



### Hungry time!

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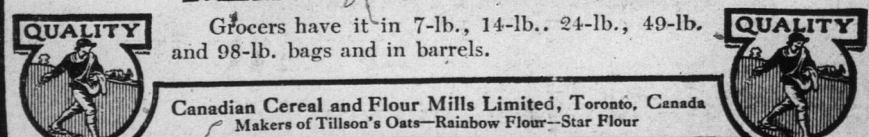
Eating isn't the loftiest occupation in life, but you, as a good housekeeper, know how a tempting table enhances the love of one's home.

To get back to the bread—its goodness depends mainly upon good flour—and the finest flour is just another name for Rainbow Flour.

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## One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER V.  
TELLING FORTUNES.

"Ah, but I am so dreadfully superstitious!" says Edith Lasselles, leaning back in her chair and balancing her teacup on the edge of her cup. "It runs in the family. If anything unusual is going to happen, there is always some sign of it at home."

"And what sign had you of the wedding?" I ask, without the slightest belief, for the Luttrells are a stout-hearted race.

"Oh, Lady Evelyn came three times!" answers Rose, quickly.

"And who is Lady Evelyn?"

"Lady Evelyn was the daughter of Roy, tenth Earl de Guise," says Rose; "and at the Court of Coeur de Lion she met Godfrey Lasselles—a young squire, who, young as he was, had been in the East, in close attend-

ance upon the king's person. It seems that Earl de Guise was wishing that Lady Evelyn should marry a certain duke who was deeply in love with her, but, as he was old enough to be her father, she refused, flinging her affections upon our ancestor, Godfrey Lasselles, instead. For a time the ancient lover and the stern father did not make any discoveries, and the young pair went on in their flowery way in blissful disregard of the fact, that well-known and out-proven theory, that the course of true love never did run smooth. Perhaps, as Shakespeare wasn't written in these days, the idea had never occurred to them; but one fine morning, the sword which had been suspended by a single hair over their heads, fell. Earl de Guise swore a mighty oath that his disobedient daughter should submit to his will, and the would-be bridegroom vowed to be satisfied with nothing less than the title of his rival. To the intense surprise of everyone, Lady Evelyn completely turned young Godfrey over, and professed herself more than willing to marry the old duke as soon as possible. It was now Godfrey's turn to bluster and rave; but, as he soon found, it was useless for a young squire to try to set aside the decrees of two powerful noblemen, so he left the court in

high wrath, and the preparations for the wedding went gayly on. It seems that the Lady Evelyn was a prodigious favorite with the king, and he favored the old duke as a fitting husband for her, announcing that Evelyn should be the handsomest peeress in the land. Well, as I said, the preparations for the wedding went gayly on, and everything, now that Godfrey had betaken himself to the halls of his ancestors, looked bright and smiling. The old duke showered jewels and presents of every description upon his sweetheart, and the ventful morn arrived; so did the wedding guests, and so did the bridegroom. The bride was late. It is a fault common among brides of the present day, though at that time an hour's delay was not of the same importance that it is now. Still, nevertheless not more patient; and, at last, some one was sent in search of the fair bride. But the Lady Evelyn was not forthcoming; and, after several days' search, she was discovered 'down at Park Royal, as calm and as happy as if she had been born there. It happened that the king was down in the neighborhood for hunting; and, hearing that the runaway bird had been traced to Park Royal, he expressed his intention of going himself to give her a severe scolding. But, when his majesty was ushered into the great hall, Lady Evelyn looked so charming, so fresh and so happy that the royal censure consisted of asking why she had caused the king to swear a false oath. 'Did we not say you should be the handsomest peeress in the land?' demanded the mighty monarch, with a great assumption of anger. Pretty Evelyn fell upon her knees. 'If your majesty is so minded,' said she, coquettishly, 'you can easily fulfill your royal oath.' And that was how the Lasselles family obtained their title," says Rose. "And always before a wedding Lady Evelyn is seen somewhere in the house or grounds."

