

The Other Girl

By MRS. FLORENCE DEVOE.

Dolly Heath walked quickly up and down the pretty room, blind to its beauties, and deaf to the telephone bell ringing furiously in the hall. Her eyes were full of tears of anger as she mumbled, "I won't be at home every night tonight, dear, so don't wait for me, will you?" "How much, how much, must I love you, must I love, indeed, but I suppose after one has been married for two years she should begin to expect her husband's love to grow cool. Love! I don't believe he is capable of love. I don't think he ever loved me anyway. It was probably because I was good looking that he married me. Why, tonight is the second time this week that he is going to leave me alone, and last week he was out two nights."

She dropped onto a convenient couch and drew her anger turning to sorrow at the terrible calamity which had befallen her. Already she was herself left alone for life, to die of sorrow, by her wicked husband, who, if she had but known it, was at that very moment buying a beautiful collie dog for her. Dolly sat up for a moment to think the matter over calmly. The cool wind refreshed her, and she started out, deciding to walk to the coast about two miles from her house.

Two nights a week, it was, that was just the way they all began, when they no longer loved their wives. She was walking fast, now, as the city streets were giving way to board walks and footpaths. And the footpaths were lined with her anger as she put a different construction to everything Jack had said for weeks.

The road led to a cliff looking out on the Atlantic, one of those cliffs that make Maine famous for Dolly loved the sea and she stood for some time gazing in the sight of the huge waves beating against the rocks. A child's voice about four years coming towards her as fast as his somewhat unsteady legs could carry him. He had escaped from his mother's hold and had really been walking on rather toddling, very well, when, upon almost reaching Dolly, he stumbled and fell. She rushed forward and picked him up. His mother, a girl of her own age, clanked her and tried to take the baby, but he would not go, to Dolly's great delight. They stood watching the sea for some time, when the child's mother broke the silence.

"How happy you must be," said she. "You see, I know who you are, and I often see you and your husband driving by my house. Indeed I envy you." Dolly turned, amazed at the bitterness in her voice.

"But aren't you happy, too?" she asked. "You have the baby to make you still happier."

The other girl brushed the dark hair into place under her scarlet kerchief and looked steadily at the whirling water.

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