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## The Imprisoned Heiress —or— The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER VI.

"Yes," was the reply, "if you won't lecture me about making myself agreeable to Lord Ashcroft. One would think you were his dearest friend, judging from the manner in which you advocate his cause."

"I advocate your marriage with him, Xina. It is true; but we will drop the subject until evening. There comes the Lady Loreana."

He held up the drooping lace curtain as he spoke, welcoming the Lady Loreana with a pleasant smile, as if desirous of gaining her good opinion.

The day passed pleasantly to the various members of the family circle, friendly relations being established between the guests and their hosts, and the Lady Alexina appearing to excellent advantage, Lyle Indor quietly exerting all his tact to exhibit her best qualities.

The day had drawn to its close, and the moon arose, shrouding the wild scene with a strange, weird beauty. It was prominently a night to be spent in the open air, and so thought Ashcroft as he stood without the dwelling gazing with fascinating look upon the sublime picture spread before him.

"What a night to be out upon the sea," his lordship thought, "I should like a view of Egremont and its wall of cliffs from the sea."

The desire was scarcely conceived when he began the descent toward the boat-houses that were upon the beach below.

The boat-houses were locked, but the man in whose charge they were resided in a tiny ornamental cottage under the cliff, a few steps beyond, and Lord Ashcroft proceeded thither.

His knock at the door was answered by an old weather-beaten individual who had evidently once been a sailor, and who yet retained the rolling gait peculiar to sailors.

Lord Ashcroft briefly explained to this personage who he was, and that he desired to obtain a view of Egremont from the sea.

"Certainly, my lord," responded the boat-keeper, respectfully. "I will take out a sailing-boat directly."

Taking down his tarpaulin from a peg on the wall, inside the door, he followed his lordship back to the boat-houses, unlocked one of them, and drew out and launched a stout little craft, which was rigged with a couple of sails.

It was a very pretty little pleasure-boat, undecked, and supplied with softly cushioned seats.

Lord Ashcroft took his seat at the farther end of the vessel, the boat-keeper pushed it off and followed, and then steered away from the shore.

"The breeze is right, my lord," said the man, as he put up the sails; "that is if you are not afraid of sea-sickness."

"I am not," responded his lord-

ship, smiling. "I have a yacht of my own. I went to Norway in her last year. I am never sea-sick."

The sailor immediately conceived a great respect for his lordship, and became quite communicative with regard to his own affairs. He informed Lord Ashcroft that he was named Duncan Graham, that he had spent most of his life upon the sea, and that he was born, and expected to die, upon the estate of Egremont.

"There's no place in the world like it, my lord," he said, with a sigh. "Though it 'tain't so pleasant to me as in the days of the last earl—the Lady Alexina's father. We don't have so much boating now as we had then. If it wasn't for Mr. Indor, my lady's nevy, them boats 'ud never touch water, I do believe. My lord won't go on it on account of the curse of Egremont. He's afraid he'll get drowned, though I don't call drowning a violent death by any means. I've heern tell from them 'twas drowned, or nigh to it, that 'twas easy's winkin'. But there no accounting for notions."

Lord Ashcroft smiled at the words and the melancholy tone in which they were uttered.

The sailor was encouraged by this manifestation of interest, and continued:

"One of the lords of Egremont was drowned once, and his fate is a livin' warnin' to his successors. Not't I blame my lord, for when there's a curse on a family, there ain't no getting rid of it. My lady won't go 'bout him, and the Lady Alexina fairly hates the sight of the water—leastways her own maid says so. I know she never even-gets into a boat. So, if 'twasn't for Mr. Indor, there'd be no boatin' and Egremont might as well be set in a mountain away inland. He's a nice gentleman, my lord—so lively, and gay, and pleasant!"

In this manner Old Duncan chatted away, and Lord Ashcroft listened to him, knowing that in doing so he was making the sailor happy.

In the course of half an hour they had gained a sufficient distance, and Lord Ashcroft looked back upon the shore he had quitted.

The appearance of Egremont surpassed his expectations.

The cliffs rose abruptly from the sea like a mountain, with a perpendicular wall upon the water-side, and the mansion rested upon its summit like a crown.

In the moonlight the dwelling presented a fine effect, and being built of dark stone, was so blended with the rock on which it stood as to seem a part of it.

"Let us go nearer, my good man," said Lord Ashcroft. "Perhaps we shall hear some of the music, of which I think I can catch a faint

strains. The strains died softly away—so softly that Lord Ashcroft hardly distinguished the period when it melted into silence.

He waited a few minutes in vain for the song to recommence, and then drew a long breath of disappointment.

"I think your lordship 'll see her, if your lordship 'll watch the window a few minutes," said Old Duncan. "She mostly appears after singing."

At another time Lord Ashcroft would have given an incredulous smile to this remark, but he was still under the spell of the mysterious music, and turned his gaze upon the window indicated by the sailor, half expecting to behold some one.

(To be continued.)

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## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

### THE ONE-HAT WOMAN.

Men never can understand why it takes so long to buy things, what it is women do when they go shopping.

Here's one explanation: "I bought a hat time yesterday, said my neighbor, 'took me all the afternoon, but I think I got just what I want. My husband laughed at me when he found it took me so long, but I gave him an inkling why. He said he could buy six hats in that time and I said: 'Yes, so could I much more easily than I could buy one.' He

said he'd like to know what I meant by that and I told him. You know what I meant, of course. It's this being a one-hat woman that takes the time."

Why It's Hard To Choose. She was right in thinking I knew. I am sure that is something that every woman knows. Except the few who have never in their lives been one-hat women.

For their sakes, and for the sakes of the masculine reader who may have honored me by his presence in this corner, I will explain. A one-hat woman is a woman whose selection of a hat is greatly complicated by the fact that it is the only hat she expects to buy that season,

wherefore she has to choose one that will do for several assorted varieties of occasions.

What That Hat Must Be. The hat must be suitable to wear down town shopping.

It must be dressy enough to wear the day she is toastmistress at the club luncheon.

It must be the hat that will go with her new bengaline dress and yet look all right with her last year's suit.

It must not be too delicate lest it will not wear the season out. It must have style. It must be becoming.

It mustn't cost more than \$5, or \$10, or \$15, or whatever her limit of the money she can afford to spend for that item.

If she could buy half a dozen hats to go with the different dresses in her wardrobe and to wear on different occasions, she would doubtless find it a simple job compared to selecting that one hat that must be all things for all occasions.

True, a man buys one hat with ease but that isn't because he's any smarter. It's because one hat is suitable on a variety of occasions for which the well dressed woman really needs three or four hats.

Not For Next April. Another friend of mine expressed the one-hat woman's frequent state of mind very vividly when she said: "I was planning to buy my winter coat without fur on it and perhaps have a separate fur so that I could wear the coat in the summer, too. But I know that looks dowdy and I just made up my mind I'd have fur. I'm so tired of planning ahead. I'm going to buy this coat to look well now and not try to buy it to wear on a rainy day next April or to the fireworks next Fourth of July."

Which is a state of mind most every woman reaches some day. When she does, the keeper of the family pocket-book will do well to get ready for a lump.

### Household Notes

Tomato sauce is nice served with string beans. Serve cranberry frappe with the game course. Serve prune soufflé with a thin vanilla custard.

Chopped cooked prunes are delicious in nut bread. Serve lima beans in highly seasoned tomato sauce.

When garnishing a roast fowl, keep the carver in mind. Strips of pimento make a nice garnish for asparagus salad.

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