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Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XII.
LOVE IN THE ABBEY.

While he is speaking, the two old people hurry off to make ready the room, and Doctor Greene follows them to prepare a bandage. Lord Sterne is seated, leaning back with an air of contentment. Kitty is standing a little aside with anything but an air of contentment, with, instead, the most sorrowful, remorseful, and miserable countenance.

Lord Sterne looks up at her, and the smile and tone of banter disappear. "Kitty!" he says. At the sound of the changed tone, Kitty starts and flushes. "Kitty—come a little nearer!" She moves a shade nearer, within reach of his hand, and he stretches it out and puts it on hers. "Don't look so cut up, Kitty," he says, in that dangerously thrilling voice of his. "You wouldn't have felt a twinge if I had come a cropper over a stiff bullfinch over which you had showed me a lead after the hounds! Why should you now! Don't! It hurts me to see you look like that! You are not yourself, nor the light, careless, darling, self-witted Kitty I love—I like to see," he corrects himself. "Smile!"

Kitty turns her eloquent eyes on him reproachfully. "One smile! What! Don't you owe me that? Ah, Kitty, if you knew how much I owe you!" His hand closes a little more tightly on her arm, and Kitty does not move away. "If you knew—you cannot know now, but you may some day! This is the happiest day I have had for years—this day I shall look back to—I feel it! When you and I played Darby and Joan in a blue coat with brass buttons, and a cotton dress from Noah's ark! Ah, Kitty—if I could but think—could but dare to swallow the tempting delusion that you would look back upon it—," he breaks off suddenly and frowns. Then he looks at her hand so small and soft. "To think this little hand should be so strong," he says, "so strong!" and as he speaks he bends his head and touches her hand, ever so lightly, with his lips. It is a courtly, a knightly caress,

full of reverential homage, that may mean everything, or nothing! It is an old-fashioned piece of courtesy that a man may even nowadays pay to a lady, old or young, without offense, given or taken. But Kitty feels as if an electric shock had shot through her. The blood rushes to her face, then retreats, and leaves it pale and tragic. She turns her eloquent eyes upon him with a look that shall haunt him in after years; across the gulf which Fate shall dig between them; a look that even now nerves him strangely.

"Kitty," he says, and then he stops, and stares beyond her, with an impatient frown—"who is that?" he says sharply, in the old, imperious style.

Kitty turns slowly, and sees, standing at a little distance, honest, true-hearted James Ainsley. Lord Sterne's hand drops from her arm; Kitty moves—how swiftly, yet softly, a woman can move at such a moment!—from his side, and James—honest James comes up. There is a bewildered, an anxious, a combination of expressions on his round, red face, that contrasts strangely with the calm, pale, patrician one of the other man. James stares from one to the other, from the blue coat to the cotton dress.

"Kitty!" he says, "you here! I didn't expect to see you here." ("Kitty!" Lord Sterne's face lowers with sharp surprise.) "No," says Kitty shamefacedly, with an embarrassment that causes Lord Sterne's face to grow cold and critical. "No—I—Lord Sterne," turning her face, not her eyes, to his, "this is Mr. Ainsley, an old friend. James, Lord Sterne has hurt his arm, through my fault."

Honest James came forward, stammering, "Hurt his arm?—I'm sorry for that!—through your fault!" "Nothing of the kind," says Lord Sterne, with a smile that is rather cold. "Miss Trevelyan takes credit for more than belongs to her. Through my own, Mr. Ainsley." James looks from one to the other—Lord Sterne, smiling, Kitty, downcast and embarrassed—and says nothing. Up bustles little Doctor Greene. "Now, my lord—Ah, James! how do you do? Your uncle—," Then stopping short, as he sees James' black coat and hatband. "Humph!—ah, yes, dear me. Lord Sterne has met with an accident, and we are going to make him comfortable, I hope, at the abbey! Now, my lord, will you lean on me?" Lord Sterne rises. "Thanks." Then he looks at James

Ainsley. James came forward at once.

"Can I be of any use?" he says, and holds out his arm.

"Thanks," says Lord Sterne, placing his own within it.

Then, as he turns, he stops and holds out his hand to Kitty.

"Good-by, Miss Trevelyan. A few hours' sleep and I shall be on my legs again."

Kitty puts her hand in his for a moment, and he turns away. She watches him until he gets to the door; then he turns his head and looks at her—a look questioning—she might almost say imploring—and then he disappears.

Kitty sinks onto the bench and tries to think, her hands clasped in the lap of her cotton gown, and she stares dreamily before her; but she is not to be allowed time to think just yet, for up clatters a carriage, and out of it get the Honorable Francis and Mr. Sydney Calthrop.

