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The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XXVI.

From that evening a very fever of unhappiness seized Hettie. She longed so intensely to see Leah again; her thoughts were always with her. Martin Ray began to complain bitterly of his youngest child; she was so absent, so inattentive—it was the first time he had had to find fault with her. She was always dreaming instead of working, thinking instead of doing. What had come over her? Nothing but an irrefragable longing to see again the sister whom she so dearly loved. Leah in her magnificence haunted her—Leah with the love-light shining in her eyes. Ah! how could she be so happy when she was parted forever from them? Did she remember them in the midst of her wealth and luxury? Did she ever think of them—she who had once loved them so dearly?

At last the fever of longing mastered her. She would not break her promise—she would not speak to her; but she must look upon her face again. For days she struggled hard to find a few moments' leisure; but Martin seemed to know that she wanted a few hours for herself, so he kept her constantly employed. At last it came, this leisure hour for which she had longed. Her father went out, and was not to return until after midnight. Quick as thought she dressed herself. It was just eight o'clock, and she would probably be in time to see Leah leave Harbery House for whatever ball or party she might be attending.

Those who lived in that noble mansion little thought that the fair young sister of their beautiful mistress stood outside for many hours, with a wistful look on her pale face, her eyes fixed on the great entrance-door. Leah had left the house before she reached it; but Hettie was resolved to wait for her return. It would have touched a heart of stone to see the patient figure walking up and down with tireless footsteps.

The stars began to shine; silence fell over the great city; the distant



Headaches Gone

Perhaps you can imagine what this means to one who had suffered terribly with headaches for ten years.

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rear of carriages grew less. She could hear the measured tread of the policeman; the soft shadows of night fell around her. She knew she ought to go home; but she could not leave the spot until she had seen Leah's face, just once, if only for a moment.

At last came the sound of wheels; lights appeared, as though by magic, in the windows of the great house. The carriage drew up before the hall door and the footman descended. Hettie drew back into the shade as a flood of light fell upon the pavement. She saw the carriage door flung open, the general descended first, and then Leah. She saw the lovely face, more beautiful than ever, enveloped in a mass of soft white face. Leah made some laughing remark as she stepped from the carriage to the ground; and Hettie saw that she carried a bouquet of scarlet flowers, in her hand. In another minute she had passed through the wide open door.

Then Hettie came forward and touched the footman on the arm. "I will give you," she said, "a sovereign for the flowers which that lady carried in her hand. Could you get them for me if I remain here?"

The man looked at her in astonishment. "Do you understand?" she went on, quickly. "I will give you a sovereign for the flowers this lady carried in her hand."

The light from the lamp fell on her sweet, upraised face, and the man was more bewildered.

"What do you want them for?" he asked.

"Never mind," she replied—"I do want them. Do not waste time talking to me, but get them if you can."

"Look here," said the footman; "that lady is our young mistress, and I would not have any harm come to her."

"I mean no harm," she returned quickly. "I simply want them to keep by me after they are withered and dead, for love of her—that is all; but I do not wish any one to know."

"Oh, if that is what you want them for, all right!" said the man. "I will get them for you. Stand there; I will not be a minute."

Leah had laid her bouquet on one of the hall-tables. It was composed of scarlet passion-flowers. The man took it up and went back to the door. "Here," he said, briefly; and the next moment Hettie had exchanged her one sovereign for the faded bouquet.

How she loved her treasures! How she kissed them! Leah had held them in her hand, perhaps even touched them with her lips.

"It is all that I shall ever have to remind me of my beautiful Leah," she said to herself. "I will keep them as long as I live."

She hastened home, reaching there fortunately before Martin Ray's return.

In her own mind Hettie had decided to repeat her little experiment. If she could see Leah once or twice in each week, it would amply repay her for any trouble.

