

excitement, and, Mrs. Burton says, cannot be found. I have been to see Mrs. Ovington. She refused to go with me to look for her, and even wished to keep the fact that the things are found a secret between ourselves. I left her in a state of righteous indignation at my refusal. Dear Margaret, come with me to look for the girl. If anything has happened to her, my punishment will be greater than I can bear."

"There is only one thing to do," said Mrs. Rose, rising, "we must take a detective and a carriage and go to Blake's Court."

After giving some directions to the servant, and despatching a telephone message to Mrs. Draper's family, the two soon found themselves on the way to Blake's Court.

"You knew the girl?" asked Mrs. Draper.

"Very well. I had her with me several days, and would have been glad to keep her, but she was passionately fond of children, and Mrs. Burton thought their influence over her would be good. I am surprised at Mrs. Ovington, but I suppose she has never known enough of the hard side of life to develop her sympathies. It is not everyone who knows how to deal with a case like Susie's."

It was early in the evening when Blake's Court was reached. The intense cold had cleared the pavements of loafers, but in almost every window lights twinkled, and from basement grogeries and low places of all sorts a confused melody of voices, disputing, singing, laughing, rose and fell discordantly.

Followed by the two ladies, who remained on the steps outside, the detective entered the vestibule of the tenement-house which Mrs. Ovington had left an hour previously, and rapped loudly on the first door. A hush, followed by a dispute as to who should answer the summons, succeeded. Then the door was partially opened.

Gently insinuating one powerful shoulder into the aperture, the officer surveyed the interior coolly a moment and remarked: "I see you know me, Dave McMahon; but don't get uneasy. I ain't after you, nor any of your folks—not to-night, I ain't. I'm after wantin' information about a missin' girl—Susie Maxwell by name."

The man addressed as Dave McMahon exchanged a word or two with one of the women present, and now muttered, surlily; "I ain't afraid of nothin', 'cos I ain't done nothin'. I'm only a honest laborin'-man as knows his rights, an' wants 'em—an' means to git 'em, too; an' I don't meddle wid women folks' business. But Mary here says as how she knows thim as knows where the gal is."

"Well, then, out with it!" said the officer. "I've got ladies with me that is friends to the girl, an' mustn't be kept waitin' in the cold."

"If it's Susie Maxwell ye're after wantin'," said a big sly-looking woman, in the softest of Irish accent, "it's mesilf as hasn't laid eyes on her at all, at all; but I've heard as how she was okypyin' the bedroom wid wan o'me lodgers—Nora Macafferty be name; an' if ye wish, sure I'll go up an' see if she's in at the present toime."

"Go ahead, then," said the officer, shortly; "and the quicker the better."

The woman mounted the stairs, pushing aside the crowd of women and children which had gathered on the various landings at sound of the officer's voice.

In a moment she came down, looking a little uneasy. "Sure, sir, it's impty the room intirely, sir! It's me opinion as how—"

"You folks up there," interrupted the officer, "have any of you seen a young girl leave the house recently?"

A chorus of excited denials in every pitch of the human voice. Then a piping child-voice, rendered unsteady by a violent shaking administered by some hidden hand, made itself heard:

"Please, mister, I seen some one a minit ago goin down the back stairs wid a shawl over her head."

Mrs. Rose touched the officer on the arm. "I think," she whispered, "that I saw some one hovering about the alley, but I am not sure."

The officer came out, closing the door behind him. There was an alley at one side, communicating with the rear of the tenement. The light from a glaringly illuminated saloon opposite lit up the entrance to this alley, but farther down it was densely dark.

Approaching the place, closely followed by the two ladies, the detective entered a few steps, lit a taper, and looked about him. A slight figure, wrapped head and shoulders in a shawl, was seen cowering against the wall. Almost instantly it darted forward, and would have passed the officer, but a strong hand detained it.

"Let me go!" cried a desperate girl's voice. "You can't take me. I haven't done anything: the lady herself will tell you so. Go and ask her. Let me go, I say! I will not be stopped. I will not be taken to the station-house. I'll die first!"

Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Draper had come quickly forward. "Susie," said the former, "don't be afraid. No one has anything against you. You are free to go where you please. No one can stop you."

The girl had ceased struggling at sound of the gentle womanly voice. All four had moved forward, and were now standing in the light. The shawl had slipped from Susie's head, showing her pale young face, discolored with weeping and haggard with want of sleep. She gazed with parted lips at Mrs. Rose, her hands working nervously at the shawl.

