

The Governor's Lady.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 3.]
 citizen and finally took down the receiver. She dropped it as hastily and backed away.
 "You'd better answer it, Rob."
 "It's Slade," Bob declared, holding his hand over the transmitter. "He wants to talk to you."
 "No, siree!" Mary was vehement. "Cut him off! I ain't going to talk to him. I've got two lawyers. Tell him to have his lawyer talk to mine. My heart's so hard against him—I couldn't listen to the sound of my own voice," and she sank weakly into a chair as Hayes continued to converse with Slade. "No, she says not," he was saying. "No, I am not out here winding her up or advising her," and he banged up the receiver.
 "What'd he say?" Mary was wringing her hands in her uncontrollable excitement.
 "Oh, he just called me a skunk and cut off," answered Hayes, as he nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. He paced up and down the room for a moment and then turned on her:
 "God! I'd like to haul him through every court in the country. The scoundrel!"
 "I don't like to hear you talk like that about him, Rob," Mary remonstrated. "He's been a pretty good friend to you."
 "Well, perhaps," Hayes tried to calm herself for her sake. "He's all right, I suppose."
 "I dunno that he is." Mary's mood was variable. "When I think of that divorce—"

"Slade's coming down here today, aunty. He declares you're here under his very eyes, and he's determined that you shall go away, and desert him and give him the opportunity to divorce you. He says the whole country will know of the trouble unless you go away. That's what he said over the phone."
 "Well, I'll stay right here. I can't get over it, Rob," and her voice quivered in spite of herself. "I can't get over the suddenness of it; his wanting that divorce happened just like that," and she snapped her fingers to illustrate her meaning. "Before that he never thought of it. It's curious," she paused, thoughtfully; "do you know that sometimes when I get to thinking about it—something comes over me, an idea that—shut that outside door, Rob," she commanded before she would continue. "I wonder if there isn't—I declare I'm ashamed to say it—but I wonder if it could be possible that there's—some woman," she finally managed to get the word out.
 "Auntie!" It was not necessary for Hayes to feign surprise, for, although he knew the situation, he had been confident that such a thought had never entered Mary Slade's pure-minded thoughts.
 The pent-up emotion of days broke, and Mary sank sobbing into a chair, burying her face in her hands. With the expression of the thought that heretofore she had never admitted even to herself, her self-control vanished and she cried out desperately:
 "Well, what do you think he wanted that divorce for so suddenly?"
 "People usually do get divorced when they can't get on, don't they?" Hayes was willing to lie to shield her from the knowledge that he knew would be the bitterest part of all the wormwood that she had already tasted.
 "Sometimes I wonder," Mary continued, reflectively, "sometimes I'm almost positive that—No! Slade isn't that sort of a man. My husband isn't that sort of a man, Rob."
 "No, of course he isn't."
 "You didn't know what I was going to say," she objected.
 "Yes, I did. About women."
 "He never noticed any other woman," she told herself positively.
 "No," Hayes agreed.
 "You haven't heard of anything like that, have you?" she questioned.
 "No, no, I haven't." Hayes was finding the cross-examination extremely trying, convinced as he was that Mary must be saved from the knowledge of Katherine at any cost. "If there were anything, you'd hear it. Don't worry."
 "Robert," and she looked at him intently. "Would you tell me if—"
 "No. I would not!" asserted Hayes vigorously. "Haven't you got enough trouble now?"
 "But, Robert, you are my friend, aren't you? You ought to—"
 He was saved from any further questions along that unwelcome line by the sound of the doorbell and a moment later Merritt opened the door without ceremony.
 "Well!" Hayes was far from cordial.
 "I beg your pardon for entering so abruptly," Merritt was the same old talkative, suave, good-fellow, I'm-your-friend-Merritt, "but I was bound to see Mrs. Slade. I'm for the Slade family—but I'm for all the Slade family, so I hope you won't make a stranger of me."
 Mary was politely indifferent and Hayes, with back turned, was tapping his foot uneasily on the floor. Altogether not the warmest welcome a man ever received.
 "This man is likely to publish anything you may say, auntie," Hayes warned over his shoulder.
 "Oh, come now, Hayes," objected Merritt. "I'm here on a perfectly friendly visit. I will remember this little place," and he looked about. "I stopped here some years ago and Mr. Slade brought us a drink of water. Slade was in his shirtsleeves, I remember. Big man, Slade!" and he eyed Mrs. Slade inquiringly. "Big

