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"YOU'VE MADE ME SOME STORIES, MOTHER!"

TO
THE CHILDREN
WHO LOVE JEWEL

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JEWEL'S STORY BOOK

CHAPTER I

OVER THE 'PHONE

Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Evringham's housekeeper, answered the telephone one afternoon. She was just starting to climb to the second story and did not wish to be hindered, so her "hello" had a somewhat impatient brevity.

"Mrs. Forbes?"

"Oh," with a total change of voice and face, "is that you, Mr. Evringham?"

"Please send Jewel to the 'phone."

"Yes, sir."

She laid down the receiver, and moving to the foot of the stairs called loudly, "Jewel!"

"Drat the little lamb!" groaned the housekeeper, "If I was only sure she was up there; I've got to go up anyway. *Jewel!*" louder.

"Ye—es!" came faintly from above, then a door opened. "Is somebody calling me?"

Mrs. Forbes began to climb the stairs deliberately while she spoke with energy. "Hurry down, Jewel. Mr. Evringham wants you on the 'phone."

"Goody, goody!" cried the child, her feet pattering on the thick carpet as she flew down one flight and then passed the housekeeper on the next. "Perhaps he is coming out early to ride."

"Nothing would surprise me less," remarked Mrs. Forbes dryly as she mounted.

Jewel flitted to the telephone and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, grandpa, are you coming out?" she asked.

"No, I thought perhaps you would like to come in."

"In where? Into New York?"

"Yes."

"What are we going to do?" eagerly.

Mr. Evringham, sitting at the desk in his private office, his head resting on his hand, moved and smiled. His mind pictured the expression on the face addressing him quite as distinctly as if no miles divided them.

"Well, we'll have dinner, for one thing. Where shall it be? At the Waldorf?"

Jewel had never heard the word.

"Do they have Nesselrode pudding?" she asked, with keen interest. Mrs. Forbes had taken her in town one day and given her some at a restaurant.

"Perhaps so. You see I've heard from the Steamship Company, and they think that the boat will get in this evening."

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa! *grandpa!*"

"Softly, softly. Don't break the 'phone. I hear you through the window."

"When shall I come? Oh, oh, oh!"

"Wait, Jewel. Don't be excited. Listen. Tell Zeke to bring you in to my office on the three o'clock train."

"Yes, grandpa. Oh, please wait a minute. Do you think it would be too extravagant for me to wear my silk dress?"

"No, let's be reckless and go the whole figure."

"All right," tremulously.

"Good-by."

"Oh, grandpa, wait. Can I bring Anna Belle?" but only silence remained.

Jewel hung up the receiver with a hand that was unsteady, and then ran through the house and out of doors, leaving every door

open behind her in a manner which would have brought reproof from Mrs. Forbes, who had begun to be Argus-eyed for flies.

Racing out to the barn, she appeared to 'Zekiel in the harness room like a small whirlwind.

"Get on your best things, Zeke," she cried, hopping up and down; "my father and mother are coming."

"Is this an india rubber girl?" inquired the coachman, pausing to look at her with a smile. "What train?"

"Three o'clock. You're going with me to New York. Grandpa says so; to his office, and the boat's coming to-night. Get ready quick, Zeke, please. I'm going to wear my silk dress."

"Hold on, kid," for she was flying off. "I'm to go in town with you, am I? Are you sure? I don't want to fix up till I make Solomon look like thirty cents and then find out there's some misdeal."

"Grandpa wants you to bring me to his office, that's what he said," returned the child earnestly. "Let's start real *soon!*"

Like a sprite she was back at the house and running upstairs, calling for Mrs. Forbes.

The housekeeper appeared at the door of the front room, empty now for two days of Mrs. Evringham's trunks, and Jewel with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes told her great news.

Mrs. Forbes was instantly sympathetic. "Come right upstairs and let me help you get ready. Dear me, to-night! I wonder if they'll want any supper when they get here."

"I don't know. I don't know!" sang Jewel to a tune of her own improvising, as she skipped ahead.

"I don't believe they will," mused Mrs. Forbes. "Those customs take so much time. It seems a very queer thing to me, Jewel, Mr. Evringham letting you come in at all. Why, you'll very likely not get home till midnight."

"Won't it be the most *fun!*" cried the child, dancing to her closet and getting her checked silk dress.

"I guess your flannel sailor suit will be the best, Jewel."

"Grandpa said I might wear my silk. You see I'm going to dinner with him, and that's just like going to a party, and I ought to be very particular, don't you think so?"

"Well, don't sit down on anything dirty at the wharf. I expect you will," returned Mrs. Forbes with a resigned sigh, as she proceeded to unfasten Jewel's tight, thick little braids.

