

BLOUSE FREE with FAMILY FAVOURITE
PATTERN this week's

HORNER'S PENNY STORIES



SISTER MARY'S MARRIAGE

BY BESSIE REYNOLDS.

Our Roll of Honour



Brave Defenders of King and Country



Pte. J. M. Dobson (Islington), R.A.M.C.

Have you a son, or brother, or sweetheart, or relative in the Army or Navy or Territorials? If so, we should like to publish his photo in this journal. Please send us his portrait. You should enclose with each photo a slip of paper giving full particulars of his rank, regiment, or ship, etc. Then add your name and address, and state whether portrait is of your son, brother, or sweetheart. We will return photos when requested, but where possible would prefer to keep them. Address photos to: "Roll of Honour," HORNER'S PENNY STORIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.



S. H. Allen (Guernsey), A.B. on H.M.S. Exmouth.



Sgt.-Major F. Acteson (Norwood), Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Lce.-Cpl. George E. Jackson (Wheatley), Durham Light Infantry.



John R. Charlton (Bridlington), lost on H.M.S. Pathfinder.



Pte. Ernest Ford (Wheatley), Despatch Rider in Salop Imperial Yeomanry.



Pte. G. Purdue (Alton), 4th Hants Transport.



Driver J. Edward (Guildford), A.S. Corps.



Pte. Mark Winchester (Eghurst), Sussex Re-t.



G. Brencley (Nash Farm), late of H.M.S. Aboukir.



Driver G. Harris (Guildford), A.S. Corps.



Pte. G. N. Flather (S. ddal), Scots Guards.

RESULT OF OUR PLAIN CAKE CONTEST.

The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that the prizes in this contest have been awarded as follows.

Two readers tied for the first prize of £2 2s., and it has therefore been divided, a guinea going to each of the fortunate competitors, whose names are:

- Mrs. E. Evered, Evesham Street, Alcester.
- Mrs. E. Lapworth, 25, The Drive, Ilford, Essex.

The second prizes, consisting of 150 Ladies' Handbags, have been awarded to the following competitors, whose cakes were judged to be the next best:

- Mrs. Edwards, Streatham, S.W.; A. Street, Englefield Green; Miss D. Shephard, Bolton; Mrs. Whimay, Bury St. Edmunds; Mrs. Birch, Aylesbury; H. Root, Watford; Mrs. A. E. Cox, Trowbridge; Mrs. J. Hancock, Portsmouth; A. Piper, Danbury, Essex; Mrs. P. Gardener, Piflochry; Mrs. Stephenson, Bardsea; Mrs. Wilkinson, Herne Bay; Mrs. Barton, Nottingham; M. Abram, Aughton; Miss B. Hickmore, Palmer's Green; Miss M. Bastion, Paddington, W.; Miss A. Suddler, Sowerby, Thirsk; Miss G. J. Davis, Birmingham; Mrs. Homer, Darlington; Mrs. A. B. Rogers, Hounslow; Miss B. Pickering, Lincoln; A. E. Thomas, Sheffield; Ina McCowatt, Paisley; Alice L. Dawe, Plymouth; Mrs. E. Waller, Mosby; Mrs. G. H. Locking, Horncastle; Florence Alcock, Redford; Mrs. Giddings, March; Mrs. G. Bilson, Shifnal; Mrs. J. W. Short, Hull; Miss A. Trussler, Chiddingfold; Hannah Thompson, Bury; Miss Wingfield, Stanning; Mrs. E. Lane, Parkby; Miss M. Porter, Margate; Mrs. Maloney, South Shields; Miss Paterson, Jarrow-on-Tyne; Moffat, Stamford Hill, N.; Mrs. D. Walker, Gargrave; Mrs. A. Lee, Frosterley; Mrs. M. K. Connott, Bristol; Mrs. Bostock, Reigate; Mrs. N. Eadie, Glasgow; Mrs. G. Long, Neatishhead; Miss E. Couzens, Regent's Park, N.W.; Miss G. Steale, Lewisham, S.E.; E. Horner, Weobley; Mrs. G. Yoxall, Middlewich; Mrs. H. W. Dann, St. Leonard-on-Sea; Miss F. Cheney, Leicester; E. Woods, Clowne; Mrs. J. E. Jones, Walkden; Miss G. M. Fielding, Royston; Mrs. W. Woods, Clowne; Mrs. Reeds, Bailiff Bridge; M. Hodgkinson, Nottingham; Mrs. McVittie, Carlisle; Mrs. Mitchell, Mytholmroyd; Miss N. Thomas, Crief; Mrs. Milligan, Leeds; Mrs. E. Gribble, Mere; Mrs. Ridgway, Stoke-on-Trent; Mrs. Steed, Croxdon; Mrs. Webb, Bath; Mrs. G. Baruett, Norton Canes; Mrs. J. Daniels, Wetherby; Mrs. W. Weightman, Seaton Delaval; K. Saunders, Islington, N.; Miss D. Griffin, Winchcombe; M. J. Osborn, Braconne; Martha Horn, Leyburn R.S.O.; Mrs. S. Towson, Heywood; Miss M. Rennison, Pallas Kenry; Mrs. W. Scott, Tunstall; Mrs. Poole, Leicester; Miss Dickenson, Saines; Mrs. J. Dexter, Clowne; Mrs. J. Latham, Hr. Crumpsall;

- Mrs. Hollis, Swindon; Mrs. B. Wallis, Romford; Mrs. J. Shenard, Stoke-on-Trent; Mrs. W. Holloway, Westbury; Mrs. H. Rablow, Heywood; Mrs. Wilson, Rotherfield; Miss E. Crutenden, Battle; Mrs. E. Williams, Charlton; Mrs. R. Gold, New Tredegar; Mrs. Hitchen, Thatto Heath; Mrs. D. Williams, Prescott; Lucy Peckett, Blackheath, S.E.; Mrs. P. Green, Heeley; Mrs. R. Gibbon, Fence Houses; Miss M. Bellamy, Newton-on-Trent; Mrs. Lawn, Sowerby, Thirsk; Mrs. Hargreaves, Barrowford; Mrs. A. Card, Streatham, S.W.; Mrs. A. Richardson, Stratford; Mrs. Berry, Ripponden; Mrs. Dallimore, Westbury; Mrs. Bourne, Langley; Miss E. Driver, Gildersome; Mrs. H. Prime, Hatfield; Mrs. H. Wakefield, Camelford; Miss A. Pearce, Hampstead, N.W.; Mrs. Smith, Glasgow; Mrs. S. Buckley, Buxton; Miss M. Sugden, Seven Kings; Mrs. Usher, Harbourne, Birmingham; Mrs. C. Askham, Winslow; Mrs. M. Skedden, East Croxdon; Molly Waddington, Boro' Bridge; Mrs. Trickett, Blackburn; Mrs. W. J. Herbert, Bishop's Cleeve; Miss Gibbs, Bristol; M. Masters, Maidstone; Mrs. Orford, Stourbridge; Mrs. T. W. Sargent, Erith; E. Cottington, Ripley; Mrs. Hall, Rugby; Beatrice Elvin, Knaresboro'; Mrs. A. Tayton, Coventry; Mrs. Bamber, West Ilsley; Mrs. Dyer, Upper Edmonton; Mrs. C. Quimell, Semley; Mrs. R. Smith, Glasgow; Mrs. Fursland, Bridgewater; Mrs. Moore, Dalmair; Mrs. J. Hedges, Littlemore; Mrs. J. C. Barton, Cowes, I.O.W.; S. J. Hambrook, Sydenham, S.E.; Mrs. F. Bennett, Stockport; Miss N. Touchin, Taunton; Mrs. Beer, Ilford; Miss E. Denham, Esher; Mrs. A. E. Allwood, Carlton, Notts; Miss Houder, Boston; Mrs. Bonsfield, Feniscowles; Alice Rathmill, Stockton Heath; Mrs. J. H. Norman, Stogumber; Mrs. S. Marsden, Rastrick; Miss A. Minshull, Penkhull; Mrs. Redman, Stafford; M. E. Love, York; Mrs. Leigh, Wyld Green; Mrs. W. H. Humphries, Studley; Mrs. H. Benson, Skipton; Mrs. P. C. Gibbons, Enfield Town; Miss F. Scarfe, Needham Market.

The third prizes of 300 beautiful silk handkerchiefs have been awarded to the 300 readers who came next in order of merit.

The Recipes of the first-prize cakes were as follows:

FIRST PRIZE: Mrs. E. Lapworth (Madeira Cake).

Three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, five ounces of flour, a few drops of vanilla.

Cream the butter and sugar, sift the flour, add eggs (one at a time), beat well. Pour the mixture into a lined and greased tin, and bake from 40 to 60 minutes.

FIRST PRIZE: Mrs. E. Evered (Almond Cake).

Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of lard, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, milk, and almonds.

Cream the lard, butter and sugar together, then add the eggs. Mix the flour and milk. Ornament the cake with almonds. Bake in a moderate oven.

LOVE FOUND WANTING

A Delightful Complete Romance,

BY

ELIZABETH M. MOON.

CHAPTER I. THE WILL.

"I SHOULD like you to be present when I read the will, Mr. Dean."

The young agent of Court Royal turned round with a surprised look on his face, as the solicitor pointedly addressed him.

He had been standing moodily at the grave side, thinking more of his own uncertain prospects than of his dead employer—Mrs. Willoughby, of Court Royal—lying beneath her burden of hothouse flowers, when Mr. Keogh had spoken to him.

"Oh, very well!" he said with uncomfortable reluctance. "Though I hardly think there is any occasion

"No occasion at all," put in one of Mrs. Willoughby's relations—a hatchet-faced man.

"I particularly desire that Mr. Dean should accompany us back to the house," said the solicitor, in his cold voice, and with an air of finality that settled the matter.

"I'm afraid there will be a good many strangers going back to the Court," said Randal North, a good-looking, dark-eyed young man, who was the owner of the paper mills at Nanyale.

He had noticed the agent's embarrassment, and the suspicious and venomous glances that the relatives had been bestowing upon him, and though Dean was not a favourite of his—"Couldn't cotton on to him, somehow," he told his sister, the Honourable Mrs. Perowne—his warm and chivalrous nature was quickly roused to take the part of the slighted.

"I don't know why Keogh should want me to go up to the house. She's more likely to have left me a reprimand than sixpence," said Dean, with a short laugh. "A bit of money would come in very acceptably for Pamela and me, but I don't expect a brass farthing. You see, I knew Mrs. Willoughby."

Randal North's face, that had been smiling, grew rather grave. Somehow it always gave him a bad turn to hear Dean uttering Miss Lester's quaint little name. And who had a better right to use it than Dean, when he was going to marry her?

When all had entered the library, and the solicitor produced the last will and testament of the dead woman, a sudden silence fell upon the room that had been full of the murmur of voices. The half-dozen or so of county people who had been the late Mrs. Willoughby's neighbours, moved forward to the table at which the relations were already seated.

The last wishes of the deceased were briefly expressed.

There were two or three legacies to charities, and varying sums of money to every servant, regulated by their period of service. A painting by Titian to Randal North, and the young man, turning round at the sound of his name, coloured rather remorsefully when he remembered how often he had criticised the haughty old woman, as he had endeavoured to induce her to repair the wretched houses that she deemed good enough for the peasantry on her estate.

Slowly and impressively Mr. Keogh proceeded. Court Royal and twenty-five thousand a year were left to "My brother, Philip John Lestrang Dacre." A little hum of surprise arose. Philip Dacre!

Why, Philip Dacre was supposed to be dead these twenty years! The cold precise voice continued:

"If the said Philip John Lestrang Dacre, or his heir,

or heirs, did not claim their inheritance within one year from the time of his sister's death, the whole property was to pass unconditionally to my agent, Anthony Peter Dean." And Anthony Peter Dean was to remain on at Court Royal, in the capacity of agent, until the expiration of the twelve months.

Anthony Dean remained for an instant motionless, then he rose to his feet, the healthy colour leaving his face.

"I don't quite understand!" he faltered. "What does it mean? Am I—"

"It is monstrous—iniquitous!"

The male relative had sprung up, green and yellow with rage, and sick with disappointed hopes. "This will must be contested! No sane woman would have left her property to a servant—a scheming—"

"My late client," said the cold voice of the lawyer, "was as sane as"—he was going to say—"as yourself."

But looking into those despairing, bitter eyes, he changed the word to "myself." "The will is uncontestable."

Randal North left the window and came forward.

"I congratulate you, Dean. Mrs. Willoughby has given very practical proof of her regard for you. And I believe you have a jolly good chance of coming here."

Then Sir Charles Clavers, one of Mrs. Willoughby's nearest neighbours, getting over his astonishment, started up to shake hands and congratulate him, though the day before he would have passed the young agent with a curt nod.

And as soon as he could, the bewildered young man slipped away from the astonished and congratulating crowd, and went away to tell Pamela.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT PAMELA THOUGHT.

ANTHONY DEAN stood for an instant on the wide terrace, sweeping his eyes with a new understanding and keen longing over the gracious, smiling parkland. His heart throbbed as he gazed. Perhaps already this was his!

He ran down the steps—away through the rose garden—past the old grey Dower House, that Mrs. Willoughby had ordered to be made habitable for his occupancy—down through the fields into the valley where the old paper mill stood, and not far from it the old ivy-covered Mill House, that had been the home of the Norths for generations.

As he reached the high wall that ran on one side of the garden, a side door opened, and the one he sought came out, followed by two little girls.

The children were talking excitedly, and hovering round their young governess, who carried a huge, motherly-looking hen, that now and again gave a hoarse sound of displeasure.

"Oh, Anthony, I never expected to see you this evening!"

"You knew that I would come down the first minute I was free, Pam. Oh, put that beastly thing down!"

"I can't," said Pamela, laughing outright, as the exasperated matron made a vixenish peck at the young man's hand, that made him step hastily back. "Mrs. Dovey is very difficult to handle, and she is so easily offended. Mrs. Perowne promised Fox a broody hen, so I am taking it to him."

"Why can't Fox come for it?" said Dean impatiently. "I want to talk to you, Pam. I've hurried here for that purpose, and you fuss over that abominable hen."

"Let me take Mrs. Dovey, darling Miss Lester?" said

the eldest girl quickly. "Kitty and I can take it—can't we, old treasure?"

"Will you, Sue dear? You are sure you can manage? That's a dear girl!"

The hen, protesting with claws and beak, was transferred to Sue, and the two children went off uttering endearing epithets to their angry pet.

"You let the Mill House people make a regular slave of you, Pamela."

"I am a very happy and contented slave, then, Anthony," she said cheerfully. "They have given me the only home that I have ever known."

"They impose upon you, Pam. But I did not come to talk about the mill people; what I have to say concerns us only, darling, and will lift you miles above them all."

In the privacy of the quiet lane, with the high garden walls each side, Anthony Dean took his sweetheart's face between his hands and kissed her soft lips.

"Pam—Pam, I thought that I had nothing to offer you but poverty, and now—" He broke off his wild and vehement speech, and laughed at her bewilderment.

"What is it, Anthony?"

"How would you like to live at Court Royal, Pam? It is left to Mr. Philip Dacre. And failing Dacre, and if he has left no heirs, it is mine, Pamela."

"Anthony!"

They looked at one another for an instant, the man's eyes full of fierce excitement—the girl's wondering, dazed, incredulous.

"Have you nothing to say but 'Anthony'?" he mimicked. "Do you know what it means, if that fellow has left no heir? It means twenty-five thousand a year, and Court Royal, and a villa at Cannes. No more grinding about the estate at everybody's beck and call."

"Anthony dearest"—her little hands clasped his tightly—"Mr. Dacre may be living. Don't count too surely yet."

"Don't throw doubts on it," he implored. "I feel as though I couldn't stand it. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that Mrs. Willoughby meant it for me. Philip Dacre was a regular scamp, according to all I hear, and never on good terms with his sister."

"They quarrelled, Anthony; a bitter quarrel, it is said, and she refused to have anything more to do with him."

"That is twenty years ago—they would have got over it. Sir Charles came and congratulated me. He believed that my chance was good. Oh, Pam, it was as good as a play to see the relations. And Randal North came and congratulated me. I suppose he thought he ought to be civil to the future owner of Court Royal. What will he and Mrs. Perowne say now? I won't be such a bad match for you, after all."

"They never said that you were, Anthony."

"Not in plain words perhaps, but they have both such high and mighty ways in spite of their poverty. I suppose Mrs. Perowne thought I ought to go round to the back door when I came to the Mill House."

"Anthony, why will you say and think such things?" said the girl quickly. "You wrong them and slight both yourself and me. It is I who am a poor match for you, dear."

He stooped down and kissed her impulsively.

"I'm a brute, Pam," he said penitently. "I only want to do and say what pleases my own little girl."

And then just as they stood close together a great, grey motor-car came silently and swiftly round the corner and passed them, and the dark, handsome girl leaning back in the luxuriant seat acknowledged Pamela's bow, with an inclination that was almost contemptuous in its carelessness.

Anthony Dean's face turned a dark red and his eyes glowered.

"That woman nodded to you as though you were a housemaid, Pamela, and did not condescend to notice my existence."

"What does it matter?" said Pamela serenely. "Miss Harding is only gracious to her own set, and she does not consider that we belong to it."

