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STEER BROS.**OUR SERIAL STORY****JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN**

By MRS. CRAIK

CHAPTER XXX

(Continued)

A murmur—a hush of momentary suspense, as the Gazette was passed hurriedly from hand to hand; and then our guests, one and all, sat looking at one another in breathless fear, suspicion, or assured dismay. For, as every one was aware (we knew our neighbours' affairs so well about innocent Enderley), there was not a single household of that merry little company upon whom, near or remote, the blow would not fall—except ours.

No polite disguise could gloss over this general consternation. Few thought of Jessop—only of themselves. Many a father turned pale; many a mother melted into smothered tears. More than one honest countenance that five minutes before had beamed like the rising sun, all friendliness and jocularity, I saw shrink into a wizened worldly face with greedy selfishness peering out of the corner of its eyes, eager to conceal its own alarms and dive as far as possible into the terrors of its neighbours.

"There will be a run on Jessop's bank tomorrow," I heard one person saying; glancing to where the poor old banker still sat, with a vacant, stupefied smile, assuring all around him that "nothing had happened; really, nothing."

"A run? I suppose so. Then it will be 'Sauve qui peut,' and the devil take the hindmost."

"What say you to all this, Mr. Halifax?"

John still kept his place. He sat perfectly quiet, and had never spoken a syllable.

When Sir Herbert, who was the first to recover from the shock of these ill-tidings, called him by his name, Mr. Halifax looked quickly up. It was to see, instead of those two lines of happy faces, faces already gathering in troubled groups, faces angry, sullen, or miserable, all of which, with a vague distrust, seemed instinctively turned upon him.

"Mr. Halifax," said the baronet, and one could see how, in spite of his steadfast politeness, he too was not without his anxieties, "this is an unpleasant breaking-in upon your kindly hospitalities. I suppose, through this untimely event, each of us make up our minds to some loss. Let me hope yours will be trifling."

John made no answer.

"Or, perhaps—though I can hardly hope anything so fortunate—perhaps this failure will not affect you at all?"

He waited—as did many others, for Mr. Halifax's reply, which was long in coming. However, since all seemed to expect it, it did come at last, but grave and sad, as if it were the announcement of some great misfortune.

"No, Sir Herbert; it will not affect me at all."

Sir Herbert, and not he alone, looked surprised—uneasily surprised. Some mutters there were of "congratulation." Then arose a troubled murmur of talking, in which the master of the house was forgotten; until the baronet said, "My friends, I think we are forgetting our courtesy. Allow me to give you without more delay—the toast I was about to propose—'Health, long life, and happiness to Mr. Guy Halifax.'"

And so poor Guy's birthday toast was drunk; almost in silence; and the few words he said in acknowledgment were just listened to, scarcely heard. Every one rose from table, and the festivities were over.

One by one all our guests began to make excuse. One by one, involuntarily perhaps, yet not the less painfully, they all shrunk away from us, as if in the universal trouble we, who had nothing to fear, had no part nor lot. Formal congratulations, given with pale lips and wandering eyes, brusque adieux, as some of the more honest or less courteous showed but too obviously how cruelly, even resentfully, they felt the inequalities of fortune; hasty departures, full of a dismay that rejected angrily every shadow of consolation—all these things John had to meet and to bear.

He met them with composure, scarcely speaking a word, as indeed what was there to say? To all the friendly speeches, real or pretended, he listened with a kind of sad gravity; of all harsher words than these—and there were not a few—he took not the least notice, but held his place as master of the house; generously deaf and blind to everything that it were as well the master of the house should neither hear nor see.

At last he was left, a very pariah of prosperity, by his own hearth.

quite alone.

The last carriage had rolled away; the tired household had gone to bed; there was no one in the study but me. John came in and stood leaning with both his arms against the fireplace, motionless and silent. He leant there so long, that at last I touched him.

"Well, Phineas!"

I saw this night's events had wounded him to the core.

"Are you thinking of these honest, friendly, disinterested guests of ours? Don't! They are not worth a single thought."

"Not an angry thought, certainly." And he smiled at my wrath—a sad smile.

"Ah, Phineas! now I begin to understand what is meant by the curse of prosperity."

CHAPTER XXXI

A great, eager, but doggedly-quiet crowd, of which each had his or her—for it was half women—individual terror to hide, his or her individual interest to fight for, and cared not a straw for that of any one else.

It was market-day, and this crowd was collected and collecting every minute, before the bank at Norton Bury. It included all classes, from the stout farmer's wife, or market-woman, to the pale, frightened lady of "limited income," who had never been in such a throng before; from the aproned mechanic to the gentleman who sat in his carriage at the street corner, confident that whatever poor chance there was, his would be the best.

Everybody was, as I have said, extremely quiet. You heard none of the jokes that always rise in and circulate through a crowd; none of the loud exclamations of a mob. All were intent on themselves and their own business; on that fast-bolted red-blaze door, and on the green blind of the windows, which informed them that it was "open from ten till four."

