

# USE POND'S EXTRACT

FOR PILES, BURNS, SORE EYES, WOUNDS, SORES, Headache AND ALL PAIN.

FOR COLDS, GUTS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, SORE THROAT, Catarrh AND AFTER SHAVING.

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

BY LINDA GARDINER.

CHAPTER I. A BROKEN TEACUP.

Simla House, like many another residence with a high-sounding name, was a place from which that name was derived. It was merely a creeper-grown cottage, with a bay-window on either side of the door, standing back from the main street of the village of Marston, in a large and untidy garden. The "Simla" signified that its occupant, Major Kennedy, had seen service in India; the "House" indicated that his ideas and ambitions were much in advance of his very limited income.

To Lucas Henderson, however, Simla House was a palace, and the tiny drawing-room with its patterned and Indian curiosities, and jars of sweet-smelling flowers, was the throne-room of the princess, the queen of his heart, Grace Kennedy. Lucas was employed in some pottery works in the village, and though only a struggling and poorly paid artist, was as full of ambition as Major Kennedy himself, and lived in a dream of enthusiasm and high hopes. There was this difference between the two: that while Lucas tried hard by patient labor and self-denial to work towards his goal, the Major's more brilliant imagination enabled him to consider himself already the possessor of the handsome income that was presently to be derived from his yet unlaunched enterprises. The Major's way of looking at things was unknown to Lucas. He took it for granted that Simla House was the abode of wealth and prosperity, and that Grace was a young lady bred in the lap of luxury, to whom he could not venture to offer a home for many a long day. He did not guess how difficult Grace often found it to meet the butcher's bill, or that the artist's grey gown, which seemed specially designed to set off her fair face and reddish hair, was made by her own clever fingers out of a remnant that cost sixpence-halfpenny a yard.

The Major had come across Lucas as the young man was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER II. CROSS ACCOUNTS.

Grace Kennedy struggled in vain against the current of affairs. She guessed intuitively what the successful invention was, and indeed the Major, though he felt some little awkwardness in telling her about it, had neither hope nor desire to keep the secret for long. The Unbreakable China was soon to be advertised in every newspaper to be in everyone's mouth and in everyone's hands. The Company under Mr. Ryan's superintendence, was formed with marvelous rapidity; some unsuccessful pottery works were closed, together with the work-people, for what Mr. Ryan described as "a mere song."

One of the flaming circulars advertising the venture fell into Grace's hands. "Father," she said, looking straight into Major Kennedy's face, "this is Mr. Ryan's doing. Is it quite honest?"

"What is the girl talking about?" said the Major testily. "Is what honest, pray?"

Grace replied with another question: "her eyes were still fixed on her father's, though her color rose a little."

"Is not this Mr. Henderson's invention?"

"Henderson? Nonsense! I got a few hints from him, perhaps simply on the practical details of ordinary pottery manufacture, but his scheme

well, her father's rights of fancy, and the costly manner in which he liked to indulge them, were so familiar to her, that she did not place much in his dreams of unbreakable pottery. Still, she listened this evening, Mr. Henderson was apparently interested, and as he knew all about such things, the idea must be of practical value. Lucas threw out a suggestion or two as the Major proceeded, and the Major received them with so much gratitude, that he gradually began to explain his own modus operandi. Grace now felt sure that the idea was not only practical, but unusually brilliant and valuable. She entered into the subject with such confident expectation of being encouraged, went more deeply into the details of his scheme, while Major Kennedy commented, objected, and questioned in turns; and Mr. Henderson said nothing, only listened.

Mr. Henderson was the first to take leave, in spite of the dulness of his schemes and the attractions of Simla House. Mr. Ryan usually overstayed his welcome, so far as Grace was concerned, but to-night he had much to say in commendation of the departed Lucas, and he lingered at the door, questioning in turns; and Mr. Henderson said nothing, only listened.

Mr. Henderson was the first to take leave, in spite of the dulness of his schemes and the attractions of Simla House. Mr. Ryan usually overstayed his welcome, so far as Grace was concerned, but to-night he had much to say in commendation of the departed Lucas, and he lingered at the door, questioning in turns; and Mr. Henderson said nothing, only listened.

