



Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXXI.
FOR HER SAKE.

He stands, his white face working with the struggle that is tearing his heart between love and jealousy; his eyes watching the sweet figure, graceful and weird in its utter abandon, listening to the sobs that shake her, as a sapling is shaken by the wind; he stands motionless for a moment, then he goes up to her and sinks on one knee beside her.

"Kitty!" he says, in a voice so altered and hoarse that his fond, doting mother—the stiff old Calvinist who sits at her window worrying about him—would not know it—"Kitty!" he says, laying the cold, trembling hand on her shoulder, "forgive me! forgive me!" he repeats, clearing his throat, but without success, for his voice is thick, wild, hoarse, though calm—too calm—now. "I have been cruel and brutal—I did not know what I said! God help me! I have been mad these last few minutes, I think! Kitty, I ask you to forgive me!"

Her sobs, less passionate, but deeper than ever, answer him.

"Kitty, I recall all I have said—let him be all you—you think him, if you like; I will never say one hard word of him, or against him, again while I live! Do you know why I say this, Kitty? It is because I see—I know—that you love him!"

She stifles her sobs, and makes an effort to raise her head, but by a gentle, almost impalpable pressure, he motions her to remain as she is, as if he could not bear to see her face, or as if he would spare her the sight of his.

"I know now that it is so," he says; "and, Kitty, I—I—pity you! Yes," he continues, stopping her as she tries to speak; "but I love you, too—and too well to care—to think of myself when your happiness is at stake. Kitty, I did not think that when I made you promise me what you promised—that, with a sudden break in his voice—"that you were pledging yourself to do what was out of your power. We cannot give our love where we will—God help us! and you have given yours to him! I might have known that it could never be mine, or—surely such love as that I have for you would have won it, would have forced it from you long ago! Well, I must bear the disappointment. Such love as mine should not think of self—shall not think of it! See, Kitty, you shall never hear a word more of it while I live. I swear that. I bury it here—all the hope and desire of my life! Don't—don't!" he says hoarsely, for her sobs have broken out again. "I can bear my own unhappiness, but I cannot endure the sight of yours. I cannot make it less, I cannot help you. Heavens! I cannot stand by and see you suffer; you, who were all life, and spirits, and happiness! No! I will go away—out of your sight. I have caused you all this misery, you say; well, you must try—you will try," imploringly, "to forget me; if you cannot forgive me, at least you will know—you will come to think—that I have not done you harm wittingly! I would do anything, Kitty, I love you so; but it seems that

the only thing I can do is to get out of your sight, and—I will do that. As for—him—well," as she shrinks and shudders, "I will not speak of him. If he loves you—one-half, one-tenth as I love you he will come back." She moves her head and moans. "If not, then he is not worth your love, and I pray God that you may live to forget him." He rises as he speaks, with a mechanical, spiritless gesture, and draws his hand away with a slow, clinging reluctance. "Good-by, Kitty," he says hoarsely—"good-by!"

She does not move, and he bends down and touches her dress—only her dress—with his trembling lips. Then he turns slowly away with his head bowed upon his breast, and the rain, beating with a spiteful mockery upon his back.

And so the second of the sons of men, whom Kitty has made miserable that day, goes down the valley and out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXII.
A DEVOTED ANGLER.

A week since the thunderstorm in which Kitty's dream of happiness was stricken into nothingness by the lightning of fate. Scene: The coffee room of the Beverley Hotel. Dramatis personae: Mr. Sawyer, the landlord of that hostelry, fat, warm, and anxious; and a certain gentleman, Mr. Sydney Calthrop by name, thin, cool, and self-possessed. Let the weather be what it may, at freezing or fever point, Mr. Sydney Calthrop is never discomfited. Now, in the middle of summer, when all the world is flocking to Switzerland or the sea, the quiet, dried-up town of Beverley, basking in the sun, denuded apparently of vitality, is scarcely the most enticing spot for a man of fashion, but Mr. Calthrop is as placid and self-contented as ever, and regards the respectful and anxious Mr. Sawyer—who has been kept awake a greater part of the night by the heat and the fact that one of the gentry from the Hall is under his roof—with as cheerful and impassable a countenance as if the best things in life, under the circumstances, were to sleep and breakfast at the Beverley Hotel.

"I hope you slept well and comfortably, sir?" Mr. Sawyer is inquiring. "Room not too hot, I hope, sir, the window was left open till the last thing before you went in?"

