

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the angest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXVI.

It scarcely seemed possible that everything was over. Yes, and safely over. Not one break or hitch in the delicately balanced situation. Hugo behaved beautifully. He was as quiet as a little mouse, as self-effacing as no one could have hoped for, as tactful as the ideal diplomat. Jean need not have suffered one moment's uneasiness. Needless to say, she was concerned.

But from the first moment when Philip Ardeyne's keen glance swept him at the station in Genoa, and the greeting, "I hope you're keeping well, Mr. Ballas," had been admonished, Hugo was on guard.

The sight of Ardeyne brought back to him all the horrors of captivity, the memory of long years in That Place, and their unspeakable dreariness. Hugo would rather cut his throat, he said to himself, than be made to go back, and Ardeyne was closely associated in his mind with Broadmoor. Hence, although Jean was unaware of the cause—Hugo's perfect docility. He was a little lamb of meekness, a little lamb which quivered under the wolf's ravishing gaze. Every time Ardeyne looked at him, he felt a certain speculation in the doctor's eyes, and it was only too true.

But poor Hugo was far from guessing the real reason for Ardeyne's revived professional interest in him. The doctor was not asking himself if Hugo Smarie's insanity had begun to re-manifest its symptoms. He harbored no cruel intentions towards the little man whom he had every reason to believe was Alice's father. The doctor's thought ran very differently. He was now trying to believe that madness is really curable; that perhaps Hugo Smarie had never been mad, or that if once insane—he was now cured; that too much stress is laid upon heredity by unfeeling scientists.

Ardeyne was faced with such a problem as most other people might solve lightheartedly, and with no care for correct results, but which for him was rendered impossible of solution because of his conscience and his knowledge.

Giving up Alice did not enter into it. He had no intention of giving her up. He loved her too well to leave her to the mercy of chance, too well to forsake his intention to look after her himself. No one was better qualified; yet on the other hand, no one could suffer more than he in doing so.

It had never been religious, but now dimly he began to perceive that greatest of all living truths, that a man needs something apart from himself upon which to lean for help and guidance.

But for one thing, he did have sufficient strength. No one dreamed what was passing in his mind, no one—least of all Alice—suspected his great dread of the future.

He met her with the ardent tenderness of the conventional bridegroom; he was gay and cheerful, and Mrs. Carnay, taking heart of grace, drew in a deep breath of thankfulness. Had she faintly guessed what was in his

mind she would have regarded him as a human tiger; but Hugo, who could have told her something, guarded his own secret only too well. Hugo, mercifully for himself, was totally unprejudiced by the supposed relationship between himself and Alice. He saw no reason why Philip Ardeyne should take marriage with a daughter of his to serious heart.

Hugo had a very clear idea of his own mental condition; he was not and never had been insane. They had blundered about that, and Philip Ardeyne was one of the biggest blunders. Ardeyne, has it been possible, would have kept him in Broadmoor for the rest of his life. Doctors like Ardeyne had such power. A wise man didn't attempt to defy them. A wise man lay very low, behaved himself, crawled into a corner and kept his mouth shut.

And that was what Hugo did.

"Poor Hugo!" thought Jean. "He's doing his best—his very best—to make everything easy for Alice and me."

And poor Hugo was doing his best—to keep himself safe from the clutching hand that might suddenly itch to snatch him back to Broadmoor.

It was not easy for him to repress his volatile nature. He suffered keenly. During the religious ceremony in the dim little church Jean wept quite openly, and Hugo would have liked to mingle his tears with hers, but he kept them back. He kept back his jealousy of Hector Gaunt giving the bride away and his desire to become a little riotous at the wedding lunch, where everybody but himself displayed a natural gaiety. He refused champagne, although it was years since he had tasted the sparkling beverage and would have given much for only one glass.

He kept well in the background when they all went to the station together and the honeymoon couple were speeded. Alice had to climb out of the carriage again to say good-bye to him so successful had he effaced himself.

Through it all Jean smiled determinedly. She had wanted this marriage for Alice, and now she had got it. After a while, perhaps, she wouldn't feel so badly about having got what she wanted.

"Good-bye, my darling. You'll take care of her, Philip?"

The young couple stood together at the window, their shoulders touching, a suspicion that the bridegroom's arm was around the bride's waist.

"Good-bye, my dearest ma'am!" Philip nodded, a grim tenderness on his lips. Yes, he had married Alice just so that he could take care of her.

"Oh, the train's going!" Jean cried in dismay. She ran along beside it, reaching up her hand, fluttering her damo handkerchief.

"Mumsey, darling, you must! Oh, good-bye, good-bye!"

The little bride's face suddenly appeared against her husband's shoulder, and so the train bore them away. Jean began to gasp, great heaving sobs that seemed to tear out her heart, and then suddenly she found herself

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hanging on to Hector Gaunt's arm and he was patting her hand and telling her to be a brave little mother. It was Hugo who brought her to her senses. Hugo, who had behaved so beautifully, all at once became a terrible scandal. He let out a shriek like an Indian war-whoop, threw his hat as high into the air as ever he could and gave free utterance to his feelings of intense satisfaction, that all was over. What he actually said does not really matter. He meant no blasphemy. He merely was glad, poignantly, almost inexpressibly glad, to see that train roll out of the station, and to know that as each moment passed it was taking Dr. Philip Ardeyne farther and farther away from him.

