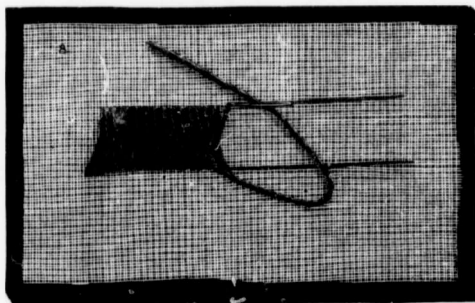
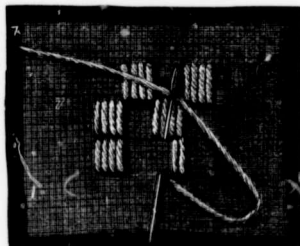
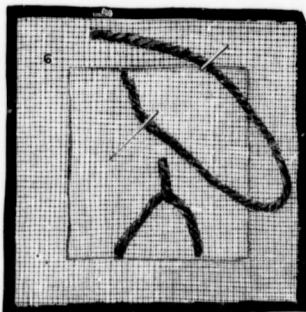
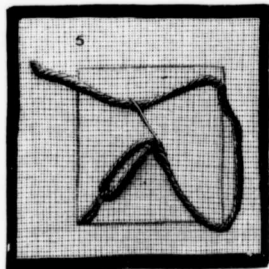


right and pass it under from three to six threads of the foundation, according to the stuff and the material you are using, then downwards from left to right, and over from six to eight threads, into the stuff again from

right to left; then you push it under the stuff in an upward direction and bring it out on the left in the middle of the space left between the last stitch and the top of the second."

All this work looks much better when damped and ironed on completion.

The same embroidery as seen in Fig. 3 looks extremely well as a bordering for curtains and for *cour-épieds*, bed-spreads, etc.



"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER VI. THE OLD ROUTINE.

MEANWHILE the time had dragged through very wearily for Madge. After Jack had actually gone she stood watching the train wistfully, as long as it was in sight, even to the last glimpse of smoke, for somehow she dreaded to leave the station alone.

But the effort had to be made, and at last she turned sharply, with clenched hands, compressed lips and a determined air, and hurried down the road. As she did so, she brushed her hand across her eyes with an almost angry movement, for they were dim with tears, and crying was a luxury Madge was too proud to indulge in, and as she hurried along she fought bravely against her emotion.

But it was weary work, for her heart was very heavy, and it was in vain that she tried to fix her attention on the objects around, she could think of nothing but Jack and how he had gone from her. How that when she reached home there would be no merry voice and gay whistle about the house, no more excursions, and no more evening strolls,

perhaps, for a whole year. It was not until one o'clock that she made her way home, tired and footsore and sad, and the greeting she received did not tend to cheer her.

"Well, Margaret," said Mrs. Harcourt stiffly, as she took her seat at the dinner-table, "after such a fortnight of pleasure and ease, I should have thought the very least you could have done would have been to come straight back from the station and inquire if you could help me in any way. That is the worst of pleasure, it makes people so selfish."

"I was not aware that I had spent the last fortnight in ease," replied Madge, rather haughtily. Jack had gone now, so nothing mattered, and the old rebellious spirit re-asserted itself. "I have only been doing my utmost to make Jack's visit pleasant for him. I did not find it especially easy either," she added bitterly. "It seems to me a pity that one visit a year to his home, should be sufficient for him."

"I suppose you mean to imply that I don't make his home attractive enough for him. All I can say is, if you choose to neglect your duties and place your

time entirely at his disposal, it is no reason why I should join in spoiling him. I am thankful to say I have something better to do than run after any young man all day. If you think you have been spending your time profitably, I'm sorry for you."

Madge bit her lip. "Thank you for your sympathy," she said sarcastically. "I have often occasion to be sorry for myself. However, as I was born with a specially sinful nature, a fact you often impress upon me, I presume it is not a surprising result."

"Whether surprising or not it is certainly an unnecessary one, which it would be well for you to overcome. I can give you a nice book on self-pity and self-love to read this afternoon. I think if you read such books a little oftener it would be better for you. I'm sure I don't know what Jack must have thought of you; he can hardly have returned to London with the impression that his sister is improved."

"In that case he would doubtless seek the reason, and I hope his search proved satisfactory. However, as his manner to me showed no disappointment, I am satisfied to believe you are mistaken."