

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life by Virginia Terhune Van der Water

CHAPTER LV Softly, that she might not awaken Jennie O'Neill, Agnes opened the front door with her latchkey and entered the apartment. Then she stood still and drew a long breath, listening.

The silence of the little flat flowed past her in waves. She thought it had never been as still before. That Jennie was asleep in a small room off the kitchen did not make the place less desolate.

"If only auntie had not been taken ill all this dreadful thing would never have happened to me!" Agnes mused, standing in the door of the invalid's room, fearing to turn on the light and see its emptiness.

She turned away sharply. She must not let herself think just yet. If she did she might break down and sob as she did in the Park only a little while ago—and Jennie might hear her and suspect—what? It had been hard enough to break down in the presence of Randolph Pickens. But he was a gentleman, through and through, and could understand. Moreover, she trusted him perfectly.

Agnes Morley was too much agitated to recall the time when she had been bored by this very man whom she days of late learned to respect. The days of her girlish intolerance seemed very far away to-night.

Going into her bedroom she closed the door and lighted the gas. As she surveyed herself in the mirror she gasped in dismay.

Her face was pale and under her eyes were dark circles. Her hair was disheveled. She looked more like a woman of 40 than a girl of 24. She was glad that Phillip could not see her now. When would she ever see him again? And what would he hear about her—what change would come over his estimation of her before she and he met once more?

She had undressed, donned her nightgown and wrapper and taken down her hair, when, as she lifted her brush from the bureau, she dislodged a letter lying there, unnoticed until now. It had come this evening during Agnes' absence, and had been put there by Jennie.

As it fell to the floor Agnes stooped and picked it up. It bore a special delivery stamp and was addressed in Phillip Hale's handwriting.

Sinking into a chair, she opened the envelope eagerly. "I have just taken the liberty of calling up your aunt's physician, dear Agnes," she read. "I know it was not

the conventional thing to do, but I did want to know how she was. You have no telephone, and I did not want to intrude upon you until I was sure that my presence would not be an added trouble to you.

"Dr. Martin told me brusquely (for really it was not according to etiquette for me to ask about one of his patients) that Miss Morley went to the hospital to-day and will be operated on in a day or two. She cannot refrain from sending you this letter, which you will receive this evening, for I want you to know that all my sympathies are yours. Isn't there something I can do? And some time will you let me come to you?"

"I shall await your reply anxiously—and yet I do not want to be selfish and demand that you consider me when you are in so much distress of mind. But oh! my dear, I do want to help you!

"Perhaps, if you are not too busy and preoccupied to think of me, you will drop me just a line later, telling me how things are going.

"My thoughts will be with you every hour and minute, dear. Please take care of yourself. Always yours, "PHIL."

She read the letter through slowly and—she saddened women do read letters which come from men who care for them.

Each word was like a drop of comfort to the girl. Phil cared enough to write all this to her, to telephone to Dr. Martin, to think of her all the time, to long to be of service, to be anxious for her health. Oh, she must see him soon! She wanted to see him so much!

Crumpling the letter in her hands she kissed it passionately, then, tearing it into a dozen bits, she tossed these into the waste basket.

Turning out her light and throwing herself face downward upon her bed, she burst into a torrent of sobs.

"Oh, Phil, Phil!" she murmured. "It's all over! Things can never be the same again! Oh, I wish I was dead!"

For to the young, with the tide of life full in their veins, trouble seems unendurable, and when they cannot escape it they think of death as an open door through which they may crawl away from their misery.

Yet, because this girl was young, kindly nature took pity upon her. Soon the sobs became less violent and gradually ceased, and before an hour had passed Agnes Morley was asleep.

(To Be Continued.)

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Love Insurance



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(Continued From Yesterday.) "I haven't been doing anything," Minot answered. "But others have been busy. While we were at the—er—theater, fond fingers have been searching for Chain Lightning's collar."