"Hugo!" Jean cried, aghast at such totally unexpected language. "Oh, Hugo!"

Her tear-blurred eyes hastily inspected the platform. Did any of those Italians understand the English vernacular?

Hugo was dancing about excitedly, throwing up his hat and catching it, promising himself champagne and a giddy evening at a music-hall, nearly losing his eye-glasses and jabbing them back just in time, muttering fiercely, horribly.

It was a great relief to see how Gaunt took this outburst. Indecisive laughter trembled at the corners of Jean's mouth, when to a modified extent Hector Gaunt joined in Hugo's ecstasy. He clapped the little man on the back and mopped his own forehead.

"By the powers, Hugo, I'm with you! A wedding is woman's work entirely. They love all the fuss and the crying and the terrible, terrible business of it."

"It wasn't the wedding," chortled Hugo. "I could've stood a dozen of them. It was that prig, Ardeyne. Always watching me. For two pins he'd've tried to clap me back in That Place. I hope I never see him again."

So that was why he had been so good. Jean was vaguely frightened as they hurried him out of the station and into a cab.

He was breathing like someone who had just finished a race. His face was white, but glittering with perspiration; his narrow chest rose and fell laboriously.

"If I ever meet Ardeyne again I'll kill him," he squeaked.

Jean shuddered. Oh, indeed—give thanks to Heaven that Hector Gaunt was here! What would she have done without him?

"To think that my daughter is married to a man like that! Hugo went on. "Before he's finished, he'll make a lunatic out of her. I saw it in his eye. Whenever he looked at me he was saying to himself, 'Like father, like daughter.'"

"Oh, Hugo!" was all Jean could manage.

"Don't be an idiot, old chap," Gaunt's voice broke in coldly. "For one thing, Ardeyne hasn't the least idea who you are."

Hugo subsided like a pricked balloon.

"Of course he hasn't," Hector—of course he hasn't. Then he began to cry. "I'll cut my throat sooner than go back to That Place. You needn't think I'm crazy. If you'd lived with lunatics as long as I have, I guess your nerves would be a bit shattered too."

"I'd have gone entirely off my head," Gaunt agreed. "You're all right, old chap, and a little celebration will do us all good. Now for dinner say, Jean?"

"Whatever you and Hugo like," Jean replied.

Gaunt came to her room while she was dressing for dinner and she talked to him at the door.

"My dear!" he said tenderly, noticing—as he could not help doing—how hot and red her eyes were. "Don't worry about the little chap. He's my soul, down and happy. Bless my soul, I felt like throwing up my guts myself."

"Hector, you don't think—"

"Not a bit of it. Hasn't he been an angel ever since we struck this town?"

"Yes, I must admit he's behaved as I shouldn't have believed possible."

"Well, there has to be some reaction. I'll look after him. That's my promise, dear Jean. And I want you to promise me that you'll give up all these apprehensions of yours. You're wearing yourself out with them."

She gulped down a lump in her throat and shook her head.

"Oh, what's the good of my promising a thing like that! I couldn't keep it."

"You could try. I mean to help you always. Not merely for just now."

"But, Hector, it would mean giving up your farm."

"Oh, no. You must both come and stay with me."

Jean shook her head more vigorously.

"I isn't to be done... not after what you said to me the other day."

He looked at her a moment in silence, a long, tense moment, into her tired eyes. Then he turned away down the corridor.

Jean shut her door and leaned against it heavily, her strength all gone.

"Hector—Hector," she whispered. "The long years... the lonely years! I've missed and wanted you so."

She flung herself on the narrow hotel bed, weeping bitterly.

(To be continued.)

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Sea Ceremonies.

The "burial at sea" of the battle cruiser Australia, off Sydney recently, recalls other impressive ocean ceremonies.

A few years ago the Franconia sailed out into mid-Atlantic with a chosen company of passengers, all friends and admirers of the late W. T. Stead. Her engines were stopped over the exact spot where the ill-fated Titanic went down after striking an iceberg, and there wreaths of laurel and flowers were cast overboard into the ocean as a tribute to the dead publicist and those who perished with him.

For many years, at the close of the winter season, a similar custom has obtained on the Potomac River. A boat laden with flowers is started down the stream, while thousands of bareheaded spectators line the banks. As the flower-laden craft drifts seaward the warships and other vessels in Chesapeake Bay dip their flags. The ceremony is a graceful tribute to the memory of those who have perished at sea during the year.

King of Norway Runs Circulating Library.

King Haakon of Norway runs a circulating library of Nordic literature, scholars will be interested to learn. The library consists of several hundred volumes and circulates through leading universities of western Europe, remaining several months in each place. It is now at the University of Berlin.

