

## UNITED AT LAST

MISS M E BRADDOCK



## CHAPTER III.

"IT WAS THERE THAT FIRST DID FAIL."

Nearly a year had gone since Cypryan Davenport had turned his back upon British soil. It was the end of May, high season in London, and unusually brilliant weather, the West End streets and squares thronged with carriages, and everywhere throughout that bright western world a delightful flutter and buzz of life and gaiety, as if the children of that pleasant region had indeed in some manner secured an exemption from the cares and sorrows of meaner mortals, and were bent on making the most of their privileged existence.

A neatly appointed brougham waited before the door of a house in Half-Moon street, and had been waiting there for some time. It was Mrs. Walsingham's brougham, and the lady herself was slowly pacing to and fro her little drawing-room, pausing every now and then to look out of the window, and in a very pleasant state of mind. She was elegantly dressed in her favorite toilet of Indian muslin and lace, and was looking very handsome, in spite of the cloud upon her smooth white brow, and a certain ominous glitter in her blue eyes.

"I suppose he is not coming," she muttered at last, tossing her white lace parasol upon the table with an angry gesture. "This will be the second disappointment in a week. But I shall not go to a concert without him. What do I care for their tiresome classical music, or to be stared at by a crowd of great ladies who don't choose to know me?"

She rang the bell violently, but before it could be answered there came a thundering double knock at the door below, and a minute afterward Gilbert Sinclair dashed into the room, bearing in his hand a beautiful bouquet of the rarest and most fragrant flowers.

"Late again, Gilbert," cried Mrs. Walsingham, reproachfully, her face brightening nevertheless at his coming; and she smiled at him with a pleased welcoming smile as they shook hands.

"Yes, I know it's late for a concert, but I want you to let me off that indignation, Clara. I don't want to know the difference between Balfie and Beethoven, and you know I have a heap of engagements on my hands."

"You have only come to cry off, then?" said Mrs. Walsingham, with a sudden contraction of her firmly molded lips.

"My dear Clara, what a fiend you look when you like! But I wouldn't cultivate that kind of expression if I were you. Of course, I'll go to the concert with you, if you are bent upon it, rather than run the risk of anything in the way of a scene. But you know very well that I don't care for music, and you ought to know."

He stopped, hesitating, with a furtive look in his red-brown eyes, and a nervous action of one big hand about his thick brown mustache.

"I ought to know what, Mr. Sinclair?" asked Clara Walsingham, with a sudden hardness of voice and manner.

"That it is neither good for your reputation nor mine that we should be seen so often together at such places as this Portman Square concert. It is almost a private affair, you know, and everybody present will know all about us."

"Indeed! and since when has Mr. Gilbert Sinclair become so careful of his reputation—or of mine?"

"Since you set your friends talking about our being engaged to be married, Mrs. Walsingham. You have rather too many feminine acquaintances with long tongues. I don't like being congratulated, and I don't like to be pretty much the same thing—upon an event which you know never can happen."

"Never is a long word, Gilbert. My husband may die, and leave me free to become your wife, if you should do me the honor to repeat the proposal which you made me six years ago."

"I don't like waiting for dead men's shoes, Clara," answered Sinclair, in rather a sulky tone. "I made you that offer in all good faith, when I believed you to be a widow, and when I was madly in love with you. But six years is a long time, and—"

"And men are fickle," she said, taking up his unfinished sentence. "You have grown tired of me, Gilbert; is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly that, Clara, but rather tired of a position that keeps me a single man without a single man's liberty. You are quite as exacting as a wife, more jealous than a mistress, and I am getting to an age now at which a man begins to feel a kind of yearning for something more like a home than chambers in the Albany, where one more like a wife than a lady who requires one to be perpetually playing the cavalier's servant."

She stood for a minute looking at him, with a sudden intensity in her face. He kept his eyes on the ground during that sharp scrutiny, but he was fully conscious of it nevertheless.

"Gilbert Sinclair," she cried, after a long pause, "you are in love with some other woman; you are going to jilt me."

There was a suppressed agony in her tone which both surprised and alarmed the man to whom she spoke. Of late he had doubted the sincerity of her attachment to him, and had fostered

that doubt, telling himself that it was his wife she cared for.

"Would it grieve you very much if I were to marry, Clara?" he asked.

"Grieve me if you were to marry! It would be the end of my life. I would never forgive you. But you are playing with me. You are only trying to frighten me."