"I do not want a rich husband, FATHER."

would have come to nothing without my ideas and my brain to perfect the whole. Ryan will tell you so."

"I would rather believe you than Mr. Ryan," said Grace.

Nevertheless, the Major had, by constant reiteration of the assurance, and by listening to Ryan's protestations, persuaded himself that the invention was absolutely his own; whereas Ryan knew perfectly that the Major's misty notions were utterly worthless until put into practical form by the methods

YOU CAN SEE IT, perhaps, one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but you can't feel it after it's taken. And yet it does you more good than any of the huge, old-fashioned pills, with their gripping and violence. These tiny Pellets, the smallest and easiest to take, bring you relief from Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of Liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured.

A SQUARE offer of \$500 cash is made by the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, for any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

You don't need to continue dosing with Simons Liver Regulator. A dose a day.

Bed sheets and mattresses at Young's.

Overcoats at half price at Young's. Bargains in pant goods at Young's.

See Young Bros.' umbrellas if you would save money.

Lucas Henderson had suggested. But Grace could prove nothing, even for her own satisfaction. She had no definite knowledge by which to judge the question as to how far the experiments which Lucas had described were those which Mr. Ryan and her father had acted upon. She only knew that her father and Ryan had eagerly questioned Lucas, and that now they proclaimed the invention theirs. The patent was taken out in the Major's name, the works were set going, and Lucas Henderson made no sign.

The new home in London was on a far more spacious site than the old. The old furniture, to which Grace had clung despite her father's advice, looked mean and shabby in it, and was relegated to back apartments, while new and smart upholstery filled the showy rooms. It was not half so homelike as the dark little parlor, with its worn carpet and curtains, and the creeper peeping in at the window, at

do to have Mr. Lucas Henderson acting about the place, with an eye on our proceedings, but he will be gone in a little while, and if I judge him rightly, no harm will be done before then. Once get the Major up to town, and the concern will be gone. She won't look at him when she finds there are better fish to hook, and we shall be in a position to snap our fingers at any claims he may make.

He judged Lucas Henderson rightly; Lucas did not dream of asking any definite promise from Grace while he had so little to offer her. But he did not guess how deeply the thought of Grace Kennedy was rooted in the young man's heart, how indelibly the brief acquaintance with the frank and enthusiastic artist had impressed itself on Grace.

She walked with Lucas through the weedy garden, between the unpurged rose bushes and the straggling stocks and wild flowers, when he came to bid her good-by.

"I hope your invention will be successful," she said hesitatingly, as she gave him her hand at the gate.

"Your good wishes ought to secure success," he answered, his eyes bent on her as he spoke. "I have been probably unaware that eye possessed. I have become very ambitious lately. I have more long to be rich and successful now than I had when I came to Marston, and I shall have more faith, too, and a stronger motive power in the future, if you will wish me God-speed."

She met his look for an instant, then her eyes fell.

"Good-by—God be with you," she said gently.

His parting words were still ringing sweetly in Grace's ears, when, some six weeks later, Major Kennedy, with a hundred other makers were going to the office of Simla House with a radiant, excited countenance, and addressed his daughter in a tone ten times more important and self-satisfied than usual.

"Your fortune is made at last, Grace," he said, "I have succeeded in one of those great schemes you have from time to time disbelieved in, my dear. You will acknowledge now that your old father is not such a fool as you thought him. A company with twenty-five thousand pounds capital will adopt my invention; Ryan has got everything in order; I shall be director, our profits will be enormous. I have given notice to the landlord, and the present will be your last summer in this poverty stricken place. We shall remove at once to London."

"Father," cried Grace, are you serious? Surely not! This is what is going to happen some day, not what has happened?"

"I tell you the thing is done, my child; the invention patented, the company floated, or about to be floated."

"And Mr. Ryan is in it?" asked Grace, with instinctive distrust.

"And my valued friend Ryan is in it," said the Major.

"And what is the invention, father?"

"Oh, nothing that you would understand. Women's minds cannot grasp these things. You shall know when all is over. Do not say a word to any of the trust ladies with secrets. In the meantime, Grace, pack up, pack up, or sell off all that is in the house, if you like, and we will start fresh in London. You shall be a millionaire's daughter yet!"

