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CHAPTER XIV. "HOME, SWEET HOME."

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be awkwark for you?"

venient for us." had rather an artificial ring.

ing upon her father's work? He had eye. Lesley was told that there was "It's not a critical audience," said began to disperse, for Mr. Brooke did "I like it very much. But it is all never invited her to Macclesfield Build. also a library, besides a kitchen and Oliver, on her other side. "You might not let the hours of his "meeting" en. new to me—so new—I feel like Ione spirit in which she came; it would coffee, "temperance drinks," and rolls and your father will be disappointed if time to go. But almost every man, and England—I have lived in an enchanted seem to him as though she had been or cakes. brought in Mrs. Romaine's train, per. A few women in their "Sunday best" Lesley flushed deeply. A week ago shaking hands with Lesley, most of was kept from me; so-how could 1 crept in humbly, and tried to under. were not so numerous as the men- she could not think so to-night. stand, by herself, what he was trying respectable working men for the most "I have no music here. And I can- you, miss?" said a tall, broad-shoulder- metaphorically, in dust and ashes eyer to do. What would be think of her part; some of them smoking, some not sing properly when I play my own ed fellow, with honest eyes and a pleasince we had that talk together. Miss when he saw her there that afternoon? reading or talking, without their pipes. accompaniments."

regarded him. sisted that they should take a cab. It had been made which he was combat- "Rather! Is it not a trifle hack- disrespect to you, miss. But Mr. she did not wish to pursue the subject. was for his own sake, as Rosalind re. ing.

dirty people, unpleasant sights and did I?" CANADIAN OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT. district to which they were bound that to be encountered in the North London men.

-do they-in this dreary place?"

Ah, me, and a dreary piace it was! Eh?" and a great court-yard in which a num- selves. shrieked in play; it was perhaps the awkwardly. "It's because they're apt Mrs. Romaine saw that he looked un. ed to save some of us from worse than most depressingly ugly bit of archi. to neglect their 'omes if they come out doubtedly nervous, and just then Oliver death, miss, and that's why." tecture that Lesley had ever seen. In of an afternoon or an evening like we began the prelude to Lesley's song. It "Come, Jim Gregson," said a cheery said, with a little shiper. vain her friends told her of the super. do." ior sanitary arrangements, the ventil. "Not they!" said Mr. Brooke. "To "Home, Sweet Home."

look like now."

"Lesley is horrified," said Ethel, with a little laugh.

wered, trying also to be merry, "but at growl, "Oliver thinks all ugliness wicked," done." said Mrs. Romaine, maliciously.

had grown pale. "Are you tired?—are you ill?" he "We'll pay him out, if you like, sir," tokened more perplexity than admir. am quite ready."

asked her, in the gentlest undertones. said a youth; and some of the older ation. the muddy stones of the court-yards, threat.

not that—it is ugly, of course; but I do better than it is." not mind that at all."

she surely would not blush for that | perhaps, or her startled eye-he saw at | ued it. for the new and useful invention for de- coming acquainted with her? Oliver speech and his reply.

were quite accustomed to the place. Lesley thrilled all over with the tremulousness were set down by the blessed relief. "We have often been before, you know," novel pleasure of what seemed to her hearers as a very pretty bit of artistic Aunt Sophy was good-natured, and hobby, you know; his doll's bouse, or answer suitably. Noah's Ark, or whatever you like to "Mrs. Romaine brought me," she eye-glass and looked narrowly at the "Don't stay more than a minute or

Mrs. Romaine and Oliver Trent at. his Noah's Ark myself. The animals "Ah! Mrs. Romaine?"—in quite a "How well she sings!" she murmur. then—Caspar and I. Mr. Trent is, of tributed Lesley's desire to see Maccles. walk in two by two. The men may different tone. "Very kind of Mrs. ed in Mr. Brooke's ear. "Positively, course, escourting your sister. Mrs. field Buildings to a young girl's curios. bring their wives on Sundays. Oh, by Romaine. By the bye, Maurice"—to as if she felt it!" ity, and, perhaps, to a desire for Oliver's the bye, Lesley, I hope you don't mind Mr. Kenyon, who had just appeared Caspar Brooke gave a little start, left follow?" company. They had no conception of smoke. The men have their pipes, you upon the scene, and was looking with off handling his beard, and sat up "I am quite ready," said Lesley.

