Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

"And I can only offer you bridge and billiards, scandal and perhaps a kick-up of a dance."

As she spoke, Lady Ellen was looking at Enid. Like every one else, she was struck by the undoubted physical delicacy of the girl, but equally by her beauty.

She dismissed Manon Laurie as being handsome, but rather common-looking; but Enid was quite a different affair.

"Which is the girl who sings?" she asked Colonel Dawney, as, the car having disappeared from sight, they turned to go down to the house.

"I really don't know," Colonel Dawney said. "They are artists with whom young Hammond has been travelling, and he got his aunt to invite them down here for the week-end."

"That fair one is awfully pretty, isn't she, Adrian?"

"I suppose she is," the man answered.

"How do you mean, you suppose she is?" queried Lady Ellen, with rather a strained note in her voice.

"Well, to tell you the truth I have hardly realized what she looks like. I am so struck by the fact that she is young, a mere girl, who seems to be breaking her heart for some reason or other."

Lady Ellen laughed.

"Sentimental Adrian!" she said. "Don't you know that women's hearts are not made to break nowadays."

"I fancy women are very much the same as they used to be in every age. The conditions of life have changed enormously, that's true enough; but human nature is the same old human nature of centuries."

Lady Ellen slipped her hand through his arm.

"You don't know how much I wanted you to come back with me, Adrian," she said. "If you hadn't accepted to dine at the Rectory, you would have come, wouldn't you?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think so, Nell. I am so out of things, nowadays; and I never very much cared for the Melmerbey lot."

"Does that mean that you don't approve of my staying there?"

He smiled at her gravely.

"My dear," he said, "I can't pretend to dictate to you what you should do or what you shouldn't do."

Lady Ellen kicked up the rough path with her dainty foot.

"Well, I wish you would," she said, just like a child. "I'd be ever so much happier if I had somebody to give me orders and make me do things. I—I know I must get into mischief if I don't have someone to look after me."

"I thought the duchess was doing that very thoroughly."

Lady Ellen shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh! I am only a little bit of Poppy's life. She has so many other interests. Of course I know she cares for me, but she can't be always worrying about me, can she?" Then Lady Ellen paused and looked about her. "Oh! Adrian, it's sweet here. It's a dream of a place. What lovely air. I believe I should always be happy if I lived here."

At this Adrian Dawney laughed almost happily.

"Dear child" he said. "You'd love it for a day, well, perhaps a week, and then after that you'd want Bond Street and a dinner at the Ritz and a theatre. You'd find it so dull."

"Adrian," Ellen Crooper said, and there was a curious note of depth in her voice. "You always make me feel as if I were a worthless piece of goods."

"That's the very last impression I want to make," the man said very quickly. "But come in and let me give you some tea. You are not in a hurry to go back, are you, Nell?"

"I don't want to go back at all," she answered him, "now that you won't go back. I wish Mrs. Gresham, her name is Gresham, isn't it? would have asked me to dine there to-night."

"Come along," said Colonel Dawney. He stretched out his one hand and led her to the house. When she was in the drawing-room and saw that her picture was in the place of honor, she ran up to it and clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh that is dear of you," she said. "I—I'm fearfully flattered at being here, and all by myself too, no other photographs. That shows you do think about me a little bit."

Dawney had walked to the window and was putting up the blinds a little nervously.

"Why shouldn't I think about you?"

"I don't know," she answered, and then she sighed. "Look here, can I make up some excuse and say that I have got to go away to-night, then—then I can come and stay here, couldn't I? You'd have room for me made, wouldn't you?"

"I'm sorry, my dear, but it isn't possible," he spoke almost curtly. "I've no accommodation here, at least not without a good deal of preparation, and you can't play fast and loose with your friends in this fashion, you know. What would Lady Melmerbey think?"

"I suppose I can't," said Lady Ellen; and she looked at him very dismally. "How I do wish I hadn't accepted Grace's invitation. I—I know perfectly well why she asked me. It was because she thought she would get hold of Mr. Bryant, too. She is crazy about him, and in her stupid way imagines I carry him about in my pocket."

Colonel Dawney's fine brows contracted in a frown.

"Now then, make yourself at home," he said, "and I'll get you some tea. Go and sit in the garden. I'll come to you there."

