

# "The Girl Who Had No Gold"

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN" ETC.  
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## CHAPTER XII.

It was only an hour or so before dawn when Huff got to the hall. There were no trains between midnight and morning. And Talbot's car, which he might have used, had been long delayed by his burst tire. He took a suburban trolley line for perhaps half the distance and walked the rest.

At four o'clock in the morning he pressed the arbor button, and old Henriette, grumbling at this second disturbance of her rest, roused Ellnor again.

"Time was precious. Huff, having rung the announcing bell, made his way up through the dew to the house. And so it was that Ellnor, opening the house door, met him face to face. As she recoiled from him, he closed the door.

"I have brought you a message from Bordady," he said swiftly. "I've been a fool and scoundrel and—it's about all up."

Ellnor hardly realized what he was saying. The light of horror had hardly died out of her eyes. "To what, Walter, once our lover, now typified all of suffering and nearness to death that lay in old Ellnor's room upstairs."

"The first train leaves the city at six o'clock," he said, trying to keep his voice steady. "It is hardly likely they will be out so soon, but under some pretext or other they will search the house this morning."

"How can I leave the house now? Upstairs in father's room—"

"I know," he put in hastily. "I know all about it. Ellnor, I am sorry, I am wildly sorry. It's no excuse to say I was crazy, but I was."

"It go away," Ellnor said, with white lips. "Now will they manage about him? The nurse needs so many things, and I—I see that she has them."

A flame leaped into the boy's eyes.

"If you care for him like that—what are you going to do about it? Even if he cares for you, you cannot marry him. If he ever found out about you—"

"He will never marry me. And—he does know."

The fact that Ward knew the truth about Ellnor and the hand brought back to him their common peril. Her thrust aside, for the time at least, his passion and his despair; and calmly directed his energies toward preparing the house for the inevitable search.

So systematic had old Ellnor been that there were few papers to destroy. Such of the ledgers as were incriminating he burned in the furnace. Ellnor's box of jewelry he carried upstairs and placed on the library table. Such settings as had remained from the country club raid, after the gems had been taken out, he melted together in old Ellnor's crucible and placed the gold and platinum nuggets in Ellnor's box.

He had set the safe to simple combination and closed it. Except for its size, and for the protective wiring buried in its walls, it might have been a fancy safe, built by a nervous and elderly gentleman living in the country to hold his silver spoons.

It was too late by that time to bury the box as Bordady had suggested. Huff did the next best thing, he buried it carefully in Ellnor's garden, under a clump of crimson phlox.

Ellnor worked hurriedly, but with hopeless eyes. Her preparations consisted in little more than putting on the clothing in which she was to travel. In this new life on which she was entering she wanted little to remind her of the old. A letter to Henriette contained enough money to pay off the servants at the household and to buy the new dress.

In another envelope she folded the deed to the house and a note conveying it to Henriette.

"You can send it," she wrote. "Good-by, dear Henriette. I shall never forget you, and if ever it is possible, be sure I shall see you again."

The time came, just before dawn, when she and Walter stood again face to face in the library.

Huff was going at last. It was not Bordady's plan that any of them should further incriminate Ellnor by accompanying her to the train. At a sound of steps on the stairs, Huff started.

"The nurse going down, probably for tea," she explained.

"He is getting better, isn't he?" "Yes, but he still suffers at times."

When the steps had died away, Ellnor slowly drew off her evening dress, and held it out to him across the table. Although he was watching her, he made no move to take it, and she laid it down between them on the table.

"I don't think we need talk about it, Walter," she said simply. "There is nothing to say, is there?"

"I suppose not," he returned bitterly. He added: "If only you will try not to hate me, Ellnor."

"I do not hate you. But if he had died—"

Huff came swiftly around the table and taking both her hands in his, held them to his throat with a despairing gesture.

"If I didn't know that it would make you more unhappy," he said slowly, "I'd kill myself today."

"Walter?"

