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A BIT OF BLUE ENAMEL

TRADED BY A VALENTINE

Marjorie was looking at her with admiration, and marvelling how Edgar Hyde could be so cold to her—for cold he undoubtedly was.

She was thinking of this so very earnestly that she forgot to notice her own progress across the ice.

There was one part which was admittedly dangerous, and to this part, in her abstraction, she had skated.

She was half-way across the treacherous bit before she remembered where she was; and even then it was only an ominous cracking sound which aroused her to a sense of her danger.

Alarmed, she tried to skate back into safety, but it was too late.

The treacherous ice was breaking up in all directions.

A piece of water two yards wide, and cold, and dark, and cruel, stretched itself between her and the firm ice on the other side.

The piece on which she stood bent horribly beneath her weight.

Another moment, and, with a pitiful cry for help, she was engulfed in the chilling water.



Madeline, who had witnessed her danger with horror, skated up to the verge of the fatal spot, at the same time uttering loud cries for help.

Marjorie's clothes had kept her from sinking as yet, but it was evident it was but a momentary reprieve.

Unless help was given her speedily she would disappear beyond the reach of human aid.

White as death with agitation, Madeline knelt down at the very edge of the ice, and, regardless of the danger to herself, stretched out her hand to the drowning girl.

In a moment the ice gave way beneath her weight, and she clutched at Marjorie, only to be drawn into the water with her.

If help had not been at hand, neither of the two would have emerged alive. But the gardener had seen the accident, and was hurrying to the lake with a ladder, which was providentially near.

By the aid of this they were rescued, and were removed to the house, pale and shivering indeed, but not seriously the worse for their wetting.

They changed their clothes, but would not do as the frightened servants advised, and go to bed.

They should do quite well, they declared, if they sat warmly wrapped up by the fire in Madeline's own room.

Marjorie had not said much while the servants were present, but the moment she was alone with her friend, she knelt on the floor at her feet, and, taking her hand, kissed it with overflowing gratitude.

"Madeline, how can I ever repay you?" she whispered, while her glowing cheek and shining eye testified to the depth of her emotion. "I owe my life to you!"

Suddenly Madeline bent forward, and clasped her in her arms.

"Do you think so, dear? Then remember the debt until I ask for payment. Some day Marjorie, I may ask a life from you."

She tried to speak with affected lightness, but there was a touch of real, of almost terrible earnestness in her tone, which would not be suppressed, and she kept her head resolutely bent so that Marjorie might not see the flush on her cheek—the strange, excited glitter in her eye.

CHAPTER IX.

St. Valentine's Eve.
The next day was Sunday, and St. Valentine's Eve.

Mr. Hyde, who had, of course, been deeply concerned at hearing of the ice accident, which might so easily have been fatal, would not hear of either Madeline or Marjorie attending Divine service at the church.

He himself went, and his nephews, though not without some little demur, accompanied him.

Out of this a little incident arose, which rather discomposed Marjorie.

"Now, young men," said the uncle, as he rose from the breakfast table, if you intend to get to church this morning, it is high time you began to think about it."

Edgar made a slight grimace behind his uncle's back.

Edgar hesitated, and said something about his being lonely for the ladies to



The crowning joy of motherhood is to have healthy children. But there can be no joy in motherhood without health, and without health for the mother there can be no health for the child.

It is of vital importance for women to know that the health of mother and child is in general entirely within woman's control. The thousands of women who for the book in paper covers, and 50 prescriptions when expecting motherhood, have testified that it made them healthy and happy in the days of waiting, made the baby's advent practically painless, and gave them health to give their children.

Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm (Rosedale Center), Ennsburg, Va., writes: "During the past year, I have expected my own work, and in rapidly failing health. I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing perceptibly weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. Took twelve bottles of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. Began to improve immediately, my health became excellent and I could take all the work I wished on a good sized farm. I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

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be left at home by themselves.

"Don't you trouble about the ladies, my boy," said Mr. Hyde, cheerily, and yet with a look of slight vexation on his ruddy, good-humoured face. "You'll excuse them—eh, my dears?"

Madeline assented languidly.

Marjorie looked up, and said, with energy—

"Oh, please don't stay at home on our account. We would much rather you went to church, wouldn't we, Madeline?"

"That settles it. Come, my boys. Let us make a start," said Mr. Hyde, cheerily still but with an air which implied he expected to be obeyed.

He left the room at the next moment, and his eldest nephew very coolly made a gesture of derision behind his back.