hung fine photographs of well-known gave great satisfaction. "I think it will be more awkward for foreign buildings or of celebrated paint- Oliver sang first, then Ethel recited 'Angels ever bright and fair'—can you the library, all bound, you see, in vellum. Lady Alice. It may be rather con. ings. In one part of the room stood a something; then Mr. Brooke sang, and play that?"

maguificent billiard-table, n w neatly then Oliver played—he was a very Oliver could play that. And Lesley thought it worth while to give his own And Oliver noticed that for the rest covered with a cloth. A neat little useful young man in his way—and then sang it with great applause. of the afternoon she took every oppor. piano was placed at the other end of there came a little pause. tunity of indirectly and directly prais. the room, near a large table covered "A certain Miss Bellot promised to person, and also in a very sensitive pride, as if the presentation had been ing Mr. Brooke, his works and ways. with a scarlet cloth, strewn with come and sing, but she has not appear. state, she noticed that her father held made to a member of his own family. But he could not see that Lesley looked magazines, papers, and books, and de- ed," Ethel explained to her friend. aloof and did not look quite well pleas. Lesley touched the books with gentle pleased—perhaps Mrs. Romaine's words | corated with flowers. The chairs were | "Lesley, you can sing; I know you can, ed. And she, remembering her refusal | fingers and reverent eyes. "I have of solid make, seated with red leather for I saw a lot of songs in your portfolio to take singing lessons, felt, naturally, been reading 'The Unexplored,'" she Somehow, it seemed to Lesley as if ornamented with brass nails. In fact, the other day. Won't you give them a little guilty. she hated the expedition on which she the whole place was not only comfort. something?"

came. Was it not a little too like spy. able. but cheery and pleasant to the "Oh, no, I couldn't!" ings. And he would never know the pantry, whence visitors could get tea or try. The people are growing impatient croach on church hours, and it was when she first heard of the miseries of

have been as much hurt as astonished centre of attraction. He was sitting, Oliver. if he knew in what an ogre-like light she as the other men were, and he was | She paused for a moment, then, with to hear you, it is." rain was beginning to fall, Oliver in. Lesley gathered that some proposition that?" she said.

"Then I'll have my say in the man- him on the arm. virtually were—could hardly refrain modern life, the curse of English and her?" horrified face as the cab drove up to women turned out, you men, wherever then he bowed his head.

a workhouse—a lunatic asylum!" she purer, nobler, more conscientious than grasping his brown beard with one in and wanted to make a disturbance. exclaimed. "People do not live here you, and therefore you don't want them hand. with you when you take your pleasures. | Can she sing?" Mrs. Romaine said in a meeting, and turn him out to-morrow. Three lofty blocks of building, all of There was a melodious geniality prise.

the same drab hue, with iron-railed about the last monosyllable which "I do not know in the least. I hope club would pretty nigh lay down our balconies outside the narrow windows, made the men smile in spite of them. it will be English, at any rate. These lives for Mr. Brooke if he wanted them pall upon the roads; and in the Sun. ber of children romped and howled and "'T'aint that," said one of them, Italian things."

ation, the drainage, the pure water come out now and then is to make them | Every one looked up at the sound of now. Good-bye." "laid on;" all she could do was to clasp love their homes, man. They'll put the familiar air. "Hackneyed" as And Caspar Brooke held out his hand

you when darker moments come!"

popular character.

and rough children ran up to them now "Sit down; let him alone," said Mr. stir of approbation and interest among in the short pause that followed, he tended to hurt you. Miss Brooke, I am and then, and clamored for a penny. Brooke, sharply. "He's a poor fool, the listeners. If the girl had been less advanced a little way into the room. sure of that." "Is the sight of this place too much for and he knows it. Every man's a fool intent upon her singing, the unmoved "Miss Brooke," he said, "I hope you "No," said Lesley, very quietly, "I

noticed that Mrs. Romaine and Ethel "You here, my child?"