"I laugh, and Edith asks if we have no ghosts."

"Oh, yea," I answer; "any amount; but they all stay with the head of the family, at rest."

"I thought," says Loys, thoughtfully, "that when ghosts came it was always in warning of a death or of some great misfortune?"

"Oh, of course, we have a death sign, too, at Park Royal," says Rose; "but that is quite a different person who comes, and her story is too long and too sad to tell on anyone's wedding. The Lasselles family are all superstitious."

"Get Rose to tell your fortune," says Edith; "she'll tell you anything."

"Nonsense," I say, with a laugh. "Don't you believe in it?" asks Rose, wonderingly.

"Not a bit." I hold out my hand, and ask what she sees there; but, to my surprise, she puts it aside, with intense scorn.

"Oh, I don't believe in that rubbish! A cut or a bruise will totally alter it. I tell fortunes by the cards."

The other girls look a little awestruck, but I laugh again, and Rose tells me to get a pack of cards, and she will what she calls "cut them" for me.

"Ring the bell, Loys, will you?" I say. "I can't go downstairs in my dressing gown; I might see somebody."

Loys does so, and presently a maid brings out the twos, threes, fours, fives and sixes, and hands the remainder to me.

"Shuffle them well," she says, solemnly, "and, while you do so, think of some wish that you particularly want fulfilling."

I take the pack and shuffle it in every manner I can think of.

"Will that do?" I say, at last.

"Yes. Now, cut them into three find wish."

I look at Rose, then at Edith; but I find no suggestion in either of their faces. I gaze out of the window and up at the ceiling, with as little success.

"Come, be quick," says some one, impatiently.

"I can't think of anything," I declare, at last, hopelessly.

"Oh, be quick! Anything will do," says Edith; so, in desperation, I wish I may marry a big man, with yellow hair and a lot of money. Then I hand the cards to Rose, who asks, with the utmost gravity:

"Have you wished?"

"Ah, a speedy marriage with a rich soldier; but, before that comes a long journey in foreign lands—much pleasure and happiness leading up to a wedding ring; then a removal to the house of a soldier, your husband that is, who has the passion card between him and a fair woman nearby—Oh, good gracious!" she exclaims, flinging the cards away from her; "what an awful hand!"

"Oh, go on!" I say, in a matter-of-fact tone. "If it's very bad, you know, it doesn't make much difference, because I don't believe in it."

"Because you are a stupid, incredulous child," says Rose, severely; "that will not prevent the cards telling the truth."

"What is it you predicted?" I laugh. "That I am to marry a soldier with lots of money, who has the passion card between him and a fair woman? What was it you were going to say about the fair woman? 'Nearly—go on, Rose.' But she'll not enlighten me any further, and I finish it for myself. 'Nearly twice his age. No, that can't be it. Nearly—nearly—Oh, I have it—nearly related to me!'

I see by her face that I have guessed aright.

"Then you and I, dear," I cry, turning to Loys, "are going to make ourselves miserable about some soldier. That would be a pity, wouldn't it? I wonder who it is? Can it be Teddy Vincent?"

"Pooh!" says Maud, to cover Loys' blushes. "Teddy has no money, and the man who is to be your fate is rich."

"Then, depend upon it, he is going to fall in love with you, and be declared with thanks; then he will marry me just out of spite."

"It's all very well to laugh at me," says Rose, gravely; "but the cards always tell the truth."

"I'll tell you what I will do, Rose. I'll put your prophecy down in my birthday book, and we will prove which of us is right. Now, isn't it almost time to dress for dinner?"

"We're not going to have any," announces Loys, "because they are laying the supper in the dining room now. We are to have a scratch tea in the breakfast room. And, if we put on the wrappers we wore at breakfast, we can dress afterward."

We all highly appreciate this splendid suggestion, or, as I should call it, arrangement, and lounge for half an hour longer, until we have

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