"But I hate it, Pam. People like the Hardings, up to their necks in debt. I wonder what they will say when they hear about my chance of getting Court Royal. Here are the children. I seldom"—impatently—"see you that the children are not hanging about you."

CHAPTER III.

RANDAL NORTH.

WHEN the young governess and the two little girls entered the Mill House drawing-room—a delightful apartment in spite of its shabbiness, Randal North, the owner of the paper mill, had already returned and was discussing the will with his sister, the honourable Mrs. Perowne.

Mrs. Perowne turned round, with an odd mixture of expressions in her delicate, well bred face.

"I have just been hearing most wonderful news that concerns you, Miss Lester, but you have heard it—Mr. Dean?"

"Anthony has just told me, Mrs. Perowne."

"And you can remain calm and collected," said North, laughing, looking at her with his kind, dark eyes, "and my sister is all in a fizz of excitement!"

"I can," said Pamela, smiling up at him. "It seems all too wonderful to be true, and I won't let myself believe in it too strongly, in case such a delightful thing should never come to pass."

"But it will," said Mrs. Perowne quickly. "I am convinced that it will. I know that Mrs. Willoughby really believed that her brother was dead, she said as much to me more than once. And as for Philip Dacre having married, I don't believe it. He had hardly enough to keep himself, and as he was a selfish man he was not likely to wish to share his fortune with anyone, and if he had made a wealthy marriage, surely he would not have kept that hidden? It really takes my breath away. Mr. Dean is a most fortunate young man."

There was something akin to envy in her voice. A young nobody of a land agent with the brilliant prospect before him of becoming the owner of beautiful Court Royal, and a little nobody of a governess—Miss Lester was a sweet, dear girl, and they would miss her terribly when she left them, but a little nobody for all that—to become the mistress of the finest house in the county!

And here was Mrs. Perowne, the widow of the Honourable Guy Perowne, with hardly two sixpences to rub together and dependent entirely upon her brother for a home for herself and her children. And there was Randal. Mrs. Perowne looked tenderly at the broad-shouldered, brown-faced young fellow standing beside the governess. Why had not Mrs. Willoughby chosen him to succeed her; dear Randal fighting against the hardest odds to make a living for them in the old decaying paper mill! Certainly, if Mrs. Willoughby had desired to raise up envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness by making such a will she had succeeded admirably.

"I think it is you who are taking Miss Lester's breath away, Marion," said Randal North. "It shows how set we are on your going to Court Royal, and probably you have a fair chance, though I think you are wise not to count upon it too surely."

"I am envying her," said his sister, "if only for the possession of that lovely drawing-room."

"And half of everything will be yours, darling," said Kitty, the youngest girl, pressing up against her governess affectionately. "People always have half of everything when they marry, don't they, Mummy?"

"They expect it, at any rate, you wise baby," said her mother, smiling down at the little girl. "I wonder what the Hardings will say? Was the major at the Court, Randal? Helen—"

"Who is talking about Helen?" said a musical voice, and the handsome, dark girl who had passed Pamela and Dean in her car a short time before, appeared at the open French window, a fair and gracious figure in her long, pale-yellow motor-coat.

"Dear Mrs. Perowne, I heard your voices as I came past the shrubbery, and I could not resist coming this way."

"You needn't apologise, Helen," said Mrs. Perowne coolly, "especially as you have come this way dozens of times, and you are just in time for tea."

"I mustn't stay for tea, thanks," said Miss Harding, lifting her long-lashed eyes and looking across at Randal North. "Father has a touch of gout to-day, and if I am long away no one can manage him."

Mrs. Perowne's graceful shoulders moved with an almost imperceptible shrug of unbelief. But this was only one of Helen's many poses. And, somehow, that of the dutiful daughter was the one that suited her least.

"But I really had to stop the car and run in. I wanted to know all about Court Royal, and I knew that Randal would know everything. Has she left it to you, Randal?"

CHAPTER IV.

HELEN HARDING BEGINS TO PLOT.

"To me!" said the young man, staring. "What on earth put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh, but she liked you!" said the girl, with a shadow falling over her face. "I had hoped, somehow, that you would come in for it as she has no near relations. Well, who has got it? That dreadful male cousin?"

"No, poor beggar," said North pityingly, "they are all rather out of it. Mrs. Willoughby has left the estate to her brother or his heirs, and failing them, Anthony Dean, the agent, comes in for everything."

"What do you mean?"—angrily—"that she deliberately passed you over—a gentleman, the member of a county family, for one of her servants?"

"I think you must have mistaken someone else for Mr. Dean," said Mrs. Perowne, her pale, aristocratic face scarlet at the insolent reference to Dean in the presence of Pamela.

The young governess was bending down to unfasten Kitty's coat, but when she raised her head her soft cheeks were glowing, and her eyes showed a righteous anger. Impertinence to herself Pamela could stand, but not to anyone whom she loved.

"I think Mrs. Willoughby has shown us in what high esteem she has held Mr. Dean," went on Mrs. Perowne pointedly, "and we are hoping that our wishes will be realised and that we shall have Miss Lester living at Court Royal one of these days."

"Miss Lester?"

Helen Harding turned her head and stared at the girlish figure of the young governess with a scornful tilt of her upper lip.

"Poor Court Royal," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Mrs. Willoughby was certainly insane."

And with that charitable comment she said that she must go, and went out of the room; and Mrs. Perowne followed her, and her well-bred voice was heard in annoyed expostulation in the hall.

Randal North turned to the young governess.

"Miss Lester, Helen's impertinences aren't worth noticing."

His own face flushed. He had been ready to take the girl by her shoulders and turn her out of the room.

"I don't mind her much," said Pamela truthfully; "but I wish she had not spoken so of Anthony. He does not deserve it."

"He doesn't," said the young man emphatically, and the girl looked up with a little smile that made him take a firm grip upon himself lest he should show his own feelings. How she would despise him if she knew that he had dared to love her. That he had loved her from the day that she had come amongst them, tired and weary and lonely, and he for duty's sake had been obliged to stand aside and let another man win what he coveted.

"Poor Anthony and I are outsiders. We are no county people, and it is only county people who really matter to Miss Harding."

"You are," he began rather heatedly. Then he forced himself to speak like a sober and matter-of-fact young man. "Nothing that Helen can say will alter what you both are. When you get to Court Royal, you see I am beginning to speak positively, you will have everyone toadying to you. I hope Dean will win out, but I don't know what we shall do without you."

"Oh," said Pamela—unconsciously cruel Pamela, "you will soon get my place filled, Mr. North. But I shall never forget how happy I have been here, and how good you have all been to me."

And her friendly eyes, looking so frankly into his handsome ones, hurt him. Oh, if she only knew how they hurt him!

"FATHER, I want you to call upon Mr. Dean."

At the sound of that imperious voice, the major put down his newspaper and commenced to turn over the bacon on his plate.

"I wish, Helen, you could get someone into the house who could cook. Everything is either burnt to a cinder or raw."

"If we could afford to pay decent wages probably I could," said Miss Harding, with a careless shrug of her shoulders.

She was sitting with her elbows on the table facing him, a dark, handsome girl with discontented eyes, and a haughty expression. She was daintily attired in a pale-yellow gown, and her daintiness was especially observable in the shabby, untidy room where she and her father were breakfasting. Whatever they lacked, Helen Harding was always perfectly gowned, and the claims of creditors pressed heavily at times upon the major's shoulders.

"Don't you think," said the major, after a pause, "that we had better wait a little



"WHY, IT IS MARVELLOUS," SAID MRS. PEROWNE. "IT IS MISS LESTER EXACTLY. ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, HELEN?" "I CERTAINLY DON'T SEE IT," REPLIED HELEN SCORNFULLY.

time. A bit—er—awkward to get chummy with him and then find out the thing's a frost."

"It will be too late then," said the girl emphatically. "Other people will have got before us. I saw the Clavers stopping to speak to him this morning. I want us to take the position of his most intimate friends."

"And if Philip Dacre or his heirs turn up, my lady?" "We can drop him," said Miss Harding coolly. "But it seems to be a foregone conclusion that Dean will come into the property, and if so, I mean to take advantage of it."

The major raised his bushy grey brows and eyed his daughter curiously.

"If you are thinking of appropriating the young man I expect you will find it a difficult job," he said drily. "That little girl at the Mill House will have a word in the matter."

Helen Harding shrugged her handsome shoulders. "An insignificant little chit like that is not likely to interfere with my plans," she said languidly.

"And North?"

She rose impatiently from the table.

"What do you mean by 'And North,'" she said quietly.

But she knew what he meant. She knew, and her father knew also, that if Randal North had been a rich man she would have married him to-morrow if he had asked her. As much love as that selfish, worldly heart was capable of feeling was given to the brown-faced young mill-owner, with his well-bred air and his shabby coat.

"Call on Dean to-morrow, father; or this afternoon would be better."

And with these words, delivered like a command, she went out of the room.

The major rustled his paper, and told himself that he wasn't going to be hurried over the business—he'd have to think it over. But, happening to come upon the young agent in the village that morning, he accosted him with friendly cordiality and invited him to dine at the Cottage that evening, and would take no refusal.

There had been many evidences lately that the surrounding gentry were prepared to accept Anthony Dean as their neighbour. He had been permitted to join the Nanvale Hunt, and Major Harding's two sons, a couple of idle and dissolute young men, had already paid him some attention, but nothing had pleased him so much as the invitation to dine at the Cottage.

He wanted to tell Pamela about it, and just as the thought crossed his mind, he saw her and the two little girls climbing over a stile a short distance in front of him. He hurried up to them, and then retained his sweetheart's little hand in his as the two children went on in front.

"Those two are always hanging about you," he grumbled; "I can hardly get a word with you."

She smiled up at him.

"You unreasonable boy! Didn't we spend the whole glorious afternoon yesterday on the hills?"

"But the kiddies were not far off," he said, laughing a little at his own ill-humour. Somehow it was impossible to keep up a feeling of irritation long in Pamela's sunny presence.

"I am going to the churchyard to see Mrs. Willoughby's stone. It was put up this morning. Come with me."

They went on into the lovely old God's Acre, with its quiet tombs marking the resting place of tired sleepers, and on until they reached a smooth square of green-sward backed by two huge dark yew trees. Here, side by side, were two handsome crosses of pure white marble, but one showed the traces of time upon its surface and bore the date of twenty years before. The other was white and glistening as snow.

"How heavy it must be," said Sue, wrinkling her brows.

The young governess, with a little shiver, drew the child close to her with a protective clasp, and together they read the inscription.

"Margaret Pamela Willoughby! Her name is the same as yours, Miss Lester."

"You never told me that one of her names was Pamela, Tony?"

"I never knew it until she died, and it slipped my memory. She always signed herself Margaret P. Willoughby."

"I wish I had known her," said the girl, drawing her hand softly over the cold stone. "I have seen her often driving through the village, and I thought she looked so old and wrinkled and lonely."

"She was a hard old beldame," said Dean. "I've never heard anyone saying a good word of her. She was at enmity with everyone."

Pamela put her hand on his with one of those lovely smiles of hers that heightened her beauty.

"I can't think her hard, Anthony, I feel I must love her for thinking so well of my boy."

Dean pressed the little hand in his.

"Pam, I want you to come up to Court Royal—all of you, on Wednesday. I have spoken to Mrs. Jackson about it, and she will be prepared for us. It's quite time, Pam, you saw your future home."

"Anthony, it would be better to wait, perhaps." But her cheeks were flushed like a rose. "Perhaps she wouldn't like it."

"That's rubbish, Pam. Here, Sue—Kitty, I want

you all to come up to Court Royal on Wednesday. Will you?"

"Oh, darling, it will be lovely!" said little Kitty, throwing her arms round Pamela. "We haven't been there for ages. And there's a lovely lake there and a dear little boat. Wouldn't you like to go, dearest?" as the governess remained silent. "Well, if you'd rather not, we won't mind—much," with a deep sigh of resignation. "Will we, Sue?"

"Not much," said Sue dolefully.

The two elders laughed.

"Cheer up, children; I'm not going to be so cruel as to disappoint you."

"On Wednesday, then, Pam. I will come down and meet you at the gates."

And then, just as they were parting, he told her of the Harding civilities, and that he was going to dine at the Cottage that evening.

Her astonished eyes irritated him into a show of impatience.

"There is nothing extraordinary in people wishing to know me, is there, Pamela?"

"Of course not," said Pamela slowly; "but they never took any notice of you before, Anthony, and you have not changed."

"But my position has."

"Oh, Tony, don't be so sure."

"And don't you be a little wet blanket," said the young man jocularly. "Come, give me a kiss, the children are out of sight. Oh, Pam, my own little sweetheart, I'm not good enough for you—I wish I were."

And presently the whispering of lovers fell away into silence, the churchyard was deserted, and the evening sun filtered through the yew trees and fell across the name of "Margaret Pamela Willoughby."

CHAPTER V.

AT THE COTTAGE.

IN spite of himself, Pamela's words rankled unpleasantly in Anthony Dean's mind as he turned in the low white gates of the Cottage that evening in response to Major Harding's invitation. He knew as well as Pamela did that it was only these prospects of his that had brought forth the friendliness of the Hardings and opened their doors to him.

And how would he be received by Helen Harding? He wondered what she would say—how she would look. And then quite suddenly he saw her crossing the lawn to meet him.

She wore a white dress, as simple as he had seen on Pamela, and only a fine gold chain on her firm white neck. But her eyes were glowing, and the scarlet lips parted in a smile that dazzled him, and rendered him dumb and foolish.

"How do you do, Mr. Dean? If my father had told me sooner that we were to have the pleasure of seeing you here this evening, I would have invited some people to meet you. As it is, you will have to put up with a very small and dull family party."

She laughed as she spoke, and her beautiful eyes looked with warm friendliness into those of the embarrassed young man.

She led the way into the house, and then into the drawing-room, where the major was sitting reading his newspaper, and who started up with boisterous hospitality to greet his guest.

"Awfully glad you've turned up, Dean. Hope this won't be the last time—eh?"

Dinner was daintily served in the little red-walled dining-room. There were shaded lamps and flowers everywhere, and if the cooking were of a very inferior quality, Dean never noticed it. He could think of nothing but the radiant beauty of his young hostess and the alluring glances of her smiling eyes.

After dinner the major, with the excuse of letters to write, retired to a table at the far end of the room, while Helen sat down at the piano and played and sang to her guest.

"She's laying it on rather thick," the major said to himself, glancing up at them. "Anyone else would be suspicious, but the young cub has got vanity enough to make him swallow anything."

The major turned to the perusal of the sporting paper, which was the only "letter writing" that he had to do that evening. Helen was engineering this affair. She

knew best what to do. If she was successful, so much the better. Things were getting a bit tight.

"I won't sing any more to you," said the girl, rising with a laughing look at her listener's enraptured face. "Come and look at my French photographs."

But as she turned away her fingers caught in the slender gold chain that encircled her throat, the fastening gave way, and a locket fell at Dean's feet. It was open, and as he stooped to pick it up he glanced at it jealously and curiously. To his astonishment he saw the pictured face of Randal North, the young paper-mill owner.

Helen Harding crimsoned angrily, and bit her lips as she took it from him. What imp of misfortune allowed this to proclaim itself to the very eyes of the one from whom she would have hidden it! She had stolen a photograph of Randal North one day when she had been alone in the Mill House drawing-room, and had had it copied by a miniature painter.

She took the locket from Dean with a superb air of indifference. If he liked to talk he might, but somehow she had an idea that he would not.

"These are the photographs. Have you ever been in Cannes, Mr. Dean? I spent a month there in February. I am longing to go again; but I fear"—with a sigh—"that there is little chance of that for poor me."

"I have never been abroad," said the young man stiffly. He had not got over that photo business yet. He felt angry—chagrined. And yet what business was it of his?

"Oh, you must go some day."

"I hope so. Mrs. Willoughby had a house at Cannes, you know."

Miss Harding did know, and had known all along.

"Does it go with the estate? Yes? How charming! I have never had an opportunity of congratulating you before," she went on, her voice low and earnest, and her beautiful dark eyes looking into his. "But with all my heart I hope you will get Court Royal; but if you don't we must hope that some other good fortune will come to you."

Her smile was so kind and frank, her voice sounded so true, that his lurking suspicions about being cultivated for his prospects vanished.

"Court Royal is a lovely old place, isn't it? My knowledge is only drawn from the outside, and what Mrs. Perowne has told me. Mrs. Willoughby was never very hospitable, was she?"

"She had no guests of late years. Even Pamela—Miss Lester—has not been over it yet, but I am taking her to-morrow."

"Pamela—Miss Lester?" Miss Harding's brows were lifted in inquiry.

"Miss Lester," began Dean, flushing uncomfortably—"Miss Lester, of the Mill House, you know. I am—she is engaged to me."

"Oh, how stupid of me! You mean Mrs. Perowne's governess, or mother's help, or whatever she is?"

The flush on Dean's face deepened. The better part of him rose in revolt at her insolent reference to Pamela, but those eyes looking into his rendered him dumb.

"I was going to ask you if you would motor with us to Dolbrough to-morrow afternoon, but I shall not go now. I shall sit here and envy you in those delicious old rooms."

"Will you come, too? If you only would."

The instant the words she had forced out of him were said he would have recalled them, but it was too late.

"Oh, I shall be delighted."

