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His Little Girl

(Continued from page 17.)

cards from her, signed T. Schmidt, and saying she was well and happy. But she gave no address. Only the postcards showed us she was moving about all over the Continent. And after a time we heard no more.

"And your brother made no attempt to trace her?"

"He wrote to her just once." Marion's voice quivered with pain. "She once gave us an address, in Paris it was, and she asked us if we would write and forgive her for having hurt us. But Robert would not let us write, he wrote himself—a letter that told her he would never forgive her—never, for having disgraced us all. But he would not let us send her any message, and since that day we have heard nothing. We do not even know whether she is alive or dead."

Rosa heard the words, but they were scarcely more than meaningless sounds in her ears, for other words spoken in a man's deep voice, swung to and fro in her mind—"At one time she played a part in my life." What part had Tiny Stansdale played in the life of the man who now called himself Muller? And if she were really dead, where was the jewel of which he so evidently desired to regain possession? And, was it even remotely possible that this child, Sylvia Burnett, with her strange likeness to the Stansdales' sister, could be more closely linked with that sister than anyone supposed. Could it be possible? Rosa's brain continued to revolve that proposition, whilst Marion babbled on of the past, of Tiny, of cherished memories of the old home; and by and by the younger woman's thoughts crystallized into a distinct resolution.

"It may be all a fancy," she told herself, "but on the other hand, there may be something in it, and I shall act on the assumption that there is that something. I must discover where the jewel is that the worthy Muller requires, and, if he needs it, I suppose I must get the jewel." When she arrived at this resolution, she was alone in her own bedroom, and she shrugged her shoulders, and glanced at herself in the looking-glass, at the same time giving vent to a cynical laugh.

"After all, I have always been with schemers, and I am clever at the game. Why should I spoil my own chances of getting on, because an insignificant doctor looks at me with the eyes of a frank boy? Rosa Muller, pull yourself together and be sensible. You are more likely to have the ball at your feet if you do what the good Hermann tells you, than if you listen to your silly heart, and yet more silly conscience. You must not let yourself be disturbed by a pair of grey eyes, and—a good man would not have anything to do with you."

The cynical smile left her lips, her eyes that a moment before had looked mockingly into the glass, lost all their brightness, a great sadness seemed to look out of them, and she turned away from the dressing-table with a choking sensation in her throat.

"A good man!" she exclaimed bitterly, "what part or lot could I have with a good man's life? And yet, if things had been different, if I had been different," that sob in her throat again threatened to choke her, "I might have found all my happiness in a good man's love. As it is—" She did not end her sentence, but flinging out her arms with a gesture oddly suggestive of despair, she sat down at her writing table, and writing a carefully worded note, addressed it to "Miss Helen Stansdale, c/o Sir Giles Tredman, Manderby Court, Birdsbrook."

That note surprised Helen when she opened it at the breakfast table next morning, and she looked up from perusing it with a little puzzled frown on her face.

"I can't quite understand why—Miss Muller—or, I think Miss Muller must have misunderstood me," she said, looking across at Sir Giles with deprecating, startled eyes, "she seems to fancy I said she could come over here and see me and Sylvia, but, really—I don't think—I am almost sure—I never suggested such a thing."

"Who is Miss Muller? She is quite welcome to come here," Sir Giles answered good-naturedly. "Any friend of yours would be welcome, Miss Stansdale."

"But she isn't a friend of mine," the



Better Dinners

"Is dinner ready, Mary?"

"Yes, Madam—it is ready, and, I think, a great success."

"Your cooking is improving."

"Well perhaps it is, and I hope so, but really, Mrs. Housewife, I think our new Gurney-Oxford is partly responsible for the success I have had lately. I was never able to cook roasts and fowl so well on our old stove, and as for bread and biscuits, I used to tremble when I went to take them from the oven—they were so often soggy and heavy. Now they are always light and beautifully brown, and, if I do say it myself, something to be proud of."

"That's true, Mary, my husband has said almost the same thing. I'm awfully glad you approve of my choice of a Gurney-Oxford. He approves because of the saving in coal since we got it, also because of the better meals he is getting."

"Indeed he's, right, Madam—and it requires so little attention."

"That's fine, Mary. Will you serve dinner in a few minutes please."

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