



(CONTINUED.)

"And then the nonsense of paying tribute to her imitation! I'll swear that I haven't made love to her, and I know for a certainty that I haven't kissed her three times. She thinks she loves and she thinks she has a heart, and she thinks she thinks, which is equivalent to the demonstration of an absurdity."

Lena Hartman, buxom, blood and warm-blooded, belonged to that vast army of women that thrives best in neglect. She loved Henry Henshall because she feared him.

He had called her silly when she attempted to be playful, made fun of her theories and referred to her as dull, martistic and half-witted.

He teased her unmercifully, but what hurt her was the indifference he showed when she pointed, expecting to be coaxed.

Conquering was not in the painter's tactics. He could have sworn that he would have held her if he could do so, but he didn't, and by ignoring her moods he deflected himself to a "whit-eau-til-comet-tyou" state of importance.



Inadvertently Henry was training his wife for future success. Women are as easily spoiled as children, and once indulged they twice a man about their fingers or plying door mat with him, as the humorist said.

It's the sifting of grain and grass that gives the thoughtless leany and lo, a condition just in proportion to the chaffing and straining of his affection with a man's hand and then slave the woman who is in love with him. The velvet glove is very soothing to the touch, but a woman wants to know that there's an iron grip under it.

Henry Henshall counted the bell-fry stroke and waited for the resounding tones to die away before unlocking the door.

In the hall, on his way to the bridal chamber, he met Banker Hartman going to sign the leader of the orchestra for the march.

"Ah, old man! glad to see you! How are your knees? Shall I get you a drink of some thing?"

"No, thank you; I'm all right. Where's Lena?"

"Dear Henry, how do I look! Is my veil on straight? I'm awfully nervous. Are you?"

The pale-faced bridegroom was spared the effort of response by a burst of melody that came from the lily strings hidden away in some place overhead, and offering his arm to the goddess in satin and pearls, he led her down the broad staircase, along the restrengthened hall, through the orchid-scented drawing-room and into the final tower.

In the gateway stood the venerable clergyman, book in hand, straight as a sea anemone and bright as a January rose.

The sweet strains of "Oberon" came from the pleading, sobbing, violin.

In six minutes by the watch of Broker Henshall his son was a husband and at five o'clock he fell wing evening; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Henshall, Mrs. Sully, Mr. Crawford, Dr. Watson and Miss Brown were in the Union Depot of Chicago, waiting for the San Francisco limited.

CHAPTER IX.—EX EDIENTS OF DESPAIR.

BY MISS EASTLAKE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER VIII.—BY NELL NELSON.

Miss Brown, Edna's governess, is lying on a rug by the fire when Dr. Watson enters. He tells her to get ready to start for San Francisco next day to follow Edna. Miss Brown refuses, but the doctor's hypnotic power prevails and she consents. She determines to head Mr. Crawford who comes up to her. There is some terrible scene between Miss Brown and the doctor, and a third she has with him in his power. Her half-sister Edna is married, and the next evening he and his wife, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Brown and Dr. Watson go to bed in the Chicago depot, awaiting the San Francisco limited.



IT is the nature of a man to pursue.

He regards the whole world as a hunting-ground and anything, man, please his fancy, whether it be a bird, a pretty woman or a mere ashes lawful prey.

He may not care for the game or know why he pursues it, but the chase is irresistible, and

like the child with the butterfly, he will spoil his pretty catches, subvert his toe and get his feet wet running through brambles and puddles as long as the winged thing is in sight.

Henshall knew neither rest nor peace of mind. The throbbing, sobbing notes of Edna's violin were as sweet to him as the music of the rolling spheres to the old philosopher.

What he can't get easily to prize most the fruit that hangs highest. To him no beauty is so entrancing as that which smiles and blushes beneath the mystic web of a gauzed veil and doubly lovely is the loveliness that turns and flits at its approach.

He believes for nothing but the soft brown of her hair, lishes, complexion and dress. He thought of her through the day and dreamed of her in the night, and could they have been vocalized every sigh would have uttered "I will flatter."

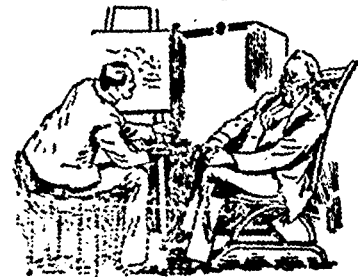
He followed this small woman with

And as

his thoughts and his soul, his bride Lena first became moody, then fearful and finally so despondent that she threw herself in the arms of her companion and begged her to tell her what to do.

She took the matter very much to heart in the makeup of Mrs. Smith, and no danger of her sharpening the edge of Mrs. Henshall's sensibility. Instead of putting her arm about her neck and electrifying her medulla spinalis with the magic of her touch, she took a hair-pin from her coiffure and proceeded to loosen the cuticle about the girl's finger-nails.

"And so you are disappointed with married life already? Well, my dear, you have only made the common error of expecting to marry. You have foolishly invested the field of wedlock with the colour de rose and studied your hero through the magnifying lens when you should have reversed the glass.



"I MET MISS NEVILLE SEVERAL TIMES IN NEW YORK."

If woman only knew it, she could win her lover by eluding him, for man never wants

"Now let me advise you not to be unreasonable, don't tell me you expected to marry an angel. You are a mortal and married to a man, one of the queerest brutes that tread the earth. Yes, men are queer brutes," she repeated, crossing her eyes in fancy; enthusiastic and detestable enough before marriage, but an entirely different sort of breed afterwards.

"But Henry isn't; he's the same now that he was a year ago. He scarcely notices me and never speaks unless I ask him a question. There's something on his mind. It isn't his work, for he hasn't finished a canvas this long time; and it isn't I, that's certain."

"Now, Lena, don't be foolish. You got as much petting as the average woman has a right to expect."

"Right! Am I not married to him? his lawful wife, and shouldn't I expect some evidence of his affection?"

"No, expect nothing; you can drive a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Let him get thirsty; let him alone."

"And there's just where you make a mistake. When you get your third husband you'll know how to manage him. The trouble with you is this, you have too many feelings and too much heart. It is a bother to have feelings, and my advice is to get rid of your heart if you want to have good digestion and keep your youth.

"A woman with a heart is in the power of her husband; a wife who has none can do as she pleases. Take all, give nothing in return—that's the true philosophy of matrimonial peace if you can't find contentment; and you needn't hunt for happiness, for it is not to be found on this planet in quantities to speak about."

This sort of advice was gall and wormwood to the honest, innocent young woman, but she knew well enough that her companion spoke from bitter experience, and nauseous as the dose was, she took it, dried her eyes and went to dress for a walk.

TO BE CONTINUED]