man!" he exclaimed again as Mary remained silent, her features giving no clue to her feelings.
 "Well, my wife has gone off to Europe on a long-extended tour," Merritt was determined to make conversation if he had to do it alone. "I'm quite alone. In fact, we're in the same boat—alone."
 "I'm not," Hayes burst forth. "Thank God, I've got my troubles, but I'm not married, so I'm not quite alone."
 Merritt laughed good-naturedly, glad at any kind of response.
 "Pardon me, Hayes," he cleared his throat nervously. "I'd like to talk with Mrs. Slade."
 "Oh, all right," and with his hands thrust into his pockets, Hayes strolled leisurely into the kitchen.
 "My dear little woman," Merritt be-

gan in his most engaging manner, as soon as Hayes had left the room. "You have my deepest sympathy and most profound respect. Your position is touching, if you'll excuse me for saying it. I can see your side of it, too. Now the point is this: A week ago when you called at the senator's house, Slade had just said you were going East to live permanently. I must say very few women—very few—would do as much for a man. For instance, Mrs. Merritt, I know, wouldn't. I needn't tell you that the whole community will admire you for your reserved dignity—if you go, Mrs. Slade."
 "I'm not going," Mary's voice was ominously quiet.
 "You're going to oppose the divorce?"
 "Yes," came the soft answer.
 "Mrs. Slade," Merritt began, and took a quick, apprehensive look in the

direction of the kitchen. "Take a hint from me! You give it to him! Soak it to him! He's used you like a dog! I came here today to find out if you meant to fight him. I had an idea that you did. I'll help you do him up."
 "You're talking against the man I lived with most of my life," and she fixed an angry eye on him. "You get right out of my house, sir."
 "But—" protested Merritt, rising.
 "Go right along, sir! Go along!" and Mary raised her voice as her temper got the better of her.
 Hayes, hearing the loud tones, appeared at the kitchen door munching a biscuit.
 "How dare you!" he heard Mary exclaim. "You can't abuse my husband to me!"
 Merritt looked once at Hayes and once at Mary. Then he went.
 Hayes stood taking large bites out of the biscuit, looking at Mary with an amused smile.
 "I'll say all I want about Slade," Mary spluttered. "But I won't let anyone else do it."
 "I've noticed that," returned Hayes, dryly.
 "And I can tend to my own affairs, too."
 "I've noticed that, too," still dryly.
 "I'm kind of wound up," Mary confessed. "I'll just wash my face and cool off. Then we'll have dinner, Rob."
 She had no sooner left the room than a knock came at the door. It appeared to be Mary Slade's day "at home."
 "Oh, the dev—" muttered Rob as he started toward the door. "These are—d curious neighbors!"



"You Are Going to Oppose the Divorce?"

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CHAPTER X.

Katherine was just as much amazed at meeting Hayes as he was at finding her at the door.
 "I didn't know you would be here," Katherine apologized, "otherwise I—"
 Bob's expression silenced her. She had never seen such an expression in his eyes before. Katherine was radiantly beautiful today. She knew it. More than that, she had taken particular care to gown herself in an exquisite afternoon dress of dull blue, a gown that had been draped according to her own fastidious design. But in Bob's eyes there was no response to her beauty or her clothes or her poise. He didn't even attempt to disguise his disgust at her effrontery in invading Mrs. Slade's retreat.
 "I want to see Mrs. Slade," Katherine finally announced.
 "Upon my word!" his voice was low, but hoarse. "I never heard of such a thing as your coming to this house. What do you want here? Want to tell that little woman you're after her? What do you want here?"
 "Will you kindly tell Mrs. Slade that

I am here?" Katherine's eyes were hard and her mouth a thin strip of determination.
 "First, I want to know what you're going to say to her," Hayes demanded.
 "Whether I say it today or tomorrow doesn't matter," Katherine answered, quietly. "I'll say it. So you might as well let her know I'm here—and go."
 "All right, but do you think you had better risk it? You look out! When she discovers—" Mary's entrance at this moment checked Hayes' warning. She looked questioningly, first at Katherine, then at Hayes.
 "I'll be back, auntie, in a very few minutes," Hayes remarked. "I've got to work on my car. This is Miss Strickland," and he shut the door.
 "Oh—Miss Strickland," repeated Mary, very much pleased, but very much in awe of the senator's daughter. "You called on me once before, but I had a headache. I've often wished since I hadn't had it. Won't you take off your things and sit down. It's very kind of you to call."
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"The widow of J. W. Rosenberger, of Doylestown, who was killed by falling from a roof, has been awarded \$5,176.90 by the workmen's compensation board.

Christy Mathewson
by Walt Mason

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