When he left the Cottage he was filled with an odd elation that had an intoxicating effect upon him. He was recalling her smile—the soft pressure of her hand.

CHAPTER VI.
AT COURT ROYAL.

IT was a merry little party that met the following Wednesday afternoon in the beautiful old rooms at Court Royal.

The children were riotously happy, and their high spirits as they darted about like swallows on their active little legs unconsciously affected their elders. Mrs. Perowne was sympathetic as usual, and Dean was a proud man as he showed his beautiful betrothed the home that, as the months stole on without bringing any answer to the widely spread advertising for Philip Dacre or his heirs, he had begun to regard as really his own.

All the chairs and couches in the huge drawing-room

had been uncovered for their inspection, and Pamela's admiration of the beautiful brocade had been very gratifying to Mrs. Jackson, the stately old housekeeper, who could scarcely take her eyes off the pretty, animated girl who was to become the mistress of the old house.

When the others moved on Pamela hung back to look through the windows again at the exquisite view without, and her mind travelled back to the past of her short life—to the little second-rate school that had been her home for ten years, the kindly old schoolmistress whose death had sent her out into the world to work; the careless, but still loved father, who had fitted in and out of her life—the early years she had spent with him wandering about the Continent. Then he had brought her to London and put her in the school. Occasionally he had paid a little for his child's education and keep; but the old schoolmistress had never visited the delinquencies of her father upon her. All that she had learned she had owed to her. For six years now she had heard nothing of him. She did not know whether he were living or dead. But daily she prayed that he would come back to her.

She heard them calling her, and she hurried out into the hall, and they all went up the wide oaken staircase that led to the galleries from which the bedrooms opened.

Pamela gazed round her with a sigh of appreciation.

"I thought you would like the place, Pamela," whispered Anthony. "Look across there, Pam. All mine as far as you can see. Do you wonder now—"

Mrs. Perowne interrupted them.

"There is another visitor coming. I think it is Helen Harding. Yes, Mrs. Jackson is bringing her up here."

Dean turned round, his face crimsoning.

"I—I quite forgot to mention that I saw Miss Harding last night. She knew that we were coming here to-day, and—"

"She invited herself? Oh, that would be quite like Helen," said Mrs. Perowne drily.

Dean said nothing. Mrs. Perowne might think so if she liked, but the truth was he had invited Miss Harding, and he was half angry with himself for doing so.

The girl came through the archway, a picture of dazzling loveliness, in soft pink muslin and a broad-brimmed hat. One hand dangled her long white gloves, and the other held the paws of the little Pekingese spaniel tucked under her arm.

Mrs. Perowne went to meet her, as Dean seemed incapable of moving.

"How do you do, for the second time to-day, Helen? I did not think that we were going to meet again this afternoon."

Helen Harding laughed musically, and her dark eyes flashed a merry look at Anthony Dean.

"You must blame Mr. Dean," she said gaily. "The picture he drew of your all meeting here was too tempting to be resisted. So visit my intrusion on his head."

"It is no intrusion," said the young man, in a low tone; "it is an honour."

The two little girls made a welcome interruption. They had seen a picture, and they wanted Miss Lester to come and see it.

"Do come, darling Miss Lester. It's a perfectly sweet picture, and just like you if you had pearls round your neck," said Sue urgently.

"Am I not included in the invitation?" said Anthony, catching her by the shoulder as she was flying past him.

"Wouldn't you rather stay and talk to Miss Harding?"—with a searching, upward gaze.

"If I wanted to stay should I be imploring your permission to go with you?" he asked, with the half jesting, half offended air that the children often called forth.

A Serial of wonderful power starts in this Journal Next Week.

Its title is

"Little White Saint,"

And it is written by

ETHEL F. HEDDLE.

Order Your Copy To-day.

"Then come," said Sue, with a warm friendliness that she did not often accord him, tucking her hand in his arm.

"Is Mr. Dean actually engaged to your governess?" said Helen Harding suddenly, as she and Mrs. Perowne were left alone.

"Certainly."

"It is a great mistake."

"Why, Helen?"

"Oh, surely"—impatently—"you must see what an unsuitable wife she is for the owner of Court Royal? Do you think the county will ever acknowledge her?"

"If it will acknowledge Mr. Dean it will certainly acknowledge her," said Mrs. Perowne imperturbably. "A more lovely or ladylike girl could not be found, or one with a sweeter nature. She will make an ideal mistress for the place if Mr. Dean ever comes here. Shall we follow them and see this wonderful picture?"

"What a lovely place it is!" said Miss Harding, as they went down the room. "Does the money come from Mrs. Willoughby's side of the family?"

"No, from her husband's. He was a Manchester merchant; she was 'a penniless lass wid a lang pedigree.' He purchased this place after his marriage. It belonged to the Carringtons—an old, impoverished family. Now where is this wonderful painting, children?"

"Here, mummy!" called Sue from a little anteroom at the end.

Entering, they were confronted with a full-length painting of a sunny-haired girl in a quaint white dress, holding a white dove on her fingers.

Mrs. Perowne gave a quick exclamation.

"Why, it is marvellous! The eyes—the colour of the hair! It is Miss Lester exactly. Isn't it wonderful, Helen?"

Miss Harding let her scornful glance rest for an instant on the embarrassed face of Pamela Lester.

"I certainly don't see it," she said coolly.

"Then you must be quite blind!" put in Sue hotly.

"Mr. Dean, is it not the image of Miss Lester?"

"You need not glare at me, Sue," whispered Dean.

"I quite agree with you. There is a likeness to Pamela. Here is Mrs. Jackson, we'll ask her who it is."

"Oh, Mrs. Jackson, whose portrait is this?"

"My late mistress's mother, sir. She died when Mr. Philip Dacre was born. Mrs. Willoughby set great store by it. This little alcove was made purposely for it."

"Randal," said Mrs. Perowne that night, going into the room where the young mill-owner was working with the books he had brought in from the mill, "if Anthony Dean ever gets Court Royal, mark my words, Helen Harding means to reign with him."

North looked up quickly.

"What nonsense, Marion!" he said sharply. "Who would look at Helen beside Miss Lester. Dean is not such an out-and-out fool."

"He is a weak man, Randal, and she is a handsome and unscrupulous woman. She is up to her neck in debt, and she is going to snatch at the chance of a rich marriage. She will flatter him into thinking that she is in love with him. If you had been a rich man, Randal, and not weighed down with a family on your dear shoulders, you would not have been safe from her."

North laughed rather contemptuously. He was not a man to give a woman away, but he could have told her that, poor as he was, Helen had used all her powers of allurements upon him, but her blandishments had been useless.

"Helen is not at all my sort," he said carelessly, "and, I fancy, not Dean's, either. Don't be hunting for a mare's nest, Marion."

"I wish you had seen her to-day, Randal—flattering him and making eyes at him; and he following her about like a sheep when she called to him. He was like a big, awkward schoolboy. I never saw him look to worse advantage. And Helen was positively insulting to Miss Lester."

"Did he allow that, the-cad?" said Randal, his face crimsoning.

"He never appeared to notice it. She is a dangerous woman, Randal. I am afraid that will of Mrs. Willoughby's is going to cause trouble."

"I hope you are mistaken," said North bluntly, reaching out for his pipe.

His sister looked at him quickly. There was something in his face and voice that startled her.

"I am bothering you with my chatter, dear. I wish you'd put those wretched books away and go to bed. You look fagged out."

"Rot!" said North good-naturedly. "There, you trot along, dear old woman, and don't bother a chap."

But long after the rest of the little household were sleeping, Randal sat there thinking of Pamela, with his head on his hand, and the books were neglected.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEMPTRESS.

WHAT Mrs. Perowne said was right, that if Anthony Dean came to Court Royal, Helen Harding had determined to be mistress of it.

A few days after the scene in the gallery, Dean dined again with the Hardings. They were beginning to influence him. He deferred to them in everything, and they gave him a cordial welcome to a house that had been hitherto closed to Mrs. Willoughby's agent.

When he left that night, Miss Harding walked to the gates with him, and they stood there talking in the moonlight. She had drawn on a loose coat over her dinner-gown. She leaned her elbow on the upper rail of the gate, talking in the tone of a kind elder sister. Then she took the rose from her breast and held it to her lips. She had been talking seductively to him, had let his name, Tony, slip from her; her nearness intoxicated him, everything about her cast its spell upon him.

"Give me that," said the man in a hoarse whisper. "Give it to me, as a token that you will always be my friend."

"If anything comes between us, it will not be my doing."

"Nor mine. Give me that."

She held it out to him smilingly.

He seized her hand, as well as the flower. He lost his head looking into those glorious eyes. For one instant she lay in his arms, and he had kissed her. Then she tore herself away.

"How dare you—how dare you!"

"Forgive me! I was mad. Forgive me!"

"I will try. Go now—please go!"

She laughed to herself as she recalled his face as she went back to the house.

"I don't think he will marry that girl now. But I must hold him off till the year is up, and I am sure."

Once away from his enchantress, some of the glamour she cast over him faded. He felt himself to be a coward and poltroon as he thought of Pamela—thought of her pure, lovely face, and serene, blue eyes. It was furthest from his thoughts to break off his engagement, but day by day the infatuation for the other woman grew stronger. She stirred the basest part of his nature, stimulated his worldly ambitions, and administered to his weakness and vanity.

It annoyed him that his affianced wife was only a little governess. Helen Harding's contempt for her began to gather weight. He was thinking of these things one morning, when he met Pamela in the village, carrying a basket and two or three substantial parcels. Anthony was riding one of the horses from the Court Royal stable, for though no one had ever used them but the grooms, Mrs. Willoughby had kept a perfectly appointed stable.

The young man dismounted and walked along beside the girl. His face was flushed, and he kept his eyes downcast. Pamela looked at him anxiously. She saw a change in him. Often she wished that the will had never been made.

He broke out suddenly in vehement abuse of one of the tenants on the estate.

"I'll make these people sit up when I am master here. There'll be some changes here, if I've anything to do with it."

"I hope you mean to make a clean sweep of some of these wretched little cottages, Anthony. Mr. North was speaking about them this morning. He often tried to persuade Mrs. Willoughby to build some houses where the people could live decent lives. There is no accommodation for the paper workers."

"Look here, Pamela, I'm not going to be dictated to by North. If he wants houses let him build them himself."

He was jealous of Randal North—jealous of his well-bred air. His poverty was no bar to social success. North was a welcome guest in the most exclusive house.

Pamela's face flushed hotly, and her eyes grew wistful. "There is a villa in Cannes that wants doing up," Dean went on. "Mrs. Willoughby let it go to ruin. That'll take a good bit of money to restore. And there are motors to get—horses are no good here except for hunting. I shall run up to town at the end of the week and look at some."

"Anthony dear, I wish you did not build on this inheritance so surely. Sometimes I think you will never go to Court Royal."

"Pam, don't throw doubt on it, or you'll drive me crazy. The place is mine. It is a dead cert. And look here, Pamela, in fairness to your future position, I wish you would give up this governingness."

Again the hot colour leaped into Pamela's cheeks, but she spoke quietly.

"What do you expect me to do, Anthony? Do you expect me to be a drone in the hive? I could not stay on in idleness. I must work."

"The Hardings—"

She interrupted him impetuously.

"The Hardings! What does it matter what they say? Have they taught you to be ashamed of me?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Pam."

"Before Mrs. Willoughby's death the Hardings would not condescend to notice your existence. And now you let them come into your life and rule you."

"They are my best friends," said the young man sulkily. "I am lunching there to-day."

"Then I will not detain you," said the girl proudly, turning towards the gate. Her eyes were full of tears, and she fumbled at the latch thinking that Anthony would surely come to her and beg for her forgiveness.

But instead came the clatter of the horse's feet going back along the road.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN IN THE GREY INVERNESS.



ANTHONY DEAN had been dining with the Hardings and was returning along the road in the soft dusk. He was thinking of the woman he had just parted from—his hand retained the slight pressure of her white fingers—he recalled the last glance of the eyes that had enthralled him body and soul.

"I beg your pardon," said a tired but courteous voice out of the darkness, "can you direct me to Court Royal?"

"You are close to the gates," said Dean gruffly, trying to peer into the face of the speaker.

"Ah, thanks! I thought I had missed it. I have only been in this part of the world once before, and my memory of the road is of the slightest."

"Do you want anyone at Court Royal? It is rather late—"

"Disgracefully late, my good fellow, but for that the blame must be laid upon your exceedingly inconvenient train service. My business is with Mrs. Willoughby."

"Mrs. Willoughby is dead," said Dean slowly. Why was he such a coward? Why did a chance wayfarer fill him with this hideous dread?

"Dead! Heavens! Is it so? Then I am too—late." Then after a pause: "When did this happen?"

"Eleven months ago."

"Eleven months—nearly a year ago. I have been out of the world indeed, to know nothing of this. I have been ill—laid up in an out-of-the-way corner of the Continent where English newspapers never penetrate. Dead! Poor Margaret!" uttered in a tone of the bitterest regret.

"Are you—any relation?"

"I am her brother."

"Her brother! Mr. Philip Dacre?"

The whole range of human agony and disappointment was expressed in the young man's intense voice.

"That is my name, though misfortune, always a close companion of mine, has made the use of another a necessity. Can you direct me to some humble cot where I can spend the night?"

"It is some distance to the village," said Dean, in a leaden voice. "My place is near. I can offer you a bed."

"My good friend, you are a true Samaritan. I will accept your hospitality. May I ask to whom I am indebted for this kindness?"

"My name is Dean. I acted as agent to the late Mrs. Willoughby."

He was wondering in a queer, dazed way what would happen next. He never questioned this man's story. Oh, why could he not seize this man who had appeared at the eleventh hour and crush the life out of him?



WITH A LITTLE CRY PAMELA RAN TO HIM. THIS WAS INDEED HER FATHER. "PAMELA, MY OWN LITTLE GIRL, YOU HAVE SAVED ME FROM THIS LIVING TOMB," HE SAID.

"This is fortunate. You will be able to give me some information. Who is the owner of Court Royal? Her money is divided without any mention of my name, I suppose? I expected nothing. But I am getting an old man, and my wandering life has become too trying. I came to see my sister, and she is dead."

He relapsed into silence and followed his guide through the little gate and up the path through the wood and thence into the clearing in which the Dower House stood like a grey sentinel, with one glowing, watchful eye—the window of Dean's little parlour.

Once inside the room the young man saw with anguish untold that the stranger did not need credentials, he carried them in his face. Feature by feature he resembled the dead owner of Court Royal—the same aquiline nose, the same hawklike eyes—but the handsome mouth had a weak droop that had never characterised Mrs. Willoughby's cold lips. He looked the gentleman he was by right of birth, though his clothes were worn and his whole appearance spoke of shattered health and a life ill-spent.

"I have been dining out to-night," said the young man in the same leaden manner that had taken possession of him. "My servant goes early to bed. I can offer you some cold meat."

"You are my benefactor, sir. A meal will be most welcome."

He ate ravenously at the beef and bread that Dean placed on the table, but he weakened his wine with water.

"Now, my friend, I am rested and refreshed. I should like some details of my sister and her affairs. To whom has she left Court Royal?"

"To—you."

The words came from his lips as though some inward power forced them from him.

"Mine! Man, are you speaking the truth?"

The other had started from his seat, with his face working and his shaking hands clutching at the table to support himself. His eyes darted from his head, in a fierce excitement impossible to describe.

"The estate is left to Philip Dacre or his heirs if claimed within twelve months from Mrs. Willoughby's decease."

"And it is now eleven months. I have returned at the eleventh hour. Heaven be thanked! And I was a beggared outcast with this for my sole possession!" He put his hand into his pocket and threw a few coppers on the table, with a hysterical laugh.

"From abject penury to wealth—from misery to independence. If I had not put in my appearance who would have supplanted me?"

"After you Court Royal was left to me."

"To you!" The man stared at him and then laughed. "My good fellow, that accounts for your reluctance to speak. I wonder you told me at all. So I have done you out of your inheritance, eh? But you will find that I can behave with generosity when it is in my power."

A tinge of patronage had crept into his voice. "If you satisfied my sister you will, no doubt, satisfy me. I have a daughter in England—my first quest must be for her, poor little, neglected daughter, God, forgive me—mistress of Court—"

His thin face worked convulsively. He made an attempt to rise as though he were choking. Then he fell in a doubled-up heap at Dean's feet, and the man looking down at him with murder in his heart, prayed that he was dead and silenced for ever.

CHAPTER IX. BLACK PLOTTING.

DEAN knelt down beside the inert, senseless figure and unloosened his collar almost mechanically. So far his humanity went, but no further.

He made no attempt to get assistance, or send for a medical man. He sat down on a chair and watched over that prone figure in the worn-grey coat with a brooding face, that was as ghastly as the one on the hearthrug at his feet.

When the first ray of dawn stole into the disordered room, a long sigh came from the lips of Philip Dacre, and the lids of his heavy eyes lifted slightly.

He was not dead. Dean rose and bent over him. In those dark, brooding hours his face had changed from that of a fresh-coloured and good-looking young man into the sinister one of the devil-lad.

He raised himself and went out of the room and up the narrow staircase where the ghostly light of the dawn fell upon familiar things and rendered them strange and unfamiliar, and brought down Mrs. Winter, his caretaker, a tall, gaunt woman with furtive eyes. She stared down at the now muttering figure on the hearthrug, but she made no comment. She waited in silence.

