

"Flatterers"

—OR—
The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER V.
A HOME UNHOME-LIKE.

From the first of the Alwyn's residence at St. Clair's this kind woman had taken to the youngest of the newcomers—the ailing father's faithful little shadow. She was ready enough to be friendly to all, but Mrs. Alwyn kept her steadily at a distance. A woman of her stamp might penetrate to the seclusion of the invalid. Men in Mr. Alwyn's state are given to indiscreet confidences, thought his wife, and determined he should be allowed no opportunity for such. So, as the lady never advanced beyond distant civility, and as Leonora was ready to ignore the existence of people who wore the same bonnet summer and winter, Sydney was the only one who grew intimate with the doctor's family.

When she was still small, she strayed one day into the big parish church, and stood, instinctive, before a fine tablet of lord and lady, with effigies of children carved on the panel their recumbent figures, one little maid in quaint garb bearing a skull in her outstretched palms.

"What does she mean?" asked Sydney of Mrs. Dacie, busy close by with harvest decorations, and was answered:

"It means that child died young, my dear; underneath it says in Latin, 'She was a daughter most sweet, most dear, whom to lose was to the father mortal pain, to the mother as a foretaste of Death's dart in her own breast.' So," pointed out practical Mrs. Dacie, "don't go home by the lower houses, my dear; there's scarlet fever there. If you caught it we might have you ending just like that little lady with the skull, you know."

Sydney pondered gravely for a minute, and then turned away.

"Except that my mother wouldn't so much mind," she said. And the naive confession planted the little half-shorn straying firmly in Mrs. Dacie's pitying regard.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE LIFE

A Dangerous Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass

Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow



Aton, Tenn.—"I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. During the Change of Life I was in bed for eight months and had two good doctors treating me but they did me no good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and in a short time I felt better. I had all kinds of bad spells, but they all left me. Now when I feel weak and nervous I take the Vegetable Compound and it always does me good. I wish all women would try it during the Change of Life for I know it will do them good. If you think it will induce some one to try the Vegetable Compound you may publish this letter."—Mrs. A. KELLER, Aton, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary Lister of Adrian, Mich., adds her testimony to the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She says:

"It is with pleasure that I write to you thanking you for what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was passing through the Change of Life and had a displacement and weakness so that I could not stand on my feet and other annoying symptoms. A friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the first bottle helped me, so I got more, and I am now doing my housework. Your medicine is certainly woman's friend and you may use this testimonial as you choose."—Mrs. MARY LISTER, Adrian, Mich.

It is said that middle age is the most trying period in a woman's life, and owing to modern methods of living not one woman in a thousand passes through this perfectly natural change without experiencing very annoying symptoms. These annoying spells, the dreaded hot flashes that send the blood rushing to the head until it seems as though it would burst, and the faint feeling that follows, as if the heart were going to stop, those sinking or dizzy spells are all symptoms of a nervous condition, and indicate the need for a special medicine.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a root and herb medicine especially adapted to act upon the feminine system. It acts in such a manner as to build up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass this trying period with the least possible annoying symptoms.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the urgent ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that it is only in many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative and often prevents serious troubles.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Concerning her other tutor, Sydney retains of him, from then till now, her first impression as of some one saintly. A man he was who, having lived to past his fifth decade in a sphere of study he passionately loved, felt them impelled to change this peaceable retreat for the labors of an obscure country parish. No rich living was it that Robert Vaughan took, but one poorly endowed, with scarce a being for miles round on his own intellectual level. But here a grand humility bridged what might have proved an abyss of difficulty to some. Regretting solely that his powers were such a feeble lever whereof to rise his lowly flock, he put his soul into his new task—fell at first into a sea of blunders; preached far and away over his people's heads; because the prey of the hypocritical, the laughing-stock of the impatient in his congregation; then, after painful labor, emerged from initial difficulties a parish pastor, so whole-hearted in devotion to the Power he served, that St. Clair's ceased its broad jokes at his high learning, thronged his church, and vowed that no person was ever like theirs.

