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SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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SYNOPSIS

James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter Leonora from marrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone."

CHAPTER II—Continued

By the end of the first month Don's nerves were taut and he had lost his appetite.

"But, Don, it's the night of the Careys' dance and I'm all dressed!"

"What's wrong with life, dear?"

Next evening the girl said out of a silence: "Don—it's appalling."

"What's appalling, beloved?"

"I'm the best judge of that, dear. Play to me, won't you—something that'll make me believe there are things in the world like brooks, and birds, and wind on the prairie? I'm stifled."

CHAPTER III

Nora grew noticeably thoughtful after that evening. Don had slept for a long time while she sat beside him gazing into the fire, as if its slowly fading glow might light her way.

out the older man would look upon him as a failure—a ne'er-do-well. What was her duty? The girl pondered. It was useless to expect a product of the metropolis like her father, to understand or even make allowances.

"Life," said Nora. James smiled. "What's wrong with life, dear?"

"What's right?" countered the girl, shrugging.

"There's nothing to worry about, my dear. Things are not going badly. I'll make a business man of Don Mason yet, Nora, if you'll give me time."

"I mean that all his nerves are raw—on edge, Dad."

"Nerves!" The contempt in her father's exclamation cut Leonora to the quick.

"Time up!"

"How can we?" the girl demanded with intrinsic honesty.

"That's both insulting and unjust," James interrupted angrily.

"That Ned would welcome an excuse to throw Don out the door?" finished Leonora.

"But James was obdurate. He was also angry."

"And forfeit all I mean to do for you, my dear?"

"Money's not everything, Father." "How should you know, who've never been without it?" he retorted.

Never before had her father felt such anger at Leonora. That she should even contemplate the idea of eloping with Don Mason, after what he considered his forbearance in giving the young man a place in his own office, was utterly beyond



"I don't wonder your father hates to give you up."

James Lambert's unimaginative comprehension. Since that long-gone, tragic day when the girl discovered their real relationship, her foster-father had felt that she was grateful for everything he had tried to be to her.

It was, however, no small measure of comfort that the girl's morning greeting was unchanged.

"Nora was right, he admitted. The fellow had changed deplorably. Queer that he hadn't observed it sooner. Don looked what James called "peaked." And he was very

pale; not paler than Ned, perhaps, but shockingly paler than he had been six months ago.

Still, was there any reason for alarm? James thought not. Don's pallor was merely the result of an indoor existence. Absurd for Nora to worry about his health. In another month or so he would become acclimated—get used to it—stop champing at the bit as he did now.

James smiled to himself, pleased at this new idea. It should be a trip de luxe, by George! A trip such as that young vagabond had never dreamed of. Trust Nora for that! She appreciated the luxuries of travel. Only a few months to wait; and unless Don proved himself a quitter . . .

"No. I've left my book 'round somewhere; but it's not here."

"Perhaps not," responded James, "but I haven't entirely forgotten my own youth! Besides, I want to turn in early. Lost sleep last night, and the music has made me drowsy. Good-night, daughter."

"I don't wonder your father hates to give you up," said Don. "If ever I have a daughter as sweet as you, Nora, I'll be forced to stifle murderous intentions toward any fellow who makes love to her."

"And yet," she answered, "Dad hurt me last night, frightfully."

"I'm not the sort that runs, Nora," he said.

"Never—unless things get more desperate than they are now."

"What have you wondered?" she questioned as he looked away.

"Oh, let's forget it!" Don said in an attempt to end the discussion.

"I'm going home, Nora. I seem to sleep better when I turn in early. I don't see how you put up with me—a girl like you. I never show you any sort of a good time. I even forget when I promise to take you to a dance! I—honestly, dear, I've wondered lately . . ."

"What have you wondered?" she questioned as he looked away.

"Better for you, or—me, Don?"

Sensing her hurt he took her into his arms with tenderness. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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But a certain amount of care had to be exercised in plucking the poor beasts; for a camel, in spite of his size, is a very delicate animal.

Royal Dreams Typified by Palms The desire of every man to be a king is typified by Rio de Janeiro's great number of royal palms.

that apparently does not contain nourishment enough to keep a wooden animal alive. He cries piteously whenever he is loaded or unloaded and whenever he is asked to kneel or to rise.

To see him hurrying across the plains, his legs flying in every direction, always makes me think of Prof. Charles P. Berkey's remark that "a camel is made up of spare parts." Nevertheless, with all his peculiarities, he is wonderfully adapted for life on the desert, and there is no other animal that can take his place in the wilds of Mongolia.

The desire of every man to be a king is typified by Rio de Janeiro's great number of royal palms. Dom Joao, king at the beginning of the Nineteenth century, had planted the first seed of the royal palm himself and ruled that the tree was to be exclusively his. To preserve his monopoly he ordered every seed from it gathered up and burned, but the residents of Rio who wanted to imitate royalty bribed his slaves to sell the seeds. As a result royal palms soon sprang up everywhere.

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