"Is this where you sleep?" asked Lady Ellen, as she was passing out. She pointed to the couch on which the two white pillows rested.

He shook his head.

"No; I brought those down because Miss Sinclair was so ill, I made her lie down for a little while."

This time it was Lady Ellen who frowned. She said nothing, but bit her lip, and went out into the garden.

Colonel Dawney interviewed his housekeeper once again, and before he joined her he stood watching her as she threw herself into one of the chairs.

There was an expression on his face which had it been seen by Ellen Crooper might have thrown a sudden enlightenment on much which perplexed her and troubled her. Certainly if Enid Bryant had seen him with that look on his face she would have understood what the man had hardly as yet dared to confess to himself!

CHAPTER XIII.

When Colonel Dawney reached the Rectory that night he met with one disappointment. Mrs. Gresham told him that Miss Sinclair was so very unwell that she had persuaded her to stay in bed.

"She fainted just a little while ago. I am really quite anxious about her," she added, "for she seems to me to be far too delicate for this kind of travelling life. From what I gather, she seems to be very much alone in the world."

"Pity she can't stay down here. This air would set her up again."

Then Colonel Dawney brought a smile of pleasure to Mrs. Gresham's face by telling her that Lady Ellen had been eager to join her party that evening.

"Oh, I wish she could have come," the Rector's wife said. "She is charming, and looks so young."

"Well, she is young," replied Adrian Dawney, "and she has had a pretty rough time, poor Nell!"

It was, after all, rather a quiet dinner party. Desmond Hammond was decidedly out of temper. Manon Laurie flung herself into the breach, and did all she could, but the young man refused to sing, and as she candidly confessed she was not much good at playing her own accompaniments, the musical part of the evening was not a success. Twice Miss Laurie stole upstairs to see how Enid was.

Truth to tell, she had had a great shock when Enid had fainted.

"They are all so kind," she said, as she perched herself for a moment on the bed for a little chat. "Mrs. Gresham is coming up to see you just before you settle down. Colonel Dawney has sent you the prescription of the stuff he gave you this afternoon. What a nice man, Enid. I think he is too fascinating!" Then Miss Laurie laughed. "That silly boy! I believe he is jealous of Colonel Dawney."

Enid lay on her pillows and listened. She did not feel strong enough to talk; but later, when Manon Laurie had left her, she got up and went and sat by the window.

Only one day more in this quiet and lovely haven, and then the hard world with all its hardships, and all its bitterness!

As she sat by the window Colonel Dawney and the Rector came out of the drawing-room and walked across the lawn. They were smoking and chatting. Enid looked down at the tall soldier figure, and once when he laughed her face contracted. It was horrible how like he was to Julian! She wondered half vaguely, half passionately, whether this man, who bore so strong a resemblance to her husband, would have been capable of the same cruelty as Julian? For, after all, now she did not disguise from herself the fact that Julian Bryant was treating her cruelly, and that money, and all that money meant, had taken such a grip of him that it was apparently nothing one way or the other to him what happened to her.

This physical weakness that was coming upon her so gradually and yet so surely, made Enid's position a hundredfold worse.

"I can't be ill," she said to herself passionately. "I mustn't be ill!" At another time her mood changed, and she covered her face with her hands. "There is only one way out of it," she said to herself dully. "If I were dead then everything would remain smooth for him." Nevertheless, so strong was youth and the call of life within her, that Enid could not contemplate the thought of her own death calmly.

She suddenly broke into tears, and she cried for a long time. Then she got up and leaned her aching head against the long window, and as she stood there Colonel Dawney came up from the bottom of the garden alone. He had accompanied the Rector (who had been called to the village) as far as the lower gate. As he saw that white face and slim figure standing in the soft moonlight, Colonel Dawney paused, crossed the lawn, and came and stood quite close under the window.

"Are you better?" he asked, in a soft but a clear voice.

Enid drew back for an instant, and then she stepped out on the balcony.

"No," she answered nervously. "I'm not very well. My head is so bad and I can't sleep. It is so hot, isn't it?"

"Poor little girl!" said Dawney. "I brought over some of that powder with me in case you should require it. I'll send it up to you by Mrs. Gresham. I have already given her the prescription."

