## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1897.

I was still outside the door; I was

waiting the moment to rush in; to



## SYNOPSIS.

Robert Merrivale has succeeded his father as the head of the great Merrivale Mills. He is young, but still unmarried, and his mother determines that if he won't find a wife for himself she will. She picks out Sallie Pentland. Robert and Sallie are great friends, but they frankly confess to each other that their friendship is not love. Sallie, however, asks Robert to keep up the pretense of courtship, saying that she has a particular reason for so doing. While this comedy is in progress Clarissa Henlow is engaged at the office as a stenographer. She is of fine southern family, reduced in fortune by the war. Robert finds himself more interested in Clarison than he is willing to admit, and even ex-periences panes of jealousy when he meets her one Sunday with a young man named Samuel Sladding. One day a crank onters the office and attempts to shoot Merrivale. Clarissa knocks the pistol from his hand just in time. This incident is all the more distressing to Mrs. Merrivale on account | bling voice. of the relations it brings about between her son and Clarissa. She sees that Robert is in love with the stenographer, and before long the young man does indeed want to listen to him.

PART III.

That next afternoon I saw my mothmanner very unusual with her. er's landau drawing around the corner of Clarissa street. I stopped with a sudwondering at her. den fear. Why had my mother been

there? Was she playing the part of the hand on my arm. mother in the play who appealed to woman's generosity? Did real life sometimes echo plays? Did Clarissa if she will have me." I felt that she after all care the least for me? But I might as well know it all; I had decidshould know in a moment. Perhaps I ed it, should have gone to her mother at first. "Bu "But Sallie"" sald my mother.

what?"

said

ably.

and said she would."

itedly.

seizing my hat.

quickly about.

had turned back with me.

"That I am this moment the most

miserable woman in the world. I told that girl-". She paused.

"Clarissa?" said I. " You told her-

"Well, F told Clarissa Henlow that

"You dared to? you dared to?" 1

"Don't talk in that way; it all has

she must refuse you; she-she cried-

But I never could have endured that "Sallie doesn't care a rap about me." style of wooing; and I hadn't done it in that way. I hesitated. Her voice said But I remembered that I was letting Sallie's cat out of the bag, which, in-"come in." She was standing, her hands deed, was hardly fair under the circrossed behind her, looking out of the umstances. window.

Yet here my mother surprised me "Clarissa," sold I, "I am here for your again by drawing a long sigh, answer." "Bob, if I had another boy to bring

"Are you then in earnest?" she asked, up I would never interfere with his love affairs, not I. I wouldn't make turning. "Isn't it just generosity--imagination-because I knocked down him-and myself miserable." that man's hand." "My dear mother," I cried in my in

She faced me; and it was as if she creasing surprise, "what do you had been weeping. mean? "Can you doubt me? Look at me,"

cried. "You must know." "It's too late," she said, wearily. I eried.

"It can't be; I won't let it be," "I have given my word," she said. "To whom?" I asked. I was think-

ing. "To Mr. Sladding," she said.

"Ah, yes, 1 understand," I said. The room seemed to be swimming. "I have been a fool, then." 'Please don't," she said. "You make

it hard." "I beg your pardon. I have no right of a love affair." to talk to you in this way." "You have managed this so

"How do you know?" "Sallie knows "She was lying to you, Bob, and I "How can Sallie know?" never can forgive her. "Because," said I , "Salile intends to 'Why should she lie to me?" arry this same fellow, Sladding, "What a stupid fellow you are. Be-"Sallie!" said my mother, "Sallie!" couse-don't you see? a woman must 'No, she never cared for me." lle sometimes when it's a matter of "Then you mean to say that both keeping herself from surrendering to Sallie Pentland and you have been de-

a man. His name was probably the Blochately deceiving me." only one she could think of." "We did it in self-defense-if we did," I said. "I am sorry," "She thought I was fibbing-about our, your and my engagement then? I was particularly sorry because as So she fibbed about-her's,'

and certainly ter Sallie's cat out of the tag; and I containly ought not to "It was impertinent of her to use Sam's name, anyway," said Sallie spirhave cone it; ! owed that mun to "I don't see much in that fellow,

"What are we to do?" my muhe: begging your pardon, Sallie," I said, sked, cimost helplessly, "We the going straight to Eighth On the steps, I almost ran into my mother. She was very much agitated,

street." I now answered, with a deal of deliberation. "I heard you were here, Bob, I must "I didn't think that of Sallie." "Or perhaps of me," I said. see you at once," she said, in a trem-

You dear, good woman, you did it

about any woman," my mother said.

