AGE SEVEN.

Brown,

ly the

of the

-donna

duets

of the

Winter

sses like

d among

ERYBODY

minn, tenor.

0.0.0.

DY. Grace

rieg's "Peer

's Band and

and White

ou'll Never

the excell-

day-he has

request by

n, tenor.

err, tenor.

rling Trio.

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

Copyright, 1914, by Dodd, Mead and Company CHAPTER II.

Various Ways of Receiving a Blow. James Brood's home was a remarkable one. That portion of the house which rightly may be described as enforced, was not unlike any of the enveloped both of them. richly furnished, old fashioned places ments.

rooms which no one entered except by tated and then started guiltily toward the gracious will of the master. Here the torgotten door. Even as he raised James Brood had stored the quaint, his hand to sound the loving signal, priceless treasures of his own peculiar | the door was opened and Lydia, fully fancy-exquisite, curious things from dressed, confronted him. For a mothe mystic East, things that are not ment they regarded each other in to be bought and sold but come only silence, she intently, he with astonishto the hand of him who searches in | ment not quite free from confusion. lands where peril is the price.

lower regions of that fine old house; for his oversight. a single step took one from the sedata Occident into the very heart of the can't be that your father is ill-or in Orient; a narrow threshold was the danger. You are angry, Frederic; so line between the rugged West and the it can't be that. What is it?" soft, languorous, seductive East. In this part of the house, James Brood, really nothing, I suppose. Just an un- broke away from him. An instant when at home for one of his brief expected jolt, that's all. I was angry stays, spent many of his hours in seclusion, shut off from the rest of the establishment as completely as if he ing her hand on his arm. She was a were the inhabitant of another world. Attended by his Hindu servant, a silent man named Ranjab, and on occasions by his secretary, he saw but little of the remaining members of his rather extensive household. For several years he had been engaged in the task of writing his memoirs-so called-in so far as they related to his experiences and researches of the past twenty years.

His secretary and amanuensis was Lydia Desmond, the nineteen-year-old daughter of his one-time companion and friend, the late John Desmond, whose death occurred when the girl was barely ten years of age.

Brood, on hearing or death, immediately madcerning the condition left his wife and child that Mrs. Desmond housekeeper in the and the daughter tage in the way mond had left no his wife and a thuse perilous days before he ried her. This di porated in the bar of ces Brood's adventures, by consent of the widow, and was to speak for Brood in words he could not with modesty utter for himself. In these pages John Desmond was to tell his own story, in his own way, for Brood's love for his friend was broad enough even to admit of that. He was to share his life in retrospect with Desmond and the two old men as he had shared it with them in reality.

Lydia's room, adjoining her mother's, was on the third floor at the foot of the small stairway leading up to the proscribed retreat at the top of the house. There was a small sitting. room off the two bed chambers, given over entirely to Mrs. Desmond and her daughter. In this little room, Frederic Brood spent many a quiet, happy hour. The Desmonds, mother and daughter, understood and pitied the lonely boy me." who came to the big house soon after they were themselves installed. His heart, which had many sores, expanded and glowed in the warmth of their kindness and affection; the plague of unfriendliness that was his by absorption gave way before this unexpected kindness, not immediately, it is true, but completely in the end.

By nature he was slow to respond to the advances of others; his life had been such that avarice accounted for all that he received from others in the shape of respect and consideration. He was prone to discount a friendly attitude for the simple reason that in his experience all friendships were marred by the fact that their sincerity rested entirely upon the generosity of the man who paid for them-his father. No one had loved him for himself; no one had given him an unselfish thought in all the years of his

boyhood. At first he held himself aloof from the Desmonds; he was slow to surrender. He suspected them of the same motives that had been the basis of all previous attachments. When at glanced at it. 'Send the car to meet peril. They were determined to charlast he realized that they were not Mrs. Brood and me at the Cunard pier ter a vessel of some sort and start off like the others, his cup of joy, long an empty vessel, was filled to the brim and his happiness was without bounds. They were amazed by the transformation. The rather sullen, unapproachs able lad became at once so friendly, Brood,' not even 'father.' What do so dependent, that had they not been acquainted with the causes behind the "Married?" she gasped. "Your fa-

old state of reticence, his very joy ther married?" might have made a nuisance of him. He followed Mrs. Desmond about in very much the same spirit that inspires a hungry dog; he watched her with eager, half-famished eyes; he was on her heels four-fifths of the time. As for Lydia, pretty little gdia, he adored her. His heart began for the first time to sing with the joy of youth, and the sensation was a novel one. It had seemed to him that he could never be anything but an old man.

