

The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

I wish that in my inadequate words I could fix for a moment picture to your imagination half the natural grace, the daintiness, and charm of this young creature. Her beauty—the smallest, delicate softness and fairness of her skin, the absolute symmetry of her figure, slender as any fairy dancing on dew-hung leaves by moonlight, but perfect in shape as a sculptor's model, but perfect in her conduct strikes a reader as extravagant or absurd, I can only say: "Had you seen Lillith Saxon as I saw her, and loved her as I loved her, anything and everything done for her, would appear to you comprehensible and excusable."

Happily, no doubt you who read this will think but most disastrously as I considered it at that moment, the figure of Lady Madge, and the beauty of this child that I was to marry this person or that? Hers was merely a childish fancy for me, which would disappear when she passed to long gowns and grown-up dresses. I was about to say, "I wish, while I live, to be a model for my pictures."

"I'm not too young for that!" she had protested. "And, if I am not sent to school and made a young lady of, I will be no reason why I shouldn't be your model. A girl's model in Winchelsea became an artist's model when she was younger than I am. Artists have made pencil-sketches of me, and sometimes they've been about with father; and they've all said they'd like to paint a big picture from me. But father, he would never let me sit to anybody."

"Nor would I, Lillith. I shall be vexed if you talk like this any more. For one thing, I only paint the sea." "But you could paint me as a seamyph just sticking my head out of the waves, couldn't you?" she asked earnestly. "No, dear. I never paint figures. You must be a good girl and do just as I say."

"But what will be the good of my education if it's never to make me good enough for you?" she asked pathetically, and forthwith burst into tears upon my shoulder.

I could do no less than slip my arm round her and soothe and console her, under which treatment her sobs rapidly died away, and in a very few seconds she turned a moist, but radiant face up to mine, with soft lips curved into a kiss.

"Kiss me, Mr. Hervey!" she whispered, and "I'll promise to be obedient and good."

I kissed her cheek softly, but she quickly brushed her face against mine and offered me her lips.

"Otherwise I shall think you are cross with me," she said, as coldly as I could, and led her home to Mrs. Nokes, in whose care I placed her, being resolved to go at once to London in order to cover her law. I could see quite plainly I should never have a moment's peace until this most unreasonable little witch was safely under the care of older heads than mine.

I avoided telling Lillith of my departure, lest she might draw me into a protracted and demonstrative leave-taking; for, after all, seven-and-twenty is a young girl, and she would not expect the child to regard me with awe and veneration, at least for some years to come.

I therefore slipped off very quietly while Lillith was in her room, telling Mrs. Nokes I would return in a day or two, and giving her my address and more money than she could possibly require for Lillith's simple wants.

Before even returning to my studio, I sought out the Reverend James Pritchard at the city church where, at the time of his daughter's elopement with Horatio Saxon, he had been officiating as curate. And here a complete disappointment awaited me. The Reverend James Pritchard had been dead for more than four years, and was shown his headstone in the troubled cemetery.

Dispirited and troubled I went. I made the best of my way home in a cab, and upon the door-step of my house I found Nicholas Wray, who, in my new responsibilities, I had entirely forgotten, with his hand upon the knocker of the door.

He greeted me with some effusion, which I fear I did not reciprocate very heartily, and together we passed up to the studio on the first floor.

Outside the studio my man Wrenshaw stood waiting, having heard my step on the stairs. In a moment he was written in every line of his hard, pale face, and his tones when he addressed me were such as might be employed by a rigorous judge toward a specially hardened criminal.

"Asking your pardon, sir," he said, "but a young person arrived here about an hour ago, and would not leave. She said she knew you would be pleased to see her, and she has gone to sleep in your armchair. And she told me her name was Lillith."

CHAPTER IX.

I hardly knew with whom to be most annoyed—Wrenshaw, Wray, Lillith, or myself.

Both my friend and my servant were scanning me with mingled seriousness and curiosity. Wrenshaw being one of those crabbed, old-fashioned, faithful retainers. He had been all his life in the service of the Hervey family, and he therefore felt himself entitled to criticize his master's conduct, and to make himself unpleasant whenever anything happened to displease him.

Formerly, Wrenshaw had been my father's body-servant, and his army training tended to emphasize his notions of discipline and decorum. Wray's incursion into my studio had tried the old soldier sorely, and, as I had been in the nature of a last straw to his capability.

