

If There be One

If there be one, in all the world,
Whose heart is true, oh, be not sad,
Tho' all the rest fall off from thee,
If one be true, give thanks, be glad.

Say not that love is but a lie,
Say not that men but play a part,
If thou dost find a place that's thine
In but one faithful human heart.

While one star shines to lamp the Night
Thou canst not doubt the sky'll be blue:
Thou dar'st not doubt that God is good
While thou dost find one heart that's true.

Nor dost thou die when thou dost go
Down to the grave—tho' thou art torn
From loving arms—thou livest on,
If there be one that's left to mourn.

Thou livest on in that fond heart,
Forever young, forever fair;
Aye, even in Time's and Death's despite,
Thou' mortal, thou'rt immortal there.

And tho' thou dwellest among the saints,
Thy mission here it is not done,
While still, to hold thee in his heart
Of hearts, there haply be but one.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

BY EVELYN THORP.

Mrs. Estes looked at her friend Mrs. Haslitt a moment and laughed—a very sweet peal of laughter, indeed.

"I believe"—her fine eyebrows went up a little—"I really believe—yes—that you are in love with your husband! You, Beatrice Howland!"

The younger woman flushed, then smiled a little ironically, perhaps a little bitterly.

"Is it so very extraordinary—if I am?"

"Very."

Mrs. Estes got up with a rustle of soft silk. She was a very pretty woman; one who still looked very young. In her "set" what woman ever ceased to look young until she was quite, quite old? She was a divorcee. The fact obliged her, as she herself said somewhat plaintively, to be very careful (she did not say these things before Beatrice Haslitt).

Standing near the heavy hangings of the drawing-room door she glanced back. Yes—Laura Estes never underrated other women's good looks; she found one made absurd mistakes by doing so—yes, Beatrice was handsomer than she had ever been. It was not the marvelous tea-gown alone (how Beatrice used to make over her frocks, to be sure!). The surroundings of, probably, the most magnificently beautiful drawing-room in town did not produce the illusion, either, though these things were potent. No; that was the look women had when they loved the man they had married.

"Yes, you are in love with your husband," Laura repeated softly, evenly. "You who married for money—just for money. Think of it!"

Beatrice Haslitt flushed again.

"Oh, my dear, we both did that, I think," she replied coolly. "Only, your marriage was not quite so successful as mine!"

Would the woman never leave her alone? Her visits, though they were not frequent, threw Arthur Haslitt's wife into a nervous agitation that would last, carefully repressed as it was, for hours. Ah, bah! What did it signify, after all? Laura was a disappointed woman. Laura—poor Laura—had been a little envious always, even in the past and gone schooldays. Why should she, Beatrice Haslitt, mind what she might say? Arthur Haslitt's wife could afford to be generous. She had everything—everything!

A little cathedral clock in a further room tolled a musical hour and at the moment the hangings of the door were pushed aside. The color deepened in her cheek; the light rose higher in her eyes. Daintily, with the coquetry of a happy woman, she advanced toward her husband. His back was turned toward the light. She did not see his face. Close upon him, she paused and raised her own, all the glory of its sumptuous beauty, all the flush of her love upon it.

"Arthur!"

With a little laugh—she thought it was a jest—she caught the lapels of his coat in her jeweled hands and shook him tenderly, playfully. Then, for the first time, Arthur Haslitt moved.

She saw his face and she staggered back.

"Arthur!" sharply this time.

"No more comedies, please," he said.

The woman gave one glance into his eyes and understood. It had come. She had had premonitions that it would come some time. Her past was about to face her. Without removing her eyes from his she sank into a chair.

If he would only not be so calm! She shivered.

"We will make this scene as brief as possible," said Arthur Haslitt. "There is very little that need be said, I think. It is not necessary for me to remark that I am perfectly aware that men who have been cursed with money enough to tempt women are married every day for that money. It is not thought a crime. I happen to feel differently. For years I sought a woman who could not be bought. It was my supreme ideal. You lied so successfully—she shrank together as if he had struck her, but Arthur Haslitt went quietly on—"you lied so successfully that I thought my supreme ideal had been found in you. A letter written before our marriage and sent me to-day opened my eyes to the truth. The anonymous hand who dealt the blow I despise. The proof of my own sight

I cannot refuse to believe. The letter was apparently written to some foolish lad who loved you, whom you perhaps loved as you can love in return, but to whom you preferred Arthur Haslitt, because he had millions and you were tired of poverty. You doubtless remember the letter. To conclude, this house is yours and also the country residence. My lawyer will inform you in the course of a few days of the monetary arrangements made in your behalf. I think you will find them ample. I shall myself have left within half an hour."

After that shrinking movement Beatrice had not stirred a muscle.

She sat there still, after he had gone, perfectly motionless. The rumble of carriages over the stones of the street came to her ear. The nearer stillness was unbroken. Suddenly the cathedral chimes gave one deep, bell-like note. The half hour!

Frantically she started to her feet and touched the bell. She had a strange feeling in her head. Things looked unsteady.

The butler appeared.

"Mr. Haslitt—tell him—I wish to see him immediately!"

The impassive face before her did not move.

"Mr. Haslitt has been gone a few minutes, madam."

Gone!

A narrow line of plank-walk, a wooden porch with the paint chipped off, a little chill sitting-room, where a woman sat embroidering by the falling light.

This was the picture Mrs. Estes carried away with her when she went back to town.

She was a woman whose nerves were strong as iron. Had they been less so they might have quivered a little now. But this was not the case. Laura Estes thought only "What a fool!"

