HARRIET *and the* PIPER

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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DANCE—AND PAY THE PIPER

My proposition is that you and I are quietly married tomorrow; you come back tomorrow night and announce it whenever you see fit, you write a little mutter-of-fact about this, Miss Field, but I am hoping you understand. I am making you an certain advantageous sense after. I need you in my life and I offer you certain advantages which if would be silly and schoolboyish for me to specify. I cannot, I have a certain standing in the community which even Mrs. Carter's influence seemed to respect certainly. Your position both love you, and you have my warmest friendship. Your position in my household will be as free and independent as that of Mrs. Carter's. I do not know whether you will consider this a fair return for what I ask, for all of you are giving your services for life to the Carter household—

Here you have a situation full of dramatic possibilities. Richard Carter, wealthy, distinguished, the father of Nina, 17, and Ward, 21, is proposing a marriage of convenience to Harriet Field, 28, beautiful. She has been the social secretary of Mrs. Carter, who died—divorced and dead. Mr. Carter wants Harriet's capable hand at the head of his household affairs.

These affairs are complicated enough, be fascinated Ward, the royal Blondin, an attractive adventurer, is determined to marry Harriet. Blondin is known to build on Harriet because of her past relations between them. Richard Carter, to Harriet, who science, is in love with a boy who is poor by the Piper. The question has dawned, has many ways of answering question it is. Is: How can the problem be solved? And a very interesting question it is.

It's especially interesting because Kathleen Norris answers it. She's been writing novels since 1910 and has won a wide public with a dozen or so popular novels. She is quite modern and up-to-date, and this story is illuminating as to social conditions—besides being a fascinating love story.

CHAPTER I.

Richard Carter had called the place "Greenlands" out in pleasant humor, or even his wife. But it was to his mother's sweet hero family pride that the idea of being the Carters of Greenlands first appealed. Tompkinsville, when he bought it, had belonged to a Carter, and the house it had been, two hundred years before it was the first a great of the name in America. Richard Carter, of the old lady liked to be called, immediately adopted the well known owner into a vague comradeship, spoke of him as "a kinsman of ours," and proceeded to tell old friends that Greenlands had always been "in the family."

It was a home of creamy brick, residential in design, and set in splendid lawns and great trees in the heart of the blue Hudson. White driveways led to the house and garages, and there stretched a curve of emerald lawn, dotted with rose-bushes and shrubs, and shining holly; there was a full mile of great maples and evergreens, and a demure lodge beside the mighty iron gates.

On one of the wide benches that were placed here and there on the ascending terraces in the late hours of an exquisite summer afternoon, Mrs. Belle Carter had rested herself, and Anthony Piper, who had brought her and thrown himself on the steps at her feet.

She was a sweet worthy of the eighties, as she and night well have spoken no other than that of the honorable her Brunette, with smooth dark hair closely touched with rose, black eyes, and a warmly crimson mouth that could be at once powerful and relentless, she glowed like a flower herself in the sweet and reverential best of the summer's first warm days. She was the kind of woman who, at the first hint, that in the shadow of the shipper, was shrinking and shaken, but who is close to Anthony's elder children, and who is now low her son and as the earnest, eager and today with a keen interest in everything his saw. It was to banish that look of the night, that Mrs. Carter had hurriedly stopped him here.

She had been lathering lazily toward him, and in her rose pressed to her and shadow on the warm sunlight, Anthony, looking boyishly ashamed, had thrown himself on the steps at her feet.

"Tony—for Heaven's sake—!" Instinctively she drew away from him. She was always suspicious of her, and always desperately afraid that some one else would be in his place. Isabelle Field, to her, was only one more name to add to another with the naive confidence of a woman whose every smiles upon her playing, and whose position is impregnable.

But this boy, this Anthony, was different. He was the first place he was young—but twenty-six. In the normal place he was, or had been, and he was a good friend. Mary Carter was twenty-two, and his mother mistress years older.

Anthony was young, and he was ugly and, had he but known it, and he was ambitious to feel the difficulty of keeping the whole world from discovering it before he did. He made no secret of his passion. He came straight to her in any company; he never looked at anybody else. To Nina, his daughter Nina, seventeen years old, he was simply a nice old cousin; he had ignored Ward as if their friendship had never been.

Isabelle knew that she had made a mistake. She should have killed this affair at the very beginning. They should all flee the other men, willing to be with Isabelle just a little, scorning of prayers. Appreciative meant nothing to Tony; and she had not the play go too far now to convince him that she did not want something of his feeling.

She looked down at him now, content to be alone with her and at her feet, and a little smiling emotion stirred her heart. Tony was a boy, but a very lovable and absurd to him, but it was rapidly reaching the point where it would make her absurd and ridiculous, too. Nina, instinctively sensing the affair, had already exposed herself as "hating that idiot Ward" and intended, of late, at the mere mention of Tony's name. Even her mother, Isabelle Richard, seeing the young man unwillingly himself firmly in the house, had begun to wonder, but as she said comment: "Is this young man a fixture in our family, dears?"

"Yes, should be playing tennis, Tony," said Isabelle.

"Tennis!" A look of distaste crossed Anthony's face.

"Tennis—Cortez" he begged.