CHAPTER III. THE PEARLS ABOUT HER NECK SEEMED TO BE A STRANGE HER.

Marston. Grace had no friends in London, her old duties were gone, and her father was out of day. She could not guess how the rent, and the furniture, and a hundred other matters were going to be paid for; and the Major only laughed and pook-pooked her questions.

"You are like that girl in Dickens, what her name? poor Lucia Corriou," he said. "You cannot accustom yourself to good fortune."

The one link with the old life was Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Ryan seemed to have become the director de facto, not only of the Unbreakable China Company, but of the house in Vernon Square. Grace might protest against expenditure and shrink from going into society, which would be a cold shoulder and unpropitious looks, but Mr. Ryan's dictum was that the money must be spent and the society cultivated.

"Father, I would rather stay at home," she urged one day. "And I believe you would rather stay too, if only you would confess the truth. We don't like crushes and crowds of strangers, and no one here will care whether they see us or not."

"Do be more sensible, Grace," said the Major. "You must see a little society. It is only fair to you that we should have a few friends. Besides, will not Mr. Ducie be there? Didn't he tell you that he was going?"

"That is another reason why I would rather not go. I would sooner not meet Mr. Ducie. He has two thousand pounds a year and splendid prospects."

"That is not the way you used to value a man, father."

"And he good-looking, well-connected, and well-rested of it. What can possibly be your objection to him, Grace?"

"Then, again, he may be a most useful man to us; his name would be worth a great deal on our board, and his money would be worth still more. It is desirable—necessary—that we should cultivate his friendship."

Still Grace said nothing.

"And my valued friend Ryan went on the Major restlessly. 'I have at times thought there must be something more than friendship in his mind.'

He looked sharply at his daughter, but she did not flinch from the inspection.

"I hope not," she said. "There will never be anything more on my side."

"Never, Grace? But of course you do so now. Girls always say that until a man proposes. Mr. Ducie is a gentleman of whom all the world speaks well, who will be able to give his wife everything a woman can want. And—and we are very comfortable now, my dear, and I am not at all getting to be an old man, my dear; I can't live for ever. I should like to see my Grace married and settled before I die."

"Father," cried Grace, kneeling on the floor by his chair, and taking his hand, "don't talk in that way! You do not want to leave me, do you? and, please God, you will be spared to me for many years yet."

"And there are other reasons, Grace," went on the Major, clearing his throat, and preferring not to answer her directly. "We cannot tell how fortune will smile on us. We must take it as it comes. Grace, make hay while the sun shines. What is the use of fine looks, he added jocularly, "if we do not go among fine people, and I cannot see a rich husband for my daughter."

"I do not want a rich husband, father. We neither of us care for the fine house or the fine people. Let us leave it, and go back to Marston. We were contented in those old times at Simla House than we are now."

Major Kennedy shook off her gentle hand angrily.

"You talk like a fool, Grace! It is a poor return for all the efforts made and the ambitions cherished for your sake to hear you whining after that wretched little hole at Marston."

"I am very sorry," she said, "but I mean to be ungrateful," said Grace. "I am afraid I am not ambitious."

And then she remembered how Mr. Henderson had said that he was ambitious, and she made the more ambitious by his visit to Marston. She had admired his ambition. There must be several definitions of the word

CHAPTER IV. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER V. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER VI. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER VII. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER VIII. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER IX. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER X. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

thought of Lucas Henderson almost forgot Grace. She was miserably conscious that her father had not acted honorably towards him, however much of little he had possibly gained from his information, conscious, too, that he was the man of all the world in whose eyes she would wish to stand well. What if he imagined that she had encouraged his visits in order that her father and Ryan might get this information about their pottery from him? Her cheeks flamed at the very thought.

It chanced that she heard again of him very shortly afterwards, although Ryan, who was the bearer of the news, did not intend it for her ears. He spoke in a low tone, and Grace was playing the piano at the other end of the room.

"It was at Parliament the other day," Ryan said. "I hear young Henderson is in a bad way."

"How so?" asked the Major quickly.

"I'll answer Ryan loquaciously. "Might he not be dying if he had behaved sensibly. I made him a fair offer to throw in his luck with us, and if he chose to be sassy about it he is justly rewarded."

