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THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER VII

The first thing that met her view was Miss Lucas sitting in the armchair, with half closed, sleepy eyes, the embroidery, as usual, in her thin fingers.

She raised her gray, half-closed eyes with the calmest, coolest composure, and rose to draw a chair for her mistress.

Lilian stood with her hand upon the back of the chair, looking first at Sir Ralph, who was dozing in his favorite lounge, and then at the quiet, serene countenance of her companion.

Was there time for her to reach the drawing room, settle herself, and—oh! if hers was the figure she saw in the rosery, where were the thick shawl and hat?

Not hidden away in any part of the room, for there was no place that would have concealed them from Lilian's searching gaze.

It was a mystery, and she was on the point of asking her if she had been in the rosery when Sir Ralph yawned and awoke.

"Lilian, my dear," he said, "I am very sorry—I have been asleep."

She glided over to him and knelt by his knee, her face still thoughtful and puzzled.

"I have not been asleep long," he said, looking up at the Louis Quatorze timepiece, which, alas! his once-keen eyes could not now learn anything from.

"Exactly thirty-five minutes, Sir Ralph," reminded Miss Lucas, monotonously, without raising her eyes from her embroidery. "Exactly thirty-five minutes, for, ten minutes after you had fallen asleep, I remembered that I had come down without my letters and that I should lose the post if you did not wake."

She smiled with due humility. "Pray, why did you not see and see that were sent?" asked Sir Ralph. "I could not think of disturbing you for the sake of my own little letters."



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from him would prompt me to death and eternity. Well, my reward comes. He will meet me in the shrubbery in the woods. I shall see him, hear him! Oh, little puppets whose lives he dangles and plays with, beware, for neither he nor I have mercy!"

CHAPTER VIII

At certain abrupt bends and curves in its course a river stream will run more quickly, as a cataract it dashes on its way, ignorant of the rocks below, blind with impetuosity.

Clarence Clifford's life stream had reached a bend, and it was rushing on swiftly, almost madly. Having broken from its anchorage, his life soon consisted of one uninterrupted course of pleasure.

Five thousand a year goes a long way if a man does not gamble and is in the slightest degree careful to live within his income.

Five thousand pounds furnished Clarence Clifford with a set of luxurious chambers, a good stock of hacks and hunters, a first-class valet, the entire to most of the best houses in town, and the membership of five principal clubs.

He could play billiards now and ride as well as Mr. Beant himself—better, perhaps, for Clarence Clifford knew no fear, and found pleasure in riding a hard-mouthed, iron-limbed gray, the terror of the stablemen and the admiration of the Row.

Only those who have tried the adjuncts know how much good and fashionable dress, the sense of power bestowed by wealth and the regular intercourse with men of the highest breeding do towards finishing nature's noblemen.

Clarence Clifford was handsome enough, haughty enough, daring enough, and, to quote Miss Dalton—"hard-hearted enough."

See him as he enters the salon of the Sparkletons, who have not yet given up their petite conversations and well-appointed dinners. Quick of eye, yet outwardly haughtily indifferent, his well-set limbs—hardened by exercise—posed well with natural grace, one white, strong hand grasping his crush hat, while the other strokes the thick moustache that helps with the hand to hide the irrepressible smile of scorn and heart-weariness upon his clear-cut lips.

"My dear Mr. Clifford, how do you do?" exclaims Miss Dalton, welcoming him with empressment. "I thought you were never coming. Isn't it crowded?"—in a whisper—"pity the dear Sparkletons get such herds and flocks."

"Do you think so? Perhaps we should not be here unless they did," was the cool reply. "You do not look warm—nor crowded," he added, dropping into the seat beside her with the assurance of a man who knows it has been reserved for him.

"And there is little fear of your being anything else," she retorts, amiably; "but the most provoking man one meets. Were you ever out of countenance?"

His face looked grave for a second, but the next the usual look of far-away haughty nonchalance sat upon it.

"Oh, yes, often; when I am listening, for instance, to such a wonder as that young man"—and he nodded sarcastically at the grand pianoforte, at which a Herr Somebody or other was exhibiting the usual fireworks.

"Oh, satirical!" replied the young lady. "Do you not admire anything?"

"Oh, yes, all ladies, and, of course—"

(To be continued.)

"A narrow escape!" she muttered, looking at herself in the glass and setting her lips. "Three minutes later and she would have misled me from the drawing room; perhaps met me in the hall. Ah, but who would not go through fifty such escapes, through fire and water for a word from him? If those two, dotting father and love-sick girl, could have felt my heart throbbing, my ears tingling with the mad passion his presence fires me with, they would have known what love is. How grand he looked! A knave, a clever knave, he called himself, and child me for calling him noble good and kingy. A knave! Then I love a knave, more than all the saints in the calendar. What a mind! My poor, narrow one shrink within me while I heard his low voice unfolding his plan. His plan! My plan, he called it, knowing that a word of praise

from him would prompt me to death and eternity. Well, my reward comes. He will meet me in the shrubbery in the woods. I shall see him, hear him! Oh, little puppets whose lives he dangles and plays with, beware, for neither he nor I have mercy!"

