

The Blue Cornucopia

(Concluded).

Cecilia went to the writing-table and put down the address. She was very sleepy. In the morning she might have forgotten all about it.

She tucked in Miss Wade carefully and tenderly.

"Go to sleep now," she said. "I'm glad you have remembered the address. Don't think any more about the blue cornucopia. I am going to get it for you."

Miss Wade slept till quite late in the morning. The sun was in the room and the sparrows chattering outside. Pratt, Miss Wade's maid, was knocking at the door with Cecilia's morning cup of tea when she awoke. Miss Wade seemed much better, was in a plainer mood, and never mentioned the blue cornucopia.

But after breakfast when the old lady had her toilet made, and was asleep after the exercise, Cecilia sat down and wrote. She was uncertain at first how to address the letter. Finally she made up her mind and addressed it to the representatives of the late Lady Stukely, Knoll House, Elingham, Hampshire. Then she wrote her letter. She left the quaintness of it—a request for the restoration of a piece of china given more than fifty years ago. Why, there might be no one to receive it. Lady Stukely might have left no representatives.

However, she made her statement simply. Miss Wade was old and failing health. She had set her heart on finding the missing cornucopia of the pair. It fretted her and prevented her sleeping. If Lady Stukely's representatives were still possessed of the cornucopia, and willing to part with it, Miss Wade would be glad to buy it back.

After she had posted the letter, without saying anything to her aunt about it, she had a set back. Miss Wade remembered the cornucopia, though she remembered that it had been broken by a careless maid six years ago. So Cecilia's letter had been written in vain.

She said to herself that her letter would, in all probability, be returned to her through the Dead Letter Office. A more experienced person than Cecilia would have discovered ways and means of finding out if there were still Stukelys at Knoll House, Elingham; or, if not, where the family had gone to. None occurred to Cecilia. If there was no one there to receive the letter it would come back to her through the Dead Letter Office. So she waited.

However, three days later, just when Miss Wade had begun to fear for the missing cornucopia, Cecilia was informed that a gentleman wished to see her. He was in the drawing room, he had sent up his card:

Sir Cuthbert Stukely,
Knoll House, Elingham:
Travelers' and Naval and Military Club.

She went downstairs, a certain feeling of excitement stirred her quiet pulses. At the end of the long drawing-room—Miss Wade lived in a stately Tatwick square house—a gentleman was standing by the window looking out. He turned about as Cecilia entered. He was tall dark, with a slightly grizzled head, although he could not have been much more than thirty. He had a kind honest face at the moment somewhat harassed, as though from recent trouble. Cecilia noticed that he wore a monocle and held his hand on the sleeve of his coat.

He smiled and the smile lit up the soberness of his face, which indeed, was not natural to it. He had a curious sharp paper pasted in his hand.

"This took some little searching for," he said, holding it out to her. Plainly it was the cornucopia. Knoll is so full of all manner of things, I am so glad I have got it for you at last. How Miss Wade?"

To her amazement, Cecilia found herself talking to Sir Cuthbert Stukely as though she had known him all her life. While they talked a message came summoning her to Miss Wade's room. She left with an apology. He did not seem in any great love to be gone.

She went upstairs, carrying the cornucopia in her hand. As soon as Miss Wade heard about its restoration she was all eagerness to see the young man who must be the son of Peter Stukely, whom she might have married if she could. Cecilia was to go downstairs and insist on him staying for lunch. Miss Wade must get up. First would help her to dress. So it went wonderfully well this morning. Cecilia would see that there was a good luncheon, such as a man needed—not niggling little dishes, but something substantial as well as dainty. She was to go down and invite Sir Cuthbert to stay for lunch; to see his mother's and grandmother's old friend,

Sir Cuthbert was not unwilling to stay for lunch. He even accompanied Cecilia when she went out to do her marketing. She had explained that she must leave him for that purpose, and he had asked—in a deprecating manner—if he might accompany her. He carried her in his basket in which she was to bring back some things the cook could not wait for.

Why what had happened to Cecilia and to the gay London streets? The stops had never looked so gay before

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula when we were growing up and kept them from going to school for three months. Quaints and medicines did no good until it began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sore to heal, and the children were well again in a week or two since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

The sun shone gloriously on the pavements, and the trees in the squares showed a misty green. The people who passed them by in the street no longer seemed haggard and anxious as they had often seemed to Cecilia.

They were smiling and happy. The tulips and daffodils in the flower girl's basket made vivid splashes of color on the pavements. Cecilia's own heart was irrationally light. She laughed and was merry. She called her new friend into consultation with her over her purchases. There was a gentle and innocent query about her. Cecilia was looking twenty today; and so for Cuthbert Stukely, the shadow had lifted from his face.

It was the oddest thing to Cecilia to sit and lunch with Cuthbert Stukely at the other side of the table. Old Stevens, the butler, beamed benevolently upon them. He had brought out a bottle of the best Burgundy for Sir Cuthbert's delectation. He remembered Sir Peter and Sir Anthony before him. It was a dull family to have come down to a family of ladies who drank only water.

Miss Wade seemed to have taken a new lease of life. The first day Sir Cuthbert Stukely sat by her sofa upstairs for quite an hour. There were so many things she had to ask and bear about the family; so many memories of them to unpack. Sir Cuthbert's father and mother were both dead; his father long years ago, his mother only recently. That explained the shadow on his face. The Stukelys were always good sons and husbands, Miss Wade said.

I ought to have married Peter Stukely, if I had I should have been the young man's mother.

Cuthbert Stukely was in town for a few weeks he was unfailingly attentive in his call at Tatwick Square. As though his coming, or the restoration of the blue cornucopia, had given her a new life, Miss Wade steadily mended; before the end of the week she was downstairs, and the doctor talking of a change to seaside or country.

"Pratt was too well trained, or perhaps she understood too much, to wonder when the old lady added, with great satisfaction:

"And after all, the blue cornucopias, the pair of them, may come back to Knoll!"—Montreal Tribune

—So I did," said Cecilia with shy gaiety. She took it for one of his jests. He was full of merriment to these later days. "I'm so sorry. How much?"

"You Cecilia!"

"I" She grew red, and bent her charming head. "But—but—" she began to stammer.

He put his arm about her. "I never could be worthy of the prize, I know," he whispered. "But I should be miserable all my life if I did not get it."

Miss Wade appeared at the door, leaning on Pratt's arm. They neither saw nor heard her. With great presence of mind she drew back and closed the door.

"I will go straight to the dining-room, Pratt," she said. "It will save me another journey."

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