"I want you to help me to carry this man upstairs," said Dean abruptly.

She looked at him intently. His face had recovered a little of its usual colour, but to her it was a changed face. She shrank uneasily as though she read something in his eyes that frightened her. But there was something of slavishness in the haste with which she obeyed him.

Between them they carried the light, thin form of Philip Dacre up the narrow, winding staircase. With a nod of his head Dean indicated his own room, and the helpless figure was laid on the bed.

Then the young man addressed his assistant.

"Come down stairs. I want a few words with you."

The woman followed him into the little parlour, where

the strengthening light showed the disorderly table and the evidences of that all night vigil.

"Who is he, master? He's taken with a stroke. I've seen them like that."

Dean nodded curtly. He took her arm and gripped it till she winced.

"Do you remember the old Hall shooting affair?"

The woman's sallow face turned a queer, grey colour. She bent her head.

"You know, and I know whose shot it was that brought down Talboys. It was that rascally son of yours. You went on your knees to me that night——"

"I did, sir."

"And I shut my mouth. Very well. I expect you to shut yours, and do as I bid you. Do you hear?"

She cringed before him, with her hands clasped imploringly.

"If the man upstairs dies—now—he is a tramp, that we took in for charity. You understand?"

She articulated faintly.

"If he lives"—he drew a long, hissing breath. It was hard to believe that this was Pamela's sweetheart, the man she had chosen and credited with all that was good and honourable—"if he lives he is not to leave that room. You will be his constant guard. He is mad, remember, and the ravings of a madman must be kept hidden."

"I understand, master."

"As long as he lives I will pay you well. When he dies you and your son shall have three thousand pounds to start life in a new country. Do you agree to my terms? You know the alternative?"

"I will serve you faithfully, master."

CHAPTER X.

ANTHONY'S POSITION DEMANDS A SACRIFICE.

TWO or three days passed over without Anthony Dean coming to the Mill House, or making the slightest effort to meet Pamela out of doors.

Never before had her lover held out like this, and the girl's heart ached as she waited for him. Once she caught sight of him riding with Helen Harding. She heard of him dining again at the Cottage. He was within a stone's throw of the girl who loved and trusted him, but he never came.

On the third day as she was returning from the village, one of the stable boys from Court Royal came up to her, and with a touch of his hat handed her a letter.

"From Mr. Dean, miss."

The girl's face blushed rosily and happily at the sight of her sweetheart's writing.

"Dear Pamela," it began abruptly,

"I have been thinking things over, and I have come to the conclusion that our engagement is a bit of a mistake."

The girl stopped, her eyes glued on those strange words. Their engagement a—mistake? Then she went on again.

"As the owner of Court Royal my position is altogether changed. You, yourself, must see that. My position demands a sacrifice of my own inclinations. If I marry it must be in accordance with my rank." (Here some words were scratched out, and the concluding sentence written hurriedly and almost illegibly.) "I am not worthy of you, Pamela. The best thing you can do is to forget me."
ANTHONY DEAN.

That was all. The cruel ending to a girl's first dream of love. She was not good enough for him—the little governess at the Mill House was no fit wife for the future owner of Court Royal.

She leaned against an old tree trunk with a burst of uncontrollable sobs breaking up the unnatural calm with which she had read the cold and callous words. In that moment of acute agony, the cruelty of the hand that had struck the blow was lost in an exaggerated remembrance of the dear qualities of her faithless lover. She recalled his face—recalled every loving word with a pain so intense that it rendered her sick and faint. She never heard the quick step coming down the gravelled path, till Randal North's shocked exclamation made her start up.

"Miss Lester—Pamela!"

She lifted her white face, discoloured with burning tears, to his, but her lips were mute.

"What is it, dear? Are you ill? You have had bad news?"

She tried to answer him, but could not. Her beauty was marred with weeping. But bruised and sorrow-stained as she was, she had never appealed to him more powerfully than she did now. He caught his breath quickly.

"What is it?"

But her only answer was a despairing movement of her head as she turned away and went up the path. North followed her and went to his sister.

"Miss Lester is in great trouble, will you go to her, Marion. She wouldn't tell me. She will tell you."

Mrs. Perowne glanced at his white, set face, and, much concerned, hurried up the stairs. But a closed door baffled her.

"Leave me alone, please," a voice said that was harsh and strange, and unlike Pamela's. "I'll be down presently."

Mrs. Perowne waited outside the door till it opened, and the girl came out, pale and collected. Then she put her arm around her with a motherliness that made Pamela's lip quiver again, and led her into her own room.

"Now, my child, sit there and tell me your trouble. I must know. You are in my care. Is it anything to do with Mr. Dean?"

"Yes. He has ceased to care for me. He—has written, breaking off our engagement."

"Broken your engagement! Why? Surely it is some foolish lovers' quarrel. He will be here to-night, ready to go on his knees and beg your forgiveness."

"No," said the girl steadily. "All is over between us. He thinks that under the circumstances a marriage with a poor governess would spoil his position."

"His position! What is his position?" demanded Mrs. Perowne indignantly. "He may never get Court Royal, and I hope he never will."

"Please say no more about him," said the girl agitatedly. "You know I can't stay here now, Mrs. Perowne. I couldn't meet him—I must go."

"You shall go," said Mrs. Perowne gently, "if it will be better for yourself. It will grieve us all to lose you; I don't know what the children will do without you. But, my dear, is this man worth your pain and sorrow? Some day you may look back to this time and thank God that he changed your life."

But in the first throes of her anguish, Pamela could not believe that such a time would ever come.

Mrs. Perowne went down to her brother and found him walking about the room in a state of unrest.

"It's Dean, of course," she said shortly. "He has written, throwing her up. He thinks a marriage with her would be derogatory. Helen's at the bottom of it, there is no doubt."

"The cur!" said North, at an instant's silence.

Mrs. Perowne looked at him sharply. Was it possible that Randal cared for this girl? Then it was better, indeed, for all of them that she should go. She must think of her children. She hated herself for these worldly thoughts, but perhaps, after all, it was better that Pamela Lester should have her way and leave the old Mill House.

In the small hours of the morning, Pamela had just fallen asleep when she opened her eyes again—swollen and heavy with the bitter tears that the slowly-moving hours had witnessed, to see Sue standing at her bedside in her nightgown.

"Sue! What is it?"

"It's Kitty, Miss Lester. She's talking and laughing horribly. I told her to stop, and I would come for you."

Pamela sprang out of bed, now thoroughly awake, and hurried into the children's room.

Kitty was sitting up with crimson cheeks and talking away to herself in a queer, hoarse whisper.

Pamela, already experienced in the symptoms, knew what ailed her. There had been many cases of fever in the village, and now Kitty had taken it—Kitty, the little idolised and guarded treasure of the whole house. She bade Sue go and rouse her uncle and send him for the doctor; and presently the whole house was astir and full of consternation and dread.

For many a long day, and many a seemingly endless night, it was not known whether Kitty was going to stay with them, so near did the little feet linger across the great Border Land; and through that time it was Pamela

who was everything to that stricken household. Her own bitter sorrow thrust into the background, she was the child's faithful and constant nurse, hardly leaving her to snatch an hour or two of sleep, comforting and cheering the poor mother, whose own never very robust health began to give way under the strain of her anxiety.

Often Randal North wondered what they would have done without her. They all looked to her for hope. They hung upon her words; and never had she looked more beautiful in his eyes than the day she came out of Kitty's room and told them, with tears and smiles, that the child would be spared to them.

"Next to the Almighty, you must thank Miss Lester," said the old doctor. "Her endurance and devotion has been marvellous."

And it was then that Mrs. Perowne vowed that she would never stand in the way if her brother could win this dear girl. All her worldly ideas—her fears that anyone would come between her brother and herself and her children, and render their position in the house a precarious one, vanished. And the day that Kitty joined the family circle again, Mrs. Perowne mentioned the subject that had remained unspoken between them for so long.

"Pamela"—for it was Pamela now; even Randal had fallen into the habit during that time when she had been a sister of them both—"Pamela, you are not going to leave us, my dear?"

Pamela was silent for a minute, then she said quietly:

"No, I mean to stay. You have given me a home—made me feel that I am not alone in the world. If you will keep me, I will stay—gladly."

During those long hours when the girl had sat at Kitty's bedside, different thoughts had crept into her mind, and the keenness of her pain had become numbed. She had been shown the difference between the man she had loved and the man himself. Always must she think tenderly of the lover she had thought him to be, but already the heartless cruelty and selfishness of the real man were losing their power to hurt her.

CHAPTER XI.

ANTHONY DEAN, OF COURT ROYAL.

"**H**IS is going to be a frightfully exciting day," said Kitty, leaning out of her bed-room window to look across the fields to where a display of bunting in the village road betokened some unusual event that had aroused the inhabitants to a show of enthusiasm.

"It has been an awfully exciting week," said Sue, brushing her hair vigorously; "teas, parties, and things. It would have been frightfully nicer if Miss Lester had been going to live at Court Royal. I can't bear Helen—nobody does but just Mr. Dean."

"It's much nicer to have Miss Lester staying with us," said little Kitty warmly. "I don't want her ever to go away."

"Well, she's not going, silly," said the wise elder, with a toss of her head. "She's going to live with us always. And I don't think she likes Mr. Dean now. She doesn't get white when she sees him. We met him yesterday when we went to Tetters for the ducks' eggs, and she said: 'How d'ye do, Mr. Dean?' just like that. He looked queer though. He is so cross and ugly now."

There had been a whole week of junketting in the village. Dinners to old people, a dance for the young ones, tea and sports for the children. There seemed to be no limit to the lavish expenditure with which Anthony Dean inaugurated his accession to the broad acres of old Court Royal.

The night before there had been a small dinner party—a most exclusive one, for Miss Harding had revised the list of guests and had put her pencil through a number of names, including that of Pamela Lester.

"My dearest Anthony," she had said when he laid the list before her, "were you out of your senses when you thought of inviting the mother's help to sit at the same table with Lady Arlington? It would have been an insult to your guests."

"Pamela is a lady," the young man had said sullenly. "The Mill House people treat her as one of themselves."

"Oh, that is a different thing. You must be guided by me, dearest. She is coming to the fete. If I had occupied her position, I would have refused."

"I made a point of her coming, Helen. I asked her

myself. I think it is very good of her to come," he added half under his breath, as he recalled the beautiful kind eyes that had looked so gently and forgivingly into his. "Oh, very well," with a radiant smile that did not reach her lips.

So Pamela Lester was bidden to the fete with every Tom, Dick, and Harry about the place. Mrs. Perowne was inclined to look upon the invitation as a studied insult, but there was no such thought in Pamela's kindly-disposed mind.

"I shall be glad to go and see Anthony among his people. I want him to be happy, and I can show this best by going now."

The elder woman bent her head and touched the girl's soft cheek with her lips.

"You are a dear, Pamela. Now, what are you going to wear? No, I shall listen to no cheeseparing ideas! I am determined that you shall look your best, love. You must leave yourself in my hands."

And the result of Mrs. Perowne's efforts was seen when Pamela came down the stairs on the afternoon of the fete and received the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the household.

The only one who had not a word of praise to say was Randal North. But he stood looking in the hall at the slim young figure and the smiling face under the wide-brimmed hat with such intentness that Pamela flushed up suddenly. Why should she feel so hot and strange just because her friend was looking at her with his kind grey eyes? And then she felt an unreasonable amount of disappointment because he turned off without a word and went on with the excited little girls.

There was no doubt that the young governess from the Mill House attracted as much attention as Helen Harding, who walked about the lawns in the elaborate Parisian gown for which Anthony Dean would have to pay in due course, her handsome face only clouding when the loveliness and grace of Pamela Lester were extolled in her hearing. It irritated her to hear the girl praised and singled out for admiring remarks.

Pamela herself was quite unconscious of the notice bestowed upon her. She was sufficiently occupied in attending to her duties, in spite of Mrs. Perowne's remonstrances, and looking after Sue and Kitty, who were darting about on active legs that could not keep still an instant.

"Helen was rowing Mr. Dean like anything just now," said Sue.

"Hush!" said Pamela warningly, and she looked across at Anthony with a sudden feeling of pity. How altered he was for the worse. How changed and old he had grown lately, though all that he had set his heart upon had become his.

She moved her eyes from Anthony to the young mill-owner, who was laughing and talking with Lady Arlington, an aristocratic old dame who ruled the whole county.

Then she averted her eyes quickly, for North was looking straight at her, and the expression of his deep grey eyes made her heart give a sudden glad throb. It seemed as though God's sunshine had fallen upon her and enveloped her in a golden glory of happiness that dazed her.

"Miss Lester," said a haughty voice beside her, "I have dropped my handkerchief. Go and look for it, please. It is either in the house or grounds."

Pamela flushed at the commanding insolence of Miss Harding's voice, but in her sweet obligingness she was rising from her seat when she felt Randal North's hand on her arm.

"I will tell one of the servants to look for your property, Helen. Pamela, Lady Atlington is awfully keen on conversing with you. Will you come and be introduced to her?"

Helen Harding stood looking after them. Pamela! He called her Pamela! She had seen the look in his handsome eyes as they were bent on the girl, she had heard the tenderness of his voice, and she felt that she would have bartered all that she had won to have gained what this insignificant governess had. How she hated her!

She looked at the grey-faced, sullen man she was going to marry and shrugged her shoulders. What did it matter? She would have Court Royal.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VOICE.



ANTHONY DEAN had been at Court Royal for nearly two months, and his wedding-day was fixed. Miss Harding spent the greater part of her time in London with her dressmaker, arranging about those wonderful gowns that were to form part of a trousseau fit for a queen. Anthony was to pay for all that—she had no scruples on that point. And she was rather pleased than otherwise that the young man contented himself with an occasional visit to town; his constant presence, she told herself, would have been nothing but a bore to her.

He seemed restless and uneasy when he was away from the beautiful old house that called him master, and he spent his time, according to the sharp-eyed children from the Mill House, in wandering about the grounds and woods like an unquiet spirit.

Pamela avoided Court Royal woods, no matter how the children pleaded for their favourite walk, when Dean was at home. Somehow she had grown to dislike meeting him—she experienced an uncomfortable sensation in his presence that she could not explain.

But on the days that Dean went up to London to see his fiancée the young governess and the children often went through the woods. But one afternoon Kitty, leaping after her long-legged and more agile sister, fell, and after attempting to rise sank down with a little cry of pain.

"Darling, what is it?"

"My foot," said Kitty, bravely winking away the tears that would force themselves into her eyes.

Pamela pulled off the child's shoe and stocking; already the little foot was beginning to swell.

"I must carry you, Kitty."

"We're quite close to the Dower House, Miss Lester," Sue said quickly. "If we could go there, Mrs. Winter would let her lie on the sofa for a bit."

"You would rather I carried you there, dear?"

"Yes, please," said Kitty, blinking hard.

It was a very exhausted Pamela and a white-cheeked Kitty that reached the Dower House, and found the kitchen door open and Mrs. Winter nowhere to be seen.

Kitty was put on the hard little sofa, and her foot bathed and bandaged by the governess's deft little hands.

"I wonder where Mrs. Winter is?"

Mrs. Winter, the caretaker of the Dower House, was a couple of fields away at that moment, looking for a wandering hen, and quite unconscious of the invasion of the Dower House.

"Sue, you must stay here with Kitty, and I'll go to the lodge and see if Bob can get a motor from Court Royal. Sue, Sue, where are you?"

She went out into the old-fashioned, square hall, and Sue came flying down the curious spiral staircase two steps at a time.

"Oh, Miss Lester, there's somebody up there groaning awfully. You can hear them. Listen! I went to try and find Mrs. Winter. There it is again."

Pamela listened and heard unmistakable sounds of someone in distress or pain.

"It must be Mrs. Winter, Sue. There is no one else here. The poor creature must have taken ill."

And Pamela ran up the winding stair and disappeared.

On the first landing the doors of two bedrooms stood open. The voice came from one of the two tiny ones above. She found one door open and the room empty; the other was locked.

"Mrs. Winter, are you there? Are you ill?" she called out, tapping with her fingers on the oaken panel.

But it was not Mrs. Winter's voice that answered her. It was the voice of a man, old and weak, who besought her, in God's name, to open the door.

"I can't! It is locked. I will go and find Mrs. Winter."

"Don't go away, whoever you are! Stay near me! Break the door down. Is there no one to help me in this accursed place!"

And the groaning and sobbing broke out again—awful and heartrending to hear. What did it mean? Who was shut up here? Had she chanced upon some secret of Mrs. Winter's? Was it a madman calling within? She stood listening, trying to make out the almost unintelligible words. Why, as she stood there, should her

(Continued on page 15.)



NATIONAL MELODIES for the HOME

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

A BEAUTIFUL HYMN OF INTERCESSION.

Key E \flat .

ERNEST J. JANES.

:s | m :- r | d :r | m :s | r :r | d :t, d | r :r | m :— | :s |

1. Through cen - tu - ries of sin and woe Hath streamed the crim - son flood, While

l :d' | t :l | s :- f | m :d | d :d | d :t, | d :— | :d |

man, in con - cert with the foe, Hath shed his bro - ther's blood : Now

d :r | m :s | d' :- s | s :s | m :f | m :r | d d :— | :t, | d :— |

cres. lift Thy ban - ner, Prince of Peace, And let the cru - el war - cry cease.

