Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued).

"You are a naughty child!" she said. "I was just preparing your breakfast tray. Miss Laurie is more obedient. She is doing as I told her. What is that, Desmond—a fish Colonel Dawney is much too good to me. He is always bringing me something. Why didn't you ask him to stay to breakfast?"

"He wouldn't," said Hammond.

"He couldn't," said Enid. "He seems a very busy man," she added.

"He does most of the work himself," Mrs. Gresham said; "but I don't pity him, for I am sure that makes him contented."

"I want to see his farm. I am so glad we are going there this afternoon," Enid said.

Young Hammond, however, did not seem to share this satisfaction. He grumbled a little, in fact, because he had made other arrangements for his aunt's guests. But no one took very much notice about his bad temper; in fact, here in this very homely place, with its village interests and peaceful atmosphere, he was very much less important than he was when with the members of the concert party.

"You see," Mrs. Gresham confided to Enid, when they went into the garden after breakfast together, "the boy has been spoilt from the very beginning. My sister lost her first three children, and Desmond is all that is left to her. Naturally, therefore, nothing is too good for him, and if he had not really an extremely nice nature, he would have become detestable by this time; but his heart's in the right place, and in a little while I believe he will get tired of wandering in these artistic grooves, where really he has no proper place, and will settle down to the work which he really ought to be doing in his father's office. I must confess that I am very fond of Desmond. I don't see half enough of him."

Enid would have preferred to discuss Colonel Dawney, to whom she had been at once attracted; but she saw that it was a pleasure to her hostess to talk about Desmond Hammond, and so she listened patiently. But as the day passed, and she was thrown very much into the society of this young man, there stole into Enid's heart a little feeling of regret and even of uneasiness. Without being in the least degree vain, she could not now disguise from herself the fact that she was something more than a passing attraction for young Hammond, and the mere suggestion of this was painful and disturbing.

It struck her, too, that Manon Laurie a little mischievously was encouraging the young man, not so much for a politic reason now, for in any case the tour was coming to an end, but because she honestly believed she was doing Enid a very good turn.

The prospect roused by this new turn in her life put a thrill of fear into the heart of Julian Bryant's wife, as she made her plans for the future. It would be easy enough perhaps to dispose of Desmond Hammond, but how could she protect herself in the future? The life she had chosen, the only life she could choose was one which would almost inevitably bring her into intimate contact with the admiration of men.

Sitting alone after lunch in the delightful room allotted to her, she felt ashamed. She saw at once that Mrs. Gresham had taken a decided liking to her. The Rector, too, treated her as though she were a young girl. The thought that she was obliged to deny her marriage, to hide her wedding ring, to seem in truth what she was not, really was rebolting to Enid! When she shut her eyes it seemed like a dream to feel that even for a few hours she was admitted as an honored guest in this delightful simple home. To look ahead was like looking along a hard, bleak, stony road.

"After all," she said to herself, between her teeth, "I think I shall have to go out of England! It will be very, very hard, but not so hard as living on here as I shall have to live."

She practically decided that she would leave the tour immediately. This would mean that she would have to go back to Sybil Jackson, at least for a little while. And somehow she felt safe with Sybil. Miss Jackson was a very matter-of-fact, very practical, very unsentimental. On the other hand, Manon Laurie was much more sympathetic; but now Enid could not shut her eyes to the fact that this friend, from the very kindest motives, might prove the means of adding to Enid's burden of care.

She pleaded a headache when they started to drive in Mr. Hammond's car to Colonel Dawney's farm; and she looked so pale, with dark shadows around her eyes, that the plea seemed fully justified.

Mr. Hammond had arranged to drive himself, and Miss Sinclair was given the seat beside him, but Enid was a silent companion. It gave the young man nevertheless an immense amount of pleasure to feel that she was near him, and that she was already a favorite with his uncle and his aunt. He would not let himself be disheartened by the almost open way in which Enid shirked anything like a confidential intimacy between them.