There was a silence betweening with sweetness and color. Tennis, that had been against her laws, groped some how there was, smooth fingers were in her own.

"Does Mr. Carter play golf tomorrow?" he asked, presently.

"I suppose so—"

"And you—what do you do?"

"Oh, I have a full day! People to lunch, friends of Madame Carter's—"

The boy laughed triumphantly.

"I knew you'd say that!" he said. "Now, I'll tell you about tomorrow. You and I are going to get up at 6 o'clock, and go off to the links, and have breakfast there. We'll be back at about four o'clock, and I'll take you for a swim, if you will. I come back for dinner after dinner we'll walk up to the house—we did two wonderful wonderful things today, and tomorrow we shall follow to a evil and tender note—"

Isabelle looked down at him, her eyes very sorry. "Tony, you mustn't, please, before we go in, at the end of the terrace, you'll see—"

Isabelle interrupted, her face flushing. "Tony, you don't know me dear boy, think where this would lead us! You're going to talk to Richard, and he'll tell you that I'm the dividend interest in the Carter estate, and that I'm going to another woman for me, there never will be—Tony, you mustn't—you don't want to! You're frightened now, you're sorry—"

"Isabelle, what in God's name has reason to do with it?" He knelt beside her, and results her hands. Isabelle had a terrified fear that Richard, or Ward, or Nina might appear at any moment. "Tony, please, please," she said, "just before we go in, at the end of the terrace, you'll see—"

"Isabelle," he interrupted, her hands in his, "you're not afraid of me, my dear boy, think where this would lead us! You're going to talk to Richard, and he'll tell you that I'm the dividend interest in the Carter estate, and that I'm going to another woman for me, there never will be—Tony, you mustn't—you don't want to! You're frightened now, you're sorry—"

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Isabelle Was a Famous Flirt, Her Husband Knew It, Everyone Knew

slender and tall, and with something of the grace of a young tree. He was undoubtedly young face, was beside Mrs. Carter's chair to him in a wide smile while she turned herself with a little start.

"Perfectly safe there," he chaffed. "Isabelle, I—"

"I should hope not!" said Mrs. Carter, with dignity suddenly. "At least if you're going to be married, you might choose a girl who can be your mother, he's all Sturm. They were married because the only one she never married because the only one who ever loved her sacrificially."

Isabelle knew all about Aunt Georgiana, and she looked wearily away. The boy's arm was flung over the back of the bench behind her head.

"Perfectly safe there," he repeated, "I mean imagine it!" Harriet's voice was suddenly tender. "But the dearest woman in the world, Mother, she added, with a fidelity to the memory of her husband's infatuation, "really, you ought to know this as well as I do, Isabelle. She married at twenty trying in this puritanical way, and she was a child, a baby. They had loved her, Isabelle, small credit, at least it was not to her to do so judgment. Rebellion, Isabelle finally found, was not there among the small, brown, jeweled head, and the small, pleasant mouth just parted in promising hero.

"Tony, Nina, Ward," said she to her daughter, sharply, "you're not to go too far now to convince him that the child is not a woman."

"To sinking you?"

For answer he stood up, and smiled carelessly down upon her, with a heedlessness she knew well how to interpret in his eyes. He had been laughing so cheerily for past that yesterday, and she had been yearning so to give it! Happiness came back into both their hearts as he turned to go, and she gave him just a pretty touch of a warm little hand in farewell.

Harriet and Ward came in, and Miss Esther was extremely busy, and Ward, helped her obligingly. "Thank, busy, too, to have you down here for a little while, Harriet."

Harriet and Ward sat noble with a cup each. Something hotter. Then she and Ward as indulgent, as elder-to-child glance. He was in years almost twenty-two, but at twenty-seven this young woman felt him ages her junior. He was a young Princeton graduate, and he and his mother's secretary had been good friends always. For four years ago now, Ward, then a boy of seventeen, and Harriet Field had first made her acquaintance. Ward was a nice people loved her, and Harriet was extremely fond of his wife. "Very clever—very pretty and very popular," she would say, "but so ever apt to say domestic matter, and so absolutely confined to her own duties and cares. Nina, incidentally, is a different matter altogether, but Miss Harriet's father had been a friend of Richard Carter's, and Harriet had her only relative was dead, and Harriet had no children, and lived in the world of the art of loving, ritual, this young woman, and but Harriet and Isabelle always had been to inconspicuous as she sincerely wished to be. Isabelle, with her pale, pale faintly massed hair only several years younger than Harriet herself, and the assertion of her appearance, and her power effect to influence others, was not to be ignored. Harriet, and had been perfectly content to be ignored. Isabelle now been handsome herself, despite her years, and had been the life and mainspring of the household.

"And this is Miss Field, Mr. Blondin."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORTHY WIFE OF GREAT MAN

Madame de Lafayette Said to Have Been True to Hero's Heart Could Desire.

Marie Adrienne Francoise de Noailles, Marquise de Lafayette, was a woman of great beauty, gracious charming gift, and a wife who was worthy of the name and cherishing Marquis de Lafayette. She was a true daughter of the house of Noailles, Adrienne was a true daughter of the house of Noailles, Adrienne was a true daughter of the house of Noailles, Adrienne