2. In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose ;
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes :
Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.

3. Still to the heav'ns the weak will pour
Their loud unanswered cry ;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie :
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Let hatred die, and love increase.

4. Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love—
Oh, send it all abroad,
Till ev'ry heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God :
Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And give the weary world release.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

THE FAVOURITE MARCHING SONG.

Key C. *in marching time.*

| s :s | m .s :d' .r' | m' .m' :m' .r' | d' : | l :i | d' .t :d' .l | s .l :s .m | s :- |

mf
1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave,

| s :s | m .s :d' .r' | m' .m' :m' .r' | d' :d' .d' | r' :- .r' | d' :t | d' :- | - : ||

John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, But his soul is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

| s :- .f | m .s :d' .r' | m' :- | d' : | l :- .t | d' .t :d' .l | s :- | m : |

f
Glo - - ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu - - jah! Glo - - ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu - - jah!

| s :- .f | m .s :d' .r' | m' :- | d' : .d' | r' :r' | d' :t | d' :- | - : ||

Glo - - ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu - - jah! His soul is march-ing on.

2.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down
On the grave of old John Brown.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

3.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord—
His soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

4.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back—
His soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ONE OF SCOTLAND'S DELIGHTFUL SONGS.

Key G. | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ m.- | r .,d :r m.- |

Brightly.

1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy

| s₁ s₁ . :l₁ .s₁ | d :- . | s₁ .s₁ :s m | r .,d :r m.- | s₁ .s₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d :- . |

Com-in' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy cry?

| s .m :d m.- | r .,d :r m.- | s .m :d .m s l | :- . l | s .m :f .r m .,d :r m |

Il - ka las-sie has her laddie, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me When

rall.

| s₁ s₁ . :l₁ .s₁ | d :- . | : | : | : |

a tempo.
com-in' thro' the rye.

2. Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me well,
And what the waur am I?
3. Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

4. Among the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or where his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

SOMEBODY CARES—'TIS JESUS.

A SONG OF COMFORT FOR TROUBLED HEARTS.

Words and Music by ROBERT HARKNESS.

Key Ab.

1. All thro' the jour - ny of life as you go, Some - bo - dy cares,

Some - bo - dy cares! For each temp - ta - tion, each tri - al, each woe,

CHORUS.

Some - bo - dy cares—'tis Je - - sus! Sor - row may threat - en your soul to o'er -

- whelm, Some - bo - dy cares, Some - bo - dy cares! Trust in the

Lord, He will hold the helm: Some - bo - dy cares—'tis Je - - sus!

2.

Friends may forsake you, may leave you alone—
Somebody cares, somebody cares!
Look to the One Who for sin did atone:
Somebody cares—'tis Jesus!
Sorrow may threaten, etc.

3.

Loved ones have gone to the heavenly home—
Somebody cares, somebody cares!
Feeling their absence, your grief all unknown:
Somebody cares—'tis Jesus!
Sorrow may threaten, etc.

LOVE FOUND WANTING.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

thoughts leap back to the little dingy parlour in the school of her early years?

She tapped on the door again.

"I am here; but I am going to bring Mrs. Winter,"

"No, no! For Heaven's sake let me out myself! She is in that scoundrel's pay."

"What scoundrel?"

"Dean's! That thief—that murderer! Are you a friend of his? Tell me your name."

"I have nothing to do with Mr. Dean's affairs," said the girl steadily. "If I can help you, I will gladly. I am the governess at the Mill House. My name is Pamela Lester."

"Pamela!"

Pamela leaned against the door. She knew now the voice that pronounced her name, though she had not heard it for many a long year.

"Pamela, if you are Pamela Lester, I am your father. I left you in a little school in Chelsea. The mistress's name was Potts!"

"Father—are you my father?" said the girl tremblingly. "Oh, yes, I feel that it is so. Now I know why your voice sounded so familiar. What right have they—what right has Anthony Dean to shut you up here?"

She pressed against the door in a desperate effort to force it open. She shook it wildly, but it resisted her.

"Go and get help, my Pamela—my little Pamela! I was going mad when you came to me. My little daughter—my God-sent angel!"

"Father, dear father, you are quite safe. I am going for help. You will soon be out of this. Trust me. Keep up your heart; I shall be back directly."

She turned and flew down the staircase, and at the bottom she came face to face with the grim-looking woman whom Dean had installed as the caretaker.

"Are you wanting anything, Miss Lester?"

"I want the key of that room upstairs," demanded the girl imperatively. "Get it for me at once. My father is imprisoned there."

"Your father, miss?" The woman stared and then laughed. "You're having your joke, Miss Lester. There's none of yours up there. Him that's up there is a relation of my own, poor soul—taken with a stroke and not in his right mind. It's the goodness of the master that lets me keep him in this lonely place, and I won't have him worried by anybody!"

There was an insulting accent in her voice, but the girl took no notice. She turned away and went into the kitchen, where the two children were waiting, Kitty holding Sue's hand, and both looking relieved at the sight of their governess. Pamela bent over Sue and said something to her, and Sue started off like an arrow from a bow, and Pamela sat down beside Kitty.

"Are you easier, love?"

"Oh, yes." Kitty looked up at the white, tense face of her governess, and squeezed her hand hard.

"Miss Lester." The woman came forward with a certain uneasiness in her manner. "You're not going to make you poor man the talk of the place and have him taken away from me? You'll get me out of my living, and nowhere to go to."

"I have nothing to do with you," said the girl laughingly. "What I intend to do is to rescue my father from you and your fellow gaoler."

"You're making a mistake," said the woman sullenly.

Just as the girl was beginning to get sick with suspense she heard the sound of a hurrying step, and Randal North appeared at the kitchen door.

"Oh, Randal, help me! My father is shut up in this house."

For one glad instant the man was conscious of those tightly clinging hands, and the sound of his name from her lips. Then his senses returned to him.

"Are you sure of this, Pamela?"

"Oh, yes; I have spoken to him. Don't you believe me?"

"I believe you, dear. Upstairs, is it?"

But in the little hall Mrs. Winter sought to bar his way.

"Sir! Mr. North, the man is a relation of my own."

"Is that you, Mrs. Winter? Well, I've got to see this relation of yours. Where's the key of this room?"

"I can't, sir!" Mrs. Winter began to whimper. "You'd better ask the master himself, for he's coming in by the door now."

And there was Dean standing staring at the little group in the hall, with a queer grey shadow creeping over his face.

North wheeled round.

"You're just in time, Dean. This caretaker of yours refuses to satisfy us with the sight of your prisoner upstairs. Ask her to unlock the door."

"And suppose I refuse to give my permission? What right have you to invade my premises?"



LITTLE WHITE SAINT

A Magnificent New Serial

by **ETHEL F. HEDDLE.**

The door was open, and Marigold could see every bit of the old room lit up by the moon. It showed her Rosa's figure, with the gruel on the table before her, slowly scattering on it a little white powder from a white paper. Marigold stood and watched as if turned to stone!

This incident occurs in the opening chapters of **ETHEL F. HEDDLE'S** splendid new serial, commencing in next Monday's "Horner's Penny Stories." You must read it, and to save disappointment you should order a copy from your newsagent to-day

"A perfect right, and I think you will agree with me. Miss Lester has reason to believe that it is her father who is confined here."

"Miss Lester's father," repeated the owner of Court Royal. "Then I beg to assure Miss Lester that she is wrong."

"I am not wrong!" said the girl firmly. "My father—Philip Lester—is in the room upstairs. I have spoken to him. There is no mistake."

"You are mistaken. I am indebted to Mrs. Winter, or I would not have given her permission to keep the man here. I should not like it to get out."

"You are speaking falsely!" said the girl fiercely.

"I need hardly remind you, Dean, that in my capacity as magistrate, I can issue a warrant to have the place searched. Do not force me to do so."

"And if I refuse to do as you ask?"

"I will soon break it down," said North grimly.

Dean turned to his housekeeper.

"Show them this mad relation of yours, Winter. But I warn you, he has hallucinations that may make it dangerous for you."

Pamela fled up the staircase in the wake of North and Mrs. Winter. Dean followed also, clutching the banister, with the look of one grown suddenly old.

The open door disclosed a small but comfortably furnished room, with a bed in one corner, and on it lay an elderly man, with white hair, and great gaunt eyes.

With a little cry Pamela ran to him. This was indeed her father. Though she had been a mere child when she had seen him last, his face had dwelt in her memory with all the faithfulness of love. He was her father—the neglect of the past was forgotten.

"Pamela, my own little girl, you have saved me from this living tomb. Let me look at you. Yes, you are my Pamela. You have your mother's beautiful face, her tender eyes." He let his white head fall on her shoulder with a sob that stirred the girl's heart.

"We are going to take you away, father. You are safe." She looked round at North, and he came quickly forward. "Here is your friend and mine, father."

Her father held out his hand to the young man. There was courtliness in his gesture now.

"I thank you with all my heart. Excuse my left hand—right is slightly paralysed. I was struck down on the night of my arrival. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself a prisoner here."

"Oh, father, why has he done this? What had happened to make him so cruel an enemy?"

"I can explain that in a few words, my dear. I am Philip Lestrangle Dacre, and the rightful owner of Court Royal."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END PAYS FOR ALL.

IT was not difficult for Philip Lestrangle Dacre to prove his identity and claim his inheritance. He had ample proof locked up in a portmanteau that he had left in a London station before he had travelled down to see his sister, as he had hoped. He had gone to the little house in Chelsea, and found the schoolmistress dead, and the house in the hands of strangers, who were unable to give him any information as to the whereabouts of his daughter.

Then he had continued his journey down to Court Royal, in the hope of a reconciliation with his sister, Mrs. Willoughby, and obtaining means to prosecute his search for Pamela.

He had married a girl as friendless as himself, and with him she had led a wandering life abroad until her death. Then Philip Dacre had brought his little daughter to England, and put the child under the care of the little schoolmistress in Chelsea. He had made occasional visits for a time, and when funds permitted, had paid a little towards the child's keep. Then his visits and letters ceased. And now at the end of his selfish and wasted life he had come into affluence and power. He was the owner of Court Royal—the father of a devoted daughter, who forgot all the cruel neglect of the past, and helped him to turn his eyes from mere earthly things to that other Heavenly Land.

The last that Pamela ever saw of her old lover, Anthony Dean, was his grey face appearing in the doorway of the little room where for three months he had kept his prisoner, in the hope that he would die, and that he could be quietly buried as a relative of Mrs. Winter's. From that moment he had disappeared, and Philip Dacre would not have any steps taken to punish him.

"Let him go, poor beggar!" he said, with the half-foreign shrug of his shoulders that was characteristic of him. "Let him go. My own life has not been blameless—let him go. It will come upon him hard enough without my vengeance. He might have taken my life, Pamela. Many a man has done murder for less."

But the one that hurled after Dean the most bitter invectives was Helen Harding. She never spared him, but lashed him with her bitter, cruel tongue. She even denounced him for his cowardliness in not completing the work he had commenced, and putting it beyond the power of man to oust him from Court Royal.

And so the last stage of Philip Dacre's broken existence

was a peaceful one—the golden sunset after a stormy day. His daughter never left his side, and the two little girls from the Mill House were continually flying up to see them. Sue was perhaps his favourite. Her outspoken and fearless nature attracted him.

"She will develop into a splendid woman, Pamela. By the way, I haven't seen young North for—" He paused and looked critically at his daughter, but Pamela had turned her face away, and he could only see the soft curve of her pretty cheek.

A shadow had fallen between herself and Randal North. The day when she had surprised the love in his eyes on the lawns at Court Royal—the day when she had held out her hands to him for help, and called him by his name, and heard his tender "dear," as he answered her, were all very far away now.

"I like North, Pamela. A young man in a thousand—true as steel, and good! That's what I like in him. What can we do for him, my pretty one? What will he let us do? Build up that old, ramshackle mill of his, and the cottages of his people. He wants capital, but the question is, how are we going to induce him to take it from us?"

Again Philip Dacre scrutinised the lovely face.

Pamela clasped her hands.

"I'm afraid we can do nothing, father. He is too proud."

Philip Dacre caught that little suppressed sigh and smiled.

"We will see. I don't think he will be too proud to take the gift I have for him. Send one of the men, Pamela, and ask North to come up here this evening."

When the young man came, in answer to the summons, Philip Dacre would not let him sit down.

"My dear fellow," he said, with a wave of his hand, "go to the lower terrace. There is something there that I want you to accept from me. No, don't thank me. Go and see what it is first."

Rather unwillingly, and all unsuspectingly, Randal North ran down the wide steps to the lower terrace, and there, leaning against the balustrade, was a slender, girlish shape in a white dress.

The young man came to an abrupt pause. His brown face paled. Had he meant—Pamela?

As he stood hesitating, Pamela turned round and saw him. She smiled and came gladly towards him. She had not seen him for two days, and the time had dragged so. She was no longer the shabby little governess, but a stately young princess, her dainty feet treading her own land; but the eyes, so soft and sweet, were the eyes of the gentle girl who had loved them and worked for them.

"Pamela!"

She stopped and looked at him in bewilderment, and her own face grew pale at what she read in his.

"Pamela, I love you."

"That is what I wanted to hear," said Pamela, with a little tremulous smile, holding out both her little hands to him.

THE END.

Next week: LILIAN'S LOVE-TASK, by HOPE HARLEY. Read this delightful complete romance.

RESULT OF OUR PUZZLE LETTER CONTEST No. 16

A careful examination of all the papers sent in for this contest proved that fifteen competitors have sent in a correct solution of the Soldier's Puzzle Letter which was published. We have therefore decided to add the whole of the prize money together, making £5 10s. in all, and divide it equally amongst these fifteen readers, who will each therefore receive the sum of 7s. 4d. Their names are as follows:

Mrs. W. H. Ogden, 5, Fern Bank, Williams Road, Newton Heath, Manchester; N. S. Hoyle, 9, Knowles Road, St. Ann's-on-Sea, Lancs.; Jessie Hall, 6, Dixon Street, Stockton-on-Tees; Mrs. H. Barker, Apperknowle, Unstone, Sheffield; Miss J. Canning, 10, Antigua Street, Greenock; Heather Grant, Elm Tree Farm, Swainby, Northallerton; Miss Wakely, 28, Rifle Butt Road, Brighton; J. W. G. Thomas, 71, Gladstone Street, Middlesbrough; G. W. Smith, Church Side, Arnold, Notts; Miss G. Cattyn, 2, Warwick Villas, Cemetery Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; P. W. Haynes, 21, Exeter Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham; G. Trousdale, Havelet, Guernsey, Channel Islands; Miss L. Sumpter, 14, Channing Street, Kettering; Mrs. G. Hartley, Thorpe Street, Thorpe Hesley, Rothenham; G. Boteler, 17, Myrtle Avenue, S. B., Nottingham.

The correct solution of the puzzle letter was as follows:

Monday, December 7th, 1914.

My Dear Mother,—I must tell you about our great charge last week, for we have been highly praised by our officers.

We advanced through a wood to a village, and there we fixed bayonets. The order came, and we rushed across country to storm their position. We surrounded the enemy and took many prisoners. There was a house near flying the Red Cross flag, but it held Germans with a machine gun. After tough work, we captured the gun and made the men our prisoners.—Your loving son,

TOMMY.

A SERIES OF DELIGHTFUL STORIES OF A BRAVE-HEARTED ARMY NURSE.



MARY -
The RED-CROSS SISTER.

A Grand Complete Story of a Woman's Part in the Great War.
By **BESSIE REYNOLDS.**
THIS WEEK: SISTER MARY'S MARRIAGE.

A DECISION SISTER MARY HAD TO MAKE.

THERE was a breath of spring in the air. It wove itself in with the salt breeze from the sea, and came creeping in through the open windows at the hospital. Most glorious of all it brought a burst of sunshine—welcome sight enough after the long days of ceaseless rain that was all too reminiscent to the men in the East Coast hospital, who lay looking at it with haggard eyes, of the wet of the trenches.

But the sunshine dancing in at the windows, falling brightly across white haggard faces, awoke them to new life. Men who had done nothing but endure with patience, awoke to life and interest, and the nurses smiled at each other as they went to and fro.

And Sister Mary pulled her cloak about her, and fairly ran downstairs on her way out for her "off-duty" time, now as ever spent as a precious hour with her lover.

Captain John Wenderby, strolling outside with a cigarette between his lips, looked round quickly at the sound of light, swift footsteps behind him; and then, as he saw who it was, he threw away the cigarette and came forward.

His fine strong face was a little more stern than usual in repose to-day, and even when he smiled, as he did when he met the serene gaze of his sweetheart's blue eyes, the smile was a little grave.

Mary paced beside him down the bleak, bare drive. There had not been enough of the spring sunshine yet to set free the imprisoned life that showed itself as yet only in little brown knots on the trees; but to Mary there was a suggestion of life, growth, new-birth, in the sunshine.

"Can't you smell, and breathe, and feel spring in the air to-day?" she cried. "John, you grave old thing, I want to run down this avenue, or do something equally girlish and silly, and you look—there is nothing fresh is there—all the cases seem to be going on well?"

