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Love in a Flour Mill, OR, The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XI
"I don't want to buy; I want to swap," said Smithers. "This gentleman will give you the suit he's wearing for than rubbishy lot of yours, if you will chuck in ten bob and a couple of collars and a cap for me."
The Jew started back, threw up his arms, and looked as if he were about to faint. A stern haggling commenced—one of frenzied excitement on the part of the Jew, who was met by Smithers, a foeman worthy of his steel, with an air of banter and self-possession which nearly drove his opponent to actual madness. Ronald seated himself on some bales of cloth, lit a cigarette, and enjoyed the fun. In the end Smithers was declared the victor. Ronald exchanged his clothes behind a partition, and emerged looking a very smart mate indeed; so smart that Smithers could not suppress his satisfaction, which he expressed by a low whistle of admiration.
Some other purchases were made, with the same wordy warfare, and they were leaving the shop, the Jew exclaiming woefully that he was a ruined man, when Smithers, happening to glance round, caught a smile on

the oily countenance of the Jew, who was examining the clothes Ronald had discarded.
"Did you think to empy yer pockets, sir?" asked Smithers, swiftly.
"No, by George!" replied Ronald.
Smithers made a dart at the clothes and, with calm deliberation, took the contents from the pockets; the Jew, with acute disappointment, and an overdone air of injury, exclaiming:
"Well, of all the suspicious customers I ever 'ad, s'welp me, you take the cake! Did you think I wanted to rob you? I was just goin' to feel in the pockets myself."
"I know you were—when we'd gone," said Smithers, as he handed the almost miraculously recovered property to its owner.
"That would have been a good day's work for our friend inside there, sir," he remarked cheerfully.
"That gold cigarette case, them notes and the rest of it, would have set him up for life, as the soldier said when they stuck him up against the wall to be shot at."
"I think the fellow met his match with you, Smithers," remarked Ronald.
"Well, sir, it was a pretty tough fight; but you can always get even with a Jew, if you observe the following rules: never to give him more than a quarter he asks, and to keep yer wool on. A Jew as is really a Jew worth the name allus arsts double what 'ee means to take, and would rather let you 'ave what yer trying to

buy at a small profit than not to sell at all. You see, sir; it's the selling of the things they enjoy; it's the only object they live for; and, if they can sell you at the same time, why, it's simply 'eaven to them."
"You appear to have a pretty extensive knowledge of human nature," Smithers, said Ronald.
"Well, just a bit, sir," admitted Smithers, modestly; "but I've found, sir, that all sorts of men are very much alike; there's only one number they care for, and that's Number One."
They made their way through somewhat dirty and crowded thoroughfares and narrower and still dirtier streets, until they came to a little square, which, in its quietude and comparative cleanliness, was like an oasis in the sordid desert they had traversed. The houses were small, grey, grim, and sober, but they had an air of modest respectability. In most of the windows was visible a card, inscribed with "Apartments"; and, as the two men made their way down one side of the square, the occupants of the houses, mostly women, came to the windows or doors and eyed them eagerly and hungrily.
"This is where most of the sea captains and mates stop when they're ashore, sir," said Smithers. "It's like the country to them." He glanced, as if in explanation, at two or three stunted, blackened, and melancholy trees, which were making a hard struggle for existence in the enclosed place in the centre of the square. "They must be near their ships; but they like to see the grass and hear the birds singing; and you'd be surprised what a lot of birds there are in London besides sparrows. You can hear them singin' like one o'clock in some of these squares on a summer evening. Here we are, sir. 'Alf a mo'!" he added, pausing at the entrance to one of the houses, the exterior of which was so clean that it looked as if it had been newly painted. "Ave you thought of a name, sir?"
"A name?" said Ronald.
"It won't do to use yer proper name. If you'll excuse me, sir, it's

