

MY CUP IS A CUP OF SORROW.

My cup is a cup of sorrow,
And, turn it as I will,
The breath of the myrrh and aloes
Clings to its sharp edge still.

THE CONQUEROR MAN.

PART II

[Concluded from last week.]
The friend shrugged his shoulders
and crossed one knee above the other.

"Usual summer crop," he suggested.
"Flora and Tom," said Delicia, "Elinor
and Blake, May Kearney and the Andrews
man—"

When she paused invitingly, the friend
sighed.
"Clay Montgomery and the pretty
widow," he finished. "At least that's
hearsay." He looked at Delicia a trifle
curiously.

"Is Mrs. Fallet very pretty?" asked
Delicia. "I haven't seen her."
"Surely she'll be at the Country Club tomorrow
night. Yes, she's pretty as a picture,"
said the mutual friend, and departed, well
pleased with himself.

Clay, on the other hand, sought no
news of Delicia. Having learned from
the society columns that she was at home
again, he became aware of an unexpected
fact; namely, for some reason he de-
sired not to see her. Further, he desired
not to think of her, and that gave him
pause, uncomfortably. In his new ardor
for Mrs. Fallet he had not made allow-
ance for the time when Delicia should re-
turn. The old story had seemed old in-
deed, yet it threatened at odd moments a
renaissance, and this Clay purposed to
avert if at all possible.

"What's dead's dead," he said to him-
self, forgetting that the twin of death is
sleep. "Am I a cad?" Then he tied his
tie for the tenth time in a half an hour
and went out to take Mrs. Fallet to the
weekly dance at the Country Club.

Mrs. Fallet was very beautiful that
night. She wore a gown of shimmering
silver stuff, exquisitely simple, with rosy
orchids that Clay had sent her. Her eyes
were still and cool, but her hands were
cool as well, and not so still.

She, too, had seen the society columns,
and the mutual friend sometimes adorned
her sitting-room.

When she looked in the mirror just be-
fore her maid brought her coat and scarf,
she smiled at herself unkindly.

"You can't have two bites at a cherry—
meaning happiness," she said to herself.
"Dear old girl, I'm afraid there's rather
a bad quarter of an hour on the way for
you. Why couldn't you have let well
enough alone?"

Something of the same sort she said to
Clay.

"The Dresden lady's back, isn't she?"
"Naturally," said Clay, a trifle stiff, "I
haven't seen her."

"If you had rather not see her," said
Mrs. Fallet, "isn't it just as well you
should?"

But Clay pretended not to hear; he
feared the justice of that remark, and
it was inevitable that that remark was
even over Delicia and Mrs. Fallet
should meet. There are always Fates in
petticoats who attend to these details,
and there is almost always an appreciative
audience, petticoated and trousered, to
remark the subtleties of the situation.

In this instance, however, audience was
lacking. Mrs. Fallet, coming out upon
the veranda a little in advance of Clay's
broad shoulders, put out her hand with
her little mocking laugh to a young man,
pleasantly ugly, advancing from the
gloom.

"You!" she said. "I'd no idea you
were in town." Then to Clay, "I fancy
you've met Mr. Burke?"

"How do, Montgomery," said Burke
cheerfully. "Tried to get you on the
wire this evening, Mrs. Fallet. I'm
mighty glad to see you. It's the merest
chance that I'm—" he broke off, peering
into the dark beside him. "Miss Lang, I
say! Are you deserting me? You know
these people, don't you?"

At which, of course, Delicia came out
of the shadows and smiled. She looked
gladly at the young man, and the smile
had a distinct suggestion of nervousness.

"I know Mr. Montgomery," she said.
"How do you do?"

"And Mrs. Fallet," said Burke.
"How do you do, Mrs. Fallet?" said
Delicia.

"Jolly little dance," said Burke, who
was an out-of-town man and knew not
what he did.

"The club dances this summer have
been uncommonly nice," said Mrs. Fallet
lightly. She appealed to Clay with a
flicker of a smile. "Haven't they?"

"Rather," said Clay, and would have
liked to say more, but found himself un-
pleasantly tongue-tied.

Delicia spoke past him, delicately
abstracted.

"I'm only just home from Virginia; this
is my first this fall."

from Mr. Burke—he's had two already—
and give it to you."

So when the music began, Mrs. Fallet
sat upon the veranda and listened to Mr.
Burke's amiabilities, with Dead Sea ap-
ples bitter at her lips, and Delicia went
in to dance with Clay Montgomery.

It was a waltz called "Amoureux."

The fiddles whirled and the flutes
cajoled through fifteen minutes of ironic
sweetness, then with a sigh of satiety the
music stopped, and Delicia and Clay went
out again upon the veranda. They found
themselves a window away from Mrs.
Fallet's white gown, which glistened in
the dark; also, they found themselves
stranded for lack of words. The thing
was awkward.

"You had a pleasant summer," said
Clay at length.

"I love Virginia," said Delicia.
He tormented a tendrill of vine that
came within his reach, and she twisted
her rings.

"I'm told you are a subject for con-
gratulation," said Delicia suddenly. She
did not look at him. "Mrs. Fallet is very
charming."

"Thank you," said Clay. His voice
suggested anything but a successful lover.

"I am so glad," said Delicia, "that you
are happy." If he laugh with which she
intended to accompany the words had
been what a laugh should be, the effect
might have passed. As it was, however,
stopped with a catch in her throat, at the
pity of her own mirth.

"Suppose you take me back," she said
bravely. "I have the next dance."

So all that was unsaid continued un-
said, and the old story woke up and
clamored to get free, and it was not a
happy evening for Clay. Neither, for the
matter of that, did Mrs. Fallet enjoy her-
self greatly.

On the way home she spoke of Delicia.