"Quite comfortable, thanks," said Mr. Calthrop. "And what have you got for breakfast?"

"A little fish, sir, deviled kidney—which you ordered, sir—a poached egg—"

"Add a bottle of claret—the best in the cellar—and I am satisfied," says Mr. Calthrop pleasantly.

Mr. Sawyer goes about his errand, disturbing the repose of his waiters on the way, and returns with the claret. "Chateau Lafitte, sir—eighteen-seventy-four vintage."

"That will do admirably," says Mr. Calthrop. "And the papers—not as yet, I suppose?"

"Here in half an hour, sir," replies Mr. Sawyer, glancing at the clock, and wiping an imaginary speck of dust from the sideboard.

Mr. Calthrop nods contentedly and goes on with his breakfast, with the air of a man whose sole object for that day is to kill time in the pleasantest and most agreeable manner possible. If Mr. Sawyer had been asked what had brought the gentleman down to Beverley, he would have unhesitatingly suggested fishing; for Mr. Calthrop had strolled into the hotel on the preceding evening, followed by the flyman who had driven him from the station, carrying a small hand bag and a neatly cased fly rod; he had also asked one or two questions as to the state of the Lombe and the landlord's opinion upon the spots suited to the wily purposes of the angler. Mr. Sawyer had, indeed, gone so far as to send word to one of the keepers that a gentleman, one of the recent visitors at the Hall, had come down for a day's sport; and certainly nothing in Mr. Cal-

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throp's appearance—in his easy, placid face and light-tweed suit, in the insolent manner of a man who has an idle day before him—tended to impress an observer with the idea that the most important day of Mr. Calthrop's life had arrived, and that he knew it. Nevertheless, he ate his breakfast with leisurely enjoyment, and then, and not till then, opened the Times, which Mr. Sawyer had been sitting at the window, and laid out on the chair beside his guest.

Mr. Calthrop took up the paper, and, with a yawn which barely concealed the expectant gleam of his small eyes, turned to the political news.

"Yes, there it was, or rather there they were, for there were two paragraphs for which Mr. Calthrop had been anxiously waiting.

The one ran thus:

"It is stated that Lord Elliot Sterne has definitely decided to form a ministry, and that Mr. D'Aubeny has been sent for by her majesty the queen. Lord Elliot Sterne started for the Oberland early in the week."

Then, a little lower down, came the following fashionable and political intelligence:

"We understand that the Earl of Rosedale and Lady Ethel Rosedale are contemplating the regular Swiss round; they left town on Monday last. It is rumored that an alliance between the two houses of Sterne and Rosedale is in contemplation."

Mr. Sydney Calthrop read these interesting scraps of fashionable gossip with as much enjoyment as had been afforded by his breakfast, then he slipped his claret, rustled his paper, and addressed Mr. Sawyer, who, under pretense of arranging the battered cruet stand on the sideboard—why are the cruet stands in all hotels and inns, respectable or otherwise, always battered?—still remained in attendance, with this careless question:

"Always get the Times as early as this?"

"Yes, sir, generally about this time."

"Ah, I suppose the news agent sends copies round to the houses—I remember two or three copies used to reach the Hall when I was staying there."

"Yes, sir; the news agent sends them over. There ain't many to deliver. There's the Hall, of course, and Mr. Trevelyan's at the Lawn; he has to be very particular with the Lawn Times, and to see that it's a nice clean copy and folded even—the Honorable Mr. Trevelyan is very particular—at least, Mr. Tapley is."

"Ah!" said Mr. Calthrop, with a smile of satisfaction, for he had obtained the information he wanted without asking a direct question.

"The Lawn is deserted, I suppose?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Mr. Sawyer; "both Mr. Trevelyan and Miss Catherine are at home. I did hear as Miss Trevelyan hadn't been very well."

Mr. Calthrop flushed slightly, and lifted his claret glass with a quiet movement.

"Indeed!" he said; "I am sorry to hear that. I will call and inquire. I am to take a holiday, and try the fishing in the Lombe."

Then Mr. Sawyer bustled with the rod, and the waiters bustled with the fishing basket, and nearly choked Mr. Calthrop in the obsequious efforts to stick at his side, and the boots pro-

duced a white umbrella, and Mr. Sawyer suggested with anxiety, born of the heat, that the gentleman should be driven down in the pony trap to the river; but the gentleman declined the suggestion, and very quietly got rid of the waiters, and deposited the white umbrella in the huge stand at the door, and sauntered out.

