By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM STROPRIS

Gardiere)
An American detective, Pritchard, tells Taveraske that Mrs. Gardier in desociating with a manufact of the Mrs. Gardier in desociating with a manufact to were her. She asks his help, in an affect to were her. She asks his help, in an affect to were her. She asks his help, in an affect to were her. She asks his help, in a few manufact of the manufact of th

arther again.

Heatrine and her father are recunciled.

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Wenham. Cardner encours from capticity,

tarpetrades as his own braker and alternats

a kill Elizabeth, his toile. She is saved by

avernake and Pritchard.

CHAPTER XXVI. A CRISTS.

"I don't like you, Pritchard!" he shricked. "I don't want to go with you. I want to stay with Elizabeth, I am not really afraid of her. She'd like to kill me, I know, but she's too clever-oh, she's too clever! I'd like to stay with

Pritchard led him away.

"We'll see about it later on," he said, "You'd better come with me just now." The door closed behind them, Tavernake staggered up.

"I must go," he declared. "I must go,

Elizabeth was sobbing quietly to herself. She seemed scarcely to hear him. On the threshold Tavernake turned back. "That money," he asked, "the money you were going to lend me-was that

She looked up and nodded. Tavernake

went slowly out. Pritchard was the first visitor who had ever found his way into Tavernake's lodgings. It was barely 8 o'clock on the same morning. Tavernake, hollow-eyed and bewildered, sat up upon the sofa and

gazed across the room. "Pritchard!" he exclaimed, "Why, what do you want?"

Pritchard laid his hat and gloves upon the table. Already his first swift glance had taken in the details of the little apartment. The overcoat and hat which Tavernake had worn the night before lay by his side. The tuble was still arranged for some meal of the previous day. Apart from these things, a single do that" glance assured him that Tavernake had not been in bed.

Pritchard drew up an easy-chair and seated him elf deliberate.y.
"My young friend," he announced, "I come to the conclusion that you need some more advice."

Tavernake rose to his feet. His own reflection in the looking-glass startled him. His hair was crumpled, his tie undone, the marks of his night of agony were all too apparent. He felt himself disadvantage.

How did you find me out?" he asked. "I never gave you my address." Pritchard smiled.

"Even in this country, with a little help," he said, "those things are easy enough. I made up my mind that this morning would be to some extent a crisis with you. You know, Tavernake. I am not a man who says much, but you are the right sort. You've been in with me twice when I should have missed

you if you hadn't been there."
Tavernake seemed to have lost the power of speech. He had relapsed again

"How in the name of mischief," Pritchard continued, impressively, "you came to be mixed up in the lives of this amiable trio I cannot imagine! I am not saying a word against Miss Beatrice, mind. All that surprises me is that you and she should ever have come together, or, having come together, that you should ever have exchanged a word. You see, I am here to speak plain truths. You are, I take it, a good sample of the hard, stubmiddle-class Briton. These three of whom I have spoken belongpeople of whom I have spoken belong— Miss Beatrice, perhaps, by force of cir-cumstances—but still they do belong to the land of Bohemia. However, when one has got over the surprise of finding you on intimate terms with Miss Beatrice, there comes a more amazing thing. You, with hard common sense written everywhere in your face, have been prepared at any moment, for all I know are prepared now, to make an utter and complete idlot of yourself over Elizabeth Gardner." Still Tavernake did not speak. Pritch-

ard looked at him curiously.
"Say," he went on, "I have come here
to do you a service, if I can. So far as I know at present, this very wonderful young lady has kept on the right side of the law. But see here, Tavernake, she's the law. But see here, Invernace, she's been on the wrong side of everything that's decent and straight all her days. She married that poor creature for his money and set herself deliberately to drive him off his head. Last night's tragedy was her doing, not his, though hs. poor devil, will have to end his days in an asylum, and the lady will have his money to make herself more beautiful

than ever with. Now I am going to let you behind the scenes, my young friend." Then Tavernake rose to his feet. In the shabby little room he seemed to have grown suddenly taller. He struck the crary table with his clenched flat so that this crockery upon it ratifed. Pritchard was used to seeing men-strong men, toomoved by various passions, but in Taver-naic's face he seemed to see new things. "Pritchard," Tavernake exclaimed, "I

"Look here," he said, "what I am going to tell you I'd as soon say in the presence of the lady as here."

Tavernake took a stay of the lady as here."

that he himself had not changed, yet it seemed as though life itself were in a state of suspense for him.

"You too, are looking grave this morning, my friend," she continued. "Oh, how horribte it has all he continued."