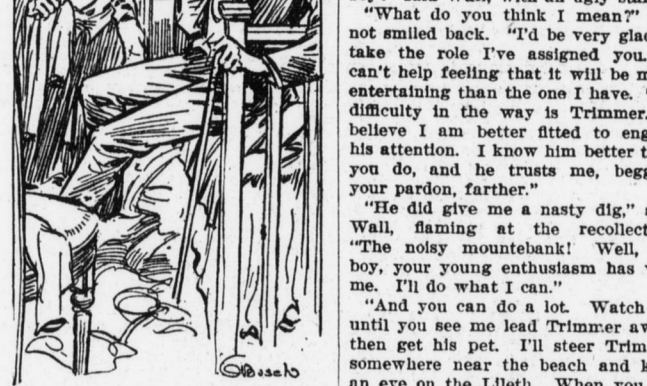
"The devil! You haven't lost it?" "No—not yet, I believe." Minot took the envelope from his pocket and drew out the gleaming necklace. "Ah, it's still safe!"

Harrowby leaped from the bed and slammed shut the door. "Dear old boy!" he cried. "Keep the accursed thing in your pocket. No one must see it. I say, who's been searching here? Do you think it could have been O'Malley?"

"What is O'Malley's interest in your necklace?" "Some other time, please. Sorry to inconvenience you with the thing. Do hang on to it, won't you? Awful mix-up if you don't. Bad mix-up as it is. As I said when I came in, it's all over."

"What's all over?" "Everything. The marriage—my chance for happiness—Minot, I'm a most unlucky chap. Meyrick has just postponed the wedding in a frightfully loud tone of voice."

"Postponed it?" "Sad news for Jehoshaphat, yet as he spoke Mr. Minot felt



"Minot, old chap," he drawled. "It's all over."

a thrill of joy in his heart. He smiled the pleasantest smile he had so far shown San Marco.

"Exactly. He was fearfully rattled, was Meyrick. My word, how he did go on! Considers his daughter humiliated by the antics of that creature we saw on the stage tonight. Can't say I blame him, either. The wedding is indefinitely postponed, unless that impostor is removed from the scene immediately."

"Oh—unless," said Minot. His heart sank. His smile vanished.

"Unless was the word, I fancy," said Harrowby, blinking wisely.

"Lord Harrowby," Minot began, "you intimated the other day that this man might really be your brother—"

"No," Harrowby broke in. "Impossible. I got a good look at the chap to-night. He's no more a Harrowby than you are."

"You give me your word for that?" "Absolutely. Even after twenty years of America no Harrowby would drag his father's name on to the vaudeville stage. No, he is an impostor and as such he deserves no consideration whatever. And, by the by, Minot, you will note that the postponement is through no fault of mine."

Advertisement for Graham Crackers, featuring a box of crackers and the text 'Rich in those elements that build strong, vigorous little bodies...' and 'National Biscuit Company'.

Advertisement for W.B. Corsets, featuring two models in corsets and the text 'W.B. Nuform Corsets give Style, Comfort and perfectly fitting Gown...' and 'W.B. Reduso Corsets make large hips disappear...'.

Advertisement for Druggist Tells How to Cure the Liquor Habit at Home, featuring the text 'Free Prescription Can Be Filled at Any Drug Store and Given Secretly' and 'Does Your Husband Drink? Druggist Tells How to Cure the Liquor Habit at Home'.

Advertisement for the Capitol Park Hotel, Washington D.C., featuring the text 'Capitol Park Hotel Washington D.C. Opposite Capitol and Union Station' and 'Renowned for its High Service and Low Rates'.

Advertisement for First National Bank, featuring the text 'The Day Will Surely Come when present prosperity will give way to times of adversity...' and 'First National Bank 224 Market St.'.

Advertisement for Hub-Mark Rubbers, featuring an illustration of a rubber shoe and the text 'Dry feet each day keep the Doctor away...' and 'Hub-Mark Rubbers cost very little. Buy a pair today.'

Advertisement for Cumberland Valley Telephone Company of Pa., featuring an illustration of a telephone and the text 'Something for Harrisburg To Be Thankful for' and 'Automatic Telephone Will Soon Be in Service'.

Advertisement for Ruhl's Bread, featuring an illustration of a loaf of bread and the text 'From Oven to Table. Ruhl's Bread Quality in every loaf' and 'Ruhls Penbrook Bakery'.

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