Bovril Simplifies Summer Cookery

"Flatterers"

—OR—

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER VIII.

To this elegant and inner privacy of the Dale most of its mistress' circle had on one pretext or other been introduced, and had gone away more or less impressed with the importance of a lady who counted such a room among her daily needs. Here, this morning, some vititor was evidently expected, for Leonora, not in the usual cambric wrapper of her first uprising, but in a long dressing-gown of blue cashmere and ecru trimmings, was lying, carefully posed, like some lazy young queen, upon the sofa; her mother, in an admirably careful morning toilet of claret silk and serge, was putting some finishing sprays of acacia in the wall-baskets; and on the octagon table, all gilt and ebony, the breakfast equipage was replaced by sundry cedar-boxes containing coil after coil of lace.

Often as Sydney had entered the room at the same hour, it struck her now—in contrast, perchance, to her late fit of musing—with a sense of its abundant luxuriant ease, and with her foot upon the threshold she stopped, saying frankly:

"Mamma, how pretty! Your boudoir grows always nicer and nicer!"

"If you hold the door open and let the wind blow half the brackets down, Sydney, I fear it will not improve very fast," returned Mrs. Alwyn, never ready to be pleased by Sydney, even with a compliment. "But now," mollifying as her daughter, promptly amending the momentary neglect, came forward, appreciation in each glance hither and thither, "I want you, my dear, to help me with something for a few minutes, if you are not too much engaged."

Sydney blushed furiously. Oh, could her mother only have let old wounds heal, how much more easily they could have jogged on together!

"I am free enough to do anything you want till noon," she said, "and after then, if you will only say you want me, mamma."

"Which I shall not, thank you. All you have to do now is just to look through that box of lace. Carefully, please. The more valuable, the more fragile it is. I want some Mechlin which I am certain is there somewhere—Leonora thinks in the square box. She would have hunted it up but the sun made her eyes ache yesterday, so she is better resting."

"Poor Norah," commiserated Sydney, smiling sympathetically at her sister, who, for all her malady, looked very well at ease in her becoming dishabille; "I'll do it instead of her, but I don't know half so much about lace as she does. I'm not very positive about Mechlin."

"Then take this for your guide," and Mrs. Alwyn spread on the black table a splendid handkerchief; "but the piece I want is not nearly so deep as this. Still, I fancy Lady Avena Massey is not furnished with too much even of that, if one may judge by her chagrin yesterday."

"Lady Avena! Why, what has she to do with it, mamma?" cried Sydney, searching diligently among pieces of all lengths and breadths, from "baby" Valenciennes to Brussels point a duchess might have envied.

"Only what you would have heard if you had not hurried off from the dinner-table last evening to go and gather strawberries for those Dacies!" ("It rained in the night, though, mamma, as I expected, and the fruit would have all been spoiled," apologized Sydney.) "Merely that Lady Avena was rising from her chair, where she had been talking most agreeably with me, and a wretched clumsy young woman's sunshade on the other side caught the lace on that beautiful little fichu (one her mother gave her, I've no doubt) and not tore, but absolutely jagged it off for fully a yard. Poor Lady Avena looked so vexed, and the young woman all but cried. Of course, Lady Avena got round in a minute, and declared it was no consequence; but, as she said ruefully to me as she and I walked away, "We know that old Mechlin is not to be had every day, do we not, Mrs. Alwyn? So then of course I made haste to tell I had absolutely plenty of it, and I believed exactly the same pattern, and she must permit me the great pleasure of repairing this damage. She wouldn't hear of it at first, not till she saw I should be hurt at refusal, then she yielded, and her maid brings the torn piece this morning for us to match; Lady Avena would have come herself, but she leaves to-day."