"It's quite too bad," she said, "you two
should have quarreled! She's a dear little
thing."

"Suppose we let the subject drop,"
said Clay. "I must say, Lilia, I don't
consider it in very good taste, dragging
her into it like this."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Fallet coolly.
"Are you reproving me, dear boy, for my
lack of taste?"

"Not in the least," said Clay; "you
know what I mean."

Mrs. Fallet shrugged and smiled. "If
it's a subject you can't bear to touch or
even speak of, we'd better leave it out,
once and for all, and look at it straight."

"There's nothing to look at," said Clay,
with more than a shade of irritation. He
was fighting within himself to overcome
the insidious attacks of memory, and
that the woman for whose sake he was
endeavoring to preserve a gentlemanly
concentration of emotion should question
his state of mind, justly annoyed him.

"It's an old story," he said, as he had
said before, "and it's over and done with,
if you please."

"It is not over and done with," said
Mrs. Fallet, "when you look as you look-
ed tonight at a mere chance meeting
with her."

Now Clay had supposed that a front of
marble inscrutability hid his gnawing un-
certainties. He had also considered that
a prying world could never lift his mask.
Hence, again, he was justly annoyed.

"My dear Lilia," he said rather bruti-
ally, "jealousy makes a great deal of un-
happiness for itself. Don't you think al-
this is unnecessary?"

They had come to Mrs. Fallet's door,
and, having entered the dim cool hallway,
Mrs. Fallet laughed. She laughed very
softly, but it added fuel to Clay's flame.

"I think I'd better say good night," he
said stiffly. "If you find this humorous—"

Perhaps in the back of his head an in-
finitesimal hope flickered for a moment,
a subconscious desire for a quarrel which
should set him free. The word tingled
with possibilities; but he thrust the
thought away from him. He even offer-
ed to kiss her, with a sense of nobility
strung upon him.

Mrs. Fallet evaded the kiss.

"Not tonight," she said, and gave him
her hand.

When Clay had gone she went up to
her room and went to bed. She lay
awake for three tortured hours before she
arose and sought in the Japanese cabinet
on the wall for a white powder which
disposed of the rest of the night quite
dreamlessly.

As for Clay, he went home and sat by
the window, and considered—like the
immortal bore of the poem. The re-
sult of his considering was a letter, ac-
ceptable only upon the third revision.
You must give Clay this, that he found
himself in an unhappy situation, and that
he was trying manfully to make the best
of it. He had loved Delicia, and Delicia
had thrown him over. Then, with the
fine resiliency of the incomplete amoralist,
he had loved Mrs. Fallet; whereupon Del-
icia had come back and aroused the old
feeling. Also, Delicia still cared for him.
He knew every shading of her voice too
well not to be aware of that. But Mrs.
Fallet cared for him too. At this he
groaned aloud. It was as Mrs. Fallet her-
self had once told him, a weary world,
and full of women.

Ultimately, as has been said, he wrote
a letter after this wise:

"Heaven knows why we quarreled.
Forgive me if it was my fault. I have
not known an easy minute since. I want
no bigger thing in life than to make you
happy. There is no obstacle now, I give
you my word, that need stand in the way
of this—"

Having come so far, he set his teeth and
went on in small black letters to the bit-
ter end, which said merely, but necessari-
ly, "I love you!"

This letter he addressed to Mrs. Lilia
Fallet, arrayed it in six two-cent stamps,
wrote "Special Delivery," across the top
of it, and mailed it.

When he awoke at noon of the next
day, which was mercifully Sunday, the
telephone upon the desk was ringing
shrilly and persistently. Clay stumbled
across the room to it and picked up the
receiver. His tired brain woke gradually
to a consciousness of a universe at odds.

"I want to see you," said the voice
shamelessly.

Even over the insensate wire the an-
cient spell asserted itself.

"When, Delicia?" said Clay hoarsely.

"Come at five," said the voice. "No,
come at four; there won't be anyone else;
I'll be waiting. Oh, if you like, come at
three! It's indecently early, but I don't
care."

"I'll come at three," said Clay. He be-
gan a word, broke off, and was silent.

"I know," said the voice. "I know. You
can't say it over the telephone, but I
know!"

Clay rang off, and wiped his forehead
upon the sleeve of his pajamas.

"I must have misdirected it," he said
aloud, and added a groan for good meas-
ure.

As the full enormity of the situation
grew upon him, his soul, which was,
when all was said and done, a nice, tidy
soul, and naturally averse to enormous
situations, shivered in its shoes.

However, about two o'clock, when Clay
had sat long enough, facing the tangle
of his fate, a messenger brought him a
note.

It gave up its contents to unsteady fin-
gers. It said:

DEAR BOY: I readdressed your letter
and sent it to someone who has more
right to than I. She will never know.
I imitated your dotless 's and curly 'a's
most accurately. That squares us, does
it? I have been rather happy this
last month, as I hope you may be for
all the months to come. Good-by,
and in peace. It was my fault; I
should have known better.

LILIA.

From which, after the first dazed com-
prehension, Clay made two thoroughly
masculine deductions:

"She never really cared, he said bitter-
ly, finding a definite hurt to his pride in
the thought. And again:

"Women are all alike—inconstant as
the very deuce!"

He put on his hat, picked up his stick,
straightened his tie before the mirror,
and went forth to Delicia.—By Fannie
Hesslop Lea, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the
side of a spring of sparkling water.
Thousands of thirsty people pass him,
quench their thirst at the spring and go
on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't
quench his thirst. He never will know
whether the water will quench his
thirst or not. He never will know. He
tries. But the fact that the other
thousands have slaked their thirst at the
spring is evidence enough. There are
people bearing the burdens of disease,
who are offered healing in Dr. Pierce's
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