

# WINTER'S FAILURE

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY  
Father and Son

## Here Is a Powerful Story of Failure and Sacrifice and Love and Courage and Success

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### CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

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Colonel Ellingworth had dismissed Meade from his mind because he hated him. Helen Ellingworth, however, was not talking about him to her father because she loved him. So they were never in each other's presence without thinking of the man, and that was a source of great irritation to the father. On occasion he almost found himself at the point of shouting at his daughter to talk about him, and that she carefully avoided the subject and as the avoidance was so obviously in accordance with his own wish, he refrained from doing so. The fact that they both sought so carefully to maintain the old relationship made it more impossible. For relationships which are primarily founded on duty cannot be maintained by constraint without the weakening of the great force upon which their tenure had previously depended. There is nothing like concealment to impair and weaken a tie unless it be a prohibition! Prohibitions rarely prohibit.

Still there remained a deep and abiding affection between father and daughter and they managed somehow to get along outwardly much as before. Indeed Colonel Ellingworth was more kind and considerate to his daughter, and she repaid him with more than usual care and devotion. The very fact that she seemed to have accepted the situation and that the law he had laid down gave him some compensations of conscience. On that account, perhaps, he had been more willing to accede to her request that Shurtliff into his employ. In no way was Shurtliff responsible for the failure of the bridge or for any mistake in the calculations of the bridge. Shurtliff was an invaluable man, not only for an engineer but for the president of the Martlet Bridge company.

He was familiar with the subjects that Colonel Ellingworth discussed in his report. He was intelligent and reliable to the last degree, his reputation for steadiness and discretion unquestioned, and he was remarkably efficient in his subordinate position. The colonel, having first tried him out, had been reassured rapidly after hearing his report. He was now his secretary. Shurtliff being an old bachelor without wife or kin, and not originally fond of women, found it suddenly in touch with one of the sweetest and kindest, as well as the youngest and most beautiful of a sex which he knew.

His new position naturally brought him into close touch with the colonel. The old man transacted a good deal of business in his own house. Shurtliff was frequently under other circumstances Helen Ellingworth would have treated him with that fine-grained courtesy which she extended to everyone with whom she came in contact, but she would not have especially interested herself in him. She would not have been the object of the delicate attention and given him the careful consideration which would have completely turned the head of a younger and more susceptible man.

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Colonel Ellingworth had no suspicions whatsoever that there had been any conspiracy to suppress the truth and shift the blame. From the latter had protested on that fatal day that she did not believe Meade and Shurtliff, but that was in the excitement of the moment and the excitement of her plighted truth. Helen had never discussed that with him; even the slightest suggestion of her being blamed, she was not to be touched. She was not to be touched. She was not to be touched. She was not to be touched.

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In course of time, as Miss Ellingworth never referred to Meade in the secretary's presence, all of his misdeeds disappeared. Finally he even boasted of the subject of Meade's whereabouts of his own motion. Although the girl was fairly wild to talk and ask questions which he would not answer, she seemed to enjoy the subject when it had been first broached and for many times thereafter.

Helen Ellingworth was fighting for the reputation of the man she loved and for her own happiness, and she was resolved to neglect no point in the game. She partook in a large measure of her father's capacity, but she added to his somewhat blunt and military way of doing things the infinite tact of woman, stimulated by a growing, overwhelming devotion to her absent lover. She cherished that feeling for him in any event and would have done so but for the whole situation which surrounded the subject when it had been first broached and for many times thereafter.

She lived to vindicate Meade and she went every effort toward that end. She did not overdo it, either. Finally, as he himself continued to press himself to pursue his course and to keep silent.

Yet such is the character of a temperament that she had been reared and contracted by a single passion of life and lacking the breadth which comes from intercourse with many men, and because his connections of conscience only made him the more resolved. The lonely, heart-broken old man swore that he would never tell. He would not tell. He would not tell. He would not tell.

Sometimes looking at the misery in the old man's face (for on his countenance his heart wore his secret), Helen Ellingworth experienced compunctions of conscience and her own which she told to Rodney in default of another confessor. That fine young man appreciated fully the woman's feelings and understanding her own stability and his comprehension was a great comfort to her. He encouraged her to persevere. Since it was only through Shurtliff that Meade had been established, she must not falter nor reject any fair and reasonable means to gain his whole confidence and make him understand that she was all, simply a question of whether the game was worth the candle. How best could they expose or fight a deceit and that the deceit was her own purpose and to serve a laudable end in the minds of the deceivers did not alter that fact.

"You are doing nothing in the least degree dishonorable," Miss Ellingworth, said Rodney, reassuringly. "Woman's wiles have been her weapons since the Stone Age."

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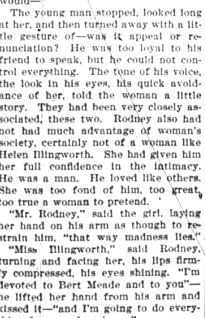
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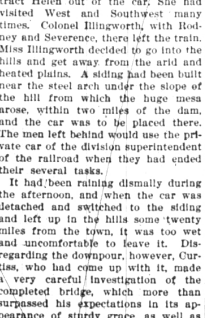
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The Old Man Got to Thinking of Her as a Daughter.



Helen Ellingworth Stood on the Steps of the Private Car.



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### SICK WHO CAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhart, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and became so nervous that I could not sleep and my head ached. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I was restored to health. I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and became so nervous that I could not sleep and my head ached. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I was restored to health. I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and became so nervous that I could not sleep and my head ached. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I was restored to health."

### ASTHMA

DR. J. B. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

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### Good Health

good appetite, good spirits—mean no discord in the body. To keep the organs in harmony—when there is a need—

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

British Scientists Discover That Bleeding from Glands is Rich in Actone.

### GET EXPLOSIVE FROM FLOWER

British Scientists Discover That Bleeding from Glands is Rich in Actone.

### Proper

Kidney-Your Viscera has canals instead of streets. What do you suppose the Salvation Army does for corners?

### Grape-Nuts

for Lunch

Puts "PEP" into the afternoon's work

### Check Struck One

There it goes aw—Judging

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