"The Russian shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps, if she is living. She was not strong. Sometimes I wonder—"

So, after all, Ward took an extra pang away with him from the chance meeting. What if, after all, his watching and waiting meant nothing? If she were gone, beyond earthly and dust! Death for him might be a beginning only, a door to eternity, but all the philosophy and hope of his faith did not fill his empty human arms. That night he walked the London streets once more.

He came back from Oxford at the end of his course there. Home was calling, and work, blessed work, that brings forgetfulness.

"I tell you now. It won't change matters any, but perhaps it will change your memory of me. Ever since I've known you I've had one dream. You were to marry me and I was going to turn straight. I could have done it with your help. But now—"

He dropped her hands and turned away. Ellnor watched him wistfully. The one thing he wanted she could not give. There could be no compromise between them. It must be all or nothing, and she had given her all to someone else.

In the doorway he turned and looked back at her with haggard eyes. It was as if he were impressing on his memory every light and shadow of her face; every line of the straight young figure. Then, when he was alone, at the darkest hour of the night that precedes dawn.

For the first time since his injury Ward's mind was quite clear. He had not been able to sleep, the nurse had been reading to him, a strange rest, too, for the assistant rector of Saint Jude's. The books old Ellnor had kept on his bedside still lay there.

Even the nurse, accustomed to many books for many men, was gently outraged.

Ward lay in his bed, his eyes half closed, listening intently. At last the nurse put down the book.

"Why, it's frightful, it's outrageous, it's blasphemous. Do you expect a child to read you any more of them?" Ward smiled feebly.

"If you are afraid of the effect on you."

"Not at all," said the nurse almost angrily. Ellnor sat up in his pillows and listened to the age-old arguments.

So it was on such literature as this that Ellnor had been reared! How fair a plan had been drawn thus! How fair a plan had been drawn thus! How fair a plan had been drawn thus!

Ward came to realize how natural and how inevitable had been her development. Reared in such soil, what might he himself not have become; and what, moreover, that he had been—

Toward dawn the nurse slept in her chair. Her cap had fallen a little crooked, and the beautiful hand of sleep had touched away the small furrows between her eyes. Plain she was, but kindly and full of gentleness. Ward, lying awake, watched her. She was no longer very young. He thought of the children who should have clung to her, and how and felt the touch of her tender hand.

Then, because, curiously enough, everything of gentleness and tenderness reminded him of Ellnor, his thoughts swung round to her. His closed eyes, and dreamed the dream that had been with him, subconsciously, all the night. To take her in his arms, and by teaching her love, teach her infinite love; by showing mercy and forgiveness and great tenderness to lead her by the hand. His attitude, to the Christ—this was his dream.

And because it brought hope and healing and great peace, after a time he slept. Ellnor standing alone in the box outside his door, took courage from his even breathing and ventured in. So light was his sleep that she dared not touch him. She knelt very quietly by the bed, and kissed the corner of his pillow.

Ward spent his Sabbath year in Oxford. He had thought to find peace by exchanging one form of activity for another, but with the less of the old, his life work there, he had more time to think. He found the old pain even greater; his restlessness grew on him. In the three years since Ellnor's death he had done many things. He had been to the East, to New York, and could feel his usefulness now only bounded by his strength.

But the old zest of life was gone. He was restless, heavier of spirit. There had been times when he had been so that he was forgetting, only to discover, through a stray resemblance, while his heart pounded and his blood raced, that his forgetting was only the numbness of suffering.

Once, on a Strand in London, he came face to face with Bordady. Ward would never forget that meeting, its quick blow which died into the old ache at Bordady's words.

"I have not seen her," he said. "I have been looking. Perhaps she is, to break with us all still, we loved her. I have never married, and she was like my own child."

He had taken a clerkship in London, he said. While, of course, he did not say so, Ward read between his words that he was doing with the old life for good. He held out his hand and the Russian took it.