Him, then, Sydney had to thank for light in worlds of lore, about whose very entrance she could not but have groped unaided and uncheered; and never did she leave the rectory without a deepening reverence for the master whom her mother and sister rated only poorly. For Mr. Vaughan's broadcloth was often very threadbare, and his tact so sadly at fault that he treated any honest woman in the parish with the same courtesy he accorded Mrs. Alwyn's self.

Thus, when Sydney was twenty, her pursuits had shaped out another barrier between herself and the other members of her home. Leonora treated them with rancor; her mother, as subjects in which she took no interest. And the girl grew daily, under her own roof, slyer, more reserved—or, as Mrs. Alwyn put it, more sulky.

But there was a mouth beautifying in womanly fulness, nor in the glowing depths of those dark eyes, no sullenness. Rather a mute yearning after something lacking yet in her existence—a silent gathering force of unused love, fed secretly by nature, waiting with hidden wealth to gladden the soul of some yet-to-be-discovered fellow-traveler.

The first stir of this something indefinable may have lent a new charm to the young face, for just now people found out how decidedly attractive was Mrs. Alwyn's second daughter, and the unfeeling security which Miss Villiers had hitherto dwelt in was unpleasantly assailed.

Therefore was it that, after a huge parish gathering, whither the rector had bidden aigh of the whole village to come and keep his sixtieth birthday, and when Sydney had been his aide-camp from morn till night, Leonora took her anxieties to her mother and claimed help.

"Sydney was very active, mamma, yesterday."

"And was a great deal noticed."

"Naturally, Nora, dearest, being all



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DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

ways by Mr. Vaughan. Did you observe his hat? It was a perfect scarecrow!"

"No, I did not, mamma, Mr. Bruce—a neighboring vicar—asked me who the charming girl in white was—meaning Sydney. And the countess said she had the prettiest, most natural figure she had seen for a long time."

"Very polite of the countess," coldly.

"And Mr. Duvesne watched Sydney all the time she played with the school-children at that idiotic gathering nuts in May. After you brought him to me he hardly spoke. I don't think he liked me when I talked. I said I was tired and would he get me some tea? And," finished Leonora, shaking her elegantly shaped head very gravely, "he went quite brisley. But he never came back! Instead, he followed Sydney for an hour with a heavy dish of cake!"

This was serious. Mrs. Alwyn seated herself for meditation, surveying the situation uneasily. Mr. Duvesne, an honorable and reverend scion of the great Comyngham family, was the man whom she was ready to move heaven and earth to gain for a son-in-law—a husband for Leonora. But it was on the cards that John Alwyn's daughter might come most undesirably to the front, and, once there, hold her own in any company. The thought that the child, unwelcome from her first breath, should out the darling offspring of her first marriage, was intolerable. The mother, weighed with uneven burden, puckered her brows, and bit her lips, and sighed, but saw no light through her difficulties—quick though she mostly was at finding the straightest road to her own advantage.

For once Leonora's unimaginative self opened the way out of perplexity.

"It would be awkward, mamma," she said, plaintively, "if this sort of thing always went on. I should dislike Sydney—and I've no desire to do so. I can only think of one plan to set things comfortable."

"Ah! Her mother looked up, anxious, not hopeful.

"And perhaps that isn't possible. But would it not be very nice if we could get Sydney pleasantly away? Get her—married, or going to be, so she wouldn't interfere at all? Could it be done?"

Mrs. Alwyn got up and kissed her daughter affectionately.

"Do not! It's the very thing! An admirably unselfish thought! I fancy I see my way. I believe I know the very man. I won't lose a day, my love, in attending to it."

And surely enough that same afternoon's post brought forth the first move in this newly suggested family game.

CHAPTER VI.
DELICATE ARRANGEMENTS AFOOT

The massive calculated to intermediate with our heroine's fortunes was compiled with much thought and care, addressed in her mother's faultlessly correct handwriting to one "Major Villiers, Petersham," and ran thus:

"The Dale, St. Clair's, June 30.

