

"ICED" — "SALADA" — TEA

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BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

"Flatterers" The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER X.
BRINGS A WOODER TO ST. CLAIR'S.

"That's how you are going to illustrate, is it?" laughed Sydney. Then the honey-suckle in a pump brown jug, always ready for the flower, she so often brought, and bidding him to be sure and eat his strawberries—for he had a great trick of forgetting his food or giving it away—she was renewing her good-byes when Mr. Drayton was seized with politeness, and insisted on carrying the account-books as far as the Gate House; he had seen Dr. Dacie once, and promised to call to-day, so off the two went together.

The gentleman opened the conversation quite cleverly as soon as the rectory door was closed.

"Mr. Vaughan," said he, "seems to find plenty to occupy him even in this sleepy little place," and Sydney, her lips easily unlocked on such a theme, waxed eloquent over the wide labors of their mutual friend; felling of his goodness to the laird under his roof, and to herself, with an animated warmth which was so Richard Drayton thought—extremely girlish and extremely pretty. He brought her to a check, though, by saying Mr. Vaughan had boasted of having her to help him.

"No!" cried Sydney, with a strong suspicion she was being made fun of—her home experience had ingrained in her nature a distrust of her own powers—"No, indeed! I am afraid,"

turning eyes this middle-aged flatterer, "you are joking!"

"Not at all," Mr. Drayton hastened to answer her. "I have been hearing of your good offices in countless ways—yours and Miss Dacie's."

"Ah! Mary's now," said Sydney, instantly acquiescent. "She is worth something! Why, Mary Dacie is right hand to father and mother and rector, and I don't know whom besides, and, 'blazoning out her friend's perfections with a triumph that lighted and yet softened all her own features, 'she is not like any one else I know; she is a heroine.'"

"Have Miss Dacie's lines lain much

out of the common, then, to earn her such a title?" asked Mr. Drayton, vastly enjoying his companion's enthusiasm, and quite ready for more of it.

Sydney turned to him her whole earnest face. "She has just lived through all her girl years without the least share of such pleasures as most girls have. And all through she has been just what I told you, without ever flagging. They had a great trouble, you know, once, when Dr. Dacie was so hurt. Now, I'm afraid they have a great many cares. Perhaps I ought not to talk of them, though. But whatever comes, Mary is always bright, always brave, always patient. That's why I call her a heroine."

"Always patient, always brave," repeated Mr. Drayton. "Ah, I suppose that combination does make a heroine—or hero." And astride that phrase his thoughts seemed silently to travel for some seconds, whither, strangely enough, Sydney followed unerringly.

"You are thinking of that—was it school-fellow of yours?—you told me of yesterday."

"Yes. How did you find that out, Miss Alwyn?"

"Because I had been thinking of him too, this morning. Perhaps," hesitating for she was on totally unknown ground—"whatever his losses are, they may turn him into a hero. He may be glad some day he had them."

"H—m!"—Mr. Drayton smiled grimly—"I can't imagine the dawn of that day yet. I'm afraid it's easier for such as he to be brave than to be patient. And he's lost—"

"His money? All of it?" Sydney questioned; even her knowledge of life told her how often that was the base of mankind's woes.

"Not money alone. Worse."

"Not," she felt impelled to ask, "not some one—or—no, not the only person he loved?"

Such an innocent lighting up of her own heart's depths was here, Richard Drayton could have smiled at this revelation, so purely womanly. But he answered gravely:

"No, no, it is not that."

"Then," said Sydney, simply, with much relief, "he can't be hopeless!" with which dogma they turned in at the Dacie's gate, and Mary watching their approach, thought the girl had caught some new charm even since yesterday, and wondered if this Mr. Drayton, looking down upon her, saw it too. Then her own reflection, very visibly thirty, in a much-worn dress,

gleaned upon her from a mirror, and she turned away with a rising pang. Compared with Sydney, oh, how old, how plain, she looked! For once she determined with unusual shrinking, she would not go to meet her girl friend and—the stranger. They could do without her! But alas for her plan, the next moment her father called. Here were club papers she must see care of, all to be examined before the record came on Monday; and, with her most rare quality of jealousy quelled, by Sydney's kiss, she shook hands with Mr. Drayton, and while Dr. Dacie hunted out his leader in the newspaper, explained pleasantly how "Miss Alwyn spoils papa by reading to him every day at noon because his sight is rather bad, and I have not always time," and then slipped unobtrusively away to lure back her cheerfulness among household cares, leaving the caller, by special permission of the doctor and Sydney, listening to the morning news.

That noontime reading—one of Sydney's grateful new ways to pass old debts to the Dacies—must have been to Mr. Drayton's taste. On three successive days in the next week he appeared at the Gate House by Sydney's side, the two always as Mary Dacie, with a faint aching not to be stifled, used to notice, in lively conversation, and on the last day he even took his leave with her, claiming her company from the doctor's house to the very gate of the Dale, and they grew in a manner confidential.

"Mr. Vaughan," he told her as they went along, "wants to put an end to my going abroad again. Oh, roving habits pull hard, Miss Alwyn. Yet this counsel is always wise. Which shall I do—go or stay?"

"Stay, certainly," returned Sydney. "There's no place like home."

"But suppose I haven't a home? Only a house?"

"Make haste and find whatever you want to—improve it."

"And you think—with a side glance as if on her answer much hung—"you think I might—by and by—when I've turned myself round at Grandy's, find what I want to that end?"

"I really do."