"Just think what a short time we'll have to miss cousin Eloise," said the child. "Day before yesterday she went away, and now tomorrow my mother'll braid my hair." She gave an ecstatic sigh.

"If that's all you wanted your cousin Eloise for—to braid your hair—I guess I could get to do it as well as she did."

"Oh, I loved cousin Eloise for everything and I always shall love her," responded the child quickly. "I only meant I didn't have to trouble you long with my hair."

"I think I do it pretty well."

"Yes, indeed you do—just as *tight*. Do you remember how much it troubled you when I first came? and now it's so much different!"

"Yes, there are a whole lot of things that are much different," replied Mrs. Forbes. "How long do you suppose you'll be staying with us now, Jewel?"

The child's face grew sober. "I don't know, because I don't know how long father and mother can stay."

"You'll think about this room where you've lived so many weeks, when you get back to Chicago."

"Yes, I shall think about it lots of times," said the little girl. "I knew it would be a lovely visit at grandpa's, and it has been."

She glanced up in the mirror toward the housekeeper's face and saw that the woman's lips were working suspiciously and her eyes brimming over.

"You won't be lonely, will you, Mrs. Forbes?" she asked; "because grandpa says you want to live with Zeke in the barn this summer while he shuts up the house and goes off on his vacation."

"Oh, yes; it's all right, Jewel, only it just came over me that in a week, or perhaps sooner, you'll be gone."

"It's real kind of you to be glad to have me stay," said the child. "I try not to think about going away, because it does make me feel sorry every time. You know the soot blows all around in Chicago and we haven't any yard, and when I think about all the sky and trees here, and the ravine, beside grandpa and you and Zeke and Essex Maid— why I have to just say 'I *won't* be sorry,' and then think about father and mother and Star and all the nice things! I think Star will like the park pretty well." Jewel looked into space thoughtfully, and then shook her head. "I'm sure the morning we go I shall have to say: 'Green pastures are before me' over and over."

"What do you mean, child?"

"Why, you know the psalm: 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters?'"

"Yes."

"Well, in our hymnal there's the line of a hymn: 'Green pastures are before me,' and mother and I used to say that line every morning when we woke up, to remind us that Love was going to lead us all day."

"I'd like to see your mother," said Mrs. Forbes after a pause.

"You will, to-night," cried Jewel, suddenly joyous again. "Oh, Mrs. Forbes, do you think I could take Anna Belle to New York?"

"What did Mr. Evringham say?"

"He went away before I had a chance to ask him." Jewel looked wistfully toward the chair where the doll sat by the window, toeing in, her sweet gaze fixed on the wall-paper. "She would enjoy it so!" added the little girl.

"Oh, it's a tiresome trip for children, such late hours," returned Mrs. Forbes persuasively. "Beside," with an inspiration, "you'd like your hands free to help your mother carry her bags, wouldn't you?"

"That's so," responded Jewel. "Anna Belle would always give up anything for her grandma!" and as the housekeeper finished tying the hair bows, the little girl skipped over to the chair and knelt be-

fore the doll, explaining the situation to her with a joyous incoherence mingled with hugs and kisses from which the even-tempered Anna Belle emerged apparently dazed but docile.

"Come here and get your shoes on, Jewel."

"My best ones," returned the child.

"Oh, yes, the best of everything," said Mrs. Forbes good-humoredly; and indeed, when Jewel was arrayed, she viewed herself in the mirror with satisfaction.

Zeke presented himself soon, fine in a new summer suit and hat, and Mrs. Forbes watched the pair as they walked down the driveway.

"Now, I can't let the grass grow under my feet," she muttered. "I expected to have till to-morrow night to get all the things done that Mr. Evringham told me to, but I guess I can get through."

Jewel and Zeke had ample time for the train. Indeed, the little girl's patience was somewhat tried before the big headlight came in view. She could not do such injustice to her silk dress and daisy-wreathed leghorn hat as to hop and skip, so she stood demurely with Zeke on the station platform, and as they waited he regarded her happy expectant face.

"Remember the day you got here, kid?" he asked.

"Yes. Isn't it a long time since you came and met me with Dick, and he just whirled us home!"

"Sure it is. And now you're glad to be leaving us."

"I am not, Zeke!"

"Well, you look in the glass and see for yourself."

Just then the train came along and Zeke swung the child up to the high step. The fact that she found a seat by the window added a ray to her shining eyes. Her companion took the place beside her.

"Yes," he went on, as the train started, "it's kind of hard on the rest of us to have you so tickled over the prospect."

"I'm only happy over father and mother," returned Jewel.

"Pretty nice folks, are they?"

Jewel shook her head significantly. "You just wait and see," she replied with zest.

