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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"You'd do if you'd keep to that," she responds, dolefully; "but you know as well as I do that you and yours have been the ruin of the Dormers. Would to Heaven they'd never seen you! Poor uncle was always such a one for trying to run after people with handles to their names. He'd had enough of his ears and visages by this time. I don't want to blame you for other folks' tails." Mrs. Sarjent goes on, using her handkerchief energetically until her rosy face is beefy in hue; "but it's near sickened me of aristocrats and grand relations, forsooth, that that poor, foolish old man made so much of—and poor Aunt Keren and Yolande, for the matter of that—squandering money like water on fripperies and jiperies." Mrs. Sarjent says, coining a scornful word, "because she was 'my lady,' I suppose, or because she was your mother! Goodness help her, poor little, soft-hearted goose, with a bill enough to make an honest woman's hair stand up on her head sent in this very morning."

"Whose?" Mrs. Sarjent asks, with a confused belief that he was going to a description of some ornithological curiosity.

"Your mother—my lady Nora, who else?" Mrs. Sarjent replies, scathingly. "Fifty pounds for some dressings and under-linen and things with French names, all got now for her wedding, though Yolande herself told me—I made her tell me and show me her check-book—that lady Nora had nearly four hundred pounds for new clothes since spring, and good-



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ness knows how much before that!"

"Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas says, looking at her as if he doubts her sanity, "whose wedding?"

"Why, your mother's—Lady Nora's!" Mrs. Sarjent answers, and then bursts into a loud laugh. "Law bless my soul, don't you know you've got a stepfather?"

Dallas' face is crimson, and he is trembling from head to foot, but he recovers himself with a desperate effort.

"No," he replies, composedly, with a slight smile, "I was not aware of it. I have not seen my mother for some time. She was at liberty to please herself, of course; but I am naturally a little surprised."

"I should think you were," Mrs. Sarjent says, chuckling; but Captain Glynn's face and manner check her from saying what she longs to say.

"He's a Mr. Carter—a very wealthy man and a most respectable man," she begins, cautiously, but Dallas checks her again.

"I am glad to hear it," he says; "but I can't be expected to take much interest in hearing of a person whom I do not know in the least. If you will excuse me now, Mrs. Sarjent, I will say good-by to you," he adds, smiling pleasantly and taking her hand; "and I hope to see you soon again—in happier circumstances."

"Indeed you'll not so without a glass of wine!" Mrs. Sarjent says, positively. "Willmot!"

"Thank you, I would rather not," he assures her; but she insists; and when Willmot brings in the wine himself, he drinks about a half-glass of sherry, and bids them good-by.

"About that bill you mentioned just now," he says, hurriedly, flushing before them—"will you please let me have it?"

"Indeed I won't," Mrs. Sarjent replies, coolly—"neither you nor Yolande. I suppose what's hers is yours and yours is hers now, if you're going to be as you ought to be. Well, neither of you shall pay one penny of Lady Nora Carter's debts for fine clothes—not a hapenny—so you needn't ask for it, for you can't get it!"

"I'll talk to you again when you're in a better temper with me, Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas says, faintly smiling, and is going out, when she runs after him to the very doorstep.

"Captain Glynn, I needn't ask where you are going now?" And there is such desperate anxiety to ask evident in her face that Dallas laughs a little maliciously.

"No, you needn't," he says, coolly, raising his hat, and marching off at a swing pace.

When he is quite out of sight, Mrs. Sarjent turns round from the window, and sits down suddenly with a dismayed face.

"There," she says—"I've never asked him a question about his position or prospects, or what he's doing, or what he's going to do, or whether he's going to drag that poor child down into poverty with him, or whether he's going to take her away from those two poor old folk who want some one to look after them, or one single question I meant to have asked him."

"Never mind, mother," Willmot says, consolingly; "maybe Yolande will ask him all those questions herself."

"Not she!" Mrs. Sarjent rejoins, with bitter compassionateness. "She'll ask nothing but to put her arms around his neck and cry for joy over him. Poor little fool! She's too soft for this world, anyhow!"

mer, with a childish, unreasoning fear of debt and poverty suddenly overwhelming her, has obstinately refused to listen to advice or logical arguments from any one concerning her brother's position or future income, and at once, on her return home, has begun a wholesale work of cutting down expenses by dismissing her good cook and excellent housemaid, selling her own and her brother's heron, that she can no longer afford to pay them such wages as she has been giving, and so has inflicted a good deal of unnecessary discomfort and privation on herself and every one around her.

Once Yolande attempts to remonstrate earnestly with her; but she never attempts it again.

Trouble and anxiety have soured the old lady's once genial temper, and she has not only sharply refused to allow herself for one moment to calculate on Yolande's money for any necessary expenses, but is even unjust enough and illogical enough to hint obliquely at the extravagance and the grand acquaintances and the titled connections and the "trash, ill-advised marriages" which have brought about the present deplorable results.

