

# Springtime

Novelized by  
Porter Emerson  
Browne

From the Play of the Same  
Name by Booth Tarkington  
and Harry Leon Wilson

Copyright, 1916, by American Press  
Association

(CONTINUED.)

"So, ho!" cried Wolf, unperturbed. "Frenchies, are you? No one here to come and help us lick the British?" He indicated the shrieking youth at his heels. "Here's a young recruit that I wanted to show some patriotism to. But if that's the way it is—He turned to his follower. "Bout face, Crawley!" he commanded. "Shoulder arms! Can't force a man to volunteer. No patriots here, so off with you. Forward! March!"

As they passed out the door he turned. To De Valette he said:

**COLFAX COLLECTIONS**  
Colfax, April 11—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thompson visited at Mrs. L. Olson's home last Sunday.

Marcus Mikkelsen will have charge of the Scandia store now, Anna Olson having resigned. Miss Regina Olson was very agreeably surprised last Sunday evening by her young friends, the occasion being her 22nd birthday anniversary. At 7 o'clock the crowd gathered at the Larson home and from there proceeded to E. L. Naa's where Miss Olson is staying at present. Alexander Olson told in well-chosen words the object of the visit and presented Miss Olson with half a dozen fruit knives as a reminder of the day together with the best wishes of her friends for many happy returns of the day. The evening was spent in playing games and a good time is reported. Tallak Johnson is reported to be very low.

Miss Agnes Zwicky from Belgrade visited at M. Olson's home over Sunday. Miss Ada Thorson is staying at Larson's attending the parochial school in Dist. 31.

Mrs. Mads Johnson and daughter Ella visited with Mrs. Lars Olson Sunday.

Colfax, April 11—Mr. and Mrs. E. Hallberg of Murdock visited at E. Thimell's place Saturday and Sunday.

The choir met and practiced at S. C. Jensen's Saturday evening.

Peter Swenson and son visited at E. Erickson's from Saturday until Sunday.

C. Hanson of New London has been visiting at E. Thimell's place from Thursday till Monday.

Dr. C. E. Gerretson, dentist, office in new Ruble block, Willmar.

**DON'T WALK ON NAILS.**  
The nearest job of Halfsoling is done at Erickson's Shoe Store with a New Electric Stitchee and Polisher.

You can have the soles sewed on for the same price as nailed, so don't walk on nails.

The New Shoe Store.  
777 G. A. Erickson, Prop.

**Dr. C. W. Riches,**  
Medical and Osteopathic  
505 15TH AVE. S. E., MINNEAPOLIS

Has made special preparation for the successful treatment of all long-standing, difficult chronic diseases, such as sciatica, rheumatism, gout, stomach, kidney and liver troubles, ailments of women, cancerous growths, etc. A large, pleasant home for patients. All Como cars pass here. Free consultation by mail invited. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

**HILDA THE HELPER**

**VII.—Her Magic Touch**

Hilda the Helper went along about her daily duty, singing a helpful, cheery song and radiating beauty.

The town beneath her magic touch became a PLACE ATTRACTIVE. New folks poured in to be the Dutch, and ready was active.

The merchants all wore sunny smiles, which showed increase of business. Why, SHOPPERS CAME FROM MILES AND MILES. The rush was quite a dizziness.

The good priest turned to M. Raoul de Valette.

"Neither a jewel nor a flower, sir," he said. "We were both wrong. A little white butterfly, she is—a little white butterfly."

"Oh, Father O'Mara," she cried eagerly. "I caught that big one—the one that had red and gold on its wings—but I let him go. That was better for him, wasn't it?"

"To be sure it was," he returned very seriously. Then her father came and kissed her on the forehead. He and Father O'Mara left her with Aunt Marguerite and with her betrothed.

M. Raoul de Valette brought her a chair. He brought one for Aunt Marguerite, too, and then for himself. And they all sat down. She watched him interestedly—watched him, that is, until Aunt Marguerite whispered in her ear, "Cast your eyes down!" And then, of course, she had to look at the floor.

At length she heard M. Raoul de Valette speak to her. He said: "Doubtless you have been informed, mademoiselle, that this very day your honored father will decide the date upon which I achieve the greatest felicity of my life."

She looked up artlessly. "You mean our wedding?" she asked. "Keep your eyes on the floor!" she again looked down, but she didn't know what to do, quite, about that which she had been told. Should she apologize or—

"What else could I mean," he began, "but to marry you?"