It was terribly annoying that the child should have taken it into her head to follow me up to town. It was now a little past six in the evening; the funeral had taken place at ten, and had left Cranling station by the one-thirty train. So that Lillith had clearly tarried at the Rose and Crown not more than three hours after my departure.

The disagreeable smile which I plainly saw gathering about Nicholas

Wray's full lips, and his prompt suggestion that he should at once retire, angered me deeply. Lillith's action as I could see very well, had placed both her and myself in a false position, obliging me to adopt an explanatory attitude—in itself always a suspicious circumstance—toward my servant and my friend.

"It's a little girl whose father was buried this morning," I said. "I was at the funeral, and did my best to comfort her. So I suppose she got so excited from the landlady, and was tracked from the landlady in town I have been trying to find her relatives, but, unfortunately, they are dead."

"That's very unlucky," sneered Wray, nudging me with his elbow. "I hated the man at that moment. Until then his bad moral character and cynical views about women had never been brought before me in a repulsive light; but with the thought of Lillith in my mind, the coarse suggestiveness of the man's tone offended me deeply. There was no end to the mischief he might have it in his power to make between me and Lady Madge, or to the harm he might do to Lillith's name if he were not at least forced to see the baselessness of his objectionable ideas with regard to her; and I resolved at once not to let him go until he had seen and spoken with Lillith."

I therefore passed him, where we all stood in the passage outside the studio, without speaking, and, throwing open the door that he might follow, I entered the room.

And here I may as well own that all my vexation at Lillith's invasion melted when my eyes lighted upon her.

The light from the great sloping north window fell full upon where she lay curled up fast asleep in a cane oak armchair, covered with cushions of Oriental silk, the curtain of blue and gold tapestry was flung across the high back of the chair over the cushions, and against this Lillith's little head shone out, making a radiance of drooping tangles yellow silk over her drooping face. In her lap my gray Persian cat Saladin lay comfortably ensconced, purring with content. In one slender black stocking foot hung down, minus the well-worn walking shoe she had kicked off before going to sleep, with her long brown hair rose-red her flushed cheeks, and her rosy-red mouth had opened as my marshy look-mouth had opened as a lovely child of twelve. For the moment, though I forgot even to be glad that she had come to me, and she asked for nothing better than to place her tire in my keeping. I was her only friend and protector, nor had she any home but that which I should provide for her.

She had slid into my life as suddenly, as unexpected, and as irresistibly as a ray of sunlight, and the sight of her here in my studio, in spite of the drawbacks it entailed, filled my heart with a thrill of deep, glad surprise. I quickly into kept regret that I could not retain her forever by my side.

But all this while Nicholas Wray, whom I had half forgotten, was gazing at Lillith over my shoulder, and when I advanced to awaken her, he laid his hand on my sleeve.

"Wait!" he whispered. "Don't wake her just yet. Let me sketch her first. Before I could make a sketch, he had whipped out his sketch-book, and, seating himself at a little distance from Lillith's chair was soon deep in the study of his charming subject."

I was by no means pleased at his proceeding, and yet I knew quite how to take exception to it. Almost mechanically I crossed to my easel, placed a small canvas on it, and, taking up my brushes and colors, began to jot down a few color notes on the tints in her cheeks and her bright hair.

The minutes flew by as we grew more and more absorbed in our respective tasks. Wrenshaw had left us at the place door in disgust, and we had the place to ourselves, the sleeping girl and the sleeping cat serving as models, while their regular breathing, and the noisy ticking of my tall, carded, one-o'clock alone broke the perfect stillness.

Presently I crossed to where Wray sat, and looked over his shoulder. I have that selfsame drawing of his, with the date roughly penciled on the desk hanging on the wall close to the desk at which I am at this moment writing; and of all Wray's brilliant black-and-white work, it is in my mind the cleverest example. Slight as it is, it is a mere pencil outline, he has caught to perfection the inimitable girlish grace of Lillith's figure and face. Half child, half woman, sleeping and dreaming as contentedly, and basking as peacefully in the sunshine and in the comfort of the chair as the cat on her lap, the drawing brings back Lillith to my memory, as she then was, as the most highly finished painting could ever do. More than once during the years that have passed since that summer evening, I have resolved to destroy that picture, but when I have come face to face with it, I could never find it in my heart to lay a finger on it.

"Admirable!" I murmured as I watched Wray putting the finishing touches to his sketch.

He looked up and smiled. Then he wrote underneath: "Happy Animals."