Tavernake took a step forward and Pritchard suddenly realized the man who had thrown almostif through that little apening in the wall, one against three, without a thought of danger.

"If you say a single word more against her." Tavernake shouted hoursely, "I siail throw you out of the room!" Pritchard stared a him. There was something amonths about this young man's attitude, samething which he could not health grown. He could not be the cou Taxornalis's words were so few simply She sighed and wiped her eyes. Still because be was troubling under the in-

Tavernaire said nothing. She looked at theme of an immense gassion.

"If you won't listen," Prichard declared, slowly, "I can't talk. Still, you've not common same, I take it. You've the answer powers of indicing between right, and group and knowing when a man or a rama a honest. I want to save you..."

Element Tavernake skeislined "Look how, "Pritchard" he went on, breathing a fittle more naturally now, "you came here magning to do the right thing—I may that You've air right, early you don't understand the port of parameted You don't understand the sort of parameted You don't understand the sort of parameted in an it pounds.

"You are not very sympathetic," she observed. "Please come and sit down by my side and I wut show you something."

He moved toward her, but he did not sit down. She stretched out her hand and picked something up from the table, holding it toward him. Tavernake took it mechanically and held it in his fingers. It was a cheque for tweive thousand pounds.

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A Tale of Love, Mystery and Intrigue

a man, so far as work and independence went, at 16. Since then I have had my shoulder to the whee; I have lived on nothing; I have made a little mone; where it didn't seem possible. I have worried my way into posts which it seemed that no one could think of giving me, but all the time I have lived in a little corner of the world—like that."

His finger suddenly described a circle

"You don't understand-you can't," he went on, 'but there it is. I never spoke to a woman until I mpoke to Beatrice. Chance made me her friend. I began to understand the outside of some of those things which I had never even dreamed of before. She set me right in many ways. I began to read, think, absorb little sits of the real world. It was all wonder ful. Then Elizabeth came. I met her, too, by accident—she came to my office for a house—Elizabeth!"

Pritchird found something almost puthetic in the sudden dropping of Taver-nake's voice, the softening of his face. "I don't know what to talk about these things." Tavernake said, simply. "There's a literature that's reached from before the Bible to now, full of nothing elac. It's all as old as the nills. I suppose I am about the only save man in this city. am about the only sane man in t who knew nothing of it; but I did know nothing of it, and she was the first woman. Now you understand. I can't henr a word against her-I won't! She may be what you say. If so, she's got to tell me so horself!"

"You mean that you are going to be-lieve any store she likes to put up?"
"I mean that I am going to her," Tavernake answered, "and I have no idea in the world what will happen whether I shall believe her or not. I can see what shall believe her or not. ou think of me," he went on, becoming little more himself as the stress of un coustomed speech passed him by. " will tell you something that will show you that I realize a good deal. I know the difference between Beatrice and Elizabeth. Less than a week ago I asked Bentrice to marry me. It was the only way I could think of, the only way I could kill the fever."

'And Beatrice?" Pritchard naked, curi-She wouldn't." Tavernake renlied. After all, why should she? I have way to make yet. I can't expect others

o believe in me as I believe in myself. She was kind, but she wouldn't. Pritchard lit a cigar. "Look here, Tavernake," he said, "you are a young man, you've got your life before you and life's a bigglsh thing.

Empty out those romantic thoughts of yours, roll up your shirt sleeves and get at it. You are not one of these weaklings that need a woman's whispers in their without that It's only a chapter in your life—the parsing of these three people. A few months ago you knew nothing of them. Let them go. Get back to where Then Tavernake for the first time

laughed-a laugh that sounded even

Have you ever found a man who could do that?" he asked. "The camile gives a good light sometimes, but you'll never think it the finest illumination in the world when you're seen the sun. Never mind me, Pritchard. I'm going to do my best, still there's one thing that nothing will alter. I am going to make that woman tell me her story, I am going to listen to the way she tells it to me. You think that where women are con-cerned I am a fool. I am, but there is one great boon which has been youchafed to fools—they can tell the true from he false. Some sort of instinct, I sup-pose. Elizabeth shall tell me her story and I shall know, when she tells it. whether she is what you say or what she has seemed to me."

Pritchard held out his hand.

You're a queer sort, Tavernake." he lectared. "You take life plaguy seriously. I only hope you'll get all out of it you expect to. So long!"

