

"He made a good husband," he nodded.

She blushed hotly and when the color receded it left her delicate face quite pale, save for the carefully applied rouge. She wished he would not stare at her like that. She felt that he had discovered all the little artifices with which she had covered up the tracks of time.

"I am stopping at the old house for a little while, but somehow nothing seems the same—even you have changed," she dared to say.

"I?" he colored hotly. "It is very good of you to remember how—how I used to be in those other days."

Mona sighed and buried her face in the roses.

"I shall always remember," she murmured.

Silence fell between them. There were countless movements of invisible life in the thicket, and occasionally a bird paused in flight to utter a ripple of exquisite melody. The wind stirred the tops of the gum trees.

The man stared with unbelieving eyes at the little figure in the pink frock. Fate is rarely so kind to any man that after twenty years she gives him back his first love as beautiful and adorable as ever.

He scanned her face with eyes that seemed to possess a microscopic clearness of vision. To Mona Carisford it was as if he probed the innermost secrets of her mind—as if he read and knew the motives that guided her every action. Puzzlement gave way to relief.

"I shall always remember," repeated Mona mournfully. "I was horrid to you, Parker." She brought out his name with a pathetic smile.

"Don't distress yourself about that," he protested.

"I was wicked and I have been punished," she went on, reveling in the recital of her own iniquities. "I hope you have forgiven me." She hoped he hadn't.

"Forgiveness? Please don't talk about that, Mrs. Carisford," he pleaded.

"Well, then, let us go into your garden—I used to love it."

"You will find many changes there," he observed, as they turned into a mossy path that led to a gate in an old brick wall.

After fifteen years Mona stood once more in the old garden. Here were flowers beloved of an earlier generation. A row of straw-thatched beehives were under the apple trees and in a corner given over to herbs was a tiny spring of water.

They had called it the Wishing Spring and had plighted their troth above its placid pool. To Mona, sated with the world's pleasures, the old garden with the wishing spring was like paradise.

Where were the intervening years? Here was Parker, almost as young as ever, a bit grayer and graver, that was all. She thought that one touch of his hand would be worth more than all the wealth of the world—the world and its wealth that she must go back to, for a great misgiving stole over her that

her quest had been in vain. Parker Deane had forgotten her. She could see that he had been shocked by the change in her appearance. Better that he should have remembered her as his red-haired, freckled little sweetheart rather than this sad agony of fear that it might be too late now to revive his love. It had smouldered long, and perhaps now there were only ashes left.

He surprised the pain in her face.

"My poor little love!" he said forlornly, holding out his arms.

She came to him with shining eyes and laid her face on his breast. For a few moments they stood there in ecstatic silence broken at last by a woman's voice beside them.

"I think it is time to go in now, Mr. Deane."

Mona tore herself away in confusion. A stout, capable-looking woman in a blue-print gown and a white cap laid her hand on Parker Deane's arm. "Come, Mr. Deane," she said coaxingly. "It is time to go in now."

Under her touch the man seemed to shrink and grow smaller and older. His face appeared to slacken and his eyes became dull and lifeless.

"Say good-bye to the lady, Mr. Deane," said the woman, as they turned toward the house.

Parker Deane bowed low, his hand on his heart. "Farewell, beautiful lady," he smiled sadly, as they went on. The woman darted back to Mona's side.

"Automobile accident a year ago," she whispered, and touched a finger suggestively to her brow. Then she rejoined her patient and they disappeared around a bend in the path.

Mona stood by the wishing spring and dropped her roses into the limpid depths. Then she let herself out of the garden, and ran through the gum thicket and into her own garden.

Pierre and Leonie were whispering together across the hedge of roses. The maid flew toward the house at sight of her mistress's white face.

"Madame is ill!" she cried.

But Mona waved her aside. "Pack my trunks—I will order the car around—we are going back to New York tonight!"

"Ah, Madame! Eet ees sudden. And the poor Pierre will be so distressed—"

"Don't be silly and romantic, Leonie," said Mona curtly. "Please do as I tell you."

When the maid had vanished, Mona turned back to the garden. Her face was set and cold and there was a hard look in her eyes. A gardener was trimming the hedge of roses.

"Don't bother about the hedge, James," she said. "It doesn't matter, now."

The man touched his hat. "I understood you to say it covered a grave, ma'am," he said deferentially.

"I was mistaken. The grave wasn't there," said Mrs. Carisford.—Leves Ruyard, in *Town Topics*.

Plebiscite vote on independence for Alsace-Lorraine would be a safe concession with the Kaiser doing the counting.—*Wall Street Journal*.

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CARE

By Jean Watson.

MISS ANDERSON next."

The bored occupants of the easy chairs in the waiting room glanced up. A quick moving, vivid complexioned girl held the door open for a tired looking, middle aged woman, whom she followed into Dr. Curzon's office.

"That older woman's face looks familiar, somehow," said Mrs. Peyton Dewald to Mrs. Harris.

"She was a saleswoman for years at Blendens," Mrs. Harris explained.

"Oh, yes; I remember now; at the embroidery counter. Isn't it strange how sometimes you come near speaking to such people, thinking you've met them somewhere?"

"I speak to the Andersons," said Mrs. Harris rather shortly. "I was talking to them just before you came in. Mrs. Anderson worked all these years and kept Dalphine in school. Dalphine specialized in physical culture. Now she's director at Rutherford's seminary, and her mother has left the store."

"At Rutherford's! Really? She's done well."

"Yes; and she's doing well. My Mary Lu adores her. She's full of enthusiasm and she makes the children enjoy the work."

"Which is the patient here—the girl or her mother?"

"Daphne; her mother insisted on her coming, because she's had some dizzy spells. It's likely from eye strain; everyone needs glasses these days. I told her she should have gone to an oculist."

"Now take a deep breath, Miss Anderson."

Over the doctor's bent head, Daphne cast a half-amused, half-petulant glance at her mother. "How much time we're wasting," it said.

Dr. Curzon laid the stethoscope aside.

"Now, Miss Anderson," he began, "you must be careful."

"How careful?" she asked, laughing. "Must I diet?"

"No; eat normally; keep up your appetite. Well, but not far at a time. Don't lift heavy things—it won't do with a leaky valve."

"Surely there's no leak in my heart," protested Daphne, whitening.

"Don't be frightened; it's slight, and if you're careful—many people live to old age with this trouble."

"You overtaxed your strength some time or other, Miss Anderson," he went on. "I believe in being frank; it puts it up to you, you know."

Daphne spoke after a moment in a painfully matter of fact tone.

"How much gymnasium work may I do, doctor?"

"Gymnasium work! Oh, I should say none of that. No, indeed, Miss Anderson—none."—*Reedy's Mirror*.

Jane Houston has a dog with a bump of wisdom that is marvelous. She was telling a reporter all about him the other day in her hotel suite. Miss Houston had things to consider, and was wishing that the writer might consider the advisability of departure.

"So he does tricks," he inquired.

"Indeed he does," boasted the actress. "Shall I prove it?"

The reporter thought he would like to have the proof.

"Come Fifi," the mistress commanded, "show the gentleman what you can do."

Fifi did. He brought the gentleman his hat.