

ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

If Roy had seemed unsympathetic as they drove home it was not because he did not feel keenly. His mind was far too much engrossed to notice Cecil much, and that, perhaps, was a good thing, for just then in her great dejection any ordinary acute observer could not have failed to read her story.

Roy slept little that night, and went up to business the next morning in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, for he could hardly resist his longing to go straight to Sigrid, and see how things were with her. When he entered the shop Darnell was in his usual place at the left-hand counter, but Frithiof was arranging some songs on a stand in the center, and Roy was at once struck by a change that had come over him. Then it chanced that Frithiof came into his room with a message.

"There is a Mr. Carruthers waiting to speak to you," he said, handing him a card; "he has two manuscript songs which he wishes to submit to you."

"Tell him I am engaged," said Roy. "And that as for songs, we have enough to last us for the next two years."

"They are rather good; he has shown them to me. You might just glance through them," suggested Frithiof.

"I shall write a book some day on the sorrows of a music-publisher!" said Roy. "How many thousands of composers do you think there can be in this overcrowded country? No, I'll not see the man; I'm in too bad a temper; but you can just bring in the songs, and I will look at them and talk to you at the same time."

Frithiof returned in a minute, carrying the neat manuscripts which meant so much to the composer and so little, alas! to the publisher. Roy glanced through the first.

"The usual style of thing," he said. "Moon, man, and maid, rill and hill, quarrel, kisses—all based on 'So the Story Goes.' I don't think this is worth sending to the reader. What's the other? Words by Swinburne: 'If Love were what the Rose is.' Yes, you are right; this one is original; I rather like that refrain. We will send it to Martino and see what he thinks of it. Tell Mr. Carruthers that he shall hear about it in a month or two. And take him back this moonlight affair. Don't go yet; he can wait on tenter-hooks a little longer. Of course they have told me at home about all this fuss on Monday, and I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is that?" said Frithiof.

"That you won't worry about this miserable five-pound note. That, if you never think of it again, you will remember that my father and I both regard the accident as if it had never happened."

"Then you took his view of the affair?" said Frithiof.

"Yes, it seems to me the only reasonable one; but don't let us talk of a thing that is blotted out and done away. It makes no difference whatever to me, and you must promise that you won't let it come between us."

"You are very good," said Frithiof, sadly; and, remembering the hopelessness of arguing with one who took this view of his trouble, he said no more, but went back to the poor composer, whose face lengthened when he saw that his hands were not empty, but brightened into radiant hope as Frithiof explained that one song would really have the rare privilege of being actually looked at. His intervention had, at any rate, saved Mr. Carruthers from that hard fate.

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of two customers, evidently a very recently married couple, who had come to choose a piano. Once again he had to summon Roy, who stood patiently discoursing on the various merits of different makers until at last the purchase had been made. Then, unable any longer to resist the feverish impatience which had been consuming him for so long, he snatched up his hat, left word with Frithiof that he should be absent for an hour, and getting into a hansom drove straight to the model lodgings.

He felt a curious sense of incongruity as he walked across the

court-yard; this great business-like place was, as Sigrid had once said, very much like a hive. An air of industry and orderliness pervaded it, and Roy, in his eager impatience, felt as if he had no right there at all. This feeling cast a sort of chill over his happiness as he knocked at the familiar door. A voice within bade him enter, and, emerging from behind the Japanese screen, he found Sigrid hard at work ironing. She wore a large brown holland apron and bib over her black dress, her sleeves were turned back, revealing her round, white arms up to the elbow, and the table was strewn with collars and cuffs.

"I thought it was Mrs. Hallfield come to scrub the kitchen," she exclaimed, "or I should not have cried 'Come in!' so unceremoniously. Cecil told us you were expected last night."

"Will you forgive me for coming at this hour?" he began, eagerly. "I knew it was the only time I was sure to find you at home, and I couldn't rest till I had seen you."

"It was very good of you to come," she said, coloring a little; "you won't mind if I just finish my work while we talk?"

"I have seen Frithiof," he said, rather nervously. "He is looking better than I had expected after such an annoyance."

"You have spoken to him about it?"

