

said, "it is you I love. Elsa is a sort of scientific proposition. But even for you I cannot leave my mill."

"If you loved me," she insisted, "you would go anywhere."

His eyes met hers. "If you loved me, you would live in my mill."

For a moment she wavered, then her hand swept across her eyes. "Don't look at me that way," she whispered, and fled. She turned, however, when she came to the bridge, and waved her hand, and he waved back, his white figure looming big against the black shadows behind him.

And when she was out of sight he sighed and spoke to the little cat. "Primrose," he said, "do you stay with me because you love me, or because there are mice in the mill?"

That night, when he crossed the bridge on his way to the hotel, he stood where Euphrosyne had stood, and looked back at the mill and at the big house that loomed behind it, unlighted except in the servants' quarters. "It is not good for a man to live alone," he murmured, and Primrose responded with a plaintive "meow" as he struck out into the broad white road, whence she dared not follow him.

The guests at the hotel were dancing in the ballroom, and the miller made out Euphrosyne in a shimmer of silver gauze, treading a joyful measure with a tall, blond man. The miller stood in the porch and watched them, his big hands clenched, but as the couple whirled near the window he saw the far-away look in her eyes, and he drew a sigh of relief, and his hands relaxed as, deep in his heart, he said, "She is thinking of the mill."

He found Beeman in the kitchen. The servants had gone to bed or a-pleasuring, and the tavern-keeper had things to himself.

"Hungry?" he demanded. "No," the miller told him, "I had dinner an hour ago."

"I never eat dinner," the fat man said. "Not the kind of dinners we serve here. I don't like a dab of this and a dab of that; a bit of fish, and a bit of meat, and a bit of salad, and coffee at the end. I wait until the kitchen is empty, and then I come in and cook the things I like. To-night it is going to be ham and eggs, and I'll double the quantity if you will eat with me."

But the miller shook his head. "I'm not hungry," he said.

He watched the expertness with which Beeman, prepared his meal. The fat man broiled the ham over the red coals of the big range and dropped the three eggs into hot, deep fat. He made the coffee and cut bread and cheese, and spread a white napkin on the corner of the kitchen table.

"So might mine host of olden days have feasted," the miller laughed, as the fat man settled down to his meal with a sigh of satisfaction. Then the laugh died out of his eyes. "We are sailing under false colors," he said; "a man of to-day cannot live like his grandfather."

"I can eat ham and eggs," Beeman told him, "and smoke my pipe by the kitchen fire. When I get old I am going to build a bungalow with a big chimney corner, and I am going to keep a big round of beef on the sideboard."

"All dreams, dreams," said the miller. "Some day the world will call us back, Beeman."

Beeman cocked up his eye and demanded, "Who is the woman?"

"There are two of them. One of them I love because God made her for loving, and the other I owe a debt of gratitude because she made a man of me—but neither of them will live at the mill."

Beeman leaned back in his chair and reached for his pipe. "You will be first to desert," he said. "The call of the city will come with the call of the siren. And some day you will be pegging away in an office, and your life will be in the social whirl, and the kiddies will spend your money and ruin you with riotous living."

"I have had a dream," the miller said, "of a woman who might come up here to the old house and be happy. Of children playing in the old mill."

The smoke from Beeman's pipe curled to the ceiling. "We all dream such



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dreams at times," he murmured; "even fat men who eat ham and eggs."

The miller stood up. "I have made up my mind," he said, and his chin was set squarely, "if the woman I want won't come into my life, then I will go to hers. When a call like this comes to a man, Beeman, he has to follow, if he dies on the rocks."

"I know." For a moment something shone in the fat man's face that transfigured it. "I know. I wouldn't be here alone, and making a pig of myself, if I hadn't closed my ears to a woman's call before it was too late, and she called no more."

They gripped each other's hand in silence, and presently the miller left his friend in the dim kitchen, his pipe's blue smoke still curling to the ceiling, and the remnants of the evening's feast before him.

It was raining as the miller went down the hill, and all that night it rained, and the next day, and the next. And the miller read his books and paced the floor restlessly. "It is not easy, Primrose," he said, more than once, "for a man to make up his mind, and the mill holds me."

The fourth day the storm increased, and when the rain was coming down in torrents the mill door opened and Euphrosyne came in. Her hair was wet and she was breathless with running. "There is a girl coming down the road," she said, as the miller took her hands.

"She stayed at the hotel last night, and I am sure it is your Elsa."

"Well?" he demanded, still holding her hands.

"I wanted to tell you," she stammered, with hot cheeks, "that you'd better marry her. You know I can never, never come and live in the mill."

There was a step at the end of the platform in front of the mill.

"Let me go!" Euphrosyne panted.

"What will she think to find me here?" "Anyone can take shelter from the rain," said the miller.

The door, which stood half open, swung fully back.

"Elsa," he demanded, "by heavens, where did you drop from?"

She laughed, a throaty, musical laugh. "From the clouds with the rain. No—I had to come and see if you are still a madman, Phillip."

Back in the shadows two small hands were clenched at the familiar use of that dear name.

"I have another wayfarer who is taking shelter from the rain," the miller explained, as Elsa, peering into the depths, saw the slender figure in the deep chair. Euphrosyne had taken off her raincoat, and in the half darkness one could see the gleam of the golden buckles, the pointed peak of black hair, the scarlet lips, the luminous eyes.

Elsa's eyes were shrewdly grey behind gold glasses. There were no

buckles on her heavy shoes. Her blouse was open a bit at the neck and showed her creamy skin. Although she wore no raincoat, she had carried an umbrella, and she was dry.

"Come over to the house," the miller insisted; "it is too damp here, and there's a fire there."

They found Primrose on a rug in the dim, low sitting-room. She welcomed them sleepily as they sank into the deep chairs.

"I'll leave Primrose to do the honors, while I run over to the mill for a moment," the miller said, and as he went out Elsa called after him, "Come back soon, madman."

"Why do you call him that?" In Euphrosyne's eyes were little points of flame. "Why do you call him madman?"

Elsa's glance weighed the tenseness of the slender figure, the flame in the eyes, the proud set of the small head. "Because a man who would leave the world and come up here and stagnate is mad. He might have led men, and he is content to drone."

"He doesn't drone," the other flared; "he works hard."

Elsa picked up Primrose and pulled her ears thoughtfully. "He is content with a pussy-cat existence," she said, "like this little creature. They are two of a kind."

Primrose said things in a sputtering sort of way before she jumped from