

GEOFFREY DILLINGHAM'S AWAKENING

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN

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November had set in as usual, with dull gray skies and chilly, penetrating winds. Up the broad avenue that led to the Dillingham residence the dead leaves whirled and eddied and settled with many a melancholy flutter into their annual graves, while the tall trees tossed their bare arms about, as if lamenting the loss of these cheery little harbinger of spring and summer.

In the house beyond, however, all was bright and charming with glowing fire and soft, mellow lights. Geoffrey Dillingham and his wife sat in the library, she with a beseeching look in her gentle eyes, he with a slight an-

noyance in his. "So you wish me to invite your people here for Thanksgiving?" he queried almost harshly. "I tell you, Elizabeth, it's impossible."

"But why, Geoffrey?" returned his wife, with a little catch in her soft voice, "only think, we've been married seven years, and you've never asked them here once," a woman's silence. "And they feel it," she added, in a faltering tone, "and so do I. After all, they're my parents, dear."

Geoffrey Dillingham frowned and turned again to his desk. Scratch went his pen with rapid strokes, then it stopped suddenly, and wheeling around abruptly he faced his wife.

"And if they are," he began, "I feel that I must repay them in a measure for the loss of you; from poverty I've placed them in comparative ease. What more do they want?" he demanded, irritably.

"But you forget, Geoffrey," returned his wife, gently. "They love me, too."

"If you please, Elizabeth," he said, curtly, "we'll dismiss the subject. As to Thanksgiving day, I've already invited Wilson and his family to dinner." Wilson was his law partner. Elizabeth Dillingham smothered a heavy sigh, and rose to leave the room.

True heredity isn't everything. That anything so beautiful as Elizabeth Dillingham should emanate from the Tracy family was little short of a miracle. When Geoffrey Dillingham at 36, saw Elizabeth Tracy, at 18, he loved her. Yes, aristocrat, autocrat, courted and wealthy as he was, some things about her touched a responsive chord in his heart of hearts, hereto fore unreached, and he resolved to win her. But her family! He groaned in spirit as he thought of allying the proud name of Dillingham with that of Tracy—but Elizabeth was so beautiful, and as pure as she was lovely.

Ephraim Tracy and his wife were decidedly common people. He was a little man, pretty well advanced in years, with a kindly, wrinkled face, a back somewhat bent, and serene, beignant eyes. In a sort of desultory fashion he managed to keep soul and body together, and that was about all. He could turn his hand at almost anything, however.

If he was lacking in pride for himself, he had an abundance for his daughter Elizabeth, or Lizzie, as he fondly called her, which affection Elizabeth fully reciprocated. He had lived always in the same village, consequently his two sons, Jim and Andrew, grew up there.

Elizabeth was the youngest of the family. Where she got her beauty, no one could understand. That she possessed it, everyone acknowledged. All the family pinched and saved to clothe and educate her properly, and it was the proudest day of Jim's and Andrew's lives when they could contribute something toward Lizzie's schooling; and Elizabeth went to school and studied hard. She meant to be a teacher, she said. But the summer she was 18, she met Geoffrey Dillingham, the leading lawyer in Dexter, a thriving manufacturing city a good hundred miles from Elizabeth's home. After a brief, impetuous wooing, they were married.

When a few weeks afterward Elizabeth began to make happy plans for the promised visit of her parents, her husband, with cruel candor, told her:

"My guests must be of my choosing. Elizabeth," he said, "and I don't want to hurt you, but I can't have your parents here."

He never forgot the expression of the lovely eyes.

It had been seven years now since Elizabeth's wedding day. Only rarely did she visit home, and even then, the visits were not satisfactory. Elizabeth knew, and they knew:

Geoffrey Dillingham, with all his faults, was not stingy, and generous checks came from his hand to the Tracy family regularly.

So the years rolled on, bending old Ephraim Tracy's back more and more and silverying the hair of Elizabeth's mother.

November with its short days passed rapidly away, until it lacked but two weeks till Thanksgiving.

Elizabeth, in her home, seemed to grow paler and slighted these short November days. Her husband, coming home one night, found her shivering over the library fire.

"What is it, Elizabeth?" he asked, anxiously.

"I don't know," answered his wife, her teeth chattering, "only I'm so cold, Geoffrey."

So cold. He went up to her and pushed back the lovely hair from the white forehead.

"You'd better go upstairs, Lizzie," he said, tenuously.

They put her to bed shortly after that, but before morning sharp pains set in and a doctor was hurriedly sent for.