Ethel explained. "It's your father's like commendation. But she could not skill, which they were not at all slow she had complete trust in Maurice Ken-

Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, positively cured by interests, which were developing in her And then Lesley, dazzled and conmusic ought to begin now. Is Trent of dramatic talent; I fancy," he ob- ly, "I must first show you this book." Haselfon's Vitalizer. Also Nervous Debility, soul. Only so much of these were founded by her surroundings, found ready? And will Ethel recite some served. But he could say no more, for Then he returned to the library, and

rooms thrown into one. Immediately And leaving Lesley without another eagerness for another song; and he was left the building. "I fancy she is getting up an en. the squalor and ugliness of the outer glance, he went to the piano and open obliged to be silent until the tumult "You have no book to show me—you thusiasm for her father. Won't that world were thrown into the background. ed it. The audience settled itself in its abated. The walls of the room were distemper- place, and gave a little sigh of expecta- "You must sing again?" said Oliver. severely. But Mr. Kenyon arrested her. Mrs. Romaine was silent for a ed-Indian red below, warm grey tion. Mr. Brooke's Sunday afternoon "Must 1? Really? But-shall I "I assure you I have. Look here: moment. Then she answered, with above; and on the grey walls were "recitals," from four to five, always sing what English people call a sacred the men clubbed together a little while

But, being a keenly observant young

things do not go well---"

haps against her will, to laugh, to stare, were looking at the books and period- she would have thought—What is it to them saying, with a friendly nod, that understand?" to criticize. She would rather have icals, or gossiping together, but they me if my father is disappointed? But they hoped she'd come again.

She was morbidly afraid of him and In one little group Lesley recognized, "Tell me something you know and

sant smile, which Lesley liked.

"Yes, I am." his opinion. Caspar Brooke would with a start, that her father was the let me see whether I can play it," said

talking; the musical notes of his cul- a smile in her cyes, she mentioned a "Yes, I shall be glad to come again," Ethel joined them before they start. tiyated voice rose clearly above the name which made him laugh and ele. said Lesley. ed for Macclesfield Buildings, and as hum of rougher and huskier voices. vate his eyebrows. "Do you know "That's like your father's daughter,"

neyed? Ah, well, not for this audience, Brooke's the life and soul of this place: minded him, rather than for theirs. He "No," he said, "I won't have it. perhaps. Yes, I will play." And then, he's splendid—just splendid; and we I was unjustifiably angry I confess; but had a profound dislike of dirty streets, Look here—did you open this club, or just as Caspar Brooke, with a slight can't think too high of him. So it's gesture of annoyance, turned to explain right and fitting that his daughter sounds. And there were plenty of these "You did, guv'nor," said one of the to the people that a singer whom he should take after him." expected had not come, Oliver touched Lesley stood confused, but pleased.

agement. Some of you want the women "Miss Brooke is going to sing, and spoke confidentially. The three Londoners-for such they turned out, do you? It's the curse of please," he said. "Will you announce "There was a bit of a breeze this afternoon, just after you came in, I

from laughing when they saw Lesley's all other society, that you do want the Mr. Brooke stared hard for a moment, the block of buildings in which the club you go. And the reason is that women "My daughter will now sing to you," day, or week-day either. It was just was situated. "But this is a prison— are better than you are. They are he said, curtly, and sat down again, one low, blackguardly fellow that got

his ear, with an accant of veiled sur. I would just like you to understand.

good people don't care for French and |-for myself I would't even say 'pretty | day silence the church bells rang out

was certainly English enough. It was voice behind him, "you get along home!