I snatched his pencil indignantly from him, and drew a line through the offensive words.

He laughed, took the pencil again, and wrote instead, just below the words erased: "Souless Dreams."

And at that moment, with a little sigh, and a stretching out of her arms, she awoke and stared about her.

Perceiving me, she sprang up in a great hurry, upsetting Saladin, who, being a lofty-minded cat of Eastern origin, was seized with disgust, and crept under the chair to sulk.

Meantime, Lillith darted across the room to me, and laid her hands on my shoulder, ignoring Wray altogether.

"I couldn't stay at Lillith's without you; I couldn't, indeed!" she said. "You don't know what Mrs. Nokes was like as soon as your back was turned. Going on at me about not being grateful enough to you for all you'd done for me; and then when I told her I loved you very much, she was worse than ever. And that old doctor drove over with his wife from Sandhythe—the doctor as saw poor father, you know. And they all three went on at me, saying how I mustn't be a burden to the nice, kind, young gentleman—that was you—and how I had no claim on him, which was true, of course—and that your relations would be angry when they heard how you meant to educate me above my station, like I told them you did, and that I ought to be in some dreadful home, Doctor Martin's wife has for training young servants,

where they cook and scrub and sew all day. You would soon see, they said, when you got up in town among your own relations and friends, how wrong and how inappropriate it was to try, and make a lady of me, or to bother your head about me at all. They made me cry a bit; but when they all went away and left me alone, I said to myself that I would follow you up to London, as I'd got the remains of the pound you gave me, and I'd heard you give Mrs. Nokes your address, and I'd get hold of you before your relations and friends had persuaded you to have nothing to do with me, and I'd beg you not to listen to them. So I slipped out at the back of the inn, and climbed over the fence, and ran all the way to the railway station, and just caught the train, and then found my way here by omnibuses and by asking. That old gentleman who opened the door didn't want to let me in; but I told him you'd been waiting for me, and he went to you for I didn't know where to go, and I was so tired! So at last I ran past him and up-stairs, because he said if I waited anywhere, I must wait to have, and he being waited through, I knew it would be all right when you came home. And, oh, dear Mr. Hervey, I am so hungry."

What could I say to the child? The uncertainty of her proceedings never for a moment struck her, and I could not see my way to making her appreciate it.

Wray stood a little way behind us while Lillith talked to me thus. His glittering, gray eyes never for one moment left the girl's face; but she seemed to ignore him altogether until, becoming suddenly conscious of his presence, she made a swift dart at his sketch-book and began to eagerly study her own picture.

"You have done it nicely," she exclaimed, "but I think I was prettier than that. Have you been doing one, too, Mr. Hervey? Do let me see! Oh, that is rather smudgy, isn't it? But then, I don't understand pictures. I am being waited through, though. It's so interesting to see how one comes out. My! I wish I could paint. And isn't this a lovely big room! These polished boards with rugs over them are much nicer than university carpets. And so beautiful for dancing on, too. I'd like to dance on them now only I'm that hungry you can't think! I've had nothing to eat since breakfast at eight; and though I've often been as long as that and longer without food, the railway journey and being a bit tired make me worse."

She resumed her seat in the great armchair, curling herself up as before. Clearly, she had come to stay, and I rang for Wrenshaw to help me in this emergency.

When the old soldier appeared in answer to my summons, I ignored the mute protest of his face and appealed to his softer side.

"Wrenshaw," I said, "this is Miss Lillith Saxon, a very young friend of mine, who has come to stay, and I have friends in the world but myself, she has come to ask my advice, and I, in turn, appeal to you. You know this respectable, motherly soul, who will take Miss Saxon in for the night and make her thoroughly comfortable until I can find a school for her to tomorrow the next day?"

Wrenshaw was mollified by being appealed to thus. He was a man of some common sense, apart from his snatches, and he stroked his chin reflectively, while he scanned Lillith with a critical eye.

"Mrs. Philips, in Jersey Street, is used to children," he began.

"But I'm not a child," I put in Lillith, interrupting him. "I'm sixteen, nearly."

"Is she really as much as that?" Wray asked me in an aside. "She looks about twelve."

"Or there's my married sister over at Battersea," Wrenshaw continued, ignoring the interruption. "She'd do anything in her power to oblige you, sir, and she has, I know, a bedroom to let in her house. So that if Miss Saxon will come with me—"

(To be continued.)

