

# HIS LEGAL WIFE

By MARY E. BRYAN

(Continued)

But, first of all, he would pay back the loan of the impulsive and generous young heiress. True, she did not want him to pay it back, and she would miss it from her large possessions; but he could not bear to have her lose anything more through the rash contract she made with him.

She had suffered enough because of it in the finding out that it was all through a mistake that she had put this barrier between herself and the man she loved.

CHAPTER IX

Mr. Mangrum's round, smiling face grew several inches longer when he comprehended that the big speculation he had counted upon was to pass up his grasp. Here was Harry Lee putting in an appearance before the prescribed time—out with cash actually in hand to redeem Green Valley. But he could not repudiate his signed and witnessed agreement, even if he had not been the conscientious man he was.

So the two repaired to the office of a notary public, and in a little while, the eight thousand dollars in bank-notes were transferred to Mr. Mangrum's purse, and Harry Lee thrust the title deed for his old home into the breast-pocket of his coat with a thrill of joyful pride. Then shaking hands with Mr. Mangrum, who was generous enough to congratulate him, he turned his steps to his present home.

He felt anxious to get there. It was the first night he had stayed away since they came to the city. But Lucille would not be uneasy, for she would imagine he was looking after the money she believed he had lately inherited from the rich cousin in England. She would lead his father to accept this explanation of his absence. The old man in his present weak, convalescent state, would not reason as to the probability of the English cousin leaving his fortune to his American relations—only kindred—nor would he be apt to ask many questions.

A happy thought came to Harry. Acting upon it, he stepped into a restaurant and ordered a nice lunch for three to be sent up to his lodgings. A broiled chicken, a salad, a beef cutlet, and a bottle of old port. Then going out, he made another stop in the doorway of a florist, where he bought a great bunch of fragrant roses and long-stemmed lilies for Lucille.

With the flowers in his hand, he sprang up the rickety stairs of the apartment house, two steps at a time, not stopping now to notice the higness and unloveliness of the place, the sounds of quarreling women and noisy children, or the smell of cooking cabbage or steaming sud-

He went straight to his father's room, where he found the old clergyman asleep in his easy-chair, with "The Imitation of Christ" open on his knee, and his thin white hands folded upon the page.

Harry stood for a moment, looking in tender solicitude at the pale, patient face, worn with the storms of years, but still keeping its look of childlike trust. Then he laid a lily on the open page, and stole softly from the room, going into the little sitting room connected with it.

This, with its folding bed, was also Lucille's sleeping apartment; and all the best and prettiest bits of furniture, pictures and ornaments contributed to give it a cozy look.

But the low rosewood sewing chair beside the little table was unoccupied; Lucille was not there, and Harry went on to the kitchen, sure of finding her there.

She did not see him as he came in. She was bending over the gasoline stove—hot and worried, her fair curls disheveled—in the act of making tea and toast for lunch. She lifted a slice of overbrowned bread from the toaster.

"Burned!" she exclaimed, in disgust. "I was never intended to be a cook, and I won't be! I'd rather die than keep on like this!"

Harry had crept up behind her. He took a long stemmed rose and lightly touched the back of her white neck with the flower. She turned quickly, seeing him, she smiled through the tears of vexation that stood in her pretty eyes.

"I've spoiled what little there was to eat," she said, "and now what is to be done?"

"Never mind the burned toast; throw it away. We shall lunch generously, in spite of it. Just wait and see. Didn't I tell you I had found Aladdin's lamp?"

He drew her to a seat beside him, and taking the roll of bills from his pocket, dropped it in her lap.

"She caught it up eagerly, and unrolled it in a twinkling.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rapturously, looking up with sparkling eyes, "they are one hundred dollar bills! I never saw any before. Is all this for me?"

"Yes, count it and see if there is enough to buy a new frock and an Easter bonnet."

She spread out the crisp bills on the kitchen table.

"Five hundred dollars!" she exclaimed, ecstatically. "Oh! how many beautiful things this will buy! Dear Harry, you are so good!"

She turned to him, flushed and radiant, and threw her arms around his neck.

Her happy little heart beat dangerously close to his, her rosebud mouth was raised temptingly to be kissed. It was a great temptation, and Harry was nigh yielding to it, and clasping and kissing her as if no barrier intervened between them.