"I'll hear anything," Bordady said. "I'll see you again. Once or twice she wrote me, from Liverpool once, after she landed, and again from here. Then the police closed up the Dago's place, which was the only way she knew to reach me. In fact, I haven't any more."

"Then you think she may be in England?" Ward asked eagerly.

The Russian shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps, if she is living. She was not strong. Sometimes I wonder—"

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He came back from Oxford at the end of his course there. Home was calling, and work, blessed work, that brings forgetfulness.

On the last Sunday before he sailed he attended service in Saint Paul's. He knew the church well. In those earlier days when philosophy had taken his young brain by storm and his faith had rocked, he had gone to Saint Paul's. Something in the very solemnity of the old church, in its antiquity, in the nearness of those dead-and-gone great ones of the earth who had lived and died secure in his teachings, had steadied him.

And now, when it was his heart that failed, and not his soul, he went there. It was there that he found Ellnor. She was just in front of him, in the trim garb of an English nurse. And it was no resemblance that he saw first interest. What he saw was only a slender girl, kneeling, and evidently in tears. She was very thin; he saw that, and her shoulders heaved convulsively. But on the very moment she grew quieter. When she rose from her knees at last, she was quite calm.

It was then that he knew her. Ward watched her, and in an ache in his throat. She looked faint, and always in his mind he had pictured her in her summer garden, a flower herself among her flowers, or as she had looked that night in old Ellnor's library, the night when, to save him, she had told him the shameful truth about herself. And now he found her here, wearing the garb of service, and so her knees!

So fearful was he of losing her that he stared as the congregation moved slowly out of the church. She did not intend to go; he saw that. She stepped out of the crowd and waited. He thought it probable that she was waiting for him, and he had once again a quiet hour under a holy roof.

And so it was that they came face to face again. She put her hand to her throat, with the familiar gesture, when she saw him. For a moment neither of them spoke. The ordinary greetings were out of place, and what was there to say?

It was Ward who spoke at last. "It doesn't seem quite possible, Ellnor," he said.

She had never been "Ellnor" to him in his thoughts. But neither of them noticed.

"I am sorry you have found me. I have tried so hard to bury myself." It was increasingly hard for him to keep back all the things that he had left in his heart for three years clamored for speech.

"You are quite well again?" "Perfectly. But you? You are thinner."

"I have worked hard and, of course, I have suffered. It was not easy to tear myself away from the few friends I had."

And then, at last, he broke into speech, and, incoherent, he blurted out the things that he had left in his heart for a thousand things. She listened, rather bewildered, with the old steadfastness in her eyes.

"Why should you say such things?" she asked at last, when she stopped from sheer panic. "You were right. I was a criminal. I have been learning things since then. You were always right to me. I have never forgotten."

"Kind!" He almost groaned. She held out her hand. "I must go now. My time is not my own." She glanced down at her uniform. "Do you remember what you said to me once about the brotherhood of man? I have been trying to live up to that."

Ward took her hand. It was very cold. "Do you remember that?"

"I remember almost everything you told me. Even the things, that night, while I was watching the clock. I remember them all."

The church was empty, save for a verger here and there, Ward lost his heart. He quite suddenly Ward lost his composure.

"And I—I remember everything too. Your smile, your eyes that night when I was carried into the house—oh, my dear, my dear, you are written on my heart."

He bent over, shaken and pale, and kissed the palm of her hand.

"It is you who are good," he said huskily. "I, who talked empty of virtue and of tenderness and pity, and who let you go out of my life—I care for you more than I care for anything in this world. I want you—I want you."

Ellnor's eyes turned toward the high altar with its cross. Always when she looked at it, she had seen the cross at Saint Jude's, and the dawn, and sparrows drinking out of the wet gutter at her feet.

"I want you," said Ward, and waited, frightened.

But her eyes came back to him, clear and full of promise.

"I have always loved you," she said simply. "I will go with you. And your God shall be my God."

