



To clean sinks  
and drain pipes

**Snowflake**  
THE FULL STRENGTH  
Ammonia

Dissolve ½ to 1 package in  
a pail of boiling water, and  
pour slowly down sink.

## "Flatterers"

### The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
CONTAINS A TENDER REVIVAL.

But the impression of his words was not so easily got rid of. It filled her with vague alarm. What could Miss Jean's hyper-anxiety for herself mean? What Mr. Babington's bland high-handedness with her as with Mr. Hurst? Closer duties did he hint she should attend to? Why, she had none. That very morning had brought news from Paris. Leonora was this very month to marry an English gentleman. "Suitable," wrote her delighted mother, "in every respect. And after the younger people's honeymoon they and she were to spend the last half of the year in visiting, different."

"So Mrs. Alwyn hoped Sydney continued content with her self-sought position, as Mr. Morecombe Wood could not be expected to open his circle to her immediately, whatever he might generously do in the future!" They, prosperously enjoying life's ease, would be hardly likely to want her—ever! And even Jacob Chene seemed glad of late that she had elected to stay at Cape Moor.

"I am getting too old, Miss Sydney," his letter ran, "to tie you to my infirmities—you are best among younger people; so nowhere was she wanted but at Wynstone. Now if Wynstone, the roof to which she had riveted her life, shook her loose—"

But, no! It was unfair to saddle Miss Hurst with the one project that would involve such change. Within that possibility lay a pain too intolerable to be faced!

But those June days, warm, luscious, flower-breathing without, within went very crookedly. The book was ended and sent away, less hopefully than it had begun. Mr. Hurst was resolute in attempting nothing fresh, but he had lost his old power of listening placidly to Sydney's reading. Miss Hurst took to sitting much in the study, attending her brother officiously, never chattering in the old inconsequential fashion, but breathing out sighs like minute-guns. Mr. Babington's

ton's courtesy to Gilbert Hurst developed into a peculiar mixture, brotherly, paternal, pastoral—neither very happy nor acceptable in any form, though it was refinement itself compared with the bearing of a cousin whom he brought one evening to Wynstone, introducing him as Mr. Montague Carle, from Pembroke. This gentleman announced himself as a thoroughly practical man, and on that ground presumably, ignored the shilling politeness which generally adorns social intercourse, contriving to make every one on whom he bestowed his conversation thoroughly uncomfortable.

"You're a nice place here, Miss Hurst," he said, loudly, before the whole party, "lucky to drop into it! Horace told me it was your own. Pretty piece of property for a maiden lady, or a married one, eh?"

Had "Horace" indiscreetly divulged much more? Miss Hurst colored, flustered, and sent such timid glances at her impassable-featured brother that the Reverend Horace hastened to the door, promising her that he had promised his children? And could he get them now?

So a move was made to the river-side, whereupon Mr. Carle fastened his society on Sydney, remarking:

"You are not a fixture here, Miss Grey, I think? You see, my cousin has told me the ins and outs of everything. Ah!—twisting round his active figure and ferret face for a good look at the house—'It is a snug little box. Two, four rooms below—five, I suppose, above; servants' offices; bedrooms over them. Nice else for a small family. Pity it should be wasted on two, and the no business to be here, as it were.'"

"Mr. Babington had indeed disclosed the ins and outs of Wynstone! Sydney caught her very skirts together, from contact with this man's coat! Her mouth curved into unconcealable disgust. "I think I can see some of the rushes Miss Hurst wants, if you will excuse me," she said, and all but ran from him to the water-edge, though she regretted freeing him when she saw him pounce on Mr. Hurst, and heard him start off a conversation of which the first words, "You my honor, a handsome young lady you're got there!" were all too many for her.

What followed was equally unpalatable. Mr. Carle was great on bland-

ness. "I know a thing or two about that," he boasted, "for I've a dozen young chaps at my place by Pembroke, and none of 'em can see a stroke more than you can. Gentlemen's sons all. It's a speculation of mine. I train 'em and teach 'em, and—jocularly—'make a pretty penny out of it. They don't want things first chop, as if they could see. You understand that. I haven't sunk much in silver spoons and smart carpets, I can tell you. Now, I should say an able-bodied man like you, Mr. Hurst, would do a deal better picking up a lying-in such a place as mine than hanging on here, making an old maid of your sister, and being waited on by that pretty young party that's kicking yellow flowers yonder."

"Miss Grey," Mr. Hurst interrupted, brusquely, "whereabouts are you?"

