

Claude's heart and head were full

of Mary. She occupied his thoughts

to the exclusion of everything else. So

him the grocer's cierk.

be able to have a word alone.

posing I entertained it?"

"What's wrong with the idea, sup-

"Everything," said Claude, all the

to rope and tie you, to prevent it."

Mary. If I were you-I wouldn't."

Just or unjust, she could not ques-

was set and worried, and though it

changed a moment after to smiles

There was nothing especially roman- For the first time in her life Mary tic to contemplate about Claude Mel- realized that souls could be lonely. notte Dabbs, village grocer, unless it People could be as close as Mother were the first two-thirds of his name. When his doting parents prefixed the and she had always been, and yet so cognomen of Bulwer Lytton's here in wide apart that when one deliberately the drama, "The Lady of Lyons," to his drew down the curtain, the other sat augury or at least an influence; for in darkness and could know nothing C. M. Dabbs, while sticking to the hard of the thoughts and feelings behind facts of life and wringing success from the curtain! his career as a tradesman, nevertheless had remantic yearnings-desire to see existence through "the mists of

alabaster lamps." And his dream came true. Yes, came true to the extent that C. M. participated in a romance in real life that Ned, returning in triumph from had chivalry, adventure, mystery, beau- a successful visit to the steamship tiful women and all sorts of interesting and delightful people and experiences mixed up in it in about as satisfying proportions as anyone could wish. His indignation was roused by the of being too popular. Right in a little town in Pennsylvania, news that Claude had actually had "Polishing up for Mary," was his with its typical and lovable characters, Mary there, in the hetel, and yet had explanation and excuse. which his humdrum affairs were tinged though that were not enough, Claude were, finding an infinite variety of by that aura of enchantment existing calmly demanded that he transfer things to talk about. They seldom in "perfumed light stealing through

the mists of alabaster lamps." Margaret Turnbull, author of this en- | sailing a few days later. gaging story, was born in Scotland, educated in New Jersey and lives at Rockwood, New Hope, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. She has written several boat with the Johnstons and now is no conversation. Some one, any successful novels. Her "Looking After | these efforts were in vain. Sandy" is still a popular favorite. Her play, "Classmates." was and still is a big success. She has done a number of Ned asked: "Why didn't you tell Miss moving pictures for the big producers. Johnston I was in town?" The story, "Alabaster Lamps," was written at Rockwood, on a hill above the Delaware river, far removed from peaceful atmosphere and fine strain of pure romance.

THE STORY

ter, Claude Melnotte Dabbs returns from New York to his general grocery at Peace Valley, Pa. To "Aunt Lyddy," his housekeeper, he explains that Carter is a chance acquaintance, veteran of the World war, whom he had met and taken a liking to.

CHAPTER IL—Carter tells Aunt Lyddy he has broken with his family and his sweetheart because of his resentment of their ultra pacific tend-encies. With Dabbs Ned visits Clover the grocer. They almost run over a apparently recognizes. Ned delivers a girl, Dorothy Selden, reveals that she knows him to be Ned Carter Rangeley, son of Loren Rangeley, New York

CHAPTER III .- Next day Ned commences work as a "grocer's boy." At a livers an order marked "Johnston." There he meets a girl who tells him she and her mother are alone in the ing up Mary before she sails, my ad- mind. because of the "loneliness." He promises to try to procure household help. Meeting Dorothy Selden, his erstwhile sweetheart, he baffles her attempts to discover the reason for his presence in Peace Valley. Arrangement is made kindness gone from the blue eyes. for a cook to go to the Johnstons'

CHAPTER IV .- The cook being unable to begin work at once, Ned visits the White House to inform Miss Johnston of the fact. Emplaining the situa-tion to her mother, the girl, "Mary," is astonished by that lady's emotion at the mention of Dabbs' name. The cook you see? There's some women you arrives, and Many, with Ned, goes to can rush, and others you've gotta let seen by Derothy Seiden. Mrs. John- run a little before you threw the rope. ston, werried over financial troubles, Of course, I haven't been so success is bothered by Dorothy, who warms her