"My dear Alfred—It was only an hour ago, when talking with Leonora that it occurred to me your visit to us, postponed these last two summers, ought surely to take place this present one. Pardon me for not writing and pressing this before, but, as you know, with all the weight of domestic minutiae, and the cares inseparable from the charge of two unmarried girls, my mind is always on the stretch, and fear I am sometimes remiss where I ought to be the very reverse. Your niece and I both hope, however, that you will show you are not offended by coming to us as quickly as possible. We shall be so glad to receive you any time you may fix. I may add, if you need further persuasion, that I have much to consult you about, much to speak of, wherefore I feel your advice will be invaluable—"

"Now that must mean," quoth the major to himself, taking his cigar from his lips, and meditatively expelling rings of smoke as he lounged, letter in hand, upon his balcony, overlooking the calm beauty of the Thames valley—

"That certainly must mean my clever sister-in-law wants to get something or other out of me. Let me see: the last time she requested my counsel it

turned out she wanted to stay at my cousin Sarah's in Piccadilly, and to get an invitation for Miss Leonora to the artillery fête. The time before it was Henley Regatta; and before that—'Well,' with a great puff, 'I can't recollect; but the good lady's affection isn't disinterested, as a rule. However, I needn't cry out before I'm hurt. We'll see what's on the carpet now.' Advice—'h'm, h'm—'invaluable'—no! here's the place."

"Perhaps it may be as well to name the point that disturbs me now before you meet. Candidly, then, it's about Sydney; and though she is no real relation to you, yet as you are associated with my own brother in the trusteeship of her little property (which charge will end next year, for she is twenty now), I am sure you will not mind my troubling you with what concerns her—"

"Twenty! Is she really?" pondered Major Villiers, with another pause. "How time flies to be sure! And what's the young lady up to, I wonder? Got into some love-scraps, I'll be bound, as all girls do—except my niece, Leonora, by the way. She doesn't seem to hurry herself. Now, Miss Sydney. At your service."

(To be continued.)

Cruel Frauds on Inventors.

TRICKS AND TRAPS TO STEAL PATENTS.

If it is true that a nation lives largely by its inventive genius, then it is time more attention was paid to one of Britain's most valuable assets.

Every year there are over 30,000 applications for patents in this country. Many of them, of course, are of no value. There is the man, for instance, who thinks he has discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and there are even optimists who claim to be able to reduce delay on the telephone. Some inventors are wonderfully clever; their only fault is that nobody wants them.

In addition to these, however, there are men who produce something that is really wanted. Several cases have come to light recently which show that in regard to these a scandalous system of exploitation is going on. There are firms to-day deliberately using patents they have never paid for and for which they do not intend to pay.

Is a Patent Sufficient Protection?

A man had a clever idea for an electrical contrivance. He took the precaution of patenting it and, thinking he was perfectly safe, approached a commercial undertaking with a view to its adoption. This was agreed to, and the man went away elated. Imagine his consternation when, a few weeks later, he received a letter from the firm stating that they proposed to utilize his idea but would pay him nothing for it unless he sued them in court—and won his case.

Their excuse was that the mere patenting of an invention was not sufficient protection, and that the only real test of its validity was through a legal action. The explanation of this scandal is that the firm had discovered that the man was too poor to sue them, and they took advantage of his poverty.

A swindle of another kind is revealed by the following story. The inventor of a rotary pump put the idea before a firm of manufacturers with a view to giving them permission to manufacture the article and sell it. His reward was to come in the shape of royalties. An agreement embodying this bargain was put before him and he signed it. He went home dreaming of a steady stream of royalties which would enable him to live in affluence.

But time went on and not a penny came his way.

When, at last, he asked the reason, he was told that his idea had been pigeon-holed and that there was no intention whatever to manufacture and sell the pump. He realized too late that the agreement was worthless because it contained no clause compelling the firm to put the pump on the market.

A patent expert informed us that there are men who make a practice of persuading inventors to sign agreements of this kind. They are not out to push patents, but merely to prevent rivals from obtaining them.