"Thank you," said Enid. "You are kind."

"I wish I could be really kind," Adrian Dawney said. He still spoke in a low voice; he did not want others to notice him. "Now, look here, Miss Sinclair," he said. "We have only just met, and of course you can't know very much about me; but—Well! I'm a fairly decent sort of chap, and I should like to feel that you would turn to me and let me be a friend if at any time you had need of one."

"I have no friends," said Enid.

"Then all the more chance for me," Dawney answered briskly. "Now, I can see quite plainly that you are worrying about something, and you are very young to bear troubles all alone. If it is something you can't tell me, do let me urge you to make a confidante of Mrs. Gresham. She is the best and sweetest woman in the world, and she has already lost her heart to you."

"There are some things," Enid said in her tremulous voice, "that one can't tell."

His brows contracted for an instant, and then he laughed.

"Ah! how young you are!" he said. "All your little troubles seem heavy sorrows. But—really, I don't like to think of you fretting and worrying when some of us could help you. Do think it over. Promise me to take the medicine and go to sleep. Make up your mind, and you will sleep! To-morrow I'm coming over to have a long talk with you. Good night."

"She said "Good-night" in a whisper, but it reached his ears, and the tears came again as she turned back into the room, the kindness, and, especially such kindness as his, touched her very, very deeply.

When Mrs. Gresham came up about half an hour later she found Enid in bed again, and pretended not to see the tear stains on the pretty face.

"By Colonel Dawney's orders," she said, as she held out the little glass; "and I want you to do me a favor, dear child; please stay here and take all the rest you can to-morrow."

"I promise," Enid said.

She swallowed the dose in the little glass, and then she held up her lips, and Mrs. Gresham bent and kissed her just as if they had been mother and daughter.

* * * * * *

Lady Ellen Crooper's first act when she returned to London was to call at Mr. Bryant's. He had told her a day or so before that he had no intention of going away for any length of period this summer; and he had let her understand that he was busy; but he did not explain what his work was.

It was with a little thrill of disappointment that she heard that Julian was away from home. His butler added that he really had no idea when his master would return.

"Mr. Bryant's movements are so very uncertain, my lady," he said. "We are not even forwarding on letters; but sometimes Mr. Bryant sends up and collects them, or calls himself."

"Oh! I see," said Lady Ellen. "Thank you."

She sighed once or twice as she walked away. She was dreadfully depressed. Her week-end visit had been a great failure, and there was a little soreness in Lady Ellen's heart that absolutely refused to heal.

She hardly knew what had taken her to find Julian Bryant except that she was lonely; like a child, she was without anyone to amuse her, and she had turned to Mr. Bryant, feeling that he at least would have been able to dispel her dullness.

"I shall go off to Homburg," she said to herself.

A few days before she had received a pressing invitation to go abroad with some rather flashy American people, whose acquaintance she had but recently made.

She could always go to the duchess; but somehow she wanted distraction, excitement; she did not want to sit down and think in too concentrated a fashion; moreover, there were one or two tiresome matters which Lady Ellen was anxious to run away from.

As a matter of fact it was a new thing for her to have been backwards and forwards in London during August; but she had been considerably worried about money and as for a time, through Mr. Tenderten's good offices, this sort of annoyance had been taken from her so completely, Lady Ellen fretted now at having once again to deal with the cost of her extravagances.

This was really the reason why she had been unable to go away for any length of time; but not the only reason.

The fact was that, though she did not confess so much to herself, she was never really happy when she was away out of reach of Adrian Dawney.

She made pretence with herself and called him her friend, and said over and over again in her thoughts that she had need of him, that he was the one person in the world whose advice she felt was necessary, who really did know what was good for her.

This day, however, as she walked away slowly from her visit to Julian Bryant's house, there came over Lady Ellen a reckless sort of feeling to cut herself adrift from all that up to now had signified so much to her.

"He asked me to go down to the farm," she said to herself, and there were tears in her eyes; "yet when I was there he seemed to want to get rid of me. How stupid I am! Why should I bother about Adrian when he doesn't bother about me; he was far more interested in those two girls, especially in that delicate fair one. I suppose she has never done anything stupid or foolish!"

