



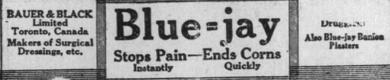
She Couldn't Go Her Corns Wouldn't Let Her.

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. She kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

"There are plenty," she said. "You'd have no difficulty in marrying well, Byrnes."

"Thanks for this unsolicited testimonial to my charms. I think I'll go now; you couldn't say anything nicer if I stayed. Haven't you some kind of show on to-night?"

"Yes; the people will be here in a few minutes. I wanted you to come before they arrived. I didn't ask you to dinner because I knew Glassbury would ask questions; and you always hate them. I want you to stay, at any rate, for a little while, Byrnes. You go and smoke a cigarette while I get Louise to see to my hair."

"Very well," he assented. "But your hair's all right."

"I know," she said, as he opened the door for her; "but I also know you want that cigarette. Don't stay in the smoking-room all the time; you'll hear the music."

Heroncourt sauntered off to the smoking-room—he was like a son or brother of the house, and came and went as he pleased—and he got a cigarette from Glassbury's own box and threw himself on a lounge; but presently he arose as if his thoughts would not permit him to remain still, and paced up and down the long room asking himself why on earth he cared, and why he could not go on in this old way and leave Heroncourt and the title go to the deuce.

"Marry for money," the phrase stuck to his mind like a burr, and, like a burr, irritated him. The thing was common enough; yet, strangely enough, he hated the thought of it; strangely, because Heroncourt was not a susceptible man; and, though he had moved all his life in a circle of beautiful women, he had never been in love.

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turned from him; but as she took her seat at the piano, she looked round, her dreamy eyes sweeping the audience as if she were saying, "Will you listen to me!" and Heroncourt had a clear, full view of the face.

He did not say a word in agreement with Glassbury's exclamation; but he thought, at that moment, that it was the loveliest face he had ever seen. There was a murmur of curiosity, and a woman near them asked Lord Glassbury in a whisper:

"What does she do, sing—play?" Lord Glassbury shook his head. "Sorry," he said; "don't know. I she sat still and did nothing but let us just look at her it would be good enough."

"She is a raconteur," said a lady near them. "I heard her at Howarth House the other night. She is really wonderful—and so young, too! Do you ever see such a marvelously expressive face?"

She was hushed down, for Maida had touched the keys, a soft prelude was floating through the room; it was followed by a soft and as melodious air; and then, suddenly, the clear mellow voice began to recite Owe Meredith's "Misery."

Of course, it is a wonderful poem it is difficult to read it without feeling unutterably wretched; but imagine it recited by such a girl as Maida Carrington, in such a voice as hers, with the subtle accompaniment waiving in harmony with her ever tone, now almost a whisper, now deep contralto note, and now a ringing like the music of a tenor-bell and in every line and all the time thrilling with dramatic suggestion!

The silence was intense; men held their breath, women put up their fans to hide the tears in their eyes. When the voice and the music had ceased, the silence hung upon them for an instant or two, then the applause broke out like a thunder-crash. The whole audience was excited by admiration and enthusiasm; indeed only one person in the room remained calm, and that person, strange enough, was Maida.

She stood for a moment, her tapering fingers resting lightly on the keys, her small, exquisitely shaped head slightly bent in response to the continued applause. Her gaze was still dreamy, and a smile that shone in her eyes and curved her mobile lip was not in the very least like the smile of gratified vanity with which we are all so painfully familiar; it was just the smile of a child who is pleased because you are pleased with it.

At that moment she was thinking not of the brilliant crowd who were clamoring for an encore, but of Carrie: the piece had been a success, and Carrie would be so proud and delighted.

Lady Glassbury made her way to the piano. "It was beautiful—more than beautiful, Miss Carrington," she said. "You will not be surprised that I should want you to recite—sing—I do not know what to call it—again for us."

"I shall be very happy," said Maida. She sat down and struck a chord—a loud one this time, like a trumpet-call, and gave them one of Kipling's soldier ballads. Men grew hot, women beat time with their satin shoes, and looked at one another with sparkling eyes and parted lips; and when she had finished, the men, and some of the women also, called out, "Brava!" as they clapped. They wanted more, and Maida would have given it to them; but Lady Glassbury saw that the lovely face had grown pale, and, laying her hand upon the girl's arm, she said, very sweetly:

"No, no; you shall not do any more to-night—I will not let you. I can well imagine how trying it must be. I will find my husband, and he shall take you to get some wine."

