

Cold Water—
Hot Water—
Hard Water—
Soft Water—



MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XLII

Before they left London for Brentwood a better understanding was arrived at between Hettie and her uncle. They were alike in many respects—in simple honesty and sincerity, in a certain unworldliness of character that was beautiful in itself, in a certain sense of honor and loyalty that both held most sacred. When Hettie recovered her spirits, and began to talk more freely to the general, he was charmed with her sweet, quaint wisdom; she knew so much, she was so helpful, so self-reliant, and she excused herself so simply when he taxed her with much learning or scholarship. She had been obliged to read, she said, in order to converse with her father. Such was the love this girl had borne so tender, so devoted so true, that the general could not forbid all mention of his name; and, though Hettie seldom referred to her father, when she did so she was listened to in silence, it not with respect.

Leah seemed much happier. Her love and her lover were to her far too sacred to be lightly discussed as they drove from shop to shop in search of elegances and novelties in the way of dress.

"Hettie," she said, "one morning, I cannot tell you much while we are here, amid the noise and bustle of London, but when we reach Brentwood I shall have something to say to you."

In the mean time, they were most happy together. Leah was far too noble for jealousy. She delighted to see her uncle lavish kindness, valuable presents, and attentions on Hettie. She was far more pleased then when the like were lavished on herself; and Sir Arthur was proud of her generosity. During these ten days she had heard repeatedly from Sir Basil. Why she said nothing about him she could scarcely have explained, except on the ground that she intended to tell Hettie all the story of her love when they were at Brentwood. The general had said to her one day that it would be better for her to say nothing of Hettie to Sir Basil at present; she could tell him, however, that he would find another inmate at Brentwood, one whom he would be compelled to like very much, and that Sir Arthur had a communication to make to him when they met again.

"He will think I am married," laughed the general. "How surprised he will be!"

"Uncle," asked Leah suddenly, "do you think that Basil will like Hettie?"

He looked at her uneasily for a short time, and then he replied,—"I should think that he is sure to like her. I do not see how he can help it. The difference between you two sisters is this—you take one's heart by storm; Hettie creeps into it unawares."

"The real question," laughed Leah, "is which is likely to remain the longer?"

"You would. Loving you, Leah, would be a fever which no man could shake off. Make yourself quite easy about that. Basil is sure to like Hettie."

But for a few minutes after he had spoken the words the general did not seem quite like himself.

They returned to Brentwood; but Sir Basil was not there to meet them. He had gone to Glasgow on some sudden and unforeseen business, and was uncertain as to the precise day of his return. He had written to Leah, and professed to be more curious about the "new inmate" and the communication that Sir Arthur had to make. It was a very kind, affectionate letter, and Leah read it with a flush on her face and tears in her eyes. She kissed it when she had mastered every word in it, and thought, with a glow of warmth in her heart, what a happy life lay before them. And Basil would be sure to like Hettie. Had not her uncle said so?—and he was clear of sight and keen of judgment. She had no fear; the happy future for which she had longed and hoped was sure to be hers. What of that curse, the memory of which had haunted her and frightened her? It meant nothing; it could mean nothing; and after all, her father had wished every word unsaid. Why need the memory of it pain her now? There came to her mind a sudden resolution; she would try to atone to her father by double love and goodness to Hettie. She determined that when they reached Brentwood she would tell Hettie her love-story before she saw Basil, and afterward they would be such good friends, such dear friends.

The weather had changed on the day they left London for Brentwood. There was something like a gleam of warmth and brightness in the winter sun; the air was clear, the sky blue. Leah was proud of Brentwood. She saw Hettie's fair face flush and her eyes open wide as they drove through the magnificent avenue, and the first view of the great old mansion burst upon them.

"Is that Brentwood?" she asked. "O, Leah! I never thought it was like that. It is a palace!"

"There is many a palace not half so beautiful," said the general.

But Hettie was thinking that Leah would one day be mistress of it, and her wonder grew. She was honestly pleased that Leah, and not herself, was to be so favored.

"I should not know what to do with such wealth," she thought to herself, and her eyes wandered from the grand old mansion to the beautiful face at her stately sister. What a perfect queen she would make of that perfect home! She liked the general more because of his warm welcome to her. He kissed her, and bade her welcome to Brentwood, his heart full of honest emotion, his eyes full of tears. Surely, if the little sister whom he had loved and lost years before, knew how fully he had carried out her wishes, she would be pleased with him.

To Leah's eyes Brentwood had never looked so beautiful as it did in the gold and gray of this November day. She was supremely happy. She had chosen her sister's rooms—they were to be next to her own—and they had been prettily arranged for her. Leah showed her all over the house—the music-room, with its magnificent carvings; the grand picture gallery, with its fine collection of paintings; the large drawing-room, with its beautiful decorations; and whenever Hettie interrupted her sister, it was to say how well suited she was to the home

over which she was to reign as mistress.