got too aristocratic a sound; to say nothin' of its always bein' better to change yer name when you get the opportunity, as the old maid said."
Ronald laughed.
"Yes; I suppose you're right," he said. "Upon my word, I can't think of—"
"There's Brown, Thomson, Jones, all useful names," suggested Smithers thoughtfully; "but they don't seem to fit you somehow or other, sir."
"How would Robert Carew do?" asked Ronald. They were the Christian names of an ancestor of his.
"First rate, sir!" said Smithers, repeating it several times. "It's got a smack o' the sea; Mother Carey's Chickens, you know, sir. Now, you're a mate lookin' for a berth and I'm a cove you've picked up and taken a fancy to. That's the part of the fairy tale they'll find it very difficult to believe. Here's Mrs. Podford comin' to the door," he added under his breath, a moment afterwards exclaiming aloud with a kind of abated joy: "Why, Mr. Podford, 'ere you are, and lookin' as bloomin' as ever! Declare I thought it was Miss Betsy agrowed up. There's no change in you, ma'am, as the cabman said when the gent gave him a bad 'alf-sovereign. This gentleman wants a room; and I wants a little useful occupation; so, if you can put him up, and take me on for a bit as 'ead cook and bottle-washer, russ and general man-servant, why, now's the time to strike a bargain it will suit both parties."
It was a bargain that was very quickly and easily struck. Ronald was shown to a small but clean room at the top of the house, and Smithers, with a wink of satisfaction at his master, descended to the basement, where, judging by the shrill cries of joy from Mrs. Podford's offspring, he was more than welcome.

CHAPTER XII

Fortunately for Ronald, he was one of those men who can readily adapt themselves to circumstances. That these persons are more numerous than may readily be supposed is proved by the fact that Englishmen of gentle birth and luxurious habits can, when they are compelled by circumstances not only face hardship and privation without growling, but make themselves fairly happy under conditions which at one time, and even to themselves, would have seemed impossible.
For instance, how many tenderly nurtured youths of good families take their lives in their hands and go out to the colonies and still wilder places, earning their daily bread, and sometimes a very small quantity of it, in ways at which the ordinary farm laborer, well housed and fed, and well paid into the bargain, would turn up his nose! It is a well-known fact, and much to our credit as a nation, that a vast army of young Englishmen, well born and nursed in the lap of luxury, are carrying themselves honestly and nobly in remote places of the earth, packing oranges at five shillings a day, making roads, felling trees, keeping livery stables, working as farm hands, and doing it all not only uncomplainingly, but cheerfully.
Ronald Desborough was one of this kind of men. But, indeed, he had no very great hardship to endure while under Mrs. Podford's hospitable roof. It was a modest little place enough, but was clean and comfortable, and the food, though plain, was good and well-cooked. The house was frequented, as Smithers had said, by seafaring folk, who were out all day, busy with their ships, returning in the evening to a substantial meal, in which vegetables figured prominently—for your sailor looks forward to them when he comes on shore—which was served in a fairly large room that served as dining-room, drawing room, and smoking-room in one.
(To be Continued.)

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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1532—AN IDEAL AUTUMN DRESS FOR THE YOUNG MISS.



Juniors Dress.
Striped novelty suiting in a new shade of green with trimming of matched velvet was used in this instance. This design is also good for serge, wool, poplin, corduroy, velvet and taffeta. The waist is in semi-fitted coat blouse style, with pockets on the belt, and a choice of a long sleeve, with straight cuff, or a short sleeve trimmed with a smart turn-back cuff. The skirt is gored and has the fulness laid in deep plaits. This model has simple stylish lines, and will make a smart dress, suitable for many occasions. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 years size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1513—1512.
WAIST—1513. SKIRT—1512.



A Trim and Up to Date Costume.
Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern, 1513 and Ladies' Skirt, 1512. Striped wool poplin, in gray with facings of matched taffeta is here shown. Serge, wool mixtures, plain and checked suitings are also appropriate. The waist is made with convertible collar, the most popular style feature of the season. The sleeve may be finished with a deep, new, cuff in wrist length, or comfortable and short with a turn back cuff. The skirt is a "yoke" model, lengthened by plaited gores. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 25, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 10 yards of 36 inch material for the entire costume for a medium size.
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