"You are frightening yourself," he answered. "I only put the question in a speculative way. Let us drop the subject. If you want to go to the concert—"

"I don't want to go; I am not fit to go anywhere. Will you ring that bell, please? I shall send the brougham back to the stable."

"Won't you drive in the park this fine afternoon?"

"No; I am fit for nothing now."

A maid-servant came in answer to the bell.

"You can take my bonnet, Jane," said Mrs. Walsingham, reminding that floral structure, and tell Johnson I shall not want the brougham today. You'll stop to dinner, won't you, Gilbert?"

She went on when the maid had retired. "Mr. Wyatt is to be here, and Sophy Morton."

"How fond you are of the actor people. So Jim Wyatt is coming, is he? I rather want to see him. But I have other engagements this afternoon, and I really don't think I can stay."

"Oh, yes, you can, Gilbert. I shall think I had just grounds for my suspicion if you are so eager to run away."

"Very well, Clara, if you make a point of it, I will stop."

Mr. Sinclair threw himself into one of the low luxurious chairs with an air of resignation scarcely complimentary to his hostess.

The interval before dinner dragged wearily, in spite of Mrs. Walsingham's efforts to sustain a pleasant conversation about titles.

The conversation dawdled on in a languid manner for a couple of hours, and then Mr. Sinclair went away to change his dress for the regulation dinner costume.

The smile which Mrs. Walsingham's face had worn while she talked to him faded the moment he had left her, and she began to pace the room with rapid steps and a darkly clouded brow.

"Yes, there is no doubt about it," she muttered to herself, with suppressed passion. "I have seen the change in him for the last twelve months. There is some one else. How should I lose what pains I have taken to retain him? He is afraid to tell me the truth. He is wise in that respect. Who can the woman be for whom I am forsaken? He knows so many people, and visits so much, and is everywhere courted and flattered on account of his money. Oh, Gilbert, fool, fool! Will any woman ever love you as I have loved you, for your own sake, without a thought of your fortune, with a blind idolatry of your very faults? What is it that I love in him, I wonder? I know that he is not a good man. I have seen his heartlessness, his selfishness, his coldness toward those who come between him and his iron will. But I, too, could be hard and remorseless if a great wrong were done me. Let him take care now he provokes a passionate, reckless nature like mine. Let him beware of playing with fire."

This was the gist of her thoughts during a gloomy reverie that lasted more than an hour. At the end of that time Miss Morton was announced, and came fluttering into the room, resplendent in a brilliant costume of rose-colored silk and black lace, followed shortly by James Wyatt, the lawyer, courteous and debonaire, full of small-talk and fashionable scandal.

Gilbert Sinclair was the last to enter. The dinner was elegantly served in a pretty little dining-room, hung with pale green draperies and adorned with a few clever water-color pictures, a room in which there was a delightful air of coolness and repose.

Mr. Wyatt was invaluable in the task of sustaining the conversation, and Clara Walsingham seconded him admirably, though there was a sharp anguish at her heart that was now almost a habitual pain, an agony prophetic of a coming blow. Gilbert Sinclair was a little brighter than he had been in the afternoon, and contributed his share to the talk with a decent grace, only once or twice betraying absence of mind by a random answer and a wandering look in his big brown eyes.

James Wyatt and Mrs. Walsingham had been running through a catalogue of the changes of fortune, for good or evil, that had befallen their common acquaintances, when Gilbert broke in upon their talk suddenly with the question:

"What has become of that fellow who dined with us at Richmond last year? Sir Cypryan van der Meer?"

"Sir Cypryan Davenport," said James Wyatt. "He is still in Africa."

"In Africa! Ah, yes, to be sure, I remember hearing that he was going to join Lieut. Court's expedition. I was not much impressed by him, though I had heard him talked about as something out of the common way. He had precious little to say for himself."

"You saw him at a disadvantage that day. He was out of spirits at leaving England."

"Very likely, but I had met him in society very often before. He is rather a handsome fellow, no doubt, but I certainly couldn't discover any special merit in him beyond his good looks. He is a near neighbor of the Claryardes, by the way, when he's at home, is he not?"

"When he's at home, yes," answered the solicitor. "But I doubt if ever he'll go home again."

"You mean that he'll come by his death in Africa, I suppose?"

"I sincerely hope not, for Cypryan Davenport is one of my oldest friends. No; I mean that he's not very likely to see the inside of his ancestral halls any more. The place is to be sold this year."

"The baronet is quite cleared out, then?"

