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Cuticura Soap shaves without stings.

"Flatterers"

—OR—

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVII.
"SOME GRIEFS ARE MEDICINABLE!"

Mr. Villiers was done betimes next morning.

Knowing that Sydney was generally earliest in the breakfast-room, he calculated on receiving her alone. He had something in his waistcoat-pocket that he kept fingering taking it out now and then to look at—a thick gold circle, set with sapphires three. He had the words ready with which to offer this, and birthday greetings, and—himself! He ran the little speech through mentally half a dozen times while pacing to and fro in the fresh morning air, casting a glance each turn he took past the window to see if for whom he waited had appeared. Once over, he could see his breakfast without that awkward sensation as of a screw-propeller at work under his shirt-front. He could dash off a line to Tuffer and sundry others fixing a day for—

The door opened. "Now for it!" thought he, and made one stride in. Check! It was Leonora!

Leonora in pale-blue cambric, looking, for twenty-nine, quite youthful, as she stood with her back to the light, her brown locks rolled away in a tight knob, bathing fashion. Not hearing her cousin's step, she was bestowing all her attention on some object by Sydney's plate. It was her birthday gift, characteristic enough—a gilt-framed tinted photograph of her own fair self in sumptuous array. Square bodice deep-cut, pearls on the wide display of bosom, golden coils well nigh the only covering of the well-poised arms, face raised just enough to give the stately curve of the neck and catch the upward tilt of the eyelashes, folded hands resting on a tall vase so as to conceal no undulation of the handsome figure. It was the likeness of a very good-looking person, and the original, contemplating it with satisfaction, felt sorry she was going to part from it. None of fashion's beauties whom she had seen could compare with it to her mind. Fashion's beauties! Ah!—with an audible "Heigh-ho!"—was the day coming when some society paper, perchance, would go forth bearing her lineaments to the upper ten thousand, her name above, not an unwed belle, her signature below, not Leonora Villiers? "Heigh-ho!"

said she again, and gave a great start when her cousin, advancing, echoed her jocosely.

"What mean these plaintive sounds, Leonora? Are you wishing it were your twenty-first birthday over again, and you were going to have all sorts of good things given to you?"

"Indeed no, Rupert. I am not envious of Sydney in any respect. I suppose I sighed because I wanted my breakfast."

"Creditable subterfuge, if not correct answer. Well, I've been sighing here for the last half-hour because I want—my breakfast! Is Sydney taking my injunction literally and going to sleep the clock round before she comes down?"

"When she does, we shall have to wait for mamma," answered Leonora, demurely. "But take comfort, dear cousin, they won't be long. I heard mamma call Sydney into her boudoir just as I came down, to give her some lace, and a lecture, I presume. This—" indicating the picture—"is what I have got for her. Do you think she will like it?"

"She must," said Mr. Villiers; "that goes without saying. I do."

"Which?" returned Leonora, with a droop of her red lips, "is a perplexing arrangement of sentences. Am I to infer that because you like it—or say so—Sydney must do the same? And do you expect my stepmother's opinion invariably to mold itself sweetly to your good cousin's?"

"Oh, I've no fears on that point," replied Mr. Villiers, thinking with amusement. "Ah, charming Nora, so you are disposed to be spiteful, then, are you?"

She seemed waiting for him, and met his first gaze of questioning entreaty with a bearing incomprehensible in its blending of womanly firmness with girlish tremor.

"My dear, dearest Sydney," he exclaimed, offering to grasp both her hands—she was ready to take her to his arms over the houlder the attack the better or now!—but she repulsed him with a blush that was not unkind, and asked, looking up most wistfully:

"Have you heard, Rupert? And do you?"

"I have heard," he interrupted, "only that you have been frightening Aunt Helen with some fancy that is to upset us all. But I can't have that, you know!" (with a masterly softening of tone. She could never keep her eyes on him like this if there were another man in the case.)

"Come"—essaying to draw her to the sofa—"tell me what it all means, my dearest. I may say that, may I not?"

"Wait," she said, and freeing herself, took a chair close by. "Rupert, I wish mamma had told you everything. But you do know about my father's money going, do you not—all of it?"

"Yes—all but your mother's and yours, luckily." What was she driving at?

"All but ours—hers and mine—luckily, I suppose, or I might never have been able to do what I shall now. For did you know, too, Rupert, that many people—very poor ones—had lent papa their money, and—and have never had it back from then till now?"

He caught a glimpse of her intention, and resolved instantly to treat it as untenable.

"Yes, yes, I think I know what you are alluding to," he said, assuming carelessness; "but that business was wound up ages ago. All these great smashes involve a lot of little interests. It never can be helped. You must not think of concerning yourself about it. How came you to hear of it even?"

"It was chance, or"—looking beyond him with what he silently dubbed a fanatical sort of resolve that made him very uncomfortable—"or something wiser than I am among these very people on Wednesday. So I know all about them. And the money that is mine to-day is just a very little over—"

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but women are ungainly cattle, he thought, with a sudden spic of savagery, in his mind. Once Mrs. Alwyn had said something of a man called Drayton. Was he at the bottom of this hullabaloo? Had not he, Rupert, been not enough in his steps? At any rate, he vowed, with the peach so near his lips he wouldn't lose it now for want of warm wooling! So with the hot front of impatient fervor he prepared to fight, tooth and nail, for his own interests—and thus entered Sydney's presence.