As the fever rose she grew light-headed and babbled on about father, and Andy, too. She thought she was at home again, living again her simple, humble life.

"What is it, doctor?" her husband whispered, a great fear tugging at his heart.

"Inflammation of the lungs," the doctor had answered, briefly.

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In the luxuriant room, the struggle began, the life and death angel closing in combat. Geoffrey Dillingham, in the terror, trying days that followed, bending over that slight, beloved form, realized for the first time what his sin had been; the misery he must have caused his wife, the pride that had blinded him to all parental claims. With old Martin Chuzzlewit, he could but exclaim: "Self—self—self." And now she would die and leave him.

He walked to the window and looked across the bare and frozen fields.

"And they have loved her, too," he murmured. "Oh, Elizabeth, my wife, only live, and I will make it up a thousand times."

He would send for them now, he whispered. As if in answer to his thoughts, the kindly physician raised his eyes.

"Better telegraph for her parents," he said. "She will reach the crisis before 24 hours, and—she may not pass it."

Ephraim Tracy was in the back yard divesting his plump turkey of

feathers when the telegram came. Mrs. Tracy came out and held up the yellow sheet.

"Father, father," she cried, trembling, "a dispatch has come from Dexter, and Elizabeth is dangerously sick."

Jim and Andrew went, too.

They reached Dexter that night, but they did not know them. All that night Jim and Andrew walked restlessly about, and Ephraim Tracy sat, a pathetic, bowed figure, by his daughter's bed. His son-in-law had asked him to his house at last, but alas—for this! But it was the father's hand that administered the needed nourishment, the father's hand that smoothed the damp and curling hair, the father's hand that held the pale and wasted one, and Geoffrey Dillingham, as he watched, too, for the first time in his life saw, in the despaired old man, something to revere.

Night passed and it was the day before Thanksgiving. The doctor came, and with his practiced eye detected a change. He looked across to where Elizabeth's husband stood, gray and haggard, awaiting his verdict.

"Dillingham," he said, gently, "tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day. Thank God for your mercies, for your wife will live."

A low groan broke in upon them. It was old Ephraim Tracy, down upon his knees, his face hidden in the coterel. Though the tears were raining down his face, Geoffrey Dillingham went over to the old man and lifted him as he would a child.

"Come, father," he whispered, brokenly, "come."

The afternoon of Thanksgiving day Elizabeth lay on her pillows exhausted, worn, but at peace with all the world.

"And you're all here," she whispered, "but, this repays me for it all." She smiled at them, her old, sweet smile, and then she murmured: "Kiss all of you, for I am so—happy."

They kissed her, as she asked, with full and thankful hearts, and quietly went away.

The room was quiet now, only with only her husband beside her. Elizabeth turned her eloquent eyes to his. Those eyes, that he had feared might never know him more this side of the gates of pearl.

"You've been good to me in everything but one, Geoffrey; you won't refuse me now," she said.

He understood, for he bent over her suddenly, and for an instant his cheek lay against her own.

Runaways.

When you were just a little chap, Alas! as tall as "so," sometimes your clothes grew very dark, And you were full of woe,

And you were prone to run away, And leave no trace nor track;

But oh, when night came on how glad You were to wander back.

It was the success of this race,

When you were just a little chap, Alas! as tall as "so," sometimes your clothes grew very dark, And you were full of woe,

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Gift Boxes of Silver.

In small silver gifts the talcum box holder is exceedingly useful. After the powder is used a fresh box may be inserted—Vogue.

Sometimes.

What are you doing that for, Jim?" said one of the men. "We aren't deaf, we can hear you all right."

Jim looked ashamed and said:

"I've been measured for an over-

BY AUTO FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS



It Was He Who Gave Her Medicine.

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IDIOSYNCRASY OF THE TAILOR.

Jim Explains His Reason for Yelling Out the Dimensions.

At an up-town club the other afternoon, he was just a little bunch of men who meet there most every day to chat on the way home discussed the Mauretania, says the New York Times.

They talked, her over at some length, and one of them made an assertion about one of her dimensions.

Instantly there was a cry of dissent from the others, and they agreed that he was wrong about it.

To prove his assertion, he hunted up the file of a newspaper giving all the dimensions and began to read them off. But instead of reading them in a quiet, ordinary tone, all the men being with a low, low foot, he called them off in a raucous voice, as if he were trying to make the policeman on the opposite crossing hear him.

He put her to bed shortly after that, but before morning sharp pains set in and a doctor was hurriedly sent for.

As the fever rose she grew light-headed and babbled on about father, and Andy, too. She thought she was at home again, living again her simple, humble life.

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