It was his custom, on coming home a foreigner." for the night, no matter what the hour may have been, to pause before Lydia's door on the way to his own room at the other end of the long hall, against the door, spoke to him in a Lydia." Usually, however, he was at home long before her bedtime, and they spent the evenings together. That she was his father's secretary was of no moment. To him she was Lydia-his Lydia.

For the past three months or more he had been privileged to hold her close in hi arms and to kiss her goodnight at parting! They were lovers now. The slow fuse of passion had "public" in order to distinguish it reached its end and the flame was from other parts where privacy was alive and shining with a radiance that

On this night, however, he passed in the lower part of the city, where her door without knocking. His dark, there are still traces left of the Knick- handsome face was flushed, and his erbockers and their times. This was teeth were set in sullen anger. With not the home of men who had been his hand on the knob of his own door, merely rich; it was not wealth alone he suddenly remembered that he had that stood behind these stately invest- failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot At the top of the house were the through him. For a moment he hesi-

"I'm-I'm sorry, dearest-" he be-Worlds separated the upper and gan, his first desire being to account have married her if he had to marry He-"

"Tell me what has happened? It

He looked away sullenly. "Oh, it's for a moment-"

"You are still angry," she said, lay-



"Tell Me What Has Happened."

tall, slender girl. Her eyes were almost on a level with his own, "Don't you want to tell me, dear?"

"He never gives me a thought," he said, compressing his lips. "He thinks of no one but himself. God, what a

You must not "Freddy, dear!

"Haven't I some claim to his consideration? Is it fair that I should be ignored in everything, in every way? I won't put up with it, Lydia! I'm not a child. I'm a man and I am his son. Gad, I might as well be a dog in the street for all the thought he gives to

She put her finger to her lips, a scared look stealing into her dark eyes. Jones was conducting the two old men to their room on the floor below. A door closed softly. The voices died away.

"He is a strange man," she said. "He is a good man, Frederic."

"To everyone else, yes. But to me Why, Lydia, I-I believe he hates me. You know what-"

"Hush! A man does not hate his son. I've tried for years to drive that

silly notion out of your mind. You-"Oh, I know I'm a fool to speak of it, but I-I can't help feeling as I do. You've seen enough to know that I'm not to blame for it either. What do you think he has done? Can you guess what he has done to all of us?" She did not answer. "Well, I'll tell you just what he said in that wireless. It was from the Lusitania, twelve hundred miles off Sandy Hook-relayed, I suppose, so that the whole world might know-sent at four this afternoon. I remember every word of the cursed thing, although I merely Thursday. Have Mrs. Desmond put in all this blizzard to search the sea the house in order for its new mistress. By the way, you might inform derful?" her that I was married last Wednesday in Paris.' It was signed 'James

massage was a deliberate insult to me, rade! It does prove something, he. Then he lifted Lydia's slim fin-Lydia-a nasty, rotten slap in the face. | doesn't it?" I mean the way it was worded. Just! knows-"

"Freddy! You are beside yourself. | would have died for him just as read-Your father would not marry a cheap ily. There is something in friendships show girl. You know that. And you of that sort that we can't understand. must not forget that your mother was We have never been able to test our

His eyes fell. "I'm sorry I said that," he exclaimed, hoarsely.

low, cautious voice.

waited up to see if they could be of not be necessary for you to die for any assistance to him in an hour of me, however. As for Lydia, you must peril! What a joke! Poor old beg- live, not die for her." gars! I've never felt sorry for them before, but, on my soul, I do now. What will she do to the poor old happen in her case. It's-"

lease! She is asleep. Of course, ave to go as soon as-"

her in his arms and held her close.

murmured, stroking his cheek with "I do not object to the situation, cold, trembling fingers.

with-with your mother? Why not loses no chance to humiliate me. someone in-" "Freddy!" she cried, putting her again."

hand over his mouth.

lay for a second against his own and How is this new condition going to then, with a stifled good-night, she affect you, Mrs. Desmond?" later she was gone; her door was

earlier than was his custom. His night had been a troubled one. Forgetting his own woes-or belittling them-he had thought only of what this news from the sea would mean to the dear woman he loved so well. No one was in the library, but a huge fire was blazing. A blizzard was raging out-of-doors. Once upon a time, when he first came to the house, a piano had stood in the drawing-room. His joy at that time knew no bounds; he loved music. For his years he was no mean mucician. But one evening his father, coming in unexpectedly, heard the piayer at the instrument. For a moment he stood transfixed in the doorway watching the eager, almost inspired face of the lad, and then, pale as a ghost, stole away without disturbing him. Strange to say, Frederic was playing a dreamy waltz of Ziehrer's, a waltz that his mother had played when the honeymoon was in the full. The following day the piano was taken away by a storage company. The boy never knew why it was removed.