At six o'clock he returned, rather—only rather—hot, with no fish, and his rod case looking suspiciously neat. He was not quite so cheerful as at breakfast time, but serene, quite placid and serene, and although he did not seem to be very hungry, he drank another bottle of Lafitte, and with a cigar in his mouth watched Beverley, as it may be seen from the coffee-room window.

"I think, sir, if you're not too tired," said Mr. Sawyer, who seemed as disappointed at the angler's ill success as that gentleman himself, "I think you'd be more likely to take a trout or two now, in the sunset, than you have been all day."

"Yes," said Mr. Calthrop, musingly; "she might come in the cool—I mean the fish are more likely to rise in the cool of the evening. Thanks, a very good suggestion of yours, Mr. Sawyer; if you will give me my rod and—"

"Shall my boy James go with you, sir; he knows the best places—"

"By no means," replied Mr. Calthrop, with an alacrity quite surprising; "he seems very happy with his cricket on the green yonder. No, thank you!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.
IN THE POSE OF DEFENDER.

HALF an hour afterward he was beside the Lombe—now looking as innocent as a mountain streamlet, and really quite incapable of ever drowning a man—whipping in the eddies and swirls round the rocks with great perseverance; but for so devoted an angler, Mr. Sydney Calthrop seemed to pay extraordinary attention to the meadows on each side of him, and especially to the road that leads to the Abbey. Indeed, once or twice he allowed a palpable "rise" to pass his fly unnoticed, and did not appear at all annoyed by the results of his inattention; but rather, as the evening grew on, his gaze swept the road and the fields with more anxiety in it than when his eyes rested for a moment on the water, and at last he flung his rod, with an oath, into the stream, and, pale and angry, raised his hat from his brow to wipe away the perspiration which had gathered there. In the act of doing so, however, his quick eye caught sight of a speck of dust rising in the distance, and with an expression of hope he dashed for his rod, and once more fell to whipping the stream as if his only chance of supper lay there.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

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2624—In organdie, net, dotted Swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or the free edges of bolero and sleeves, and the tucks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1/4 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

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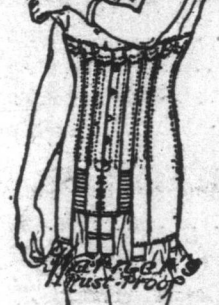
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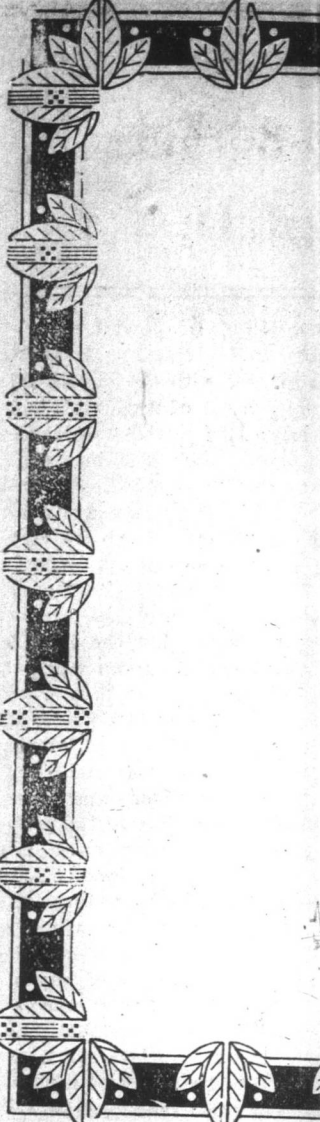
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I stayed recently for a few weeks at a small Inn at which the place a chambermaid who had gone a munitions was filled by several married women who each came in certain days every week.

My Room Would Have Been My Calendar.

And I lost track of the days. I am sure I could have soon put myself right with the calendar by going into my bedroom after it had been "reded up."

For the woman who came in Mondays and Fridays had as different touch from the other woman Paderewski has from the man who plays the piano at the movies.

When she made up that room I bed had a fine air about it, the chairs were set at graceful angles, the who room had an indefinable aspect, perfect order and self-respect which under the ministrations of the other woman it somehow lacked.

I discovered by inquiry that the woman had once spent two years as one of the bigger hotels in the country as chambermaid and had remained true to the ideals she had learned there.

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