"Which one do you look like?"

"Like father. Mother's much prettier than father."

"A beauty, is she?"

"N—o, I don't believe so. She isn't so pretty as cousin Eloise, but then she's pretty."

"That's probably the reason your grandfather likes to see you around—because you look like his side of the house."

"Well," Jewel sighed, "I hope grandpa likes my nose. I don't."

Zeke laughed. "He seems able to put up with it. I expect there's going to be ructions around here the next week."

"What's ructions?"

"Well, some folks might call it error. I don't know. Mr. Evringham's going to be pretty busy with his own nose. It's going to be put out of joint to-night. The green-eyed monster's going to get on the rampage, or I miss my guess."

Jewel looked up doubtfully. Zeke was a joker, of course, being a man, but what was he driving at now?

"What green-eyed monster?" she asked.

"Oh, the one that lives in folks' hearts and lays low part of the time," replied Zeke.

"Do you mean jealousy; envy, hatred, or malice?" asked Jewel so glibly that her companion stared.

"Great Scott! What do you know about that outfit?" he asked.

The child nodded wisely. "I know people believe in them sometimes; but you needn't think grandpa does, because he doesn't."

"Mr. Evringham's all right," agreed Zeke, "but he isn't going to be the only pebble any longer. Your father and mother will be the whole thing now."

The child was thoughtful a moment, then she began earnestly: "Oh, I'm sure grandpa knows how it is about loving. The more peo-

ple you love, the more you can love. I can love father and mother more because I've learned to love grandpa, and he can love them more too, because he has learned to love me."

"Humph! We'll see," remarked the other, smiling.

"Is error talking to you, Zeke? Are you laying laws on grandpa?"

"Well, if I am, I'll stop it mighty quick. You don't catch me taking any such liberties. Whoa!" drawing on imaginary reins as the engine slackened at a station.

Jewel laughed, and from that time until they reached New York they chatted about her pony Star, and other less important horses, and of the child's anticipation of showing her mother the joys of Bel-Air Park.

CHAPTER II

THE BROKER'S OFFICE

It was the first time Jewel had visited her grandfather's office and she was impressed anew with his importance as she entered the stone building and ascended in the elevator to mysterious heights.

Arrived in an electric-lighted anteroom, Zeke's request to see Mr. Evringham was met by a sharp-eyed young man who denied it with a cold, inquiring stare. Then the glance of this factotum fell to Jewel's uplifted, rose-tinted face and her trustful gaze fixed on his own.

Zeke twirled his hat slowly between his hands.

"You just step into Mr. Evringham's office," he said quietly, "and tell him the young lady he invited has arrived."

Jewel wondered how this person, who had the privilege of being near her grandfather all day, could look so forbidding; but in her happy excitement she could not refrain from smiling at him under the nodding hat brim.

"I'm going to dinner with him," she said softly, "and I *think* we're going to have Nesselrode pudding."

The young man's eyes stared and then began to twinkle. "Oh," he returned, "in that case" — then he turned and left the visitors.

When he entered the sanctum of his employer he was smiling. Mr. Evringham did not look up at once. When he did, it was with a brief, "Well?"

"A young lady insists upon seeing you, sir."

"Kindly stop grinning, Masterson, and tell her she must state her business."

"She has done so, sir," but Masterson did not stop grinning. "She looks like a summer girl, and I guess she is one."

Mr. Evringham frowned at this unprecedented levity. "What is her business, briefly?" he asked curtly.

"To eat Nesselrode pudding, sir."

The broker started. "Ah!" he exclaimed, and though he still frowned, he reflected his junior's smile. "Is there some one with her?"

"A young man."

"Send them in, please."

Masterson obeyed and managed to linger until his curiosity was both appeased and heightened by seeing Jewel run across the Turkish rug and completely submerge the stately gray head beneath the brim of her hat.

"Well, I'll — be — everlastingly" — thought Masterson, as he softly passed out and closed the door behind him. "Even Achilles could get it in the heel, but I'll swear I didn't believe the old man had a joint in his armor."

Zeke stood twisting his hat, and when his employer was allowed to come to the surface, he spoke respectfully: —

"Mother said I was to bring word if you would like a late supper, sir."

"Tell Mrs. Forbes that it will be only something light, if anything. She need not prepare."

Jewel danced to the door with her escort as he went. "Good-by, Zeke," she said gayly. "Thank you for bringing me."

"Good-by, Jewel," he returned in subdued accents, and stumbling on the threshold, passed out with a furtive wave of his hat.

The child returned and jumped into a chair by the desk, reserved for the selected visitors who succeeded in invading this precinct. "I suppose you aren't quite through," she said, fixing her host with a blissful gaze as he worked among a scattered pile of papers.

