

A Broken Vow;

—OR—

BETTER THAN REVENGE.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Christopher Dayne had had a bad day. It took much to dampen his spirits or to darken his cheery outlook on life; but this had been a day on which everything had gone wrong with a cruel persistency.

He had needed all the optimism that was in him ever to get through the world as well as he had. Brought up to believe that a fortune was his, to come to him at a certain time, he had been disappointed to find that it never came at all. The small amount of money left him at his mother's death had never been augmented at all, despite vague promises from the mysterious Uncle Phipps. In time that small amount of money had dwindled down, despite all his efforts to cling to it; and it had at last dwindled so far that it required a very keen pair of eyes to see any of it at all. Then it was that Christopher Dayne had taken himself by the throat, as it were, and given himself a shake, and determined to see about earning his living.

In a desolatory fashion Christopher had been making towards that end for some little time. Turning a natural gift to account, he had written a little, and read a great deal more; having an observant eye and some considerable sense of humor he had been careful to write about the things he saw in an easy and pleasant way. More than that, setting about the business from the point of view of work, and work only, he had not disdained to listen to suggestions made by busy editors and others, and so had gradually learned to know what was wanted and to make some effort to supply it. Only a little at first, with, of course, many disappointments, and some little heart-breaking episodes; but he was of the stuff that is not easily beaten, and he was determined to win.

He had started early on economical methods. Even while he clung to the belief that Uncle Phipps must some day put in an appearance and fulfil his long-delayed obligations, he yet saw that for the present at least he must look after himself. He had determined, therefore, to find a cheap lodging in as pleasant a neighborhood as possible. If you had known Christopher Dayne you would have been certain of one thing—that he would choose his lodging not solely for reasons of economy; there must be at least some faint suggestion of a sentimental reason. After all, with the whole of London to select from, he could afford to please himself; and he did so accordingly.

Fate, being in a generous mood, led him to Chelsea; took him by the shoulders, as it were, at the corner of Greenways' Gardens and gave him a little push which carried him exactly opposite No. 3. And having reached that spot he went no further; for there was a face at the window, looking out alluringly beside a card on which was set the one word—"Apartments." It is true that the face was gone the next moment; but Christopher had seen it, and with a little hot feeling in his throat he knocked at the door.

Disappointment number one; the prosaic figure of Odley appeared. Certainly it had not been her face that had looked out on to Greenways' Gardens; the only comforting thought was that the owner of the other face must be in the house somewhere. Odley was garrulous, and almost pathetically anxious to let those two top rooms; but Christopher wavered. Suppose, after all, the owner of that face had been a mere visitor? Suppose he took the rooms, as it were, under false pretences? However, he decided to see them, and by an accident made up his mind quite rapidly to take them.

He had been left to himself for a moment, the better to inspect them; and while he wavered, and while Odley, with her head on one side, watched him, and speculated as to his verdict, there had sounded on the stairs the quick rustle of skirts; then a little hissing whisper, evidently intended to attract Odley's attention. With a muttered apology she went out; and Christopher Dayne heard another voice speaking rapidly to her in whispers.

"Is it all right, Odley? Do you think he'll take them? There'll be nothing to worry about then—will there?"

Odley was quite astonished, when she went back into the room, at the clarity with which Christopher decided about the matter; he seemed quite eager. So it came about that Christopher Dayne settled down in the two top rooms, wondering a little how he was to pay the rent, but muttering vague things to himself concerning inspiration and such other mysterious matters.

There is a certain glory surrounding the man who writes, no matter what it be he writes about. The mere deliberate sitting down at a table, with a few poor sheets of paper, to earn a living is absurd to begin with; there is such an amount of courage required. Therefore the mere whisper of his profession in the house stamped him a

wonder; his pens were sacred; his such as no other man could use. tery surrounded the two top rooms and fluttering of skirts and whitened on the stairs all pointed to it. Odley had remarked with awe that she had actually "caught him at it," to her own expression, little Lucy Ewing could contain herself no longer. G but firmly the next morning she had the breakfast tray from Odley's less hands, and carried it, with a ing heart, to the top rooms. And of course, began the business.

Think of the situation. Christopher was seated at a table, expecting prosaic Odley to blunder into the room and to make remarks concerning weather and other uninteresting to instead of which came a fairy in his shape, with a tray held before her, blushing prettily at being found in a situation. It being absolutely necessary, also, that assistance should be rendered with regard to the tray, other difficulty arose. Try it for yourself; get hold of one side of a tray that won't keep straight, while other side is held by a fairy in human form, and endeavor to get it on a square table. Christopher found himself, in no time at all, stumbling a chair and pulling the tray too far over his side of the table; which required much close examination of tray itself, and much putting of together, in a blushing, awkward minute.