London was practically empty, at least empty of those people who made Lady Ellen's world.

She looked listlessly in the shop windows in Bond street, and at last turned wearily to her own house.

There she found a very unpleasant letter, a letter in which she was warned that if she did not pay a certain debt by a certain time proceedings would be taken against her.

She immediately went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Tenderten. His clerk answered that Mr. Tenderten was out at lunch.

"Please ask him to ring me up directly he comes in," said Lady Ellen. "It is important!"

She sat waiting for this summons after her lunch till tea time arrived. Fortunately a batch of new books had come from the library, and she had lost herself for a time in reading one of them; but suddenly she looked at the clock, and she awakened with a very unpleasant feeling to the fact that Mr. Tenderten had not obeyed her instructions.

When her servant rang up the office again, he brought back the information that Mr. Tenderten had left for the country.

Lady Ellen felt inclined to cry.

"Adrian always told me that he was a horrid man," she said to herself; "and yet," was the next thought, "what am I to do without him"

At this very moment the door was opened and Julian Bryant was announced.

Lady Ellen greeted him most affectionately.

"Oh! you are a nice creature," she said. "I'm so lonely and so sorry for myself that I'm positively shedding tears."

"I hear that you called on me this morning. I'm awfully sorry I was not there, Lady Ellen. I had an idea that you were going abroad."

"What are you doing with yourself?" she answered him with a question, as he sat down and she gave him some tea. "You look better, not that you were ever ill; but you don't look so—well, I was going to say worried; but of course that is perfectly stupid; what could there be to worry you? I am the person who gets the worries!"

Julian looked at her quickly and stirred his tea. He did not speak for a moment, and then he said—

"Well, I'm not used to being idle, and it rather got on my nerves. You know, before I came into this money, Lady Ellen, I was driving a taxi; and I had to put in some real rough work before I was fit to do that. Well. I've gone back to it."

Lady Ellen clapped her hands.

"You're driving a taxi," she said.

He smiled faintly. "Not exactly; but I'm starting a motor business. I must do something," he added listlessly.

"Is it a public matter? Can I have some shares in it, Mr. Bryant?"

"All the shares you want if it is turned into a company; at present it is simply nothing but a kind of amusement for me."

He drank his tea and then he looked at her very steadily.

"What are you worrying about?" he asked.

She colored hotly, and then she laughed.

"Mr. Pleydell, whom I think you know, would tell you that I make all my own worries; but I don't think I'm peculiar in that. Most of us make our own worries, don't we?"

"Yes," said Julian Bryant.

It was his turn to color, and he did so vividly.

"Please forgive me, if I venture on a very delicate subject; but I don't think you ought to be worried, Lady Ellen."

She agreed with him in her pretty fashion.

"Nor do I; it is just force of circumstances, you see."

"If," said Julian Bryant with some hesitation, "if—I might be allowed to handle the worries! I have the honor to regard myself as your friend, Lady Ellen, and I believe you look upon me in the same light, don't you? Well, then—will you be very good to me?"

Lady Ellen looked at him and then looked away.

He was so like, yet so unlike, the man she loved. Julian was younger, handsomer; to most women doubtless he would have been the more attractive; but she had always before her eyes Adrian Dawney's face, with his strong, grave expression. She could see him now so clearly as he had come towards her in the little garden.

She almost hated herself for letting any other man call her friend, and yet life was so empty—so lonely!

"I won't misunderstand you, Mr. Bryant," she said; "but you do not know. I don't think I must let you be good to me in the way you mean. After all, Mr. Pleydell is right; I am horribly extravagant! I do make my own miseries, and I think it is a good lesson for me to fight and not put them on to somebody else."

"I don't quite agree with you," Julian Bryant said.

She smiled at him.

"Ah!" she said, "yol belong to the type of man who hates to see any woman fighting and struggling, and thinks that all women should be tenderly guarded and kept away from everything that is rough and cruel."

He turned white to his lips, and did not speak for a moment; and then he said:—

"You—you judge me wrongly, Lady Ellen. I am afraid I don't merit this good opinion."