What a fool had Beatrice Haslitt been to give up everything to which she was entitled as Arthur Haslitt's wife! What Quixotism! Of course it had been done to show her husband that money was as naught to her, after all. But it was Laura Estes' opinion that she might as well have spared herself all such self sacrifice. Arthur Haslitt was not so easily won back. No not so easily won either! And here the woman's eyes grew dark. Was all her scheming to be in vain? Two years she had been in Paris now, and Haslitt had been there also. But she was none the nearer to her goal. And what was her goal? Her divorce had been pending when she first met Arthur Haslitt. She had then and there determined that so soon as she was free she would marry him. She had never loved any one in all her cold, selfish life; but she loved him. When he married Beatrice Howland it had been a blow which she had sworn to herself nothing would ever make her forget or forgive. She would separate them—she would force him to love her! Women there are as unscrupulous as this, and we meet them every day. They wear a smiling face, and who suspects them?

Mrs. Estes was going to the ball that night. Her maid dressed her as carefully as usual. She wore jewels in her hair. Her eyes were clear, her color lovely. There was no prettier woman present.

One man's gaze watched her carefully, ceaselessly, as she moved about the rooms. He did not approach her yet. He bided his time, and toward the close of the night it came.

Mrs. Estes looked up to see a tall, grave fellow standing before her. For an instant the lovely color fluctuated.

"Frank Gordon! My dear cousin, you here. The world thought you in Patagonia, or heaven knows where!"

"So long as I have returned will you not give me a little of your society?"

He stood waiting. Laura passed her hand under his arm. Beyond the supper room was a small conservatory, he led her directly there. She faced him with a steady smile.

"Dear me, how dramatic you look," she half sneered. She wondered, nevertheless, what made her heart beat so fast.

Gordon paid no heed. He was still a very young man, but there were those lines in his face that come only from suffering and strained mental endurance.

"Six months ago," he began, "I met in South America a friend of—Arthur Haslitt. From him I heard of his separation from his wife. The cause, my informant said, was understood to be a discovery on Haslitt's part that his wife had married him for money. Magnificent fellow as Haslitt was, no one was surprised, for that one sensitive point of his, amounting almost to mania, was well-known. On returning home a month ago—you were just about sailing from Europe, I think—it became necessary for me to look over a chest of old papers I had left behind on going to South America three years ago. Among them was a little bundle of letters very precious to me. There were only two or three or four short notes and one letter, to be more accurate. That one letter was gone."

Yes, Laura Estes' nerves were strong as iron. But this was too unexpected. Her cousin looked into the haggard face and read the confirmation of his suspicion there.

"And that," he went on, "you—took. No one, they told me, had access to the house but you. And you sent it—to Arthur Haslitt. The remembrance flashed upon me that his friend down there in South

**I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK**

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

RESULTS:

**I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,**
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE
ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON!

getting fat fast, for Scott's
Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites of Lime and
Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incip-
ient Consumption BUT BUILT
ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I
TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon
color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at
50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Philadelphia.

America had said something about a letter. It was a clever plan, Laura. You always were clever. But not quite clever enough—"

He turned and left her, a crouching, fierce-eyed figure, the delicate touch of rouge on her lips suddenly ghastly in contrast with her livid cheeks, the light of the subdued colored lanterns hung in the dark foliage gleaming among the faceted rays of the jewels in her hair.

"Mr. Haslitt has but just returned from Europe. He sees no one," said the clerk, "except on very particular business."

"This is particular business."

A few moments later Gordon was ushered into Arthur Haslitt's presence. He knew him by sight, though the knowledge was not mutual. Could two years have made the change in him he saw? Why not? What had the last three years been to himself?

"My name is Gordon," said the younger man. "I am a cousin of Mrs. Estes."

Haslitt bowed.

"Frank Gordon," amended the other.

Something like the reflection from a flash of lightning went over Arthur Haslitt's face.

"Then I think we can have nothing much to say to each other."

"Stay! We have! Much! You received a letter once addressed to me. It is but right you should see this one as well. It has never left me for three years. It was written, observe, after the first."

The second letter lay before Arthur Haslitt's eyes—the second letter in his wife's hand writing, addressed to the same man. For an instant there was the savage impulse upon him to spurn it, to tread it under foot. Then sanity, some measure of common sense, triumphed. He raised the letter with a hand that shook.

DEAR FRANK, we have been good friends ever since we were children and so I must say a word to you now. You have been foolish enough to think you cared for me in another way, but you will feel differently some day, and meantime, while I can never love you as you mean, I shall always care for you as my dearest friend. I wrote you a letter not so long ago when you first asked me to marry you. Do you remember? In it I told you I would never marry any but a rich husband, I was so weary of being poor. Now I have something very different to say and I say it that you may know that it is not poverty that kept me from loving you. This man, whom I first thought of marrying only for money—this man, Frank, I have come so to love that now should he ask me to follow him barefoot from door to door through the world I would go and think myself happier than any Queen.

I do not say this to hurt you, poor boy! but that you may do me a little justice in spite of the awful criminal folly of my past words. BEATRICE.

"That you may do me a little justice."

The paper floated from Arthur Haslitt's hand to the floor.

A bare little house on the outskirts of a suburban village and a woman embroidering by the falling light. The light grows more and more dim before the night shadows and by and by the tired eyes turned away and the hands drop listlessly in the lap.

Oh, the weary years that stretched before! Oh, the agony of a guilt love, a spoilt life!

Beatrice Haslitt lays her head back and between the half-closed lids something burns that cannot drop.

There is the snap of a closing gate, a step on the walk, a hand on the door. It is half open. Some one enters. Beatrice for the first time looks up.

"Beatrice! My wife! Forgive!"

He had an auburn-haired girl and promised to take her out sleighing. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed: "Hello!—ready?" She misunderstood him and they don't speak now.