"He has about four hundred a year that he inherited from his mother, so tightly tied up that he has not been able to make way with it."

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"Viscount Claryard and his family. They have a place called Marchmont, and a very poor place it is, within a mile or two of Darnham. The old viscount is as poor as Job."

"Indeed! But his younger daughter will make a great match, no doubt, and redeem the fortunes of the house."

"I saw her at the opera the other night. She was pointed out to me as the loveliest girl in London, and I really think she has a right to be called so. What do you think of her, Gilbert?"

She fixed her eyes upon Sinclair with a sudden scrutiny that took him off his guard. A dusky flush came over his face, and he hesitated awkwardly before replying to her very simple question.

Clara Walsingham's heart gave a great throb.

"That is the woman," she said to herself.

"Miss Claryard is very handsome," stammered Gilbert; "at least I believe that is the general opinion about her. She has been intimate with your friend Davenport ever since she was a child, hasn't she, Wyatt?" he asked, with an indifference of tone which one listener knew to be assumed.

"Yes, I have heard him say as much," the other answered with an air of reserve which implied the possession of more knowledge upon the point than he cared to impart.

"These acquaintances of the Claryardes are apt to end in something, aren't they?" asked Mrs. Walsingham.

"Decidedly not," said Gilbert. Sinclair burst into a harsh laugh.

"Not very likely," he exclaimed. "I should like to see old Claryard's face if his daughter talked of marrying a gentlemanly pauper."

"That is the woman he loves," Mrs. Walsingham repeated to herself.

No more was said about Sir Cypryan or the Claryardes. The conversation drifted into other channels, and the evening wore itself away more or less pleasantly, with the assistance of more by and by in the drawing-room, where there were a few agreeable drop-pers-in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WHAT A ROMANCE.

The Old Capital of a Proud Southern State Sold to an ex-Slave.

Alabama's old capital, the city of Cahaba, was sold the other day at auction for \$550. In old days Cahaba held its head high. It had grand inland features. Great streets were laid out in the pine groves and large docks were erected. A Governor's mansion was built and a daily paper started. Fine dwellings shot up as if by magic. There stores arose as if by magic. A metropolitan air sat upon the woodland capital. It vaunted itself proudly, and spoke in friendly and condescending interest of the decay of neighboring towns and villages.

The town's speculative fastened himself upon the community. He laid out the pine groves into lots and sold them at fancy prices. Eligible sites for building purposes were sold at thousands of dollars an acre. Cahaba began to look even upon Mobile as a suburb, and saw the day when it would be larger and bolder than Mobile.

Cahaba's glory lasted about ten years. In 1850 the capital was taken from the town and moved to Montgomery. The town's speculative fastened himself upon the community. He laid out the pine groves into lots and sold them at fancy prices. Eligible sites for building purposes were sold at thousands of dollars an acre. Cahaba began to look even upon Mobile as a suburb, and saw the day when it would be larger and bolder than Mobile.

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## THE RIVER THAMES.

Associated with Everything Great in the History of England.

Next to the Jordan and the Tiber no river calls up older or, to the Anglo-Saxon race, more hallowed memories than the Thames. The Jordan is sacred for the religious associations clustering around the origin of Christianity; the Tiber is famous from its connection with the greatest nation of antiquity; the greatness of each is in the past, but the Thames is the river of the present and the past, and is inseparably associated with everything great in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race—the race that is destined to rule the earth for the next thousand years. The little glen which gives it birth lies about 200 miles to the west of London, and from the shady valley it flows to the east and south, and after a course of about 225 miles loses itself in the North Sea.

From Oxford down the banks of the English river are 146 gardens, and the traveler sails past castles and manors and stately homes, past towns whose names are far on the pages of English history, past Pursey, the home of Warren Hastings; past Reading, one of the holiest shrines of Catholic England; past Bray, whose vicar has no principle save that of preserving his place, so was Catholic or Protestant according to administration, "resolved to live and die a vicar of Bray," past 100 localities, each one of which has something to interest him till he comes to Farnham. Celebrated as is the great school, it has no more interesting feature than its panel fence which has inscribed upon it the names of thousands of boys, many of whom afterward became famous in the history of their country.