PEARSON'S NEW WORK.

The most admired man of the moment in England is probably Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. As is generally known this brilliant journalist, hero of innumerable successful newspaper enterprises, has lately had the misfortune almost entirely to lose his sight. For a man whose principal business in life has been the production of reading matter, such a misfortune must seem even more terrible than to members of other professions. So far, however, from allowing it to be a misfortune, he has now devoted his tremendous energies to the task of lightening the lives of fellow-sufferers from his own misfortune, the blind, by ac-



Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson.

cepting the office of Hon. Treasurer of the National Institute for the Blind. Mr. Pearson has already been able, it is said, to accomplish more in ten days than others had accomplished in the same number of years. He is concentrating his energies at present on the task of enabling the blind to secure books printed in Braille at the lowest possible price. To make this possible the public is invited to subscribe to its heart's content to the fund.

MUNICH TEACHES TRADES.

Industrial Schools Which Undoubtedly Lead the World.

Dr. George Kerscheneister, a member of the German Reichstag, has fought a long fight to bring the Munich schools to their present splendid condition. To-day Munich has fifty-two trades for which teaching is given, and is enlarging her present plans and facilities, says Harper's Weekly. Seven fine buildings about the town give space for classes and for well-equipped shops, where some ten thousand boys and about the same number of girls receive instruction. Practical men direct almost all the subdivisions of the commercial, painting and decorating, building, printing, mechanical-engineering, wood and metal working trades, besides miscellaneous ones like shoemaking, wigmaking, and confectionery manufacturing. These teachers are often taken from their trade and taught to teach. Dr. Kerscheneister would rather make a teacher out of a plumber than convert a teacher into a man of tools, although, when occasion arises, suitable teachers in the trade itself not being available, academically-informed men are given furloughs in order to enter into actual practice for a sufficiently long time to master it. Some of the best teachers are part-time men who are eminent in their various lines, as, for instance, commercial photography and sculpture. The boy who works at a craft like stucco-making may get part of his instructions under an artist instead of an artisan.

The foundation of trade education is laid in the day school. At about ten years of age, boys planning to enter the professions customarily separate from the others, to go then or later into higher schools. It must be noted that this is in reality a separation of social classes, and there is little further contact between the groups. Those not planning for "higher" education, those numerous "others" who constitute the real human school problem, are then grounded in the use of tools, in carpentry,

ANYONE CAN DYE THEIR CLOTHES WITH DYOLA

The Dye that colors ANY KIND of Cloth Perfectly, with the SAME DYE.

No Change of Material. Clean and Simple. Ask your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Booklet. The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal.

metal-work, the rudiments of mechanics, and of gardening; or, in the case of girls, commercial study, needlework, housekeeping. In the beautiful new Siebolstrasse common school there are excellent work-rooms for all these subjects, and, in addition, fine bakeries with practical modern ovens, attractive garden-plots where even horticulture is begun, and the concierge's chickens to serve as an experimental chicken farm. The boy who in his last elementary year really knows what he wants to do frequently obtains his apprenticeship by himself, or in answer to a request from an employer, who applies to the head teacher for a certain kind of help. Description of jobs, with or without pay, or perhaps even requiring a premium, are posted as bulletins in this school. The parents, possibly the teacher, and well-classified information about occupations, based on the excellent census of trades and employment, are depended upon to help the boy decide.