"Don't rile the American eagle, French. It's got a sting in its tail." De Valette watched them go, and when they had passed beyond his vision he turned to L'Ardenne.

"All of you," he said coldly. "There's nothing for you here."

The woman tossed her head. Her lips curved in mocking smile. Across the room she went and even to the doorway. Yet she did not go through.

De Valette, eyes from her, thinking she had gone, turned to Raoul and the priest.

"Faugh! Canaille!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Let us join my sister, gentlemen."

He left the room. Father O'Mara followed. But Raoul de Valette remained behind.

He turned to face the woman in the doorway. The expression of mockery—the light, scornful mirth—had gone from her face now. She looked anxious, almost haggard. He rounded on her angrily.

"You come here?" he cried. Again she was smiling—smiling mockingly. She said:

"Oh, so? You are not hard to follow. M'sieur Raoul de Valette. You ride your bay horse with the one white foot all the way from your plantation. When I meet people I ask, 'You have seen a bay horse with one white foot and a very ugly little gentleman who rides him?' Everybody then say, 'Yes; he went yonder.' So I come to Valette. Oh, so easy!" She laughed again, the while looking at him curiously. At length she went on, "You think you could hide when you went from me?"

He replied:

"I did not try. Why should I?" "Because you would be afraid to have me find out you ride here to marry your cousin, Mlle. Valette."

"Why," he queried composedly, "should I be afraid of you knowing that?"

Again her mood changed; she asked, almost tremulously:

"You don't care if I know that, Raoul?"

"No," he replied coolly. "I was foolish not to tell you before I left."

A little cry left her lips; she sank to the floor at his feet.

"Then it is true!" she cried plaintively. "Ah, he is going to get married! They told me so! But I wouldn't believe it."

He, looking down on her, cried sharply:

"Don't do that!" She asked:

"Haven't I been kind to you?"

"You'll make me feel ridiculous. Worse than that, you'll make me ridiculous."

"Haven't I loved you better than I have loved any one?"

He stooped, trying to lift her to her feet.

"You must get up," he commanded. She seized his arm, clinging to it.

"Raoul!" she cried. "Raoul! You don't drive me away! For three years I have not look at any one but you! And you—you have love me! You cannot say you did not! You will not find any one to love you like me!"

Suddenly she thrust him from her fiercely. "You want to throw me away to marry a baby! Ha! I see her come into that garden outside there; I look at her well. A little white foot. You would go mad with such a child—a baby for a wife."

"Do not speak of Mlle. de Valette," he commanded harshly.

Her dark eyes gleamed; she laughed bitterly.

"Me—I am a bad woman, eh?" she cried. "I must not even speak of m'sieur's household—of his lady?"

"Silence!" He advanced a step. She did not move.

"Sg!" she said. "You think that is the way to talk to me? You are mistaken, my friend."

He said more mildly in half conciliation:

"Come! You understand I'm to be married. I've finished with all this. You'll gain nothing here."

"Raoul, don't speak to me like that!" she cried pleadingly. "Won't you come back with me?"

He laughed.

"Ah," she said brokenly. "You laugh at that! No, no! Think about me only one minute, Raoul. What can I do?"

"Nothing. Just go away."

She repeated it after him slowly, tensely.

"Yes," he said, "and quickly." He grasped her arm. "As I told you, you will make us both ridiculous. Now off with you, like a good girl. My overseer shall bring you a little present when I come back."

"It is only you I want, Raoul."

"Start now. You'll be home tomorrow."

She looked up beseechingly.

"If I go now to please you," she said, "some day maybe you come back to me? You'll let me believe that, Raoul?"

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

## Chapter 4

**M**ADELEINE DE VALETTE hurried on and on along the long path that led from the acres that had once been of Valette. A heron, trailing long legs, rose from the marsh by the bayou's edge. She did not stop to look. Butterflies innumerable, of innumerable glorious colors, fluttered across her path, but she steered her heart against their beguilements. She was late. She was late in meeting her betrothed. Surely that was a very grave crime indeed.

The good priest turned to M. Raoul de Valette.

"Neither a jewel nor a flower, sir," he said. "We were both wrong. A little white butterfly, she is—a little white butterfly."

"Oh, Father O'Mara," she cried eagerly. "I caught that big one—the one that had red and gold on its wings—but I let him go. That was better for him, wasn't it?"

"To be sure it was," he returned very seriously. Then her father came and kissed her on the forehead. He and Father O'Mara left her with Aunt Marguerite and with her betrothed.

