

# "WINDS OF THE WORLD"

By RUBY M. AYRES

(Continued From Yesterday)

CHAPTER XIII

Jill's wonderful dream castle faded away into nothingness as she looked into Tallentyre's eyes; the feverish sort of happiness she thought of it had given her a moment before was but a rushlight now in comparison with the wild joy that suddenly thrilled her being. She felt as if she had been walking in a gray, sunless street, and had come out with sudden unexpectedness into brilliant sunshine. Tallentyre was holding her hand. "I only came back to London today. I was on my way to see you. How are you?"

Jill tried to answer, but no words would come. She wanted to cry, wanted to cry desperately badly. She had to bite her lip hard to control herself—she could not look at him.

Presently they were walking on together; she did not know whether he suggested it, or if they had just moved by mutual consent. She had never felt so happy in her life, or so miserable; she had forgotten all about the future and Henry Sturgess—she could only think of Lady Elrica Hewing. She thought herself wondering "Tallentyre had seen her since his return—she had kissed her—if oh, a thousand little 'ifs' that tore her heart with a thousand jealousies.

They spoke but little as they walked thru the park; once Tallentyre told her that he had been away on business. She knew that away on business he meant that he had been at her and quickly away again as he spoke; he added, dryly, that he had not been successful in the thing for which he had hoped. "I waited a moment for you, but you made some comment, but Jill felt unsteady and stupid.

It was nothing to her where he had been, and what he had been doing, she told herself fiercely. If he had wished her to know—if he had cared in the very least for her opinion, he would have written to her at least once during this interminable week.

They left the park behind; they walked along the road thru the gray twilight. Jill stopped when they reached the corner of the street. "I must go home—I only came out for a little while."

"We'll have a taxi, then—I want to speak to you."

She shook her head. "You're too extravagant; and I want a real sitting all day."

"Very well; then I will walk with you."

She wanted to argue, but it seemed too much effort. She gave in loquaciously.

At the end, they went the last half-mile on a half-penny tram; they sat side by side on one of the top seats, and a navy in the seat directly in front of them blew cheap cheap smoke in both their faces. Jill was conscious of a silly desire to burst out laughing.

She was sure that Tallentyre had never had a halfpenny ride on a tram before—she was sure that he hated it.

She looked at him critically. He was wearing a light gray suit, and the inevitable Homburg hat; he carried gloves which looked as if they had never been worn.

When they reached the corner of the road near the green railings, Jill again tried to dismiss him. "I will say good-night—you don't want to come any further."

He ignored her hand. "I am coming; I can see that you are determined not to give me a chance to speak to you, and I am equally determined that you shall."

She tried to laugh. "How absurd; I don't mind you speaking to me. Why should I?"

They went together into the house and upstairs to the empty sitting room.

The last roseate glow on the fading pink and golden sky outside lay faintly on the floor and shabby furniture.

Jill took off her coat and hat and sat down on the sofa; she turned to find his eyes on her. "Well," she said recklessly, "what do you want to speak to me about?"

Tallentyre took her by her slim shoulders. "Have you missed me?" he asked.

She tried to laugh, but the little sound broke jarringly; she turned her face away, breathing unevenly. "Have you wanted me one hundredth part as badly as I have wanted you?" he asked again.

She hardly knew his voice now; his usual lazy tones had given place to a most unwillful passion. She forced herself to meet his eyes.

"Have you wanted me one hundredth part as badly as you have wanted me?" she asked mockingly.

His face changed a little; he frowned. "I don't know what you mean—why do you speak of me?"

She let her go, and Jill moved backwards beyond his reach. "As you are engaged to her—"

He interrupted with a smothered exclamation. "Who told you that rubbish? I am not engaged to her."

For a moment they faced one another silently, then Tallentyre covered the space between them and caught her in his arms. He held her so that she could not move—so that she could hardly breathe.

"Say that you have wanted me," he said, counting the hours. "I've been counting the hours since I kissed you. Kiss me, Jill—kiss me."

She tried to say no. She thought that she did say it, she thought that she struggled to free herself—but when she raised her eyes to his, her will seemed turned to water; she gave a long sigh and closed her eyes. With his lips on hers, Tallentyre would feel her almost fainting in his arms.

She kissed her till she was stifled breathless—then released her and stood at her, laughing unsteadily. "You won't dare to tell me now that you haven't wanted me," he said.

Jill tried to deny it, then suddenly she swayed back to him, laughing and sobbing together.

"Oh, I have wanted you—I have!" she raised her lips to him unthinkingly—she kissed him in a whole-hearted surrender; she had always loved him, but she had only known it since that moment in the path when she raised her eyes and saw him standing there in the sunset; everything else had faded into non-existence—dreams, ambitions! She had them all ago without a single re-

gret—there was nothing of account any more but this man and the clasp of his arms, and the touch of his lips on hers.

"And you love me—really love me?" he asked presently. His voice was hoarse with emotion; it seemed impossible that he could be so bored, self-possessed man of whom she had always been a little afraid. She flushed all over her face.