Here was the mainspring, then, of her mother's great complacency this morning—here the cause of the projected audience in the boudoir. Not being admitted to her mother's confidence, Sydney could only dimly suspect the cause of her great anxiety to promote their intimacy with the Comynghams, but she could easily see how this courtesy—this really valuable gift—could be made helpful to such an end. Whether the game were worth the candle was not for her to calculate. Upon herself it seemed to have no more direct bearing than the temporary pleasant one of putting Mrs. Alwyn in excellent humor—a mood she further promoted by genuine if indiscriminate, praise of the beautiful fabrics she was fingering.

"How lovely this Valenciennes is, mamma! It looks so innocent with the little dots all over it. It's as fine as cobwebs. I should be afraid to wear it. I like it better than this," unfolding a superb stretch of different make. "This is not Mechlin, is it?"

"No—gently, child—it is Alencon point. I don't imagine the countess herself could match it. Be careful."

"It is so tender, mamma; I had best put that which we don't want straight back into the boxes, had I not?" questioned Sydney, prudently anxious to put these treasures safe out of reach of pins and buttons; but——"

"No; just lay them across that chair," her mother answered. "I can replace them afterward. If we are not quick the maid will be here before we are ready."

So squares and flounces, collars and kerchiefs, were spread in fine array over the satin cushions. A filmy heap of Mechlin was collected, the pieces likeliest to match laid aside on Leonora's dark robe; and—

"What a quantity!" cried Sydney. "I never saw it all out before. Why, mamma, it must be worth tens of scores of pounds."

"If you said hundreds," returned her mother, snavely, "you would be more correct. Lace was a weakness of mine when I could afford to have a weakness, Sydney, which, however, is not since you can remember. These are relics of times when I was not doomed to think twice over every pound I spent."

This was a dangerous reminiscence. Sydney became confusedly silent. Her mother sighed. The moment's retrospect pained both, though differently. A tap at the door was welcomed with relief, and Phillips entering to announce that Lady Avena Massey's maid was below with a note, drove the impending gloom from her mistress' countenance.

With her blandest aspect to the fore again, "She may come up here," said Mrs. Alwyn.

Then, ensconcing herself in the yielding depths of the very easiest chair, she mounted her eye-glasses, cast a rapid and thoroughly satisfied glance around, saw that the coming scene was "mounted" to perfection, and hastened to be rid of just the one figure which she intuitively felt might prove embarrassing.

"Sydney, while I see this person, will you write out the list for the library? The catalogue is on my dressing-table." And as her daughter disappeared by one door the stranger servant entered at another.

If Mrs. Alwyn had calculated on the graceful picture exciting the admiration of her aristocratic friend's messenger she was not disappointed.

The woman, despite the stolidity of aspect good training is supposed to impart to her class, fairly stared open-mouthed at the dainty elegancies of the tiny room. Her gaze first falling on the piles of all but priceless finery, next on Mrs. Alwyn, next on Leonora, she uttered an all but audible "Oh!" before she so far remembered herself as to make the regulation greetings of respect.

This was delightful. Mrs. Alwyn well knew the influence of the back stairs, and felt assured such a report of her surroundings would return to Lady Avena as would satisfy her that her reverend brother would take a wife nurtured to delicacies equal to any of his circle could afford if he chose Miss Villiers.

With most dignified condescension the young lady's mother stretched forth her hand for Lady Avena Massey's note, and prolonged its reading that the bearer might have more time to satisfy her evidently capacious curiosity.

"'Feel so greatly indebted,'" murmured Mrs. Alwyn, scanning her missive half aloud for Leonora's benefit. "'So ashamed to trespass on your kindness. Trust you will, on no consideration, rob yourself. Very best thanks. Remembrances of our united circle. Yours most truly, Avena Massey.' Sweet name, Avena! Now," laying aside the note, and motioning the servant to the table, "if you have the pattern, I think we can match it here. Your mistress is afraid I should rob myself, but I do not think there is much risk of my doing so."