"It was enough to bring down a judgment on us to see how money was stung here and there," Miss Dormer says, wrathfully. "If I'd kept things in my own hands as I ought, I wouldn't have been as I am now."

"You need not repeat Mrs. Sarjent's spiteful speeches, Aunt Keren," Yolande says, with a heaving breast; "and you need not speak before poor uncle," she adds, reproachfully, as Mr. Dormer goes feebly out of the room, "about your money being stung away."

"Thank you, Yolande, for reminding me to be considerate of my poor brother's feelings," Miss Dormer rejoins, very fretfully, stiffening her neck and making her cap tremble very much. "I don't think you have ever found me neglected or reckless about my brother's interests or his feelings—I think no one can lay that to my charge!"

And so the old lady, who has no genius for household management under these painfully changed conditions, assumes the reins of government very despotically, and all the more that she is secretly aware that she is managing badly, and that every one is revolting under her "niggling" despotism.

(To be continued.)

On this quiet, sunless autumn afternoon "the poor little fool" is certainly feeling that the world is too hard for her.

Down at Fair View, in the fading gardens and in the air of the silent, shadowy, dying day; the soft, melancholy of the spirit of autumn pervades the over-blown flowers, the over-ripe herbs and vegetables, and the harvest fields getting reaped and bare.

More than the silence and melancholy of autumn for the summer of wealth and luxury that has gone forever pervades the silent household, narrowed down to five individuals now, whereof one is broken down to five individuals now, whereof one is broken down to a state of almost childish weakness of body and mind, one is querulous, fretful, and eccentric through age and trouble, and one is young, with a breaking heart and a spirit well-nigh crushed.

There are only two servants now, and neither of them is properly trained or efficient; but poor old Miss Dor-

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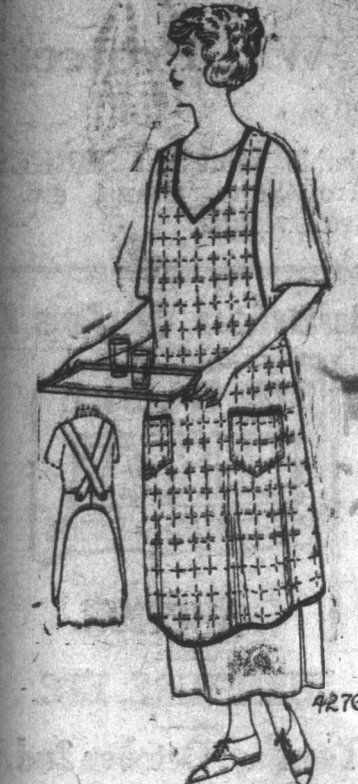
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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our new patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



4276. Figured percale in blue and white, with banding of black bias tape, is here shown. This is a good model for gingham, rubberised cloth, linen, crepe or saten.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A GOOD MODEL FOR MATURE FIGURES.

4496. Plaid gingham with linen contrasting color would be attractive for this style. Printed cotton, or other suitable fabric, is also possible. The portions are cut with skirt sections that are joined to plaited side portion. The short sleeve is cut in one with the waist. The long bell shaped sleeve is added.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A HOUSE DRESS "NEAT AND TRIM"



4486. The combination of plain and striped material here portrayed is very appropriate for this style. The long lines and "V" shaped vest, are especially becoming to women of mature figure. Ratine and linen or gingham and chambray could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 2 yards of plain material and 3 1/2 yards of striped material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

4488. The Important Dress of to-day is a very important piece in the wardrobe of every woman. The model here illustrated is suitable for the stout and slender figure. Gingham, crepe, ratine or printed cotton, as well as linen may be used for its development. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. The closing is at the left side in front.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of plain material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Growth of Radicalism

From some of the committee reports it would seem that the American Bar Association is getting alarmed over the growth of radicalism in America and that considerable attention will be given to the subject at the Minneapolis convention.

Some persons in this country hold the view that nothing is more provocative of radicalism than juggling of the law by lawyers. This is the most law ridden country on earth. About five years ago a compilation showed there were 1,078,000 laws and ordinances in this country. About 1 out of 2,000 is enforced. There is, according to the official records, more crime in one American city than in all England.

What America urgently needs is less law, fewer lawyers, more common sense and simple justice—Richard Gillman, in Forbes Magazine (N.Y.).

Just the Trouble.

Here is a good story—of one man told by Mr. Harry Green, the famous Hebrew comedian.

An old gentleman, observing a Jew thrashing his son, remonstrated with him, and asked what the boy had done to cause the parent's anger.

"Not has he done?" exclaimed the parent. "Not has he done, indeed? Yes, he has let all my towels out and they've all flown away."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "you need not thrash your boy for that. Don't you know that hens always go back to their own home to roost?"

"Yes," replied the Jew, as he renewed the thrashing, "that's just the trouble."

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