"I am going home next week," he said to her suddenly, just before he turned the motor into the road in which Colonel Dawney's farm was situated, "and I am awfully keen for you to come and stay with my mother, Miss Sinclair. She knows all about you. My people have taken a house near Felixtowe for the summer. It would be such a really good thing for you to have a good long rest there."

Enid looked at him nervously.

"I am awfully sorry," she said. "I am afraid I shall not be able to go to your mother. I have a great deal of business that will keep me in town, and then," she shrugged her shoulders, "I think it is very probable that I shall have to go to Canada in the early autumn."

"Canada!" said young Hammond. He looked very much upset for a moment; then his face lit up. "By Jove! What a splendid idea. I've always wanted to go to Canada."

To this Enid could say nothing, but she felt wretched. The difficulties were getting a little bigger. She began to wish that her visit to the Rectory could come to an end at once.

Colonel Dawney was standing at the top of a large field which stretched in front of the low-roofed, old-fashioned house where he lived.

"You had better take the car round there, Hammond," he said, indicating a road to the right a little higher up. "You'll jolt your springs to pieces if you attempt to come down this way."

CHAPTER XII.

He smiled as he shook hands with his guests, and he apologized for the roughness of the path.

"If you had given me a little time, Mrs. Gresham," he said, "I might have got this rolled out a bit; but you must just take me as I am."

"Isn't it sweet here?" said Manon Laurie, slipping her hand through Enid's arm and drawing her on to the rough grass. "We must fill our lungs with as much air as possible, then we shall startle the natives by our wonderful singing on Monday night."

Enid bit her lip, and then plucked up her courage.

"Do you know, Manon dear, I am afraid I shan't be able to go on with you when we leave here on Monday morning."

Miss Laurie looked at her sharply and frowned.

"Oh!" she said a little coldly. "Why?"

They walked on in silence for a moment or two. Mrs. Gresham had taken Colonel Dawney's arm and was moving slowly down the path; the two girls branched off across the field, and were now some distance away.

"Look here, Enid," Manon Laurie said suddenly. "I daresay you'll think me an impertinent cat; but the fact is that I tumbled at once to the truth about you. I mean that I saw that you are breaking your heart about someone or something, and, it seems to me, you want someone to take you in hand and make things straight for you. You don't know me very well, but, still, you do know me, I think, well enough to be sure that I'd do my very best to help you. Wouldn't it do you good to speak out?"

There were tears in Enid's eyes, tears that rolled down her cheeks.

"I'm awfully grateful to you," she said; "and if I could tell you my trouble, believe me, I would. "I am going to ask you to do something for me, all the same," she said. She paused a moment, then, as she quickly brushed the tears away from her eyes, she said: "Don't put wrong ideas into Mrs. Hammond's mind."

Manon Laurie laughed a little sharply.

"My dear," she said. "I've put no ideas into his head. Why it wasn't a week ago that I told him quite plainly I didn't think he had a ghost of a chance; all the same, Enid," she added the next moment, "I think you ought to pause before you send him right out of your life. I used to think him nothing but a conceited ape; but now I've changed my opinion. He really is a decent boy, and, there is no doubt about it, he is head over ears in love with you. Now I've said it," Miss Laurie added a little defiantly, "and I'm rather glad, because I've a feeling that it is my duty to let you know just how the land lies."

Enid said nothing, and the other girl, glancing at her suddenly, such such a white, strained look on her face that it gave her a pang of regret.

"I say, Enid," she said, standing still suddenly. "Don't look like that. Surely it isn't such a dreadful thing, is it, that Desmond Hammond should be in love with you?"

"It hurts me," said Enid, "hurts me in a way I can't explain. It is just because he is nice and I know now he has such a good heart, that—that this thing does hurt so much. Now you will understand, Manon dear, why—why I must leave the tour."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Miss Laurie, and now she spoke gently. "You've let me see that money is necessary to you. Oh! of course we shall be able to manage somehow without you, although it would be difficult; but I am not thinking so much about myself."

"We can't talk this out now," Enid said hurriedly, for at that moment they were hailed from behind by Mr. Hammond; "but we must arrange something before we go away from this visit."

