



Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under Royal Warrant of Appointment to
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XX.

I dare not trust myself to speak, but I shake my head, and put his hand away resolutely. I watch him as he stands looking irresolutely into the fire, and absolutely hunger to creep into his arms and be at peace. But no; he does not want me there; he only wishes to shake hands and be friends with me. I will be all or nothing!

"Well," he says, presently, "I am very grieved you are so angry with me. I think you will be sorry for it some day." Then the door closes, and he is gone.

For a moment I am strongly tempted to follow him, but the impulse passes, and I sit still—still as people do sit when a great trouble has come upon them, when they still wish to keep up appearances before the world. If I were to follow my own inclinations, I should lock the door and let my grief have its way; but I can hear Lane's footfall in the corridor. She is coming to dress me.

"I do not want you, Lane," I say. "I am not going down to dinner; my head is still aching."

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea, my lady?"

"No, thank you."

"Or shall I brush your hair, and put some cool wash on it? Perhaps that would relieve it."

"You are a good girl, Lane," I say, gratefully; "but, if you will leave me alone, that is all you can do for me."

Good, kind girl—if a hairbrush and cooling wash would relieve this bitter heart-pain, how gladly I would submit myself to her gentle ministrations! So I am left alone, with my sad thoughts for company. I can hear Adrian moving about his dressing room, and presently I catch the rustle of Theo's dress as she passes the door on the way downstairs; then he, too, descends, and I am at last free. Then the tears find their way from beneath my closed eyelids, and I cry quietly, with the despair of hopelessness.

I hear the ringing of the dinner bell, and the opening and shutting of several doors below; then Adrian runs upstairs, two steps at a time, and enters the room.

"Are you coming down to dinner, Audrey?" he asks.

"No," I say, quietly, shading my wet eyes with my hand.

"But you will be ill."

"That does not matter," I answer.

"Well, I will send you some dinner up. Will you try to eat it?"

"I think not, thank you," I say, politely.

He sighs impatiently.

"Ah, don't be stupid, baby!" he says imploringly.

The familiar term brings the tears gushing to my eyes anew. I hardly think he knows that I am weeping; he bends down and brushes his mustache against my cheek with just the carelessness with which he would kiss Loys' boy.

"I will send you some dinner presently," he says, in a more satisfied tone, and then he goes away.

Before long Lane brings me some soup, which I leave untouched, in spite of her entreaties to the contrary. Then Adrian comes himself with some chicken, and tells her to take the soup away.

When we are alone, he sits down on the arm of my chair, and begins cutting up the chicken.

"Come, eat this," he says, imperatively.

"I don't want it," I reply.

"Never mind that; do as I tell you."

By dint of numerous arguments, persuasions, even of threats, he induces me to eat the greater part of what the plate contains, when suddenly the door opens, and Theo's rustling entrance interrupts us.

"Really, Audrey," she exclaims, "it is very selfish of you to keep Adrian up here! The soup was spoiled, and he has had no dinner!"

"Take her away!" I whisper to him. "Take her away, or I shall scream!"

He rises quickly enough, and takes her out of the room; but he does not come back to me. Ah, well, he has had no dinner—at least, Theo said so! I wonder what man in the world is not influenced more or less—generally more—by his dinner; when two women, to neither of whom a man has a special leaning, are beckoning to him, be sure he will go to the one who offers him a dinner.

In this case the one to whom Adrian has a leaning and the dinner are both in the same direction; it would, indeed, be marvelous if the two combined did not gain the victory.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHANCE ADVICE.

I do not come down to breakfast the next day, nor does Theo come near me during the whole morning, when I lie watching the sunbeams streaming through the window and dancing on the wall, with a longing at my heart that I could stay thus

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forever. I rise in time for luncheon, and eat it in state with Theo. Adrian is not at home; probably there is a field day. We do not exchange a dozen sentences, and at its close Theo orders the open carriage, with an audacity which I have no doubt

I should laugh at if I saw it on the boards of a theatre. I do not laugh now; I am listlessly indifferent, and am inclined to see how far the present state of things may be carried. I have told Adrian what I mean to do if Theo goes to Ireland; and, until that time arrives, I will not interfere. So, after a while, she appears, dressed for walking, and drives away exactly as if she, and not I, were the mistress of the house.

Before long a visitor is announced; it is Mr. Wynne.

"I saw Lady Lasselles going out," he says, "and I thought I should probably find you alone."

"I am very glad to see you," I say as cheerfully as I can.

"Thank you," he returns, gravely; "you are looking terribly ill, Lady Charteris."

"I can return the compliment," I say, with a miserable attempt at levity.

"I have a cause for looking so, which, I am sure, you have not," he declares, with a quiet tone of conviction, which pains me infinitely. "I am very, very miserable, Lady Charteris."

"I can return the compliment," I say, with a miserable attempt at levity.