"By the last willow, getting frises," Sydney's clear voice called back.

"Then," peremptorily, "move away. No, stop. Let me come." Moving straight as a dart along the bank he knew every inch of it till he reached her; then, "Never lean over for flowers or rushes just here," he ordered. "Half a yard from the edge this is the dearest spot on the bank. A slip would take you into ten feet of water."

"And there's no getting out of that, young lady," put in officious Mr. Carle. "So just you mind what Mr. Hurst says; of course, he only tells you what's for your good."

"He looked very knowingly from one to the other, but neither face betrayed any sentiment, except one not flattering to himself; indeed, Sydney shrank into such rigid irresponsiveness that Mr. Montague Carle was as willing to get away as they to bid him adieu."

Miss Hurst watched her brother furiously when the callers were gone and they three had returned to the drawing-room.

"Mr. Carle is an excellent business man, I understand, though he may not be very polished. No reply to this from either listener. "I hoped you would have chatted with him longer. For—moving ornaments restlessly about—"It is too dusk to read, and I am not inclined to walk any more."

"So just you mind what Mr. Hurst says; of course, he only tells you what's for your good."

"Oh," fretfully—"people are not always alike at all times. How I wish you had taken to music, as poor papa did, though, to be sure, it made him more intimate with that wretched Mr. Alwyn, and so brought us no good. Don't say 'wretched'! Well, I think he was quite right to walk any more. The 'cello was papa's instrument, Miss Grey. He played so well. When he was young he was offered two pounds a night to join an orchestra. Two pounds a night! Fancy if my brother could have earned that!"

"Could have earned! Could have earned!"

Sydney saw him turn away. The cuckoo cry was too hard to bear. Some one must speak!

"I fancy neither of you cared for music," she said. "I have not once heard your piano, looking at the never-opened instrument."

"Oh, I like it well enough," Miss Hurst returned, indifferently. "And you used to profess to be fond of it, Gilbert. But I fancied you cared nothing for my playing, so I gave it up. Some people—used to like it, but no doubt it sounded poor to you, Gilbert."

"Faint!"

"So I never even asked Miss Grey, for fear she might not be more successful than I was."

The speech ended with a querulous choke. Sydney moved to the instrument in desperation.

"It is so long since I sung, I may offend you both; but I shall like to touch the keys again," she said, and sat down to the Broadwood, tuneless still, though old.

The room was so still and full of soft twilight. The very birds outside were gone to sleep. Nothing seemed to stir save the ticking of one small time-piece, the throbbing of these troubled human hearts. Unbidden, except by the tense necessity of the moment, unpremeditated, except by its few simple chords, Sydney's song broke the silence.

"Oh, rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him. Commit thy ways unto Him and trust in Him. And He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

She never thought of how long it only put into it the unformulated imploring of her own soul, knowing that Gilbert drew nearer and nearer, mute, not motionless.

When she ended, poor Miss Jean thanked her volubly, tears dropped freely down—but her brother had left the room without a syllable.

(To be continued)

### Men Who Must Marry.

An Anti-Bachelor Bill introduced into the Turkish Parliament makes marriage compulsory for men over twenty-five.

Defenders will be fined a quarter of their earnings, which will be deposited in agricultural banks to help peasants to marry. No adult Civil Servant may be a bachelor.

Gifts of land, loans, and State education for children are held out as rewards for marriage, with a penalty of hard labor for a confirmed bachelor.

### EVIL REPORT.



I hold that Amos Alkemade is all pure wool and three feet wide. I've dealt with him for many moons and got the worth of my doubloons. He's sold me milk and melted ice, and always at a decent price. Men say that

Amos must be watched; his moral character is botched, and if he gets a chance, they say, he'll bring his harpoon into play. My neighbors sometimes say, "Gadsboks, why patronize that prince of crooks?" Perhaps the truth has not been told; who knows what grudges they may hold against this man Alkemade, who sells fresh henfruit, plain or fried. Perhaps their hatred is bestowed because he asked for what they owed; for many people's heads get sore when they lose credit at the store. Perhaps they hate this Amos Jay because he doesn't vote their way. A score of reasons might be found why they react on when he's around, but while of Amos treats me right I shall not say to him, "Good-night!"

What others say about a gent does not impress me worth a cent, so long as he seems good and straight, and gives full measure, honest weight. Of worth man cannot be a judge if he is moved by every grudge that drooling gossip may expound, with futile heat and empty sound.

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