"How's the headache? Is it any better?" asked the young man, eagerly, as he joined them.

"I am afraid it isn't very well," Miss Laurie answered promptly; "but if Enid does nothing but just rests in a chair in that dear old garden which I see in the distance, I daresay she'll be all right by dinner time."

Mr. Hammond was full of concern. He suggested fetching all kinds of remedies, and he was still discussing the subject when Colonel Dawney and Mrs. Gresham joined them.

"A headache," said Colonel Dawney, glancing at Enid's white face, and instantly comprehending that she was really suffering. "I think I can cure it, Miss Sinclair. I'm no end of a good doctor, you know; had to be when I was out for months at a time in wild parts of the world. I prescribe half an hour's rest for you. Will you come with me"

He led her in through the low porch and Mrs. Gresham, obeying an instinct which she could hardly define, slipped her hand through her nephew's arm and with Miss Laurie turned in the direction of the garden.

Colonel Dawney took Enid through a long broad passage into a low-roofed room. It was furnished in the simplest way possible, yet it had a great charm about it.

Colonel Dawney pushed the long couch up to one of the open windows.

"Take off your hat," he suggested. He went out of the room, but was back again almost directly with two pillows under one arm and a glass containing some liquid in his hand. "You see, I have no cushions," he said, "being a mere man; but my housekeeper and general factotum declares these pillows are the best in the world."

Enid was thrilling from head to foot. She let him take away her hat and veil and the loose cloak she had worn in the car. It seemed to her just as if Julian himself were ministering to her, even in his voice she could trace a resemblance.

"Must I drink all this" she asked him in a low voice, and he nodded his head.

"Yes, every drop. Then I am going to arrange you."

He put her down on the couch, placed one pillow under her back and one under her head. "Now just close your eyes and don't think about anything," he commanded.

With the faintest of smiles, Enid obeyed him. He stood for a moment looking down on her with something like a frown contracting his brows. He was drawn to her irresistibly.

"This is no mere ordinary headache," he said to himself. He was accustomed to read faces, and to make quick judgments, and he told himself now that what had been surmise on his part that morning was undoubtedly the truth, and that this delicate young creature was fighting some mental trouble which threatened to overwhelm her.

He drew down the blinds very quietly and went out into the garden to join the others.

"Miss Sinclair will be better when she wakes up," he said.

Desmond Hammond was not in a good temper. He confided to Miss Laurie that Dawney was no end of a good chap of course, but just a little bit too masterful.

"Wants to rule everybody as he ruled the natives," he said; but Manon Laurie could find no fault with their host. "I think he is just splendid," she said.

She did not intend to have any intimate conversation with Hammond, for she was convinced that the young man would want to discuss Enid and nothing else; and now that the silence had been broken between them, and Enid had let her see that this young man's intentions, instead of signifying happiness to her, meant quite the reverse, Manon Laurie felt that the position was one which required the greatest possible tact. So she joined Colonel Dawney and Mrs. Gresham, and they all chatted on general subjects till tea was brought out to them.

Colonel Dawney went himself to fetch Enid. He found her, not asleep, but walking about the room, looking at the various interesting things he had brought back with him.

"I felt so much better, I got up," she said. "What wonderful stuff that was! I think I shall have to get you to give me the prescription."

"You ought not to have many headaches," Dawney answered her.

"It has been so hot lately, otherwise I'm always well," Enid said hurriedly. "Is tea ready? Oh, then, I'll come."

As she picked up her hat, she said: "What a charming face this is! She looks as if she had such a happy heart!"

It was a photograph of Lady Ellen Crooper, and it was certainly a happy picture. Lady Ellen had a puppy in her arms and was laughing with eyes and lips.

"That is a kinswoman of mine. She is a widow."

"A widow!" repeated Enid. "Why, I thought she was just a schoolgirl."

"She is far more like a schoolboy," Colonel Dawney said with a smile. "We are great friends, Nell and I; although I see very little of her. She is always promising to rush down here and stay a little while; but she loves towns, and I'm afraid the country would bore her." He amended this with his next words. "Not that Nell is ever easily bored. That is one of her charms, she can always find sunshine wherever she goes."

