

Burns

Burns are very painful and dangerous, and if not treated promptly and properly, are in danger of poisoning. They will also leave disfiguring scars if not guarded against.

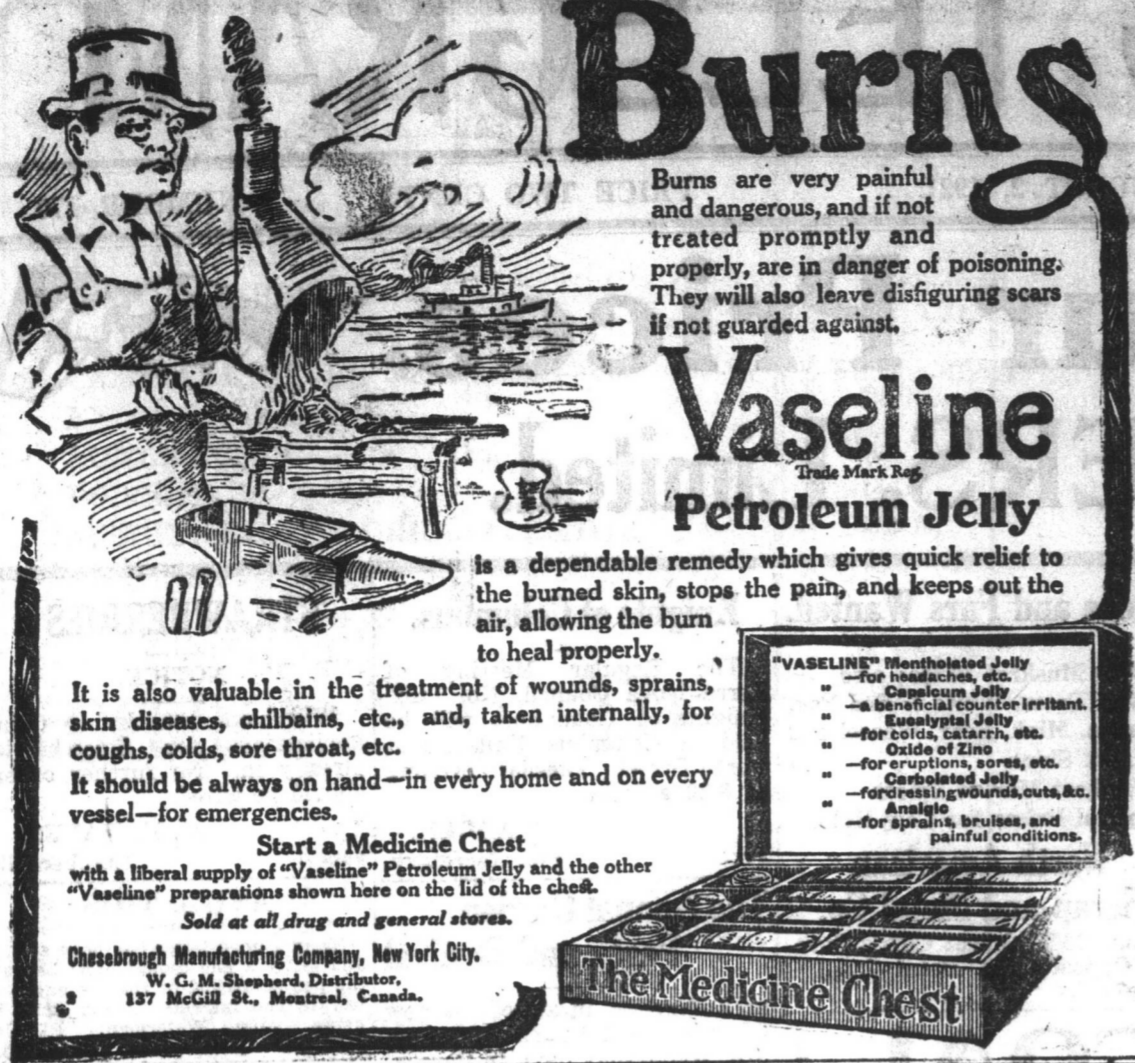
Vaseline Petroleum Jelly

is a dependable remedy which gives quick relief to the burned skin, stops the pain, and keeps out the air, allowing the burn to heal properly.

It is also valuable in the treatment of wounds, sprains, skin diseases, chilblains, etc., and, taken internally, for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc. It should be always on hand—in every home and on every vessel—for emergencies.

