

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh, why not?" she returned, her Mr. Hurst only made indistinct response as to "trespassing too much,"

with Mr. Hurst, was followed up this and wipe her eyes. season by invitation to dinner.

"For you only, Gilbert," Miss Hurst that morning. "Mrs. Jervis is down, I never noticed me. Or if they do know is a flower for your button-hole?" there is such a person, why, I'm only your elder sister. I have no position to make any one take account of me. I can't help feeling it. You'll go?" But May we rob you of them?" Mr. Hurst had told her gently to decline. He cared nothing whatever about Now she appeared to have altered. An- "Davis had clipped them from the swering for her brother-"Oh, he must orchard hedge. I brought them in so certainly accept," she said; "to oblige they should not die entirely neglectme, Gilbert, you really, really must. ed;" and she held the delicate cluster nuette is nothing at all to me, so out. long as you get a pleasant evening."

"So I will call round and walk up abled fingers. with you," offered Mr. Babbington; but if you agree to that, I know." And Mr. | wait up for you." Hurst acquiesced rather than combat

such a trifle. At seven o'clock on the day of this ed from garden to drawing-room, intending to write there part, at least, of ture nosegay. her letter to Jacob Cheene. Miss Hurst was cutting out jackets for the small Hurst asked in a low voice, and for an-Babbingtons in the study. Mr. Hurst swer she fixed the buds in their place she imagined gone. But there she was with wondrous speed, frightened atmistaken. Not due for another half- herself. hour at his entertainers', he was standing on the hearth-rug, waiting, before he started, for the farewell inspection his sister had required, and Sydney her breathing Another second he could halted on the window-step, letting her not have endured it. As thankless as gaze, first of surprise, then of some-

YOUNG GIRL FINDS RELIEF

Wants to Tell Other Girls All About It

with irreg shop and I w

vividly, and hung her head, as if for that wretched bubble of misdirected fancy she owed apology to the pres-nights, and Mr. Hurst re-entered the ence before her. He could not see that house to meet Miss Jean. mantling shame, nor divine that secret self-reproach; but a keen sense of both bade her eraw back, away from him.

with a handkerchief. and walked away, leaving Sydney to you are. But, Miss Grey, would you his sister's happiness demanded. For very kindly give me the brush off the him, for his future, there was no one Mr. Babbington dined with them the next day. Before the meal he talked on broadcloth and, of course, you and Alwyn, who ought most of any in next day. Before the meal he talked on broadcloth, and, of course, you the world to have helped him now, some while aside with his hostess, and can't tell if it's there. Do you remempresently at the table asked Mr. Hurst ber how I used to brush you in your er in the world. With a bitter flood of if he were intending to go to the school-days when you never would tears she burfed her face in her hands, Jervis' on Friday, these being people stand still? Dear, dear, to think I have and feverishly struggled long to quell who for a couple of summer months rusticated and fished at Perristone, a little higher up the river. Slight active higher up the river higher up the river higher up the river higher up the river. Slight active higher up the river higher higher up the river higher the river higher the river high higher the river higher the river high higher quaintance, begun the previous year bert—" breaking off to turn aside A foot-fall, Miss Jean's, traversed the

see you as you are looking now. She house had commented on the note, arrived is always ready to be proud of you! But come, you are not finished off yet. me. Oh, dear, no! Perhaps they have You must go properly adorned. Where it was. "I want none, Jean, Let me be off

now. I shall be late." "Not till you have a flower. Miss Don't be offended at it, Gilbert. I'm Grey, are those wild rose-buds you are not. I'm above being offended, though wearing? They are lovely, anyhow.

"No, Jean, no!"

Miss Hurst sighed at her own dis-

"I cut them stupidly with my huge Mr. Hurst replying, "It brings you out scissors. Will you be good enough to of your road. I would rather make my pin the flowers safely in? Oh, here way there alone." "Then I will return comes Flossy for the jackets before with you, at any rate," persisted the they are ready? Gilbert, you have your clergyman, with a meaning glance at hat? Now do enjoy yourself; and pray Miss Jean; "your sister will feel easier come back in good spirits. I-I-shall

Flossy was piping forth "Miss Hurst" in the hall. Flossy and her garments controlled the situation dining at Perristone, Sydney wander- Away Miss Hurst hurried. Shyly, reluctantly, Sydney took up the minia-

"Have I to be decorated, then?" Mr.

Hardly a tithe of a minute her hands hovered about him: her soft skirt lay upon his foot. He could almost feel when her song all but unmanned him, Gilbert Hurst took up his hat and

went forth to keep his engagement.
"I shall take Flossy home if you will excuse my running away," said Miss Hurst, looking in some while afer; "oh, I see you are writing. You, will be glad to be left."

Sydney has just caught up her pen, ruiltily conscious of an aimless fit of sence. Glad she was to be again left, but her letter was not fluished, not even begun, when, an hour later, in the twilight, Miss Hurst returned, ervous, tremulous, delightedly im-

"I have been too long, but I couldn't ear myself away from little Horace He was crying for his father. Nothing would comfort him but my stopping till he fell asleep, Ah, it makes a woman very happy, Miss Grey, to have children fond of her; even—other peo-

Then Miss Jean fitted away, smil-ng as she recalled the child's little warm hold upon her wrist. Presently ack she came, suggesting:

"Don't let me keep you up long-nan you like, Miss Grey, I want talk to you very much, but I think must be to-morrow. Of course I she sit up for my brother; but you he best not wait."