"She is lucky!" said Enid. In the next breath she added—"There is nothing I should like better than to live in such a place as this! How quiet it is. How far, far away everything seems."

"It's a little bleak in the winter, and decidedly dull," said Colonel Dawney; but Enid only laughed her faint laugh.

"Oh! I shouldn't mind that. I'm used to real cold, hard wintry weather, I believe," she added in a low voice, "I like the winter better than the summer."

"To me," Adrian Dawney said, "the spring is the most beautiful part of the year; and it is beautiful down here, when all the fruit trees are beginning to put out their white blossoms, and the little lambs are frisking about in the orchards. You ought to know all about that," he added, "for you are in the spring-time of life."

Her lips quivered; but she said nothing, and they walked through the garden in silence.

Mrs. Gresham put out her hand and drew Enid down on the seat beside her.

"I—I am never so happy as when I am taking care of somebody," she said; "and I have a strong desire to take care of you. Miss Laurie tells me that you have to go to London on Monday. I wish instead you would change your plans and stay with me."

"I wish I could," said Enid; "but I am so sorry it isn't possible."

She made a determined effort to drive off the shadows; although she knew that this was only a passing spell of peace and pleasure, she told herself that she would take full advantage of it. Now that she had spoken to Manon Laurie, her heart was a little easier, for she was sure that the other girl would work in with her, and truly she did not want to give young Hammond any real cause for unhappiness.

"He has known me such a little while," she mused, as later on she strolled through the orchards with Mrs. Gresham. "He can't possibly care about me. It's only a fancy: he is very young and we have been thrown together rather closely; if I disappear he'll soon forget all about me."

Mrs. Gresham insisted on Colonel Dawney joining them for dinner that evening.

He agreed willingly, because Manon Laurie and Enid had both promised to arrange some music after dinner.

Just as they were strolling up to the top where Desmond Hammond was waiting with the car, another motor appeared on the road, and, to Colonel Dawney's surprise, drew up also at his gate.

"Someone to visit you," said Mrs. Gresham.

"I expect no one," he answered; but as a tall slim figure got out of the car and stood awhile chatting with Mr. Hammond, he smiled. "It's Nell," he said. "I suppose she must be putting up somewhere round here for the week-end. Now, Miss Sinclair, you will see the original of the photograph you admired so much."

Lady Ellen came towards them swiftly. She was all in white, and her piquante face swathed about with the soft folds of a motor-veil, looked deliciously pretty and very young.

"Here I am," she called out. "I told you I should take you by surprise." Then she laughed. "Adrian, you're a fraud. I've been picturing you in solitude with only cows and pigs and ducks, and here you are giving tea-parties and surrounding yourself with beauty."

She shook hands with the three other women and Enid felt quite dazzled by the fascinating vitality of this young creature. The photograph had charmed her, but the original was far more delightful.

"I've come to take you back with me," she declared, turning to Colonel Dawney. "I'm staying with the Melmerbys, you know they bought old Lord Beninbrough's place when he died, and Grace Melmerby told me that I was not to come back without you."

"Sorry," said Dawney; "but you are just a little late. I am promised for dinner to-night."

A look of real disappointment flashed into Lady Ellen's face, although she laughed.

"Worser and worser," she said. "I shall never believe in you and your farmyard again!"

They had reached the top by this time, and Mrs. Gresham was getting into the car. She looked from Lady Ellen to Dawney.

"Colonel Dawney is coming to dine with us," she said; "but——"

"Oh! I am not going to break my engagement," the man said quickly. "I've been promised music, you know, and that is a great temptation."

(To be continued.)

Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation. "I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions." "Pardon me, I am not," replied Johnson. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent. "Yes,' was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."

BRITAIN'S ENVOY TO ROME.

Sir Henry Howard Representative at the Vatican.

The new Pope, Benedict XV., made no formal announcement of policy when he assumed the triple crown of St. Peter last September. But as he had been the devoted pupil of Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State of Leo XIII., for twenty-five years, it was assumed that the Vatican under Benedict XV. would return to the political ideas and aspirations of Rampolla.