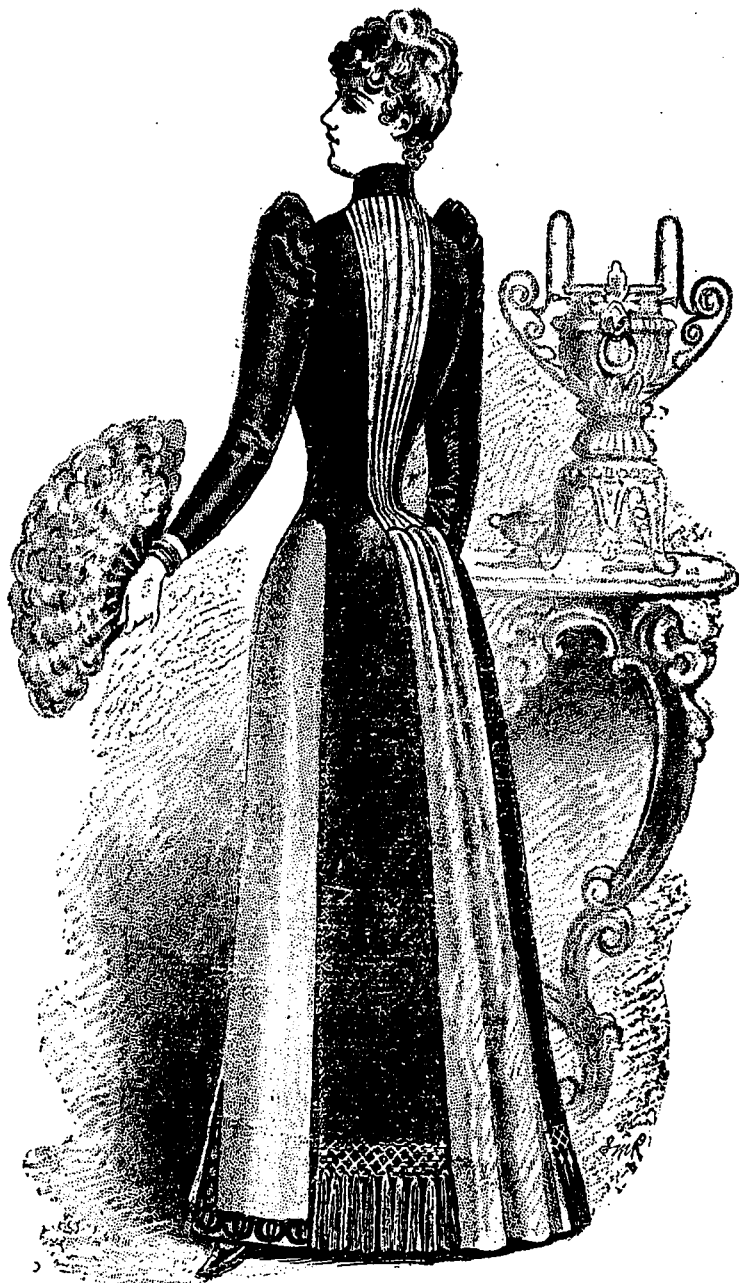


FIG. 25.—No. 4586.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34 inches, 13 1-2 yards; 36, 38, 40 inches, 14 1-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, inches, 6 3-4 yards; 36, 38, 40 inches, 7 1-8 yards.

If made as illustrated 4 7-8 of 42-inch material, 4 yards of 21-inch velvet, 2 1-8 yards of braid trimming will be required for each size.

"You remember me, Susie?"

"Indeed, yes, ma'am. You were the sweetest and kindest of them all. I wish I'd staid with you, but I s'pose it'd been the same in the end. As Nora says, once get a bad name, an' it'll stick to ye forever," she added, with a reckless laugh, followed by another burst of tears.

"Susie," said Mrs. Rose, taking the girl one side, and speaking very low, "I know how you have suffered. There is no greater suffering than to be falsely accused, and it is no wonder, poor child, that you are heart-sick and discouraged."

"I was tryin' so hard!" sobbed the girl.

"I know, dear—I know. It was a cruel thing, but it is over now. And, Susie, I want you to come home with me to-night. Just for one night. I promise you that if you wish to come back here to-morrow, no one shall prevent you." At this moment the door of the saloon and concert hall was opened, emitting a louder burst of discordant sounds, a fiercer glare of light. Susie had made no answer to the words of Mrs. Rose. Now she turned her face toward the open door. Mrs. Rose laid her hand on the girl's arm. "Susie, it is not for that you hesitate to go with me?" she whispered.

The girl started, and clung to her frantically. "No, no," she cried. "Take me away, quick, before they see me. I'll die before I'll go back to Dan Dacres's."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Draper, fervently—"thank God!"

Susie Maxwell is still with Mrs. Rose. Every time Mrs. Draper sees her there, bright, happy, growing into an able, good woman, she repeats a prayer of thanksgiving, shuddering at the thought of what might have been the consequence of her own thoughtless error.

"You are right, Margaret," she has often said to her friend—"There is but one standard for our guidance, and that is God's."

Mrs. Cleveland is scholarly enough to read understandingly and enjoy the English versions of Homer.

For this costume we would recommend velvet, or silk and woolen or silken fabrics, with fringe or passementerie on the front and panel edges. The back is full, and the skirt portion gathered on below the waist-line, with princess side pieces and a slightly draped front, a view of which is shown elsewhere in this issue. The jacket-fronts open over a vest of folds crossed at the waist-line under a soft belt confined by a buckle. Full sleeves, and a high collar of velvet like the side forms, and jacket pieces. Pattern No. 4586, price 35 cents.

The Craze for Violets.

The craze of the day as regards headgear is for bonnets of a diminutive description. So far the preference has been given to violets. Sometimes it is a scraping lace with a bunch of purple violets on one side, sometimes a wreath of violets with no crown at all, but most frequently the whole crown, made flat to the head, is covered with Parma violets, while a bow of ribbon matching in hue is placed erect at the back of the bonnet. So universally worn is this flower that a little niece of mine amused herself one Sunday at church parade in Rotten Row by counting the violets she passed and in ten minutes she had arrived at seventy. As a result violets threaten in a few weeks to be *mal portees*, and I was told the other day by Lady Granville Gordon, who trades under the name of Mme. Lierre, that several of her most elegant customers had already declined to be seen wearing the prevailing blossom. Its place will be taken by other spring flowers, especially lilacs, hyacinths and cowslips.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is pronounced by all who use it to be the best in the market. When you buy, buy no other. Only five cents.

The Secret of all Good Work.

To change vague and aimless wishes to strong and effectual desires is an important part of all improvement. It is the earnest and persevering effort to do the present duty in the best possible manner, to relax no power in its discharge, and to waste no time in lamentations over what might have been, that is the secret of all good work and the element of all progress.

There are cases where moderate gum chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the besetting national weakness. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti after each meal.