Taverrake opened the window after his visitor had gone and leaned out for few minutes, letting the fresh air the close, stifling room. Then he into the close, stifling room. went upstairs, bathed and changed his clothes, made some pretense at breakodleal exactness. At II o'clock he set out

> CHAPTER XXVII TAVERNAKE CHOOSES.

Tavernake was kept waiting in the hall of the Milan Court for at least half an knew very hour before Elizabeth was prepared to see him. He wandered aimlessly about watching the people come and go, looking out into the flower-hung courtyard. curiously unconscious of himself and of his errand, unable to concentrate his thoughts for a moment, yet filled all the time with the dull and uneasy sensation of one who moves in a dream. Every now and then he heard scraps of conversation from the servants and passers y, referring to the last night's incident He picked up a paper, but threw it down after only a casual glance at the paragraph. He saw enough to convince him that he the present, at any rate, Eliza-beth seemed assured of a certain amount of sympathy. The career of poor Wen-ham Gardner was set down in black and with little extenuation, little His misdeeds in Paris, his career n New York, spoke for themselves. was quoted as a type, a decadent of the most debauched instincts, to whom crime was a relaxation and vice a habit. Tavernake would read no more. He might have been all these things, and yet she had te his wife!

At last came the message for which he was waiting. As asual, her maid met him at the door of her suite and ushered him in. Elizabeth was dressed for the part very simply, with a suggestion even of mourning in her gray gown. She wel-comed him with a pathetic smile.

Once more, my dear friend," she said,

"I have to thank you."

Her fingers closed upon his and she smiled into his face. Tavernake found himsif curiously unresponsive. It was the same smile, and he knew very well

"You, too, are looking grave this morning, my friend," she continued. "Oh, how horrible it has all been! Within the last two hours I have had at least five reporters, a gentleman from Scotland Yard. another from the American Amhaeandor to see me. It is too terrible, of course," she went on. "Wenham's people are doing all they can to make it worse. They want to know why we were not together, why he was living in the country and I in town. They are trying to show that he was under restraint there, as if such a thing were possible! Mathera

up here in London since I was 12. I was me up here and we will drink to the

fingers he made no metter to put it in his pocket. She looked at him with a puzzled frown upon her face.
"To talk or say something, please!" she exclaimed. "You look at me like some grim figure. Say something. Sit down and be natural.

and be natural." "May I ask you some questions" "Of course you may," she replied. "You may do anything sooner than stand there

looking so grim and accepding. What is I you want to know?"
"Did you understand that Wenham Gardner was this sort of man when you

She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I suppose I did," she admitted.
"You married him, then, only because

dear moralist?" she demanded. ny fault if it doesn't wound pretty. One

Tavernake inclined his head gravely made no sign to dissent. "You two came over to England," he vent on, "with Beatrice and your father, leatrice left you because she disapproved of certain things.

Elizabeth nodded. 'You may as well know the truth," she said. "Beatrice has the most absurd ideas. After a week with Wenham. I knew that he was not a person with whom any woman could possibly live. His valet was really only his keeper he was subject to such mad fits that he needed some one always with him. was obliged to leave him in Cornwall. I can't tell you everything, but it was abolutely impossible for me to go on living

Beatrice." Tavernake remarked, thought otherwise.

Elizabeth looked at him quickly from below her evelids. It was hard, however, gather anything from his face. Beatrice thought otherwise," Elizabeth "She thought that I ought to dmiltted nurse blos, put up with bim, give up all my friends and try to keep him alive. Why, it would have been absolute marmisery for me." How could I be expected to do such a

Tavernake nedded gravely

Tavernake nodded gravely.

"And the money" he asked.

"Well, perhaps there I was a trifle calculating," she confessed. "But you," she
added, nodding at the cheque in his
hand, "shouldn't grumble at that, I knew. when we were married that I should may trouble. His people hated me, and knew that in the event of anything happening like this thing which has hap-pened, they would try to get as little as sable allowed me. So before we left York, I got Wenham to turn as brought away with us."
And who took care of it?"

Elizabeth smiled-

I did," she answered, "naturally," Tell me about last night," Tavernake id. "I suppose I am stupid, but I don't te understand."

How should you?" she answered. Listen, then, Wenham, I suppose got tired of being shut up with Mathers, although I am sure I don't see what else was possible. So he waited for his opportunity, and when the man wasn't look-ng-well, you know what happened," she added, with a shiver, "He got up to onden somehow and made his way to "Why Dover street?"

