

THE Alliance-Grand
OR
Love That Kne Now
Bounds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Leonora sent a scared look at her mother from under her long eyelashes. Oh, that that second marriage had been to some indistinguishable Smith or Jones! But Mrs. Alwyn met the emergency grandly. A recent lesson had taught her that up to a certain point honesty is the best policy. Moreover, this one man, detached from the narrow prejudice of English society, was different altogether from that little county clique about St. Clair's. Therefore, she girded her nerves, and with quite a touching mixture of suffering dignity and perfect candor, answered,

"Ah! that unusual surname gives me no respite—no chance of casting our troubles into oblivion. It was my husband whose property was lost in the disaster you allude to, Mr. Morecombe-Wood. But as my own fortune and my dear child's was secured beyond reach of harm, we would far rather remember that mercy than dwell upon the other sad trial. The locality of the dreadful business I know nothing of. I feel I may beg you not to use your knowledge of it to keep us, or put others, in mind of a peculiarly trying event."

"My dear madame, I beg ten thousand pardons for having spoken of it at all! Henceforth the subject becomes a blank to me. I should long ago have forgotten it but for the impression made on me by its being so much talked of in our set—at the Highcombes'. But you say you are not acquainted with the families in those parts?"

"Not at all."

"Ah! then, how the Highcombes escaped being entangled in it would not interest you, so I won't talk of it. They are the chief people in that unlucky neighborhood. Splendid place they have, too—though they are not as old in the county as the Morecombes. Annabella Morecombe, 1780 or '90, married a Wood of Beechdale. That's how the double name took root."

This pleasant gossip, never again encroaching on the forbidden ground, was willingly prolonged—often reverting to the agreeable gentleman's now daily conversations with the ladies; and details, highly satisfactory all, dropped out, from time to time, of his antecedents. In Mrs. Alwyn's accompanying chronicles the noble family of Comyngham—which Mr. Morecombe knew by hearsay only—figured conspicuously, perhaps with a touch of too perceptible unction on their rank; but Mr. Morecombe-Wood gallantly lent himself to the little weakness, though he in nowise shared it. This was apparent from his passing mention of a foreign title bestowed on himself for what he lightly termed a trifling good turn he had served a certain German count diplomatically—a title he, an "unattached man," didn't care a fig for, though his friend, Count Kuster, was always urging him to use it. And, by the way, "how much he wished he could have introduced his countrywomen to that friend of his, but family affairs had summoned him to Berlin. The count had not much leisure, but what he had he enjoyed passing in English companionship. They were intimate." It appeared so.

One afternoon found Mr. Morecombe-Wood studying not only a letter just received, but the addresses of sundry others inclosed in the wire-latticed rack at the entrance of the pension. He was pulling his mustache and using unparliamentary expressions below his breath. At sound of a voluble of travelers approaching the steps he vanished upstairs, and at the dinner-table Leonora's maidenly glance perceived his usual place occupied by a stout German pater-familias, with three blonde daughters and a weak looking youth, his son, around him. In the salon Mme. Vische gave Mrs. Alwyn a little note, with the remark, "Mistaire Morecomfood had been valre sorry to go, but he could not visit vor ze ladies, he was forced vor to hasten." And the few lines explained a sudden request of Count Kuster's (by reason of indisposition) to join him immediately, to which were added profound regrets at leaving without bidding farewell to Miss Villiers and Mrs. Alwyn, and sincere hopes that he might be able to meet them at Interlachen.

It was there the ladies had spoken of staying some fortnight hence, and never went fourteen days more slowly than those which crept by before they moved thither. Let one's aim be what it will, fixing intent desire upon it shuts out all surroundings else! So Giesbach was but a damp nuisance, Meyringen a dull little hole, the very Jungfrau no better than a sugar-loaf in a grocer's window, to the imaginations whose foremost ground was taken up with a single figure, the well-born, well-dressed, ingratiating Mr. Morecombe-Wood!

But at Interlachen he reappeared, and the slighted Jungfrau in the light of his advent, and a young romantic moon, became a thing of beauty and a joy—for the time being.