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"Flatterers" OR The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XII. GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"Ay, ay," chuckled the old body, "that's only like the lady should say, but there's them that won't fall in with it. 'A thief—askin' pardon for the sayin'—don't leave his sack behind, now do he?" And then Mrs. Hills, who was afflicted with asthma, fell into such a fit of mournful choking that, in simple charity, her visitor nodded good-bye and departed—only, however, to encounter equally mysterious words before she had gone fifty yards further. For round the corner of the village street swept Lady Comyngham's low phaeton, herself, with the crowded groom behind, driving the handsome cream cobs, which, much against their will, were reined in at sight of Miss Alwyn.

"I have been at the Dale," said the countess, leaning forward most amiably, "and was so sorry to miss seeing you. But allow me to congratulate you now. I hope this event will bring you much happiness."

It was curious, thought Sydney, for her mother, who all too evidently grudged this division of income, to speak of it to strangers, but so she must have done. And taking this as an omen of pleasanter feeling between them, the girl thanked Lady Comyngham with warmth, and hoped she might use the change so that no one would have to repent it.

"Very, very becomingly said," approved the countess, giving Sydney's shoulders a coax with her whip. "I trust you'll prosper, I'm sure, though these matters are dreadful lotteries, as I've told my girls."

"When the earl came into his fortune, I suppose," thought Sydney, answering with such an air of unshakable security, "I hope there's not much of the lottery in my case!" that the countess, for all her fifty years' ups and downs, would not dishearten her with any more wisdom of experience.

"Oh, well," she said ("Stand still, Spittire!", "I presume this has been looked forward to so long by all parties that we feel safe of each other, and sure of everything going right. Make my felicitations to—oh, as the cobs took violent umbrage at an approaching wheelbarrow, "these creatures won't let a woman speak! Good-bye, Miss Alwyn," as the pair curveted off. "Come to Oakleigh some Saturday—both of you."

"Leonora too," mused Sydney, and fell wondering whether success would attend that lofty scheme of her mother's, which by now she understood, though no confidence on the subject was extended to her.

On that point Mrs. Alwyn's hopes were now in the zenith of hopefulness, for Mr. Duvesne had been among the first callers after their return. Ostensibly he came to thank her for certain weekly doles supplied from the Dale to an old couple in his parish—Mrs. Alwyn's smallest light never wasted a ray for want of being set on a candlestick—but the delighted mother marked how he reported progress of his rectory, and lamented to Leonora that it was not half what he wished "for a lady." Would she look it through some day, with Mrs. Alwyn and her sister? Would she tell him how it could be improved? "Of course," gazing about the handsome Dale drawing-room, "it was nothing like this. The old building and Miss Villiers' perfect taste"—Mrs. Alwyn credited Leonora with every suitable shape and shade on the premises—"had made" this? "unmatchable." Honestly, the Dale ought to be

part of the Oakleigh estate, but he supposed the absent owner would say 'no' to that."

Hereupon his hostess had returned that she in propria persona was proprietor of the Dale now; she had completed the purchase of her brother. And she hoped never to part from it except to her elder daughter. So, unluckily, the place must be burdened with her Leonora.

"And a great improvement the burden will be," said Mr. Duvesne, gallantly. "Pray don't imagine I had any intention of robbing these parts when I made my selfish suggestion just now."

With which the young clerics had glided from the topic Mrs. Alwyn fondly hoped he was approaching into information of a recent domestic event, interesting, of course, to intimates only. His sister, Lady Avena Massey, was the happy mother of a little son, successor to four sisters, the first grandson of the family, a young man who had caused as much stir at Oakleigh Place as in his native Staffordshire home.

"My mother," said the Honorable Edward, laughing, "has been fussing over silver mugs, and the girls have been stitching at some white garment long enough for a grown-up ghost, and the people at Barnes have been sending up gifts most glaringly useless to a fortnight-old baby—"

"And why," exclaimed Mrs. Alwyn to Leonora, as soon as their informant was gone, "why should not I send something that will be useful? At such a time it must be accepted as a compliment. A son is all very well. Even a small squire like Mr. Massey wishes for one, I suppose. But they will have to save money for him to spend by and by, and they'll value money's worth now all the more."