She seemed waiting for him, and met his first gaze of questioning entreaty with a bearing incomprehensible in its blending of womanly firmness with girlish tremor.

"A few days ago, two gentlemen, who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property of the testator, found they could not discharge the legacies by some hundreds of pounds; astonished at this circumstance, as the deceased had frequently informed them he should leave more than sufficient for that purpose, they made the most diligent search possible among his papers, etc., and found a scrap of paper on which was written, 'Seven Hundred Pounds in Till'."

"This they took in the literal sense of it; but as their friend had never been in trade, they thought it singular he should keep such a sum of money in a till; however, they examined all the apartments carefully, but in vain, and after repeated attempts to discover it, gave over the search. They sold his collection of books to an eminent bookseller, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it, and they recollected among the books sold there was a folio edition of Tillotson's Sermons.

"The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word, 'Till' on the piece of paper made one of them immediately wait on the bookseller, who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson which had been among the books sold to him? On his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them; and on examining the leaves found bank notes singularly dispersed in various parts of the volumes to the amount of £700.

"But what is perhaps no less remarkable, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Oxford, residing in his catalogue of this edition, had written to him and desired it might be sent to him; which was accordingly done. But the bindings of the books not meeting with the gentleman's approbation, they had been returned, and laid upon his (the bookseller's) shelves until the notes were found."—Bookman's Journal.

the bare sums they lent. So, Rupert, I am going to pay it to them."

"Sydney! Impossible!"

She watched him while she unfolded her plan. Now her spirit sunk, and her head drooped.

"Ah!" she said, "I was afraid you would think so."

"Afraid!" he exclaimed, getting up excitedly. "Why, my dear—why, Sydney, you must have known what I should say. It's only what any man, short of an idiot, would say, I am alone any one who cares for you, as I do. Listen to me"—halting before her—"I do assure you occurrences like these are as common as—ditch-water. Your father's business was purely itself compared to most failures. These people you talk about ought to have watched their own interests better than they did. But for them to go and rake up their grievances—for you to dream of stripping yourself penniless on their behalf!—why, it isn't to be thought of for an instant. It would be most preposterous absurdity."

"It would be common honesty."

"No, no. You are not a judge of these worldly matters. I tell you we can't allow it. You must not do it, Sydney, you shall not!"

"But, Rupert, I will."

"He had overshot the mark. Sydney stood up, too, confronting him. The color ebbed from her face, but her clear eyes, her mouth, were resolute in what she now discerned was to be a double sacrifice. Mr. Villiers was beside himself with anger. He walked from her, frowning, and stood at the window, staring moodily out.

(To be continued)

Cash Value of Sermons.

The Meeting Place of the Great Sea Roads.

"London is a great city because it is a great port," says the Morning Post. "The Metropolis is out of sight of the sea. It would, for instance, be utterly impossible to feed London by land. The whole railway system could not keep London alive. Had the enemy blockaded the mouth of the Thames during the war it would have been necessary to remove the greater proportion of the population of London and to distribute them among other ports which could still be supplied from the sea.

"It may be said that the real difficulty of transport and distribution begins at the dockside. Our supplies of food and raw material are brought in vessels averaging 5,000 tons, which can only enter the larger ports. From the ship the cargoes must be brought to the doors of the consignees, to factory, mill, warehouse, and shop. This is the expensive process, because it involves the cost of labour in handling the goods, unloading them from great ships to smaller ships, or from ship to dock and warehouse taking them by road or rail to their particular destinations. Some of the goods brought to the Port of London are transhipped into coasting vessels; some go by rail; a great deal of stuff is taken by road. As in the case of other ancient ports, such as Liverpool, the city has grown faster than the docks, so that the docks instead of being conveniently planned to supply the city, have been deprived of proper space and direct access."

Few people, perhaps, realize that 50 per cent. of the population of Great Britain live within fifteen or twenty miles of the sea, that about 14 per cent. of the rest dwell in agricultural areas, which in the matter of food are self-supporting, and that only the remainder require their supplies brought to them over a long inland route. Most of our raw material, coal excepted, is brought from overseas. Half our meat, and four-fifths of our wheat, are imported. These things are paid for by the export of coal and of manufactures.

"Because our sources of supply and our markets alike are overseas, the great industrial towns tend to the coast, giving them access to the universal road of the sea. No other country is blessed with like advantages. These islands being set at the meeting-place of the great sea-roads, and endowed with many deep harbours, are the natural home of the overseas trader. In these circumstances the late Admiral Mahan found the origin of British sea-trade and its corollary British sea-power."

Household Notes.

A little vanilla improves the flavor of stewed raisins.

Add 3/4 cupful of cocoa and a little vanilla to bread pudding.

Coarsely chopped walnut meats give a delicious flavor to raisin bread.

When boiling salt mackerel add a few slices of onion to the fresh water.

Dry your corn husks and save them. They make lovely baskets and mats.

A few seasoned stewed tomatoes give a nice flavor to macaroni and gratin.

Open two or three desserts can be made at one time, thus saving labor and fuel.

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK.



Pattern 3655 was used for this charming style. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 1/4 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 1/2 yards.

Organdy, crepe, crepe de chine, lingerie materials, silk and gingham are good for this design.

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A PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Pattern 3663 is here shown. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material.

Gingham, percale, chambray, lawn, dimity, pongee, serge and suiting could be used for the model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

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