The latter jumps out of it in his characteristic way, alert and active, and ere he turns to assist his slow, elegant, and lethargic companion, he glances quickly round, and sees Kitty approaching. For all that, he takes no notice until the Honorable Francis has slowly reached the ground; then he turns, and with a well-feigned start, exclaims:

"Miss Trevelyan!" "Eh?" says the Honorable Francis, looking about him with the elevated eyebrows and generally just-awakened-from-an-aristocratic-snooze air peculiar to him.

"Miss Trevelyan—my daughter! Where?" Mr. Sydney Calthrop, hat in hand, with his eyes on Kitty—Kitty, in a cotton dress of the Noah's-ark period—Kitty with disheveled hair, with a bloom upon her cheek that is half defiance, half nervousness—Kitty beautifully grotesque!—with his eyes fixed with respectful admiration upon her face, Mr. Sydney Calthrop makes a gesture almost of introduction.

The Honorable Francis raises his eyeglass, and stares! Then, with a gasp, he clutches his companion's arm, and, in a tone of the deepest horror and despair, half points to, half waves her away from him.

"Can I believe my eyes? That—that individual is not Miss Trevelyan—not, not, Kitty!" The obnoxious name forces itself out with a groan. Kitty flushes, then smiles and approaches.

Mr. Sydney Calthrop looks from one to the other, deprecatingly at the daughter, sympathizingly at the father. If any man can run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, that man is Sydney Calthrop; he performs the difficult feat now to perfection.

"My daughter!" exclaims the Honorable Francis, in a tone of the deepest woe—in a tone signifying that the last straw had been laid upon his aristocratic back, and that now he must, he really must give in. "My daughter!—in the garb of a maidservant!" he gasps. "Great Heaven! what is the meaning of this hummer?"

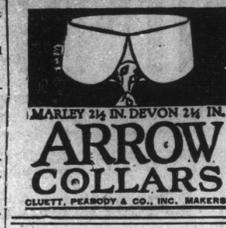
Kitty, half inclined to laugh, and yet feeling pretty near crying—one must admit that it has been a trying morning for her—says nothing, but frowns deeply.

Then is Mr. Sydney's opportunity to run with the hare. Hat in hand still, as if to mark that her strange and humble masquerade makes no difference in his respect, he turns from one to the other.

"I think I can explain—yes, I think I understand!" says Mr. Calthrop. "There has been an accident. The worthy old gentleman we met on Lord Sterne's horse said something about the river. We could not glean the full meaning of his explanation, given—I assure you, Miss Trevelyan, while he was at full gallop! But that is it, no doubt, and Miss Trevelyan has been compelled—has been wise enough to change her habit."

Kitty looks at him with something like gratitude. The Honorable Francis groans. "But," he wails, "in the lowest of falsettos—why, if there was such occasion—and knowing—I say knowing Miss Trevelyan's aptitude for getting into difficulties of—of this nature, I can quite credit it—why, if there was absolute necessity for a change of garments, why assume this—this degrading costume!"

Kitty flushes for a moment, then subsides with a sigh. "It is an old dress of Mrs. Pritchard's, papa," she says. "Do you suppose she had a selection of Worth's latest costumes for me to choose



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from? Lord Sterne was obliged to wear an old blue coat with brass buttons."

"An—old—blue coat—with—with brass buttons!" echoes the Honorable Francis, with vacant horror. "Great heavens! Lord Sterne in—an—old coat with brass buttons? Where is Lord Sterne?"

"In bed, my dear Mr. Trevelyan," says the cheery voice of Doctor Greene, "and I think this young lady should be in here, from all I can hear."

"And upon my word," says the good-natured doctor, quick to see that Kitty is in for a scrape, "we ought all to be very much obliged to Miss Kitty for her courage—and her strength—oh! oh!" he says banteringly, as Kitty turns to him almost pleadingly, "you can't hide your light under a bushel, Miss Kitty, if you try. Lord Sterne has been giving me a very fair account of the catastrophe, and he doesn't exaggerate—I know the Lombe when the stream is up!—he doesn't exaggerate when he says that you saved his life!"

"Saved his life—saved his life!" echoes the Honorable Francis, more hopefully involved than ever. "But—but why should he want his life saved? I mean when did he want his life saved?"

Mr. Sydney Calthrop, who had been standing watching the three faces with a keen, and yet naturally careless scrutiny, here interposes. "I think," he says, in his quiet and easy voice, "we ought to try and save Miss Trevelyan from catching cold. May I go and get your hat? In the cottage, is it not?" and without waiting for an answer, he runs in and gets it, hands it to Kitty, and presents his arm at the same time.

Kitty takes it—goes to it almost as a harbor of refuge, and he helps her into the carriage quietly, respectfully, almost reverentially.

