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Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

The next day at rehearsal Mr. Hammond looked very keenly at Miss Sinclair. He had one or two new songs to try over, and he sang very badly, so badly that on one occasion Enid winced palpably.

With an angry sweep of his hand he picked up the song from the piano.

"I don't think I'll trouble you any more, Miss Sinclair," he said. "We are evidently not in sympathy."

Enid got up and pulled down her veil with hands that trembled a little.

Mr. Hammond had gone away from the piano, and now had come back again.

"Look here," he said. "Why don't you say right out you think I'm a rotten bad singer."

The color flamed into Enid's face, and on the spur of the moment she answered—

"I will if it will make you sing any better."

He stared at her almost incredulously for a moment; then he said in a choked voice—

"Thank you," and in an instant the realization came to Enid of what she had done.

"Oh, please, please," she said; "don't be cross. I only spoke in fun."

"I don't like your fun," he answered. He took up all his music and began slipping it into the hansome leather case he carried.

Enid felt a little sorry for him; he was very young, and she felt that she had hurt him. After all, he was not quite to blame since no one told him the truth, and then with a little pang at her heart she remembered Manon Laurie's words—what would happen?

As he picked up his hat and gloves, she spoke again.

"Mr. Hammond!" He turned. "Please don't go. We must try those songs."

"I am not going to let you play for me any more," he said doggedly. "I know quite well you are making fun of me the whole time. Well, you can do that to somebody else. You shan't do it to me."

"You'll get me into no end of bother," said Enid.

"That hardly concerns me," observed Mr. Hammond stiffly.

"But if I say I'm sorry, really sorry."

The hall was empty. Had anyone of the others been present Enid could not have pleaded in this way. It hurt her as it was but the anger of this young man carried so much that was threatening in it.

"What's the use of saying you're sorry, that won't help me to sing, will it?"

He had pulled off his gloves, and he put down his hat, and stick.

"You know I am not quite such an ass as you think I am, Miss Sinclair. Ever since you came I have seen things differently, and I know you simply can't stick my singing. Now that's the honest truth, isn't it?"

She smiled.

"After all, what does my opinion matter, Mr. Hammond? I am only a student, and students are proverbially stuck up, and think they know more than anybody else."

"You're no student," said Desmond Hammond. "You're an artist! When you play I feel"—he paused for an expressive phrase—"all lifted up," he said. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, I know perfectly well why you didn't play last night. It was because somebody told you I was jealous. Well, I am jealous, but not in that way! I want to do big things myself, but I don't want to stop other people doing them. I spoke to Miss Laurie this morning. I told her that you were to go back into the programme."

Some tears came into Enid's eyes, and now she felt truly sorry for having hurt his feelings.

"Thank you, Mr. Hammond," she said. "That was very good of you. Now won't you let us go over these songs again."

He stood by the piano, looking at her, and his expression was moody.

"Oh, what's the use?" he said. "I shall never sing, shall I?"

She answered him promptly.

"Of course, you would sing if you would work. To do big things we all have to work. You have a charming voice, and you only want a little help. May I show you what I mean?"

He paused an instant, and then he said emphatically, "Rather!" And he went to the chair where his case rested, and brought the music back.

Enid spent an hour over one song, showing him his mistakes, and suggesting where he could use his voice to the best advantage.

She flung herself into the work with all her heart, and they both felt that the first lesson had been most successful.

"How do you know so much?" enquired Mr. Hammond, as they got up to go. "You seem very young, and yet you are so awfully clever."

"I have only my music to live for." Enid answered him, hardly conscious of how much was confessed in the words.

They left the hall together, and he insisted, against her will, on escorting her back to her very modest lodging.

Later in the afternoon, when Enid was resting with closed eyes after vainly trying to read, the dingy maid of the house brought in a basket of lovely roses to which was attached Mr. Hammond's card.

Just for a few moments the beauty of the flowers delighted her, then she remembered with a pain when Julian had sent her roses for the first time, and this brought back other memories.

She looked pale and quieter than usual when she went down to the hall that night. She had heard from Manon Laurie with regard to her solos, but had sent a written message saying that she did not wish to play for a night or two.

Mr. Hammond's new song went splendidly, and Miss Laurie expressed amazement to Enid.

"Why, he is actually singing decently to-night! What has happened? Well, if we have a few more successes like to-night we shall be safe for a little while."

She hummed through a few bars of the song she was going to sing, and then she sighed. "Only, you know, Hammond won't stick on like this much longer. He wants to sing in London, and of course he'll do it. One can do anything with money."

"Oh, how I hate money!" Enid Bryant said so bitterly and so passionately that the other looked at her in some surprise.

"Well, I don't know enough about it to hate it," she said with a laugh.

Gradually Enid began to take a real interest in her rehearsals with Mr. Hammond. She never definitely suggested teaching him, but he was her pupil never the less, and he was far less difficult to teach than she had imagined.