The King's object is to facilitate acquaintance of Europeans with Scandinavian art and letters. The King personally bears the expense of the enterprise.



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Woman's Interests

ALUM FOR BUGS.

In old houses sometimes one finds that even the former occupants, though careful housekeepers, have not solved the problem of keeping out the insect creatures that love to inhabit old residences. The new occupants may have to combat ants that will creep in everywhere, and such bugs as prefer to live about water pipes and steam pipes and the nooks and crannies in bedrooms as well.

The solution of this problem is simple—common alum and hot water. The solution should be applied with a brush—a soft paste brush or painter's brush—around all water pipes and woodwork where either ants or other bugs are seen. When dry, this solution leaves the alum crystallized upon the surfaces upon which it has been painted and immediately the troublesome visitors disappear.

WHIPPED CREAM CAKE ICING.

Whipped cream, beaten till stiff and dry, then sweetened and flavored nicely makes delicious cake icing.

A cup cake, baked for immediate use, is the best foundation, but in proper temperature the cake and the icing will keep well for several days. As a dessert, I cut the cake in squares, make a little nest in the whipped cream and add a tablespoonful of strawberry or any other preferred jam. I also sprinkle chopped nuts over the icing, which makes the dessert very delicious. Chopped candied fruit or fresh fruits are other possibilities for varying this icing.

A DAINTY BEDROOM SET.

I recently saw a most attractive bedroom set, the result of a busy mother's hard thinking. She wished curtains and spread of unbleached cotton, but felt she did not have the time to do embroidery or applique work. For decoration she used straight bands about two inches wide, cut from a fancy ticking that had a floral stripe design. The band was stitched about the edge of the spread, which had cut corners, across the ends of the scarf, which covers the pillows,

and on the curtains. She said the set was very quickly made and has proved durable and easily washed. And I can add that it is very dainty and, as any color scheme could be used, it is easily copied.—G. E.

STAGGERING FIGURES.

A farm woman sat down with her pencil one rainy, dull day and figured up all the work she had done in the 30 years of her married life.

In that time she had served 235,425 meals.

She made 33,190 loaves of bread.

She made 5,930 cakes.

And 7,960 pies.

She canned 1,550 quarts of fruit.

Raised 7,660 chicks.

Churned 5,460 pounds of butter.

Put in 36,460 hours sweeping, washing and scrubbing.

She estimates the worth of her labor conservatively at \$115,485.50, none of which she ever collected. But she swears she still loves her husband and her children and wouldn't mind starting all over again for them.

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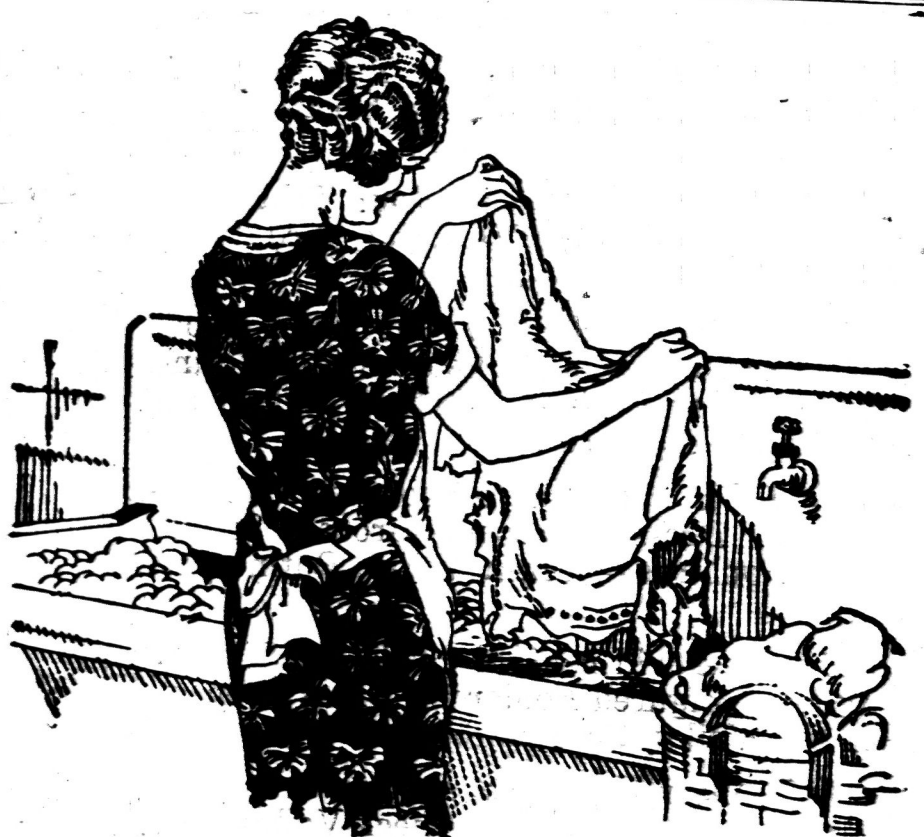
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