But her pleasant anticipations were soon destroyed. Martin Ray was not well pleased with his visit to London. He was not treated with the respect that he considered due to himself; besides which, his health was rapidly falling. He did not rest until he had left the great city behind him and was once more in his pleasant country cottage.

Leah did not know that her sister had seen her, and the little incident of the flowers had never been mentioned.

It happened that an artist, travelling in the county where Martin Ray and Hettie lived, had seen her, and had made a very perfect sketch of her face; this he had afterward made the subject of a picture that he sent to the Royal Academy. It was called "The First Glimpse of Morning," and it was one of the finest paintings exhibited that year. It represented a young girl looking from a casement window in the early morning. The gray and rosy dawn was in the eastern skies; the trees and flowers seemed to be waking from their sleep, and a few birds were on the wing. The window was wreathed with lovely roses; and the girl's face, framed in the green foliage and crimson flowers, was something to wonder at. On it there was the reverent look of one whose first thoughts in the morning had been given to heaven—a face so fair and sweet that one felt the better for gazing upon it. The golden hair and the blue eyes, the delicate bloom,

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the spiritual rapt expression, made the picture famous. Leah and Sir Basil went together to the Royal Academy. She was exceedingly fond of pictures.

"Have you seen 'The First Glimpse of Morning,' Leah?" he asked her. "If not, come this way. There's always a crowd round it. There—that is my ideal face, the loveliest that could be either imagined or copied."

Leah looked at it earnestly, and in her own heart she thought how much it was like the face of her sister. She did not know then that it was perfectly like her.

"It is a lovely face," she said slowly, wondering if Hettie, whom it so strongly resembled, had grown up as beautiful as that.

"Do you know," said Sir Basil, "that I see in it a great likeness to you?"

"Do you?" she questioned, her face flushing warmly.

Then, as though he had made a discovery that surprised him, he said—"That face, Leah, has what yours in some ways lacks—tenderness."

It was perfectly true; yet the moment he had said the words he repeated of them, she looked so terribly pained.

"I am sorry that my face lacks anything in your eyes," she said—"above all, tenderness."

"Do not misunderstand me, Leah. I do not say the heart—merely the lines of the face."

"What do the lines of my face express?" she asked.

"Courage, pride, spirit," he replied. "This face is full of yielding and sweetness."

She said no more. But after they

had left the Academy and reached home, Leah went up to her lover. He was bending over a table, writing. She put her arm round his neck, and her beautiful face touched his.

"Basil," she whispered, "I am not happy."

"What is the matter, Leah?" he asked.

With her white hands she raised his head until his eyes looked into her own.

"Will you promise not to laugh at me," she said, "if I tell you why?"

"Yes; I promise, Leah."

"I am not happy because you have seen a face that you like better than mine."

"Nay, Leah. I did not say that. I said that the pictured face had what yours lacked. I did not add that I liked it better."

"Do you like my face—love it, I mean?" she whispered.

For answer he kissed the sweet lips, and whispered words such as she longed to hear.

(To be continued.)

Just Folks

SPRING—THE TEMPTER.
If they shall ask me over there:
"What tempted you the most?
Was it the eyes of woman fair
That made you leave your post,
Or did you for the lure of gold
From honor's pathway stray?"
I'll blame, when my confessor's told,
A patch of summer sky.

A patch of blue sky over-head,
The birds upon the wing,
The grass a velvet carpet spread,
All set me wandering;
A laughing stream, the hills afar,
The sun above them all,
All these my great temptations are,
So loudly do they call.

I can resist a woman's eyes,
And spurn the lure of gain;
With various tricks the devil tries,
Unmoved I can remain.
But though the path of duty's clear,
A fruitless stretch am I,
When May has painted far and near
A most bewitching sky.

When they shall ask me over there
What made me go astray,
I'll say the world was wondrous fair
When came the month of May
The trees were glorious to see,
The streams went laughing by—
'Twas these that made a tramp of me
With summer in the sky.

Try melting a little cheese in the white sauce in which you scallop onions.

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