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THE BEAUTY SPOT

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By Warren Eldridge Boyden

With a rude shock the gentle current of an ideal girlhood life was abruptly drifted into the fierce, raging torrent of tragedy. It came about to Lura Denison on a slumberously peaceful June afternoon and in a garden redolent with the swaying odors of violets and roses.

This was the situation: She was one of a party of friends visiting Eldene, the pretty summer resort at Crystal lake. Lura was only a school teacher and dependent on her own employment for a living. She was one of a coterie, however, representing exclusiveness as to wealth and social position. She could not dress as richly as her cousins, the Worthingtons, but her garb was neat, tasteful, her figure perfect, her face beautiful and her manner full of sweetness and fascination.

To the power of those kindly magnetic eyes Clyde Rawson had paid full tribute. He was a favorite with everybody, a heedless, impulsive young fellow avowedly at the end of his resources, but enjoying his "last dash of folly," as he termed it, before going forth to grapple with the practical issues of life.

From all Lura had learned he had recently been discarded by a rich uncle. It was not that Clyde was dissipated, but in his independent way he had gone contrary to the wishes of his mandatory relative. There had been a tiff and Clyde had left home with the announcement that he need depend upon John Griffiths for no further financial help.

"It's sort of rough to have your expectations cut off all of a sudden," Clyde confidentially told Lura, "but a certain half cousin of mine is willing to truckle and lie to Uncle John, while I am not. Perhaps it's a good thing for me, though," he added ingenuously, "for I was leading an idle, motiveless life."

And now just at this moment Lura, half hidden by the thick verdure of a tall flowering shrub, stood gazing pensively, almost sadly at Clyde Rawson, lying fast asleep in a hammock. She had always admired his frank, chivalric character. She had quite cherished certain tender words he had spoken to her. Lura was going back to the hard dull grind of a little red schoolhouse within two days. She wondered if they would ever meet again—more than that, if she could ever forget him!

Even as he slumbered, the inevitable sunny smile of perfect love for



It Held a Levelled Revolver

the world and all its creatures lingered upon the handsome face. Lura's heart beat faster as she noted that he wore in his buttonhole a dainty little strawflower she had given him the day previous. Then she drew back, for there was a rustle in the shrubbery opposite. She flushed hotly at the thought of any