He was thinking in his turn of something other than this charming little room, with this pretty, delightful woman facing him. He had gone back for an instant to the old sordid, narrow, unhappy life, with Enid always brave, always resourceful, always bright-tempered; and the pang that went through his heart was like a pang of mortal pain.

It was at this very moment that the butler announced Mr. Tenderten.

The quick-eyed lawyer took in the fact that both these people had a confused, nervous expression; and his jealous nature took flame at once, whilst at the same time a quick, cunning suggestion came into his mind.

"I hear that you rang me up, Lady Ellen," he said. "I tried to get through to you several times; but then I thought perhaps it would be better if I came to see you."

"That is very good of you," said Lady Ellen, with an effort. "You know Mr. Bryant, of course."

"How do you do, Bryant?" said the young lawyer, rather coolly.

He accepted a cup of tea, and began talking in his most aggressive fashion, and in a very little while Julian Bryant got up and took his departure.

"You are leaving town again at once," inquired Lady Ellen, hurriedly, as she put her hand again into his.

He nodded his head.

"Yes, and you?"

"Oh, I'm very uncertain. I rather think I shall go to Homburg. I don't know if I can manage it, but I'm so sick of London! It has been so hot this year, hasn't it?"

Julian did not shake hands with Tenderten; he simply gave him a nod, and as he went away the lawyer laughed.

"He has dropped into things pretty quick, hasn't he?" he said, with a sneer. "One would never imagine, to look at him, that he had been down so low as to drive a cab."

If he thought to surprise Lady Ellen, he failed. She felt suddenly a great repugnance to Mr. Tenderten.

"Ah, but you see," she said, "Mr. Bryant would always be the right thing, whatever he did"; and this was a speech which brought the hot color into Mr. Tenderten's cheeks.

"You want to go to Homburg, I hear," he said, as he put down his cup.

"Well, I think I shall go if you can come to my rescue," said Lady Ellen.

She realized very quickly that she could not afford to quarrel with him, although at the same time she awakened in this moment that she found him absolutely detestable.

He laughed.

"I'm proud to think that I can be of such importance in your life, Lady Ellen," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you are very clever, and you have helped me so much."

"And you want me to help you again?"

There was a note in his voice that went to the core of Ellen Crooper's proud heart.

"No; I don't think so, Mr. Tenderten," she said. "I—I am already too deeply in your debt. I must just struggle on along as best I can."

He gave her a foxy look. Of course, he jumped at once to the conclusion that Bryant was going to help her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought that you would rely upon me, Lady Ellen."

"I think," she answered him frankly, "that I have been relying too much on everybody all my life, and now it is time I did something for myself. Do you know, Mr. Tenderten, I am afraid Mr. Pleydell is right! As long as I remain in this house and keep up all this establishment, I shall never be out of debt. Of course, I shall hate giving it up, but"—she shrugged her shoulders—"well, we have to do so many things we hate, don't we?"

He looked at her in a puzzled fashion. He did not quite understand the drift of her words. Certainly he was not prepared for this declaration of independence.

"As I told you some months ago, Lady Ellen, I never could see the need for such a drastic alteration in your life; and if you are still content to leave things to me——"

"Don't think me ungrateful, Mr. Tenderten," Lady Ellen said, "if I decide to wake up and do things for myself." She changed the subject gracefully. "What have you been doing all this time? You have not been in London, have you?"

Mr. Tenderten enlarged upon his doings and threw in a few big names; but in reality he was perturbed. It was not at all his game to let Lady Ellen get out of his hands; and he knew that, without help from anybody, if she chose to sell her valuables such as she had, dispose of her pictures and her furniture, she would be able to raise sufficient money to pay him, and at any rate to settle the larger portion of her debts. He felt he had made a wrong move, and at once attempted to change this; but he was not wholly successful.

Lady Ellen sat some time after he had gone away thinking deeply; and she had just gone upstairs to dress for her lonely dinner when a note was brought to her.

It was from Julian Bryant. Inside there was a little enclosure, and in this enclosure was a blank cheque—

"I am leaving to-morrow for America," Julian wrote. "My return is very uncertain. Perhaps you have guessed that I am not a very happy man, just as I have guessed that you are tender-hearted and most sympathetic. I am asking you therefore to be good to me, and to permit me to stretch out a hand to you now that I know from your own admission that you need a friend's hand. If I am guilty of an act which shocks you, just tear up this letter and all it contains and try some day to forgive me."