"Then," said Richard Drayton, a sort of shy pleasure beaming over his honest, sunburnt face, "you're the casting vote—I'll abide by it. When I've looked Grandy's over and know how I stand, I shall be paying St. Clair's another visit."

"And I'll promise you one welcome," said Sydney; a speech he answered with such a farewell hand-shake as left her fingers tingling for ten minutes. Certainly they understood each other extremely well.

From her boudoir window Mrs. Alwyn could see, on the other side of the laurel hedge, a masculine felt accompanying Sydney's wild summer street. With a disapproving eye she watched the retreating shoulders of her daughter's escort, asking, as Sydney entered irradiated with some bit of pleasant thought:

"Is that singular friend of Mr. Vaughan's never going to leave? He fastens his society on you in a very persistent manner; one might say 'ill-bred,' as he is a perfect stranger."

"He never tests that way with me, mamma," apologized Sydney, prompt in defense; "being both Mr. Vaughan's friends, we seem quite used to each other. The boys say he is a capital fellow, and I think they are right."

Leonora looked scandalized, Mrs. Alwyn affronted.

"I consider, Sydney, that your mother's opinion should certainly outweigh that of a couple of raw boys! I look on this Mr. Drayton as inquisitive and ill-mannered. Pray, did he investigate the different parts of England you have lived in, as he did with me on Friday?" (A sketch of indignation justified under Mrs. Alwyn's private code of the permissible.)

"No, indeed, mamma; he did not. We have only talked of St. Clair's and—well, just the people we both knew here. Nothing else. And Mr. Drayton leaves to-day, so he won't annoy you any more."

That last intelligence was welcome; a waiting away of uneasy misgivings to other eyes than Mrs. Alwyn's. So Sydney got lightly off for her misdeeds, and her mother returned the grand civility which became her so well before the afternoon hour was disturbed by a visitor.

This was Mr. Edward Duveno, bearer of the expected inquiries as to Miss Villiers' health, and of a message from the countess, over which Mrs. Alwyn silently snuggled.

"Could she with her daughters spend an hour or two at Oakleigh Place on Saturday? She had had no time to see through the gardens properly last week. Lady Comyngham so much hoped they would see her a second visit while the place looked well."

Here was a flattering, discrimination, an appreciative calling to some forth from the common herd of last week's visitors, and he honored by reception into the inner family circle, that rejected every ambitious nerve in Mr. Alwyn's system. Of course she would go. No imaginable engagement would have kept her away. But instant acceptance would have been Mrs. Alwyn's. So the eye-glass went up to mark too evident satisfaction; a well-mannered uncertainty compelled, a hunt through the dusty morocco "engagement" book, and at last the "Thanks, I think we are free on Saturday."

(To be continued)



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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

DOES MONEY BRING HAPPINESS?

Does money bring happiness? A Letter Friend objects vigorously to the familiar bromidion that declares it doesn't. She thinks that is just an idea put up by those who have money to keep those who haven't contented.

"Our house needs painting so badly that it leaks every time there is a bad rain storm," she says; "my husband is wearing a desperately shabby suit; my boy ought to have his teeth straightened; I haven't had an all over new dress for five years. Do you mean to tell me that if I could get the money to have all these things and a lot more that I want, I wouldn't be happy? Nonsense!"

"I am glad that in face of such vehemence, I don't have to say that I mean to tell her anything of the sort. Of course she would get happiness out of the fulfillment of these long-letted wants."

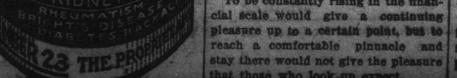
Would Develop New Wants.

And that happiness would last a little while and then she would develop other wants. And if she got the money to satisfy those, she would get temporary happiness out of that which would last until new wants crept up. But lasting happiness absolutely cannot be gotten out of money alone. It seems to me, as I study the relation of financial conditions to living, like this:—Having plenty of money prevents certain kinds of unhappiness such as inability to do for one's beloved ones in case of sickness, anxiety about the future and old age, the necessity for un congenial branches of a family to live together, the awful harassment of unavoidable debt, the inability to give one's children a fair chance, and similar conditions. But it does not bring happiness.

It is Fatally Easy To Get Used To Luxuries.

Of course each step up, with its widened vistas and its new luxuries, does bring a temporary gratification. But as there is nothing harder in the world than to give up luxuries to which one has been accustomed, so there is nothing more fatally easy in the world than to become accustomed to luxuries and to take them as a matter of course from which one soon ceases to get the first thrill of pleasure.

To be constantly rising in the financial scale would give a continuing pleasure up to a certain point, but to reach a comfortable pinnacle and stay there would not give the pleasure that those who look up expect.



The Search For Happiness Begun Again.

Emerson has a phrase, "they eat up your gifts like apples," which though it is used in quite a different connection, I always think of in relation to this subject. For that's what we do with greater financial freedom—we eat up our gifts like apples, and then begin again the search for happiness.



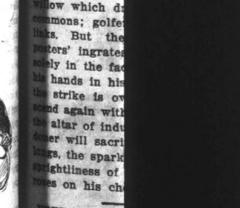
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Household Notes.

When preparing cucumbers eat raw, peel and serve soon after cutting. Do not soak them in water. If the dogs upset your garbage can, fasten a hook in a post in the back yard and hang it out of their reach. Green peas and carrots are delicious served with spaghetti to which a little grated cheese has been added. A little shaving cream will make the wringer turn more easily and will not drip and put black spots on your clothes.

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