



**IN THE TOILS;**

**But Happiness Comes at Last.**

CHAPTER VIII.  
FROM MIDNIGHT TO DAWN.

The streets of London late at night, during the hours immediately preceding the dawn, are not the most cheerful of places in which to be wandering, not even in the summer, but in the winter, with the dreariness of the blank houses, with their windows shuttered and blind-covered, like closed eyes, and with the grim silence broken only by the measured, melancholy, and monotonous tread of the heavy-footed policeman, they bear an aspect of utter desolation. No, take them for all in all, there is no more trying situation under the sun than to be homeless and friendless in the streets of London just before a December dawn. Bad enough for an individual acquainted with the London maze and the habits of a vagrant, but for Olive—the delicate girl—woman who knew no more of London than could be learned from a cab window or a chance walk—such a situation was appalling. She hesitated a moment as if by instinct, started in the direction of the heart of the city. Her one idea was to get as far and as quickly as possible away from the house and the presence of the man who had deceived her—her destination was a matter of unconscious indifference; she simply hurried on, feeling neither the cold nor fatigue, wrapped in her misery as in a cloak, and numbed by despair.

Every now and then a policeman passed her in her hurried flight, and turned to look at her, flashing his lantern upon her retreating form; but as his only familiar "Move on!" was scarcely applicable to one who was already moving on so rapidly and persistently, he merely granted and resumed his steady tramp, tramp. Every now and then a cat darted across the road from one area to another.

Once a woman, friendless and alone like herself, rose from the steps of a house and stared at her, with curiosity and dumb astonishment; but Olive, all unconscious of the nearness of evil, hurried on.

At last the dawn fairly broke, the rattle of country carts sprang suddenly into the air; the milkman came trotting and shivering on his rounds; workmen, with their day's dinner in their handkerchiefs, slouched, half re-

luctantly, along the streets; then, at the corner of a street, a brougham stopped for a moment, and a tipsy man, in evening dress, with his hat crushed and his shirt front stained with wine, got out and stumbled up the steps, and the coachman stopped to stare at the slim, girlish figure fitting past. By degrees London life woke with a slowly, ever-increasing roar, and, as the clock struck eight, Olive, instinctively avoiding the broad thoroughfares, passed into one of the quiet squares that lie behind Holborn, and, though once fashionable, are now relinquished to the doctor, the lawyer, and the flourishing descendants of Israel.

The quiet of the locality suddenly told upon the overwrought condition of the fugitive.

She paused a moment to rest, and in that pause her scintillating strength deserted her.

She had stopped on the pavement running round the green square, and with her hands tight round the railings was looking dreamily into the inclosure, when she thought that she was back at Hawthorpe under the limes of the churchyard and looking down through the railings of the old graves. It was not perhaps an unnatural fancy, and it was with a sigh of relief to think that the past five months were all a dream, that she turned—as she thought—to go home to the old, dreary work beneath her grim aunt's roof; but, at the moment of turning, exhaustion, which had been impatiently waiting for her for some hours past, seized and claimed her for its own. She slid, rather than fell, upon the cold pavement, happily unconscious, with a smile upon her lips, and lay there at peace.

A policeman turned the corner as she fell, and in three minutes Olive would have been taken in charge, or carried to the workhouse, but in the first of those precious moments some one drew up the blind of a window in the house opposite, and in the third of those three moments a man and a woman came hurrying across the square. After a moment's examination of the white, beautiful face, they lifted Olive, and between them carried her bodily into the house, just as the policeman, having finished a conversation with the maid who was shaking a doormat at the corner house, came tramping up.

CHAPTER IX.  
SISTERS BY ADOPTION.

THE scene is a comfortable, not to say handsomely furnished room; the time five by the clock that ticks on the mantelshelf over the glowing fire. Outside can be heard dimly, and not unpleasantly, the roar of a great London thoroughfare, that is just near enough, and not too near, to suggest companionship instead of a nuisance.

There are three persons in the comfortable room; one a lady, a lady with a handsome face, and a figure that has scarcely matured to middle age; she is seated in a low chair, leaning back with a book in her hand, and looking across with a gentle smile at another lady, who is lying back opposite her in the depths of a most exquisitely comfortable old-fashioned chair. This second lady we know tolerably well, though she is so altered that we might almost be excused for not recognizing her. It is Olive; no longer pale, emaciated, and haggard, but at last at rest, with a faint, shell-like flush on her clear cheek, and a peaceful light in her dark, beautiful eyes.

She has now a book in her hands, but it lies face downward in her lap, and her eyes meet those of the lady opposite her.

At a table, also within the glow of the fire, sits an individual whom at first sight we would be inclined to take for a boy. It is a boy's stature, a boy's figure, a boy's face, and yet a second and more searching glance would show us that it was not a boy, but a man; a man with a strangely placid, childlike countenance, with soft, child-like hair and hands, a creature with the years of a man, but the form, the face, and the mind of a child. Looking over his shoulder we see that he is busy arranging a quantity of tin soldiers in line of battle, and is completely absorbed by his occupation.

On the wool hearthrug between the two ladies was a fat pig, who groans now and then as the fire scorches him, and a canary, doing in a little pagoda cage hanging in the window, wakes up every now and then with a chirp of indignation against the idea of his having been asleep.