But the Honorable Francis is still confused and hopelessly off his balance. "Lord Sterne," he articulates, "we must wait for Lord Sterne."

"Impossible, my dear Mr. Trevelyan," says Doctor Greene, politely passing him toward the carriage. "In bed, yes in bed—sends all excuses to the earl. I myself will ride that way and make my report—thanks to Miss Kitty, a favorable one. For the present, an revoir," and having at last succeeded in forcing the Honorable Francis into the carriage, the two gentlemen exchange a few words. Mr. Sydney Calthrop jumps in, the coachman drives off, and Kitty, looking out of the window, is just in time to see James Ainsley leaving the cottage by the back way and proceeding moodily in the direction of the Grange.

(To be Continued.)

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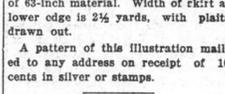


2636—This is a fine model for slight figures. The skirt and waist may be finished separately. Sain, silk, serge, cotton or wool gabardine, velveteen, cheek or plaid suiting and all wash fabrics are desirable for this model. One could have the dress of satin, with sleeves and belt of crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 6 yards of 63-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards, with platts drawn out.

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2617—This will make a good business dress, or serve for general wear. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. Back and front are arranged to form panels, with platts at the seams. The design is good for gabardine, jersey cloth, checked or plaid suiting, velveteen and corduroy.

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The attention of the public is drawn to the very urgent necessity of strictly observing the regulations published by this Department from time to time concerning the despatch of parcels to members of the Regiment overseas and the following particulars should be strictly observed:

- (1) Parcels must not exceed eleven pounds.
- (2) Parcels should be addressed with the Regimental number, rank, name and surname of addressee, followed by the last known address of the Unit with which the individual was serving; for example:
No. 0978 Cpl. John J. Kent,
2nd Battalion
The Royal Newfoundland Regt.
Hazeley Down Camp,
Winchester,
Hant's Camp,
England.

- (3) Parcels should bear the name and address of a second addressee to whom the parcel may be delivered or forwarded, if it should prove impossible to deliver to the first. The Original address should be written on the FRONT of the parcel where the postage stamps and customs declaration are affixed, and the second or alternative address should be written on the BACK of the parcel.
- (4) If second address is not furnished at the time of posting and delivery cannot be effected, the contents of the parcel, unless of exceptional value or of a personal nature, will be turned over to the Military Authorities for distribution.
- (5) Parcels containing articles of personal nature or of special value will be returned if request for their return, in case of non-delivery, is made by the sender, such request to be written on the cover of the parcel at the time of posting.

- (6) The procedure outlined in (4) and (5) is adopted at the suggestion of the British Post Office, to prevent the waste of a large quantity of perishable food stuffs which form the contents of 90 per cent. of parcels sent to soldiers.
- (7) Parcels should be packed securely.

- (8) Attention is drawn to the Notice concerning Christmas parcels recently published by the Postmaster General. All Christmas mail for B. E. F. should be posted in time to arrive at the Pay and Record Office, London, not later than the end of November.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.

oct29,ed,tf

Forty Years in the public service
The - Evening Telegram

BRITISH ENTER G

The Abdication

United States Casual German

U. S. CASUALTIES.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 30. The new casualty reports added more than 28,000 names to the American total for the war. The summary announced last week totalled 213,111, including 2,163 prisoners. General Pershing said he did not think the number of prisoners would be increased materially by the new figures, indicating the probable total to Nov. 26 will be 265,833. To-day's summary adds 1,823 to the number killed in action or died of wounds, 1,823 to the number of disease, 10,330 to the number of missing and the number of missing in action is increased from 11,160 to 12,980. The large increase in the latter classification is attributed to belated reports from all commands on the checking up of missing men.

BRITISH TROOPS CROSS GERMAN FRONTIER.
LONDON, Dec. 1. General Plumer's advanced troops today crossed the German frontier between Beha and Eupen and advanced towards the Rhine, the war line announced to-night. By evening the troops had reached the general line of Hurg, Reuland and Bullingen and Montjoie.

SIGNED ABDICATION.
LONDON, Nov. 30. Former Emperor William signed his abdication at Merongen, Holland, yesterday, according to a despatch to the War Office from Berlin and transmitted by the Exchange Telegraph Co., Copenhagen. The abdication decree according to the message expressed the hope that the "Regent" would be able to protect the German people against anarchy, starvation and foreign supremacy. The use of the word "Regent" in the message is commented upon here as possibly significant.

WILL PUNISH THE CRIMINALS.
LONDON, Nov. 30. It returned to power it will be the British Government's policy to insist upon the personal accountability of the Kaiser.

CANADIAN...
The Times...
Arrived...
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THE TIMES...
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