her hands, and say, with positive tears more heart into their work, if they Oliver had declared it to be, it is a for the workman to shake. He had in her bright eyes, "But why could it have a little rest and enjoyment now song which every audience loves to only just come up, and could not therenot all have been made more beauti. and then, as you do. Besides—you've hear. And Lesley make a pretty pic. fore have heard what Gregson was say. ful?" And indeed it is hard to say got hold of a wrong principle. The ture for the eyes to rest upon while she ing; but Lesley preferred to turn away women are not your slaves and serv- sang. The was dressed from top to toe without meeting his eye. For in truth "Now we are going down into a coal ants; they ought not to be. They are in a delicate shade of grey, which suited her own were full of tears. hole," said Oliver, as he helped the your companions, your helpers. The her fair skin admirably: the grey was | She broke away from the little group, ladies to alight. "At least it was once more they are in sympathy with you, relieved by some broad white ribbons and went into the library, as if she the squalid street beyond; and in avoida coal-hole. Yes, it was. These four the better they will help you. Don't and a vest of soft white silk folds, ac. wanted to inspect the books. But in ing the group of loafers smoking the rooms were used as storehouses for keep your wives out of the brighter cording to the prevailing fashion. A reality she wanted a moment's silence | pipe of idleness, and enjoping the comcoals and vegetables until your father moments of your lives, else they will wide-brimmed grey hat, trimmed with and loneliness in which to get rid of the fortable repose of sloth, Lesley and rented them; you will see what they forget how to feel with you, and help drooping grey ostrich feathers, also be swelling in her throat, the tears in her Mr. Kenyon were so far separated that came her extremely well. Mrs. Romaine eyes. These were caused partly by conversation became impossible. There was a pause; and then a man, noticed that Caspar Brooke looked at excitement, partly by an expression of "You had better take my arm," said with rather a sullen face—evidently her hard for a minute or two, and then feeling brought to her by the earnest. Maurice, shortly, almost sternly. "You "Not at the coal hole," Lesley ans. one of the malcontents—said, with a sat with eyes fixed on the ground, his uses of Gregson's words, partly by must, indeed: the place is not fit for right hand forming a pillow for his left penitence. And it was before she had you. I ought to have gone out and got the ugliness of it all. Don't you think "Fine talk, gov'nor. It'll end in our elbow, and his left hand engaged in well got rid of them that Maurice Ken. a cab." this kind of ugliness almost wicked?" wives leaving us, like they say yours stroking his big brown beard. What you put his head into the room and she did not potice was, that Maurice found her there. There was an instant hiss and groan Kenyon had withdrawn himself to a "We are going now, Miss Brook," he I suppose I can do as well." "Then we ought to be very good," of disapproval. So marked, indeed, post behind Mr. Brooke's chair, where said. "Will you come? I—I hope "Miss Brooke, you have not forgiven said Ethel. But Oliver did not answer; that the man rose to shoulder his way he could see and not be seen; and that I'm not disturbing you—I——" he was looking at Lesley, whose face to the door. Evidently he was not a his eyes were rivited upon the fair "I am just coming," said Lesley, singer with an expression which be- dashing the tears from her face. "I "What can I say? I have no justi-

They were still picking their way over men half rose as it to execute the As Lesley's pure, sweet notes floated them go on first, if you like," said cursed with a hot temper; I do not out upon the air, there was an instant Maurice, partly closing the door. Then think before I speak; but I never inattention. The men had even put down your pardon. Will you forgive me?" you would not have spoken in that way.

Maurice acted, as he usually did. He strode to the door and spoke to

Miss Brooke. "I am just showing your niece some of the books; I'll follow in a minute or two with her if you'll kindly walk on. It won't take me more than a minute."

"Then we may as well wait," said Oliver's voice.

Lesley would have been very angry if she had known what happened then. Mr. Kenyon, by means of energetic pantomime, conveyed to the quick perceptions of Doctor Sophy a knowledge of the fact that Lesley was a little agitated and overcome, and that he was soothing her. And that the departure had provided for her, the hesitation and of the rest of the party would be a

to appreciate. Mrs. Romaine put up yon.

Romaine will come with us, and you'll

to Marry, Stunted Development, Loss of Power Visible as to lead Oliver to say to his herself in a brilliantly lightled room of Urine, Seminal Losses, Sleeplessness, Aversion Sister before they sallied forth that considerable size—really two ordinary rooms thrown into one. Immediately And leaving Lesley without another eagernessfor another song: and he was left the building.

piece? A Sunday piece, you know? ago and presented your father's works to

works to the club."