Lady Ellen neither tore up the letter nor did she answer it. She took that little enclosure and locked it away among her jewels; her eyes were moist as she did so. He was so like Adrian, that alone gave him a place in her thought; but she liked him for himself also, and more so now that he had told her he was unhappy.

That night after dinner she wrote a letter to Mr. Pleydell and addressed it to his private address.

"I want to see you," she wrote. "I want you to help me. I've tried to go against your advice, and now I'm face to face with really great difficulties. Please help me to put them right. I am ready to make any sacrifices and to start at once."

Another letter she wrote before she went to bed—

"Nasty Adrian," it began.—"You know it was very mean of you to send me away on Saturday, because I did so badly want to stay; and once upon a time you invited me to be your guest. 'You shall have,' you said, 'the most charming bedroom imaginable, looking out over the old gardens and the orchards away to the sea. I never saw the charming bedroom; a cold-hearted farmer drove me away. In a little while I shall have some news to give you about mypself; but don't write to me, at least for a month, because I shall be far too busy to answer you. Ever yours, Nell.

"P.S.—Did you enjoy the music very, very much at the Rectory? I went to bed at ten I hear the others played bridge till four o'clock in the morning. I am done with that lot. I shall never go there again!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Despite all Mrs. Gresham's endeavors to persuade her to remain, Enid left the Rectory early on Monday morning. She had fulfilled her promise, however, and had remained in her room throughout the long hot day of Sunday, and she had therefore missed her chat with Colonel Dawney, who had arrived at the Rectory about tea-time. Instead of talking to her, he talked to Mrs. Gresham.

"I can't help thinking that Miss Sinclair is in real need of friends," he said, when he and the Rector's wife found themselves alone for a little while.

Mrs. Gresham was very quiet for a moment, and then she said—

"It is useless to disguise the fact that Desmond is very much in love with her. I feel a little worried about it. I am sure it would upset his mother a good deal. You see, he is too young to marry yet awhile."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said Colonel Dawney, with a faint smile; "but Hammond will grow out of this fancy. It is just a case of propinquity. They have been thrown together a good deal. She is a very lovely young creature, and it would be a very queer sort of young man who did not lose his heart to her. I don't fancy she reciprocates his affection."

"I am quite sure she does not," Mrs. Gresham said; "as a matter of fact I will confide to you that she told me that she was not going on with the tour, and I guessed at once the real reason."

"You are going to look after her?" queried Colonel Dawney, a moment or two later.

Mrs. Gresham answered promptly.

"Yes; if she will let me; but we are strangers, and although she may like me, just as I am drawn magnetically to her, I have no real place in her life."

Colonel Dawney got up. He stood, tall and soldierly, looking ahead of him for a few seconds, and then he said—

"I don't as a rule interfere in my neighbor's affairs; but there is something about this girl which seems to me to call for more than ordinary sympathy. I am a man, and I can't do anything, but—it is different with you; however," he held out his hand as he spoke, and smiled, "there am I teaching you your business. I wonder you don't box my ears."

"Come and see me again soon," said Mrs. Gresham.

An hour or so afterward she went softly to Enid's room, and found the girl up and dressed and sitting in a chair.

"Colonel Dawney has sent you many messages. He was very much disappointed not to see you. He still hopes to hear you play and sing, too—one day very soon. I want you to promise to come back to me, will you?"

Enid looked at Mrs. Gresham quietly.

"I can't make any promises. I am afraid I shall have to go to Canada. I have people there, you know. They won't be very pleased to see me come back, as I shall go, but at least they are my kith and kin, and I have a right to turn to them. This much at least I will promise you," Enid added the next moment; "and that is that if I do not go back to Canada and I find myself very, very lonely, I will write to you."

"We are always here," Mrs. Gresham said. "If we go away it is only for a few days; the Rector never cares to leave his people. Now you really feel rested?"

"Oh, so much better—quite another person; and I have a favor to ask you. I want to go away to-morrow quite—quite early. I don't want to hurt Mr. Hammond in any way. I—I wonder if you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Gresham, smiling just for an instant. "Well, leave it to me. I will drive you to the station myself. You shall have your breakfast before eight o'clock, and we will get away in time to catch the express at the junction which leaves a little after nine."

