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NEAVE'S FOOD

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THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER XLII. CYRIL AGAIN.

"No help for what, dearest?" he asked.

She drew away from him for a moment, then she said in a low, shame-faced way—

"Go into the library, Elliot, and wait for me. I want to speak to you—alone."

He stifled the question on his lips, looked at her perplexedly, then nodded and went obediently. There was a fire in the library, as the little room was called, but no lamp; and Elliot, after pacing up and down for a minute or two wondering why she had sent him there and what she had to say to him, drew a chair to the fireplace and sat down with his hands thrust in his pockets, a smile of happiness flitting across his face, for he knew that nothing she had to tell him could cause any difference between them.

The door opened softly, so softly that he did not hear it, and suddenly some one stole behind him and two small hands covered his eyes. He sat perfectly still, his heart beating with a strange sensation of anticipation. Then a voice, a voice which made his heart beat still faster with a throbb of pleasure and affection, a low, half-gruff, boyish voice, said—

"Guess who it is! Don't move. Wait. Have you got another Great Skua's egg, Elliot?" went on the voice falteringly.

"Cyril!" he shouted, and, springing to his feet, he turned and gripped the boyish figure, clad as he had remem-

bered it; and, with another cry of "Cyril!" he eagerly but gently forced up the drooping head. His eyes scanned the crimson face he had raised, the boyish form; then, with a still louder cry, which yet faintly expressed his amazement, his joy, he breathed "Nora!"

She put up her hands and covered his eyes again.

"Yes, it's Nora," she said in a broken voice. "And it's Cyril too—come back to you. But he is going for ever, and only Nora will remain—Shut your eyes, Elliot, or I shall die of shame. You made him come back; but it's almost killed me to bring him—Ah, you understand, Elliot! Turn round, keep your eyes closed; don't dare to look at me again, unless you want Cyril to stay and Nora to go for ever!"

He laughed at the tragedy in her voice, and, his eyes still closed, took the hands from them and kissed them passionately. Then he turned as she had bidden him; and a moment afterwards he heard the door shut. The boy Cyril had gone for ever. But Nora, his darling, would remain to him till death parted them.

Sir Joseph's luck changed on the day he had celebrated the opening of the Great Eyeworth Mine. Fortunately for her, poor little woman! Lady Ferrand had gone to rest before Sir Joseph's star began to decline. His descent was rapid and almost unbroken; everything went wrong with him from that day; only the Eyeworth Mine stood firm, and ultimately he had to sell his shares in that—Elliot Graham bought them. And Sir Joseph had the mortification of witnessing the swift razing of Stripley's star; for Stripley was now a prosperous and flourishing City magnate. Strangers to say, prosperity had softened Stripley's heart, instead of hardening it, as prosperity too often does; and when the crash came which brought Sir Joseph to the ground, and with him the Barltoys and the rest of the parasites, Stripley sought out his former master and offered him a share in his old servant's business.

Sir Joseph was a broken man, his great fortune had gone; he was alone in the world, for his wife had died and his son had deserted him; and with all the gratitude of which he was capable, he accepted the helping hand which Stripley extended to him.

Selwyn had, of course, deserted his father in the hour of his need, and, having managed to snatch some fragments from the financial ruin, he had flourished for a time as a "man about town"; but it was only for a short time, and gradually but swiftly, Selwyn slid down the slope of Avernus. One night he found himself in one of the lowest of the London streets without a penny. It was a wet night, the pavements of the Great City were filthy, and Selwyn slouched along them, with his head bent, his hands thrust in his pockets; a picture of misery and despair. As he turned a corner he came in contact with a stammering figure, that of a woman, in an attitude and with a gait grotesquely resembling his.

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On Chest, Face, Arms, Burned Badly. Cuticura Heals.

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With a muttered oath Selwyn drew his shoulder aside and glanced at her face; then he started and, stretching out his hand, laid it hesitatingly on her arm. She stopped and looked up at him under the murky gaslight. She had been drinking, and for the moment she did not return his recognition; but presently she said, in the hoarse, husky voice of the habitual drunkard—

"Selwyn Ferrand!"

They looked at each other morosely, even contemptuously; then Mrs. Ryall laughed softly, but ardently, and she plucked her shawl round her with an unconscious imitation of her old affection.

"Why, who'd have thought of seeing you!" she said, with a drunken giggle. "And down on your luck like—like some of the rest of us. My! How the sight of you brings back—brings back—"

She hit her lip, but tossed her head with an air of defiance and drew closer to him. "Yes, I'm down on my luck like you—been out of an engagement for—oh, for a long time! But I'm glad to see you—Here, I've got a shilling or two left—they pay me my 'lowance regular, and I ain't had this lot very long—come in and let's have a drink, and talk over old times."

They slouched side by side to the nearest gin-shop, and passed in together through the swishing door.

THE END.

"Flatterers"

OR

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER II. LIFE'S FEBRUARY.

Now the advent of this little one was regarded by the father and mother in very different lights.

