

The Shadow of the Future. "Go and sleep now, for I am safe

CHAPTER XXX.

So earnestly she was thinking, looking starward, that a movement below was unheeded. A figure from the house crossed the lawn, passed over the sloping meadow to a curve of the stream beside two drooping willows, then stood, a bare six sinches from the eddying pool. There her eyes suddenly rested on it-took in the spot, the form. Something more subtle than instinct showed her the peril of that conjunction, and in that moment's awful fear she knew the truth. Gilbert | ed at St. Clair's; long enough for Mary Hurst's life was dearer to her than her own! Swift as thought, with soundless, slippered feet she was down the stairs, out from the open window, over the grass, near, near, nearer to him; and self in the bright situation with the

Forgive him all who can. Bethink you, any who would condemn, how and long enough for Lady Comynghan horribly close to mortal sin most men to be attracted by the tidings to the have been. How the strongest heart tions in such sort as set Mrs. Dacie's has had its hour of sickening weak-maternal bride in a blaze which has ness. How the lives of well-nigh all never since subsided. mortals know some era when sense and even faith are overriden by agony that seems incurable. Such, slowgathering through months, culminated hurry, but they must beg her to put to-night in the hour when any world this. In the white full light he stood, parish, must help Mr. Vaughan with every pain-racked feature plain, one his large one, and they must all try fetch her from St. Clair's." Mr. Rupert hand pressed hard upon his mouth. and make the bride as little missed as deigned to look round at this. "It is For one beat of the pulse he swayed;

sounded like an angel's help.

"Why are you here?" he hoarsely. "What brought you?" so near the water. I was afraid for of making.

thad flown to his side thus, in her in- their conversation mocent bravery. Verily temptation had not done with him yet. He moved a hurt, far below the surface, by what-

words so warring with the fires in his breach of promise as to loo and conbreast they rang out rough and harsh. geners of that seductive pastime, had speak as he might, she would not leave son; neither was well at ease in the thim thus. "Mr. Hurst, do come." She other's company nowadays. By a sublet her hand fall timidly upon his stratum of selfish sense Mr. Rupert

hat torture too dear to be denied, he in tender tharge, silently they regained the house, a journey brief but never swept her long hair across his hands as they were entering. He started aside as though the soft tress stung him.

enough, Miss Grey," he said, and strode up-stairs. Alone she noiselessly barred the window, then noiselessly crept back to her own room. But there strength suddenly discarded her. Upon her knees she fell beside her bed. Thence sent one great entreating cry to Heaven-

"Safe! Of Thy mercy keep him safe. My love-my love!"

CHAPTER XXXI. The week bargained for, and three days' grace beyond, Mr. Drayton stayto rub her eyes plenty of times and make quite sure her new-come happiness was no mere dream; long enough for Mr. Vaughan to sun him-

keen, amused pleasure which almost turns unselfish age to youth again; some time or other of their pligrimage Gate House, there to make congratula-

To this day she relates how the countess said "St. Clair's must not expect to find another Miss Dacie in a night in the hour when any world omised Gilbert Hurst more rest than she left, and Edward, with his small who's the lady?" possible.

A programme which, it is pleasant "Wait patiently for Him; and—He to record, obtained forthwith, and still about it!" said the major, with remains in excellent working order. Close to him now, she could not Then the bridegroom-expectant went cak. She could not cry to him. Words off on his less agreeable errand, and, friend of—about Miss Dacie. When was of her own her lips refused to frame. having run down to overlook what he had in hand at Granfylde, and refurstive the message rose that laid the evil suit in Bond Street, was putting away afternoon, before starting much interested inquirer, Mr. Villiers fainting soul. Gilbert Hurst turned, the same evening for Paris, by a suming cigarettes with an aspect of white as death, toward the notes which lounge in the park, when from the total indifference. For finale the cause whom was Mr. Rupert, whose acquaint-"I saw you," she answered, panting, ance he had not before had the henor

Both these gentlemen were extreme-Afraid for him! afraid for him! And ly willing to receive a third party into

The honest old major was sorely he considered his son's currish con-"You need not be afraid for me duct at the Dale the summer before. now," he said; "go back;" the cold This, combined with the young man's "Not without you," said Sydney; set up a barrier between father and shoulder; which of them was it who had escaped going to the dogs, but he was trembling so? "Do come," she re- was imbued with a distaste for the

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his biggest asseveration the major had yowed nevermore to pay a penny of lebt for him—he adopted the cynical air of a man to whom the world is a used-up toy, decorum and respectabil ty just tramways into a wished-for sed-up toy, decorum and res

byss of oblivion.