"Only for a minute or two. After all, what is there to say but that the whole affair must be forgotten, and never again mentioned by a soul. I want so to make you understand that it is to us nothing at all, that it is ridiculous to suppose that it can affect our thoughts of him. It was the sort of thing, that might happen to any one after such an illness."

Sigrid looked up at him.

"You take that view of it," she said, slowly. "Somehow I had hoped you would have been able to find the true explanation."

"If there were any other you surely know that I would seek for it with all my might," said Roy. "But I do not see how any other explanation can possibly exist."

She sighed.

"You are disappointed," he said. "You thought I should have taken the view that Carlo Donati takes. I only wish I could. But, you see, my nature is more prosaic. I can't make myself believe a thing when all the evidences are against it."

"I am not blaming you," said Sigrid. "It is quite natural, and of course most employers would have taken a far harder view of the matter, and turned Frithiof off at a moment's notice. You and Mr. Boniface have been very kind."

"Don't speak like that," he exclaimed. "How can you speak of kindness as between us? You know that Frithiof is like a brother to me."

"No," she said; "you are mistaken. I know that you are fond of him; but, if he were like a brother to you, then you would understand him; you would trust him through everything as I do."

"Sigrid," he said, passionately, "you are not going to let this come between us? You know that I love you with all my heart, you know that I would do anything in the world for you, but even for love of you I can not make myself believe that black is white."

"I am not reproaching you because you do not think as we think," she said, quickly. "But in one way this must come between us."

"Hush!" he said, imploringly. "wait a little longer. I will not today ask you for your answer; I will wait as long as you please; but don't speak now while your mind is full of this trouble."

"If I do not speak now, when do you think I shall be more at leisure?" she asked, coldly. "Oh! it seems a light thing to you, and you are kind, and pass it over, and hush it up, but you don't realize how bitter it is to a Norwegian to have such a shadow cast on his honesty. Do you think that even if you forget it we can forget? Do you think that the other men in the shop hold your view? Do you think that Mr. Horner agrees with you?"

"Perhaps not. What do I care for them?" said Roy.

"No; that is just it. To you it is a matter of indifference, but to Frithiof it is just a daily torture. And

pininess while he is miserable! You would have me go and leave him when at any moment he may break down again!"

"I would never ask you to leave him," said Roy. "Our marriage would not all involve that. It would be a proof to him of how little this wretched business affects my opinion of him; it would prove to all the world that we don't regard it as anything but the merest accident."

"Do you think the world would be convinced?" said Sigrid, very bitterly. "I will tell you what it would say. It would say that I had so entangled you that you could not free yourself, and that, in spite of Frithiof's disgrace, you were obliged to marry me. And that shall never be said."

"For Heaven's sake don't let the miserable gossip, the worthless opinion of outsiders, make our lives miserable. What do we care for the world? It is nothing to us. Let them say what they will; so long as they only say lies what difference does it make to us?"

"You don't know what you are talking about," she said, and for the first time the tears rushed to her eyes. "Your life has been all sheltered and happy. But out there in Bergen I have had to bear coldness and contempt, and the knowledge that even death did not shield my father from the poisonous tongues of the slanderers. Lies can't make the things they say true, but do you think that lies have no power to harm you? no power to torture you? Oh! before you say that you should just try."

"But don't you see," he urged, "that it is only a form of pride which you are giving way to? It is only that which is keeping us apart."

"And what if it is," she replied, her eyes flashing. "A woman has a right to be proud in such matters. Besides, it is not only pride. It is that I can't think of happiness while Frithiof is miserable. My first duty is to him; and how could I flaunt my happiness in his face? how could I now bring back to him the remembrance of all his past troubles?"

"At least wait," pleaded Roy once more; "at least let me once more ask your final answer a few months hence."

"I will wait until Frithiof's name is cleared," she said, passionately. "You may ask me again then, not before."

"Sigrid," he said, "I will not urge you any more. It shall be as you wish. Other men have had to wait. I suppose I, too, can bear it. I only ask one thing, tell me this once that you love me."