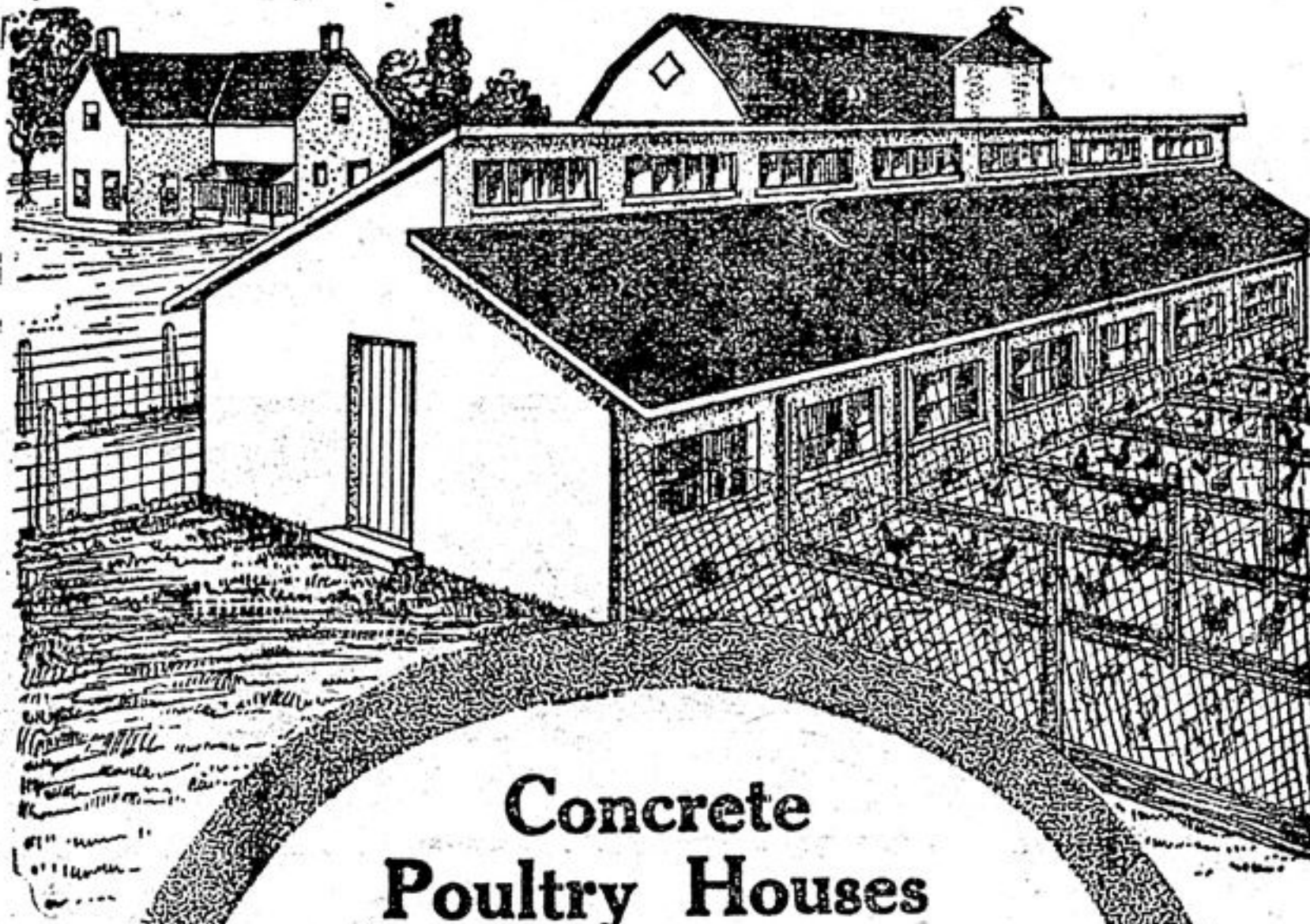
Woke Too Late.

Slowboy: "Then my dream of happiness is over?"
Miss Smart: "That's about it. You dream so long that I accepted while you were asleep."

\$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE

LPAPPE	NREOGA	UPML	ATSWRYREBR
CPAHE	ROYREH	YBRAPRSRE	ERPA

Can you arrange the above sets of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverance you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Thirty Dollars. To the person making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first two prizes will be divided between them, (each receiving \$75.00). Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will have to be divided, (each receiving \$60.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of \$200.00 will be equally divided, (each receiving \$50.00), and so on in like proportion. PROVIDED they comply with a simple condition about which we will write as soon as answers are received. WE DO NOT WANT A CENT OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT. You can make out nothing like a complete list, write us at once enclosing a cent stamp for our reply. DO NOT DELAY. WRITE AT ONCE. Address, CANADIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 51 MONTREAL, QUE.



Concrete Poultry Houses

are the most economical of all poultry houses. They are easily cleaned, sanitary, and have no cracks to harbor vermin. They keep your hens warm, comfortable and healthy, which induces them to lay more eggs in cold weather. Build your new poultry house of concrete; feed your hens green food and you will find that this procedure will

Increase Poultry Profits

The first cost of a concrete poultry house is the only cost, for they are everlasting and never need repairs. They are proof against rats, mice and vermin.

Send for this free book, "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It shows modern concrete poultry houses and tells how to build them and how to build every other farm building in a way that will save money.

Farmers' Information Bureau
Canada Cement Company Limited
517 Herald Bldg.
Montreal