But he remembered that things had changed since yesterday. A marriage—solemn rite of Church and State—stood between them, a wife, though only in name and in law. He had no right to clasp this pretty child with a lover's warmth.

He bent and gently kissed her on her low, white brow, where the damp, silken ringlets were clustering.

She was too preoccupied to remark his grave self-control.

"Harry," she said, presently, when she had seated herself and gathered up her precious bills, "there must be lots of money in this lucky inheritance, since you can give me so much to spend on myself."

"I have not said it was an inheritance. You jumped at that conclusion, my pet. No, there hasn't been a cent of money come to us. It is only a moderate sum, but it will make us comfortable. You and my dear old father will not need to suffer privation any more."

"We will move from here—won't we?"

"Oh, yes, we will go—where? Can't you guess?"

"Oh, to one of those lovely houses uptown, or one of the fine flats near the park, where we can have servants and handsome furniture, and give receptions every week!"

"Would you like that better than to go back to our dear old home in Green Valley?"

"Go back to the country!—to that horrid, lonesome place! Why, Harry?"

"Horrid place! It is the loveliest spot on earth. Lucille I thought you were so happy there. You used to say you were happy as the day was long, and you nearly broke my heart crying because we had to give it up."

"Oh, well, you see, that was because I had never lived anywhere else. But now it seems I should die of the blues if I had to live there among those old trees, and the cows, and the prosy people. I like the rush and the bustle and the variety of the city. There's always something going on, and the shop windows are a constant feast for the eye, even when you haven't any money to buy things, and when you have, why it's just heavenly!"

She stopped, for a look at Harry showed her the grave disappointment in his face.

"Don't look so glum, you good boy," she went on, coaxingly. "That's my nature, Harry, and I can't help it. I can't be a pattern girl, and I'm afraid I won't make you a model wife. Ada Glynn would suit you better. She used to be your sweetheart, you know, and she likes you now. She was asking about you this morning."

"Ada Glynn? Was she here this morning? I thought—"

"You thought her grandmother had forbidden her to come here. Well, but the old lady has taken it all back now, and she has found out you were right, and that the spiritualist prophet was a fraud. I don't wonder if she was not quite willing for you to go to see Ada again. And indeed, with a teasing look and a little pout of her small, red mouth, 'I think it would be better if you did go back to your schoolgirl sweetheart since you are really set on living in the country. Ada sighed this morning and said she wished she was back in Green Valley. Think of that, when she is living here in her grandmother's fine house, and driving out in the park in a grand carriage every afternoon! To be sure, the house is an old-style mansion, in a part of the town that's been long ago left by the tide of fashion, and her grandmother keeps Ada secluded as a nun; but still, it's something to live in the city and have all you want. Goodness knows, Ada has no reason to like Green Valley. She had to be the household drudge there, and nurse her sick mother beside. But she looked happier then than she does now. That may be because of her marriage. It's broken off, you know."

"Did she really care for the man, do you think?" asked Harry, with so much interest that Lucille gave him a quick glance of suspicion. "I thought the marriage was in a manner forced on her by her cranky old grandmother."

"So it was, and Ada says she did not care for Floyd Grafton. What a lovely name he has! And his picture is handsome as Apollo! I don't see how she could help loving him; and I believe she did. Anyway, she must have been mortified to death when the marriage was broken off, for it had been announced in the papers. Ada would not talk about it, but she intimated that her grandmother did it because she found out Grafton was marrying Ada only because he believed she was to have her grandmother's money. I wonder how the old lady found it out?"

"Perhaps she put Grafton to the test—had him informed that Ada was not her heiress. Mrs. Travers is very shrewd," Harry said. Then he added, earnestly: "I am glad you do not think she cared for him."

"You say that in a very heartfelt manner," retorted the girl, quickly. "Perhaps you cherish the hope that she still cares for you?" with a glance of jealous scrutiny.

"I do not think she ever loved me," he answered, "and I know I had only a boyish fancy and a cousin's regard for her."

"She would make a charming wife for you in the old house at Green Valley. She can train roses, and raise chickens, and make butter."

"So you can, you little tease!" he said, looking fondly into the lovely face, that had just one cute little spot of kitchen smut on the peachy cheek, "and you will go with me to Green Valley and be the fairy of our old home."