"If you love me—then I love you," she said in a whisper.

"I love you! I was afraid there is not much doubt of that," he said with a touch of irony.

He raised her hand to his lips, and held it there for a long moment; then suddenly his mood changed—he walked away from her, and stood looking out into the street.

The sunset glow had quite gone, everything was gray and depressing. Jill watched him with a little trembling fear in her heart. The Tallentyre whom she had first known seemed to have come back—this was no longer the man who had held her to his heart, and kissed her with such passion.

She was conscious of a little chill foreboding; she wished he would look at her, speak to her... she moved restlessly.

"Tallentyre turned at once; he came across to where she stood.

"I wonder how well you love me?" he said slowly.

There was an odd nervousness in his manner; his voice was not quite steady.

She answered him readily enough: "I love you better than anyone else in all the world."

"And I you," he said gravely, but he did not touch her. He stood quite still, looking down at her with rather sad eyes.

"Well enough to—to give up a great deal for my sake?" he asked presently, with an effort.

She nodded.

"Well enough to give up everything," she said in a whisper. "Everything I have—it isn't very much—but—"

He put out his hand and took hers; he drew her down to sit beside him on the sofa where Don had lain thru so many weary hours looking out into the ugly street. He kept her hand in his as he began to speak: "I am a poor man—you know that, Jill. I told you when I first met you that I had no money—that I was up to my eyes in debt; that I that I was looking for a wife with money—a rich woman."

"Yes," said Jill, her lips curved into a little grave smile. A rich woman! He knew that she had not a penny in the world; she broke out impulsively: "I don't mind being poor—we can be happy even if we have no money."

He did not answer; then suddenly he laid her hand down gently in the lap of her black frock and rose.

He went over to the fireplace and stood staring down at the shavings which filled it.

"You don't understand poverty—as I understand it," he said in a strained voice. "You don't understand the sort of poverty which I mean. I mean the sort of poverty which has to keep up an appearance in spite of everything, and live in a certain amount of style; and go about and belong to clubs, and—and—" he broke off.

Jill said nothing, but her eyes never left him.

He went on: "You spoke of Lady Elrica Hewing just now, Jill—you said that—"

She finished the broken sentence for him: "Henry Sturgess told me that you were going to marry her."

She smiled as she spoke; she was no longer jealous of Lady Elrica.

"And supposing—" said Tallentyre, "supposing that what Mr. Sturgess said is true?"

Jill stared at him; her eyes grew wide with mystification. She could not believe that Tallentyre had really spoken—his voice had been so harsh and unmusical. She moistened her lips nervously.

"Why do you say that?" she asked tremulously. "It hurts me—I can't bear to hear you say a thing like that."

She put her hands down, and clutched at the sides of the couch to steady herself; she did not know why, but she was suddenly filled with deadly fear—and yet, after all, what had he said? Nothing! Only—

Somewhere downstairs the silence of the little house was broken by a woman's shrill laughter.

Jill started, and passed a hand across her eyes—she wondered for how long she had been sitting there staring at Tallentyre's averted face. She tried to find her voice, but it seemed to have shrunk away to a whisper.

"If only he would speak! If only he would just turn and look at her! But the minutes passed away and he did not move."

She dragged herself to her feet at last, and went across to where he stood—her trembling lips formed a question: "Why don't you speak? Why don't you say something?"

Tallentyre moved then. When he spoke his usually lazy voice was all rough and disconnected; he breathed heavily between his broken sentences as if each one cost him an effort.

"I've tried to make you understand," he said hoarsely, "but I suppose I've failed. Ever since the first day we met, I've done my best to try and make you see me as I am... You don't seem to understand, Jill... I'm a poor man—in my way I am probably a poorer man than—the husband of the woman who runs this house... He at least has no appearance to keep up, whilst I can see you can't look at the situation from my point of view; you are despising me for every word I am saying—I know you are, but I am not looking at you... You think I ought to be happy just to have you, and let the rest of the world go hang... well—in my heart, I know you're right from your point of view, but it's a point of view I can't see or share—I wish to God I could—"

She shuddered as she looked at him. It almost seemed that she was seeing him for the first time, and was of the wonder of love and romance with which she had endowed him. Something seemed to snap in her heart and brain—something that was not only wounded love and outraged pride, but the crushing of all her tenderest hopes and ideals. She struck at him with impotent hands, her eyes were blazing.

"How dare you! How dare you! Oh, how I hate you—how I hate you—"

"Jill for God's sake—he caught

### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

### THE CRAZY QUILT

### EVERETT TRUE

### ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

Chris Crow's Fright

"Yum! That's good!" he said with his mouth full.

Chris Crow flew over to the cornfield as soon as the moon got dark. He didn't waste time "Ohing" and "Aahing" like Cob Coon. He was an old hand at it and knew that while it was true that one should make hay while the sun shines, it is equally wise to go after corn while the moon's dark. So off he sneaked.

He knew where the best corn grew, also the biggest ears, and in about two shakes of a bear's tail, he was hanging onto a large, thick corn stalk, tearing away the leaves off a nice 'fat ear with his long, sharp bill, to get at the sweet kernels beneath.