CHAPTER V .- There is semething about Mary vaguely familiar to Dabbs, and he is highly interested in village gossip concerning the mether and daughter. Mrs. Johnston accompanies Mary to an inn for lenchoon. Dabbs sees Mrs. Johnston and is obviously something on his mind that he would

CHAPTER VI.—Claude reveals had married, while at college, and under peculiar circumstances, and his wife left him the day after the cere- him mony. He is convinced "Mrs. Johnston" is his wife, "Polly," and naturally wants to know, Who is Mary?

CHAPTER VIL-Mrs. Johnston tells telling Mary of Ned's message. The Mary they are practically possiless, sight of his flowers, a modest bunch through a trustee's defalcation. She plans an appeal to Loren Rangeley, her of violets chosen as heatting a grebut the incident seveals to him the real It was not until New York barbor

nature of his feelings toward the girl. Was well behind them that blary was CHAPTER VIII.—In an attempt to told Mrs. Johnston \$300, which he had from gave the mountains in the way her mother her when they were married. She keeps his wife, but, Who is Mary? Mrs. creature was a pushing, chaoxieus Johnston and her daughter go to New York, on Dabbs' mensy. Dabbs tells conspicuously in the states complements in the states complements in the states complements. All this Mrs. Johnston received and the two men arrange to fellow the women. "Pelly" informs Leren Range- silence, and Mary, some at heart, could ley she and Mary are going to Europe.

CHAPTER IX.—Mrs. Johnston tells were Americans and her mother her daughter semething of her early life and poverty, and acknowledges that Dabbs is Mary's father. The girl is pleased, declaring she likes Dabbs.

CHAPTER M.—Claude, at a meeting saved her daughter's life? Mary with Mary, is overjoyed when the girl gladly acknowledges their relationship. He has for some time been convinced but to put the blame on that detectshe and her mother are salling to Eu- able Mr. Rangeley, who had probably Mary there. She tells him her mether is in financial straits, but declines his offer of pecuniary assistance, believing him a comparatively poor man.

CHAPTER XL-In Venice, Ned, after some shrewd maneuvering, meets Mary. His strenuous levemaking some- to C. M. Dabbs in this wild desire to what disconcerts the girl, and to make escape matters worse he steals a kiss while they are in a gondola and hidden from public view. She is of course, outtion her mother. Mrs. Johnston's face

wardly furious, but in her heart-CHAPTER XI

to conceal from her mother the ex- that anxious look. If her mether had citing fact that she had met and promised to consider that awful talked to her father. It seemed to Rangeloy, Mary would have to warn her quite impossible that she could ber father. sit beside her mother, and think about | Polly told Mary nothing, and Mary her father, and her mother suspect danced, walked, talked, played games, nothing and think-well, Mary did not flirted a little, stayed in bed and read quite know what Mother was think- when she grew fired of everybody on ing about.

and Loren Rangeley. Just three days behind them, on the same course, Claude Dabbs and Ned Carter followed. Ned was finding Claude a delightful traveling companion, utterly free from the shame of ignorance, and willing to acquire knowledge of all sorts. Ned also dis-



absorbed was he in his own visions, Ned Even Accused Claude of Being Too Popular.

office, for the first time in their ac- covered that others found Claude atquaintance was at odds with Claude. tractive, and Ned even accused Claude

said nothing at all about Ned. As A curiously congenial pair they their reservation to the next ship, mentioned Mary, and Ned wanted to talk about Mary. He had reached It had been a difficult matter for the stage when if the beloved's name him to obtain passage on the same is not mentioned by some one, there one, every one must speak of her to When the change had been made him.

