

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XIV. LIBERAL TERMS.

"Merely a draft of the agreement," he said, laying it on the table. "If you will look it over; and, do—will you kindly manage to come to rehearsal this morning? There were one or two hitches in the minor parts."

Katrine nodded. "I noticed them," she said. "Yes, will come."
"I make my respectful adieux until twelve o'clock, then," said Mr. Gossep; and, inwardly chuckling at what he considered his cleverness, he took his departure.

Olive stood up in the middle of the room, red and pale by turns. "Is it really true?" she cried. "Did he say that they would give me a thousand pounds a year?"
"Fifteen hundred, my dear Addy," corrected Katrine, smiling up at her; "and you wanted to work dressmaking—simple child!"

"But—but—" said Olive, "what shall I do with it?"
Katrine laughed. "You will not need to ask me that question in one month's time, Addy." Then Olive came over to her, and put her arms round her neck, and said tremulously:
"You—you will not want me to go now?"

"Will you want to stay?" asked Katrine.
For answer she knelt down, and put both Katrine's arms round her neck. Katrine looked down at her lovingly.
"No, dear," she said, "there is no occasion for us of part—until some one else, with a greater right to you, steps in between us."

Olive's face went white, and her eyes distended with a sudden terror. "What do you mean?" she said.
"Nothing that should terrify you so," said Katrine quickly. "I meant that some day—soon, perhaps—some one, who will not be a woman, Addy, will come and offer you a different love to mine."

"Never!" breathed Olive, with white lips—"never! That will never be! If you knew all—"
"No, no," interrupted Katrine, with an eagerness that puzzled even herself. "Do not tell me. I won't speak of such a thing again if it pains you so. There, we are frightening John. A quarter past eleven! We must get ready. There is nothing so wicked as being late for rehearsal—unless it is forgetting your part!"

Olive ran up to her room, and sat down for a few minutes to realize the great change in her life. Could it be possible that she—Olive Estcourt—was rich and famous? Surely it must be a dream. She shuddered, as the past, which rose before her to mark the great contrast with the present, passed like a panorama before her. Yes, it was true, she was not dreaming; there on a chair lay a pile of bouquets; a playbill with her name in large letters upon it, lay on the table before her. It was true; she was no longer Olive Estcourt, but Adrienne Haldine, safe under the protection of a good-hearted, loving woman; safe, rich, and on the road to fame.

With her head bowed in her hands, she recalled the events of the preceding night; suddenly her face crimsoned at one never-to-be-forgotten incident, the presence of Lord Heatherdene. She remembered with what a strange thrill she had recognized him—how that recognition had seemed to overwhelm her, had indeed done so. How was it that he had failed to recognize her? Had she so changed? She looked at the glass anxiously. Yes, she had changed wonderfully; Jacob Burney, Mrs. Dennett herself would scarcely have recognized in the tall, graceful, spiritual-faced woman, the half-formed girl, who, with pale, hollow cheeks, and dark, melancholy eyes used to sit stitching, stitching at the window of the cottage in Hawthorne. No, he had not remembered her, she felt sure of that. But she had remembered him. That was strange! She had seen him—as he had seen her—for a few moments only; he had been dressed differently, the Court drawing-room had been dimly lit; and yet, although

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he had forgotten her, she had remembered him, and had felt a strange, faint satisfaction—it could scarcely be called pleasure, it was so indescribable a feeling—in his nearness. How kindly, how anxiously he had looked down at her; with what thorough respect and reverence for her weakness he left without a word. It was the same innate nobleness which she had noticed on that first time she had seen him. How different to—she shuddered and put away that awful specter of the past—Stephen Rawdon!—how different to any other man whom she had met.

John's thin treble recalled her to her new duties.
"Are you ready, Addy?" he called upstairs, and Olive went down.
They were taken to the theater in the brougham—Katrine seldom walked anywhere excepting in the early morning, and then never without John by her side—and found Mr. Gossep awaiting them.

"How strange it looks," said Olive, as they made their way in the gloom of the half-lit place.
The front of the house was covered up in brown holland; one or two gas lights flickered sullenly, making the rest of the house more dark and gloomy.
In place of the blind empty chairs; the scenery, which had created such an effect only a few hours before, looked dusky, grimy, and all melancholy; the very actors themselves in their ordinary garb of everyday life, appeared incomplete and incongruous.

Olive's appearance was greeted with many warm expressions of welcome. The Boudoir company was composed of the elite of the profession, and the ill-bred envy and jealousy, which we hear so much about as prevailing behind the curtain, was, happily, almost absent. Indeed, the only person who could have reasonably entertained any jealousy was Katrine herself, who had been the cause of Adrienne's appearance.

At the left-hand side of the dimly lit stage stood a small table, at which Mr. Avery was seated.
The actors were talking and laughing in groups; the topic of conversation being the success of the preceding evening, and of Olive, who stood a little apart with Katrine and Mr. Howard. Presently she was conscious of a little stir and a momentary pause, and, turning round, saw some one groping among the wings. He emerged presently and nodding pleasantly, crossed to Mr. Gossep, who was standing beside Mr. Avery. It was Lord Heatherdene. What brought him to the Boudoir in the daytime?