"In the hospital here—yes," he said. "We've been pretty fortunate so far." But the shadow deepened in his eyes, and Mary, with the quick eyes of love, read it at once.

But she asked no questions; hers was the understanding love in which a man may surely trust, knowing that it will not fail him. Presently, when he was ready, he would tell her what was troubling him, and until that time came she would not tease him.

So they came almost silently out into the road that led straight down to the sea. To-day the grey rollers had lost their sullenness, and they were as blue as Mary's eyes as they danced in the sparkling sunlight.

The two figures, who had become so well-known to the fisher-folk by this time, paced the length of the promenade and back in silence, and then John led the way down one of the narrow side streets, where the houses leaned, bowing to each other in friendly fashion.

"You remember old Mrs. Best's, where we sheltered that day in the storm?" he said. "I thought we'd go in and see the poor old soul. She is in trouble—her son has died of his wounds out there in France."

Instinctively Mary turned to look at him, but his grave, quiet face told her nothing. Yet somehow she guessed that this had something to do with the trouble that lay heavily upon his mind.

Yet her own grave thoughts were put aside, and she was her own sweet sympathetic self again when she entered the cottage, and the broken-hearted mother came out to meet her. There was real sisterly kindness in the impulse of the hands that she outstretched to those work-hardened ones, and:

"I'm quite sure he died bravely," she said.

The old woman's face quivered, but her eyes were dry.

"They said that," she said. "Maybe, miss, you'd like to read a letter as I had from his capting—speaks high of my Ben he do, and says as he were a hero."

She brought out a letter that showed signs of much handling already, and spread it out with a proud touch for Mary. And while she read it that pathetic old figure in her rough mourning stood by rolling her apron nervously in those same rough hands, and looking straight before her with eyes that perhaps were looking somewhere very far away from the spotless kitchen and the sweet face of her visitor.

"Oh, it is splendid!" There were tears in Mary's eyes as she handed back the letter. "How proud you must be of him! As his captain says—he was a hero."

"Ay—he weren't no coward, wasn't my Ben. And I wouldn't ha' had un a coward—but I'd liked to ha' had un come back."

And quite suddenly she threw her apron over her head and bowed herself upon those strong hands that had worked so hard, and that were so empty now.

Mary bent over her, and put one arm about the shaking shoulders. She said nothing, because it seemed to her that there was really nothing that she could say that would not seem an impertinence in the midst of this grief. This was the spirit of all the mothers who had given—given to the moloch of war—it was Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted.

And these were the first tears that she had shed, as she explained shakily presently, wiping them shamefacedly away with an idea dimly lodged in her own mind that Ben wouldn't have liked it, that it was somehow not meet that Ben's mother should play the coward.

But there were tears in Mary's blue eyes still as she walked out of the cottage at last, and John, coming to her side, looked at her gravely.

"You read between the lines in the captain's letter, of course," he said. "They were so short-handed out there—they did what they could, but they were short of medical men just there—and the lad was brave—yes, but he might have been saved, perhaps, if there had been surgeons enough—just there."

Just for a moment Mary's heart seemed to stop beating, and then it started again in queer little quick, uneven throbs that sent the flickering, uncertain colour ebbing and flowing in the clear pallor of her face.

"A good many men have gone out," she said.

"And there have been a good many losses—some of them have met a stray bullet, some are prisoners in the hands of the Germans. I heard several days ago that more surgeons were wanted out there."

"Yes?"

All the colour had ebbed from her face now, leaving it very white; yet she waited steadily for what he had to say, though she could guess it only too well.

"I was thinking—long ago we vowed ourselves to king and country, you and I, dear heart, and we didn't stipulate just where the service should be. And we are pretty well staffed here—I'm not needed so badly here as I am out yonder. Of course, I shall not go without your consent." Those keen eyes of his sought hers, and she gave him back steadily gaze for gaze.

In his heart he knew already that the battle was half won.

"Take a day to think over it," he said. "Give me your decision to-morrow."

Mary bowed her head silently as they turned up the bare, bleak drive. She knew what her answer must be in the end—knew that she had no right to hold him back if he saw his duty before him so plainly. Yet she hardly dared as yet to take that fact out and look at it.

It was even a little relief, when she went on duty again, to find that some fresh cases were coming in unexpectedly, and that she must hurry round to prepare for them.

There were two beds empty in her ward—vacated only that morning—and they were swiftly prepared in readiness for the coming of the inevitable stretchers.

And even though it was John Wenderby who prepared to make the necessary examinations, Mary was too intent upon her duty to be disturbed by his presence.

It was a little later, in the corridor, that she happened to meet him on her way down.

"The new patient, who is to have an amputation to-morrow, is another case of trouble owing to lack of early attention," he said gravely, and Mary caught her breath. She had almost forgotten the decision that she was to make—the decision that it seemed was forced upon her now.

But she thought of it when she went back beside the bed of the new patient, and John's words seemed to come back to her. John Wenderby, she knew, had very little hope of this particular patient, and Mary herself knew enough to share his fears.

The man was quite conscious—conscious to his pain, as she knew—for there were damp drops on his brow, and his mouth was set as a man's lip needs must be set if he is to suffer in silence.

Mary wiped his damp brow.

"I have orders to give you an injection of morphia if the pain gets too bad," she said. "Would you like it now?"

She saw how the man's lips opened upon a swift affirmative, and then it was plain to see that a sudden thought had come to him.

"Make me silly, won't it?" he said. "Kind of sleepy, and don't know what I'm about?"

"Yes." Those blue eyes, with their tender sympathy, met his haggard one with a grave steadiness, that was characteristic of Mary. One of the reasons why the "boys" always loved her so was that she never deceived them.

"You can reckon that if yer arsk Mother Mary a straight question, yer'll get a straight answer," as one man said. "Ain't no pretty fairy-tale about 'er—that's what I likes."

"An' maybe I'm goin' to peg out to-morrow—goin' to take this game old leg of mine off, ain't they? Do you think as I'll pull through, Sister?"

Mary seated herself beside his bed, and so brought her own grave, sweet face within easy sight of his tired eyes.

"That is a question that I can't answer—only God knows," she said. "We are trying our best for you—"

"An' this 'ere amputation's the last card you can play, I guess. Well, if it fails—"

He stopped, biting hard on his lip as the pain came again. But this time some instinct kept Mary from suggesting the morphia. Instead, she waited until the paroxysm was over, and then bathed his brow again, and gave him a drink.

"If—I've got an old mother at 'ome," he said. "An' there was someone else—"

Just for a second the strong mouth quivered, and Mary understood well enough that it was not for the pain, but because of the thought of that "someone."

"I wondered if—if it wasn't troubling you too much, Sister, whether you'd write to them two for me—'er an' my mother," he said. "Just to wish 'em good-bye, in case—an' saying that I was thinking of 'em both. An'

—if my number goes up to-morrer—you could post the letters, an' if I pull through I can tear 'em up."

Mary found courage to smile into the wistful eyes, though she felt more like weeping. This man's tragedy and her own life seemed somehow interwoven. John had insisted that he was one more instance of the need of more medical help out there—and she had to let John go out there, where the guns roared. No one could look into John Wenderby's grey eyes and bid him play the coward, least of all the woman who loved him.

Quietly she fetched pen and paper, and wrote the letters that he dictated. Very brief epistles, after all, but stamped in each word with a quiet courage that seemed to stab at her. This man had given his all, and apparently he did not regret the gift.

And when the last word of each address was written, and she had enclosed each letter in its envelope, and fastened it up, the wounded man looked up quickly.

"I—reckon—I'll have that there morphia now, Sister," he said, the words punctuated by queer little gasps of pain.

With a glance at his face, Mary fetched syringe and bottle swiftly.

He had asked in an interval of consciousness, that she would "see him through it," and Mary managed easily enough to arrange to assist at the operation, though she would gladly enough have escaped. She wondered, analysing her own dread ordeal, whether her nerves were beginning to give way at last. She had assisted at so many operations; she had looked on at so many tragedies in these last few months.

Yet, when the time came, the nervous dread vanished, and she was her old helpful self, every thought upon her work.

Only when it was over, and it was evident that the patient was not coming out of the anæsthetic very well, she gave one quick look at John Wenderby. His words were ringing in her ears.

"More help—more medical aid at the right moment—might have saved him. A life sacrificed—a life sacrificed—"

Later, when they knew that he was not going to wake again in this world, she went back to the ward with a white, stricken face, and found it difficult even to smile at one of the patients, who must not know yet of the unfortunate outcome of this morning's operation.

But she took the two letters that she had written, and, leaving another nurse in charge of the ward, escaped quickly.

"I've got a wretched headache," she explained. "Perhaps a breath of fresh air—"

The other nurse nodded.

"It's the chloroform," she said. "It always affects me like that if I'm at an operation of any length, and—"

She lifted questioning brows, reading aright Mary's grave face, and Mary nodded.

"Keep the ward as cheerful as you can," she said. "There's that other poor fellow's operation to-morrow—at least, he mustn't know. You'd better let him think that—that we don't bring them back to the ward after an operation, that the other is being kept quiet by himself—"

Nurse Gray nodded. She was tactful enough to understand, and Mary knew that she would carry the situation through all right.

With a sense of relief, she put on bonnet and cloak, and went out down the deserted drive. It was not her usual hour for her time off duty, and there was no fear of running into John Wenderby. Just now she felt that she wanted to speak to no one—least of all the lover who waited for her decision.

The thought of the quaint, old, greystone church, set on the hill behind the fishermen's quarter, came to her as a haven of refuge.

Ever since the bombardment, when indeed one of its walls had been slightly chipped by a passing shell, that had burst near, the church had been kept open all day—a quiet haven, where troubled souls might slip for refuge, where knees might be bent in silent prayer that should strengthen for the daily task.

But there was no one there when Mary slipped quietly in, and knelt in a shadowy corner—a quiet, grey-clad

(Continued on page 20.)

LONDON HAIR SPECIALIST'S GREAT SUCCESS

A GUARANTEE OF BEAUTIFUL HEALTHY HAIR TO EVERY READER.

A Supply of Everything Necessary to Commence to Grow Perfect, Luxuriant, Abundant Hair Free of Cost.

Enormous interest has been created by a most wonderful development in the new "Beautiful Hair campaign" of a famous London specialist.

It is Mr. Edwards who is taking this sensational step—the discoverer of the world-famous "Harlene" Hair Drill.

In brief, he gives to every reader of this paper a definite assurance that they may gain a beautiful, healthy and abundantly growing head of hair—quite easily and without expense.

His first step in the carrying out of this wonderful promise is one that no other living man could possibly make.

Mr. Edwards actually offers entirely at his own expense a magnificent scientific home Hair-growing Outfit to every reader.

His invitation and promise are as personal to you as though he had spoken to you individually.

NO MORE HAIR TROUBLES

From the very moment you post the coupon below and receive your great free gift your hair troubles will be over. No more thinning, falling, splitting, or unsightly hairs. No more scurf or scalp irritation. No more dull, greasy, too-dry or lack-lustre hair.

Instead you can grow your hair in three-fold beauty and abundance, so that it will always look splendid, attractive and healthy, and will give a double charm and youthful distinction to your face and expression.

And think of it! You need not be put to any expense or trouble in commencing straight away your wonderful hair beauty drill. Just a few delightful minutes every day is all that is necessary to make you literally twice "as lovely and charming."

Mr. Edwards' gift is a genuine trial treatment, comprising:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which, penetrating to the roots, builds up the very substance of the hair itself. It is tonic, food and dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which dissolves every particle of scurf and dandruff, allays irritation, and prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. The secret "Hair-Drill" Booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world-famous hair-growing exercise.

More wonderful than anything else is the fact that "Harlene" Hair Drill demands no long or difficult "treatment" whatever. All that is necessary is to spend

TWO MINUTES in the pleasurable and interesting "drilling" of your hair during the ordinary morning's toilet, and the result is a magnificent, resplendent hair-growth in the shortest possible time!

The full directions which Mr. Edwards sends with each of his splendid "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfits are simplicity itself. There is nothing whatever of a complicated nature, and a child could follow this remarkable scientific method of hair-growing as easily as an adult. You simply use as directed, and your "Harlene" supply will do the rest. Your hair grows in health, beauty and lustrous life.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY.

You need not wait a moment longer before commencing the splendid hair-restoring treatment that is offered to you to-day by the world's leading Hair Specialist.

If you suffer from:

Total or partial Baldness.	Over dryness of the Scalp.
Thin, straggling or weak Hair.	Scurf or dandruff.
Falling or splitting Hairs.	Loss of colour and lustre.
Over greasiness of the Scalp.	Ugly, wiry hair.
	Hair thinning at the temples.

Start to make your hair healthy and beautiful now by filling in and sending coupon below, together with 3d. in stamps for postage of your Free gift, to Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., and the full trial outfit will be sent at once.

Further supplies can always be obtained in the ordinary way from chemists. "Harlene" at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 Shampoos (2d. per single packet), or direct, post free, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

POST THIS COUPON FOR YOUR "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL GIFT.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street,
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send your free "Harlene" Hair Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

.....
Horner's Penny Stories 20/2/1915.



figure, whose little scarlet cape made one spot of colour in the dim church.

She had no need to pray for guidance just then—when you know that your duty is, when it lies so straight before you that you cannot possibly miss the way to it—it is but the strength to take that path that you need.

And it was for strength that Mary prayed to-day, as she knelt in the shadowy corner—strength and help that she needed as she had never needed it before.

Thoughts crowded swiftly into her brain. Ben's mother, ashamed of her tears, feeling that it was wrong to weep because her boy had died a hero's death—the man who had died to-day, and who had never a word of regret to those he loved. "Some chaps were bound to die," he had bidden Mary write, "and, you see, mother, it might as well be me as some other fellow—and I took the chance when I went. Anyhow, I did my duty."

And the man she loved was anxious to go out there to do what he felt was his duty. Who was she that she should hold him back? Would it not be a shadow between them all their lives, that she had bidden him play the coward?

So she bowed her head into her hands, and as she prayed the strength came, and she knew now that she would not fail John, that she would even be worthy of him.

She had been so absorbed in her own thoughts that she had not heard the arrival of the organist coming to the church to take an hour's practice in preparation for the coming Sabbath, and she looked up with a little start when the organ began to throb like the slow beating of the heart of the old grey church.

Yet the familiar air that presently thrilled through the silence seemed like an answer to her prayer. In thought she followed it with the words she knew so well:

"Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

She rose up softly, and stood there listening, and a little beam of the spring sunshine, gliding through the old painted window, flung an aureole of gold about her sweet pale face.

Yes, she would trust and wait, and sometime to her

also should come her "heart's desire." She would give to God the man she loved. Sometime the gift should be returned to her; if not here, then in the hereafter.

So she stole out of the church with the throbbing promise of the organ following after her, and outside in the sunshine John himself was waiting for her.

"They told me you had gone out," he said. "And when I couldn't find you by the side of your first love, the sea, I guessed somehow that here—"

He looked at her face, at the steady, shining eyes that answered his unspoken question, and he drew her hand upon his arm, and so they paced through the quiet churchyard, and out to an equally quiet road beyond.

"So you decided in there?" he said. And in her new strength Mary was even able to smile.

"No," she said, "I had decided before—this morning, after that operation. It was a clear call, just as you thought. I just flew to the church to get strength for the right."

"And you found it there?" He had read that in face and eyes. "I knew you wouldn't fail me. Let me tell you what my plans are. I'm joining a flying ambulance—a rich American is finding the money. We are going to rush after the wounded, give them first attention, see them back to a clearing hospital, and go back for more."

Mary nodded. His words had shown her even more plainly the danger, but she had given him to God and his country, and she would not make a gift half heartedly.

"But you'll marry me before I go?" he said, and she did start and flush a little at that.

John explained quietly.

"I should like to feel that we belonged to each other. You know what I mean, dear. We should have the right to go to each other in case of illness or injury. And even if we never meet again, I should like to know that you were my wife. Does it sound selfish, dear heart? I may leave you a widow."

"And I should have the right to your name all my life," she said a little brokenly. "I—I think it is a splendid idea, John, to be married before you go. I should have the right to go to you then if you were ill. I could make a home for you if you got invalidated home."

"There will be just about time to arrange it with a special licence and all that," he said. "I'm asking a good deal of you, sweetheart—to bind yourself to me, and yet to go back to your work."

"It's the only condition upon which I would marry you," she said. "I have my duty, too; my work to do. We'll be married in the little grey church here, John—just slip out quietly one day and get it off by ourselves. It was there that I found strength to-day; it will be a memory for me always when you are away. I shall like to creep in there and think and remember."

But when John planned that they would slip away quietly and get married, he had reckoned without a good many other people who thought that they had something to say in the matter.

Somehow it had leaked out. The colonel, who had, of course, to know, had calmly passed the news along. From the nurses it reached the patients, until the whole hospital was in a buzz of excitement.

Everyone knew now that Captain Wenderby was going out to the Front, that he had asked permission to join a flying ambulance as medical officer, and had been permitted by the authorities to do so. They knew, too, that he and the woman he loved were to be quietly married just before he left.

But after the day had been arranged, the hospital surgeons and nurses, orderlies and patients, all in conspiracy, took the matter into their own hands.