"You don't mean that you have really bought the old place back, and paid for it, Harry?"

"Bought it back, and paid for it, sir. Here's the deed to it," taking a paper from his pocket and handing it to his father. "Mangrum was badly cut up at having to give it back, but his agreement bound him to do it. You see, the place is enhanced in value tenfold since a city syndicate has bought up a quantity of the land for the declared purpose of turning Green Valley into a grand summer resort. This is the speculation I spoke of. My idea is to put up cottages for sale and rent on part of our land, sell the syndicate a site on the lake for a summer hotel, and the fine grove of oaks and sycamores for a park. We will keep the old house, however, and all the grounds lying about it."

"And we will go back to it, Harry?" looking at his son with eager vivacity.

"We will move back at once, father—you and I—and our dear Lucille."

He looked anxiously at the girl as he spoke her name. He had not had a change in her countenance when he declared that he had bought back the Green Valley place. Her pretty mouth was compressed, the pink radiance had disappeared from her face.

"Leave me out," she said, sharply.

"Leave me out?" he repeated, trying to laugh. "No indeed! Our plans, without you, would be like the play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. We will renovate the old house, and make it new and fine for its little queen."

She made no reply, but her look of injured reproach and defiant purpose sent a chill over his warm spirits.

Still he thought, "It is a passing whim; she can not be so inconsiderate."

A little while afterward, when Doctor Lee had gone back to his room to look over the deed Harry had given him, Lucille proceeded to clear away the table with sullen, silent energy.

Harry went up to her, took a wine-glass from her, put it on the table, and drew her to him. She resisted at first, but yielded passively.

"You were not in earnest, birdie?" he said, gently, as he took her hands.

She looked up at him with a flash of defiance in her eyes.

"I was in earnest," she said. "I would rather die than go back to be buried alive in that dull place."

He looked at her in amazement. He felt as if he had been stung by a blow. At last he said:

"You did not find it so dull before, and it will be much livelier now. After awhile it will be quite a gay place, in the summer."

"After awhile! In the summer!" she echoed, scornfully.

Then her face changed suddenly. She realized that she must use other tactics to gain her end. She turned to him and threw her soft arms around his neck, lifting her pleading face to his.

"Oh, Harry, don't, please don't go back there to live! Stay here, Harry! We can be so happy here! Let us get a pretty house here!"

It was hard to resist such pleading. Harry was moved but not won over.

"But my father, dear child, he does not want to live here. He is pining for his old home. Then it is my intention to go there and give all my energies to making money, that I may repay this loan, and—"

"Oh, there is no need to repay the loan. You said she would never ask of it."

"But don't you see that this generosity on her part makes me all the more bound in honor to return the money?"

"No, I don't see it at all. It's just foolish in you to take it so. Oh, Harry, if you loved me you would do what would please me, you would think of me first of all."

"God knows I have thought of you first of all and above all," he answered. "It is for your sake that I—"

He stopped abruptly, then went on more calmly: "And if you loved me, Lucille, don't you think you would be willing to do what would be for my interest, even at a small sacrifice of your wishes? Don't you think you would remember that I owe a duty to others beside you?"

"Duty!" hate the word!" she pouted. "True lovers do not think of duty to any but the one they love."

"I don't know what your ideal of a true lover may be, but I know that no true man will forget to consider the happiness of his old parents, or the honorable claims of others upon him. One of the manliest of old-time lovers said to his sweetheart:

"I could not love thee, dear, so well Loved I a color more."

"He was a cold hearted prig, and I would have told him to take his honor and go."

She looked so like a pretty, spoiled child as she said this that Harry smiled and reassured. This sweet, childlike creature could not but yield and be contented.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they are only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. M.D. Give them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

the more bound in honor to return the money?"

"No, I don't see it at all. It's just foolish in you to take it so. Oh, Harry, if you loved me you would do what would please me, you would think of me first of all."

"God knows I have thought of you first of all and above all," he answered. "It is for your sake that I—"

He stopped abruptly, then went on more calmly: "And if you loved me, Lucille, don't you think you would be willing to do what would be for my interest, even at a small sacrifice of your wishes? Don't you think you would remember that I owe a duty to others beside you?"