"Of course she does," said my moth-

she had promised herself to that fel-

"Well," said my mother, quickly, "she

all for the best. But-"

think it comforted her.

abe?

that she may-

low, Sam Sladding."

'No; she was fibbing."

has, hasn't she?

for the best," my mother said.

"You have been influenced by those "I am sorry, dear,' said my mother, omen," she said. when we were in her victoria; for she "And you must go with me to Eighth treet, and explain away what you said

"You know, then?" I said, looking the impression you made." "Why?" she asked, very spiritedly. "Perhaps I see it in your face, Bob 'Decause you owe it to me.'

ble," she said, with a quiet, subdued "Why to you?" "To my happiness-now that It has "I am going there now," I said, rather one so far; and to the Henlows, since

"To the Henlows?" she said, her

MY MOTHER LOOKED IN.

we know that Colonel Henlow was un-

doubledly the man who once saved my

Lut, Saille-I can't forgive her

father's life in Virginia."

' So, she can't say that.

'It after all doesn't seem to be all make her acknowledge her lie; to ask her the reason for it. 'We can never tell," said I; "you did "Miss Henlow-may I say Clarissa? I what you thought was for the best." am not opposed to your marrying my I was still pressing her hand and I son. In fact, I find now-that I was

well-mistaken." "I believe my impression of her is to be depended on. Yet I don't know-For a moment there was sllence; then heard sobs; I pushed into the room. whether she cares for me. How can The two were weeping, like two silly men, in each other's arms, Clarissa

oked pale and beautiful. "I wish you wouldn't be so humble You fied to me, Clarissa Henlow?" ald 1, at the door. "The only thing which persuades me "How did you know?" she said, turn-

ing. "And if you do know, how dare u say it? Sam and I knew that you had an understanding, so we made one "That she didn't just say 'no,' " I ontinued; "she told me a fib. She said ourselves. Sam was very jeal----

"Sam?" said I. "Eh, Sam?" "Oh, he's just my cousin." 'And he's going to elope with Miss

Pentland?" "He told me that after you had left," "You see, when you Clarissa said. were here I didn't know but that povsibly you might marry-

"Sallie? But what's that to do with the case?" "Sam and I intended to pretend not

to be hurt." "What deceivers you women are!"

said I. "Still, we men love you." "Really, now," said Clarissa, with me mockery. "You ought to know, dear," said L

into active service. "I do," she said, slowly, after some oments, "I do,"

I may state here that my motherstill, as I surmised, keeping, even in her defeat, her position of manager of hearts-succeeded in getting the Pentlands reconciled to Sallie's engagement with Sladding, whom I have foundsince I no longer have reason to be jealous of him-a very good fellow, despite his appearance. In calling my

of work. The records of the weights of dear mother a manager of hearts, I the separate parts also showed which must not forget that in the end she parts were subjected to the most wear. found her own heart the most unman-The test cost many hundreds of dolageable; in the end she had not the lars, but the New York Central was heart to leave us miserable, although willing to spend the money in order that indeed might have seemed to her

swer, "has always been an advantage

The End.

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pletely overhauled. It was taken apart

completely, and every part of the en

gine, from the massive driving wheels

to the very smallest bolt and nut, was

separately weighed. The heavy por-

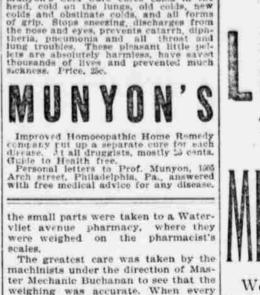
tions were weighed in the shops and

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that it might be able to know what then by all odds the better worldly parts of an engine wear out most policy. Yet, what's better in the world quickly and in what ratio the several than to have your will in the matter parts wear out. The exact figures have of marrying, and never to regret it. "I not been made public. There is no doubt that they will be interesting to was right from the first." says Jobson,

the head clerk, with a chuckle, when it mechanics and scientists. chances that Clarissa comes down to go home with me. "Your judgment." Mr. Jobson, I an-