After a few minutes' stroll, "I have een trying, Mr. Drayton," said the nator, who, by an effort, was alway he cheerier of this pair, "to make my on spare me a journey at the end of this week. He could get away from Friday to Monday and have a coupl of days at Paris if he would agree to t, but"-with a glance at Mr. Rupert, less proud, less confident than of you "I am afraid he won't contrive to ob

"It is the sort of thing I don't care for, sir," answered the younger man, with his chin in the air, and a tone declaring him bored with the subject and I would rather not go."

"Paris!" said Richard Drayton Why, that is where I'm bound tonight. When do you go, Major Vil-

"Oh, Thursday, if go I must. We've nons from Mrs. Alwyn to he laughter's wedding on Saturday. I sup-

"Mrs. Alwyn's daughter! You mean the elder? You don't mean-"Yes, yes, the elder. Not Sydney-

Miss Alwyn," put in the major, with a quick look at his son, who pretended ot to hear what was being talked of I'm given to understand is making a grand match at last. But I wish they had not dragged me over for it. Suppose, Mr. Drayton, you go to them with

the laughing answer. "No, I must de cline such a delicate embassy!

"Ah, you've no taste for these affairs either." sighed the major. "So I must e'en pack up my coat and show up my

things. In fact, I'm going to take a very strong interest in one somewhere

heartily glad to hear again about that accosted by Major Villiers, beside terpolated "scamp" and "scoundrel." was getting vastly excited over, when a passer-by with friendly greeting claimed "old Villiers," and for a couple of minutes Richard Drayton was left to Mr. Rupert only. By way of civilly saying something, he handed the young man a commonly executed carte-devisite, remarking "People should not leave these tell-tales behind them. If I had not picked this up by accident at Granfylde I should never have been able to track out the original, whom finest house but very seldom. But shabby living room in an old house

I have been telling your father of." The photograph was that of a young home where there is a mother who shelves, centering around a big table man with marked features, gazing not understands children, who does not always piled with magazines, and "Behold," the women say to me, "how

(To be continued)

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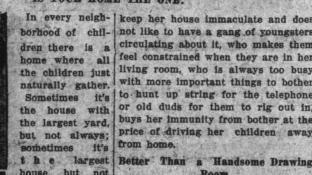
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circulating about it, who makes them

Room.

To my mind the most beautiful





dren there is a home where all feel constrained when they are in her naturally gather. with more important things to bother the largest yard, buys her immunity from bother at the but not always; sometimes it's from home. always. Once in

there is one thing it always is—the filled with comfortable chairs, bookstraightforword, but sideways from the mind their clutter, who does not in showing in every detail of it the terfere without reason in play, and fact that the children of the family who has enough sympathy with the and of the neighborhood loved to heart of a child to be willing to sup- gather there. I would rather have ply the properties of their play in- a room like that in my home than stead of saying "Don't bother me, the finest drawing room in the land.

I am proud to say that in my childnood our house was usually the necdquarters. And that kind of a other was the reason.

The String Always Came from OUR

I saw some children making a string telephone the other day and mmediately my mind flew back to the vacation days when time hung heavy and someone suggested "let's make a telephone to-day." And my next picture was of the little boy from across the way and myself rushing in and commandeering all the sehold string from our house for

ur purpose. It was always so. When we wanted old duds to dress up in they came from our attic, when it rained and we stayed indoors and played "Let-ters" or "Authors" it was in our shabby living room that we, nine times out of ten, gathered.

Maybe the Carpets Wore Out Faster

Maybe it wore out our carpets a lit faster to have so many feet trot-ing over them; doubtless our house ting over them; doubtless our house was never in so good order as some of the other houses, but I am sure my mother thought it worth while. The mother who creates that kind of an atmosphere is the mother who usually knows where her children are, and the kind of children they are laying with, and what their plays a

He's sore if His cutter won't cut. He don't bother with plans

USE YOUR HEAD

A woodpecker pecks Out a great many specks Of sawdust When building a hut.



the children just living room, who is always too busy His collar is immaculate, his clothes naturally gather.

Sometimes it's to hunt up string for the telephone the house with the house w

eod.tf

price of driving her children away And it is plain no little boy has ridden on his back. t h e largest Better Than a Handsome Drawing He never has been sprawled upon or

climbed upon for fun, He's never rolled upon the floor as I so oft have done; a while it is the living room I ever saw was a big His raiment's always spick and span, so very straight he stands, He keeps his linen out of reach of dirty

fine he always looks!

He's like the picture of the men you see in fashion books;

Why can't you be more orderly, and keep yourself in trim?"

But he, he has no little child to sprawl all over him.

No little hands demand his watch and snatch it from its place.

Upon his clothing little feet have never left a trace;

My garb is always disarrayed, while his is fair to see

But he has neither boy nor girl to clowber on his knee.

clamber on his knee.

DR. LEHR, Dentist, 329 WATER STREET.



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