More pronouncedly attentive than ever, his experience as a traveler became invaluable to them. He negotiated Mrs. Alwyn's English bills, counseled their route when he should be compelled to run off to Vienna, where he had invested capital after which it behooved him to look, shared their excursions, and so far progressed in intimacy that when consulted as to their winter abode he frankly arbitrated in favor of his own wishes. To imprison Miss Villiers in the Engadine would be barbarous. He would have advocated Berlin, where Count Kuster would have introduced them to princes some, and "Vons" innumerable, but then he should be jealous! It was at Paris that he himself must chiefly reside. There were what in England we call "boards," "companies" he was upon. With the new year he was bound to attend these. But business, for which, having had no need, he (with a shrug) had no taste, would take a different aspect if it brought him near Miss Villiers—and Mrs. Alwyn. Could they be persuaded to try Paris?

They could and they did.

By mid-October they were installed in a charming appartement within a stone's throw of the Arc de Triomphe. A few weeks later, Mr. Morecombe-Wood took up bachelor residence in a quartier not far off. A call or two established him as cicerone to his charming compatriots. Prudent inquiry on Mrs. Alwyn's part, through her brother in England, elicited the fact that this unexceptionable friend's family held foremost place on the southern county roll. His ever-increasing and ever-acceptable devotion to Leonora knew thenceforth neither check nor hindrance. The sun of the old year bade fair to set in such dazzling effulgence that Mrs. Alwyn could afford to forget awhile the humbler fortunes of her younger child.

But about this time a letter reached from Major Villiers, for which she was far from grateful. For the old officer urged that Sydney should be restored to her mother's side once more.



As I sat in a trolley can the other day I looked out the window and saw an automobilist who had been held up by some passenger's alighting from the car.

And how I did wish I had a camera that I might get a picture of that man's mouth! It was so tightly compressed, so nervous, so painfully tense. Although a word could not have escaped those tight-shut lips, they described more plainly in their stent compression than mere words could have the state of mind of that hurry haunted man.

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Ruth Cameron

was with difficulty I evaded his close questioning about Sydney. If it is—as I trust—simply a question of her maintenance which separates you, if you scruple to use the means of one daughter for the support of the other, will you permit me, out of warm regard for Sydney, to send you a yearly remittance, which will, I think, cover the expense of her residing with you? This could be strictly between ourselves. It would gratify me and surely conduce to your own comfort."

Mrs. Alwyn long balanced the pros and cons of this offer. The arrangement might be private; i.e., nothing now or perhaps ever need be said to Sydney of the major's share in it. The conciliation would look well, would redound to her credit. The sum offered by the major would more than defray the cost of Sydney's living, and that was no mean consideration, for the hasty retreat from St. Clair's, the ill-considered purchase and angry transfer of The Dale, had diminished her principal. Mrs. Alwyn appreciated and pointed out these advantages clearly to Leonora, but that more-than-ever elegant damsel made quite a Parisian moue at the notion of her step-sister's return, saying,

"Sydney's costume will be of the Ark description, mamma. She may impress Mr. Morecombe-Wood with an unfavorable idea of our connections; or, illogically capping this with a sincere excuse, "he may take to admiring—preferring her."

"Not the least likely, dear, foolish child. It would be my immediate duty to make it known she shared only my home, not your fortune. Mr. Morecombe-Wood was saying only the other day it was a miserable thing for a woman to marry without dot. It placed her at a disadvantage from the outset. I entirely agreed with him, and said I should never permit my child to enter any family undowered. Sydney may come for all that. He would never think of her now."

"He" never had the opportunity. A note, most coldly worded, about which hung the odor of yet unparadised offense, offered Sydney the option of return. Promptly came reply in shape of a refusal. Grateful (more than there was need for, had the writer known all) anxiously thankful for these late-fung crumbs of maternal solicitude, but still refusal: "Mainly," said Sydney's letter, "because of something fresh I have learned, mother, which seems to bid me stay at Wynstone, as the place above all others where I ought to go on working. I will tell you in my next exactly what I mean by this if you will give me leave."

"But I shall not give her leave!" cried Mrs. Alwyn, quite ready to take affront at her overtures being declined, and possibly having a dim suspicion of the reason. "I require no explanation of what I understand only too well. It's the old story. Her will against my wish, and we very well know which always wins."

So kind Major Villier's scheme came to naught, and every thought of the little Parisian message now centred on seeing beautiful Leonora become Mrs.—or, as continental society surely would say, "Madame la Baronne Morecombe-Wood!"

It is to be hoped a better reason than the bald one imputed by her mother will be found for Sydney's refusal to rejoin Mrs. Alwyn by those who have followed her fortunes thus far.