"I have a cause for looking so, which, I am sure, you have not," he declares, with a quiet tone of conviction, which pains me infinitely. "I am very, very miserable, Lady Charteris."

"I don't care for me!" I say, wearily. I begin to think the whole world is out of joint. "I thought you would have been so happy together; there is no reason why you should not."

"Except that she does not care for me," he says, hopelessly. "I think, after all, Lady Charteris, that my stepmother must have been right. I must be utterly hateful for nobody seems to care for me!"

"Oh, you must not say that!" I interrupt, hastily. "We all like you—all of us."

"I know you do," he says, sadly; "but you are a woman in a thousand. There are very few like you in the world; it would be better if there were more."

"I am glad you have such a good opinion of me," I say, struggling hard to keep back the tears which are so ready to flow, "and I wish I could make you happier. Do you think you are very wise with Stewart? I mean, are you not too humble—not sufficiently imperious? Many girls, particularly those who are clever, don't care to be wooed; they like to be taken by storm—to feel a stronger mind than their own; do you understand?"

"Yes," he answers, sadly; "but I cannot do that. I would put my neck under her foot, if she wished."

"And she knows it," I say, quickly; "she knows that you are ready to worship the ground she walks on; that at any time she calls, you will come; and so she cannot resist teasing you; yet—"

"You are making me hope again,

Lady Charteris," he says, with his blue eyes all ablaze; "and yet I hardly dare hope. I have had so little love in my life—none, except Ned's."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," I quote; "believe me, that is the very truest thing that ever was said. Now don't go near Mrs. Brancepeiths house for a week. When you meet Stewart in the street, go in to a shop, if you can; but, in any case, don't stop to speak. Get up a flirtation with some one else, and let her see that she is not so sure of you as she thinks."

"Well," he says, eagerly.

"Well," I say, with a smile, "and most probably when you meet her she will not be quite so impracticable."

"Well, I'll try," he says, dubiously; "but I don't think I can possibly flirt with any other lady. I shouldn't know how."

"Oh, it is easy enough!" I answer. "Just as you began with Stewart; don't you see?"

"No," he says, with a grave shake of his head; "because I was so awfully in love with Stewart."

"You are a great goose!" I say, with more candour than politeness. "I am afraid that is what she thinks," is his reply.

When he is gone, I sit down to my desk, and write a note to Stewart, asking her to come out and spend the afternoon and evening with me; and, as soon as it is finished, I send a groom in with the stanhope phaeton

to fetch her. I am really sorry for this great, big, handsome, stupid man, who is so truly and honestly in love, and whose wooing is speeding so badly. And I am vexed with Stewart for being so unkind of this loving heart, and so unfeeling of his position and his rent roll. She is, like all the rest of the world, dissatisfied with the places into which her lines have fallen; pleasant though they be. Of this man of old family, of great wealth and superb beauty, she is utterly unkind. She wants what she cannot have—that is, Col. Cardyn-Hou. She might just as well cry for the moon, for Col. Cardyn's heart and soul are wrapped up in Theo; and he is not a man to change, or not being successful in his suit, to give any other woman a single thought.

(To be Continued.)

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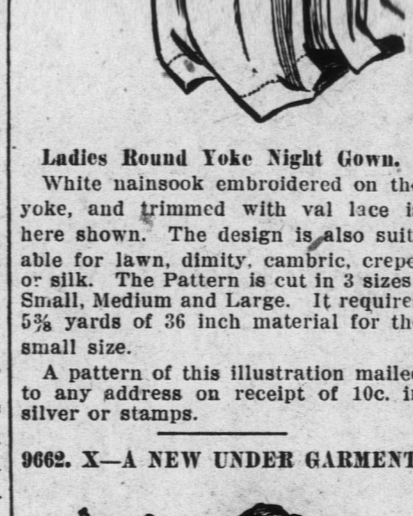
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An Inexp

"I've had a restful said one to another they walk together fall. The so man of eyes in ment. how can that?" claimed think of

I should call that a very instead of a restful one." "It has been a fairly busy week for the first woman. I should call that a very instead of a restful one." "It has been a fairly busy week for the first woman. I should call that a very instead of a restful one." "It has been a fairly busy week for the first woman. I should call that a very instead of a restful one."

The Great Pearl Rob

How the Box Was Repacked. Seals—Quest for Necklace.

No trace has yet been found of the wonderful pearl necklace, which was stolen for the purpose of £150,000 by Mr. Mayer of Hants E.C., which was abstracted in a registered postal package and London on Tuesday day.

The English and French police are engaged trying to solve the mystery, and one new fact has been discovered. The necklace was packed in a box and the box bore a number of seals with the initials "M.M." impressed upon them. The original seals had been with nine seals also bearing the initials "M.M."

As stated in a portion of our issue of yesterday a reward of £5,000 was offered by Messrs. Price and Co., Swinton-lane, E.C., of the Lloyd's underwriters' company leading to the recovery of the necklace. Full details of the necklace, with the weight

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