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CONTAINS NO ALUM

"Flatterers"

OR

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER VII
IN THE DOMESTIC CAMP.

"Now, how very good that is of you, Alfred! But I knew that, though even you cannot tell the wear and tear of nerves brought about by constantly dwelling on two daughters' futures, yet I was sure you would enter into my cares. I was positive you would see no indiscretion in my writing as I did, that you would help me if you could. Thank you," laying her hand effusively upon his arm. "Oh, thank you so very much!"

"Well, there," said the gallant major, scarcely at ease under such a gush of affectionate eloquence, "let's wait and see what you have to be thankful for. You must bear in mind I can't force Rupert's inclinations any more than you can force Miss Sydney's."

"And that would be, quite impossible!" put in Miss Sydney's mother, with emphasis.

"And right enough it should be so. I've no doubt," returned the old officer. "I've often heard that any halter's sure to hurt if you don't slip your head through of your own free-will. Still, I must say fairly that I like this youngest girl of your well enough to wish her for Rupert. Perhaps, as I've told you this without mincing matters, you won't mind explaining how it is that she gets over the traces here at home? How she and Leonora contrive to fall out? Forewarned, forearmed—eh? She doesn't look to me an unmanageable lass."

"Unmanageable! Oh, dear, no!" answered Mrs. Alwyn, hastily—that term repeated might scare Mr. Rupert. "Pray, don't think I ever intended to convey such a thing. She is simply the complete opposite of Leonora and myself. To put it as briefly and expressively as possible, a thorough Alwyn. All our differences, all our difficulties lie in that. Nothing short of living with us would open your eyes to what that means. But, of course, I naturally strive after Sydney's happiness, and I confess I see it most directly, most clearly, in a suitable marriage."

"And you're not anxious to make Miss Leonora happy in the same way?" said the major, bluntly, but a trifle puzzled. The same end attained by the absence of either daughter, he couldn't understand why seniority should not have priority in matrimonial honors. "There's no question about my niece being uncommonly handsome. You don't intend her for an old maid, do you?"

The gentleman was nearer the root of the matter than he suspected. Mrs. Alwyn colored, and mounted her gold eye-glasses, as she had a trick of always doing if confused.

"An old maid! Oh, dear, no!" she returned, looking down and sticking bits of lime-blossom off her skirts. "There is no likelihood of that, indeed. Leonora has had more than one offer from—or, well, as she declined them, the lady called away from explanation of these suitors' ineptitude. "And now," lowering her voice as Leonora appeared in the distance, "just at this time there appears a great probability of her having a proposal which I think would fulfill my best expectations for her. You have heard me mention the Comynghams?"

"What, the people at Oakleigh Place? The earl's family you were speaking about yesterday? You surely don't mean my niece is going to marry one of them?"

"Gently, my dear major. We must not speak, or even think, positively about it. Only I felt I must admit you to my confidence thus far. It's the second son: the Honorable Edward Duveme—honorable and reverend, for he is rector of Oakleigh too. It's the family living—eight hundred a year. So no doubt he was put in the church on purpose to get it."

"I shouldn't have thought an earl's second son would have needed that," commented the major. "I thought the Comynghams were a wealthy family."

"Are, but not were," explained Mrs. Alwyn. "This earl has only just got the title, you know. The late one was his cousin, and was expected to marry some day, quite up to the time of his sudden death. So these people—they used simply to be the Duvemes. Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn were really, considering their birth, not at all rich, and were glad enough to secure eight hundred a year for their son. The old rector died just after the late earl, most conveniently, and Edward Duveme read himself in at Oakleigh a few Sundays before his father came down to the place last spring."

"And you say this gentleman is making up to Leonora?"

"He certainly seems very much attracted. We have attended his little church lately—Leonora and I. Sydney always finds something to keep her to this place. Oakleigh is less than a mile off, the quaintest little place, and so comfortable; not half so draughty as our larger, rambling building, where I get neuralgia dreadfully. Mr. Duveme sent us hymn-books by the clerk. He has called on us two or three times, and often walks half-way home by Leonora. Of course, I have called at the Place, and the countess has left cards here. If nothing—if no one interfered, I believe it will end in my dear child entering the Comyngham circle. I think that would be a marriage we should have every reason to congratulate her and ourselves on. Lord Comyngham is the seventh earl, and his eldest son is single yet."

Mrs. Alwyn dropped her glasses and drew up her still handsome figure, all her passion for position, once so grievously humiliated, ringing out in her last words: such a dazzling vista

opening out for her beautiful daughter, no wonder she undertook to rough-hew from the path any obstacle between her and the brilliant goal.

Brilliant, indeed! To the major it seemed rather impossible; but it was not his place to damp her by doubts, so threading his way back through these enchanting prospects to the point whence he had started, he rather provoked his sister-in-law by asking calmly:

"Will you excuse me for being very stupid, but for the life of me, I can't see why you shouldn't settle on Leonora and her honorable and reverend before troubling yourself about little Sydney. She doesn't interfere with the illustrious suitor, does she?"

Mrs. Alwyn bit her lip and tapped her foot on the grass, impatiently. "These elderly men were frightfully dense—what the natives of St. Clair's would call pig-headed."