So disconcerting, too, to be asked there was anything else that would be required; so necessary to get up to hold the door while the divinity passed through. No appetite for breakfast that; only an insane longing that might be another course to bring and that she might bring it.

Odley came to clear away the breakfast, and Odley was amused. Curiously enough, however, she proved to be a person of experience in these matters; in some day set well back in the past she had been an object of attention, according to her own account. There was no single room in the house in which a dramatic love-episode had not taken place, and most of those of those episodes appeared to have violent deaths afterwards from despair at her stony-heartedness. gether a remarkable house.

The divinity came again on the following morning, and was less staid, she timidly asked a question concerning the work he did, and was glad to find some of it actually interesting. It being necessary that he should be quite close to her, with his side against hers, while he pointed out disgracefully the man who had intruded it had missed his points; was no more breakfast for him that day; and Odley began to be impatient with the fact that he would prove a cheap lodger.

Then he began to work at a rate—burning midnight oil and of that kind. Indeed, Odley was afraid to go to bed sometimes for he should fall asleep and set No. 3. Because it must be understood that he had found an inspiration had never had before; and he was working harder than ever now, just to Miss Lucy Ewing what the business was like, and just to show her, to secret of a man he was. If only he had been of sufficient importance to have an editor call for him—or printer's boy, drumming his head against the legs of the one chair in the little hall—it would have been something. But, of course, all that came in time.

Youth—and work—and love—hope! They had all come streaming in, fluttering into the windows of Greenways' Gardens, and even the man who had lived and grown stout on hand imaginative romance, was put a ribbon in her dress some day and had a wild desire (fortunately carried out) to dance and sing the wonderful young man started to work in the morning the house hushed on his account, for he had dropped a broom and broken a sentence, heaven only knows what would have happened. And it was mysterious, so wonderful to consider the amazing resources of the man for instance, as Odley put it, he got it all from."

"Of course, they discussed the sympathy is a very fine thing that comes from the right person. He was young and inexperienced; he had such a lot yet to learn, which Lucy could teach him. For instance, it will scarcely be believed that he was positively amateurish in his love affairs, and she delicately told him so."

"I'm sure you won't mind my referring Mr. Dayne," she said or when he had asked her opinion on a scene of most vital importance to a passionate young hero and a retiring heroine, "but she never have said that."

"Don't you really think so, Miss Odley?" he asked. "It sounded all right?" he asked. "I will read it" said Lucy.

(The only people in whom he was interested at that moment) did not hunt up young authors at that hour of the night, he began to put his papers together before retiring. And then there came a quick, excited knocking at the door of his room. He strode across to it and pulled it open, and confronted Lucy Ewing. Her eyes were very bright. If only he could have stayed her tongue then! If only he could have subdued the eagerness that love put into her voice! If he could have done that, it might all have been different; it might never have occurred to the waiting woman below that through him she could strike at the girl she longed so much to reach.

"Mr. Dayne—Mr. Dayne—get up! . . . Oh—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dayne," she said, as she stood before her in the doorway. "I did not mean to startle you—but there is someone to see you—someone you very much want to see. And I am so glad—for your sake."

Somehow or other, in some mysterious fashion, he had got hold of her hands, and they were looking straight into

FARM NOTES.

The value of manure depends upon the quality of food and the condition of the animal. Neither the solids nor liquid from animals giving milk are as rich as that from fattening stock.

The first, most imperative and most sensible duty of the farmer is to abjure partisanship and study real politics—that is, measures, not men, nor office seeking. If too old to study, or with too little time for it, he must find an honest and capable man or men to do it for him.

Glucose meal, if fed fresh, makes a wholesome food for cows or pigs when properly mixed with other food. In its ordinary state it contains about 70 per cent. water, and it cannot be kept long without becoming very sour, in which case it will taint milk and cause pigs to scour. It is often sold for more than it is worth, because farmers do not make a proper deduction for water. No farmer can afford to pay more than one-fourth the price of cornmeal for it fresh.

It certainly is a mistake to say that "farming doesn't pay" when we constantly see men make a living at it who were they to carry the same sort of management into any other business, would not keep their heads above water six months. Why, if you ask a dozen farmers, picked out at random here and there, how much money came in during the year and how much they paid out, if one of the dozen could give a correct answer it would be a wonder! They may be able to tell you what their principal crops sold for, but if you ask what became of the proceeds, unless some big debt were pressing—"I don't know," would be the heady reply—while of the minor items, such as marketing and surplus stock disposed of, no estimate whatever could be made.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The Court of Appeal, in London, has decided that tips are wages.

Eight pairs of twins are attending the Sandfield Council school, Guildford.

A solid silver microscope made in the time of George II. was recently sold in London.

The British licensing bill has caused a slump of \$1,250,000,000 in the market.