She had thanked him very quietly for his roses, but just as quietly had asked him not to send her any more, and though they met daily and worked together seriously, Mr. Hammond found himself just as much a stranger at the end of a fortnight as he had been at the beginning.

Perhaps Enid herself was the only one of the little company who was not aware of the fact that Mr. Hammond was regarding her with something more than ordinary interest.

Sometimes the idea suggested itself to Manon Laurie to tease the other girl, but she was very practical and always stopped herself in time; and behind Enid's back she was her staunchest upholder. For strange as it was to realize, there was no doubt that Enid was absolutely innocent of possessing any attraction other than her musical knowledge for this very important young man. And so the weeks went by and the end of the tour was coming into sight; the end when the little company of artists would separate and go their different ways. And what way was Enid Bryant to go?

That was the question which confronted and oppressed her. To return to Canada was impossible. When she had married she had cut herself away from her aunt, who was her only known relative, and though the wife of the governor (who had been instrumental in sending her to England) had written charmingly when Enid had thrown up her musical career, the girl knew that she had lost a friend; moreover, she did not want to go away from England. It was the place where she had known her great happiness, and she was bound by the sweetest ties of sentiment to the country where she had met the man she had loved. Nevertheless, she fretted terribly about her future.

"You look dreadfully ill," Manon Laurie said to her one day, "but really how can one be well working in such hot weather and with such little result? I am quite ashamed each week when I have to go into the question of finance with Hammond, but he hasn't grumbled once, and I have you to thank for that, my dear! You have done him no end of good, not only with his singing but with himself, and yet you are not over kind to him, are you?"

At this Enid flushed quickly. She certainly was not too amiable to Mr. Hammond, but then she was afraid of showing him too much kindness; although now she really liked him. He was so young, and had such kindly impulses, and then—well, she was only human, and it was very pleasant to have someone to think about her, take trouble for her, and generally want to care for her. Still, intuitively she felt there was safety and wisdom too in the attitude she maintained. It became the custom now for Miss Laurie and Enid to travel from town to town in Mr. Hammond's car, and these journeys for the most part through beautiful country, carried an unconscious healing to Enid.

One hot, stuffy night Mr. Hammond brought a delightful invitation to the two girls.

"I say, you know, I've got an aunt who lives about thirty miles from here, and she has written and asked me to stay a week-end with her. I said I would if she would include you two in the invitation, and she has replied, saying that she will be awfully pleased to see you. Here are your invitations." He gave them each a little note.

Miss Laurie accepted without hesitation, but Enid drew back.

"I am awfully sorry," she said; "but I think I shall have to go to London this week-end."

Mr. Hammond's disappointment was so pronounced that when they were alone Manon Laurie went straight to the point.

"Enid, you are unkind to that boy!" she said. "Why won't you go? Is it because of your clothes? My dear, you always look sweet no matter what you wear. Of course, if you won't go, I can't. Do change your mind. It will do us good to sleep in nice beds and have some good food. Touring as we tour is deadly business. Now, dear child, you must go to please me."

That settled the question, and at the end of the week they found themselves motoring to a charming old rectory, nestling among the trees, and surrounded by the most beautiful country.

A great yearning crept into Enid Bryant's heart as they came near to this home. If only she could bury herself in some such quiet corner of the earth as this, how beautiful life might still be!

Their hostess greeted them warmly and graciously, and embraced her nephew, of whom she was evidently very fond.

"Just in time for tea," she said, and she led the way across the lawn.

Her husband, the grey-haired rector, was chatting with a tall man who had his back to them as they approached.

As he heard his hostess's voice this man turned, and just for an instant Enid Bryant stood still and her heart contracted suddenly with an exquisite sensation of joy and pain mingled, for it seemed to her that she was face to face with her husband! The next instant, however, she saw her mistake; though there was a pronounced likeness, this man was older than Julian; moreover, he had an empty coat sleeve pinned across his breast.

He was introduced as Colonel Dawney, and almost immediately he took his leave.

As he went, Mrs. Gresham, their hostess, told them a little about him.

"He is such a splendid man," she said; "and did such wonderful things in the South African war. Poor fellow, he was dreadfully wounded. You see he has lost an arm, so there is no more soldiering for him."

"Puts up near here, doesn't he?" queried Mr. Hammond.

"Yes, he has settled down as a farmer, and lives about six miles away, in the dearest, sweetest, quaintest house imaginable. If you would care about it, we will go and see him to-morrow afternoon, and ask him to give us some tea."