He picked up the morning paper. His eyes traversed the front page rapidly. There were reports of fearful weather at sea. The Lusitania was the heart of the hurricane. She would be a day late.

He looked up from the paper. Mrs. Desmond was coming toward him, a queer little smile on her lips. She was a tall, fair woman, an English type, and still extremely handsome. Hers was an honest beauty that had no fear of age.

"She is a stanch ship, Frederic," she said, without any other form of greeting. "She will be late but-there's really nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," he said confusedly. "Lydia has told you thethe news?" "Yes."

"Rather staggering, isn't it?" he said with a wry smile. In spite of himself he watched her face with curious intentness.

"Rather," she said briefly. "I suppose you don't approve of the

"I know just how you feel, poor boy. Don't try to explain. I know." "You always understand," he said,

lowering his eyes. "Not always," she said quietly. "Well, it's going to play hob with everything." he said, jamming his hands deep into his pockets. His shoulders seemed to hunch forward

and to contract. "I am especially sorry for Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs," she said. Her voice was steady and full of earnestness.

"Do they know?" "They were up and about at day break, poor souls. Do you know, Freddy, they were starting off in this blizzard when I met them in the hall!"

"The deuce! I-I hope it wasn't on account of anything I may have said to them last night," he cried, in genuine contrition. She smiled. "No. They had their

own theory about the message. The storm strengthened it. They were positive that your father was in great for Mr. Brood. Oh, aren't they won-

He had no feeling of resentment toward the old men for their opinion of him. Instead, his eyes glowed with you think of that for a thunderbolt?" an honest admiration.

"By George, Mrs. Desmond, they are great! They are men, bless their He was not in the habit of slapping State of Ohio, City of Toledo "'Put the house in order for its new hearts. Seventy-five years old and them on the back. mistages," he almost snarled. "That still ready to face anything for a com-

as if it wasn't enough that he has no mistake in selecting his friends, my gone and married some cheap show dear. My dear husband used to say girl or a miserable foreigner or heaven | that he would cheerfully die for James Brood and he knew that James Brood | morning. Her hand shook a little as

friends, much less ourselves. We-" "I would die for you, Mrs. Desmond," cried Frederic, a deep flush Lydia, leaning rather heavily overspreading his face. "For you and

"You come by that naturally," she "Did you tell Mr. Dawes and Mr. said, laying her hand upon his arm. "Blood will tell. Thank you, Fred-He stopped short. "No! And they eric." She smiled. "I am sure it will

> "I'll do both," he cried, impulsively. "Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she chaps? I shudder to think of it. And said simply. "And now, one word she'll make short work of everything more, Frederic. You must accept this else she doesn't like around here, too. new condition of affairs in the right Your mother, Lydia-why, God help spirit. Your father has married again, us, you know what will just have to after all these years. It is not likely that he has done so without delibera-"Don't speak so loudly, dear-please, tion. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that he is bringing home with we-we shan't stay on, Freddy. We'll him a wife of whom he at least is proud, and that should weigh con-His eyes filled with tears. He seized | siderably in your summing up of the situation. She will be beautiful, ac-"It's a beastly, beastly shame, darling, complished, refined-and good, Fred-Oh, Lord, what a fool a man can make eric. Of that you may be sure. Let me implore you to withhold judgment "You must not say such things," she until another and later day."

Mrs. Desmond," said he, the angry "But why couldn't he have done the light returning to his eyes, "so much fine, sensible thing. Lydia? Why as I resent the wording of that telecouldn't he have-have fallen in love gram. It is always just that way. He

"Hush! You are losing your temper

"Well, who wouldn't? And here's She kissed him swiftly. Her cheek another thing-the very worst of all. She was silent for a moment. "Of

course I shan't stay on here, Frederic. I shall not be needed now. As soon as The next morning he came down Mrs. Brood is settled here I shall go." "And you expect me to be cheerful and contented!" he cried, bitterly.

"Something of the sort," she said. "My father objects to my going into business or taking up a profession. I am dependent on him for everything. But why go into that? We've talked it over a thousand times. I don't understand but perhaps you do. It's a dog's way of living."

"Your father is making a man of

"Oh, he is, eh?" with great scorn. "Yes. He will make you see some day that the kind of life you lead is not the kind you want. Your pride, your ambition will rebel. Then you will make something out of life for vourself."

"Well, it looks to me as if he means to make it impossible for me to marry, Mrs. Desmond. I've thought of it a good deal."

"And is it impossible?"