"I suppose you know," Elizabeth ex-plained, "that Wenham has a brother— Jerry-who is exactly like him. These two had rooms in Dover street always, where they kept some English clothes and a servant. Jerry Gardner was over in London. I knew that, and was expecting to see him every day. Wenham found his way to the rooms, dressed himself in his brother's clothes, even wore his ring and some of his tewelry, which he knew I should recognize, and came here. she went on, her voice trembling, "that it was Jerry who was sitting with me. Once or twice I had a sort of terrible shiver. Then I remembered how much they were alike and it seemed to me ridiculous to be afraid. It was not till behind me, that he turned round and I

Her head fell suddenly into her hands. It was almost the first sign of emotion. Tavernake analyzed it mercilessly. He knew very well that it was fear, the oward's fear of that terrible moment.

no one will venture to deny that Wen-am is mad. He will be placed under estraint, of course, and the courts will ake me an allowance. One thing is abplutely certain, and that is that he will

not live a year."

Tavernake half closed his eyes. Was there no sign of his suffering, no warning note of the things which were passing out of his life! The woman who smiled upon him seemed to see nothing. The twitching of his fingers, the slight quiverng of his face, she thought was because of his fear for her.

'And now," she declared, in a suddenly altered tone, "this is all over and done with. Now you know everything. There re no more mysteries," she added, smiling at him delightfully. 'It is all very terrible, of course, but I feel as though great weight had passed away. You if I are going to be friends, are we

She rose slowly to her feet and came oward him. His eyes watched her slow, raceful movements as though fascinated He remembered on that first visit of his how wonderful he had thought her walk. She was still smiling up at him; her fingers fell upon his shoulders.

You are such a strange person." murmured. "You aren't a little bit like any of the men I've ever known, any of the men I have ever cared to have as friends. There is something about you altogether different. I suppose that is why I rather like you. Are you glad?"

For a single wild moment Tavernake esitated. She was so close to him that her hair touched his forehead, the breath her upturned lips fell upon his s. Her blue eyes were half pleading, half inviting.

"You are going to be my very dear friend, are you not-Leonard?" she whispered. "I do feel that I need some one strong like you to help me through these

Tavernake suddenly selzed the hands that were upon his shoulders, and forced them back. She felt herself gripped as though by a vise, and a sudden terror seized her. He lifted her up and she caught a silmpse of his wild, set face.

Then the breath came through his teeth. He shook all over, but the fit had passed. He simply thrust her away from You are a woman without a heart, you are a murderess".

He tore her cheque calmly in pieces and flung them accordily away. She stood looking at him, breathing quickly, white to the lips though the murder had gone from his eyes.

> RESORTS Atlantic City, N. J.

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He turned away. Her eyes followed him

"Leonard," she cried out, "you are not going like this? You don't mean it!" Ever afterward his restraint amazed tim. He did not reply. He closed both loors firmly behind him and walked to the lift. She came even to the outside door and called down the corridor.

wonderingly

"Leonard, come back for one moment!" He turned his head and looked at her ooked at her from the corner of the corridor, steadfastly and without speech Her fingers dropped from the handle door. She went back into her room with shaking knees, and began to cr; softly. Afterward she wondered at her It was the first time she had cried for many years.

Tavernake walked to the city and in less

han half an hour's time found himself n Mr. Martin's office. The lawyer welomed him warmly. "I'm jolly giad to see you, Tavernake," he declared. "I hope you've got the

Bit down." Tavernake did not sit down; he had for-

indeed, to take off his hat. "Martin," he said, "I am sorry for you, have been fooled and you have to pay well as I have. I can't take up the option on the property. I haven't a penny toward it except my own money, and you know how much that is. You can sell my plots, if you like, and call the money your costs. Eve finished."

The lawyer looked at him with widepen mouth. What on earth are you talking about, Tavernake?" he exclaimed. "Are you

"No. I am quite sober," Tavernake answered. "I have made one or two had mistakes, that's all. You have a power of attorney for me. You can do what you like with my land, make any terms you please. Good-day!" But, Tavernake, look here!" the lawyer

protested, springing to his feet. "I say, Tavernake?" he called out. But Tavernake heard nothing, or, if he heard, he took no notice. He walked into the street and was lost among the hurrying throngs upon the pavements.

> BOOK TWO. CHAPTER 1. NEW HORIZONS.