"We will go through the grounds and gardens to-morrow," said Leah. "I am tired now."

"What would my father have thought of all this splendor, Leah?" remarked Hettie, wonderingly.

"He would have enjoyed it," was the quiet reply; and Hettie said no more. It was late that night before either sister slept—the happiness of being together was so intense.

"It is like reaching a safe harbor after sailing on a stormy sea," thought Leah. But she did not hear "the moaning of the harbor bar."

CHAPTER XLIII

A clear frosty day in November, the first after Hettie's arrival at Brentwood, the sun shining brightly and the crisp air full of new life. Leah said that the lovely weather was sent for her sister's benefit, that she might see Brentwood at its best.

Hettie was made to feel perfectly at home. Her costly outfit was all packed away in the fine old oaken wardrobes; she had arranged her rooms according to her own ideas of what was best, and her favorite books were all in their places. The sisters had enjoyed making these arrangements, and the general was happier than he had ever been in his life before. He rejoiced when he heard the sound of the two voices. The happy, sunny, laughter was music in his ears; and, after a day's shooting, he was never so happy in the drawing-room, when dinner was near, as when comparing the two faces, each so beautiful in its own way.

The general and his niece were at breakfast together, and an argument arose as to whether three in a family, or in ordinary life, were not better than two. Hettie solved the question at once.

"Two persons may have the same ideas, the same opinions and thought, and thus may agree perfectly; but no three persons could possibly be alike. I should think, niece," she continued, "that in our case it would be Leah and yourself who would agree about everything, and I who should naturally oppose both."

By this time Sir Arthur and his niece were close friends. They paid due respect and did homage to the fine and noble qualities, they saw in each other. Hettie had all the gentle, graceful tact of a well-bred, refined gentleman; she never touched on topics which she knew annoyed Sir Arthur or irritated him. Once having become friends, they could have lived together forever without one word or shadow of disappointment. Sir Arthur realized that his happiness was decidedly increased. He looked forward with pleasure to the fact that Hettie would be always with them. At first, remembering the long and pleasant conversations that he had had with Leah, he had fancied the new-comer might be in the way. He found that it was just the reverse—looked that she added to their happiness.

The general had determined that, as soon as they were settled, he would give a series of entertainments, and that Hettie should be introduced to the great world. There need be no concealment, no mystery; she was Leah's sister, and she had been living with a relative who now was dead. He was still desirous, if it could be managed, that it should not be known to the world in general that they were the daughters of Martin Ray.

"I must have a long talk with Leah this morning," he said to himself, "and later on I must see Basil. I have much to say to him; but the chances are that he will not return to-day; I must wait."

(To be continued.)

A Daughter of Omar.

(By Minna Irving.)

My wants are few, a one-piece bathing suit
Of knitted silk, fur-trimmed or fringe perhaps;
A pair of sandals laced with ribbons red.

The nastiest of scarlet rubber caps,
A vivid parasol to fend away
Too ardent sun and prying eyes from me.

When I am not alone, white sand, a rock,
It will not matter if there is no sea.
A five-pound box of chocolates, my case

Of perfumed cigarettes—"tis platinum
And bears my monogram in diamonds,
Sapphires, and emeralds—some chewing gum.

My golden lip-stick, also set with gems
Rubies and pearls—a tiny powder puff,
And every day a different young man
Beside me on the beach were joy enough.

—New York Herald.

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Made of Pink Sateen, elastic at waist, ribbon straps.
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In large pieces.
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Serge.
For Ladies' or Children's Dresses, in Navy, White, Cream, Gray and Brown.
Per Yard, 59c.

Men's Balbriggan Underwear.
A suitable weight for Spring wear.
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Men's Lightweight Underwear.
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Infants' Silk Bonnets.
Beautifully trimmed with ribbons of contrasting colors. We have these in White and Pale Blue.
Each, \$1.98

Children's Panama Hats.
Splendid value; to fit ages 4 to 10 years.
Each, \$1.49 & \$1.98

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Good quality Silk Hose. Come and get yours here for the next dance.
Per Pair, 49c.

White Nainsook.
Ladies' now is the time to make your Underskirts for Summer wear, and we can give you a bargain in this fine Nainsook.
Per Yard, 39c.

Blay Calico.
Splendid Calico; this is what you need for many household uses.
Per Yard, 35c.

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Per Pair, 15c.

Men's Work Pants.
Made of serviceable Twill.
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Just what you need for Spring wear.
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Men's Overalls.
Made of good serviceable Blue-striped Denim.
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