To admit Leonora the least fraction jealous was not to be thought of; so, with the self-abnegation demanded occasionally of maternal schemers, she took the weak point over as a private grievance, and answered accordingly.

"Of course, Sydney doesn't wish to interfere. I quite acquit her of any such design. But you can see she is liable to be present whenever this gentleman calls. Is apt to be put forward by injudicious friends of her own, as she was only the other day by those people named Dacie, and the rector, at a sort of village feast. I can tell you how presently. And, excuse me for saying it, dear Major Villiers, but a woman like myself, who has seen much of the world, knows how soon a man's fancy is distracted, what trifles sometimes upset the chances of life-long wedlock. I felt I should never forgive myself if I didn't smooth our Leonora's way as much as possible, and I felt, too, that I was more than justified when at the same time I was doing my best to promote Sydney's welfare. Oh, I'm afraid this all seems very perplexing to you, a man; but I do hope you believe and trust me to be doing my best as a mother."

It was rather perplexing, certainly; but while the lady was explaining and counter-explaining herself out of the maze, and rather obviously getting her guiding-threads into confusion, the major had mentally made an honest short-cut, and reached what happened to be precisely the right conclusion.

"Fact is," he thought, "he makes fish of one and fowl of the other, as old Alistair would have said. That's about the long and short of it; and, metaphorically giving himself a pat on the back for his acumen in finding this out, he got up to close the conference with a polite speech.

"Oh, yes, yes. Naturally you do your best all round, Helen, and certainly I wish both your young folks good-luck. And I won't quarrel with the part of your plan which offers one of them to my boy. Let me see. Rupert is pretty well tied to the desk, but he'll have two or three clear days in August. May I tell him to run down then?"

"Certainly! Before, if he likes. From the Saturday evening to Monday morning. We will send to meet him, and have him driven back for the seven o'clock train from Hemyngford."

"I'll tell him, then, and you'll soon have him over. And I'm not to give a hint of what he comes for to my dark, haired friend yonder?" nodding toward Sydney, who had just entered the garden from the village.

"Not for a moment. Not a word, please."

"So be it. This is a pretty place, this Dale," looking at the white-gabled house, ivy up the front, climaxed over the porch, paneled doorway and mullioned windows; "how came your brother to own it? It looks as though it should belong to some squire of these parts rather than to a loose bit of property to a man from another country."

(To be continued)



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In the fair land of Immortality.
The children of the dead smile merrily
And the old hearts no crosses have to bear;
No pale, wan cheeks the chalk of suffering wear,
From all men, freed their endless years are free,
They are at rest, as oft we pray to be.

No treasured dreams are broken in despair,
Life is serene, secure from shame and scorn,
The wrack of sickness and its anguished hours,
Their is a richer, purer world than ours.
Yet for the dead the living dare to mourn!
The lonely days are long for us who stay,
But sweet the peace of those who go away.

Savages' "Secret Wireless."

FEATS OF UNCIVILIZED ROADS.
There are secrets held by the savage which completed better civilized man. The Maoris, to quote only one example, can walk with bare feet over red hot stones for a distance of twelve feet without suffering the least burn.

The Shintos of Japan hold a somewhat similar secret. At the Houshi Shinsukoy Temple, situated at Kanda, a district of Tokio, it is the custom for a fire-walking performance to be held every half-year, while another marvellous feat is the ordeal of billing water—or "yubana," as it is called—at which the devotees literally drench themselves with boiling water without so much as the smallest blister appearing on the skin.

Seyals Le Roy, the famous Belgian explorer, on one occasion visited the Congo. His tricks delighted the natives—especially their own professional conjurers. But at last one of them showed himself his master. Taking an ordinary turnip he made it change into a human face! How it was done has remained a secret to this day.

A Wonderful Native Wizard.
So-called savages, even of the lowest type of mentality, are able to do things which modern science is at a total loss to explain, and as in the case of the turnip, can beat the white man at his own game.

One of the most marvellous of all the secrets is the power they possess of obtaining information of events occurring hundreds of miles away without contact with the ordinary channels of communication.

For instance, when Dr. R. W. Felkin accompanied Emin Pasha on his tour through Uganda, he travelled northwards towards the Soudan, arriving at Lado, about a thousand miles south of Khartoum.

Soon after his arrival a native wizard informed him that during the night previous he had been at Munchers of Bak, on the Nile, 850 miles away, and that two steamers had just arrived there.

How Does The News Spread?
Naturally Dr. Felkin laughed at the news, for having been away from civilization for so long, he knew nothing of the "talking of the Soudan. But the wizard insisted on its truth, described the people on the steamers, and spoke of a short Englishman, with a big beard, who would arrive at Lado in about thirty days with letters for himself.

Thirty-two days later Lupton Bey arrived with the letters. How did the informant learn the news? According to Dr. Felkin the wizard was never more than a few miles from his native

village in his life, and the only explanation that would seem to fit the facts is that he and others of his kind have a command over the mysteries of telepathy possessed by no European.

