

The Shadow of SYDNEY'S NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DERTS. the Future.

CHAPTER XXV. HOW MISS VILLIERS PROSPERS IN PASTURES NEW.

of the other, will you permit me, out this time appeared unfathomable of warm regard for Sydney, to send past all her power of paying off.

You a yearly remittance, which will, I Long after her employer had con-

that was no mean consideration, for a flood of hopeless tears. fil-considered purchase and angry never for long allies. The courage pang. The old hungering for affection which last summer's disasters had

tepsister's return, saying:

ing-preferring her."

han there was need for, had the wi thing fresh I have learned, m which seems to bid me stay at Wynone, as the place above all other

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." cried Mrs. Alwyn, quite ready to take affront at her overtures being declined, and possibly having a dim suspic lanation of what I understand only oo well. It's the old story. Her will against my wish, and we very well

know which always wins." So kind Major Villiers' scheme came to naught, and every thought of the little Parisian menage now centered on seeing beautiful Leonora become Mrs.-or, as Continental society surely rould say, 'Madame la Baronne More-

CHAPTER XXVI.

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. she reached. Before a little locked-up For truly that chapter of the Hursts' history disclosed on New Year's Eve carried her with one great gust clean Her eyes, beautiful and steaffast as tion of her maintenance which sep- out of the becalmed haven of Wynarates you, if you scruple to use the stone's light duties once more into the rates you, if you scruple to use the stone's light duties once more into the of her tears. The warm color stole deep waters of indebtedness, which back to her white cheeks. Her breath

think, cover the expense of her resid- cluded her plaintive good-night-and, ing with you? This could be strictly indeed, long after the agitated lady between ourselves. It would gratify was asleep, and dreaming that Mr. me and surely conduce to your own Babbington brought three little children and shut them up in her dining-Mrs. Alwyn long balanced the pros room, declaring she must take care of and cons of this offer. The arrange- them, for he could not-Sydney still ment might be private; i.e., nothing sat wide awake, seeking up and down now or, perhaps, ever need be said to among her senses how she could fulinvisible presence, which was her life's Sydney of the major's share in it. The ifill the Tantalus task she had undernciliation would look well, would taken. For a long while the search was redound to her credit. The sum offer-ed by the major would more than de-ed fain to lay her head upon her arms, fray the cost of Sydney's living, and and christen the year's first hours with

her principal. Mrs. Hwyn appreciated failed to quench mounted with this note of favor. But chained afresh, as and pointed out these advantages new occasion. Quickly she rose—noiseand pointed out these advantages new occasion. Quickly she rose—noise—now she found herself, not a hundred-lessly paced the room, thinking. Money could more temptation that Mrs. Alever elegant damsel made quite a she had none wherewith to span the wyn's measured lines held out would Parisian moue at the notion of her terrible rift in two lives, caused by have taken her from Wynstone. De credulous trust in her father's coun-"Sydney's costume will be of the ark sel; but youth, health, vigor, were description, mamma. She may impress hers. These she would spend unstintingly—ah, she would pour them out!

Mr. Morecoombe-Wood with an unfavorable idea of our connections; or,"

illegically capping this with a sin-past cure. She had been wondering of never came, under Mrs. Alwyn's perlate how long this service of hers verse judgment she had to lie till time, would last. Now she knew. As long as the great redresser of many wrongs, "Not the least likely, dear, foolish she lived. Only at the very end should removed the unmerited ban. child. It would be my immediate duty those she meant to dedicate her days to make it known she shared only my to find it was John Alwyn's daughter home, not your fortune. Mr. More- who had been laboring to win back coembe-Wood was saying only the sufferance for the name now stigmatizother day it was a miserable thing for ed as the source of all their troubles. throughout who her employers were. a woman to marry without dot. It plac- Her sensitiveness was too acute to let ed her at a disadvantage from the outher weigh aright the responsibility acful at Capel Moor, with nothing to set, I entirely agreed with him, and credited to her father. Her generous said I should never permit my child pity, maybe, cast a glamour of romance to enter any family undowered. Syd- over Miss Jean's story. But there was kindly ney may come, for all that. He would not a spark of romance, only pure, brave womanliness, without one jot or



came fast. The wind outside was sobbing and wailing round the house; the ond. Just now she had felt as stormtossed as they, but now on her heart there fell a wonderful and childlike forth into the darkness, promising that companion, "With the best I have, the very best, I will make them amends, father!"-and so met the new year

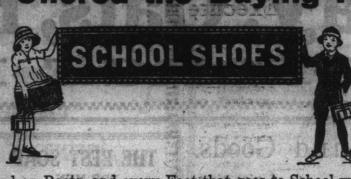
The next morning brought her mother's letter. Chill though it was, rethe hasty retreat from St. Clair's, the But hopelessness and Sydney were fusal of its offer cost Sydney no light

One confidant she had, Jacob Cheene. To him she wrote what she suspected was no news, and back came the candid admission that he had known "But, while I heard you were peace-

orable stock. There were Hursts, gentlefolks, at Stillcote, generations before your own name was transplanted there two was one of that quartet who used to meet at Stuart's every week. e better done by than among richer and prouder people; and I thought that if ever this which you have just heard did reach your ears, you could come straight to me, if that course seemed best to you. It never entered my calculations you should take it, so hard." Thus Jacob answered her, and urged with even-handed shrewdness and liveliest regard for his old master's daugter, that she might with a clear conscience hold herself exonerated as her father's vicar from every vestige of blame in this loss of the Hursts. What Mr. Alwyn failed to foresee for himself, how could be foretell for others? No professional man would dare to give advice if his actions were to be thus afterweighed. Miss Hurst had colored her tale too highly. Miss Sydney had magnified the imputation—had accepted it too readily. She must let him, who valued his master's honor second to none but herself, arbitrate for her to him. He would so gladly have her is is home was not beneath her shar ng. But he was getting better off—sittle. All hee had done last summer ad set his narrow income free. Fo ear Miss Sydney come?

and gentle as firm, she penned her answer to the friend her father's bro-

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OUR OWN MAKE-ALL SOLID LEATHER.



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PARKER & MONROE, Ltd., THE SHOE MEN

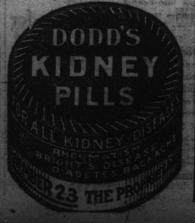
fancy that if we could find out,

beastonish-

e d and perhap

WHAT IS GOING ON BEHIND THOSE EYES. Don't you often eyes, may be feeling just as superio

child looks at you "I Think Ann Has Lost Her Tongue." child refused to answer any of the grownup's questions and finally the latter tried that coy subterfuge the



grownup particularly loves (though think I ever saw a child respond to it), "I don't believe Ann has any tongue, I think she's lost it," she A clever cartoonist had some cried brightly, "Ann can't talk, can tures recently of grownups in she?" Ann made absolutely no re- relationship to children. sponse to this, but after her visitor them which I particularly like had gone she said to her mother,
"What made Mrs. S. say such silly
things about my tongue"

It would be interesting to know,

uldn't it, how many of the children whom grownups are attempting to catch by that old subterfuge, are dering behind that sphinx-like nce, what makes said grownups

A man who has that rather rare aculty of remembering some of the oints of view which he held before ace, says it always made him abso-utely "set" to have some would-be lever adult try to force him to go

What Ethel Was Thinking A clever cartoonist had son tured a coy maiden friend of

crutable eyes, instead of admi