"You really did treat him fairly?" questioned the Major, with some anxiety. "He gave us a good deal of help. I should not like to be unfair to the lad."

"I was not much use, you always had exaggerated notions on that point. I offered him a berth with us only to keep him quiet, and to prevent his doing anything for you."

Major Kennedy preferred to believe this statement, Grace, catching the tone of the speaker, did not find it easy to credit his assertions.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the Major, after a pause.

"I didn't inquire particularly. He never looked up to much. It was pretty clear when he was at Marston that he had been playing pranks with his health in working at his experiments—half starved himself, I should say. Anyhow, he is off work at present, and it is doubtful whether he will ever take to it again."

"Ryan," the Major then said hesitatingly, "I don't like to hear this. I don't like it at all. Must give him a helping hand."

"If you do," said Mr. Ryan sharply, "you will find yourself in a very unpleasant position, let me tell you. Depend upon it, he would soon establish a claim and get up a grievance against us if we acknowledged any kind of indebtedness. My dear sir, has no more right to help from us than any of his fellow-workmen. I'll see that he comes to no real harm."

Major Kennedy made the discovery that his daughter was not playing her disliking of Henderson in her hearing, though he gave himself no reason for this fact. He would de-

CHAPTER XI. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup of tea with us to-night, if no other friends claim you."

"I have no friends at Marston," said Lucas, and he packed up his palette and brushes, and went with Major Kennedy.

Grace poured out the tea. She admired his sketches with a genuine admiration, made the more delightful to the young artist by the lowliness of the smiling face, and the brightness of the long-lashed brown eyes. And she sang to him in a sweet soft voice. The acquaintance her father made in Marston—and he was a most hospitable soul—were not as a rule, interesting or agreeable to Grace. Sometimes they were artists from the neighboring town, from whom the Major was sure that he would get the very information needed for the perfecting of the great invention he had in his mind at that particular time. Sometimes they were speculators, who discovered the Major's weak point, and flattered him to the top of his bent, in the hope that his money would be invested in their own brilliant undertakings.

The latter class was more obnoxious to Grace than the former, for she knew very well that her father was not so prudent and clear-sighted as he thought himself, and one member of it was at present haunting Simla House. She was glad of Mr. Henderson's visit to divert the Major's mind. Perhaps she was glad of it for other reasons, but she did not confess to those quite so readily. Still, an artist was different from the common run of men, and Lucas Henderson was a gentleman, in spite of his undisciplined poverty.

One afternoon Henderson and Mr. Ryan, both came to tea at Simla House, the one by invitation, the other without any. Mr. Ryan was a sharp-eyed, business-like man, with fluent and sometimes ungrammatical speech. Lucas soon noted one peculiarity in him: his quick eyes were always fixed on an averted face, and hastily glanced aside when anyone looked straight at him.

"I wonder what in the world he is doing here?" Lucas said to himself suspiciously. He distrusted the man instinctively. Then he caught Ryan's gaze on Miss Kennedy's pretty profile, and was inclined to think him some moneyed paragon, in search of a well-born bride whom his wealth might buy. The thought need not surely have concerned him, seeing that he was a stranger to the family; but, as a matter of fact, it filled him with wrath and indignation.

Grace quickly discerned the young man's aversion to his fellow-guest, and she liked him the better for it. A mutual dislike ripens a friendship more quickly, especially when it can be expressed only by rapid glances. Mr. Ryan had little respect for art.

CHAPTER XII. THE MAJOR'S REVENUES GREAT INVENTION.

Grace Kennedy was painting in one of the pretty bye-lanes of Marston, and delighted to meet with an intelligent stranger, at once invited him to Simla House.

"I am not an artist by profession," Lucas thought it only honest to explain. "I am only a designer at Parkman's Pottery Works, doing what I can with canvas and brushes during my holidays."

The Major waved his hand airily. "An artist," he said, "is an artist, in whatever condition of life he may chance to be; and you, Mr. Henderson, are, I perceive, a true follower of art. I am not wholly ignorant of art myself, indeed, I have been considered a good judge. I shall be pleased and proud—to offer you such hospitality as my little place can afford. Come and have a cup