

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By Gertrude Siebensohn

Illustrations From Photographs of the Stage Production

Copyright, 1916 (Publication Rights Reserved) by David Selasco

Well, Jake got to his feet. A sudden resolution had formed in his mind as he heard about the contemplated trip to Europe. He hadn't been with the governor daily for the past two years without knowing what that personage's secret wish was.

"Thank you, Jake," she replied, satisfied. "Good night." As Jake opened the door the snow eddied in and a blast of cold wind sent a chill through Mary's body.

He walked down the room and stood before her, but it was only when he spoke that she looked up. Her eyes showed first amazement and then the love she could in no wise conceal.

"I want you because you are my girl," he said. It was an ordinary enough speech, but the tone was tender and his eyes were asking the question she could not ignore.

"Why, Dan? I heard you tonight," the words were out before she recovered from her surprise. "I'm glad you wanted to go," he said, simply, "but what's the use of it all?"

glimpse of famous places. We are to see Rome. We have two days there and half a day for the Pyramids.

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it," he commented sadly. "I couldn't." "Why not?" she asked innocently. Slade looked at her for a full minute before he replied.

"I find I'm too old to make new friends," he finally replied. "It's what I've had that counts; it's looking back, not ahead. And I want to say right here and now that if I had it all to do over again I'd do differently. I'd do differently."

"Oh, no," she replied as if his suggestion were not to be considered for a moment. "We are divorced and the only dignified thing for divorced people to do is to stay divorced. Why? Are you lonely?"

"No, I can't honestly say I'm lonely," he answered, candidly. "I'm too busy for that. I asked you because I care for you, very much. I've missed you. It wasn't loneliness. I've just missed you. And if anything had happened to you before I'd seen you again—well—my life wouldn't have been worth a continental. I want you because—you're my girl. You

"Oh, Dan," she murmured. always were. The girl I loved when I was nineteen. You're handsome now. My God! Mary, but you look pretty tonight!" "Oh, Dan! Please, I'm going," Mary protested.

"Hold on there," Slade laid a detaining arm on hers. "I want to ask you something. Do you remember the first time I kissed you?" "No, I do not," and Mary looked away toward the window where the endless process of griddle-cake making was going on.

"Yes, you do," Slade was leaning toward her eagerly. "You were bending over your mother's washtub and—" He stopped suddenly. "Mary, if I were sick—would you come back to me?"

"Oh, that would be different," she answered, meeting his gaze. How would it be different? he argued. "Whether I'm sick of body or sick of heart—what's the difference? Sick on without you—I can't. I've tried it alone, and I can't get on. And you're tired of it, too. You're not happy," he accused.

"Well, yes, I am, in a way." "No, you're not," he persisted. "Now, then, first I'm going to take you home, wherever you live. Come on." He had easily reverted to his old masterful way.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT OF CENTRE COUNTY.

- MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT COBURN. Atlantic Ref Co., oils Anderson & Shaffer, general mds...

New Advertisements.

7 H.P. GASOLINE ENGINE.—A practically new 7 Horse Power International Harvester Gasoline Engine...

Meat Market.

Get the Best Meats. You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE...

Funeral Director.

H. N. KOCH Funeral Director Successor to R. M. Gardner. STATE COLLEGE, PENNA. Day and Night Service.

Fine Job Printing.

FINE JOB PRINTING —A SPECIALTY— AT THE WATCHMAN OFFICE. There is no style of work from the cheapest "Dodger" to the finest BOOK WORK.