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"Flatterers" OR The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXI IN WHICH MR. HURST MAKES AN AWKWARD DISCOVERY.

"If it is any pleasure to you to hear it, I will say I consider our arrangement quite perfect. If you had seen my brother before you came, which is impossible, but you know what I mean, you would understand how different he is now. And in pastry, too, the change is astonishing. Time after time Rebecca used to send up crust that really might have been tossed over the roof with less injury to itself than the tiles. Now, you can testify, Miss Grey, our dinners are not disgraced by such cookery. And why? Ah! Rebecca knows better than to let her fire out when I'm near! And Gilbert's spirits are so improved, too. Why, I heard him laughing yesterday. What was it at, Miss Grey?"

"Only a line from Horace in the paper I was reading." "And you could pronounce it properly?" "I tried."

"I envy you. What a muddle I used to make of those foreign bits. First I hopped them, hoping he wouldn't miss them, but he always did. Then I spelled them out, but that didn't answer. But I labored to amuse him. I used to get bits from the comic papers, and say, 'Here's something so droll for you to hear, Gilbert,' and I would tell him the funniest jokes, and yet he hardly ever laughed. But I said to him last night, 'Gilbert, Miss Grey is quite valuable. Worth much more than the salary I can afford her. But rather than lose her I would work for a poor gentleman's fancy repository.' So if ever you require a little rise, Miss Grey, tell me, and I'll manage it."

But Miss Grey had no intention of asking for a rise. The light admission she carried off now to her store well-ed the total to thirty-six pounds; and that would afford Christmas boxes for a long while to St. Clair's. The money outlay of her present life was next to nil. The fatal loan advanced by her mother, was repaid, for Jacob Cheene had sent her, in six notes, the residue of her six thousand. Now she, who had longed to be in some ways lavish, must only be so in coin less limitable than gold, must spend youth and en-

ergy in brightening this home that the waves of her self-will had cast her into, and for lack of nearer interests must beat the bounds of this narrow domain till, perhaps, she grew into an old maid like Miss Jean Hurst. Well, she thought, rather than have been wed and then waked up to find herself bartered for metal that rang false, her lot was one she would have chosen open-eyed, for it was by no means despicable, from its lowliest function of improving pleasure to its worthier of lifting some gloom off Gilbert Hurst's career.

In this last direction her powers waxed stronger week by week. As summer waned, day only seemed to break on Gilbert Hurst with the first sound of Sydney's voice. Her presence transformed his life. Did he ask himself "How?" Well, by countless womanly intuitions; by the contact of a most animated, intelligence. If, by aught else, the time to formulate other influence had not come. It was yet hidden, unsuspected, but—growing.

September took Sydney for her first let her fire out when I'm near! And Gilbert's spirits are so improved, too. Why, I heard him laughing yesterday. What was it at, Miss Grey?" "Only a line from Horace in the paper I was reading." "And you could pronounce it properly?" "I tried."

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Quite early, when the sun was showing a copper-colored disk behind an autumn haze, Sydney set out to the railway station. Footsteps had already brushed the dew-spangled cobwebs from the path by the poplars. The white gate stood open. Outside was Mr. Hurst. He heard the first fall of her foot, and his face lighting up with that full expressiveness that made his deprivation seem incredible, asked, yet he hardly ever laughed. But I said to him last night, 'Gilbert, Miss Grey is quite valuable. Worth much more than the salary I can afford her. But rather than lose her I would work for a poor gentleman's fancy repository.' So if ever you require a little rise, Miss Grey, tell me, and I'll manage it."

Natural, this, yet Sydney couldn't help feeling that, as events had disposed themselves, it was something like leaving a managing mangle in charge of a disabled eagle! Then she chid herself for this ungracious metaphor, and made amends.

"Perhaps it does not signify, Mr. Hurst, which had the money. Your sister delights in using it for you." "Poor Jean!" he answered, with a smile that had sadness in it. "Her small estate is eaten up by one pensioner. When I was young I was arrogant, I fancy. I've fallen on lines that take that sort of nonsense out of a man, Miss Grey. Poor Jean!"

That reiteration was the nearest approach to complaint Mr. Hurst ever made over his own and his sister's relative positions. But Sydney, looking up shyly, saw how the grave serenity of the whole face betokened mastery of strong passion and will rather than the placidity of inborn composure, and the pity that welled up within her was less for "poor Jean" than for Jean's brother.

"Mind," he said, as they reached the valley through which the coming train was sounding like distant wind, "there are the roots of a tree across the path a little way on. Don't forget them if it's dusk when you return."