This did not greatly surprise Marjorie. She was prejudiced against Edgar, and expected nothing better from him.

But what did surprise, and grieve her too, was that Charles should laugh at the gesture, as if he approved of it, clapping his brother on the back the while, and muttering something in his ear which convulsed them both with laughter.

"A pottering old Puritan!" said Edgar, beneath his breath. "Why can't he leave us alone? Goodness knows he does enough psalm-singing for the family!"

Charles laughed again at this, and then, still jesting and grumbling, they quitted the room.

Madeline glanced at Marjorie to see if she had noticed this bit of by-play, and perceiving from her face that she had, she sighed faintly, and said—

"You see, Marjorie, all is not gold that glitters. My cousins usually pass for very well-behaved young men. I daresay you have thought them so. But you observe they can on occasion be disrespectful to their uncle, and make a jest of sacred things. Did you notice, Marjorie?"

"I saw Edgar was very—" began Marjorie, but Madeline stopped her, rather sharply.

"It was not Edgar alone," she cried, adding, after a moment, with great



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energy and significance: "Whatever Edgar's faults may be, Charles has worse."

Marjorie made no reply to this. Knowing how passionately Madeline loved Edgar, she was far too generous-natured to say another word against him; and, moreover, her heart was heavy as she thought of her own lover. Loyal, loving little soul though she was, she could not help feeling that he had lowered himself greatly in her esteem.

Marjorie was no Puritan. Her religion was of a sweet, simple, cheerful kind, with no admixture of gloom or bitterness about it.

She was the last in the world to be severe on other people's faults. But it hurt her to think her lover could make an open jest—even in her presence—of sacred things, and it hurt her still more that he should sneer at his uncle who, she felt sure, had been the best and kindest of friends to both him and Edgar.

Madeline had once remarked that they owed all they had to him.

Marjorie's whole soul revolted against anything like ingratitude. And so she sat secretly mourning her lover's shortcomings, though not loving him one whit the less because of them.

There had been such a charm in that frank smile and sunny glance of his as had completely won her heart.

She could not take back lightly what she had so fully given.

She and Madeline spent a great part of the morning with their prayer-books, but it may be questioned whether either of them was really able to fix her thoughts on what she read.

Certainly it was a relief to both when the gentlemen came home for luncheon.

Early in the afternoon, the sky, which had been fairly bright in the morning, clouded over, and became a dull, dreary grey, while a soaking rain came down.

It rained without intermission all through the afternoon and evening. The dullness of the day seemed to cast a shadow on the spirits of almost everybody at Denelands.

Madeline spent the greater part of the afternoon sitting at the window, watching the rain as it poured in a pitiless deluge upon the wood.

The dark mass of trees, stripped of all foliage, looked unspeakably sombre through the grey, wet mist; but Madeline seemed to find a sort of melancholy satisfaction in gazing at it.

Marjorie stole a glance at her more than once, and saw she was not inclined to talk.

She was paler than usual, and there was a look of brooding melancholy in her eyes.

Edgar Hyde kept getting up from his chair and pacing about the room in impatient restlessness, occasionally venting an outburst against the weather.

His uneasiness sat absorbed in thought. Marjorie felt strangely sad and out of sorts, and of all the party Charles Hyde alone retained any vestige of cheerfulness on that dull, dreary February afternoon.

He kept talking genially to each one in turn, and it was only when he found that no one—not even Marjorie—was in the mood for conversation, that he took refuge in a book.

"I feel just as though something were going to happen—something dreadful!" thought Marjorie, with a little shiver of apprehension, as she watched the cold, driving rain.

Then she remembered that to-morrow was St. Valentine's Day, the anniversary of her father's awful death; and at the recollection she shivered again, though she could scarce tell why.

Dinner at Denelands was served early on Sunday days.

The rain continuing, no one attempted to go to church, and the evening to be as dreary as the afternoon.

"I think I'll go round to the stables and have a look at that horse," remarked Charles getting up with a yawn.

The horse he alluded to was the one they had purchased yesterday.

He was away about ten minutes, and when he came back he limped badly, and was evidently in pain.

"The brute has kicked me!" he said, jerking into a chair.

"Why, what the—?" began Edgar, angrily; but stopped at a reproving look from his uncle. "Do you mean to say you can't walk any better than that?" he demanded, after a pause.

"If you'd got my foot, I question whether you'd walk as well," retorted Charles, with perfect good humor. "There's a bruise on it, I'll wager, as black as my hat."

