





pride. "You should read some of her

books—real scorchers they are."
"Stuck-up prig, that Manson feller,"
"I Phaha a propos of nothing. "I said Phebe a-propos of nothing. can't abide him."

"Sour grapes," taunted Bella.
"Sour grapes yourself," sna

Phebe.

'Enery grinned appreciatively, and having made some pellets of bread, flicked one surreptiously and with surprising accuracy into Mrs. Law's face, hitting her on the nose. This created a timely diversion, and as the outraged dignitary rose in hot haste to chastise him, Henry fled precipitously upstairs to his proper sphere of action in the hall; there to resume the expressionless appearance which

the expressionless appearance which characterized him when on duty.

John Grey also made his escape.

He foresaw many further opportunities of hearing about Miss Pragg and her relations

her relations.
Wednesday, being an "At home" day, left him at liberty for the afternoon. He availed himself of it to carry out a scheme suggested by Miss Pragg's remark during their second interview. ond interview

HE wanted to search the papers for the sensational article she had spoken about, dreading, as much as hoping to find it, for her words had filled him with alarm.

Suppose he had shot a man? Would it not be better to remain in his present blank state of ignorance? Hope and fear alternated till he felt at last he would rather know the worst.

He had no idea that London possessed so many newspapers. He collected bales of the printed sheets and spent hours wading through them. Their number confused and bewildered him while none awakened any re-Their number confused and bewildered him while none awakened any responsive echo in his mind. It was a herculean task, so he abandoned the search and determined to put an advertisement in some of them himself. Surely somebody would be on the look-out and might see it.

But he had to be expected of Miss.

look-out and might see it.

But he had to be careful of Miss Pragg; and it was only after deep cogitation that he inserted the following in several daily papers:

"Through loss of memory, man missing from his home—age between thirty and forty, dark hair and eyes, slender build, medium height. Can be seen near Albert Memorial Wednesday afternoon from two to six o'clock."

He was far from satisfied: the day

o'clock."

He was far from satisfied; the description might apply to hundreds of men, but it was the best he could do. He put on his old tweed suit, and spent this third Wednesday afternoon in loitering backwards and forwards for four hours near the Memorial.

Many people passed him He

in loitering backwards and forwards for four hours near the Memorial.

Many people passed him. He counted one hundred and fifty-seven people! Could they possibly be all in search of a missing man? It was a startling thought.

Several women approached him, looked at him earnestly and passed on. Some seemed to hesitate and be uncertain what to do. A girl ran up to him eagerly—stopped—then turned hurriedly away. A white-haired clergyman spoke to him, his son had run away from Oxford, presumably to London, and the father was anxiously seeking him.

John Grey courted observation, he looked into every face, returned every earnest scrutiny; but when six o'clock had passed, he realized the afternoon had been a failure.

With a heavy heart he returned to the mews put away his twoods done

With a heavy heart he returned to the mews, put away his tweeds, don-ned Miss Pragg's uniform, and re-sumed his duties. There seemed nothing more he could do, except to make the best of his position.

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His trial month came to a close, and his services were retained, which enabled him to continue to help his friends in the mews. Old Jacob cleaned the car, and in return John Grey could pay him without hurting the old man's pride.

Violet made herself useful to Martha, who grew much attached to the lonely girl, and did all she could to brighten her life. Often the old couple took her with them to the Salvation Barracks, with the result that Violet was soon enrolled in the army, and like Martha and Jacob, became an earnest worker.

(To be continued.)

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