"Thank you; but it will not be dusk. I shall be home at six." "Good-bye. We shall be wanting you. Good-bye till then." He lifted his hat. His words were grateful to her. At the Dale, her adieu were differently phrased. She could have shaken hands for short farewell, but one of Miss Hurst's super-refined rules restrained her. "I tell my brother it makes him look ridiculous to stand with his hand extended, and the person who is going, perhaps, never noticing it. So I advise him only to bow. I spare his feelings in all these little ways, you know." So, with "Good-bye," Sydney let him turn back, standing some seconds to watch with what perfect ease and certainly his tall form took the homeward way. Wynstone regained, Mr. Hurst heard footstep pattering near the door.

"Who is it?" he asked, stooping, for the steps were of a pyram, and a juvenile treble responded: "Please sir, me." "And what may 'me' be wanting?" He was always gentle with children. No one in Capel Moor feared the blind gentleman.

"Oh, if you please, sir, it's some foxes' gloves mother have sent the lady." "What lady? Miss Hurst?" "No, sir; the young lady, if you please, as come by yesterday and give mother sixpence 'cause she've sprained her wrist."

"And you don't know her name?" "No, sir; but, if you please, she's the pretty lady." He took the flowers carefully indoors, and summoned Rebecca to put them in Miss Grey's room. Miss Hurst met the flowers en route, and learned their story from her brother. The little messenger's adjectives, how 'er, escaped repeating.

"It would be Ruth Jones, I expect. Miss Grey likes the road past their cottage, and she's a person that, I've no doubt, poor people would take to." An opinion of which penniless Mr. Hurst entertained no doubt whatever. Arrived at Stillcote Upton, and Mr. Cheene's dwelling, Nancy, in stiff lilac print, her carotid locks skewered away under a white muslin helmet, ushered Sydney through what has been Miss Ambler's shop, but was now promoted to the dignity of a private sitting-room up-stairs, splendid with American cloth, to the lodger's apartment, which, rehabilitated by druggist and curtains, polished windows and fresh paint, looked quite an elegant apartment but five shillings a week more lettable than three months before.

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

**"LOST AND FOUND" AGAIN.**  
It's a long time since we have had one of our "Lost and Found" columns, isn't it? I am afraid the Letter-Friends who have sent in lost ads for it, have lost their faith in me as well as the poems they want found. But I have not forgotten them. I have just been waiting for enough queries to fill a column. I have them to-day, and some more.

**"What Has England Done?"**  
"Could you possibly obtain a copy of a poem written as an answer to criticism on England's part in the war," writes one Letter-Friend. "The title is: 'What Has England Done?'" "Could you please find out for me the authorship of the following:

"Thus you for yourself grow no fleece, oh sheep."  
"Oh that I were where I would be. Then would I be where I am not. But where I am there I must be. Where I would be I cannot."  
"I wondered if you would help me in finding an old book for children? My mother had a copy of this book which had been hers from childhood. It was destroyed in a fire and I would like to have a copy before my little boy is old enough for stories. It was a Brown book and on the rear cover was a picture of a little girl with buttons down her dress and the old rhyme 'Rich man, poor man,' etc. In the book was a story about a colony of ants and a piece of poetry about a little girl who had gone shopping for her dolly. This is all I remember of the contents. I would gladly pay postage on a most dilapidated copy if someone has the book and no longer needs it."  
"Do you know the satirical poem 'A Fool's Prayer'? The last line is 'Oh Lord, be merciful to me, a fool.' Also the satire about a Mrs. Partington who mops the Atlantic ocean? Also the missing lines of 'A Soul's Soliloquy'?"  
"To-day the journey is ended,

**Caesar's Two Visits to Britain.**  
Julius Caesar, the celebrated Roman General, first invaded Britain in B.C. 55, when he embarked two legions (12,000 men), set sail from Portus Itius, between Calais and Boulogne; and arrived the following day to find swarms of Britons already armed to prevent his landing. He sailed about seven miles along the coast, and disembarked near the place where Deal now stands, though some believe that he landed at Hythe. His troops were encamped, in which the Britons were overcome. This is said to have happened on August 26; four days later, however, a storm shattered the fleet, Caesar lost many men in his conflicts with the Britons, and having accepted a promise of hostages from them, he prudently returned to Gaul, having been absent only twenty-five days. As the Britons did not send the hostages they promised, Caesar undertook a second invasion; in the following spring he forced Caswallon, a native chief, to submit to him, and to promise a yearly tribute to Rome, and then withdrew his legions once more to Gaul, having spent four months in the island on this occasion. The chief result of these visits to Britain was that they made the island and the civilized world better known to each other.

**Fashions and Fads.**  
White cloth capes lined with blue crepe de chine are worn with dark marine blue costumes.  
A child's pink linen frock has its scallops bound in blue linen, and is washed with blue velvet.  
The moderately low round neck and an absence of sleeves are noted in informal evening gowns.  
Rows of black braid trim a frock of white crepe with sash and side panels of scarlet Georgette.  
A frock of white organdie has scalloped bands and a little scalloped jacket of "duck" blue linen.

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