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Winnipeg, July, 1910.

## The Western Home Monthly.

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mention it—but it didn't cost much to treat you well, as your friends would say. We haven't been to the theatre twice a month; the opera once or twice a year—figure it all out. How much did it cost? It's mean and cheap to talk about it, but—

"It's fun," returned Natalie; "and besides, when we did go, we had just everything and did everything there was to have or do."

"How much?" persisted Dolliver.  
"Oh, I don't know," she returned—"twenty-five hundred dollars. No? More?"

Dolliver burst into a hearty laugh. "This last year," he returned, "just three hundred and fifty dollars—at the rate of seven dollars a week. I figured it all out. For the rest, my board at Mrs. Tackleton's, and as for clothing and the other things—oh, yes, I could get along, but you and I—there's the rub. That's the thing we've got to think about, and we've got to think about it all the more, because—because I'm going to take a step that's going to make me hustle. Somehow—Natalie, I want you to be with me when I'm hustling. Somehow—There was a wild yearning within him. He threw his arm around the girl and drew her toward him. "I want to begin life—now," he said.

"And I," she whispered.  
"Forbes and I," he went on, "are going to buy out Eisenstein, Thalheimer & Company. We know how to make gold chains. Practically we're running the business. Eisenstein is the only member of the firm that's left. He's tired and he's old-fashioned. It's our chance; Forbes' chance and yours and mine. It's a good business. It needs building up. But we'll be manufacturing jewelers, Forbes and I—"

"They all get rich, here in Monroe," said Natalie.  
"Those you hear about do," returned Dolliver; "the rest don't. I don't know which class we'll be in, but—I've got a fight to fight, Natalie girl, and I want to fight it with you at my side, urging me on. Am I selfish? Am I wrong? Am I right? I'm afraid it means poverty for a long, long while—secret poverty; a terrific struggle to keep up appearances. How long, I cannot tell."

Had Jimmy Dolliver been a little less of a business man he would not have said these things in just this way. Even as it was, he admitted to himself that he had not expressed them just in the way he ought. But he wanted to put Natalie on her guard; he wanted to show her just how it would be; he wanted, above all, to get her down upon the record. She was willing to place herself on record.

She felt the doubt of her that his words unconsciously implied. "I think, Jimmy," she answered him, "that you do not realize that it is the rich girl—or the girl with the rich father, as you put it—who is willing to do as you say. We've been used to luxury; a little adversity may be a relief. It is a change. It is something new. If I were a factory girl I should look forward to marriage as a grand holiday. I would say, 'Now it is my turn to rest. I'll have servants. I'll order them around.' It is the poor girl who is not willing to face poverty. The rich girl is, with the man she loves. It's the man after all, Jimmy Dolliver. The rest doesn't count so much."

Dolliver crushed her to his breast. She had said the thing he wanted her to say, and just in the way he wanted her to say it.

"Are you sure?" he cried.  
"Sure," she answered.  
"Do you realize, little girl," he asked, "what it all means?"  
"Jimmy," she answered, "we're going to fight it out together."

They married. All Monroe approved the match; all Monroe liked Jimmy, and loved Natalie. And Natalie's father, who was a club man, was glad to have his only daughter so very well disposed of; he tapped her on the shoulder.

"Natalie," he said, "Jimmy is the real thing. He's doing well. He's straight as a die, and he's got a thundering good

business reputation. You take good care of him, and you'll be all right."

Jimmy smiled. "We'll get along—somehow," he assented.

They lived in a small cottage in a good residence neighborhood on the outskirts of the town. Natalie had picked it out. Jimmy had suggested a flat—not an apartment—at a lower rental. But he conceded the little six-room cottage. The open air and the little flower-beds would do them good. They hired the cheapest kind of a servant, but changed her later for a good one.

"For," reasoned Natalie, "a cheap one wastes so much that a good one pays in the end. She saves so much."

"If there's anything to save," thought Jimmy, for his appetite and Natalie's were sufficient usually to lick the platters clean.

"And besides," Natalie had told herself, "we've got to make some kind of a showing when Genevieve comes here."

Genevieve was Genevieve Lawson, the bosom friend of Natalie. Genevieve had married G. J. Lawson, of Lawson & Son brokers, in Monroe. G. J. Lawson was young and rich. He, too, had a business reputation; though it was said about town that Lawson & Sons was a concern that had learned to run itself. At any rate, G. J. did not let it interfere with his enjoyment of life. G. J. Lawson was as much a friend of Jimmy's as was Genevieve of Natalie's.

"We've got to make some little show, just to keep up with our wedding presents," Natalie told Jimmy Dolliver. Jimmy would nod in a tired sort of way. He was always tired now, it seemed. "It's good to come home,



"Wait till you have eight, like me," he said.

nights, now," he would tell her, "to home, and—you."

"Why are you so tired, Jimmy?" she would ask. "You didn't used to be."

"Ah," returned Jimmy, "Forbes and I must hustle now. We've got to hustle on our own account, you see. It's hard work to make both ends meet. But we're doing it all right."

"You get home so late," she went on. "It's a long walk, you know," he answered. He hadn't meant to say it. It slipped out naturally enough. Natalie opened her eyes.

"Walk!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you walk home!" Jimmy nodded. "All that distance?" she persisted. "How far is it?"

"About a mile," Jimmy answered. He lied. It was two and a half. "It isn't far. And besides, I need the exercise."

"But," she protested, "why don't you walk in the morning when you're fresh, and ride at night when you're tired?"

"I walk both ways," returned Jimmy. "Both ways!" she echoed. There was a note of incredulity in her tone.

"Jimmy—why?"

Jimmy took her hands in his. "Because, little girl," he answered, smiling, "it's just this: we're running so close to the wind down at the shop that it's a matter of pennies—actually of pennies. Seems funny, doesn't it? But it's true. Forbes, my partner, doesn't economize. I must."

She said nothing just then. But



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