The consequence of which happy inspiration was the packing off to Barnes of the deep-pointed breadth of costly gowns that long ago had raised many a granddame's envy when displayed upon some velvet-fronted dinner-dress, and with it went a cleverly worded note, making the offering to the "new, most precious boy." In terms that quite affected that unconscious little person's mother, drawing from her a tremendously pencilled acknowledgment.

of this gorgeous christening robe. The immediate result of this little maneuver was precisely what Mrs. Alwyn had calculated on. The countess had called and been most affable. Then had Mrs. Alwyn let fall those somewhat premature words concerning her younger child which she intended to turn to more accounts than one. Ten days afterward a luncheon had followed at Oakleigh Place. Quite a family affair. No other strangers than Leonora and her mother, Sydney (for once, to Mrs. Alwyn's complete approval) being tied to an engagement in the parish; and Lady Somyngham had commented on Leonora's pink-and-white coloring, "apple blossom," she called it, adding, "it was the complexion gentlemen admired. Her son Edward had spoken of it. He fancied he had particular reason to think it beautiful. Some day Mrs. Alwyn would see if he was right!"

In expectation of that day Mrs. Alwyn had to wait, hiding intense excitement under outward calm. But she drove her pair of plans along the daily course with the skill of a cool head and a firm hand. It was desirable—best—kindest—that Sydney should be detached from the Dale. This she never lost sight of for a moment. And the sooner the better. Then, if this other business lagged, she could invoke the aid of little diplomatic shifts, shadows of shams that the younger daughter's honest-eyed presence made difficult. Therefore, though the girl in her newborn elation was difficult to depress, Mrs. Alwyn took pains to make her feel that she considered the partition of property a fresh partition of interests, pleasures, affections, and let her distinctly foresee that the Sydney of the future would be more isolated in her home than the Sydney of the past.

So counter ran all this to the semi-heretic's deepest desire—she who had so yearned for love that she even wanted to buy it—that there is small wonder if it drove her straight on to the result intended; and if when Mr. Rupert Villiers came down armed—for this was to be his grand attack!—with the very rose she had been longing for, and the very most attractive manner he could don, she received him as readily as thirsty leaves a shower!

And well the young man played the last round in his hand. Marriage, or some means of clearing up with his creditors, was imperative. That remembrance filled him with keenly nervous energy. By now those often repeated insinuations were unfolding their meaning to Sydney.

What did they mean to her? Was she glad or sorry? As yet she could tell nothing. She was dazzled, bewildered. But the new mood touched her with such peculiar grace that Mr. Villiers' prearranged attentions came very easy to him, and made the moment that should end this Act the first seemery alluring.

Beyond his second day with them the moment surely would not have been delayed, delightful as was the dallying on the verge of confident conquest; but once again accident played him an unkind trick.

A line from the Gate House called Sydney there, and sent her back in distress.

Mr. Villiers was on the lawn, waiting for her, she felt, as she returned, and to him she confided the trouble.

"Mrs. Dacie went out for a holiday that was to do her so much good; now she is ill and longing to get home. But her sisters write that it is impossible for her to travel alone, and ask if Mary can go for her. But, of course, she cannot, for Dr. Dacie is just helpless without her. Oh, Mr. Villiers, I am so found of Mrs. Dacie and so sorry about it all! And I do so want to sack mamma to let me go for her, but—I dare not!"

(To be continued)

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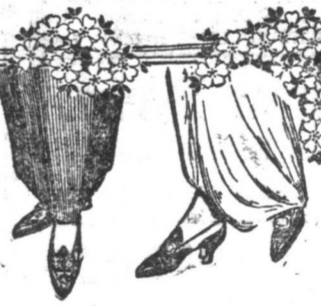

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Facts About Comets.

A comet has been known to get into a fearful state of excitement and end by throwing off its tail, but never fails, in that case to get a new one.

The tail is sometimes a hundred million miles long but is made up of such light gases that the mere pressure of light causes them to be driven away from the direction of the sun.

On two or three occasions the earth has passed through the tail of a large comet without suffering any ill-effects. Our globe, for example, went to a depth of 300,000 miles through the tail comet, and came out not a scrap of the worse.

Collisions with comets are more boys, which should frighten no one. One very imaginative "philosopher" said that if a certain comet hit the earth we should have perpetual spring.

Another individual suggested that in the event of a collision the remains of the comet might be found to contain large quantities of gold and diamonds.

Through several comets have been known to have passed in front of the sun, there is no certain evidence that the head or any part whatever has been seen projected against the sun's disc. If the head of a comet is made up of stony or metallic fragments, these fragments must be not only of no great size, but they must be a long way apart from one another.

One of the ancient philosophers taught that these bodies were no further off than our own atmosphere, but 350 years ago a great astronomer argued that they were not only beyond the atmosphere but "much further off than the moon." This, of course, was far from the actual truth. The moon is about 240,000 miles distant, whilst many comets go millions of times further away.

The Anglo-Saxons, Greeks, and Romans regarded comets as of the masculine gender. In those far-off days these bodies were known as "hairy stars," and it is probable that their bearded appearance led to their masculine description.

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