Toward the sky-line, across the level

country, stumbling and crawling over the deep-hewn dikes, wading sometimes through the mud-oozing swamp, Tavernake, who had left the small railway terminus on foot, made his way that night steadily seaward, as one pursued by some relentless and indefatigable enemy. His clothes were caked with mud, his hair tossed with the wind, his cheeks ing in my younger days," he said, "and

pale, his eyes set with the despair of that fierce upheaval through which he had passed. For many hours the torture which had driven him back toward his birthplace had triumphed over his physical exhaustion. Now came the time, however, when the latter asserted trails however, when the latter asserted itself. With a half-stifled moan he collapsed. Sheer fattgue induced a brief but merelful spell of uneasy slumber. He lay upon his back near one of the broader dikes. his arms outstretched, his unseeing eyes his arms outstretched, his unseeds eye-turned toward the sky. The darkness deepened and passed away again before the light of the moon. When at last he sat up, it was a new world upon which he looked, a strange land, moonlit in places, yet full of shadowy somber-ness. He gased wonderingly around-for the moment he had forgotten. Then

memory came, and with memory once more the stab at his heart. He rose to his feet and went resolutely on his way. Toward evening with many a thrill of reminiscence, he descended a steep hill reminiscence, he descended a steep hill and walked into a queer time-forgotten village, whose scattered red-tiled cottages were built around an arm of the sea. Boldly enough now he entered the one inn which flaunted its sign upon the cobbled street, and, taking a seat in stone-floored kitchen, ate and drank bespoke a bed. Later on, he strolled down to the quay and made friends with the few fishermen who were lottering there. They answered his questions readily, although he found it hard at first to pick up again the dialect of which he himself had once made use. The little place was scarcely changed. All

progress, indeed, seemed to have passed On the second night after his arrival, he walked with the boat-builder upon the wooden quay. The boat-builder's name was Nicholis, and he was a man of some means, deacon of the chapel, with a fair connection as a jobbing carpenter, and sessor of the only horse and cart in

"Nicholla." Tavernake said, "you don't remember me, do you?"
The bout-builder shook his head slowly

ponderously. "There was Richard Tavernake who farmed the low fields," he remarked, eminiscently. "Maybe you're a son of is. Now I come to think of it, he had a have apprenticed to the carpentering, "I was the boy," Tavernake answered, "I soon had enough of it and went to

You'm grown out of all knowledge." Nicholfs declared, "but I mind you now. So you've been in London all there

Tve been in London." Tavernake admitted, "and I think, of the two, that Sprey-by-the-Sea is the better place." "Sprey is well enough," the boat-builder isn't set on change."

"Change." Tavernake asserted, grimly,

"is an overrated joy, I have had too of this matter much of it in my life. I think that I the daughter." should like to stay here for some time. The boat-builder was surprised, but he was a man of heavy and deliberate turn of mind and he did not commit himself speech. Tavernake continued.

down here?

Matthew Nicholls stroked his beard

thoughtfully. The folk round about are not over partial to strangers," he observed, "and you'm been away so long I recken there's not many as'd recoilect you. And as for carpentering jobs, there's Tom Lake over at Lesser Blakeney and his brother down at Brancaster, besides me on the spot, as you might say. It's a poor sort of open-ing there'd be, if you ask my opinion.

scially for one like yourself, as as go "I should be satisfied with very little," Tavernake persisted. "I want to work with my hands. I should like to forget for a time that I have had any education

That do seem mightily queer to me, Nicholla remarked, thoughtfully,

Tavernake smiled, "Come," he said, "it isn't altogether unnatural. I want to make something with my hands. I think that I could build boats. Why do you not take me into your yard? I could do no harm and I should not want much pay."

Matthew Nicholls stroked his beard once more and this time he counted fifty, as was his custom when confronted with a difficult matter. He had no need to do anything of the sort, for nothing in the world would have induced him to make up his mind on the spot as to so weighty

'It's not likely that you're serious," he objected. "You are a young man and strong-limbed, I should imagine, but you've education-one can tell it by way you pronounce your words. It's but a poor living, after all, to be made he 'I like the place," Tavernake declared doggedly. "I am a man of small needs I want to work all through the day, work till I am tired enough to sleep at

arms are sore. I suppose you could give me enough to live on in a humble way "Take a bite of supper with me Nicholls answered. "In these serious af-We will put the matter before her and

see what she thinks of it."