He hastened to explain in his frank, open way.
"Good morning, Mr. Gossep, I have just left Lord Hamilton, who has been telegraphed for by the countess. The earl, his father, is ill. He asked me to tell you that if there was anything I could do, you will kindly permit me to do it in his absence."
"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Gossep. "Dear me, I hope his lordship won't find the earl dangerously ill. Dear me—them—there were some small checks—"
"Quite right," said Lord Charles quietly. "You will come to me for anything and everything you want." Then he made straight for the back of the stage, where Katrine and Olive were standing.

There was a little flush on his handsome face as he greeted them, and

with an earnestness almost uncalled for, he explained his presence to Katrine.
Then he turned to Olive, and the look seemed to change—to grow more eager and attentive.
"Are you sure you are quite strong again this morning?" he asked. "Is it not rather imprudent, your coming out again so soon. Are you sure you are quite able to play—"
"This is only rehearsal," said Olive, with a smile. "But, indeed, I am quite well and strong."
"I am so glad to hear you say that," he said, his frank, honest eyes fixed on her face with unfeigned earnestness. "You don't know how anxious I have been. I have never seen any one faint before last night—excepting once," he corrected himself, turning with a smile to Katrine.

"You are to be counted a fortunate among mortals," she said, looking at him steadily.
"Yes," he said, with a smile. "But my first experience in that way was rather a singular one—"
"Ladies and gentlemen are you ready?" called out Avery, and Katrine touched Olive's arm.
"You must tell us another time," she said, with a smile, and moved away with Olive to the front of the stage.

CHAPTER XV.
HAPPY HOLIDAYS.
It is spring, early spring, that glorious time which comes between gray winter and the too lavish summer—the period when the world seems suddenly to become reborn, and to open upon us with beauties which we had never dreamed her possessed of. Beautiful even in London was the spring, with the parks putting out their greenery, and getting breath, as it were, to stand the siege of fashion which has not yet attacked it. But how much more beautiful by the Thames—the Thames, up above Richmond, before it has grown old and dissolute by its contact with the murky metropolis. Gray and muddy is the river by the time it reaches London Bridge, but up in the earlier portion of its course how blue, and fresh, and sweet it is. There is no river like it, no, not one. Thames, the father, we call him, but he is Thames, the lover; the beloved of the poet and the artist who know where to find him at his best, and to commune with him as he glides clearly and purely along past green meadows and overhanging woods, with a spring sky reflected in its silver bosom—when the budding trees look down in its clear waters and watch the bursting leaves; when the lark, rejoicing that the winter has gone, soars upward with its song of praise to the very gates of heaven.

"Listen! There is a voice—a girl's voice—chiming in with the lark's!"
"How sweet the spring to hearts that love."
When Promise bears a brighter hue Than Fate's fulfillments often prove; We loved in springtime, I and you. Clear and melodious the song rises in the stillness, causing the swans to swing round in the stream, and croak inquiringly as to whence it comes.

It comes from the lips of a woman—a girl, rather—who is sauntering slowly across the lawn which stretches from a villa to the very edge of the stream.
All is so still—save for the song of the lark, now hushed by the distance—that she seems to have the sweet spring morning to herself, and to be a part and parcel of it.
Slowly and leisurely she moves, pausing every now and again to watch some bird, or pick one of the spring flowers that in borders of crocuses, hyacinths, and tulips, line the path. But she is not alone, for presently a voice comes through the open window, calling to her:
"What is that you are singing, Addy?"
Olive, for it is she, answers, without turning her head:
"One of the songs Lord Heatherdene brought down; don't you remember it?"
Katrine Haldine rises from her writing desk, and comes to the open window; there is a slight shade—scarcely a shade, perhaps, so much as a sad smile—upon her lips as she answers:
"No, sing it again, dear."
Olive laughs.
"I scarcely know it," she says, but she sings, nevertheless:
"Oh, love, we walked the woods in June, When winds made musical the trees; For us the sunset came too soon—Too soon the vesper on the breeze." Then she stops suddenly.

