

said some very bitter things about her cousin Nolly.

"I couldn't do it," said Nolly to his friend in the billiard-room that night. "I really couldn't bring myself up to the point of proposing to her. I felt that it would have been mean on my part to do so. It would have been like taking advantage of her isolated position to force my attentions upon her. We were left quite alone, you must remember, Jack."

"And how else would you propose to a girl?" cried Jack. "Would your delicate appreciation of what is chivalrous compel you to avoid telling her that you love her unless you were in a room full of people? The fact is, you're a duffer, Nolly, and you don't deserve so charming and patient a girl."

"I'll do it to-morrow come what may," said Collingham, after a pause.

"Not you—not you," said Major Anstey.

And he was right. Nolly did not propose to the girl the next day for the simple reason that she did not give him the chance. She seemed to have made up her mind to give another of her admirers an innings—a good-looking young chap, who was heir to a peerage, as well as being the best pool player at Cranstoun Towers. His name was Lord Edward Manington, and it was understood that he was a parti. Captain Collingham found him with Nelly in the billiard room after breakfast—actually before lunch—and he was teaching her some pretty and tricky strokes.

After lunch there was some talk about the business of the afternoon, and in reply to a question of Lady Cranstoun's, Nelly said that Lord Edward had kindly promised to ride with her. And so far as Nolly could see Lord Edward kept his promise.

It appeared after dinner, when dancing was begun in the big hall, that Nelly had promised Lord Edward no fewer than four waltzes, so that she found it impossible to give Captain Collingham more than a single dance, and it so happened that this particular one was never danced, for a new arrival at Cranstoun Towers was a young man with a reputation for imitating all the well-known singers, and on being begged—he did not require a great deal of persuasion—to give an exhibition of his powers, he went through the greater part of his repertoire, keeping everyone—except, perhaps, Oliver Collingham—amused until bedtime.

"She's the most sensible young woman I have met for years," said Major Anstey to his friend, when they were smoking together in the billiard-room. "I see clearly that she has made up her mind not to bother herself with you any longer; she has given you every chance, and now she feels no self-reproach in coming to the conclusion to give Eddy Manington his chance. She's quite right; Eddy is the sort of chap who is likely to appreciate her kindness."

"I must keep friends with Eddy," continued Jack Anstey. "Yes, and even better friends with Miss Barwell, and then may be they'll ask me down to Manington Court for the pheasants. I suppose you'll clear off to-morrow or next day," he added, pleasantly, turning to Nolly.

"Why should I clear off?" asked Nolly, savagely.

"Oh, well, you know, there's nothing for you to stay for," replied his friend.

"Isn't there?" cried Nolly. "That's my lock-out, I suppose. If you or anyone else thinks that I'm the sort of chap that runs away, you're a bit mistaken."

"Oh, well, of course, if you're anxious to wait to see the end of the business, you may."

"So kind of you to allow me. I'm off to bed."

The next morning Oliver Colling-

ham lay awake from an early hour devising how he could best regain the position which he had previously occupied in Miss Barwell's favor, and he made up his mind that he must be a man in future.

Lady Cranstoun had arranged to drive some of her party to a place of interest about six miles away. Ackerby Grange was its name. It was a fine old ruin, with a moat standing in the middle of a park of chestnuts, much resorted to by people who were fond of picnics. About a mile beyond the Grange the old tower of Ackerby stood, one of the most ancient structures in the country, which had been preserved from the influences of time and the excursionists by the nobleman on whose estate it stood.

"Why shouldn't we ride across instead of going on the coach?" Oliver ventured to enquire of Miss Barwell after lunch.

"If you had only asked me in the morning, I should have agreed," said she. "But I have promised to ride with Lord Edward."

"Oh," said he, "in that case—"

"Why shouldn't the three of us ride across?" she said, but in no very enthusiastic tone.

"I think I'll go on the coach after all," said he.

And he did go on the coach, watching Nelly—how exquisite she looked on horseback!—cantering across the turf by the side of Lord Edward.

"You have disappointed me, Nolly—greatly disappointed me, I must say," remarked Lady Cranstoun who sat beside her cousin on the coach. "You had every chance."

"I admit it," said Nolly. "But what can a chap like me do?"

"Oh, I can't understand that absurd shyness," said she. "You weren't particularly shy among the Afghans."

"Oh, Afghans! I wasn't asking an Afghan to marry me," said he.

She smiled plaintively. She saw there was no good talking to him, and so she refrained.

He did not even get near Nelly when they were going over the Grange, and when they came up from the moat, Nelly and Lord Edward were seen trotting off together.

He felt certain at that moment that he had lost her. Lord Edward would make the most of his opportunity, and all that would be left for the man who had neglected his more abundant opportunities would be to congratulate his successful rival.

He felt that it would be impossible for him to join the tea party at the Home Farm, so he waited at the Grange until they had filed off, and then he strolled moodily off in the direction of Ackerby Tower, through the woods.

He was surprised to find the two horses with their bridles fastened to the branch of a tree outside the iron gate leading to the enclosure in the centre of which the tower stood. He perceived that Lord Edward and his companion were visiting the place—he could hear the sound of their voices—they were laughing together quite loudly. He turned away quickly. He had no idea of making himself the proverbial third person. But before he had taken a dozen steps away he heard himself hailed by Lord Edward, and turning, he saw that young man running across the grass from the tower to the gate.

