a beautiful picture, a sunset, a rosebush, a robin, a sky full of stars, a fine old melody, a courtesy, a generous deed and a good book is better educated than a boy or girl could be without them even if he could work all the sums in algebra and parse everything in Vergil. Parents and educators should give more heed to this view of education, for it is the phase of it that makes life true.—Ohio State Journal.

## Why She Wept.

The wedding ceremony had come to a close. The mother sniffed convulsively, and the bride dabbed her pretty eyes with a handkerchief, while one of the bridesmaids was also affected to tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked a groomsman of the bridesmaid. "It's not your wedding."

The girl looked at him sorrowfully.

"That's the reason, you stupid." And she sighed.—Exchange.

## Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Tatler.

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