The abbey clock struck three-quarters. Then there was a slight stirring, a rustling here and there of paper, as some one drew out and examined his bank notes; openly, with small fear of theft—they were not worth stealing.

John and I, a little way off, stood looking on, where we had once witnessed a different crowd; for Mr. Jessop owned the doctor's former house, and in sight of the green bank blind were my dear old father's known windows.

Guy's birthday had fallen on a Saturday. This was Monday morning. We had driven over to Norton Bury, John and I, at an unusually early hour. He did not exactly tell me why, but it was not difficult to guess. Not difficult to perceive how strongly he was interested even affected—as any man, knowing all the circumstances, could not but be affected—by the sight of that crowd, all the sadder for its being such a patient, decent, respectable crowd, out of which so large a proportion was women.

I noticed this latter fact to John.

"Yes, I was sure it would be so. Jessop's bank has such a number of small depositors and issue so many small notes. He cannot cash above half of them without some notice. If there comes a run, he may have to stop payment this very day; and then, how wide the misery would spread among the poor, God knows."

(To be continued.)

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**HISTORY
DAY BY DAY**JANUARY 3rd.
Death of Monk, 1670.

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was the chief instrument in bringing about the restoration of the Monarchy, after the death of Cromwell on September 3rd, 1658.

Monk was born near Torrington in Devonshire, in 1603. He entered the Army and saw service under Sir Richard Grenville in Spain and in the Netherlands. At the time of the Civil War he held the rank of Colonel in the King's Army. On the death of Charles, Monk accepted a command under Cromwell, who gave him the chief command in Scotland. At the death of Cromwell, and the resignation of his son Richard, Monk marched on London, called together a Convention, which extended an invitation to Charles to return and take up the succession. Charles immediately complied, and was proclaimed King in May, 1660. As a reward for his loyalty, Monk was created Duke of Albemarle with a pension of £7,000 a year. In 1664 he was appointed Admiral of the Fleet. He died in 1670, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

During a short time the dissimulation or irresolution of Monk kept all parties in a state of painful suspense. At length he broke silence and declared for a free Parliament.

As soon as his declaration was known, the whole nation was wild with delight. Wherever he appeared, thousands thronged round him, shouting and blessing his name. The bells of England rang joyously; the gutters ran with ale; and, night after night, thirty-five miles round London was reddened by innumerable bonfires. Those Presbyterian members of the House of Commons who had many years before been expelled by the Army returned to their seats, and were hailed with acclamation by great multitudes, which filled Westminster Hall and Palace Yard. The Independent leaders no longer dared to show their faces in the streets, and were scarcely safe within their own dwellings. Temporary provision was made for the Government; writs were issued for a general election; and then that memorable Parliament, which had, in the course of twenty eventful years, experienced every variety of fortune, which had triumphed over its sovereign, which had been enslaved and degraded by its servants, which had been twice ejected and twice restored, solemnly decreed its own dissolution.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

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The constipation of the first weeks of life has been already referred to; it usually disappears as the food is gradually strengthened in all its proportions.

Habitual constipation at a later period is difficult to overcome by diet alone. It sometimes depends upon the fact that the proteids are too high, and sometimes that the fat is too low. Hence it is more frequent when infants are fed upon plain milk variously diluted, than when 7-per-cent or 10-per-cent milk is used, and diluted to a greater degree. But it is not desirable to use a top-milk containing more than 10 per cent fat for this purpose, nor is it wise to carry the fat in the food above 4 per cent (i.e., 8 ounces of 10-per-cent milk, or 12 ounces of 7-per-cent milk, in a 20-ounce mixture), or other disturbances of digestion may be produced.

In some cases the use, in place of milk sugar, of ordinary brown sugar, in half the quantity, is of assistance; or of some of the malted foods (Mellin's food, malted milk, cereal milk) also in the place of milk sugar.

The substitution of the milk of magnesia for the lime-water as recommended will often be found useful.

To infants over nine months old, orange juice may be given.

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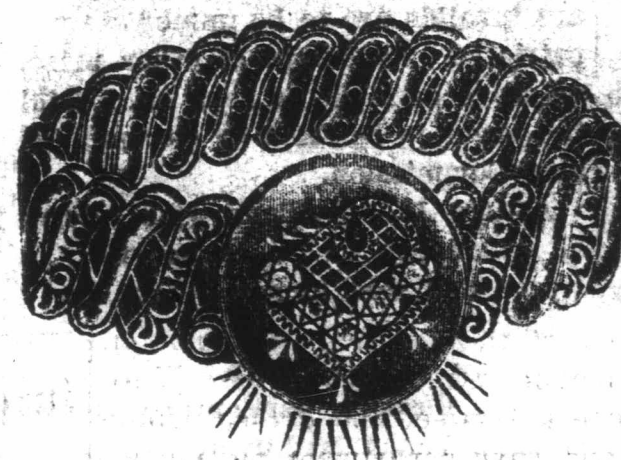
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