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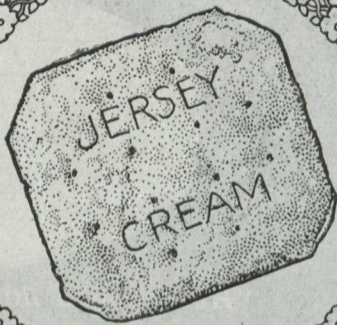
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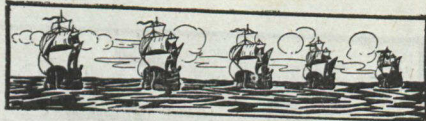
Over There. Arnold Bennett.

The Far Country. Winston Churchill.

Martin Eden. Jack London.

And many others. If you have a choice, let us know.

*Dramatized for the moving pictures.



The Heart of Miss Honora

(Continued from page 22)

the letter, which, she was rather surprised to note, was from the same firm of lawyers that had notified her of her legacy. She read the few lines, then in a daze re-read them:

"We regret exceedingly to have to tell you," the letter said, "that a later will of your deceased uncle has been found and that, according to its bequests, there is nothing for you. Almost the entire fortune, which is not large, is left to a younger brother of the deceased, with whom he had apparently quarrelled, but who seems to have been reinstated in his affections just before the end. Trusting that you—" etc., etc.

What was to be done now? She read the letter a dozen times, but its contents didn't change, as she half thought they might in the fervent and wild hope that she was only dreaming. No, those cold typed words had a merciless authenticity about them that was not to be gainsaid. A fine fool's paradise she had been dwelling in these past six or seven weeks! And two little children to bring up and educate—on a midsummer night's dream! Keep them now she could not.

Yet what could she do with them? Put them in an orphan's home? Put them up for adoption and become the jest of the entire countryside? Oh, why hadn't she opened the mail-box before Matthew came? She had treated him so cavalierly! And what an annoyingly acquiescent way he had, how submissively he had accepted her dictum—to-night as upon that other night long ago.

MISS HONORA wrestled with the problem all night long, and it cost her her sleep. The next day with the courage born of desperation, she made a resolve. There was absolutely no money at her command but what her one cow and a few hens brought her, but the house and grounds, comprising three acres, were her own. She would sell the place. Yes, she would give up the old home—it was pretty lonely anyway living up here on the hill alone—and she would take a tiny cottage in the village. She could teach music. If only she could ask Matt to take the boy! But—it would be eating humble pie. She knew that one of the tests of a fine nature was the ability to own oneself in the wrong, and she concluded that hers could not be a noble nature.

Two weeks later Miss Honora was "all packed up" and ready to move as soon as she would hear from her prospective tenant—she had not been able to find a purchaser—who was coming in August to remain. He was a widower with one child, and his household consisted of just himself and the little one, and a housekeeper. He had been twice to Maplewold and each time had been pressed to stay to tea at Miss Honora's and his advent upon these occasions had given rise to an endless amount of conjecture, not to say gossip. Who was he? Was he running after Miss Honora for her money? For to no one had Miss Honora confided either the fact that now she had no money or that she had rented her old home. People saw a great deal of movement, beating of rugs and so on taking place at the white house, but they only accused her of too much zeal in the matter of housecleaning. She was too finicky was Honora Hall, just like her Maw before her!

And now on this clear late July evening, she was sitting in the garden feeling weary and a little sad. How few days yet remained to her of the old regime? How many more nights could she sit thus, surrounded by her own flowers, her own trees, her own memories? She had rented the little cottage, enjoining secrecy on the part of the landlord, who was an old friend of her father's and though it only had three rooms, she was convinced she would be satisfied, and contented if not altogether happy.

Somewhere in the gloom of the foliage near at hand, seemingly right over her head, a sleepy bird twittered to its mate. Miss Honora shivered slightly and rose. The air of evening was growing chill. And it was just at that moment that she heard the sound of gravel crunching, and turning about sharply saw Matthew Stubbs coming down the path toward her. She knew him even in the semi-darkness, by his large, loose-swinging form.

"How you startled me!" she said, with a gasp of genuine surprise.

Not an hour ago she had seen him driving past in his car with Mrs. Porter!

"I came afoot," remarked Matt, briefly. "So couldn't honk-honk my approach this time, Honora."

"What did you wish to see me about?"

Miss Honora was nothing if not to the point.

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