


OLASSIFIED ADVERTISIN


You can enjoy the pleasant and healthful
exercise of skating. Roller Skates for autumn
and Ice Skates forfreezing weather; but always
BARNEY \& BERRY SKATES

## The Bolted Door

reason by friendly advice; but now it emed as though her open defiance of his vishes made enmity the only thing possible With an abrupt movement he rose and knocked out the ashes of his pipe. One how things were with him. Instinct told him that. If open enmity was the only cloak for his
He put out the light and went up to hi ooms. Tibbott awaited him; but he had no thought of sleep, so he dismissed the man, filled his pipe, picked up a book, and thre ad kindled, which still flickered from the
ickory log. Idly he turned the pages of the
olume. Why should Oliver Judson have ared for Epictetus? A line caught his eye
To a reasonable creature, that alone is in supportable which is unreasonable; but ev-
erything reasonable may be supported." That never was meant for Natalie-was nightingale, I should act the part of a night ingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan."
Yes; but suppose one were a crow? he obscurity beyond the glow from the lamp he could see the formal inscrutable
line of the Bolted Door. Beyond it were darkness and silence

BUT no problem, however important
could avail to rob Garriott of his and if he awoke at sunrise it was rather the result of any unusual mental disturbance. The level rays of the sun which shot across the night before for a last glimpse of the pensive moon awoke him abruptly and he brain, rejoicing in the glory of the day. It made him glad too to steal a march on Tibbott. In a moment he was glowing in the
cold marble shower off the dressing room, where the work of regeneration was com-

Thus it was that when Mrs. Kempton paced the terrace waiting for the groom to peared in som
"I din't low
'm ve always ridden; but I don't think I'm what you call good form," he laughed.
"But I think I can stick, even on a hunting saddle. Im used to a MeClellan; so it
slip off behind don't stop forme. What you think of my togs? You haven't sai Uncle Oliver's, He never wore them. I hope he won't mind. It all dead men's boots fit as badly as these, their wearers are not to
be envied." She noted the irony of his humor; but made no comment. They were passing
down the drive to the gate, the horses shaking their heads, furiously pulling at the reins, eager to be off. Abby Kempton was riding man fashion, and, in spite of the sidling and pirouetting of the thoroughbred. held her seat with a firmness that excited the admiration of her companion. (She was secretly giving Hilarious her heel: but Garriott coudin't know that.
They were off the macadam in a moment and a stretch of clirt road lay before them ending in a long rise of ground, the very thing for a "breather." Abby Kempton in a flash Garriott thumdering fier But it was no race forderiog after her was too much of a handicap for Bramble. and all the way the dust and gravel from the fleeter heels of Hilarious flew back in his face and he finished a bad second. The winner
drew rein and waited for her companion, who came up laughing boyishly as he shook the dirt out of his hat and coat collar.
"We're not in the blue ribbon class, 1 reckon. I feel as though I'd been through a sand blast.

You're lucky it wasn't mud. Oh, what a heavenly morning!
They had reached the level in the midst of an apple orchard and came to an open spot from which the harbor and sound
were visible, emerging in pale graysand pur were visible, emerging in pale grays and pur
ples from beneath the long streak of mist ples from beneath the long streaks of mist
above which the treetops thrust above which the treetops thrust their
branches, making wonderful iland in cloudland. From the distant vill adrift in cloudland. From the distant village rose
the blue smoke from early chimneys, the blue smoke from early chimneys, adding another delicate shade to the pale landscape. The birds were noisily busy about their breakfasts and a distant locomotive called
the heavy breathing of their horses and the " Life looks like vallev from a mountain. op, doesn't it? I know now why the bints are all so happy. Don't you feel like twittering, Mr. Garriott? Nobody can be old at six in the morning on a day like this. Isn't it good? I'm glad alty air. "It's like being born all over again. Wouldn't it be great if we could begin at the beginning with the wisdom of ex-
 denly raised her head with a quick, bright
look and in a moment they wre off again,
 Here they drew rein yacht was nosing a way through the inlet,
a large boat, schooner rigged, with a blach
hull, yellow stack, and brown fittings. Abby
Kempton watched it curiously.
". That looks like the Alicia," she said.
"I thought the Penningtons were abroad."
". It is the Alicia." returned Garriott dryly.
months warriott is leasing her for a few
mone privilege of buying. It's "Don't you care for a sea guing boat?"
"Oh, yes. I suppose I shouk There are lots of things I could this year. As I underst committed to one sun power racing machine. rish terriers and Fre Now Mrs. Garriott Who is going to pay for know. Northrop
upon the principal are not large: but they adis expenses he general deficit. "That's why I'm Have stances I don't think w
heavily with Mrs. Garr opportunity for discord.

## oled to hide his feelings.

a glimpse of his character gle. He had always seemed
some
"You know, Mr. (
great deal and Nata
particular pains to do d
that will cause you mi to the West when y 1 his marriage wouldn

Im sure it wouldn
done it to please
You mustn't talk
You know it isn't true
than my share of the
were in love with her
He married her.
because yout told me
can't find any other
She lowered ber
than ever. I'm not
would be amusing if
Life is a curious mixtur
and hate are much like
ame time. Oh, I don't
ing vour feelings. It w
ahe to know just now
ing yout a great deal:
an early symptom
Hardly. Besides, she's in love with ath
ther man.
Oh, Rene? Rene is like measid Na-
talie has a worse case than usual: but sho isn't going to die.
to be an antitoxin, a serumb.
There is. A husband, a real husband he stopped and laughed. Tell men vild with curiosity-what did you s.
René last night
? On er nothing." he stammeralar