"Duty!" hate the word!" she pouted. "True lovers do not think of duty to any but the one they love."

"I don't know what your ideal of a true lover may be, but I know that no true man will forget to consider the happiness of his old parents, or the honorable claims of others upon him. One of the manliest of old-time lovers said to his sweetheart:

"I could not love thee, dear, so well Loved I a color more."

"He was a cold hearted prig, and I would have told him to take his honor and go."

She looked so like a pretty, spoiled child as she said this that Harry smiled and reassured. This sweet, childlike creature could not but yield and be contented.

Harry was deeply sorry to oppose her wishes, but he felt that it was best. Her fancy for city life will wear away, he thought; and the influences here are not beneficial to her. Beside, the Green Valley home was already bought and his plans mapped out. To carry them out seemed the surest way to the future.

Lucille would so eagerly enjoy. He was working for her good, for her happiness, as well as for her honor and independence. He loved her so well that it gave him keen pain to refuse her; but he had too strong a fiber of manhood in him to be swayed by her caprice.

She caught the reflection of his smile, and her face became radiant. She thought she had conquered.

"You will stay; I know you will," she said, clasping his arm with both her little hands. "You go out with me this afternoon to hunt a pretty house. Your father will like it. He will get over his foolish homesickness. Let's go at once, Harry. I'll run and put on my hat."

He caught her hand as she started off.

"No, Lucille," he said gravely; "I am not going to take a house in town. I am sorry not to be able to do as you want, but I must go to Green Valley for the present. In a few years we will be so situated, I hope, that we can live wherever you like. Try to be reasonable, and give me your help and your sympathy, my sweet."

He put his arms gently about her as he spoke. She drew out of his embrace, and turning without a word, went into her room and shut the door.

With a heavy heart, Harry took up his hat and left the house, after a few words with his father, to tell him not to be uneasy if he was absent a good deal. He would explain all in a little while.

As for Lucille, he trusted that her mood was only temporary. She would have a little girlish cry that would have the effect of clearing her brain, and making her see things in a brighter and truer light.

But he had never fathomed the true character of this girl. There was a strength of will, a passionate selfishness, dominant in that little velvet-curved head.

She had her cry, but it was a short, stormy outburst of anger and vexation, that left her only more determined to have her own way. She bathed her face and put on her street dress.

"He shall see! he shall see!" she repeated to herself, as she fiercely stuck her long fastening pin through her hat as though she were staking somebody who had dared to oppose her. "I'll punish him for not caring for my wishes. I won't go to stupid old Green Valley! What would be the use of buying beautiful clothes when there would be nobody to see them? I am not suited to such a narrow sphere," she went on, looking at herself in the mirror with almost wondering admiration.

It was a marvellously beautiful face she saw reflected there. The flush on her cheeks, the new excitement in her eyes, had brightened the loveliness of the delicate little face looking out from the soft shadow of the rather shabby black plumes.

"Maraschino was right," she said, half aloud, still absorbed in contemplation of her image. "I am one of those creatures born for the eyes of the world. If I look like that in this blue serge, how would I look in beautiful, picturesque costumes? How would I look in that magnificent white and gold dress that Sybil Vane has sent to her dress-maker's to be sold because she got hurt and had to give up the stage? The dress is only a hundred dollars. Maraschino said if I had handsome costumes he would give me a star part in the 'Lady or the Tiger.' He offered to let me have the dresses if I would give up Harry. But now I can be independent. Five hundred dollars will buy everything I want. But then, I promised Harry not to think any more of going on the stage. Well, but the promise is canceled be-

cause Harry has been so mean to me. It would be a good revenge on him to go with Maraschino, after all. Only I don't like Maraschino. I'm afraid of him, somehow. He has a way of making me do as he likes. But there can be no harm in looking at the dress, and trying it on, just to see how I would look in it on the stage as the Princess Camerera."

So it was that while Harry Lee, sitting in his elegant apartments in the home of his legal wife, delayed the time of dressing for his bride's reception, while he smoked a cigar and thought about Lucille—how sweet, and pliant she was, and how her little, girlish faults would drop away as her womanhood developed—while her lover, trusting and faithful, though legally bound to another woman, was thus thinking of her, the wayward little beauty, arrayed in the cream-white, gold-embroidered stage dress, was standing before the tall mirror in Madame Marville's fitting room, fancying herself an opera queen, while madame and three of her satellites were exclaiming in broken English, at the perfect fit of the costume, and the wonderful way it set off ma'am's exquisite beauty. "And so cheap—not one third of its cost—a small one hundred dollars—bah! That was just giving it away," with a shrug of her plump shoulders.