"Very nearly," he returned. He saw that she was near to bubbling over with ideas ready to pour out to him. He knew, too, that she would wait his time. It entertained him to watch her furtively as she gave herself to inspecting the furnishings of the room and the pictures on the wall, then looked down at the patent leather tips of her best shoes as they swung to and fro. At last she began to look at him more and more wistfully, and to view the furnishings of the large desk. It had a broad shelf at the top.

Suddenly Jewel caught sight of a picture standing there in a square frame, and an irrepressible "Oh!" escaped from her lips.

She pressed her hands together and Mr. Evringham saw a deeper rose in her cheeks. He followed her eyes, and silently taking the picture from the desk placed it in her lap. She clasped it eagerly. It was a fine photograph of Essex Maid, her grandfather's mare.

In a minute he spoke:—

"Now I think I'm about through, Jewel," he said, leaning back in his chair.

"Oh, grandpa, do these cost very much?"

"Why? Do you want to have Star sit for his picture?"

"Yes, it *would* be nice to have a picture of Star, wouldn't it! I never thought of that. I mean to ask mother if I can."

The broker winced.

"What I was thinking of was, could I have a picture of Essex Maid to take with me to Chicago?"

Mr. Evringham nodded. "I will get you one." He kept on nodding slightly, and Jewel noted the expression of his eyes. Her bright look began to cloud as her grandfather continued to gaze at her.

"You'd like to have a picture of Star to keep, wouldn't you?" she asked softly, her head falling a little to one side in loving recognition of his sadness.

"Yes," he answered, rather gruffly, "and I've been thinking for some weeks that there was a picture lacking on my desk here."

"Star's?" asked Jewel.

"No. Yours. Are there any pictures of you?"

"No, only when I was a baby. You ought to see me. I was as *fat!*"

"We'll have some photographs of you."

"Oh," Jewel spoke wistfully, "I wish I was pretty."

"Then you wouldn't be an Evringham."

"Why not? You are," returned the child, so spontaneously that slow color mounted to the broker's face, and he smiled.

"I look like my mother's family, they say. At any rate,"—after a pause and scrutiny of her,— "it's your face, it's my Jewel's face, that suits me and that I want to keep. If I can find somebody who can do it and not change you into some one else, I am going to have a little picture painted; a miniature, that I can carry in my pocket when Essex Maid and I are left alone."

The brusque pain in his tone filled Jewel's eyes, and her little hands clasped tighter the frame she held in her lap.

"Then you will give me one of you, too, grandpa? "

"Oh, child," he returned, rather hoarsely, "it's too late to be painting my leather countenance."

"No one could paint it just as I know it," said Jewel softly. "I know all the ways you look, grandpa,—when you're joking or when you're sorry, or happy, and they're all in here," she pressed one hand to her breast in a simple fervor that, with her moist eyes, compelled Mr. Evringham to swallow several times; "but I'd like one in my hand to show to people when I tell them about you."

The broker looked away and fussed with an envelope.

"Grandpa," continued the child after a pause, "I've been thinking that there's one secret we've got to keep from father and mother."

Mr. Evringham looked back at her. This was the most cheering word he had heard for some time.

"It wouldn't be loving to let them know how sorry it makes us to say good-by, would it? I get such lumps in my throat when I think about not riding with you or having breakfast together. I do work over it and think how happy it will be to have father and mother again, and how Love gives us everything we ought to have and everything like that; but I *have*—cried—twice, thinking about it! Even Anna Belle is mortified the way I act. I know you feel sorry, too, and we've got to demonstrate over it; but it'll come so soon, and I guess I didn't begin to work in time. Anyway, I was wondering if we couldn't just have a secret and manage not to say good-by to each other." The corners of the child's mouth were twitching down now, and she took out a small handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

Mr. Evringham blew his nose violently, and crossing the office turned the key in the door.

"I think that would be an excellent plan, Jewel," he returned, rather thickly, but with an endeavor to speak heartily. "Of course your confounded—I mean to say your—your parents will naturally expect you to follow their plans and"—he paused.

"And it would be so unloving to let them think that I was sorry after they let me have such a beautiful visit, and if we can *just*—manage not to say good-by, everything will be so much easier."

The broker stood looking at her while the plaintive voice made music for him. "I'm going to try to manage just that thing if it's in the books," he said, after waiting a little, and Jewel, looking up at him with an April smile, saw that his eyes were wet.

"You're so good, grandpa," she returned tremulously; "and I won't even kiss Essex Maid's neck—not the last morning."

He sat down with fallen gaze, and Jewel caught her lip with her teeth as she looked at him. Then suddenly the leghorn hat was on