For truly that chapter of the Hurst's history disclosed on New Year's eve carried her with one great gust clean out of the becalmed haven of Wynstone's light duties once more into the deep waters of indebtedness, which this time appeared unfathomable—past all her power of paying off.

Long after her employer had concluded her plaintive good-night—and, indeed, long after the agitated lady was asleep, and dreaming that Mr. Babbington brought three little children and shut them up in her dining-room, declaring she must take care of them, for he could not—Sydney sat still wide awake, seeking up and down among her senses how she could fulfill the Tantalus task she had undertaken. For a long while the search was entirely unproductive, and she smarted so under the bonds

of her incapacity that she was presently fain to lay her head upon her arms, and christen the year's first hours with a flood of hopeless tears.

But hopelessness and Sydney were never for long allies. The courage which last summer's disasters had failed to quench mounted with this new occasion. Quickly she rose; noiselessly paced the room, thinking. Money she had none wherewith to span the terrible rift in two lives, caused by credulous trust in her father's counsel; but youth, health, vigor, were hers. These she would spend unstintingly—ah, she would pour them out!—in aiding endurance of what was past cure. She had been wondering of late how long this service of hers would last. Now she knew. As long as she lived. Only at the very end should those she meant to dedicate her days to find it was John Alwyn's daughter who had been laboring to win back sufferance for the name now stigmatized as the source of all their troubles. Her sensitiveness was too acute to let her weigh aright the responsibility accredited to her father. Her generous pity, may be, cast a glamour of romance over Miss Jean's story. But there was not a spark of romance, only pure, brave womanliness, without one jot or tittle of other feeling, in the resolve she reached. Before a little locked-up cabinet she stopped, took forth a faded likeness, and stroked it tenderly. Her eyes, beautiful and steadfast as twin stars, shone out through the last of her tears. The warm color stole back to her white cheeks. Her breath came fast. The wind outside was sobbing and wailing round the house; the rush of the river sung an angry second. Just now she had felt as storm-tossed as they, but now on her heart there fell a wonderful and child-like calm. Casting the incubus of her case upon a Power every day taught her the better to trust, she stood at her window with clasped hands, looked forth into the darkness, promising that invisible presence, which was her life's companion, "with the best I have, the very best, I will make them amend father!"—and so met the new year fearlessly.

(To be Continued.)

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JAS. R. KNIGHT

The Automobile Mouth.

By RUTH CAMERON.

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Ponderous Personages

S. F. B. MORSE
By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Sivas"

Samuel Finley Breese Morse was a donation from Massachusetts to the modern world. He was born in Charlestown in 1794, was a minister's son and was graduated from Harvard at the age of nineteen.

At this time, Morse had a great ambition to become an old master and went to England where he studied painting for four years. If Morse had become a great painter, America would be regarded with more respect by artists all over the world, but we might still be reading last month's news in the morning papers and sending messages across the country by a fast horse.

Morse studied art until 1832, when he decided that there was no reason why electricity, then a bright young captive for which no particular use had been found, could not be employed as a messenger boy. He came home and invented the electric telegraph, and on September 2, 1837, sent a message a quarter of a mile in New York City.

The reader would naturally suppose that as soon as this great feat had been accomplished, Morse would be made president of a million dollar company, sent to Congress, given a bin full of medals and serenaded by a brass band. Nothing of the sort happened. Morse and his friends, the Vails, talked and argued for six years before they found anyone who would consent to believe in the telegraph.

England laughed at it and other European countries treated him kindly and expressed the hope that he would soon recover. In 1843, however, Congress appropriated money enough to build a line, and in 1844 Baltimore and Washington were connected by telegraph.

Morse lived to see great prosperity, and even the rats of those days admitted that he was not crazy after all. He was a great man because he had plenty of faith. Faith is a very useful commodity, but there isn't enough of it for general consumption, and at times it becomes necessary for some man like Morse to supply the entire amount of faith necessary for a great advance in civilization.

Massage and Eye-Exercise.

Sometimes you may notice that the crystals of the eyes look clouded, or that muscles about the eyes twitch. A simple way to treat them is to give the eyes a massage, but it must be performed with extreme delicacy. Place the tips of the fingers on the temples and rest the thumbs lightly on the eyelids. Begin by increasing the pressure gradually.