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"That is all I remember. Isn't the music pretty? Lord Heatherdene sang it."
"Oh, did he? Then, of course, it is charming," says Katrine, with a gentle sarcasm.
Olive stoops to pick up a hyacinth, and a faint blush, produced possibly by the exertion, flies to her cheek.
"Why, of course, Katy?"
"Could Lord Heatherdene, the perfect, be guilty of singing anything that was not charming?" is the amiable retort.
"You are very severe this morning, aren't you?" looking upward at the lark, and shading her face with her small white hand. "What has poor Lord Heatherdene done to bring upon him such a fire of sarcasm, Katy?"
"Hem," is the reply; "the crime is of little consequence, seeing how powerful an advocate he has."
Olive smiles faintly.
"Leave that horrid writing desk, and come into the fresh air," she says; "every breath is a new life this morning. Oh, Katy, why cannot we always live in the country?"
Katrine Haldine comes across the lawn.
"Because," she says, "for reasons too obscure to mention, the Boudoir is situated in town."
Olive makes a little move, and sniffs at her pony.
"What a pity it is that it is not closed for repairs all the year round," she says. "Oh, dear, how quickly the time flies, another fortnight and we shall have to leave this dear little house, and go back to the greasy town. No more walks through the meadows or clamberings up the woods, no more moonlight nights by the river, no more drifting down the stream."
She sighs as she speaks, and looks dreamily, wistfully at the river.
Katrine watches her face—it is well worth looking at!—with a curious smile.
"Drifting is a dangerous pastime sometimes, Addy," she says quietly. "The stream rolls on smoothly enough for a space, but there are rapids ahead, and, once within the swirl, there is little hope for the fragile craft. Drifting is often pleasant, dangerous often, fatal sometimes."
Again the faint blush creeps over Olive's face, but she turns her eyes bravely to her companion's face.
"What a moralist you are this morning, Katy!" she says, with a smile that is rather an evanescent one. "Have you been writing a sermon, dear? You said you were making up the bills."
"There are bills and bills," says Katrine—"butchers' bills, bakers' bills, and those bills which fate sends us in. We can escape the butcher and the baker, but those other bills are terribly hard to evade." Then she smiles, and puts her arm round her companion's waist. "There, never mind; I am a croaking old raven, I know, but—is it only the country, the spring, the river, and the holiday that makes you so happy, Addy?"
"What else should it be?" asks Olive—"why should I not be happy—I have you with me always. Do you forget that, dear? And what else do you do but plan and scheme to make me happy? Am I to be ungrateful and miserable?"
"Oh," says Katrine, "it is I who make you happy! Nothing—no one else, excepting John, of course, where is John?"
"He has gone with the boat to meet Lord Heatherdene," says Olive, looking up by this time. It takes John half an hour to run up to the meadow by the station, and just twenty minutes to pull back—less if Lord Heatherdene's row.

"How exactly you have calculated it," says Katrine.
(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.
A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL



2121—Brown linen, embroidered in colors, was used for this model. The model is made with a long waist, somewhat on moyenage lines. The plaited skirt is gored. The sleeve may be made in the new bell shape, or finished at wrist length, with a smart tab.
The Pattern is good for wash fabrics as well as for silk and cloth. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.
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A SIMPLE PRACTICAL MODEL



2359—The busy house worker will readily appreciate the good features of this design. The front closing makes adjustment easy. The sleeve may be in either of the two lengths portrayed. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fulness confined under the belt.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 8 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.
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Thoughts Upon the Times.

(By PATRIOT.)
The authorities deserve to be commended for promptly appointing a Marine Court of Enquiry to investigate fully the loss of the Florizel.

When one comes to think of it, Newfoundland has suffered terribly both in life and property during the last ten years, and to be reminded that we have not taken any precautions whatever to protect our- selves from such disasters is a serious reflection upon our citizenship. It is not so very many years ago that the Regulus disaster happened, and if my memory serves me right, there was an enquiry into the loss, and a newspaper demand for a powerful steam tug, fully provided with modern life-saving apparatus, to be the property of the Government for the use in case of shipwreck. But nothing came of it. Since then there have been dozens of cases of shipwreck and very few doors where such a steamer could be the means of not only saving valuable lives, but property as well. It is no use blaming the Government of the day for not acting, if we as a people remain apathetic and indifferent to our own public interests. The Government is no worse than the people who permit them to remain in office. We have to wake up and realize that we were placed in this world for something more than to make money to gratify our own selfish pleasures. We must realize that there are certain rights and duties relating to the economic and social progress of the world. If we evade these duties and responsibilities we may do it in the end. It should make every man in this country ashamed of himself to be told that, though we are a sea-faring people, we have not a single life-saving station anywhere on the whole coast-line. Is there not room for public opinion to exert itself here? Would it not be better to spend ourselves in trying to awaken the public conscience to our great needs in this respect than sowing the seeds of discord among say the merchants and fishermen, who cannot live and build up the country one without the other? There should be at least three up-to-date life-saving stations between St. John's and Cape Race. But I very much fear that the Florizel disaster will end like all others which have overtaken us during the last decade if we do not awaken to our duties as citizens. Something should be done NOW before we relapse into a state of indifference. We want scientific and well-considered legislation on the matter. We want our Marine Department to take up this matter, thoroughly in earnest. I am prepared to admit that legislation cannot remedy all our ills, both real and fancied, nor can it prevent shipwrecks or make us virtuous and moral. But I do admit that legislation, if wisely considered, can exert a profound influence for good upon people by eliminating as far as possible the material conditions which make for the loss of human life or property in our midst, and the spreading of misery and crime amongst us.

Our aim should be to provide for a sufficient number of life-saving coast-

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