This programme was carried out, and so it was that Enid found herself travelling rapidly away from the country on a very hot morning.

She went when she reached London to Sybil Jackson's flat. There she was met by the information that Miss Jackson had gone abroad suddenly.

"Something to do with that there Women's Rights," said the porter. "I did hear her say as she has gone to Russia, but that mayn't be right, you know; any way, she's locked up the flat and I've got the key. Will you be staying here, miss? Oh!" the porter added, "there was an old gentleman come inquiring for you once or twice since you've been away. He seemed a bit vexed he didn't see you."

"No; I shan't stay here," said Enid. "Miss Jackson might not like it, and besides I—I'm only in London for a few hours. If any luggage or letters come for me, do you think you would take care of them?"

The porter assented eagerly, and as his hand closed over the half-crown that Enid gave him, he said—

"Perhaps you'd like a bit of summat to eat, miss; my missus could cook you a chop easy."

"Oh—oh! thank you, no," said Enid. "I'm lunching out."

She had only a small kit case with her, and as she walked away this hung heavily in her hand. Now what was she to do? Where was she to go? She had so little money, and Sybil Jackson was really the only person to whom she could turn for practical help and advice.

She walked on till she came to a place where she could get an omnibus, and she put herself into one without in the least knowing what direction she would go or what she would do when she got to the end of the journey.

Indeed, as the omnibus was rolling past one of the entrances to Regent's Park she suddenly determined to get out and sit awhile under the trees.

A ragged little boy ran up beside her, asking to hold her bag, and she gave it to him, for in truth she was not strong enough to carry it, and though every penny was of value to her now she parted with a small coin gladly.

Just for a time she was too weary, too heart-sick to work and think and plan out any future action.

It was very pleasant under the trees, even though the park swarmed with the children of the poor.

Enid sat on long after the noonday sun had reached its height. She was conscious of feeling an exhaustion which came because she had not touched food since the very early morning; and all at once she awakened with a start to the knowledge that she must do something or the night would be on her before she knew where she was going to sleep.

Thereupon she started thinking in real earnest and as she went over all possibilities she decided that it would be perhaps the best plan if she went to the lodgings of her first little home with Julian. Here at least she would be known and treated with respect.

"There would be no fear," she said to herself bitterly, "of anyone coming to find me. If he had wanted to do that he could have done so a long time ago."

She made her way back to the omnibus route and travelled out to loomsbury. She could not see very clearly when she reached the street that was so familiar to her.

Memories were crowding in on her. It seemed to her so strange that once she had passed up and down this very street, so happy, so light-heartedly, that she had been wont to sing as she walked.

It was with a sensation of something of something akin to joy that when she knocked at the door she found herself a moment later facing the woman who kept the house. There might have been a change, and she might have found strangers; but this was spared her, and as she was greeted warmly, Enid felt that she had found a friend.

"Why, Mrs. Bryant!" exclaimed the landlady, a brisk, clean, middle-aged woman. "I was thinking about you only the other day and wishing I could have you back again. I've had no luck with my rooms since you and Mr. Bryant left, and that's the truth; but won't you come in? It has been a terribly hot day, and you look wore out."

She took the kit case from Enid's hand, and she showed the way into a front parlor.

"Would you like a cup of tea, or perhaps you've had it?"

Enid thanked her eagerly.

"I haven't had anything to eat since the morning, Mrs. Chaplin. I've come up from the country," she explained.

"Oh, then you'll be wanting something badly. Just sit down, take off your hat."

As she bustled away the landlady shook her head. She had no need of words to tell her that Mrs. Bryant had fallen on hard times; in fact she did not quite like to inquire after Julian. She was afraid lest something had happened to him. She was back almost directly with a rough tray, on which was spread teacups and a loaf and some butter.

"No; I've never had no decent folk since you went away," she chattered on. "I've often wondered about you, Mrs. Bryant. Did you get along comfortably where you went?"

"Yes," said Enid. "It wasn't like being with you; but we managed all right, times were very hard with us. You know we should never have left you, Mrs. Chaplin, if we could have afforded to stay."