Manon Laurie sat and chatted briskly, laughing and enjoying herself; but Mrs. Gresham was a little concerned about Miss Sinclair. She found her very pretty, but very delicate-looking, and there was a sadness in her expression which hurt her to see.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Tenderten heard of Julian Bryant's visit to the Duchess of Wiltshire with the greatest displeasure. He was conscious of being hotly jealous, and he felt, too, a certain resentment creep into his feeling where Lady Ellen Crooper was concerned. He had already been of the greatest service to her (as a matter of fact she would not have been able to go on without him), and yet she had never brought about an invitation for him from the Duchess of Wiltshire!

"This will about turn our young friend's head," he said to himself; "but, if he treats me to any nonsense, there shall be some plain speaking."

The question of Julian Bryant threatened to be irritating in more ways than one, for with the return of Mr. Pleydell to the office, Mr. Tenderten was called upon to go through some annoying moments. The fact being that, when he received no answer to his letter to Enid, Mr. Pleydell became honestly troubled.

He journeyed once again to the little flat where Sybil Jackson lived, but again with no result. Miss Jackson was out, and he learnt from the porter of the flat that her friend was still away, and there was no talk of her coming back. Mr. Pleydell would have very much liked to have met Enid, but he shrank a little from coming in contact with Julian Bryant. This was something that could not be avoided, however, and one evening, about a week after Julian's visit to the Wiltshires, Mr. Pleydell found himself walking to keep a dinner engagement with Mr. Bryant in the house to which he had gone so often when Rachael Marnock had been alive.

The two men met with apparent friendliness, though Mr. Pleydell felt a little awkward, and while the lawyer was still trying to frame some words in which to approach the subject which so burdened his heart, Julian Bryant set him at his ease.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Pleydell," he said, "for apart from the fact that there are many matters which I am anxious to discuss with you, there is something I want to say to you, and that is that I beg that you will not at any time speak to me about all that happened before my illness. I remember that I entrusted you with a very important task. Well, now I relieve you of this. The die is cast, and I am not going to look backwards!"

He spoke so hardly, with such a grim note in his voice, that the other man frowned slightly.

"As you please, Mr. Bryant," he said, and he spoke coldly.

There was a little restraint between them after that, naturally; but it wore off by degrees, and they found themselves talking quite easily and pleasantly through dinner.

The point of business which Mr. Bryant had to discuss with his lawyer were chiefly concerned with investments and other details of his property.

"You have made a great many changes here," Mr. Pleydel said, looking about him; "but it was always a very charming house, and Mrs. Marnock had great knowledge of what was good in furniture and such like."

"Yes," said Bryant, with his faint smile. "I understand that this house is full of treasures. Lady Ellen Crooper and some other friends were dining with me here a night or two ago, and they were full of admiration for the china and the pictures; for myself, I know very little about these things, and care less," he added with a sigh.

Mr. Pleydell looked at him this time sharply, and without a frown. He seemed to see a glimpse of the Julian Bryant with whom he had been brought in contact so strangely a few months before. In that moment he almost assured himself that the man was playing a part, and he understood that the part was a painful one to play.

The conversation reverted after this, and was kept strictly to business topics, and after Mr. Pleydell had gone Julian Bryant walked restlessly through the many charming rooms of his house.

He was thinking of what Lady Ellen Crooper had said to him just before she had left the night of the dinner.

"It's a duck of a house, Mr. Bryant!" she had declared. "I don't think I have ever seen anything more charming, but it feels just a little empty. It's the kind of house that wants a mistress," she laughed. "Don't be hurt, but it's simply too pretty and sweet just for one man alone."

She had spoken quite lightly, but had colored quickly as the words had left her lips, and she was horrified lest he might have misunderstood this speech.

"I simply can't picture poor old Mrs. Marnock in such a house," she added hurriedly; and then she had given him her slim hand in farewell, and had skipped into his motor-car, which was waiting to take her home.

"A mistress, some one young and pretty with dainty clothes."

Julian Bryant put his hand over his eyes suddenly, as if to shut out a vision.

The next moment he had laughed a little hardly.

"But I am not going to remember," he said to himself. "There is nothing one can't do if one puts one's back into it, and I am going to learn to forget, to forget entirely and absolutely."

He had made a stipulation with Mr. Pleydell that all his business should be dealt with by the senior partner of the firm.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to speak so frankly," he had said, "but the truth is I don't care very much about Tenderten. He belongs to a class of man with which I never could pull."

Mr. Pleydell had looked at him sharply, and then had quietly agreed to what he proposed.

"I always acted for Mrs. Marnock," he said; "and I am quite prepared to work for you." Just before he had left the house he had said involuntarily to his host—"What do you think of doing with your life, Mr. Bryant? I don't fancy you are cut out for an idle man."

Julian shrugged his shoulders.