The news spread. There came presents—quite pathetic some of them—from old patients and their relatives; names, that Mary preserved in her little book of the "romances that had come right," appeared again on letters and parcels. The colonel himself insisted that he had the right to give Mary away, and her mother was fetched from her quiet home to be present at the ceremony.

A little dubious, the mother, about that mangled ceremony with a bridegroom who was to say good-bye to her daughter almost at the church door. But Mary's look of serene content with it all somewhat disarmed her. No need to ask if Mary were contented with her bridegroom, no need to doubt about the happiness that lay

Don't Waste Crusts and Stale Bread—

Use them to make this most
delicious Bread Pudding, and
serve it with BIRD'S Custard as
a *HOT* Sauce.

BREAD PUDDING

1 lb. bits of Bread and Crusts; 4 oz. Flour; 4 oz. Sugar; 1 tea-spoonful each of Cinnamon and Mixed Spice; 3 oz. Suet (finely chopped); 2 oz. each of Currant s. Sultana, Raisins and Peel; ½ Saltspoonful of Salt; 1 piped up teaspoonful of BIRD'S EGG SUBSTITUTE.

Soak bread in water 3 hours, or overnight. Squeeze dry, and with a fork, beat out all lumps. Mix other ingredients, keeping quite dry. Then add the bread. Tie well greased paper over basin, and steam 4 hours.

Four over one pint BIRD'S Custard piping hot!

Bird's

the Nutritious Custard

transforms the plainest pudding
into a delightful treat.— Try it
also served with Apple Pudding,
Jam Roly, etc., etc.

2 pkts. for 1½d. 4d & 7½d boxes. Large 8½d Tins. Carls.

before these two if the Juggernaut of war spared them to each other.

So from the wedding in the old grey church, where she stood up in her nursing garb of grey and scarlet and white, and plighted her vows to the khaki-clad figure beside whom she had worked for so many months, Mary passed out into the spring sunshine.

But with the ceremony over, the hospital took matters into its own hands. There was what one of the orderlies called a "topping spread" in the way of luncheon, and an elaborately iced cake that had mysteriously made its appearance on the scene.

Fortunately it was a large cake, for Mary insisted upon taking slices round to every bed in ward after ward. The patients who were not well enough to be allowed to eat it now could keep it until they were.

After which surely followed the strangest "reception" that ever a bride held—khaki-clad medical officers, groups of nurses and orderlies, and patients in every kind of bandage. Truly a motley crowd of guests.

But Mary's eyes were shining through her tears as she looked round upon them, and the good wishes, rough though some of them were, told of love that had been won—surely the best gift that we can win through life!

The motley crowd swarmed outside when bride and bridegroom went away. John Wenderby was joining the ambulance corps at once, and crossing to France that night. But by special permission of the authorities, Mary was to go to see the boat off before she came back to her work.

Someone had lent a car to take them to the station, someone else had provided all the crowd with confetti, that was aimed with a right goodwill. And it was to a final cheer that the car drove away.

In the quiet that followed, John took in his own the little ungloved hand, where now a plain gold ring shone brightly.

"How they all love you!" he said. "And who could help it, dear heart? At least, I shall be leaving you in the midst of those whose hearts you have won by your

goodness. You—you don't regret, dear—you are not sorry that you have bound yourself to me?"

Mary flashed him a smile of perfect confidence. "Did you really want a reply to that?" she asked. "Don't you know, John, that to be your wife is the highest honour life could give to me? Don't you know that I shall look at your ring every day, and remember that you have given me your name, that we belong to each other in the sight of the world now? And some day, when the war is over—"

The chauffeur was discreetly busy at the wheel, and John bent and kissed his wife's brow.

And in the touch of his lips was all his answer. It was the same brave, happy face that bade him good-bye, and watched the boat draw out, and waved him farewell.

But when the boat had disappeared at last in the mist of the afternoon, when she could no longer watch it with straining eyes, when she knew that perhaps for months, perhaps for ever, those grey waves would roll between her and the man she loved, was it any wonder that the shining of the blue eyes disappeared behind a mist?

Yet as she went back to the work that awaited her, with her face set steadfastly towards the duty that she never thought of shirking, she seemed again to hear the throbbing of the organ on its note of glad triumph.

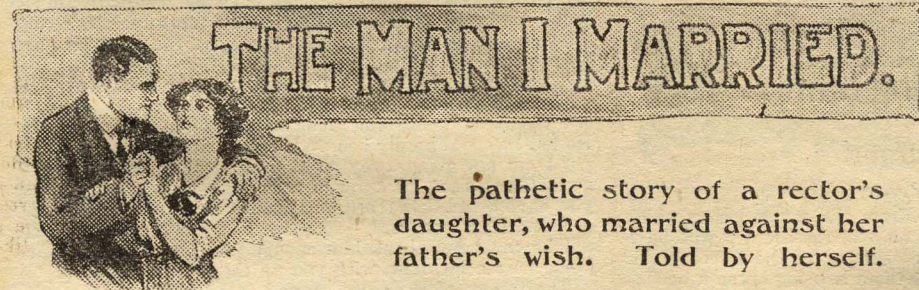
"Oh, rest in the Lord. He shall give thee thy heart's desire!"

Ay, some day, in His own good time—and for God's good time one must wait. He and she alike were in the hands of God. She had faith to believe that they were very tender hands, that one could never slip from their tender hold.

There were times when it was good to remember that God is love.

THE END.

Tell all your friends that our Great New Serial, LITTLE WHITE SAINT, starts next week.



The pathetic story of a rector's daughter, who married against her father's wish. Told by herself.

HOW I MET MY HUSBAND.

MY father, who was the rector of Great Burgrave, gave most of his meagre salary to his parishioners, so we led a very quiet life.

Against my father's wishes I married Sir Howard Burgrave, who was said to have committed some foolish act years before when he lived at Burgrave Hall. We went to London, and my father and sisters soon forgave me.

One day I came home from a reception to find my husband raving like a madman. He had had a slight accident, and my sister Peggy, who was staying with us, had given him brandy, which, the doctor said, had brought about this state, but I knew that was not all.

Howard was almost well again when a loud, vulgar man came to see him. I overheard them talking.

"You've got to come. She's been asking for you."

I was passionately jealous, and this widened the breach which had been growing between us. Then I met Hartley Rashwell, and Howard disapproved of my friendship with him. We had a violent quarrel and I decided I could not go on living like this, so I ran away. Assuming my maiden name, Joyce Hallington, I managed to find a situation in a drapery establishment.

Through one of the assistants, Miss Palmer, with whom I had become great friends, I learnt that the outside world thought I had run away with Hartley Rashwell. When George Beasle, her uncle, offered to take us to his country village, and start us in business, we eagerly accepted.

WE START OUR SHOP.

IT came as a shock to me that first night, when Elsie and I arrived in Burthenham, to see on every wall, and on every hoarding, my own name staring at me in great letters—"Vote for Burgrave I read, but the posters were old and defaced now, the election was long since over, and Howard had

been returned as the member for the division. Yet, till now, I had never realised that I was coming to live in one of the towns that claimed him as its member. It did not matter, I thought. We were not likely to meet. And if we met—what then? We should meet as strangers. I would never, so long as I lived, forgive him his suspicions of me. He might have known differently. He might have trusted me even in the face of any evidence.

Elsie and I lived at the little farm just outside the town, and came into the town early in the morning, and worked at the shop. In three weeks from our arrival, everything was in readiness, and we took down the shutters, with a feeling of pride and hopefulness.

Perhaps we had anticipated too much. Perhaps we had in our imagination seen a jostling, struggling crowd waiting outside, all eager to force their way in and make purchases.

Three people entered the shop that first day, and two bought cheap hats. It was a disappointment, but we smiled bravely, and hoped for better things.

Elsie and I occupied rooms over the little shop now, and night after night we sat up till late discussing the business, and trying to think of plans to make it go better.

I knew that Elsie was terribly worried, as I was myself. We hated to think that the good old man, her uncle, might lose his money, through his venture on our behalf.

"We've got to prevent it somehow, Joyce," Elsie said.

one night. "I've got an idea. Customers won't come to us, so—" She paused, and laughed a little unsteadily. "When the mountain would not go to Mohammed you know what happened?" she said. "Well, if they won't come to us, we must go to them. I've spoken to uncle about it, and he agrees. He'll lend us his spring cart, and Joe to drive it."

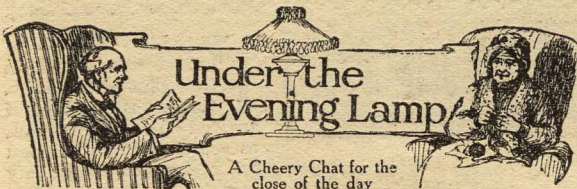
Elsie unfolded her plan. It was that every fine morning, I should take a carefully picked selection of our hats, and drive round to the best and biggest houses in the neighbourhood, within a radius of twelve to fourteen miles. I was then to send to the mistress of the house a neat circular letter, asking to be allowed the privilege of showing her a selection of our wares.

At the worst we could only receive a refusal; at the best we might sell something and induce further patronage. It was to fall to me, this travelling idea, as Elsie was wanted in the shop.

Next day I started with Joe—who was as deaf as a post. Just outside the town there were some new and rather pretentious looking detached villa residences. Here I was received with scant ceremony. Generally I was treated with rudeness, and the mistress of the house refused even to look at my selection of hats, sending me some rude message by the maidservant. It disheartened and discouraged me. But I soon found that the better the house, and the better the class of people, the more civility and politeness I received.

Still, I felt a certain amount of nervous trepidation as Joe turned the spring cart in through the lodge gate of Burtenham House. It was the largest and the most important house in the place. It stood some five miles away from the little town. Lady Burtenham, her son, and two daughters, lived there—and now and again Elsie and I had seen her ladyship motoring through the town with her daughters. They were both handsome, stylish-looking girls, and Elsie had sighed enviously at the sight of them.

"If only we could get them to wear our hats, Joyce."



The Voice From Above.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—From the many letters which reach me from readers all over the country who have friends and loved ones serving in the forces of His Majesty the King, and loved that there is being borne a deal of anxiety—*anxiety* silently borne, and with a deep courage. Like Paul of old in his dungeon, songs of praise are ascending in what seems to many of us a great prison of worry and foreboding.

There is a story which comes to my mind and which I want to tell you as we chat together this week.

In one of our old British prisons there used to be a very dark underground cell which was used as a place of punishment for the prisoners themselves.

It was quite apart from the rest of the prison, and because of its utter loneliness and its awful darkness, the cell was especially dreaded.

AMONG those imprisoned in that dungeon was a man of refinement and nervous temperament, and the horror of incurring the penalty of the dark cell was like a dreaded nightmare to his sensitive spirit.

One day, for some small offence against the discipline of the prison, he was sentenced to twenty-four hours in the dreaded dark cell.

The warder led him to its entrance, and he had to descend to its depths. The door clanged behind him, and in the awful darkness and in the oppressive silence he sat, a prey to the imaginative and nervous fears a man of his temperament would feel. He felt almost that the place would drive him to madness.

Hope had nearly departed when the prisoner heard the sound of footsteps above, and then a voice called him by name. It was the voice of the chaplain of the prison.

she said, "we'd have all the neighbourhood flocking to us then."

The Burtenhams were rich people. It was hardly likely that they would interest themselves in the fortunes of a very small local millinery business.

I had waited a quarter of an hour, and had quite made up my mind that it was hopeless, when a lady's-maid came down to me.

"Her ladyship says she'll be pleased to see you, and the things you want to show her," she said.

"I could hardly believe my ears. I know I flushed with the relief and the hope that had come to me suddenly. The girl looked at me narrowly; she was a smart, pert, and rather pretty girl, with a London accent.

"You ain't been here in Burtenham long, have you?" she asked, as she led me up the stairs.

"No, only about two months," I said.

"I thought I hadn't seen you. One wouldn't make a mistake," she said—"I mean, take 'em all round they ain't much to look at in these parts. Come from London, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"So I should have thought."

She paused outside a door, and tapped, then opened the door.

"It's the young person with the hats, my lady," she said.

I went in, carrying my large box.

Her ladyship was a white-haired old lady, with a sweet, pleasant-looking face. She smiled at me.

"It is very kind of you to think of calling on me," she said graciously. "Of course, I am always only too pleased to support local industries, to any extent in my power, though, of course—"

She paused.

I understood what she meant. She might buy a hat from us as a matter of charity, but it was unlikely that she or her daughters would wear it. That was expecting too much. Still, she had not seen the hats yet, and

(Continued on the next page.)

NEVER had any human voice sounded such sweet music in his ears; never had he heard a more welcome sound.

"God bless you, sir!" gasped the poor prisoner.

"Are you there?"

"Yes," replied the voice, "and I am going to stay up here until the time comes for your release."

"What, sir? Are you going to stay there all the time?" He felt he could hardly believe his own ears.

"I am not going away so long as you are down there!" replied the voice. "I know of your sentence, and I know how you have dreaded that cell, so I just came as soon as I could."

"God bless you, sir!" again cried the poor prisoner. He felt he could not thank him enough. "Why, I do not mind being here a bit, now, with you up there to cheer me!"

The terrors of the place seemed to have gone.

Throughout the dark, long night, when the prisoner called, there was that pitiful chaplain up above, ready to answer and to cheer and to save him from his nervous fears.

IAM sure that this story has a message for all of us at this time of anxiety. Our Almighty Heavenly Father is very near, and throughout the long night of doubt and sorrow He is willing and able to sustain us and to strengthen our faith.

The fears of the most trying time that we have ever been called upon to face lose their terrors if we can realise that we have not to bear them alone, but that One Who has said "Lo, I am with you always," is our Companion and our Guide.

*"Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the Guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night."*

Thank you, "D. M." (Lewes) for your encouragement and help. It is a joy to me to know that although sorely afflicted yourself, yet you are able to shed some light around you. One door is seldom closed to us without there being opened some other way of service, and I am glad that you have experienced it to be so, and are using the opportunity.

I am always glad to hear from my readers. Please write to me, addressing your letters "Under the Evening Lamp," HORNER'S PENNY STORIES Office, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.—Your sincere friend,

JOHN EARNEST.

Elsie and I had picked the very best from our stock for this morning's visit.

I could see that her ladyship expected to see some dowdy, out-of-fashion, hopeless country head-gear. But these were something in the very latest fashion. Elsie was clever with her pencil. She had made sketches only last week in London at some of the principal shops, for the rest, the fashion papers helped us a great deal; and then Elsie and I put a little imagination into our work. The result was—to us, at least—very satisfactory. And I watched her ladyship's face anxiously as I brought out and exhibited the first of my wares.

I saw her smile; there was a look of pleased surprise on her face.

"That is really quite nice, miss——" She paused, and looked at the circular. "Miss Palmer——"

"My name is Hallington, my lady," I said. "Miss Palmer is the principal."

"I see," she said. "I like that very much. It is quite stylish and good. Anyone might wear such a hat!"

I showed her the others, and they pleased her even more than the first.

"I must send for my daughters," she said. "I am an old woman, and plain, old-fashioned bonnets are good enough for me. But they, I am sure, would like to see these hats, Miss Hallington!"

She rang a bell, and sent a message, and presently the two Miss Burtenhams came in. They were both very pretty—one was dark, and exceptionally handsome; the other a slight, fair, blue-eyed girl.

Somehow I felt at my ease at once with them. They treated me almost as though I were their equal. Over the hats they became quite enthusiastic.

"Fancy dull, sleepy little Burtenham being able to turn out fashionable hats like this!" Miss Sylvia said—she was the slight, fair one.

Over Half-a-Ton of Cake

Was sent away to various Institutions, all over the country, as the result of our First Cake Contest, prize list of which appears on page ii. of Cover.

We have received many letters of gratitude from those who have received the cake, and we cordially tender our hearty thanks to the very great number of our readers who helped us in this matter. Thank you!—The EDITOR.

"I should like this. May I keep any I fancy, Miss Hallington?" Miss Dorothy said.

"I bag this blue one. It suits me better than any hat I've seen for years!" Miss Sylvia cried.

My heart beat fast, and my cheeks flushed with joy. I thought of Elsie's delight when I should carry the news back to her. It did not mean merely the selling of one or two hats to us; it meant that if these girls bought and wore our hats our fortunes were almost as good as made. Where the Misses Burtenham led, everyone else followed.

And then, in the midst of it all, while the girls were trying on the hats before the glass, and I was standing there with a great hope in my heart, the door opened and a young man came in. I had seen him, once before, motoring with his mother through the town, and I knew him to be Sir John Burtenham, her son.

"I seem to have come at the wrong moment," he cried. "Why, mother, this is a milliner's establishment, and I mistook it for your private sitting-room!"

"It is all right, dearest," she said. "Miss Hallington has been kind enough to bring some hats for the girls to see."

He turned to me and bowed. I saw his eyes on my face. They were good eyes—dark, honest, straightforward—eyes that could not have looked at any woman except with reverence and respect. Yet there was something else in them, I knew—something that brought a flush to my cheek.

He said no more. He sat down and watched the girls as they tried on the hats. Now and then he offered a little criticism, and I always noticed how true everything

(Continued on the next page.)

A Chance Remark.

And the Changes it led to.



"I determined to have the touch of this magic in my house."

I could not make out what was wrong about the house. A woe-begone and faded appearance was reflected everywhere—everything seemed to have gone shabby at once, and the colours to develop violent contrasts. And after my recent great cleaning effort, too! It made me quite downhearted.