Mrs. Chaplin cut some slices of bread and butter, and went to and fro into the little adjoining room, bringing back at last a tea-pot and a boiled egg.

"It seems to me," she said, "we get nothing but hard times, some of us; but I did hope things was going to be a little better with you, my dear! Mr. Bryant he were such a fine strong man, so strong and willing, wouldn't have minded what he did now, would he?"

Enid took her courage in both her hands.

"I've come to you, Mrs. Chaplin," she said, "because I—I'm all alone now, and I want to live somewhere where I am known. I can only afford one room."

"It'll be a pleasure to have you in the house," said Mrs. Chaplin. "Now just eat that egg and drink the tea, and then we'll talk."

Enid drew near the table, trying very hard to keep back her tears. But there was something that had to be said, and she said it at once.

"I am going to ask you a favor. Will you—please not—not speak about Mr. Bryant?" she said. "I have been very, very unhappy, Mrs. Chaplin, even now I—I can't talk to you about him easily."

She knew that these words would imply something which was not the truth. But then the truth must never be told to anyone. That had become a creed with Enid.

"I know how you feel, my dear," said Mrs. Chaplin; "and I'll ask no more questions. I'm glad you came to me. You're one of the sort as I like. Now drink your tea, and don't you fret yourself more than you can help."

"Won't you have some tea, too, Mrs. Chaplin?"

Mrs. Chaplin sat down at once and became sociable.

She informed Enid, that though she had had no luck with lodgers, things were not quite so bad as they had been with her, for she had come into a little bit of money.

"In truth, you know, my dear," she said, "though it's not much, yet it do help, and so I haven't worried myself so much about letting as I used to do; and that makes it easier for you, too, because I don't like the idea of your being in one room. What you'd best to do is to take the two and just pay me what you can for them. We shan't fall out."

Enid bit her quivering lip.

"You are very good, Mrs. Chaplin," she said. "Just for the moment I can't afford very much, but—but I—I'm going to work. I must give lessons. Do you remember when I was here how we used to talk it over? There were one or two children you told me about then who could have come to me. Perhaps I could teach them now."

"I remember," said Mrs. Chaplin; "but your poor husband he was that proud, you know, he didn't want you to have to work, so it fell through. But to tell the truth my dear," Mrs. Chaplin added, "you don't seem to me none too strong to take on much."

"Oh! I am much stronger than I look," Enid said, bravely.

It was so hot in this little homely parlor, and the house, now that she was in it again, seemed crowded with memories which were so vivid, so heart-searching, that for the moment her courage faltered, and she did not know how she would be able to live among them; but Mrs. Chaplin's brisk chatter and hearty practical sympathy was very comforting and helpful. And when after the tea was finished, Enid climbed the narrow stairs to the two rooms where once she had been so happy, there came over her a sense of something like joy. Here at last she would have rest and peace and dreaming of the old days, live once again through the hopes and fears, and those hours of sweetest communion which had gone from her in actuality for ever!

(To be continued.)

Lessons Come Easier

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HOW HABITS MAKE WRINKLES

Different Causes Are Given for Their Formation.

There are different causes for wrinkles, which are not entirely due to old age. Habits of thought reflect themselves in the face, and if persisted in create wrinkles through the repeated exercise of certain muscles in fixing the expression of the features. A constantly fretful or worrisome contraction of the skin of the forehead will cause wrinkles there independent of the age of the person.

In persons of a jolly, laughing nature the lines running outward and downward from the eye, caused by laughter, will become more or less fixed.

Wrinkles running across the root of the nose, between the eyes, indicate concentrated habits of thought in general.

An over-exercise of decisiveness or determination will make permanent lines from the sides of the nostrils to the outer edges of the mouth.

The natural cause of wrinkles as they come with advancing years, however, has nothing to do with the expression of the mind in the face. It is caused by the lack of nourishment for the skin to keep the circulation of the blood up to its youthful strength. As we grow older we lose the fat that has accumulated under our skin, and which is due to an imperfectly adjusted circulation in all parts of the body.

When fat accumulates it makes the skin grow larger, and when the fat disappears with advancing age the skin is too large, and in the act of contracting the wrinkles are formed.

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