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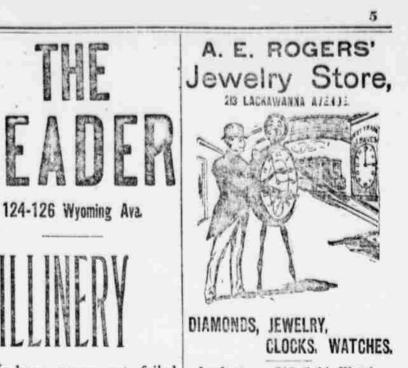


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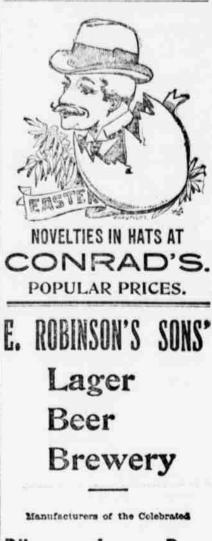






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Outside, I remember I called a cab. I remember rage and pique suddenly held me; for after all, love and vanity are not far apart, whatever our theorie about them. I went up to the Pentlands, where I found Sallie in 'The matter is," said I, "that our en-

gagement-now that its been announced- must be kept."

'Nonsense," said Sallie, "Really," said I.

"I know you too well," said she "You

have been filted."

"Eh, how did you know?" "You look it," said she,

"How does a man look under such a

condition?"

"Very bad tempered-and foolish. But cheer up, Bobble, the ordeal is al- must give me that much time, Robert,



I ALMOST RAN I NTO MY MOTHER.

gun.

onel Henlow'

in turn-saved you to me."

pressed her hand in mine,

most over. I, too, am going to jill I must talk to you. Then-you willyou.

"The deuce," said I. "Tonight I am going to run away with Sam Dwyer," Sallie said slowly. "What's to become of me?" I asked

"Go back to her?" "She won't have me."

"Yes, she will," said Sallie with a

laugh. "Why?"

'Because she loves you."

"She can't."

"Oh, it might be possible for some girl to love you, Bobbie," said Sallie, Well, she's engaged to another

"You don't mean it," said Sallle "Not to-that Sladding."

"Yes, to that fellow," I cried. "It can't be he," said Sallie, her eyes dilating. "It can't be."

"Why not?" I said. "He's rather . poor creature, I think, to be sure."

"He isn't; he wasn't; yez-no, he isn't. Don't you see why he can't be man? Well, Bob, I told you a fib. He's the man I am going to elope with tonight. He's the man my family won't let me marry because he is poor. -and not Sam Dwyer at He is the m all.'

"An

Sec. 6



"You intend to let Sallie elope,' said I, almost maliciously. "Elopel" cried my mother. "Good gracious, of course not! I have a duty from my knowledge of the case!" After a moment she looked at me with a reassured smile. "I shall tell Jane Pentland how I

that young people must arrange these "Yes; listen. It is his voice, written affairs for themselves. I shall warn her me from Virginia-during thre war. It that when anything has gone so farhas reached me as from the dead. as you say Sallie's affair with young found it-you know that little oak desk Sladding has-it's better to accept it in my room. I was fumbling over some as inevitable. But marriages, dear papers. You remember the story-that Bobble, are not made in Heavtime he was wounded and his life "Let's hope these will end there." "Well, amen," said my mother, alsaved; they found a letter on his person. That letter, Bobbie, you know the most gaily. But here she grew prim and sober. We were approaching the story, was directed to me. The rebel officer sent it north to me, with written house of my fate. Would Clarissa peron it the officer's name who had pulled sist in sending me away?" "Don't you ask for her. She may not your father out from the range of the

see you," said my mother, "She can't very well help seeing me." "He was?" I asked, eagerly-" a Col-Mirs Henlow indeed would see Mrs Merrivale. My mother rushed to the

"A Colonel Henlow," cried my mothdoor and ordered me to follow her. r, bending her head; "and I just had did as obediently as you please. Ah been to ask this Colonel Henlow's enc was still managing my sentimental daughter to give up my son. I had affair; she had retreated from her old been reasoning abominably-becase I position to hold the new one strongly. "Come in." It was Clarissa's voice. thought that girl could not possibly make you happy, Bobbie, the girl who, My mother looked in,

"You dear girl," she said; I'm She was sobbing softly, gently; but I SOFFY. "Sorry!" said Clarissa



you must forgive me. She held the letter up again, "Don't you recognize the hand?"

"It's his," said I, sundenly-"my father's."