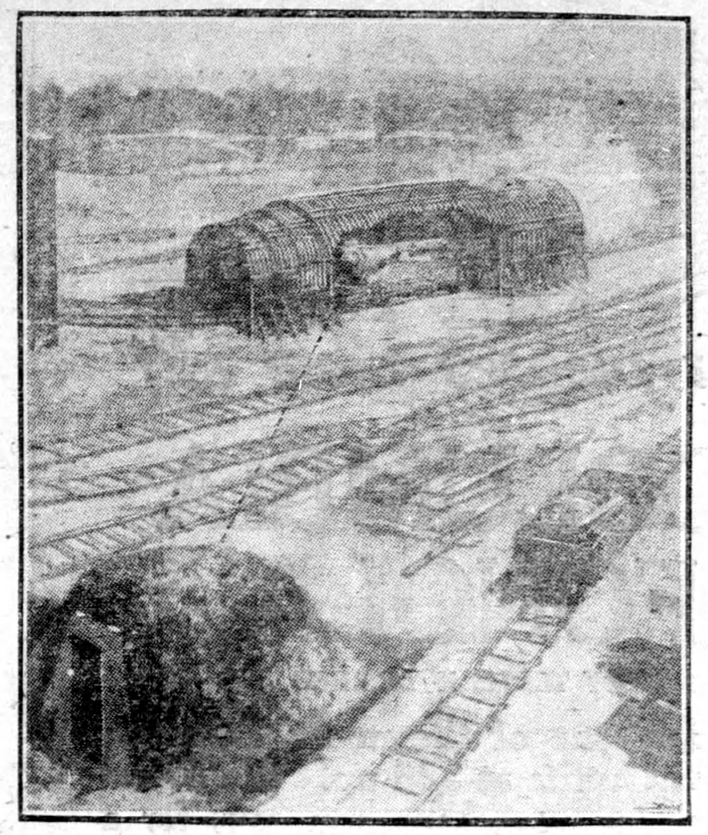
"I don't know."

The words sounded as if they might have run a little differently. "I don't care," instead of "I don't know."

Mr. Pleydell thought about him a good deal as he walked homeward, and once again he had a sense of anger against his partner for the precipitate way in which he had acted.

"I don't believe this man is happy," he said to himself. "It will be interesting to watch the development of this business. It certainly is a curious state of affairs."

(To be continued.)



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A New Recruit.

He was a new recruit, and the first day of parade he was mustered up along with a batch of other recruits to do drill. "Attention," thundered the sergeant. "Shoulder arms! Right about turn!" The whole lot of men had performed their drill satisfactorily with the exception of one, who had not moved a muscle. The sergeant was mad with rage, and going up to the new recruit, caught him by the neck and shook him, asking if he was deaf. "No, sir," came the answer. "Then why the dickens didn't you turn when I shouted right about turn?" "Please, sir, I'm left-handed."

Unless you try you will never know what you can do.

The Clergyman—"Your husband says he always feels so refreshed after one of my sermons." Mrs. Pews (absently)—"Yes, a good sleep does refresh one, you know!"

"Half the world," said Henry Drummond, "is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others."

Belfast has suffered severely on account of the war, and many of the big establishments had to put their workmen on short time. The prospect, however, is now much better, more especially in the engineering trade.

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THE COLORS OF THE FLAG.

What is the blue in our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the south and north,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light,
And stands while the hills shall stand.
Yes, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on the flag, boys?
'Tis the blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands, in the wild waste lands,
And the froth of the purple main;
And it cries to God from the crimson sod
And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That he send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done;
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one—
Though our only reward be the thrust of the sword,
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters one gone if the flag floats on,
And Britain be lord of the main.

AUSTRIA PUNISHED.

Vienna Full of Wounded Men—Invasion of Cholera and Dysentery.

When Austria so arrogantly made her demands upon Servia, late in July, the world regarded her as a great Power wrongfully attempting to coerce a weaker nation. She was confident, of course, of her ability to compel Servia to her way of thinking, irrespective of the rights of the case. She thought she could repeat the coup by which she obtained possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina a few years before.

Now she is stricken to the point of exhaustion. A correspondent at Rome sends a graphic description of the disaster that has overtaken her. Vienna is literally a great hospital. Barracks, school houses, theatres, offices, the museum and the rotunda of the famous Prater Park are all in use for the care of the wounded. Cholera and dysentery, the former in mild but the latter in fatal form, have invaded the city. The public is beginning to understand the failure of the campaign. There are no evidences of "patriotic passion, sympathy or enthusiasm." The empire is on the ragged edge of catastrophe. Its dissolution would be the natural outcome of its latest and most disastrous military experiment.

Willie—Paw, why is an after-dinner speech called a toast? Paw—Because it is usually so dry, my son

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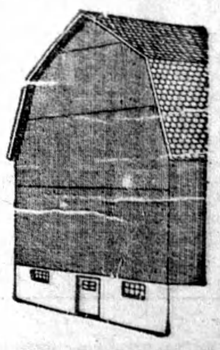

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