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**THE Grand Alliance;**  
**—OR—**  
**Love That Knew No Bounds.**

CHAPTER IV.

John Lewis and his wife talked, low-voiced, to the man to the last moment. May be they never noticed a small hand stretched out, anxious for farewell, for with puzzled aspect they only drew back, nodding to her as the pony trotted off, and for the first time she left them without a pout in her lap, or a cheery "Mind you come and see us again soon, Miss Sydney, dear." But nurse seemed crying, and this tribute of love supplied all other omissions.

"I'll tell papa you say I cost nothing to keep, so he'll let me come back, Taffy, darling!" cried Sydney, and did just wonder, with ever so brief a pang, when, instead of the hearty responding, "Ay, that's right, do!" they only signed a last good-bye, and all turned slowly toward the cottage talking so intently they never saw the smile she twisted round to spend on them while their forms were visible.

But the getting home and the next few weeks were altogether so strange that these first signs of something unusual afloat were blotted out, and so failed to furnish warning of what came later on as most unwelcome knowledge. For her father, Havens said, was away still; and he was very ill, so Miss Foster, Leonora's governess, further informed her as soon as she reached home. And Mrs. Alwyn was away. "Gone to him!" Miss Foster wasn't sure. She supposed so; very likely they would hear tomorrow. And to-morrow, from somewhere, came orders for the children to travel to London, the governess with them.

Long did Sydney remember that journey, principally by reason of the overpowering hunger she suffered through its tedious length, and the disappointment that met her at its end. For cook, for some unexplained cause, declined to send up a school-room dinner before they started (she said she hadn't time, though that was clearly an unkind invention, since as the carriage bore the children from Guyswick, the recalcitrant domestic was plainly visible in company with two house-maids, a groom, and a gardener, unblushingly feasting off the early strawberries, and to all seeming jauntily enjoying unlimited leisure and liberty!) and Miss Foster coldly turned a deaf ear to suggestions of biscuits by Leonora; and at the end of all those weary miles there was yet no father!

Instead of his presence ensued a most uncomfortable dreary month at lodgings, the governess still in not very amiable or willing charge—Mrs. Alwyn sometimes with them, oftener away, always in a mood varying between hysteria and ill-temper. Then, after the transacting, apparently, of much business—for backward and forward to Vere Street came constantly a Mr. Russell, brother to Mrs. Alwyn, and a Colonel Villiers, similarly related to her first husband—a move was made in another direction.

**OXO**

What a Lady in Ontario

When the temperature falls below zero, OXO is the best thing to eat. It is a most perfect food for any weather. It is a most perfect food for any weather. It is a most perfect food for any weather.

her mother, wearing the aggrieved air habitual in these last few weeks—  
"Home, child, but not to Guyswick."  
"Then where to?"  
"A different house; in Suffolk; it belongs to your uncle Russell."  
"And papa will be there?" kindling into delighted expectancy.  
"Of course," coldly; "but"—hesitating, looking dubiously at Sydney's eager, radiant face, and then coming to some conclusion—"but listen to me. You must recollect," very emphatically, "he has been very ill. You must not worry him. Above all Sydney, you are not to pester him with questions about leaving Guyswick. You will make him worse if you do. Remember that;" and the child, faithfully promising obedience never broke her word, understanding all too soon her need to keep it.

For when, soon after his wife, Mr. Alwyn reached St. Clair's, it was but the shadow of himself that appeared—an old white-haired man, with the icy touch of paralysis upon him; a living incumbrance that shrunk willingly into the background of the new menace; a father whom Sydney could still cling to, most dearly love, most lovingly tend, but never, never by reference to that recent past which seemed so sorely to have tried him.

"My poor husband is a mere wreck," was Mrs. Alwyn's formula concerning him to the people who gradually proffered intimacy with them; first the few professional families round about the rambling, town-like village, the vicar at their head; next the lesser but more cautious county folks. "It is the penalty, I suppose, of strong constitutions which never know an ache or a pain all their lives through. They break up all at once. It's extremely distressing to be in the way of such cases, especially when one knows, unfortunately, nothing can be done to improve them."

True enough, perhaps; but most certainly with Mr. Alwyn nothing was attempted.

In a few short weeks he appeared to have sunk from an important social factor into a mere nonentity. To be sure he had his food, his room his clothing, and as feebleness increased upon him, a decent body, mother of the young gardener at The Dale, came daily to and fro as partial nurse. But Mrs. Alwyn never altered one single line of her new life to cheer or console the waning hours of her husband's. The appliances his ever-falling state demanded were allowed so grudgingly as to turn their bestowal into perfect pain, and the sole bit of brightness yet spared to the old lawyer's existence was his child.

That, as he unweariedly thanked Heaven, never failed him. Whatever slight misfortune put upon him her young presence softened their keenest edge. With her happy, unselfish nature by to lean on—lean on! it had come to that!—he could rouse out of his clouded retrospect of pain into almost cheerfulness, and could bear the chill indifference of others with full patience.

With too much patience, it seemed to Sydney, who, during the months they were getting settled at The Dale, pondered over and grew utterly puzzled by this state of things.