You can do much to strengthen the eye muscles and fortify them against possible irritation, as well as to increase the clearness of vision, if you will give them exercises two or three times each day. But repeat each only two or three times during the period of exercise. Open the eyes slowly, and bring the glance from the lowest point of vision to the highest, so that your eyes are wide open. Then gradually lower it until the eyes are closed. After repeating this exercise two or three times, open the eyes naturally, so that the eyeballs are partly visible. Now move them from side right, then to the left. Repeat this side, gazing as far as possible to the exercise twice and then, with the eyelids closed, move eyeballs in the same direction.—Beauty Seeker, in Woman's World for June.

The Wind.

The wind comes singing from the south as hot as though 't were fried suggestive of a furnace mouth, and blazing coal inside. And now the wheat will die the death, the corn will say goodbye; for in that fierce and fiery breath all growing things must die. The wind comes nosing from the north, to see what it may see; and I murmur, "Hully chee! 'Twill kill the blossoms on the trees, the garden sass must go; when nature trots out such a breeze, the poor man has no show. The wind comes walling from the east, and floods will soon appear; I hoped to see my store increased in goodly shape this year, but endless rains will spoil the oats, and drown the geese and ducks, and give the mil-dew to the goats, and I'll loose many bucks." Thus speaks the kicker, and his wall is rising every day; he's sure that everything will fail, that grief is on the way. If he were farming

Canaan's land, with milk and honey near, he still would kick to beat the band, and shed the briny tear.

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Dr. Mason

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You have, it may be, used ointments, pastes, lotions for Eczema (till you begin to get tired of trying things. Well, but you should remember that science is advancing all the time, and that what was not possible yesterday can be accomplished to-day.

If you neglect to try Zylex—the newest and best thing that science has yet to offer for the relief and cure of Eczema and other annoying and disfiguring skin diseases—you are missing a great opportunity. It may be that it will cure you. It has cured some very bad cases. Price 50c. a box. Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake. apr23,eod,t.

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On The Line.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to make public an incident which occurred in the Reid Nfld. Co.'s waiting room at Shoal Hr., while I was waiting for an incoming freight train, which was delayed at Clarenville. We had waited there for six hours. In the meantime an east-bound train came in and a number of men from the lumber woods got off expecting to connect with the Bonavista branch train, but to their dismay she had gone and they were forced to wait over until next day, some of them men had gone on to Clarenville but finding they would save ten cents on their fare by coming back to Shoal Harbor, shouldered their bags and walked back. We informed them that by walking on to George's Brook they would save 20 cents more. Coal was very scarce and we had not much fire, it being a cold day in the fall, and of course that did not add to their entertainment. We enjoyed listening to their comments. One fellow said, "They would have coal after dark," as there was a coal ship discharging at Clarenville. Another added, "Yes, and if they could borrow a boat they would go down and jig a load." One old man seemed very quiet but he was thinking deeply; then he spoke, "Boys," he said, "I heard Morris was sick; I wonder who he will leave his money to, Reid, I suppose." Another man said, "Reid is sick too; I guess he will leave his to coal factories." "Yes, and they told me on the train this morning there is no hopes for Crosbie. I s'pose he will want some more spars to sell; but boys, we must be quiet." "Yes," adds another, "but there is a way they punched Sidney Woods, and pitched him out of the window at Bonavista, the other day. Boys, them Bonavista fellows is a hard crowd." By that time in the conversation we asked them if they did not mean Sidney Blandford. "Yes, that's the man," they said. It being dinner time, we asked if they were hungry, and why they did not go to Truck's Hotel? "Oh," they said, "it's twenty cents down there." Just at that time our train came in and we were off for a ride about ten miles up country bent on pleasure with a car-bou thrown in. We did not intend to be gone long, but bad weather detained us and all the grub we had was a bag of flour we scraped off a car on Pelley's Spur, Shoal Harbor Brook, out of which we boiled duffs and rocks together and ate it, our molars coming in contact with a rock now and then, luck failed us in regard to the car-bou. We poor settlers are very glad for the open season for the killing of caribou and partridge when we can receive meat without the terror of the law being held over us.

The people of this place heartily sympathize with these poor people who have lost their loved ones in the Sealing Disaster this spring.

Thanking you for allowing me to trespass on your space, I remain,

Yours truly,
SPECTATOR.

George's Brook, Trinity Bay.

Where Responsibility Lies.

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can deny that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office,—its history is recorded at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modernly and dependably equipped for the care of all important papers. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE" system of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE" CO. When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland—ap17,t

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