Claude, a charming companion in every other respect, was, on the one "Because I forgot you, and every- vital subject, dumb.

thing else, Ned. All I could think of Ned fumed, in secret, knowing that theaters, moving pictures or other was that Mary is my own girl and with Claude Dabbs all half-measures accompaniments of city life; hence its nothing that Polly does will keep me were useless; he would either have to away from Mary-when she wants declare his whole purpose, or keep silent. Since he knew nothing yet of Ned's feeling of exasperation grad- Mary's feelings, he kept silent.

ually gave way to the thought that in He wished, heartily, that Claude reality Claude had done him a good and his Polly would play out their turn. By not mentioning him to Mary, comedy by themselves and leave him CHAPTER I.—With a stranger, whom turn. By not mentioning him to Mary, comedy by themselves and leave him to introduces as his nephew, Ned Oar- Claude had saved the explanation that a clear field with Mary. Mary in he was not Carter, but Ned Carter Venice! The combination would be Rangeley. Moreover, there would be heavenly, but not if everywhere that no need, if they traveled on different Mary went a mother and father, utships, for her to know it until they terly estranged, followed.

met. There are some explanations As their journey brought them that should come from the lover. closer to Mary, the two men com-This was one. Mary still believed muned in their hearts with the totally different images they had set up of The next morning Ned determined the same girl.

that, by hook or crook, he would have The real and very different Maryspeech with Mary before the steamer in that instead of only being what sailed. He could easily get on board, they thought, was all that and moregrocery erder, and in his absence the and the chances were that he would slept as tranquilly as an Italian railway carriage would permit. As the time drew near when she

He became aware that Claude was regarding him steadily across the might reasonably expect her father to appear, Mary thought of nothing else. lazy method of locomotion was per-"Far be it from me, Ned, to worm and grew nervous lest she should be- fect. Did she not think so? Mary residence, the "White House," he de- myself into any business of yours, tray, in some unguarded speech, the could rhapsodize with him over Venice but if you should be thinking of look- thoughts that were uppermost in her to his heart's content, and began to

Polly Johnston steadily refused to cause disclose her plans to Mary. Polly's nights were sleepless, her days restless. It was as though she felt some canal into a narrower, half-deserted approaching change and strove to looking waterway, quite evidently owner kills it.

"It's a bad idea. It would mess up my plans. If necessary, I'm prepared He leaned across the table, his eyes growing soft again: "Why boy, can't head was like that. So, when Mary water, afternoon in St. Mark's, just around "Enough said," Ned quickly agreed. the corner, there was no excuse Polly

"But once ever the water, C. M., I'N could justly offer to oppose the plan, play my game without interference.' though she did not like tt. Claude's caution prevented Med Mary laughed down all suggestions meeting his father. Loren Rangeley that she was quite too attractive to bade Mrs. Johnston an impressive wander about alone. Mary was an farewell. He carried himself so pa- American, though she had a forternally toward Mary that only her eign bringing-up, and she reminded Ned a remance of his early life. He fear of antagonizing her mother pre- her mother of this, and that she know vented her from raging aloud against how to take care of herself.

Polly, who had wandered about as The same jealousy, in a different she chose when Mary's age, realized degree, prevented Mrs. Jeanston from she was being absurd.

She teld Mary to go, but net to stay late, and if she, Polly, and not feel better, she would have her dinsuade her. While with Ned, Mary falls cer's clerk, annoyed her still further. | nor in hed. In that case Mary might dine with the Farleys, when they had met on the train. Mary acquiesced, somewhat absent-mindedly. Having made her mother comfortable, or least as comfortable as a beadache gave the message, with the inference would allow, Mary set forth.

> Venice, that lovely city of the sea, creature, made Mary place his flowers segmed to Mary to be looking her best that afternoon. The sun shome warm sleepy look, their awnings like droopthought Venice was like a levely, se ductive woman, who, past her first youth, stirred men's hearts to pity for all she had lost, and then to passion for the ageless beauty which she still

Mary had made brief visits to St. Mark's with her mother, but new she burried up the steep stone stairs toward the galleries and the capello di oro. A service was in progress before one of the alters.

