

"Tricked"

By W R Gilbert

A DOOR banged impetuously; quick steps along the polished wood of the passage aroused me to a sense of something happening. I put down my pen with a sigh, then resigned myself.

It must be Rosalie. Rosalie, who had been married just five weeks, and whose gaiety and femininity I had missed horribly, though I was not going to own up to it.

"Uncle Brian, I've come back for good!"

Rosalie stood in front of me, her little chin nestling in the black furs I had given her for part of my wedding present.

A trim little black velvet hat fitted closely on her head, and she had one of those irritating feathers stuck out at an outrageous angle which have a knack of tickling the person behind. I am a novelist, and have trained myself to notice details.

But I forgot to notice anything when I saw her face. Her charming, merry face was downcast. She looked miserable, rather like a bedraggled sparrow. I was very fond indeed of this little niece of mine.

"Why, Rosalie, in trouble?" I said sympathetically. "I'm glad you came to your old uncle."

"Don't be kind to me, or I shall cry. I'm so unused to kindness," she said, with a sob.

"Good gracious!" I said, in surprise. A recollection of Tony on their wedding-day came.

He treated her as some fragile Dresden china ornament. He seemed as if he thought her some wonderful image of porcelain, made for very tender handling.

I had hoped he'd soon get rid of it, for Rosalie was no saint, but a very wilful, withal a very lovable young woman.

"Why, Tony's kind, surely?" I said thoughtfully.

"He's absolutely cruel to me!"

Rosalie had forgotten to cry. She stared at me with her dark eyes intense. Her mouth—such a pretty, soft, red little mouth it was—hardened. I knew from experience that she could be very trying when it set in that way. Poor old Tony had had no experience, no sisters—only a mother who adored him. He had my sympathy, though if he had been unkind to Rosalie I should have something to say. But I guessed it was just a little misunderstanding.

Suddenly Rosalie flung herself at me. The feather which I had spotted tickled me so that I wanted to sneeze, only it would never have done upon such a heartbreaking moment.

"I am going to live with you again. I shall never go back to Tony," she said quietly. "I don't wish to be his wife any more."

"My dear, in England you can't throw off wifehood quite so easily," I remonstrated.

"Then you don't want me, either?" said Rosalie, sitting up and looking at me with the utmost reproach in her great pansy eyes.

"What nonsense, Rosalie!" I said hastily. "Of course I want you. I've missed you terribly. I didn't mean to tell you, but I do."

Rosalie took my hand, and pressed her cool cheek to it lovingly.

"I knew I always had you to come to," she said softly. "It's been my sheet-anchor, to think of this haven."

"Why, I thought you were so happy." I fumbled in my pocket, and, before she could stop me, brought out the letter I had had from her only yesterday. "Listen here, my dear:

"I am absolutely, deliriously happy still. How's that?" I interpolated. "Then you say here: 'Will that surprise you, you old woman hater? You thought I should have quarrelled long before; but Tony is perfect, and I sing all day.'"

Rosalie tried to snatch it, then to put

her hand over my mouth, but I resisted successfully. She frowned at me crossly.

"That's unfair," she said, with a pout. "We've quarrelled. This morning he went off without saying he was sorry."

A great tear balanced itself on her eyelash, and trickled down that rose-leaf cheek. She looked most fetching when she cried. It had been too bad of Tony not to give her the chance of weeping such attractive tears in forgiving him.

"I suppose you had planned to forgive him?" I said, with a smile I quickly suppressed. "You were going to be

magnanimous, and he didn't come up to the scratch, eh?"

"I was going to forgive him, not just at first, but soon," admitted Rosalie, colouring slightly.

"Perhaps he wasn't in the wrong. I've known times when the wife was to blame," I volunteered tentatively.

"He was wrong," said Rosalie fiercely. "He flirled!"

"Rubbish!" I said. "Who with?"

"That detestable Mona Desmond," said Rosalie tremulously. "She's so awfully pretty, too."

"I don't believe he did flirt," I said firmly. "He isn't the sort to love two women, and he worships you."

"That's it! Even you side against me! All you men stick together and crush us poor women. I might have known, and yet I did think that you

would have stuck up for your poor miserable little Rosalie."

I tried to comfort her, but it did take a long time. I had some proofs to get off, and, of course, I had left them to the very last day, as usual; now I could do nothing but stroke her hand and dodge that silly little feather.

And then I saw the gate open. From my window I can see the gate, and consequently can often make myself scarce before a not-wanted visitor arrives.

What I saw shocked even me. It was the recalcitrant Tony, and with him was the girl they two had quarrelled over—Mona Desmond.

I looked at Rosalie, weeping on a footstool at my knee. This would never do. Being a writer, I know it doesn't



Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Amberola—Only

\$100

After Trial!

Yes, we will send the New Edison Amberola, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records, on free trial without a penny down. On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison Amberola, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity!* Send coupon now for catalog.

Edison's Favorite Invention

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last his efforts have been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. Read our great offer.

Get the New Edison Amberola in Your Home on FREE TRIAL!

Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits, with your favorite old-time melodies—with everything from grand opera to comic vaudeville. Roar with laughter at the side-splitting minstrel shows. Then after trial, send it back if you choose.

month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for \$1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon now for full particulars of this great offer.

Rock-Bottom Offer Direct!

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only \$1.

Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a \$1 payment and a few dollars a

month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for \$1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon now for full particulars of this great offer.

To F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 102
355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

New Edison Catalog FREE!

Your name and address on a postal or letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—while this offer lasts. Write NOW!

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors, Dept. 102 355 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.
UNITED STATES OFFICE: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Name.....
Address.....