At last he reached the delicious stuff and took a bite. "Yum! That's good!" said he with his mouth full and dug his bill in again.

But what was that? A faint rustling that came nearer and nearer. Chris couldn't see, but he could hear like a telephone. He sat very still and waited. Yes, sure as he lived, something was coming down the field, straight toward him, steadily, surely, swiftly.

Chris stiffened. A thought came into his head—a fear. He had told it to Nancy and Nick, you know, when he sent his order for a dark night up to the weatherman's star. It was the Scare-Crow that he was afraid of, the person with a gun who stood so tirelessly all day long waiting for him.

What if—Chris' heart nearly stopped beating—what if Scare-Crow had seen him sneak into the cornfield and come after him?

The quiet sound came nearer still and to Mr. Crow's dismay, stopped right under the very stalk he was sitting on. The next thing he knew something or someone was climbing straight up toward him.

(To Be Continued)

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Stone mountain, near Atlanta, Ga., is to be marked as a memorial to the confederacy.

### Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 455

Mother-dear was barely started on the beginnings of Portland when people began straightening their coats and getting brushed up, and Mother-dear looked out of the car window and said, "Why, here we are nearly in. You will have to wait for the rest of that story."

"Can't you even tell us 'bout Mr. Overton's home and how he did get the town started?" Peggy begged.

"He didn't start it, really, Peggy love," Mother-dear answered. "He didn't even build a cabin, just lived a short while in a sort of little shack, and later he sold out to Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Pettygrove, and they were the real owners of the claim on which the little new town was built."

The train was in the station and it was not until the afternoon of the next day that Peggy and David got the story of the little girl who came across the plains in 1846.

"Yes," she told them, "I was an early-day child. I was only 4 years old when we crossed the plains, but I remember it very clearly. My mother drove a two-horse train all the way, and we were the first settlers to cross Barlow road."

"I can shut my eyes and see that hill now."

"It wasn't a real road, at all; you wouldn't call it a road now, but it was what we had to come down to get to our new home."

"The cattle which had been driven these weary hundreds of miles were thin and tired; the horses were pretty well worn out, and mother was almost to the limit of her strength when we came to Laurel Hill."

"What shall we do?" she asked, "we can't drive down that. We should all be killed, and the wagons would be broken to pieces."

"But father and the boys fastened strong ropes to the big wagons, wrapped the ropes about the trunk of a tree and I can see them now, bracing themselves and holding that rope to the wagon till the wagon slipped and slid down the rough, steep slope."

"Do you children go to school?" the pioneer suddenly asked.

"David does," Peggy answered.

"Well," the story-teller smiled, "I'm going to tell you about a school which was started in a country so new that there weren't any books."

(To Be Continued)

### WHEN A WOMAN TELLS

By RUTH AGNES ABELING

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CHAPTER XXII—PHILIP AMES MAKES—A THREAT?

I was stunned by Grace Cameron's outburst. I tried to understand all of the influences working to cause it and I wondered just what would be the better thing to say:

One thing I knew, and that was that I could not let her go out with her present determination to "have her fling."

I thought of all of the things I might say about her theory being all wrong and that the straight way

was the best way and that if I said after all. But I could not say it. I knew it would be weightless, for as a matter of fact when it comes right down to payment, it doesn't pay in any material way. Virtue is so purely its own reward.

But there is something exhilarating, something capable of giving a thrill of pride and happiness, in putting up a square, clean fight.

So when at length I began to talk and stared into the darkness with dilated eyes.

She would marry Henry Sturgess; she would haise herself to the level of Kathy and all those people who had looked down upon her and she would find her in a weak and desperate moment, and she would give in—and then—

"I hate him—I hate him," she moaned in anguish, but she knew that she loved him the more passionately now that she knew all his weaknesses and feelings—loved him all the better, as a woman will love the man who has broken her heart.

And then she suddenly thought of Henry Sturgess... she raised her

from her, would you stay until we are at least a little more settled and you and I are better acquainted?"

Grace Cameron deliberated and then, "Yes," she said.

"So I set out down the hall wondering how I could accomplish the impossible."

It was nearly 11 when I sought Mrs. Ames' room. Philip was there. He nodded casually as I came in and then, when Lila for the second turned her attention to something else, he winked.

"I think you have been loafing this morning, Miss Stordensen—Lila Ames' voice was thistledown and sunlight—and to fill in the time until you came I begged Phil to stay—he's such a handy sort to have around."

"Aren't you afraid to recommend me so highly?" Philip was smiling.

"That isn't a hint, is it, Phil?" Lila was showing her claws in spite of the laughter in her voice.

"Of what, Lovely Lady?" Philip Ames yawned.

"Has it really come to that?" The smile of Mrs. Ames face was robbed suddenly of the lovely veneer and was disclosed naked—an ugly grimace.

"You're too sensitive, Lila—" Philip Ames was standing. With elaborate care he brushed some invisible thing from his coat and then left us.

(To Be Continued)