But Maida shrank back, just the very least, and murmuring, "Thank you, I never take wine; I do not want anything; I will go now, if I may, please," made her way between the crowd, which was beginning to press upon her, to the anteroom, where she had left her out-of-door things.

She was trembling a little, but not excited—certainly not with vanity; for, like all true artists, she was remembering one or two shortcomings and one or two mistakes of inflection

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Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:

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and emphasis; and as usual they were haunting her. A maid helped her on with her things, gazing at her with open-mouthed admiration and something like awe, and followed, and watched her down the stairs as Maida went out of the house.

Heroncourt was the only man in the room who had not applauded. He had leant against the wall with folded arms and had remained almost motionless during the whole of the performance. It had seemed to him that loud applause, even applause of any kind, would be so inadequate as to be almost an insult. One does not slap one's hands before a Cimabue or shout "Brava!" before an Italian lake; and to him the girl and her achievement seemed the perfection of nature and art. He knew that the unvarious notes of her extraordinary voice would haunt him for days; he didn't want them crushed out and drowned by the roar of the long-haired basso profundo whose huge form was now approaching the piano; he therefore availed himself of an opportunity of getting through the crowd and went slowly down the stairs into the hall.

His crush hat and light overcoat were brought by a footman, and Heroncourt sauntered through the open door and down the steps. On the pavement he stopped to get out his cigarette-case, and while lighting his cigarette he saw Maida standing a few yards off, evidently trying to find a cab.

There was a long line of carriages, and there was the usual small street crowd waiting to see the guests come out. Heroncourt would have liked to have called a cab for her; but she hesitated; he felt, somehow, that she would not like him to intrude upon her; but it occurred to him that he might get a cab for her without her knowing it, and he was looking up and down the street in search of one when he saw one of the loafers move away from the crowd and edge up to the girl.

Heroncourt vaguely suspected mischief—the man had the slinking, hang-dog air of the professional pick-pocket—and Heroncourt strode after him. The man snatched at a plain, simple, gold bracelet which gleamed on Maida's wrist; Heroncourt saw her start and heard her utter a sudden, sharp cry as of pain; and—well, it must be frankly admitted that he lost his head: the girl's cry went through him.

His blow—a terrible one—fell on the man's evil mouth, and the wretch went down as if he had been struck by lightning.

(To be Continued.)

Never put pans and kettles half filled with water on the stove to soak. It only hardens whatever may have adhered to them, and makes them more difficult to clean. Keep them full of cold water and soak them away from heat.

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2078—Seersucker, gingham, percale, lawn, drill, alpaca, brillantane or sateen may be used for this style. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams and has deep arm openings for comfort and ease.

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Our Soldier

The following letter is sent by Rev. Fr. O'Brien, P.P., and his nephew Michael. It describes vividly what our men had to do at Monchy, and the spirit it displays is admirable. The writer is one of our boys.

3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, London, England.
Dear Mother—I write you few lines hoping you are well. I suppose you have seen by the papers that I have been wounded. Yes, I have. I got hit in our big battle on the 14th, when so many boys paid the supreme sacrifice. Casualty list is very heavy. We went over the top we were strong, and according to what I heard, only sixty answered the call next day. We advanced our own barrage fire. It was silent. I got to the enemy line and we were digging in on a kind of a ridge when I was hit on the left arm. It was a machine bullet. It is only a flesh wound, but it will be all right in a week. The German machine gun is hellish. It mowed down our numbers. Before we got to the front line men fell around me where and still I didn't get man two yards on my right we ed and the corporal two yards left was killed, still I was not this time. Send me the casualty when you get it. I would like to know how many are killed. The Germans are as cowardly as rats. Tell me on you when advancing, but you get near them they run. I laid three of them low before I was killed. I was very lucky. I was killed a few yards from the front. How are the boys, Uncle and all hands? Remember

A Tailor

U. S. Picture
Gent's Fu