He saw the lovely color flood her cheek, she turned toward him silently but with all her soul in her eyes. She loved him—he loved her with the whole strength of his being. Was it likely that a miserable five-pound note could forever divide them? Poor Roy! as Sigrid had said, he had lived such a sheltered life. He knew so little of the

"A TRIUMPH" IN TEA QUALITY

"SALADA"

PURE, CLEANLY PREPARED AND DELICIOUS
BLACK, MIXED or NATURAL GREEN

Free Samples mailed on enquiry.
Address: "SALADA," Toronto.

you would have me think of hap-
world.

(To be continued.)

The Queen, "Poor Bairn."

An interesting picture of Queen Victoria a few months after her accession is to be found in one of Carlyle's letters. "Yesterday," he writes, "going through one of the parks, I saw the poor little Queen. She was in an open carriage, preceded by three or four swift, red-coated troopers; all off for Windsor just as I happened to pass. Another carriage or carriages followed with maids of honor, etc., the whole drove very fast. It seemed to me the poor little Queen was a bit modest, nice, sony little lassie, blue eyes, light hair, white skin; of extremely small stature; she looked timid, anxious, almost frightened; for the people looked at her in perfect silence; one old liveryman alone touched his hat to her. I was heartily sorry for the poor bairn—though perhaps she might have said, as Parson Swan did, 'Greet not for me, brethren; for, verily, yes, verily, I greet not for myself.'"—London Chronicle.

If you don't like your bed, don't lie in it. Get up and make it again.

Buy Living Fish.

Copenhagen has a model fish market, built by the municipality. With the exception of the larger varieties, like cod and halibut, all the fish are kept alive in tessellated tanks filled with running water. There is no other town where all the fish, whether cheap or dear, are so beautifully fresh. In the harbor there are a large number of wooden boats pierced with holes and filled with fish. These boats just float on the surface of the water, and the living fish are taken out of them when wanted. But as every one cannot go to the water's edge to buy fish, there are water tanks on wheels, and the live fish are brought to the doors of the people's houses.


Chickens Lack Originality.

Abby, the littlest girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked: "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

We can't see ourselves as others see us by looking in a mirror.

HOTEL TRAYMORE

ON THE OCEAN FRONT.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



A magnificent ten-story, fire-proof addition is just being completed, making this famous hotel the newest and most up-to-date of Atlantic City Hotels. A new feature is the unusual size of the bed rooms, averaging 19 feet square. Every room commands an ocean view, bath attached with sea and fresh water. Chevalglass in every chamber. Temperature regulated by Thermosaid, the latest development in steam heating. Telephone in every room. Golf privileges. Capacity 600. Write for illustrated booklet.

CHARLES O. MARQUETTE, TRAYMORE HOTEL COMPANY,
Manager. D. S. WHITE, President.

Use Your Influence for Concrete Roads

There's no need to point out the advantages of good roads.



The kind of good road, however, is another matter.

It used to be that there was little choice. Macadam for the country and smaller cities was the only material used. Then, twenty years ago concrete was introduced. And for these twenty years concrete has been proving itself.

It is now acknowledged to be one of the best known materials for roads or for street pavements—to be as far superior to ordinary macadam as macadam is superior to sand.

Estimating the Cost.

It is not the first cost of a road that determines its real cost; nor is it the first six months of service that determines whether it's a good road or a poor one.

The only sure way to find out what a road has cost, is to add to the first cost all that is spent for repairs in fifteen or twenty years.

Now, that's where concrete roads win every argument—their first cost is practically their only cost; they require little or no upkeep

cost. Concrete, instead of needing repair, actually becomes stronger with age.

How You Can Help.

You can help your community to come to a wise decision the next time the question of roads comes up. Your influence will be a factor in providing yourself and your neighbors with thoroughly satisfactory highways.

We wish to convince you first—we know that when you are "backed up," with facts which we will gladly furnish you, you will be able to convince your neighbors.

Make it your business to get these facts. We have a special department which will not only give you the facts, but will also supply valuable assistance to any community desiring to build concrete roads.

Ask for "Good Roads Literature" or use the coupon.

Address—Good Roads Department,
Canada Cement Company, Ltd., Montreal

Please send me the facts about concrete highways.