She had not time, however, to dwell "I knew you would! And I knew you upon her own feelings. The assembly would like it-I am not wrong?"

certainly every woman, insisted on world, where everything of that sort

"I know! I know!-You make me "You're Mr. Brooke's daughter, ain't doubly ashamed of myself. I have lived, Brooke, I must have seemed to you the most intolerable prig! Can you

"I hope you'll give us a bit of your ever forgive me for what I said?" singing another Sunday. 'Tis a treat "But," said Lesley, looking straight into his face with her clear brown eyes,

"if what you said was true?---" "I had no right to say it." "That is true," Lesley answered, said the man, heartily. "Meaning no coldly; and she turned about as though

since I confess it---" "Mr. Kenyon, we ought to be going home. I see the woman is waiting to

put the lights out." And then the man lowered his voice "We will go home if you like-certainly," said Maurice, in a tone of vexed disappointment. "Take care of the , think; but you mustn't suppose that step-yes, here is the door. I am afraid we cannot get a cab in this neighborwe have trouble o' that sort every Sunhood; but as soon as we reach a more civilized locality, I will do my best to find one for you."

By this time they were in the yard. But he won't do it again, for we'll have Night had already fallen on the city, whether it had done so in the country or not. The lamps were lighted in the miss, that a good few of us in this here streets; a murky fog had settled like a nigh,' for I'd do it in a jiffy. He's help. with a mournful cadence which affect. ed Lesley's spirits.

"London is a terrible place," she

"Can you say that," he asked," look. to your tea. Time for shutting up just ing at her curiously, "after seeing the good work that is being done here? If it is a terrible place, it is also a noble and inspiring one." "I know I am ignorant," said Lesley

heavily. "It seems terrible to me." They were silent for a minute or two, for they were passing out of the vard belonging to the "model dwellings," as Macclesfield Buildings were called, into

"Indeed, I do not need it. I can walk quite well. What other people do,

cation. I simply let my tongue and "There is no hurry. You can let my temper run away with me. I am

that does not reverence women. And and unmoving stare of these men and will not mind speaking to you again; understand you. If you had not thought "Oh, no," said Lesley, with a sud- if women would try to be worthy of women might have made her a little but I want to say that I wish-most me so stupid as not to see your meanden, inexplicable flush of color. "It is that reverence, the world would be nervous. It was their way of showing humbly and with all my heart—to beg ing, or so callous as not to care if I did. I don't know that your excuse makes matters much better, Mr. Kenyon. But I am not offended; you need not con-

"You don't believe me."

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was Lesley conducted. She a tone of unusual tenderness.

What chance had Kenyon had of be- once that she had heard the man's rude Be it never so humble, there's no place like home. horses, single or double, while forgot that other sisters besides his the stopped short, grasped at his where."

So it never so numble, there's no place like home.

A charm from the heart seems to hallow it there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met elsewhere."

The carriage. All accidents own might cond their besides his and their besides his own might cond the c own might send their brothers on mcs- beard as his manner was, especially If Lealey's voice faltered a little while "What if they do?" asked Mr. Kenwhen he was perplexed or embarrass- singing words with which she herself; yon. "I'll see you home." Down a flight of stone steps, through ad; then crossed over towards her, felt forced to disagree, and to which Lesley looked amazed, as well she officers to privates in the Gen

He rose as he spoke, with apparent their pipes. But Lesley did not see Oliver glanced round suspiciously, as carelessness, but those who knew him them. She had chosen her song at if to discover why she had blushed. All best saw that the taunt had stung him. haphazard, as one which these people that he could see was the tall figure of And as he moved, he caught Lesley's were likely the understand; but its Lesley stood irresolute, In the other cern yourself." Maurice Kenyon, who was standing in eye. He had not known that she was painful appropriateness to her own room she heard the sound of voices "Then you ought to be offended." a doorway talking to somebody on the to be there; and by something in her case, perhaps to her mother's as well, calling her own name. "We are just said Kenyon, doggedly. "And I don't stairs. Even if Lesley had seen him, expression—by her heightened color, only came home to her as she contine going, Lesley," she heard Mrs. Romaine believe you."

say. She made a hurried step towards

away from the home Caspar Brooke the question. And while she hesitated tiyes of the Deity. What next?

CHAPTER XV.

MAURICE KENYON'S APOLOGY.

"No, indeed I don't." "I can't stop," she said. "They will (To be continued.) a low doorway, and into a dark little laid his hand on her arm, and spoke in her mother had given the lie by running might, at this masterful way of settling ought to obey his officers as rea