On the other side of the river Windsor, the beautiful royal castle of the English Kings, lifts its towers as proudly as during the time when the early Normans found it a safe retreat from their turbulent Saxon subjects. Windsor has been a royal residence for 800 years. No King but made improvements here and there, and every style of architecture may be observed in one part or another of the heterogeneous mass of buildings which compose the fortress. Leaving Windsor out of sight the Thames passes Runnymede, where encamped John's rebellious barons, and in the river just opposite is Magesa Charta Island, where the luckless monarch met his nobles and signed the first great instrument of English liberty.

From Runnymede the distance is short to Rotherhithe, from the hill of which may be obtained a magnificent view of London, and here the beauty and romance of the Thames are at their height. Thenceforth its mission is commerce, the roar of traffic, the ceaseless passing of boats, the banks, its wharfs and its docks, attract the greatest volume of traffic drawn to any port in the world. The smoke of London drifts in the air; the surface of the water is covered with the floating life carries back and forth the cargoes from the 10,000 vessels which crowd the port.

Didn't Have the Fare.

"Women are curious creatures," said one married man to another.

"You say that with the air of one who has made an original discovery."

"Well, I mean about money."

"I had been talking about money, says the New York World, and which was the best policy. To make your wife your banker and draw enough every day to last you till you get home again, or to allow her so much every week to run the house with. Married men always get to talking about that problem sooner or later."

"About money they are curious creatures, as sure as you're a foot high. I give my wife my wages, and she gives me whatever money I want. She has the responsibility of saving, and feels it to be a very mighty responsibility. When she makes up her mind to save \$10, that \$10 is as good as gone out of the world. The grocer must wait, and the doctor never did have any right to his money, at least not until after that particular \$10 bill is in the bank. When we lived in Brooklyn we opened an account with a savings bank there. Then we removed to Harlem, and, of course, it wasn't so handy to get over with the money. The missus kept saving till she had \$100 laid by."

"You ought to put that money in the bank," I told her. "Somebody will climb in by the dumb-waiter and steal that \$100 and then you'll feel sorry."

"I know it."

"Why don't you bank it?"

"I didn't have the car fare."

"Now, isn't that a woman for all the world?"

Suspicious.

A wealthy and generous Englishman, while traveling in America, attending a church maintained by a colored congregation, was so pleased with the minister's simple sermon and the attitude of the worshippers that he dropped \$5 into the basket when it was passed for the usual collection.

So large a contribution seemed to fill with amazement the brethren who passed the baskets, and one of them, in a whisper, confided the fact of the unusual contribution to the pastor, who arose and said to the congregation:

"Beloved brethren, the collection has brought forth the magnificent sum of sixteen dollars and forty-nine cents, perwided \$5 bill giv by de white gemman am not counterfeit."

Every woman dreams of a fairy Godmother until she becomes old enough to become a grand-mother herself.

## A Cry for Help

In the stillness of the night is sufficiently startling. What if no aid be at hand or we know not where the cry comes? This is not the case with that mute appeal made to the resources of medical science, ever ready, ever available by disease on every hand. A prompt means of self help for the malarious, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic, the bilious, and persons troubled with impending kidney complaints, is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an ever-present help in time of trouble for all such hapless individuals. They should not delay a moment in seeking its aid. Experience has shown its wide utility, the recommendation of eminent physicians everywhere sanction its use. Nervous, thin, debilitated individuals, who find it difficult to get a course of this fine invigorant, which is eminently serviceable, also, to the aged and convalescent.

## To Imitate Old Bronze.

The repeated applications to copper or brass of alternate washes of dilute acetic acid and exposure to the fumes of ammonia will give a very antique looking green bronze, but a quick mode of producing a similar appearance is often desirable. To this end the articles may be immersed in a solution of 1 part of perchloride of iron in 2 parts of water. The tone assumes darkness with length of immersion. Or the article may be boiled in a strong solution of nitrate of copper. Or lastly, it may be immersed in a solution of 2 ounces of nitrate of iron and 2 ounces of hyposulphite of soda in one-half pint of water. Washing, drying and buffing complete the process.

## STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that shall be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1921.

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Which Will You Be?

A farm renter or a farm owner? It rests with your self. Stay where you are and you will be a renter all your life. Move to Nebraska, where good land is cheap and cheap land is good, and you can easily become an owner. Write to J. Francis, G. P. and T. A. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for descriptive pamphlet. It's free, and a postal will bring it to you.

A Cat Appeals to a Dentist.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Call writes: "I have a friend, a dentist, who is the owner of a kitty. This animal is very observing and frequently sits near the chair watching the doctor operate on patients. For several days it was noticed that pussy had not taken her food as quick as usual and she frequently yowled