"No. I shall marry Lydia, even though I have to dig in the streets for her. It isn't that, however. There's some other reason back of his attitude, but for the life of me I can't get at it."

"I wouldn't try to get at it, my dear," she said. "Wait and see. Come, reported seven hundred miles out and you must have your coffee. I am glad you came down early. The old gentlemen are at breakfast now. He followed her dejectedly, a per-

ceptible droop to his shoulders.

Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs were seated at the table. Lydia, a trifle pale and distrait, was pouring out their third cup of coffee. The old men showed no sign of their midnight experience. They were very wideawake, clear-eyed and alert, as old men will be who do not count the years of life left in the span appointed for them.

"Good morning, Freddy," said they, almost in one voice. As he passed behind their chairs on his way to Lydia's side, he slapped each of them cordially on the back. They seemed



She Was Silent for a Moment.

to swell with relief and gratitude.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said gers to his lips. "Good morning, dear." "It proves that your father has made | She squeezed his fingers tightly and smiled. A look of relief leaped into her eyes; she drew a long breath.

She poured his coffee for him every she lifted the tiny cream pitcher. "I HALL's didn't sleep very well," she explained in a low voice. His hand rested on her shoulder for a moment in a gentle

"Poor old Jim!" sighed Mr. Dawes. "He'll probably have to ask us to vamose, too. I imagine she'll insist on making a spare bedroom out of our room, so's she can entertain all of her infernal relations. Jones, will you O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. give me some more bacon and another

"And I thought it was nothing but a shipwreck," murmured Mr. Riggs, plaintively.

Frederic hurried through breakfast Lydia followed him into the library. "Are you going out, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. I've got to do something. can't sit still and think of what's going to happen. I'll be back for lunch-

small bachelor apartment of two college friends, a few blocks farther uptown, and he was doing the thing he did nearly every day of his life in a cheap upright piano in their disordered living-room and, unhampered by the presence of young men who preferred music as it is rendered for the masses, played as if his very soul was in his fingers.

Continued next week

Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo. County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of CATARRH

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this ôth day of December. A. D. 1886. A.W. GLEASON. (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonia s free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo

Hall's Family Pills for Constipat-

"THE MICHIGAN SPECIAL" New Night Train Between Detroit-Chicago via Canadian Pacific Railway.

A new night train, "The Michigan Special," now leaves Toronto 11.50 p.m. daily, arriving Windsor (M.C.R.) 8.30 a.m., eastern time: Detroit (M.C.R.) 8.10 central time: Half an hour later he was in the leaving Detroit (M.C.R.) 8,25 a. m. central time: arriving Chicago (M. C.R.) 3.30 p.m., central time.

Note the convenient hour of departure, enabling passengers to surreptitious way. He sat at the spend the entire evening in Toronto, reaching Detroit at a most desirable hour in the morning.

Equipment is modern in every detail, including electric-lighted standard sleeping cars Toronto-Detroit, and Toronto-Chicago.

Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Cheaper Than the Cheapest

\$**\$\$\$**\$

If possible I wish to dispose of my entire stock before the end of the present year, and if prices at cost and below cost will move the buying public then our stock will be sure to move. We are determined to get rid of it, so we advise you to see for vourself.

The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets, blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, iadie's underwear, men's pants and overalls, ginghams, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

ALL MUST BE SOLD

Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it Eggs and Butter taken as Cash.

S. SCOTT

Opposite the Old Stand

Durham, Ontario

Window Screens

Half or Full Sections

Screen Doors

To Suit Requirements

Insect proof with 14 mesh wire, and made to fit.

Windows may be opened to desired height, free of all obstruction, while screen remains in place.

Best and cheapest, because they last and can be re-wired at any time.

See us for Mill and Carpenter work.

C. J. Furber & Co. Durham, Ont.

Special Prices on Feed

We have a stock of Yellow 'Corn on hand that we are selling at \$1.65 per 100 lbs. in ton lots.

We have a good stock of other Feed on hand, which we are offering

at following prices in ton lots: per Ton \$29.00 sacks included "Chieftain" Corn Feed. Ground Feed Wheat

Clansmay Stock Feed (nearly pure corn) per ton \$32.00 If you want Feed shipped to outside stations, call us up and get delivered prices.

We are in the market for Milling Oats, Feed Oats Mixed Grain and Barley, and will pay highest prices for any quantity at our elevator.

PHONES

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.

Oatmeal Millers.

rmos Bottles Keep hot hot, and cold cold. The handiticle you can have re

Durham, Ont.

TE COCCOCCOCCOCOCO

v China

w Cut Glass

w Hand Bags

w Toilet Goods

w Stationery

e June Bride.

ve Your Coupons