M. Raoul de Valette brought her a chair. He brought one for Aunt Marguerite, too, and then for himself. And they all sat down. She watched him interestedly—watched him, that is, until Aunt Marguerite whispered in her ear, "Cast your eyes down!" And then, of course, she had to look at the floor.

At length she heard M. Raoul de Valette speak to her. He said:

"Doubtless you have been informed, mademoiselle, that this very day your honored father will decide the date upon which I achieve the greatest felicity of my life."

She looked up artlessly. "You mean our wedding?" she asked. "Keep your eyes on the floor!" she again looked down, but she didn't know what to do, quite, about that which she had been told. Should she apologize or—

"What else could I mean," he began, "but to marry you?"

"Why," he queried composedly, "should I be afraid of you knowing that?"

Again her mood changed; she asked, almost tremulously:

"You don't care if I know that, Raoul?"

"No," he replied coolly. "I was foolish not to tell you before I left."

A tiny strand of hair golden brown kissed of the sun fell from its fastenings and, tossed by the playful fingers of the breeze, quivered about a pink cheek—a cheek made more than usual pink by exertion. She brushed it back with slender fingers, but it would not stay.

Aunt Marguerite saw her as she came through the garden gate—the gate of fallen bricks and with the heavy, clinging vines. They were waiting for her there in the great, somber room—her father, the priest, Aunt Marguerite and the betrothed whom she had never seen. She looked at him with the round, wondering, curious eyes of a little child.

She looked for a long moment. Then she remembered herself and courtesied profoundly, as she had been told to do. Her father came to her then and took her by the hand. He introduced her formally to the man that was to be her husband.

"M. Raoul de Valette," he said, "I have the honor to present you to my daughter, Mlle. Madeleine de Valette."

M. Raoul de Valette bowed grandly. Madeleine in watching herself almost forgot to courtesy. But then she remembered, and so she returned his greeting, as Aunt Marguerite had taught her. And all the while her violet eyes were round with the wonder of it all.

"Do not speak of Mlle. de Valette," he commanded harshly.

Her dark eyes gleamed; she laughed bitterly.

"Me—I am a bad woman, eh?" she cried. "I must not even speak of m'sieur's household—of his lady?"

"Silence!" He advanced a step. She did not move.

"Sg!" she said. "You think that is the way to talk to me? You are mistaken, my friend."

He said more mildly in half conciliation:

"Come! You understand I'm to be married. I've finished with all this. You'll gain nothing here."

"Raoul, don't speak to me like that!" she cried pleadingly. "Won't you come back with me?"

He laughed.

"Ah," she said brokenly. "You laugh at that! No, no! Think about me only one minute, Raoul. What can I do?"

"Nothing. Just go away."

She repeated it after him slowly, tensely.

"Yes," he said, "and quickly." He grasped her arm. "As I told you, you will make us both ridiculous. Now off with you, like a good girl. My overseer shall bring you a little present when I come back."

"It is only you I want, Raoul."

"Start now. You'll be home tomorrow."

She looked up beseechingly.

"If I go now to please you," she said, "some day maybe you come back to me? You'll let me believe that, Raoul?"

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"Believe anything you like," he answered impatiently, "so that you go."

"To keep my eyes on the floor," she returned naively.

He laughed. "My dear cousin," he said. "I hope you will not keep your eyes on the floor. I much prefer that you keep them on me."

It was Aunt Marguerite who this time rebuked M. Raoul de Valette. "Monsieur!" she cried.

M. Raoul de Valette rose. He turned to Aunt Marguerite.

"Dear lady," he said, "permit me. It will hasten the acquaintance. I might even presume to look forward to a time when she will like to look at me. When one likes to look at a certain person one likes that person."

"Oh, how true that is!" cried Madeleine, clapping her hands a little. "I love the people I like to look at."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Raoul de Valette gravely. "May I ask at whom you like to look, mademoiselle?"

"At my father," she answered, all in a breath, "and at Aunt Marguerite, of course, and Father O'Mara, and—old Louise and sometimes at myself."

He said lightly:

"I presume you speak of another feeling."

Aunt Marguerite again warned him. "Monsieur!" she cried.

"No, let him!" besought Madeleine. He continued evenly:

"Of a feeling that sometimes comes in one instant. It may be with the very first glance into another pair of eyes—a feeling which absorbs and overpowers the whole being, a feeling which makes one soul cling to another in spite of fear or shame or death, which makes one soul lose itself in that other and find its whole universe there."