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THE QUIET OF THE LOCALITY.

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**CHEST COLDS**  
may mean weak lungs and need more thorough treatment than mere syrups, physics or stimulants.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

corrects chest colds by giving strength to the blood and warmth to the body, while it is famous with physicians for relieving hard coughs and soothing the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes.

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"Yes, quite right; we have been very happy, yes, yes;" and, clambering down from the chair on which he was kneeling, he came and sat down beside the fire between the two women, looking up from one to the other, with a placid smile.

"But I must not forget," said Olive, leaning forward, with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on the handsome face opposite her. "Six weeks ago I was helpless and alone in the world, quite alone! when you, dear Miss Haldine—"

"Katrine—you promised to call me Katrine," said the other softly.

"Katrine," continued Olive tremulously; "when you came like an angel from heaven and saved me. What would have become of me if you had not seen me from the window?" she shuddered—"if you had not come out with Mr. Haldine—"

"Eh!" said the boy-man, pushing up his ears.

"Call him John," said Katrine softly.

"When you and John came and brought me in—brought me in, and nursed me as if I were your sister."

"That is it," said Katrine Haldane, with a smile; "you are our sister—is she not, John?"

"Certainly, certainly," asserted John, with the firmness of one asserting a self-evident proposition.

"You see!" said Katrine again.

Olive's eyes filled, and she put out her hand and laid it gently on the small, soft one of the boy-man's.

"I see," she said, "that you have the kindest and noblest hearts on earth, but—"

"But what?" put in Katrine Haldane, leaning forward and speaking with a gentle warmth. "But what? If you will go back, let us do so! Six weeks ago, I, looking from my window, see you, one of my own sex, a young girl, clinging to the railings opposite. I—and John"—she pats his head, with a smile—"go out and bring you in. You are very ill—very ill indeed, and you grew worse; thanks to a good constitution, and such poor nursing as we can give you, you recover, you grow better rapidly; you become one of us—we learn to love you—don't we, John?"

"Certainly, yes, yes."

"And all we ask is that, if you are happy with us, and have no friends, that you remain with us and be our sister. Is not that so, John?"

"Certainly, certainly," John said, promptly.

Olive shades her face.

"And not once during all that six weeks have you asked one question," she says, with a hot flush.

"No, why should we?" is the reply, in a low voice. "You are alone, helpless, have suffered, have been near death's door, and are well again. That is enough for us—who have also suffered."

Olive's hand, still white and thin, covers her eyes.

"I did not think there were such people in the whole world," she says simply.

"There are better people in existence than one would think," says Katrine, with a little laugh—"and as to questions: why, dear, what questions have you asked?"

Olive looks across at her with a stare of surprise.



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Winter and Spring Weights. Good Shapes, Good Colours, Good Patterns. Prices from **40c. to \$1.60.**

*Steer Bros*

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JUST IN TIME FOR THE COLD SPURT. Two particularly good lines of **Men's Winter-Weight Underwear.**

Our stock of these is a bit heavier than we like it to be, and to hasten its reduction we make two very special price cuts. The garments are just what you would expect to find at this Store—shapely, easy-fitting and warm.

Drop in! We are more than eager that you should see these. Two special prices await you—

**\$3.00 per suit and \$5.75.**

*Smith's*

ESTABLISHED 1813

**EARLY M**

**MILLION MEN FOR THE ARMY.**

LONDON, Feb. 18. (The Renter's.)—Estimates for the money to be submitted by the Secretary of State for War, provide for five million men.

**BULGARS AND BULGARS ON WEST FRONT.**

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 18. The New Rotterdam Courant reports from the frontier that 30,000 Turks and Bulgars are understood to have arrived at Verriers, Belgium, 14 miles east of Liege.

**GERMANS WILL TAKE REVAL.**

STOCKHOLM, Feb. 18. Germany resumes war. Within a week we will occupy Reval, General Staffmann, the German military representative at Brest-Litovsk peace conference is reported to have told the Russians late in January when asked what would happen if they didn't accept Germany's final terms. The Stockholm announcement indicates that Germany is moving to carry out this threat. Reval is the capital of the Province of Esthonia. It is situated on the Gulf of Finland and has been one of the principal Russian naval bases for Baltic operations. Its population before the war of 1905 was 60,000 and 70,000. The German occupation of Riga last year, the extension of their invasion toward gave them possession of a portion of the Province of Livonia, including virtually all the coast on the Gulf of Riga. Its area is 18,800 square miles. Immediately north, the Province of Esthonia, 7,800 square miles in area. These two provinces together with the Province of Courland and which has for some time been in German possession, comprise the Baltic province, possession of which by Germany in the peace settlement has been insisted upon by the ultra annexationist faction of the Reich. The occupation of Reval would naturally be one of the first steps to be taken were a military advance upon Petrograd in prospect. A railroad runs thence along the coast to the capital at which is about 100 miles distance.

**SOME ARMY LEFT.**

PETROGRAD, Feb. 18. Although during the past eight days the Russian soldiers have been gradually returning homeward, the number remaining under arms is nearly estimated at from five mil-

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You are