"Come upstairs and let's have a look at it," said his brother, impatiently. "I never knew such a careless fellow. The horse would have been right enough if you'd let it alone."

And he cast an almost savage look at him.

All three gentlemen left the room together, Charles, leaning on his brother's arm.

In about ten minutes Edgar came down, looking cross and sullen.

"To his foot really much hurt?" asked Madeline, while Marjorie was consumed with the secret anxiety she dared not show.

"Oh, yes, he's hurt right enough," replied Edgar, crossly. "What did he want to go meddling with the horse for? His cursed folly may—"

He stopped short, biting his lip in some confusion, as the door opened to admit his uncle, and behind him, Charles, with his injured foot in a large slipper and his face a trifle paler than usual.

Marjorie sent a glance of sympathy towards him, and he acknowledged it. The horse would have been right enough if you'd let it alone."

And he cast an almost savage look by getting near her presently, and taking her hand for a moment with a gently menacing pressure.

To Be Continued.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE HORSE.

Plays of Great Feet Toss With Pointers About Racers.

A few extracts from the plays of William Shakespeare reveal the great poet in the novel light of an accomplished horse reporter. One of his characters indulges in the following panegyric:

"I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca ha! he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; le chevel volant, the Pegasus, chez les pannes de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes."

"It is the color of nutmeg—and of the heat of ginger. It is a beast for Perseus; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth, and water never appear in him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse."

"It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. No more, cousin! Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign to ride on, and for the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and begun thus: 'Wonder of nature,' etc."

The lines above quoted are uttered by the Dauphin and Orleans in the third act of "King Henry V." (first part).

In the course of the word fencing between Benedick and Beatrice in "Measure for Measure," the former observes:

"I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer."

In the same play Dogberry sagely notes: "And two men ride a horse, one must ride behind."

"Love's Labor Lost": "The hobby horse is forgot. Callest thou my love a hobby horse? No, master, the hobby horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. Fetch him or the swain, he must carry me a letter. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass. Marry, sir, you must send me the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited."

"Taming of the Shrew": "As many diseases as two and fifty horses."

"Henry VIII.": "Anger is like a full, hot horse."

"King Richard III.": "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

"Hamlet": "Six Barbary horses against six French swords."

"King Lear": "In pure kindness to his horse, butted his hay."

Hundreds of similar allusions to horses may be traced to the works of Shakespearean concordances, and perhaps will afford the amateur cryptographer plenty of material to prove that Shakespeare was a hostler. Evidently it was not for nothing that the poet, as a youth, held horses at the theatre door.

Eliza Cook, Victorian Poetess.

In the progress of popular literature, a feature of the early Victorian days, no writer of poetry seized the fancy of the masses more strongly than Eliza Cook.

Eliza Cook, born in 1812, was the daughter of a tradesman in the London road, Southwark. Prosperity enabled the family to give her a superior education, and it drew forth considerable literary ability. As in the case of L. E. L., William Jordan, editor of The Literary Gazette, encouraged the authoress in her work, which in a few years attained remarkable popularity.

Eliza Cook's muse touched the hearts of a great people. She possessed a genuine lyrical faculty, witnessed in a number of songs like "The Englishman," "I'm Afloat" (composed by the late Henry Russell), "The Old Arm Chair," "Star of Glenarary," and "The Ploughshare of Old England." Among the writer's lighter efforts are "The Mourner," "Tis a Wild Night at Sea," and "Love On," an eloquent answer to the Hon. Mrs. Norton's melancholy "Love Not," owing its success to John Blockley's fine air. It was Eliza Cook's effusion, "The Hood," that created public sympathy to erect a monument over his remains in Kensal-green cemetery.

The poetess died in 1889.

Latest Penny-in-the-Slot Machine.

The most interesting of the penny-in-the-slot machines introduced in London is the post restant. An English paper thus describes it: You have an appointment, say, with John Jones at Paddington Station at 5 o'clock. You find that you can not keep it, and it is too late to apprise Jones of the fact by telegraphing at his home or office. You can't send a messenger, for he probably wouldn't find the right Jones. So you dispatch a telegram addressed "John Jones, Automatique, Paddington." The telegraph messenger delivers it to the machine, which exposes the address behind the glass, Jones, finding that you don't appear at the proper time, looks in the machine and sees the telegram. He gets it by putting a penny in the slot.

The disadvantage is, of course, that anybody can get anybody else's message by putting in his penny. But the British public seems willing to take a chance at that.

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