Meanwhile Miss Lucas had reached her room, unlocked the door and entered.

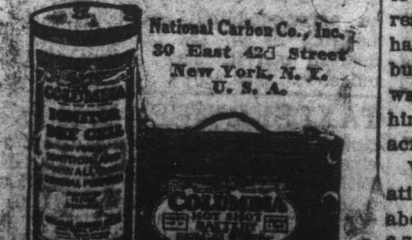
Then, if Miss Melville had been there, she might have solved the problem of the hat and shawl.

With a smile that a victorious diplomat would not have been ashamed to own, the quiet governess raised the outer skirt of her dress and daintily fastened the shawl and the hat, unlocked her drawer and placed them carefully away.

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What is Will-Power

Most things in life—the joys as well as the griefs—are mixed up with other people. But will-power is exercised alone.

To ask anybody to help you to strengthen your will is foolish and useless. It is entirely a private affair, and he who is engaged on this difficult and life-long task should never speak about it to anyone. Our friends and acquaintances will soon find out that we are exercising will-power. It shows itself, mysteriously, like good thoughts.

Some may be annoyed; some may scoff, but they will not be able to withhold their respect.

What is will-power? It is simply making the inclinations play second fiddle to the will; it is, when wisdom has decreed a certain course, forcing ourselves to follow that course.

Let me take a simple case. Suppose I decide overnight that I will get up on the following morning at a certain minute when the clock strikes. And suppose, when the clock strikes, I lie in bed for another ten minutes, and then get up and hurry. That in itself may not seem a very grave fault. But it is. Because every failure of the will makes it more difficult to conquer the next time.

A well-known man of science once said in my hearing: "If I say that I will get up one morning at seven, and do not get up until half-past seven, that minor negligence may be the cause of my committing a great crime twenty years hence."

By this he meant that this early failure of the will led to other and other failures, until in the course of time his will had become so weak that he was not able to resist the temptation to commit the great crime.

Will-power is formed by an accumulation of victories in little things. At the time they may seem trifling, but it is victory in these trifles that enables us to meet the great moment when it comes. For all the lowly as well as the mighty, must, at some time or another, be called upon to face their great moment when the will has to direct destiny.

What is the advantage of strengthening the will by this constant and difficult watchfulness? Apart from the inward joy that comes from these silent victories, the strengthening of the will gets one on in the world and opens the way to happiness. For happiness never comes by searching for it; it is a by-product as it were; it comes sideways from doing something else as well as we can, such as day in and day out cultivating the will-power.

Now let me sound a note of warning. Will-power is not obstinacy. If you find that what you thought was will-power is becoming obstinacy, and hurting those you love, wipe the slate clean and begin again.

Finally, remember that if you want to fashion your will into something fine and strong, begin at once, and begin with the little things.

Reservoir a Fleet Could Anchor in

6,750,000 Gallons of Water Opened By The King. Standing by The Queen on a tower overlooking London's new reservoir at Littleton, near Laleham, Middlesex, the King pressed a button and immediately a torrent of water leaped and foamed beneath him, pouring into a basin nearly 800 acres in area.

When the basin is filled—an operation which, it is estimated, will take about three months—it will contain 6,750,000 gallons of water to a depth of about 40 ft. A cost of £2,145,304 has been involved in its construction, and to make room for the

reservoir part of the village of Littleton was demolished, while the River Ash at one point had to be diverted.

At the opening ceremony a place affording a sight of the King and Queen was reserved for the children who lived in the old cottages.

Among those who were presented to the King was Mr. Henry Edward Stilgoe, the Metropolitan Water Board's chief engineer, who in 1919 took over the task of constructing the reservoir after the death of Sir James Reister, the board's former chief engineer.

The work was begun in 1914, but owing to the war was suspended for two years.

A Month's Supply. In an address to the King, Mr. C. G. Musgrave, chairman of the board, said that, when filled, the reservoir could provide anchorage for a fleet of battleships.

"It is larger than all the other Thames Valley reservoirs put together," he added, "and will hold enough water to supply the capital's seven million inhabitants for a month."

Replying, the King said: "The health and comfort of more than seven millions of my people depend very largely on the water supplies which you administer, and it is most reassuring that no longer any anxiety exists lest their supplies be cut off by drought."—Daily Mail.

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The Empire Market

Auckland Weekly News (Auckland) farmers are demanding a prohibitive tariff on New Zealand butter). However useful foreign countries may be occasionally when sales are being made, Britain, the oldest market, is also the safest and surest market, deserving first consideration all the time. No import duty is placed on New Zealand butter at present. If one should ever be imposed it is very certain that it will not aim at exclusion, and that the interests of Dominion producers will not be overlooked. These points should be borne in mind when considering what is implied by the American demand that the farmer should be protected from New Zealand competition.

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