Aunt Marguerite half rose protestingly.

"Indeed, indeed, monsieur," she began, but Madeleine interrupted.

"Oh, but Aunt Marguerite, do listen! And then, half to her betrothed, half to herself: "How strange it would be to feel like that. Does it come to every one?"

He replied, smiling:

"Perhaps not to every one."

"To me some time?"

"That is my hope."

Madeleine was quiet for a moment; then she cried suddenly:

"It must have come to you, monsieur. You have known it!"

Aunt Marguerite was again militant. "No, no!" she cried in protest.

"But it must have!" persisted Madeleine. "How would he know?"

"My cousin is right," said M. Raoul de Valette calmly. "My presence here on this occasion is proof of it." He bent, taking Madeleine's hand. "Mademoiselle," he said gently, "I thank you for the honor of this interview."

To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin, your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.

They watched him depart. Then Madeleine, running to the great seat by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned.

"My dear," she said solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"

Madeleine turned on her round, wondering eyes of violet.

"Why, no, aunt," she replied. "Why should I be faint?"

"But you ought to be," asserted Aunt Marguerite. "It is not quite maidenly demoiselle."

"I thank you for the honor of this interview," he said.

To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin, your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.

They watched him depart. Then Madeleine, running to the great seat by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned.

"My dear," she said solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"

Madeleine turned on her round, wondering eyes of violet.

"Why, no, aunt," she replied. "Why should I be faint?"

"But you ought to be," asserted Aunt Marguerite. "It is not quite maidenly demoiselle."

"I thank you for the honor of this interview," he said.

To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin, your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.

They watched him depart. Then Madeleine, running to the great seat by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned.

"My dear," she said solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"

Madeleine turned on her round, wondering eyes of violet.

"Why, no, aunt," she replied. "Why should I be faint?"

"To keep my eyes on the floor," she returned naively.

He laughed. "My dear cousin," he said. "I hope you will not keep your eyes on the floor. I much prefer that you keep them on me."

It was Aunt Marguerite who this time rebuked M. Raoul de Valette. "Monsieur!" she cried.

M. Raoul de Valette rose. He turned to Aunt Marguerite.

"Dear lady," he said, "permit me. It will hasten the acquaintance. I might even presume to look forward to a time when she will like to look at me. When one likes to look at a certain person one likes that person."

"Oh, how true that is!" cried Madeleine, clapping her hands a little. "I love the people I like to look at."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Raoul de Valette gravely. "May I ask at whom you like to look, mademoiselle?"

"At my father," she answered, all in a breath, "and at Aunt Marguerite, of course, and Father O'Mara, and—old Louise and sometimes at myself."

He said lightly:

"I presume you speak of another feeling."

Aunt Marguerite again warned him. "Monsieur!" she cried.

"No, let him!" besought Madeleine. He continued evenly:

"Of a feeling that sometimes comes in one instant. It may be with the very first glance into another pair of eyes—a feeling which absorbs and overpowers the whole being, a feeling which makes one soul cling to another in spite of fear or shame or death, which makes one soul lose itself in that other and find its whole universe there."

Aunt Marguerite half rose protestingly.

"Indeed, indeed, monsieur," she began, but Madeleine interrupted.

"Oh, but Aunt Marguerite, do listen! And then, half to her betrothed, half to herself: "How strange it would be to feel like that. Does it come to every one?"

He replied, smiling:

"Perhaps not to every one."

"To me some time?"

"That is my hope."

Madeleine was quiet for a moment; then she cried suddenly:

"It must have come to you, monsieur. You have known it!"

Aunt Marguerite was again militant. "No, no!" she cried in protest.

"But it must have!" persisted Madeleine. "How would he know?"

"My cousin is right," said M. Raoul de Valette calmly. "My presence here on this occasion is proof of it." He bent, taking Madeleine's hand. "Mademoiselle," he said gently, "I thank you for the honor of this interview."

To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin, your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.

They watched him depart. Then Madeleine, running to the great seat by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned.

"My dear," she said solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"

Madeleine turned on her round, wondering eyes of violet.

"Why, no, aunt," she replied. "Why should I be faint?"

"But you ought to be," asserted Aunt Marguerite. "It is not quite maidenly demoiselle."

"I thank you for the honor of this interview," he said.

To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin, your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.

They watched him depart. Then Madeleine, running to the great seat by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned.

"My dear," she said solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"