Why was her father so little considered now in the household, so all but deserted, while her mother glided by degrees into a circle of acquaintances and occasional visits, and Leonora's fancies were humored to the full? Why was their house, smaller by far, but just as well arranged as Guyswick, furnished, as time went on with continually fresh bits of luxurious prettiness, while that cheerless north room upstairs, which Mr. Alwyn rarely quitted, had such a meagre allowance of even comforts? And why, again, later on, was the basket, carriage, purchased in their third summer at St. Clair's, appropriated

solely to Mrs. Alwyn's daily drives and calls, never to her father's more obvious needs?

These and such things past count struck Sydney's childish judgment as marked injustices, and once upon a time, when she had borne with and meditated long upon them, out of the rebellious fulness of her heart she ventured to speak.

"Mamma, may papa and I change rooms?"  
"What for, Sydney?"  
"So that he may sit by the window and look over the garden into the fields, mamma. Now he can only see just the bank of laurels and the wooden fence."  
"I don't imagine your father would care for gazing out of the window, at any view, Sydney. He is best quite quiet, and in the room I chose for him."  
"But Doctor Dacie" (the village doctor, who paid, not oftener than once a month, a formal call), "said yesterday he might be better if he had a more cheerful look-out, mamma."  
"You had no right to be upstairs when Doctor Dacie called," said Sydney's mother, sharply. "Why were you not at lessons?"  
"Because Miss Stevens" (Miss Foster's less costly successor) "said she had no time to hear me yesterday she was so busy with Leonora. But may papa have my room, mamma?"

Honestly there was no reason why he should not. But Mrs. Alwyn's nature was hard to cruelty. Not even helplessness, that stirs the depths of most true womanhood, touched her. In a fit of bitter, petty retaliation or her husband for certain ills she was compelled to share with him, she had located him in the derary north room and no softening of mood prompted her to permit a change.

"I would rather you both stayed as you are, Sydney," she answered, "altering would put me to some trouble, and—and"—under her little daughter's clear, astonished glance the lame excuse halted in utterance—"to a—to an—well," impatiently "to some expense."

"But, mamma," with eyes opening extremely wide, "would a little money be of any consequence? I always thought papa had—oh, plenty!"  
"Had, Sydney, but not has," was the emphatic reply, "for—shut the door and then come here by me," and this being done—"for now you are clever and old enough to understand things, I may as well tell you why we left Guyswick. Your father had the fo—" Mrs. Alwyn stopped and substituted a second word for the one half spoken—"the misfortune to lose all his money, and now he has actually nothing whatever of his own."  
"Oh, mamma!"  
"Nothing!" So now comprehend why I have to be careful of expenses."

This was odd news to the child—at first bewildering. It came like a chill wind on her hopeful design, and for a minute she lost heart. Presently a side-edy, an up-waiting of observant common-sense, brought consolation.

"But, mamma, we must have some money," she urged; "rather a good deal, too, for our house is so pretty—the prettiest in St. Clair's, Doctor Dacie said yesterday; and everything is just as nice here as it used to be at Guyswick."  
"Nonsense, child! you can't remember. That was ten times—the

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place this is. We had a dozen servants there, and only three here!"  
"But we must have some money to keep three, mamma! And isn't it papa's?"  
"I have told you no, Sydney. All that we have to live on—and it's little enough" (the lady spoke conscientiously, for seven hundred a year after her delicious experience of as many thousands seemed a dismal downfall)—"is for the present, mine."

The word shot out like a bolt to its socket. Somehow Sydney did not require the reasoning even of her eleven years to point out that the syllable cut off all prospect of outlay for her father's benefit. Instinct told her that. And instinct, which after this revelation bound her still more closely to his side, made her now say very wistfully.

"Then he and I," curious conjunction, as if both were alien to her mother, "have to live off your money and Leonora's! So, of course—I see—we ought not to use it. Did Leonora's father give it all to you, mamma?"

Here was a home-thrust, uttered in all innocence, as keen as any age or ability could have contrived. Mrs. Alwyn, colored, under the steady, waiting gaze, and was angry with herself for so doing—angry with Sydney for causing her confusion.

But however oblique her notions of honor, she was not going to commit herself to a direct falsehood; one moreover, which would infallibly be found out by and by. So she answered shortly.

"No; Mr. Villiers did not give it to me. I had it from your father when I married him—entirely for myself, though; to use as I pleased. Now, instead of that, I have to keep the whole of you, house and everything off it. And that is all you need know or I shall tell you, Sydney. Remember you are not to repeat nothing of all this to any one. Never mention your father losing his property. It is no concern of any one but ourselves. Run away now, to your father, if you like; Miss Stevens is driving Leonora to Hedyngham for her painting lesson."

But Sydney was tenacious of purpose. Instead of going, she stood, tracing the pattern of the table-cover with one forefinger, revolving all this information, not seeing her way past it—till suddenly a happy thought flashed out of the confusion.

(To be Continued.)

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A few years ago, Tom, a very pomp making his annual famous Irish reg though he bore a g a martinet, he na service, and was o judged a soldier's v duct-sheet.

There was servin one Patrick O'Doh through three ard and who was the p five war medals, i "distinguished condu

**BIG**

who l He gua every d call, or minute

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