

Winter's High Living Tells in the Spring



Too hearty eating and drinking—late hours—too little exercise—pass unnoticed in frosty weather, but you feel the effects now in a "sagging" of your whole system.

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Salt every morning in a glass of water will clear out the bowels, tone up the stomach, quicken the action of the liver and kidneys and make life worth living.

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gested that in playfully pressing this thorn into Sid's side she had unexpectedly pricked herself. Sid sat on in the same attitude of patient gloom. Presently, observing her silence, he turned to her.

"Are you finished?" he said.
"Yes!" she answered. "Yes!" with a certain aloofness in her voice, which Sid, with the painful sensitiveness of a lover, did not miss.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked.
"No," she answered, speaking slowly, and with the same serious quietness of tone, as though she were thinking hard. "No! but I've got an idea. That last poem has set me thinking . . ."

"Curse the poem," exclaimed Sid desperately, seizing hold of the volume.

"You can take it," said Rosamund, to his surprise, "I don't think I want to see it again either."

"But surely you are not allowing it to trouble you. It is all past and gone, and one cannot have reached thirty without some experiences. Even you, dear . . ."

"Oh, yes, I know, but there's a peculiarly deep ring about those last two lines, Sid."

Oh, little girl, here's a little boy
Will love you till Judgment Day.

whatever you may say, you meant them pretty badly, Sid," she added, turning upon him eyes whose recent mirth was replaced by a questioning gravity.

"Of course I meant them at the time, or thought I meant them. Besides poetry always exaggerates," answered Sid, writhing with explanation.

"No, Sid, don't belittle your old feel-

But the more he expostulated, the firmer she became.

"I declare, the idea grows on me!" she said. "I wonder it never occurred to me before. Now that it has, I must insist on your carrying it out—for my sake. When I think of your nature, in the light of all this printed experience, I should not really feel safe otherwise. Of course, your cage is strong, I know. So long as I care to keep the key, your escape is impossible. But then, I should not like to find some day in the future, that, secure as you were, you were in secret pining to be off after some little starlit spring on the other side of the bars. So Sid, I'm sorry, but you must pack up right away, and go on pilgrimage."

In vain Sid protested that it was preposterous, that he was incapable of seriously undertaking any such fanciful absurdity. Rosamund remained obdurate. She would never marry him, she said, till he had subjected himself to the proposed ordeal.

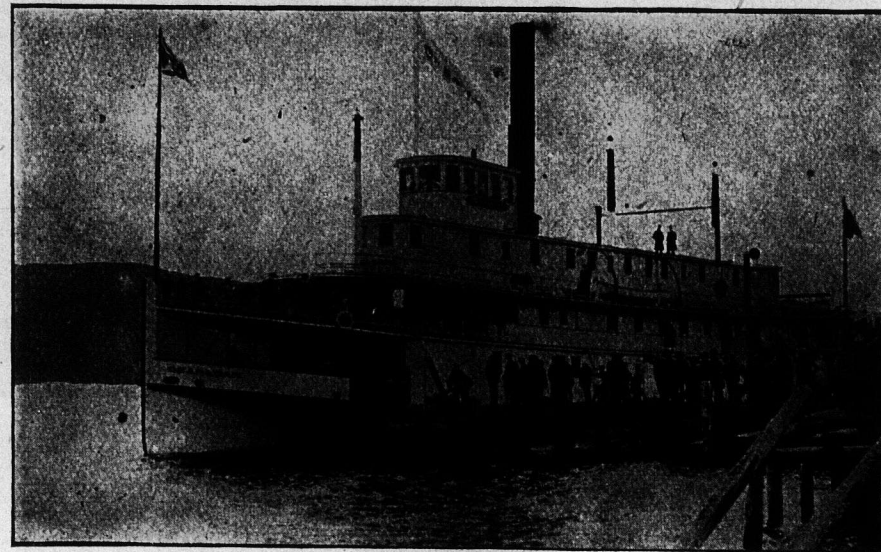
"Besides, if you refuse," she continued, "I shall always feel that you were afraid of it, secretly afraid that the temptations of it would be too strong for your faith."

To this Sid made a singularly blundering retort, which he in vain tried to take back as he uttered it, to the effect that, however certain one was of one's love, there was no sense in playing with fire. This settled the matter.

"Fire!" laughed Rosamund, mercilessly—he admitted the danger then!

After that there was no argument—and this is the explanation of Sid Norton's sudden departure for Europe.

Say what you will, the test was a



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ings. That doesn't help. Rather the reverse," and then once more she repeated the lines musingly as if to herself. Then she turned to Sid with a sudden decision of manner, as if her mind was made up.

"Sid, that was a very deep feeling. How do you know that it is not still alive?"

Sid made the usual despairing protestations. Rosamund regarded them but little.

"I wonder," she continued, "if you really know your own mind. I wonder. You think you love me now, but then you thought you loved her then—till Judgment Day, Sid! Now see, I'm going to tell you my idea . . ."

Sid looked at her expectantly, waiting with anxious eyes. Then, with something of a return to her gayer manner, she went on:

"You remember what we were saying just now about your cage. Well, I'm going to let you out for a month or two."

She waved aside a remonstrant ejaculation from Sid.

"Yes! and you are to spend the last breath of freedom in finding out if there is still any truth left in these old impassioned statements. That is, you will go to Myrtilla, and see if you still want to drink of that 'little starlit spring,' and you will go to Meriel and see, well . . . about Judgment Day! And, while you are on pilgrimage, there are one or two other 'muses' it might be well to make quite sure about."

Sid interrupted with impatient incredulity, not believing her serious.

little unfair! So Sid Norton said to himself, as he paced the moonlit deck in mid-ocean, and strove to analyze his feelings toward the situation in which Rosamund's whim had placed him. He thought of the lady of old time who had thrown her glove into the arena. Of course, no lover could decline such a challenge . . . but he hastily dismissed the image as unfortunate, for he was not allowed to admit the existence of the lions. To recognize any possibility of danger in his present so-called ordeal was in itself an unfaithfulness. To admit that there was any element of an ordeal in his fantastic adventure was to fail right away. To confess any temptation in the circumstances was a sufficient backsliding. And yet would any man in a like situation, dealing honestly with his own thoughts, declare confidently that there was no danger here to a true love? The answer of theory and idealism would of course be that there could evidently be none. The words "true love" imply that, and a certain old writer has disparaged "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" that shrinks from taking the open field against temptation. Which is all very beautiful, but another saying as to the relation of discretion to valor comes nearer to the truth of a human nature, which, with the best will in the world, is apt to be sorely tripped up in the very moment of its strength by some half-forgotten weakness.

Sid Norton's love for Rosamund Lowther was no less real and deep than he deemed it. She was for him the divine event toward which his whole

life had devoted himself to. Love would be that which he had faced, yet for her. She was the true. He had aimed, beyond her his life. Its future was perfect. It brought him about Sid Norton's serious respect length assertion warring mind—the self on being. being called though conquering wounded, and occasionally on flash of vision hand, and moment tragedy real and last in his own power rather him—gloriously astrous aberration or another might not be betray him. seriously feared indeed, night ocean moon, as the spirit of his. Still, like hard that nightation. In this survey of

gratulated seductiveness. As in the remains on gers of those in ships, a had not been. On coming forenoon, before he cause, of a the human spring sudden out into the have seen in the garden sensitive in ately of the beautiful along the mummies, not been a had blossomed the vividness the bare bones other passages, grace, all the chairs this morning Sid's own, in which p with alarm in this ch sitting. "So it is, smile, "that temptation. He did walked the reconnoiter with the h the deck s removed