(THE END.)

One of Many.

The Friend (who has been married)—And how is your wife, old man?"

Ex-Husband—Oh, I haven't any wife now. I had a divorce last summer, and is now on the stage."

The Friend—Ah, an actress, eh?

Ex-Husband—Oh, no; she's merely on the stage.

# What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Captivating Morning Coats.

Whoever thought up the morning coat, or breakfast coat, added a new joy to life. If but taken its bright place in our midst and is welcome to stay, and destined to do just that, for the rest of time. It will take a great imagination to create something equally captivating to replace it.

The morning coat is a gay and pretty garment, made of light-colored taffeta, on the lines of a regulation coat. It is dignified enough to appear at the breakfast table and frivolous enough to be charming. It is long, reaching almost to the bottom of the lacey petticoat that is its companion for life. It has a coat collar and a belt and fastens at the front like any other coat. In the matter of sleeves it is wayward, refusing to go further than elbow or three-quarter length.

In the coat shown in the picture there are pockets at each side edged with shirred bands of taffeta. This detail is used on the sleeves and down the front of the coat and the buttons

are covered with taffeta. They fasten through cords, and by covering each cord with the silk instead of shirred bands, full brocade-platings made of narrow strips of silk, frayed out into fringed edges, make a lovely finish. Almost anyone could make a coat of this kind if it were worth while to spend the time, but they are so inexpensive ready made that there is nothing to be gained by doing the work at home.

Of course nothing could look better with a breakfast coat than the little lace cap that has a remote resemblance to a sunbonnet with its cape of lace behind and fill over the face. The ribbon that extends across the top of it ties at the nape of the neck in the back and is of the same color as the coat. The tiniest chiffon flowers are set in little clusters on it. Pink, maize, blue, lavender and light green are all used for these colors with the exception of present for pink and maize.

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# Suffered For Years Back and Kidneys Were in Bad Shape, But Doan's Removed all the Trouble.

"My kidneys were so weak that the least cold I caught would make me start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," writes Mrs. D. C. Ross, 623 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up, my back was so lame, I could hardly bend over and say more sent darts of pain through my kidneys. It was hard for me to walk up stairs or sleep, and to move while lying down sent darts of pain through me."

"The kidney secretions were scanty and distressing and the water remained in my system, making my feet and hands swell. There were dark circles under my eyes and I became so dizzy I could hardly see. I had rheumatic pains in my knees and it was all I could do to get around. For years I was in this shape and I wore plasters and used all kinds of medicine to no avail until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. They did me out of the trouble and strengthened my back and kidneys. When I have taken a course since, they have always benefited me."

See to Before Me.  
L. N. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Efficiency.  
After many trials and tribulations Mrs. Timson had managed to get a "mild" sort of.

"Now, Thurna," said she, "be careful about the water. We only use the well water for drinking, as we have to pay a man to pump it. The rain water is good enough for washing up and so on."

After tea Mrs. Timson asked: "Did you remember about the water, Thurna?"

"Oh, yes, m'm," said Thurna. "I filled the kettle half full of water from the butt and the other half with water from the well. I thought that bottom half might as well be getting hot at the same time for washing up after tea."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**BOSCHKE'S GERMAN SYRUP**

Will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes; inspiring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectoration in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries. Adv.

A Suspicious Note.

A school teacher felt that she had every right to feel suspicious when a young boy pupil presented her with a note written in a boyish scrawl which read as follows:

"Miss Jones please let Johnny out of school this afternoon as I want to go to the ball game."

Johnny's mother, Mrs. Perkins.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original Little Liver pills put up 47 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. Ad.

One of the worst things under the sun is a stinky reputation.

Mottled shellac will mend broken fountain pen barrels.

A neglected cold in a child's head often leads to chronic catarrh and cerebral weakness—stunting children's mental growth, making them easy targets.

**Try Kondon's for the baby's cold**  
(at no charge to you)

100,