So with the Zulus and other South African natives, who possess the means of distributing news of which we know absolutely nothing. The relief of Mafeking was known the day following in Zululand and likewise seven hundred miles away in the interior of Cape Colony.

Before adding thickening to oxtail soup allow it to cool and remove fat which collects on top.

Fashion Plates.



Pattern 3577 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 3/4 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. The sleeve may be finished with or without the cuff portion and the drapery on the skirt may be omitted. The skirt is mounted on a body lining.

Serge, satin, taffeta, pongee, linen, gingham, sateen and challis could be used for this style.

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

A SMART SUIT.



This attractive style illustrates a seasonable combination of Ladies' Coat Pattern 3588, Skirt 3578 and Vest 3581. The vest may be omitted, or with or without a jabot or chemise will form a suitable accessory to this model. The Skirt is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches waist measure. The Coat in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Vest in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. To make this suit for a medium size will require 7 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for coat and skirt, and 2 yards of 27 inch material for the vest.

Embroidered linen, crepe, mohair, tulle, ducron, jersey cloth, taffeta, serge or satin could be used. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 3/4 yards.

This illustration calls for THREE separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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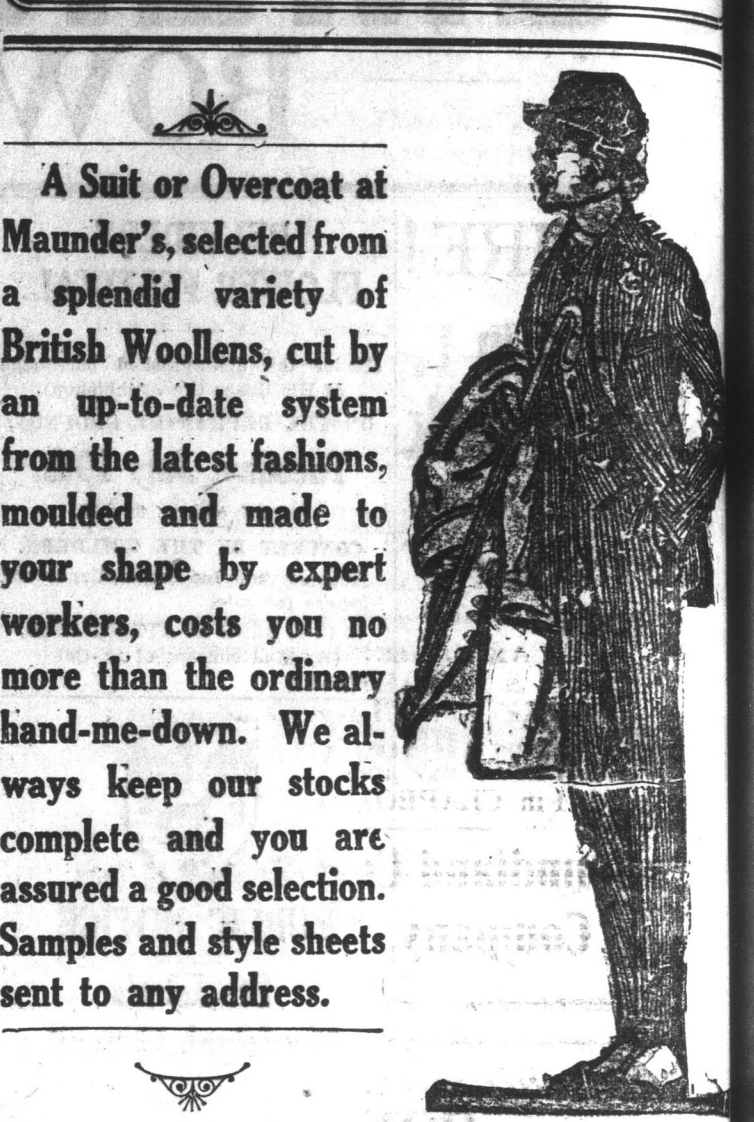
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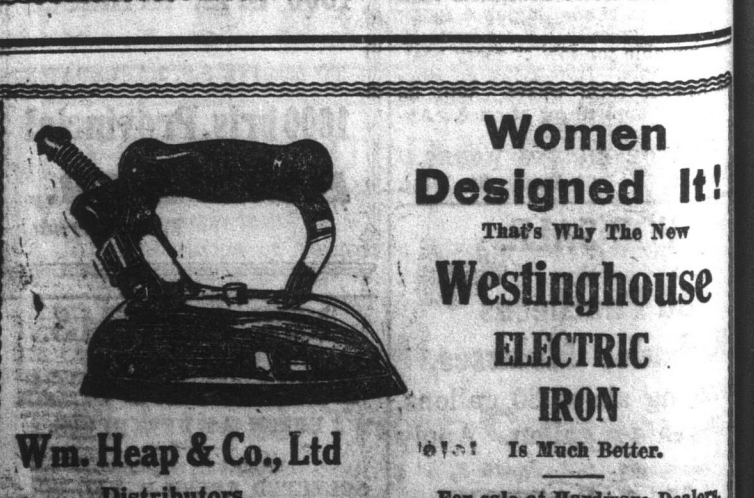
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