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A Boarding House Romance

By FRANCES MAY

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A strong odor of vegetable soup and boiled fish assailed Eleanor Dean's nostrils as she stepped into the narrow hallway of the boarding house. She knew by the distant sound of chairs grating upon the thinly-carpeted floor of the basement dining room that the boarders were already assembling about the long table to begin that solemn and most important meal of the day—dinner.

Hastening upstairs to her little fourth-story room, the girl hurriedly rearranged her thick, dark hair and slipped into a cool lawn dress, appearing in the dining room just as the last soup plate was being removed. With one exception, everybody was breathlessly watching Mrs. Frazer, the landlady, serve the fish, and little heed was paid to the girl's entrance, beyond a perfunctory "Good evening." The exception, a handsome young Frenchman, who sat in the relative position on Mrs. Frazer's right that Eleanor occupied on her left, looked up smilingly and said "Good evening," cordially and with a decided accent.

"It is warm," suggested the young man.

"Very warm," assented Eleanor.

"No warmer than it was at this time last year," asserted a large, florid gentleman aggressively.

"That don't make it cool now, Franklin," snapped his wife. "I wonder whether you will find it cool in France when you go back, Mr. Le Visconte?" she questioned, turning to the Frenchman.

Eleanor raised her eyes quickly and glanced across at her vis-a-vis.

"Are you going to France, Mr. Le Visconte?" she asked.

"Why, hasn't he told you?" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin, significantly. "I should think he would have told you at once! We were all talking about it just before you came downstairs. It seems odd that you haven't heard!"

Miss Dean's great, dark eyes opened very wide for an instant and stared coldly into Mrs. Franklin's little blue ones. Then she turned away and resumed her dinner and the Frenchman said suavely:

"Why, what need had I to inform Miss Dean when Mrs. Franklin is here to speak for me? I go, Miss Dean, to France, yes; but today only I know it; I have told Mrs. Frazer this afternoon and she has told all these good people this evening. It is quick, is it not?"

"Very quick," responded the girl, "and very unexpected, isn't it?"

"Most on-expected!"

Mrs. Franklin's tiny eyes searched the girl's face curiously.

"I should think you would miss Mr. Le Visconte," she said.

"I shall, indeed."

"The young man glanced gratefully at her. "You are the only one who has so expressed herself," said he, smiling.

"And you will miss him all the more because he's going for good," continued the lady, with emphasis.

"For good!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"Ah—yes—well, perhaps he will come back and visit America some day."

"I will surely come," said Le Visconte. Then there was a silence and the girl felt herself the object of covert scrutiny.

"Will you go for a walk with Mr. Franklin and me, Miss Dean?" asked Mrs. Franklin, as the dreary meal terminated.

"Thank you, I have had a hard day at the office and am too tired," was the response. "Good-night," and Eleanor went upstairs to her room, and sat down at the window that looked out upon the backs of a row of tenement houses, resting her cheek wearily upon her hand.

"What a dreary place this city is for a woman to come to alone!" she said half aloud. "It will be worse by and by," and then with an attempted laugh, "What a goose I am. I'll get out of this stuffy room into the air."

Putting on her hat, she slipped downstairs and out of the house. The air was sultry and oppressive and the pavement seemed to radiate heat. Swarms of insects fluttered about the electric lights. Everywhere rose the incessant hum of voices and the rattle of wheels and clang of trolley bells; and over all hung a cloudless sky, with a half of a silver moon in its midst.

Eleanor had turned into a quieter street where she could walk more comfortably, when a quick footstep sounded behind her and a voice at her elbow said:

"Miss Dean—pardon!" and turning her head, she saw Le Visconte. "May I walk with you?" he asked.

She did not reply at once; he had startled her and the beating of her heart seemed to choke her. So they stood for an instant looking into one another's faces. Then, without a word, he drew her hand through his arm and they went on, together.

"So, you were taking an evening walk, alone?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, smiling; "but how do you come to be walking here, too?"

"I? Oh, I heard you go out and I came also. Will you forgive me that I follow you?"

"Yes."

"You were too much tired to walk with Mrs. Franklin?" interogatively.

"Yes," she replied with a little laugh.

"Are you too tired to go where I would take you?" bending down, the better to look into her face.

"Where is that?" she asked.

"To that great fountain in the park; to see the moonlight shining on the water. There I will tell you why I go away. Come, let us go to the fountain," he concluded rather abruptly.