"My Mrs. Alwyn it represented a certain amount of cash, which she ministered by giving the child over chiefly to the tending of servants; a temporary check to her gay life which, however, she recovered as rapidly as possible; and, gravest annoyance of all, a claimant to a third of her marriage settlement, which she had fondly hoped to keep intact in her own hands—an heiress probably to a much larger sum which otherwise might have become hers.

So a dreadful disappointment the arrival of this small mortal was to the fashionable and far-calculating parent, who in some sort, though may be without premeditated unkindness, always seemed to bear her younger offspring a grudge for having presumed to enter into existence, and gave her only a chill, perfunctory affection, very different from the devotion which she lavished on little Leonora, a child of her first, more loveful marriage.

Only in one respect did the mother treat her children alike—in the matter of their outward adornment. The spending of money was a luxury neither her youth nor her first matrimonial position had granted her; now she revealed in it, and the baby's toilet matched her stepmother's elaborate costumes, receiving from her christening appearance in white satin and swansdown, through every stage of infant decoration, more maternal attention than all other requirements put together.

This done, Mrs. Alwyn felt contentedly that nothing more could be demanded of her, and, with Leonora for constant companion troubled herself but little with the unwelcome presence of her last-born.

Not so the father. He, poor man, had found out well enough by now that he had made an irremediable blunder, that he himself had been a very secondary attraction to the lady, who had accepted his name for the sake of his purse.

But he bore his disappointment with quiet stoicism, wisely resolving not to make himself a further laughing-stock by complaining of what could never be cured, and the birth of his child seemed to him an absolute recompense for all domestic failures.

She was to him the most marvelous and delightful piece of creation upon earth. Early morning, late night, found him with his offering of growing love at the cradle-side of this dappled, uncombed, untraced, whole of a...

new joys opened upon him with the first stammering utterance of her baby-tongue, and his only pang concerning her was that life, which gave him this treasure so late, would be closing for him while her days were yet in their spring-time.

His friends of bachelor years might have inclined toward ridiculing the pride of this first-time father of three-score, but it was too genuine, and, counting the great gap of age between sire and child, too pathetic to be lightly jeered at. So Mr. Alwyn's baby-girl was accepted unreservedly into the circle of all who would stand well with her wealthy parent. Clients made a point of inquiring as to her progress on the world's first stage, Clerks, married ones, were deeply interested when her little pearly bits of teeth came through; single ones were elated when she could run alone. Now and then the marvelous little maiden would be brought to St. John's and exhibited in a sort of triumphal progress, first to Mrs. Greaves, the manager's wife, who, with many of her own, had still a stock of enthusiastic admiration for this one; then to the old gardener, still retained, who "blessed her pretty eyes, and never shouldn't have thought of seeing such a sight as she was—never!" and then to Joseph Cheene, for whose grave, plain countenance the little one soon showed a discerning affection, and would close on of her small, soft hands round his long forefinger, and so lead him about the place in a state of embarrassed pleasure, at which Mr. Alwyn would chuckle with amusement.

"Little Syd makes her choice early," Mr. Cheene answered, "as there'll be plenty to tell her, myself soonest if I live long enough."

At which his employer would reach over his little one's head a remonstrating hand on the speaker's stooping shoulders, with—

"Chut, chut, Jacob, don't be personal!" (the lawyer was proud of the esteem attaching to his family, but never greedy of compliment for himself); "you teach her her scales when she's big enough, that will be undertaking enough for you. I'll buy her a violin as soon as she can hold it, and we'll see if we can't play some trios to our satisfaction yet!"

And the two gray-haired men would laugh, almost forgetting the burden of their years as they mapped out Sydney's musical future, leading her uncertain steps the while along the lime-tree walk, little divining what chords, harmonious or discordant, their three lives would strike out and sound upon men's ears in the unknown by and by.

(To be continued)

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THE BLAME DODGERS.

The other fellow's in the way When victory has crowned the day, With him we do not wish to share The splendor of the spotlight's glare; We'd like to have it widely known To us the praise belongs alone— But when defeat is ours to take, Few have the courage not to make The old excuse and place the blame Upon the other fellow's name.

Since first the fall of man took place, The other fellow drops from sight When everything is going right. The plaudits and the round of cheers Are not intended for his ears— But let us falter, as we may, And lose by careless work or play, Few have the courage then to own The fault belongs to them alone.

The test of man is not the way He smiles on his victorious day, It's how he stands to pay the cost When he has made his fight and lost. In failure's hour he merits fame Who does not seek to dodge the blame. Oh, boy of mine, whatever you do, Whatever of failure comes to you, Blame not the other man, but take The censure just for manhood's sake.

A faded carpet can be much improved, at little expense. Add a pint of vinegar to a pan of fairly hot water and after having given the carpet a thorough brushing, rub this well into every part of it with a clean cloth.

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Striped seersucker, chambray, gingham, percale, linen, and drill, satens and flannellet could be used for this style. The sleeve may be finished in close fitting wrist length or with cuff at elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 16 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY PROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

Pattern 3620 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 37 inch material. Figured challis, voile, batiste, gingham, linen, pique, pongee and crepe would be attractive for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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