The appointment of Sir Henry Howard as envoy from Great Britain to the Holy See is the first indication of the papal policy, and a signal diplomatic victory for the Pope. To bring about the establishment of direct diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican was the thing Rampolla labored for unceasingly from the day he entered office until he left it, when the late Pope, Pius X., was elected and took Cardinal Merry del Val to be his Secretary of State.

England has been the great foe of political Roman Catholic doctrines since the days of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and the establishment of the English Protestant Church; and although the English Sovereign maintained a representative in Rome as long as the Pope was sovereign there—which was until 1870—the relation was broken off as soon as a King of Italy assumed the throne.

Only Temporary.

All of the nations of Europe which were Catholic—as Austria, France, Portugal, and Spain—continued for the time being an Ambassador at the Vatican, while sending another one to the Quirinal. Germany, being Protestant and Catholic, was finally induced by the Vatican to maintain also the two Ambassadors. But England held out. The Government, knowing the strong anti-Catholic sentiment in the country, could not be persuaded to brook the storm of disapproval such a move would cause.

Sir Henry Howard's appointment is announced as being only temporary, to congratulate the new Pope upon his accession, and then to remain in Rome during the progress of the war. But it seems to be generally accepted as an opening wedge for the appointment of a permanent Ambassador from Great Britain to the Vatican.

Sir Henry Howard.

It is said that the allies are alarmed at the prospect of Prince Von Buelow's preponderance of power at the court of the King of Italy as Ambassador from the German Emperor, and that England, Russia, and France have also become suddenly alive to the possibility of the Pope playing an important role in the settlement of peace. In this event the allies would have a weak representation in comparison to their enemies.

The Sole Representative.

Russia has no formal Ambassador to the Pope. France has broken off her former diplomatic relations. Sir Henry Howard is, therefore, the sole representative of the three countries.

Germany has during recent years increased her solicitude for the Pope's friendship, which was officially sealed by Bismarck granting certain privileges in the Reichstag to the Catholic party in Berlin when the Pope created the first German cardinal. Additional cardinals have been added from time to time, so that the German Empire has at present a strong corps of supporters at Rome.

Austria is still regarded by the Popes as their last stronghold against the encroachments of Protestantism, and the relationship between the Pope and the Emperor Francis Joseph is very intimate.

The Duke of Norfolk in England, the premier duke of the realm, is a Catholic, and he has spent a greater part of his life in reconciling the British Government to a policy of recognition of the political status of the Pope. It was the Duke of Norfolk who personally superintended the present plans for Sir Henry Howard's going to Rome.

Howard has been British Minister at The Hague and Luxemburg. Nearly fifty years ago he was an attache at the British Legation in Washington, and married at that time Miss Cecilia Riggs, the daughter of G. W. Riggs, of Washington. She died in 1907.

FAKERS IN THE WAR ZONE.

Playing the Part of Wounded Soldiers on Steamers.

A brand new kind of pan-handler has been developed by the European war. He sails the ocean blue. He clusters around the quays of Rotterdam and Southampton, with bandages on his head and on his arms and on his legs. He shambles and shunts his way into the steerage of the big liners going to America. And on the way over he tells pitiable stories of the frightful sufferings the war has brought upon him. He is always a Belgian, for Belgian spells the admirable and heroic now in the public mind.

He starts the telling of his harrowing tales in the steerage and tells them incessantly, so that finally they get to the ears of the steerage stewards, then to the ears of the second-class, then to the first-class steward, and presently the affluent passengers of the upper deck know the stories. And these affluent passengers, coming themselves from the scenes of devastation, their whole trip for days having been across a tragic panorama, may be depended upon, with their sympathies thus quickened, to look up the unfortunate and pour lavish charity into their hands.

Usually it is quite useless for ships' doctors and ships' officers to tell the passengers that these "refugees" are fakes. They usually can show "wounds." With rich largess and an incentive they will gash their heads, faces and bodies, and then are prepared to stand up for an unwrapping of their bandages. Some, however, have been detected with surface scratches hugely wadded with bandages.