Mary paused a moment to fee the genial old custodian, whose greeting was as toothless as it was friendly. As she stood peering down into the dim church, she was conscious of some one near her, watching her. She and graciousness, as an eld acquaint-Mary marveled that she was able ance greeted her, Mary remembered looked up-into Ned Carter's eyes. She could scarcely believe it, and yet something she read in his eyes made her stretch out her hand. Ned grasped it, and that steadied her. She thought she heard him murmur "Mary." She was not sure. She turned, confusedly, her hand still unaccountably in his, and they went through the doorway that led to the

Polly's routine was much the same, save that she spent more time in bed reading feverishly and without dis- hand. As they stepped out into the so close to her ear brushed her cheek, crimination. They talked in the usual sunshine, and the cool sea breeze, met her mouth and clung there. Jolly, casual way at night. But cer-Mary felt herself able to face Ned. tain subjects were avoided-Clover

Hollow, Claude Dabbs, Ned Carter to which she seemed loathe to give ceeded.

perately, "with my-" sure himself that they were alone. you, Mary, to tell you-"

put her finger gently against his lips, like to be kissed again. for out of the little doorway had appeared the wondering heads of a German youth of about twenty, and his

Mary moved away, seated herself on the stone parapet beneath the horses and looked out over the piazza. Ned stood beside her, looking down.

"My father-" she began. "Yes, I came here with C. M. Dabbs, and I know where he is, but I'm not to meet him for half an hour yet. Surely you can listen to me for that length of time. If you don't," he threatened, "I won't tell you where to find him. If you're kind to me, I'll lead you to him." "Mr. Carter, aren't you a little sud-

den in your methods?"

"I'm anything you like except 'Mr. Carter.' And if I seem sudden, look at the provocation. At a certain shop your father is waiting, and once he gets within hailing distance I'll be pushed, shoved, ignored or kicked into the background. So, Mary-No you don't, my dear. There's absolutely no use in our roaming around looking at things in shop windows. Down this alley-way there's a flight of stone steps leading to the canal. If you come that way, we could wait in the shade for a gondola."

"To take me to father?" "Eventually, yes," admitted Ned. "but primarily to listen to me." "About father? Oh, I should love

to hear about him!" "Would you? Well, I've lots to tell. A wonderful traveling companion. But first you must hear about me." They had reached one step and while Ned signaled a passing gondola, Mary thought of him and wondered at herself. Why should she go with him? Mother would never approve of this! Nevertheless, she waited for his gondola and listened to him with a smile. It was like walking into a trap, but was she so unwilling to be caught?

She had one wild impulse toward flight as Ned concentrated his attention upon getting the gondola ready for his lady. It would be so easy to slip away now. As she made the first step his hand was on her arm. very gently but compellingly, and she had stepped into the gondola.

They sat side by side for a few moments in silence as the gondola made its way into the Grand canal. Then Ned turned to her and spoke about Venice, its sudden and unexpected charm for him when he had first seen the city. He loved it. This think she had been fearful without

They had turned from the Grand Several wakeful nights followed several old palaces. Over the wall of the future. What? Will there be their arrival in Venice, and one morn- one streamed green branches and more campaigns? ing Polly awoke with a headache. creepers, the remains of an old gar- A large per cent of the plain peo-Though she kept up valiantly until den, once hidden from the public eye. ple pay no income tax and refuse to after luncheen, she was compelled The canal was beautiful, and dark get excited about how this reduc-Mary knew that Pelly could not on splashes of sunlight stole between dure being read or talked to when her thick walks and made bars across the

> planned to bring the girl I some day I meant to bring-Mary, I've kept it for you. Isn't it lovely?"

Before Mary could roply, her hand against ber own and his lips close to her ear were murmaring, so that she alone could bear all that he longed to tell her. It was extramely jerky and incoherent. In fact, there was very little sense in it. It was rather like what every men does with his worth of property insured. preconceived idea of how he is going very much in love, made a had betch &. Nickelson, J. D. Bacchus, F. & of it. In fact, the astonished Mary she was adorable, and—though everything was implied that should have been implied there was not a single word about marriage or engagement. Most of it was "Oh, Mary!"