They lingered about the quay until the light from Wells Lighthouse flashed across the sea, and until in the distance they could hear the meaning of the incoming tide as it rippied over the bar and began to fill the tidal way which stretched to the wooden pier itself. Then the two men made their way along the village street, through a field, and into the little yard over which stood the sign of "Matthew Nicholis, Boat-Builder, one corner of the yard was the cottage

in which he lived. "You'll come right in, Mr. Tavernake," confessed, "well enough for a man who he said, the instincts of hospitality stirring within him as soon as they had passed through the gate. "We will talk of this matter together, you and me and

> Tavernake seemed, on his introduction to the household, like a man unused to feminine society. Perhaps he did not expect to find such a type of her sex as Ruth Nicholls in such a remote neighbor-hood. She was thin, and her cheeks were paler than those of any of the other

don't think that I have forgotten it all. young wonder the village. Her eyes, too, were derived wonder if I could find anything to do the village. Her eyes, too, were derived and her epeech different. There was not I don't think that I have forgotten it all. young women whom he had seen ating about her which reminded him is no least or the child with whom he had played. Tavernake watched her interact.
Presently the idea came to him that the

Presently the mea came to min that the too, was senking shelter.

Supper was a simple meal, but R was well and deftly served. The siri had self to moving noiselessly. She was quick without giving the impression of hash To their guest she was controves, but he recollection of him appeared to be slight and his coming but a matter of slight inand his coming out a matter of saint in terest. After the had cleared the cloth however, and produced a jar of tobace

her father bade her sit down with ther "Mr. Tavernake," he began, ponder, ously, "is thinking some of settling down in these parts, Puth." "It appears," her father continued "that he is sick and tired of the city and of head-word. He is wishful to come into

The girl looked at their visitor, and for the first time there was a measure of curlosity in her carnest gage. Taver. nake was, in his way, good enough to look upon. He was well-built, his shoulders and physique all spoke of strength His features were firmly cut, although his general expression was gloomy. But for a certain moroseness, an uncouthness even have been deemed good-looking 'Mr. Tavernake would make a great she said, hesitatingly. mistake," she said, hesitatingly, "It is not well for those who have brains to

the yard with me, if so be that we could

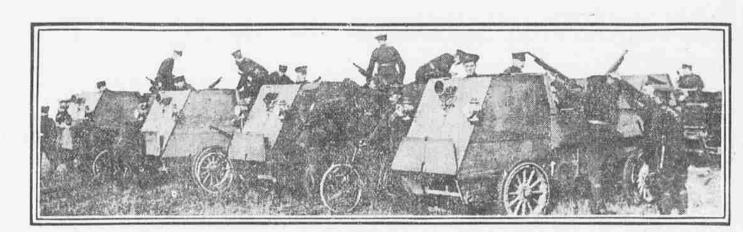
work with their hands. It is not a place for those to live who have been out is the world. At most seasons of the year it is but a wilderness. Sometimes there is little enough to do, even for father "I am not ambitious for over-much work or for over-much money, Mis-Nicholis," Tavernake replied. "I will be world there went ill with me; It was not my fault, but they went fit with me What ambitions I had are finished-for the present, at any rate. I want to rest ! want to work with my hands, to grow my muscles again, to feel my strength, to believe that there is something effective in the world I can do. I have had a

shock, a disappointment-call it what The old man Nicholis nodded deliber

"Well," he pronounced, it's a Mr. change to make, I never thought of help in the yard before. When there's ben more than I could do, I've just let it go. Come for a week on trial, Leonard Taver. nake. If we are of any use to one another, we shall soon know it." The girl, who had been looking out

"You are making a mistake, Mr. Tavernake," she said. "You are too young and strong to have finished your battle." He looked at her steadily and sighed It was only too obvious that hers had the was only too obvious that hers had been fought and lost.
"Perhaps." he replied softly, "you are right. Perhaps it is only the rest I want. We shall see."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



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All pictures made with authority of the commanding officers of the warring armies.

A Dash Into the Very Thick of the Battle-You See It All-The Great Toll of War -Daring Aerial Maneuvers-Bursting of Bombs-Actual Fighting

Zeppelins flying over the outskirts of Paris; engagement of British and German ships; artillery battle outside Louvain; Belgian-German fight at Namur; German army entering Brussels; field guns in action near Antwerp; the armored train at Arvin firing broadsides as it passes (the daring photographer was standing on the cab of the engine, unprotected, while taking this picture); the bombardment of Ghent, and a thousand other details of life and death.

Newly Arrived Film Shows Kaiser at Front

3000 feet of film that show the Kaiser right in the smoke of battle-planning his campaigns-encouraging his men. These pictures are shown for the first time in this country.

Special limited engagement at the Forrest Theatre beginning Monday, March 8th; two performances daily: 2:30 and 8:30 P. M. Admission 25c and 50c.

> These wonderful war pictures are brought to Philadelphia by the