The feature of their story that always calls out the biggest flow of gold is when they say they are coming to America to try to build new homes and send for families left half-starving in their wrecked native land, but that they are without the wherewithall—the $30 of cash necessary—to permit them to be admitted to the new country. They usually get about five times $30 from the wealthy passengers.

On the other hand there has been a great deal printed regarding the influx of crooks from the Old World to the New because of the war. With practically all Europe a roaring camp of war, it has been declared, criminals have deserted the Continent like rats and have come in droves to American ports.

Unknown Graves.

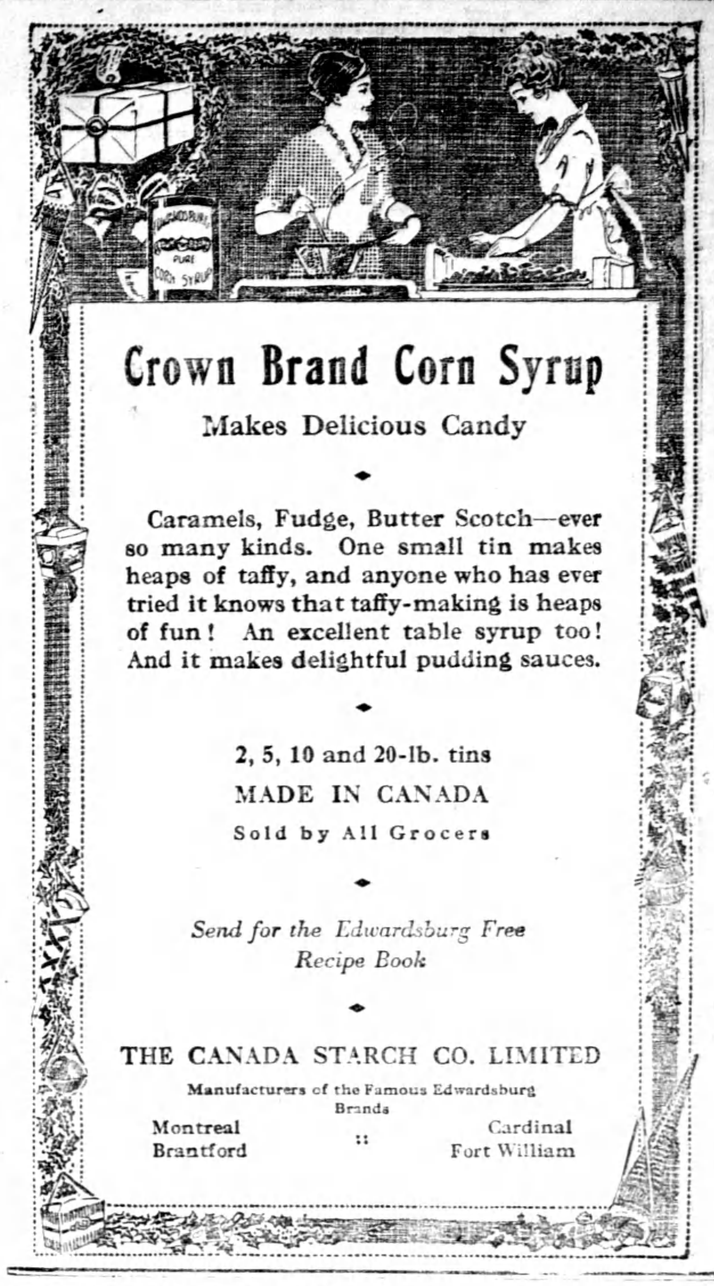
"I see that a good many German soldiers are getting the Iron Cross."

"There are a good many more who aren't even getting a wooden cross, poor chaps."

Many a girl who thinks she has a swanlike neck makes a goose of herself.

"Bald heads remind me of kind words." "Why so?" "They can never dye, you know."

First Financier—They tell me Highflier's wrecking of that bank was grand larceny. Second Financier—Grand? Ah, it was magnificent!



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