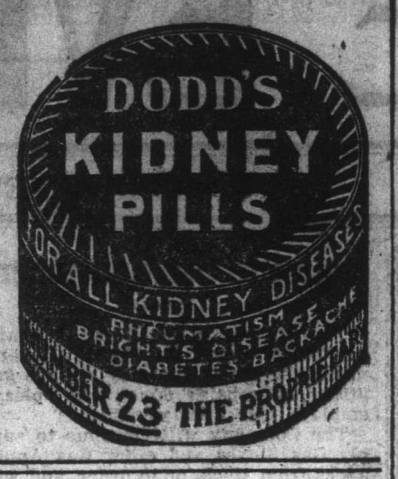
Another class of exploitation is to enlarge upon the alleged difficulties of manufacture and to demand a big subsidy for the purchase of new tools and appliances. In a recent case, the inventor of a new lock for motor-cars approached a firm of motor-car makers.

They filled his mind with glowing stories of the wealth he would accumulate if he allowed them to take it up. It would be necessary, however, they said, for him to put £1,000 down to enable them to install the necessary plant. The man placed his hard-earned savings in their hands, only to find that his new lock was unsaleable, and had never had any chance of success. The transaction, in fact, ended in his ruin, but the firm retained the £1,000 plant.

A State official who could give advice to inventors on traps to be avoided in agreements would perform a very valuable duty.—TIT-BITS.

STOLEN OR STRAYED.

The heat is almost killing, the summer is no joke; the sun goes westward drilling, and leaves a trail of smoke. Each hour the day grows hotter, men lose their pep and vim, and a d wear around and totter—and where is Sunny Jim? Where is the dippy duffer who bids us sing and smile when he beholds us suffer in every modern style? I see him in the winter when blasts are raging loud; a glad and merry sprinter he dashes through the crowd; he bids me can my sorrow, and cries, 'Go help me, Pete, the sun will shine to-morrow, and melt the snow and sleet.' I see him in the springtime, I see him in the fall; he says it's dance-and-singtime, and beams upon us all. But now that I am melting, and life seems stark and grim, and solar rays are pelting, oh, where is Sunny Jim? No gent, with precepts priestly, comes up to cheer my heart, but men, in language beastly, their sentiments impart. They say, 'Dodgad! the climate, it seems to have no sense; why don't you roset and rhyme it, and bang it on the fence? Why don't you flay the weather in one great soaring hymn?'



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A. EBSARY,
Manager for Newfoundland.

Jokes on Generals.

(From an Exchange.)

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador to the United States, at a recent dinner, told these tales:

A British General was waiting impatiently for news from the front of the battle of the Somme, which he expected by carrier pigeon. Suddenly the bird dropped in the cage. Brushing subordinate officers to one side, the General himself eagerly tore the message from the bird's leg. It was from the man who had been despatched with the bird. It read:

"I'm tired of keeping this bloomin' bird wit me. I'm sendin' you this to let you know you can have 'im."

A somewhat pompous British General was inspecting his men in the trenches. Discovering that he had left his gas mask behind, he frantically ordered a private he encountered to give up his mask.

As hour later, dissatisfied with the manner in which some men were putting on their masks in a practice alarm, he demanded that they watch him. Quickly he tore open the bag used for carrying the mask, reached in and automatically pressed his face, not into a mask, but into some dirty socks the soldier had been carrying there.

To inspire his men, another General stood solemnly at salute as a stretcher passed.

"The General salutes the private dead," he said, sonorously.

Chinese Noah.

China had its Noah, no less renowned than the Biblical character. He was practically contemporary with the man who built the ark, 2200 B.C. was his period. But when the flood waters came in China, Yu didn't build an ark to save a few He built revetments that controlled the rushing waters of the Hoang, the largest river of China, and saved native land and people. The story told in the Shu-king, the books of Chinese history, is a fine example of the Hoang revetments, and adjacent channels in the volume of all ancient Chinese literature. It is a story of a man who happened to have been born before, and knows only the story of Noah. His engineering skill has been surpassed, or even equalled, by his successors, and his method of river control may be headed by engineers to-day. It was a task of thirteen years. Thrice, according to the Shu-king, Yu passed his door, without even staying to see his child.

MINARD'S PERMENT FOR BATH EVERYWHERE.

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