They were appreaching the eld bridge. The bridge, low and dark, seemed to Mary the proper place to arrest the stream of Ned's eloquence. however, and turned her face so that

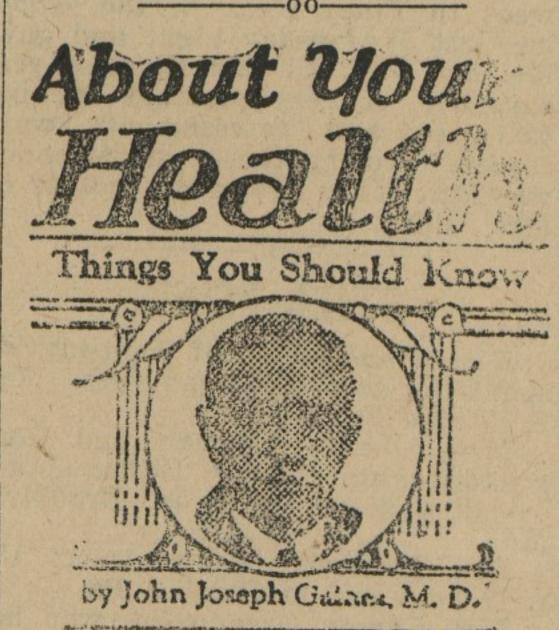
golden horses. It was so narrow here she might look at him and make him that quite naturally she recovered her understand. As she turned, the lips

It was the first time—for Mary. To her conscious amazement, she Other men had tried to kiss her found this no easy thing to do. There mouth, just as other men had asked was a shining something in his eyes, her to marry them, but none had suc-

a name, or to fully recognize. There When the gondola shot from under was so much confusion in her mind, the bridge into the sunlight, the gonthoughts half formed flitting across it doller, who of course must have suslike birds of the night, that she finally pected, if he had not seen, burst out left it to Ned to break the silence. into one of his cries of warning that All he seemed able to say was "Mary!" precede a turning. Ned involuntarily "Are you here," Mary began des- straightened up, came out of his dream and looked guiltily at Mary.

Ned gave a swift look about to as- Mary was furious. Her cheeks flamed. She felt her whole body was "Oh, what does it matter who I one burning blush. She hated him. am with? I'm here because you are It was as though he had kissed her here, and I couldn't stay in Clover in the open street. But she hated Hollow without you. I've followed herself more, for even while she blushed to remember his lips, she had "Hush!" said Mary warningly, and a horrible suspicion that she would

(Continued Next Week)



YOUR FRETFUL CHILD

The peevish, fretful baby is chown to most parents. Given a ew toy, or a piece of candy, he ecepts it for the moment—to cast aside, and resume his ill-temp-

to assume that such a little one only exercising a naturally bad position is a pitiably erroneous addition. The trouble is, he is et healthy, and no amount of inlicing will cure him. child in perfect health will

-- unless his clothing may be so ar adjusted that it hurts him, him uncomfortable. To baby, or to accuse him of possessor of a bad "temjust because we didn't know at airs him, shows how incomant even some mothers may be-

n case the baby is fretful, bear mind that his digestive tract is e first thing likely to have gone rong; see to it that his food is of e right kind, and given at proper nes. Do not over-feed, as you are prone to do yourself. It is baby's usiness to grow—and growth is inless; he will grow if you give m half a chance.

If you cannot find the cause of baby's fretfulness and apparent il-temper, that doesn't mean that are is no cause for it. Don't let hier grow into a spindling, illnousieled, inalt-finding neurotic, as e may do-ti you and your family cian do not keep in touch

hoping" babies with soothingraps has been long under the : ; no intelligent, reading mother will resort to such lazy, criminai saction; see that your baby is all : sht inside—then outside. There are no other sides to a baby.

The good die young. Just as soon as home-made wine gets good, the

leading to the private entrance of Mr. Edison predicts more noise in

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