That day, while out shopping, I chanced to hear two ladies talking about "Drummer Dyes," and how they renewed several things at home with these dyes, one of the ladies actually saying they were "little magicians."

There and then I determined to have the touch of this magic in my house. So I went to the grocer and brought six different colours, and when I got home I started right away.

I tried the dining-room table-cover first, but being pretty heavy in quality, I strengthened the dye to give it a good colour. I carefully followed the instructions about boiling and steeping, and rinsed it with cold water. When almost dry, I ironed it with a good hot iron, and it was a great success.

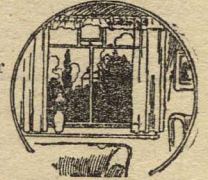
I was now all eager to see how much I really could do myself. I took the long muslin curtains and casements from the front sitting-room windows, and dyed them a pretty soft green; then the cretonne chair covers, the sideboard cover, and the covering of our favourite window seat.

All the things I had put away as useless I looked out, and had a real all-round change. I bought more "Drummer Dyes," and dyed "old" covers and bed hangings. At least, I thought they were old until I introduced them to "Drummer Dyes." Everything was just like new—really great.

I intend now to have a dye-day every second week, as there are so many things—blouses, skirts, stockings, and children's pinafores and overalls, just to mention one or two—I can make like new and give double wear.

The dyeing is so clean and easy, and saves such a lot, it makes me quite jubilant and happy in my home-work.

There is a little book on "Home Dyeing" which is chockful of useful and interesting hints on dyeing, and shows how simple and how economical it is to dye clothing and household furnishings at home. This invaluable little book is sent free on request by the makers: Edge's, Bolton, Lancs.



"Everything was just like new—really great."



"Blouses, aprons, and skirts all renewed and fresh and clean."



"Little dresses and little suits give double wear now."

There's sound sense and sound economy

in using Drummer Dyes on ALL the soiled, stained, shabby, or spotted furnishings and articles of clothing.

DRUMMER DYES

"So Easy to Use"

Makes every article like NEW again.

See the British Drummer on the packet—that's your guarantee, and protection against substitution.



EDGE'S, BOLTON, Lancs.

he said was. He had the artistic eye; he knew instinctively what was right and what was wrong.

"How is this?" Miss Sylvia asked.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. She had put on the little blue hat that had taken her fancy from the start.

"Splendid!" he said. "It suits you perfectly. Nothing could be better!"

"If Jack approves, then I know it is all right. I must have this one, Miss Hallington!"

Within half an hour they had selected four of my stock. "You'll send the account in, Miss Hallington, and I will post you a cheque," her ladyship said.

"Yes, my lady." I hesitated. Perhaps it was my anxiety, my hope, for the future. I turned to Miss Dorothy.

"You—you will—you will wear the hats, won't you?" I asked.

"Wear them? Why, of course! Did you think we bought hats just for fun and to keep them under the bed?"

"I think I understand what Miss Hallington means," her ladyship said. "Yes, Miss Hallington, my girls will

wear the hats, and, moreover, they will tell others where they came from."

"You—you are very good," I said. "That is what I meant. It would be such a help to us. Elsie and I—Miss Palmer and I are trying so hard. Her uncle has found the money, and we are so anxious he should lose nothing by us."

I don't know how it was, but in a very little while I had told her everything about our little venture, and she listened very sympathetically.

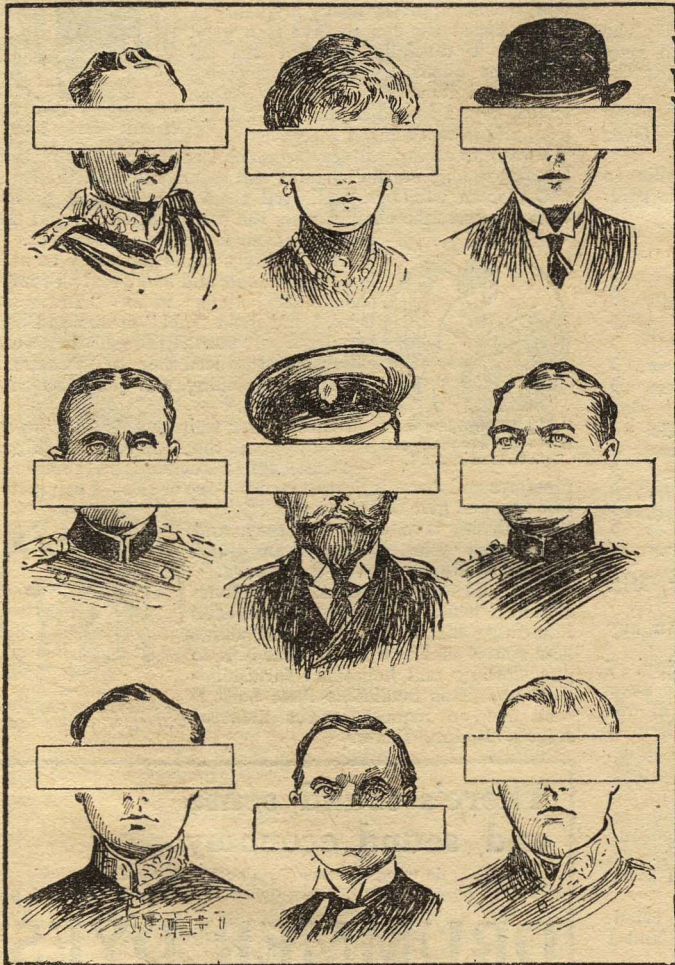
"I know Billings well. He is, in fact, one of our tenants," her ladyship said. "A good, honest man, whom I respect very much. I shall do everything possible to assist you, Miss Hallington."

"You don't know—I can't tell you how grateful I am," I said earnestly.

I knew that he was looking at me. Then a bell rang. It was the luncheon bell. I began to pack away the other hats that had not been chosen.

"Miss Hallington, it is our luncheon hour," her ladyship said. "I can't let you go. Now you must please stay and lunch with us."

(Continued on page iii. of cover.)



WHOSE HEADS ARE THESE?

MANY CASH PRIZES OFFERED.

A Simple One-Week Contest for All.

Can you tell whose are the heads shown on this page? Each face has been partly covered, but sufficient is left so that you will be able to recognise them.

Show the faces to your friends, and ask them to help you.

We are offering the following money prizes.

FIVE PRIZES OF £1.

24 Prizes of Half-Crowns.

The Prizes will be awarded as follows:

The five sovereigns will be awarded to the readers whose efforts are nearest correct. The 24 half-crowns will be awarded to the readers who come next in order of merit.

The Editor reserves the right to add together all, or any of the prizes, should the number of readers qualifying for first place render this course advisable.

No reader can receive more than one prize.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

Write across the blank space on each face the name of the person you think it represents, and fill in the coupon underneath in ink. Then cut out the set of faces, and coupon, and send to

"Faces," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.,

so as to reach us not later than the first post on Friday, Feb. 26th.

This contest is being conducted by HORNER'S PENNY STORIES, SUNDAY CIRCLE, HORNER'S WEEKLY, and GOLDEN HOURS, and all readers of these journals may take part.

All members of families may compete, but each must send in a separate set of pictures. Readers may send in as many solutions as they like, but each separate solution must be accompanied by a set of puzzle portraits taken from either of the journals named above.

The Editor's decision is final.

Readers entering this contest should keep a careful copy of their solutions, so that they can check it with the correct solution, when the prize list is published.

The Editor cannot be responsible for losses or delays on the part of the Post Office.

COUPON.

TO BE FILLED IN BY COMPETITOR. (Please write plainly.)

I enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed

Address

(Continued from page 24.)

I know I flushed hotly, like a foolish schoolgirl.
 "But—but—" I said.
 "Oh, yes, you will, Miss Hallington," Sylvia said. She put her hand, in a frank, friendly fashion, on my arm. "I want to talk hats to you all luncheon time," she said.
 So I stayed. I wondered what Elsie would have thought if she could only have known—if she could only have seen me sitting here in the fine old dining-room.
 But we didn't talk hats at all. I sat on Sir John's left, and he talked to me all through luncheon. He talked to me about things I understood—I, who was country bred—yet I was careful not to betray myself.
 "You must have lived all your life in the country, Miss Hallington," he said.

"Nearly all," I said.
 "If you are here in Burtenham, as I hope you will be, in the spring, I'd like you to use our trout stream. I'd like to see you cast a fly."

"I'd love to," I said. He smiled at me.
 It was just like a breath of the old life. I was not self-conscious one moment of all the time; then at last lunch was over, and it was time for me to go. Her ladyship shook hands warmly, as did the young ladies.

I was bursting with all the good news I had to tell Elsie. At first she would hardly believe it; then, when she knew it was true, she put her arms around me and danced round the tiny showroom in the exuberance of our spirits.

"Our fortune's made," she gasped. "We'll have everyone coming here now."

The next morning the big grey car from Burtenham House pulled up before our little shop, and Sir John himself came in.

He had brought a cheque from his mother, he said. He thought it would save time if he brought it himself. Then he stopped and talked to me, and all the time the grey car stood outside—an advertisement in itself for us, as everyone in the place knew to whom it belonged.

Then at last he went away, and shook hands warmly with me. Elsie laughed when he was gone.

"Joyce, you must take care," she said.
 My face flushed, then whitened. I think she was sorry for having said it afterwards, for she came to me and put her arm around me, and laid her cheek against mine.
 "I don't mean to hurt you, dear," she said softly.

That afternoon we had quite a rush of customers. It was the best day's work we had done yet.

After that, morning after morning, the big grey car came slowly across the little market square. Sometimes it stopped, and he came in with some message from his sisters about the hats; at other times he drove slowly past and stared at the windows, and I knew—I knew—that woman would not know?—that he was looking for me. Yes, Elsie was right; I must take care. My heart was filled with bitterness in spite of the excitement of our little business. I felt horribly, terribly lonely sometimes.

And if Howard thought of me, with what bitterness, with what hate— Why could he not have trusted, believed in me? I cried sometimes aloud in my agony and suffering. And then the voice of conscience whispered: "Did you trust and believe in him entirely?"

I had suspected him—of what I scarcely knew. I had still kept that wisp of red-gold hair. I had brought it away with me. I had it now. I hated it. It was a thing accursed to me, and yet I could not destroy it, could not fling it away as I longed to. Something prevented me.

I hated it, and never looked at it; but it was there all the time. Sometimes the thing came between me and my sleep. Sometimes my accusing conscience pricked me, and then I would lay awake the long night through, weeping silently so that I should not waken Elsie.

I had just had such a night. I had lain awake, thinking of Howard. All through the long, dark hours I seemed to see him again, to hear his voice.

Now I was back again in the London house, in the shabby, dear little room, sitting on the arm of Howard's chair, my arm around his neck. How we had loved one another then, and how completely love must have died—not mine for him—for I knew that I loved him more, if it was possible, needed him more than ever in my life before—but his love for me.

I was white, and there were dark rings about my eyes when the morning came, and Elsie looked at me.

"Poor little Joyce," she said. "I understand, dear, I'm so sorry!"

And then I broke down, and cried on her shoulder. Sometimes she reminded me of my dear Ruth so much! How often I had longed for Ruth, and father, and Peggy! Yet—yet something held me back. I could not go to them. I could not face them, knowing that they must believe this shameful thing of me!

Elsie took me to the door of the little shop. The market square was filled with bright sunlight. The houses cast blue shadows on the ground. A farm cart rumbled noisily over the cobbles.

And then suddenly I heard the hoot of a distant motor. A moment later it came into sight—the long, grey car I knew so well now. I drew back a little. I did not want to see him nor speak to him this morning. I felt I could not.

Then suddenly the car was before me. Sir John Burtenham was in it, but not alone. There was another man seated beside him.


Sir John was looking towards me. He lifted his hat. The other man turned slowly, but he did not see me. I shrank back into the little shop, shaking and trembling from head to foot. No; thank Heaven he had not seen me! But I had seen him. It was Howard—Howard himself!

(Next Monday's instalment of this grand serial will amaze you. On no account must you miss it, or the opening chapters of *LITTLE WHITE SAINT*, our new serial, starting next week.)

Wasted Baby Ailing Mother

**Made well and strong by Dr. Cassell's Tablets—
the All-British Remedy.**

Mrs. Pinn, of 70, Bernard Road, Elm Grove, Brighton, says: "I am quite sure that Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my baby's life. He was so wasted with sickness that I was almost afraid to dress and undress him. Ordinary treatment was not a bit of use, but when I used Dr. Cassell's Tablets there was an improvement almost at once. He only weighed 12 lbs. at six months, and slow, a year old, he is a fine big baby. I was terribly run down with the strain of nursing baby. I suffered much with indigestion and headaches, and was so nervous that a sound would make me jump. I had dreadful attacks of neuralgia, too, but Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me as thoroughly as they cured my baby, and now we are both in splendid health."



Mrs. Pinn, Brighton.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres, and are the safest remedy for

Nerve Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Stomach Disorders
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Palpitation
Spinal Paralysis	Indigestion	Kidney Disease
Infantile Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Disease
Nervous Debility	Mal-Nutrition	Old-Age Weakness
	Loss of Flesh	

All chemists and stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1/1, & 2/9—the 2/9 size being the most economical.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box 04), Chester Road, Manchester.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE,

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

The "Tipperary" BLOUSE PATTERN

The daintiest ever designed
GIVEN FREE

with every copy of the great new paper

Family Favourite

THIS WEEK ONE PENNY

**NEXT
WEEK**



This pretty "Wish-bone" Button, specially designed to go with the blouse, FREE with every copy next week

Advertisers' Classified Offers.

Exceptional Inclusive Rates for these advertisements in "Woman's Weekly," "Horner's Penny Stories," "The Family Journal," "Penny Pictorial," "Forget-Me-Not," and "Home Circle" can be obtained from: The Classified Advertisement Manager, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone: Central One.

MEDICAL.

TUMOURS, TUBERCULOSIS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, INTERNAL GROWTHS, cured by "VITADATIO," Australian Herbal Remedy, without operation, when other treatments fail. Send postcard for FREE Trial Bottle, and testimonials.—Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. P), Park Square, Leeds.

INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, FLATULENCY, Biliousness, Feverishness, quickly and permanently cured. Over 20 years' successful results.—Write INSTITUTE XL, 17, Bury Street, Bloomsbury, London.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN Ought to Know. Post free, 1/-.—Nurse Meldrew, 17a, Dale End, Birmingham.

EDUCATIONAL.

SLOAN DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study. Illustrated Booklet with lesson, FREE.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters (Dept. O), Ramsgate.

STAMMERING thoroughly cured by Egbert Barker, 3, Line Grove, Handsworth, Birmingham, who cured himself. Particulars free.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTO POST CARDS of Yourself, 1/- dozen. Samples and Catalogue FREE.—Hackett's Works, July Road, Liverpool.

BOOTS.

SAVE NEARLY 50 per cent. buying Factory direct. **AGENTS WANTED.** Write for list, particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

HOUSEHOLD.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 20 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk B, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM. Please mention "Horner's Penny Stories" when writing for lists.

CENTURY CHINA BARGAINS. Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices. Separate Dinner, Tea, Toilet Services, beautiful designs, from 3/-. Complete Home Outfit, 21/-. 30,000 satisfied customers.—COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. Presents offered.—Write to-day.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 332, BURSLEM.

DURING THIS CRISIS we are offering families an opportunity to earn money at home. Simple work and good pay. Particulars.—Helping-Hand Stores, Manchester.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP cleans carpets like new. Sold everywhere. Sample, penny stamp.—Chivers & Co., Ltd., 65, Albany Works, Bath.

PATCHWORKS. Post free. 500 Best Assorted Prints, 1/4. 200 Pretty Silks, 1/3. Bundle Velvetens, 1/3.—L. Carson, 19, Cannon Street, Manchester.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

BABIES' LONG CLOTHES, 50 pieces, 21/- Value. Style and finish unequalled—wonderful value. Approval.—Mrs. Platt, 15, Grayling Road, London, N.

DRESS.

PATTERNS POST FREE! All newest shades and colourings for Spring and summer wear. Immense collection. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All orders sent Carriage Paid. ROBINSON BROWN (Dept. 7), MACCLESFIELD.

LOVELY DRESSES, etc., slightly worn. Bargain 1/-, stamped envelope.—Madame Dupont, 42, Upper Gloucester Place, London, W.

TOILET.

FREE TO LADIES! Towels Toilet Towels with Elastic Loops. Never fail to give satisfaction. Sample sent GRATIS.—Prices 6d. to 2/6 doz.—Towle & Co., Ltd., 17, Long Row, Nottingham.

REMNANT TRADE.

ENGLAND'S CHEAPEST WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE. Make money selling Remnants, Ladies' Overalls, Underclothing, Men's Shirts, General Drapery. British Manufacture. Catalogue FREE.—Cochrane's Unlimited, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

VARIOUS.

DRUNKENNESS CURED CHEAPLY, Quickly, Secretly, Harmlessly. Cost Trifling. Trial FREE privately.—Carlton Chemical Co., 872, Birmingham.

ANY PERSON can earn £1 to £2 to spare time with Chocolate Clubs. No Outlay. Particulars.—Samuel Driver, Beeston Road, Leeds.