Half an hour later they crossed the stone-paved square in the midst of which a fountain played refreshingly, sending up into the air tall jets of water that fell back with a cool splash into the great basin and rippled away softly to its outer rim.

"Ah, what a relief to escape the noise of the city streets!" exclaimed Eleanor, seating herself on the stone seat that surrounded the basin. "Now tell me what you are going to do when you go back to France?"

"I? Oh, my uncle, he offers me a very fine position in his business in Paris with a great salary—and I must not refuse. And so I go for some years. But I think I cannot live always, there."

"No?" she questioned. "It is your home. You ought to be contented."

"I love my country," he said, "oh, more than I can say. But what makes home? It is those we love—is it not so?"

"But you have told me of your mother and sisters, and of the happy life you led together."

"Ah, yes; and I delight to think of meeting them again. And I shall make my mother more comfortable than she has been for many years. It will be a great joy to me."

"I am sure it will," said the girl, rising and leaning over the basin of the fountain, in the waters of which there was a dim, wavering reflection of her face. Le Visconte rose and stood beside her.

"What a dreary place this would be in winter," murmured Eleanor with a little shudder.

"But it is now-summer and you will not come here in winter."

"No," she replied with a laugh. "I'm not likely to."

A silence followed, broken presently by Le Visconte, who said in a low voice:

"Miss Dean, it has been a joy to me to know you. You have made my life happier. I wish to tell you this and to say that I shall think of you—ah, when will you not be in my thoughts?" Eleanor was silent.

"I cannot hope that you will very much miss me when I go away. But I—"

"Not miss you!" she exclaimed with sudden energy. "You who have been a friend to me; almost the first I made in this great, desolate city! You who have done so much to make the six months I have been here happy! Why should I not miss you? It is not fair of you to doubt it," she concluded, a mist of tears gathering before her eyes.

She felt his strong fingers close over her hand as it grasped tremblingly the edge of the stone basin. She did not withdraw it, and he raised it and held it against his breast.

"Will you turn your face to me?" he pleaded gently, and as she did so and lifted her eyes, still luminous with tears to his, he went on softly, "One dream has been mine since I first saw you—that you might some day love me well enough to be my wife. When I find today that I must go back to France, I think of all that has passed between us, and I see not one little sign that you love me. Like me, yes—but that is not enough. So, I think if she cares, it is but a little and she would not leave her country for mine. She will forget me, soon. I will say nothing. But, oh, dear heart, my love is too strong! It will speak. It says that you are my dearest on earth—that life without you is bitter—bitter. It cries out that we belong to each other, and something most precious that I see in your dear eyes tells me that you would not wish me to be forever silent!"

The fountain splashed and sparkled in the moonlight—how many times had it overheard such words before?—and the sound of laughter and voices in a distant part of the square rose and fell musically.

"Well," said Mrs. Franklin at dinner ten days later, "I suppose the happy couple are far out at sea, by this time. I can't for my life understand his infatuation. She's not even pretty—hadn't a cent in the world nor a relative to leave her anything—just a poor, ordinary struggling creature."

"I always found Miss Dean a perfect lady," interrupted Mrs. Frazer, stoutly. "She worked hard and paid her board regular. And she's pretty as a picture. Sarah," to the waitress, "fetch that bottle of claret."

"Oh, Mrs. Frazer," insinuated Mrs. Franklin, archly, "what about prohibition; how—"

"The occasion warranted an effort," responded the landlady, oracularly. "Ladies and gentlemen, we will drink the health of Mr. and Mrs. Le Visconte!"

A Boon.

"How has the general health of this community been of late?" asked the tourist who had an inquiring mind.

"Finer than frog hair!" triumphantly rolled the landlord of the tavern at Typowpity. "You see, we had only two doctors. One of 'em run off with another man's wife and the other was took on the jury and held so long that all the sick got well."—Kansas City Star.

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Choice of Cups and Saucers	21c
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A table of various kinds of Granite Ware.	
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Soap Holders, two sizes; each	15c & 20c
Substantial hard-wood Roller Towel Holders, nicely finished, each	25c
200 pieces of "Pyrex" Open Ware at a great saving.	
Toilet Paper, large rolls	6 for 26c
Surprise Laundry Soap	6 bars for 42c

At FALLS'

A City Store in a Town - - - But not City Prices