"I say, Collingham," he shouted, "here's a pretty piece of business!"

"What do you mean?" said Oliver.

"Where's Miss Barwell?"

"You may well ask. What a piece of idiocy! She had gone into one of the rooms, and I thought it would be a lark to release the little hook that holds back the oak door. I did so and the beastly thing slammed to, the bolt shot and there's no key, so the door can't be opened. I'm off to the lodge to see if they've a key there—if not,

a pick-axe. Was there ever such a ridiculous thing?"

"Did you not try to pick the lock?" "You might as well talk of picking the lock on the strong room of the Bank of England. I say, do stay with Miss Barwell till I return to keep her company—outside the door—won't you, like a good chap?"

"I'll do my best."

He walked up to the tower, while the other galloped off.

"Have you got a key already, Lord Edward?" came the voice of Nellie from the room where she was imprisoned.

"It's not Lord Edward; it's only me," said Nolly.

"Oh, I'm so glad that some one has come," said she.

"Look here," he said.

"How can I look there?" she cried. "There's three inches of old oak between us."

"I only want to talk to you, Miss Barwell," he said. "I can't see your face, so that I can say to you all that I have wanted to say many a time, but couldn't, because you would always look at me, and one glance of your eyes was enough to make me dumb. Are you listening?"

"O, course I'm listening. But I'm not even looking at the door, for fear I should make you dumb at the other side."

"Well, what I want to tell you is that I've never cared a scrap about any girl but you. I love you, my darling. I love you, I love you, I love you, and I want to ask you if you can love me a little—I don't care how little."

"Nolly," she cried, "you said it three times; I'll say it four. Oh, Nolly, I do love you, love you, love you, love you. I never loved anybody else. I never will love anybody else."

"Oh, my darling, my darling Nelly! Let me kiss you, my own dear Nelly!" She laughed.

"Count the iron studs—the third from the middle hinge. I'll kiss my end of it if you kiss yours," she said.

"All right," he cried. "When I say three—one, two—stand clear of the door!" he shouted. "I'd like to see the door that would stand between us now. Stand clear!"

He took a few steps back, and charged the door as he had charged the Afghans. The oak groaned before the impact of his foot. Again he crashed at it, and the masonry trembled; once again, and the hasp of the lock burst from its socket, the door went back to the very wall, and in a cloud of mortar-dust he had his arms about her.

"The iron stud of the door! How could you ever have such an idea?" he said.

"Well, for a constitutionally shy man, I must say that you managed to open that door with some degree of boldness," said she. "How strange that Lord Edward didn't think of that plan of yours."

"You had not invited him to kiss the off-side of an iron stud," said he.

Lord Edward arrived with a key in a short time. He was amazed to find them side by side.

"I always carry a latch key in view of such cases as this," said Nolly.

Lord Edward laughed, and asked Nelly if she had forgiven him for locking her in.

And Here is Chenille Again.

Chenille, which has had a struggling and unpopular existence these past few years, for even the chenille curtain has been tabooed for a long time, has once again sprung into marked favor. Chenille dots are in evidence on all manner of fabrics for spring, and are specially smart on lace. Chenille fringe will be more than popular. Modish hats are those with a show of chenille-edged chiffon, with long chenille fringe falling to the hem of one's gown, is the latest, the very latest touch a la mode.

THE STARVATION PLAN

OF TREATING DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLES IS USELESS AND UNSCIENTIFIC.

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but even now a course of dieting is generally the first thing recommended for a case of indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion as well as some physicians, consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to restrict the diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others or to cut down the amount of food eaten to barely enough to keep soul and body together, in other words the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific, to recommend dieting to a man already suffering from starvation because indigestion itself starves every organ, nerve and fibre in the body.

What people with poor digestion must need is abundant nutrition, plenty of good, wholesome, properly cooked food, and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and the true reason why they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

Eat a sufficient amount of wholesome food and after each meal take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to promptly digest it.

In this way the system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not, one grain of the active digestive principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other albuminous food.

Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell recommend these tablets in all cases of defective digestion, because the pepsin and diastase in them are absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities and being pleasant to the taste are as safe and harmless for the child as for the adult.

All drug stores sell this excellent preparation and the daily use of them after meals will be of great benefit, not only as an immediate relief, but to permanently build up and invigorate the digestive organs.

Medals for Washerwomen.

To the institution of orders, medals and diplomas in France there is no limit. The latest is a diploma for washerwomen. The washerwomen, to be sure, occupy a conspicuous position on the Seine, and have played an important part in the life of Paris, especially in revolutionary periods. They are nearly as formidable as the market women. The Government has established this new order, and awarded 12 medals. The important duty of distributing the diplomas to the prize washerwomen is discharged by the Ministry of Commerce.

A Famous Diadem.

The son of the King of Abyssinia married a few years ago the daughter of the Ethiopian King of Shoa, who wore at her wedding, a curious crown, made centuries before Christ, and said to be the famous diadem that King Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba, when she visited him at Jerusalem. It is of gold, glittering with precious stones, and has been preserved through all the centuries by the kings of Shoa.