But Lucille hesitated. There was a struggle between the good and the evil of her mixed nature. The dress was a stage dress; she had no need of it unless she went on the stage. Should she go? It would be a fine punishment for Harry, and he would feel it sharply. Probably he would repent and let her have her way about living in the city. He would be very angry at first, but he would not give her up; he loved her too well. But she had no stage engagement open to her, except that with Maraschino, and Maraschino's black eyes gave her a strange feeling. They had a snaky charm. She shrank from him, yet she felt his influence.

No, she could not go with Maraschino; she could not buy this beautiful dress. But, oh! how exquisitely the lace half hid, half revealed the white curves of her breast and her lovely shoulders!

Just as her thoughts reached this point, she started. A familiar voice caught her ear—a low salutation in liquid Italian.

"Ah, Signor Maraschino!" exclaimed madame; "he had come about the dress? See, ma'am'selle has it on. It is magnificent!"

She turned, to feel the black eyes of the Italian manager fixed burningly upon her.

"I came to look at the dress for Millwood," he murmured, with his subtle, furtive look; "but I could never bear to see Millwood wear it after I have seen you in it, bella diva—carissima!" The last word was so low Lucille could only guess it, as the hot flush on her cheeks betrayed.

CHAPTER X

Harry Lee had let the wedding reception slip out of his mind altogether. Lying on the Persian divan in the sitting room of the suite of apartments assigned to his use, he had given himself up to a dream of the future, in which improved lots, summer cottages, and quick profits formed the background for the sweet, happy face of Lucille.

Yes, happy! She surely would be happy when she was installed in her dear old home. It was just a girl's passing whim—that fancy to live in the city.

The cigar he was smoking had gone out without his knowing it, when a subdued tap on the door, followed by the entrance of James made him start up and glance at the clock.

"By George! I had no idea it was so late!"

"Yes, sir; it's quite time you were dressing for the reception, sir. Mrs. Child told me to bring it to your mind. It wouldn't do for the guests to begin to come and you not in the drawing room with Miss de—of course, I mean Mrs. Lee, sir."

Harry dressed hastily and went at once down to the drawing room. There he found Mrs. Child, looking elegant in gray satin and black pearls.

"You are in very good time," she said, in response to his apology for being late. "Nina has not come down. She was quite nervous, and I made her take a warm bath and lie down. Mr. Lee, I hope you will be as attentive to Nina as will naturally be expected of you—not demonstrative, you know—but as much like a real bridegroom as possible."

"I will be as attentive as she will permit, Mrs. Child," he answered, smiling a little, but with shadowed eyes. "Remember, though, that I am only a figure head—that the real lover will be present, and that neither he nor she will like to see his rights infringed upon. It's not an easy role I have to play."

"No, it is not. It is a horrible situation the poor child has brought upon herself, as well as upon you and Floyd Grafton."

"I think he himself had a good deal to do in bringing on the situation."

Mrs. Child nodded vigorously. She could do no more, for at this instant Nina came in.

"She is handsomer than she looked in her wedding dress," thought Lee, as she came toward them with the firm, light step that expressed strength and delicacy.

## TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised me to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, 968 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case. Beatrice, Neb.—"Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

She wore a trained robe of pearl-colored crepe, which fitted her shape so easily and fell in such soft, light folds as to seem something she was born to wear—as a bird wears its plumage. Around the top of the bodice, cut just low enough to show the lovely curves of her neck and bust, was an unique garniture formed of pearls and tiny sprays of coral. A girle of pearls and coral confined the soft folds of the crepe about her waist, and a bandeau of the same exquisite "flowers of the ocean" was in her hair.

The dress was exceedingly becoming to her tall, lithe shape. As she approached him, Lee admired the nobility of her movements. In spite of her queenly composure of manner, her changeful color betrayed a slight flutter of spirits, and she said, looking at Lee and smiling:

"I am dreading this ordeal—a little. How do you feel about it?"