"Are you sure the time will not seem ong if you are alone?" Sydney asked. othing loath, though, to escape a tete-

aly means I am not good company to-

ight. For-oh, Miss Grey, I must tell ou this much-Mr. Babbington wants dilbert must decide. And he is go talk to Gilbert as they come he om Perristone: It does agitate me so You won't mind my saying good-n can—oh dear—I can tell you moi

How much more, and what would i

wrapped her dark dressing-gown about her, and gathered herself up on the deep window-ledge in her bedroom, to what the coming hour was bringing him. Mutely she kept vexed vigil, while the outer world, that had sunk into shadow with the falling eve, rewoke o clear untinted shape beneath a full June moon. From beyond the far, dim down the still, billow-like masses full foliage; to wreaths of mist about the meadows, the silver light had stoliniform. Another June evening, and en before; through the perfect quiet, ther man so dressed, she remembered voices sounded nearing Wynstone. By sued. Then an interchange of good-

Well Sydney knew if arbitration were left to him what the issue of that conference would be. Acutely, as in-An instant and she would have been articulate sounds rose from the lower "Oh, why not?" she returned, her gone, but just too soon Miss Jean room to her open casement, imagination or in a small group without trementary ingoing to this came hurrying in, one hand bandaged tion kept pace with the painful steps Gilbert Hurst must now be treading of "So you are ready, Gilbert! or think self-renunciation to whatever point lobby to the opposite room, and the "Your poor old sister does like to hush of near midnight settled on the

ney's eyes as if the dawn of another understand, but they have not included Mrs. Jervis is a bride, they tell me. day were nigh; as indeed, in some sort

subsided into slumber, and still Sydney stood at her window, tormented by vearnings passionate as futile, to furnish Gilbert Hurst, master, instructor to her as he had been, second thus only to Mr. Vaughan, clever as h was, noble and worthy, to furnish him "They are your own," said Sydney, now with some haven from this last it, and Miss Jean seemed gratified. unfastening them from her dress. storm of homelessness that threatened

(To be continued.)

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my screed on my force us back to RICHECK that swept up all lust and germs, hasten to tell me.

It is good news, I hope it is as

One's Life. It takes a great deal of courage to fight Paris, you know. Of course women have developed courage in these last few years. But many a woman brave enough to nurse wounded men within sound of the roar of they should be long.

Defying a fashion edict whether it or in a small group without tremen- Wemen Will Always Welcome Be whether women will stand together long enough to put down this enemy

is yet to be seen. And yet, when you come to think plaisant in the past few years as they used to be to having uncomfortable and ugly fashions put over on them. There have been several attempts to

Plates.



Pattern 3637 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 5% yards of material 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards. Serge, taffeta, broad cloth, satin, tricotine, twill, poplin, linen and gingham may be used for this design

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A (WMFORTARC): SULE FOR THE obviously is not flying. And it is quite SMALE WOY



WILL WOMEN OBEYS

Women are goneck and long sleeves but how suc-ing to fight the edict of Paris that skirts shall long one. And as for the high col ewspapers, and except for use with tailored suffer average woman, and ten times as comfortable and I don't believe she will ever give them up.

Where is the Bustle of Yesteryear. Then the bustle has never come back and I don't believe it ever will. Shoes are tending more every year ort and sanity.

year both in the shops and in the to wear them short when Paris said old days everything that was, inextawdry and overtrimmed. It is not emenate from Paris or New York is so to-day and I do not think it ever something that one cannot do alone will be again.

coming Fashions.

Of course the cynic who wishes to prove that women are just as much in handage to the edicts of fashion Nothing, he will say, could be more absurd than that uncomfortable fashion. But he should also remem her that nothing in the world is so turally welcomed the chance to

I do not mean to claim that women are going to reform and go in altogether for common sense fashions to the exclusion of becomingness. What mean is that women are going to be more critical and less slavish in their acceptance of fashions; they are not going to let unbecoming ones be put over on them, and when possible they are going to demand both comfort and beauty.

Cycling Through the Clouds?

(By F. T. BIDLAKE.) The so-called flight of the cele brated French sprint-cycling cyclist, Gabriel Poulan, has attracted fresh attention to the possibility of a fly-

ing machine operated by man-power Poulain fitted planes to a bicycle and drove it by the back wheel as usual. He attained a high speed, and was able, by tilting his planes, to leap five, ten, and thirteen yards on three successive trials.

Poulain, however, cannot be said to have flown, but only to have glided through the air. He had no propeller, or any means of maintaining flight. It is interesting to find that he could

Water Cycles. Poulain in the air minus a propeller certain that in the present developmen' of aeroplanes the output of pow-er of the strongest man is absolutely insufficient to drive a propeller for his maintenance in the air. Probably Poulain knows this well enough n to attempt the impossible. His bicycle plus planes is only a leaping cycle,

nd not a flying machine. Water-cycling, on the other hand, is a possibility. Years ago, three well-known riders—Messrs. Atkinson, Bates, and Cooper—made many de-monstrations on a machine called the hydrocycle. Its chief feat was a river trip from Oxford to Putney. The craft was propelled by the three occupants sitting tandem-fashion. More recently, Miss Zetta Hills proved that such a

cycle can be propelled by a single driver. She almost succeeded in crossing the Channel last summer.

All the same, water-cycling is not likely to revolutionize aquatics. There was a time when it was thought worth while to experiment with road ma-chines by reproducing the oarsman's action, and such hand-propelled cycles were marketed for a time.

THE BACK SEAT.



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