"I don't think there is, indeed, ma'am," said the maid, with emphasis. Then she brought forth the torn fichu, and, with some nervousness—for certainly her fingers trembled—began to compare it with piece after piece, scarcely able to stifle an exclamation when now and then something especially rare was shaken out.

Mrs. Alwyn was supremely gratified.

"You are a judge of these things, no doubt. "Of course, your mistress has much superior to this, though?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Nothing to compare with it. Her ladyship mostly dresses very plain."

(to be continued.)

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Cardinal's Silver Jubilee

AMBASSADOR MAKES WAY FOR POOR WOMAN.

In an archiepiscopal palace whose interior is little indicated by a plain brick wall in Ashley-gardens, a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church was for nearly three hours on June 7 the central figure of one of the most remarkable receptions ever held in this country.

The occasion was the celebration of the silver jubilee of Cardinal Bourne's election to episcopal dignity. In his simple, homely fashion (writes an "Evening Standard" representative, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster asked that this event should be marked by a reception to which all should come.

The annual audience hitherto has been reserved for leaders in Catholic society, with the punctilious observance of the sartorial and other etiquette customary at a reception by the highest representative of the Vatican in this country.

THE GREAT MINGLING.

The Cardinal's wish resulted in a striking spectacle. The poorest people from the East End were admitted as they arrived at Archbishop's House, and on an equal footing with noblemen and Ambassadors from foreign Courts. No names were announced. The visitors, on reaching Archbishop's House, entered and paid their respects to the Cardinal without ceremony.

An Ambassador, whose breast was ablaze with Orders waited while a poor woman kissed the Cardinal's ring and asked for a blessing on the baby in her arms.

The black mantilla has been almost compulsory hitherto at ceremonial receptions at Archbishop's House, but this time the simple headdress of work girls and women predominated. Hard-working labourers from all over London had hurried to the audience without changing into their "best clothes."

The palace at Westminster—and it is a palace though few people know it—is built in Renaissance style, with Throne room and ante-rooms. In the principal chamber is a highly ornamented gilded Throne which the Cardinal should occupy on these occasions, but he is far too modest a man for that. He received his guests standing in one of the ante-rooms.

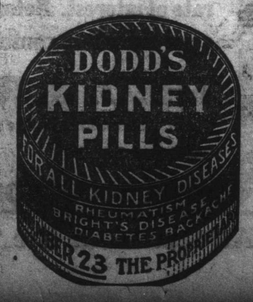
Nevertheless, he was a striking figure. Over his black cassock was the scarlet ferraiolone or cape, while on his head was a scarlet biretta and round his waist a girdle of the same color. At his side stood the gentiluma—the gentleman-in-waiting—who, in addition to the knee-breeches and sword reminiscent of English Court circles wore the short black cloak of the Papal Court.

1000 VISITORS.

Considerably over a thousand people must have filed past the Archbishop. There was no speeches, and not a voice was raised in official declaration of any sort. The only intimation of the close of the audience was when the cardinal passed through the throng, giving his blessing to the faithful, who sank down on their knees as he did so.

Conspicuous among the company were the Earl of Denbigh and Lord Morris, Sir Stuart Coats, and other representatives of both Houses of Parliament, the French and Spanish Ambassadors, the Bulgarian and Argentine Minister, and various attaches from London Embassies, and Legations.

Deputations were present from the Catholic Union, the Catholic Association, and Catholic members of the London County Council and other local governing bodies in London, from the Guild of Catholic Nurses, the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, and other religious bodies, as well as detachments of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts.



Household Notes.

To 1½ cups water add 1 cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped raisins and ¾ cup sugar. Boil fifteen minutes and add ¾ cup grated pineapple. Boil five minutes, chill, and add 1 cup chopped walnut meats. Serve on va ice cream.

stir well, season and serve on toa

To can large pears for salads, s large pears one-half inch thick cr wise; remove core from the round of your doughnut cutter. T may be used with sliced pinea salad.

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