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Love in the Abbey

OR,
Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXIV.
A SUITOR'S ANSWER.

Usually Kitty's toilet is a matter of perfect indifference to her; to-night, she winds the long waves of hair into a careful coil, and places a rose in it; she is critical as to the side the flower shall be, and twice rearranges the little scarlet blossoms and pearl-gem before it satisfies her. She has grown suddenly of value to herself, for he has said that she is of value to him.

"People used to be able to sell themselves to all sorts of wicked spirits for beauty; I wonder—I wonder," she muses, "if one could do it now? If I had my will," she says, addressing the glass, with an anxious earnestness; "I would be made the most lovely woman the world ever saw—I would be lovelier even than Ethel; and then, when he came to-morrow, I would say to him, 'The plain-born little gypsy girl you called pretty has gone; but here am I, and I am yours, if you will take me.'" Then she smiles, with a delicious little blush. "Perhaps he would say: 'No—be off! Give me my little, ugly, gypsy girl!'"

"Mr. Trevelyan is waiting dinner, miss," says Mary's voice, outside the door, and Kitty's dreams are put to flight.

Mary, who has not time to get downstairs before her young mistress opens the door, stands transfixed by the beautiful vision that, for all its familiarity, has something new and strange about it to-night.

She glances up at Kitty with an admiring, respectful little smile, and Kitty flushes. She knows that she looks happy; for the life of her she could not shut the gladness out of her eyes or straighten the curves of her mouth—the lips that still burn with her kisses.

"Am I very late, Mary?" she says.

"Not very, miss," answers Mary. "The soup is in, and Tapley asked me to come up."

"What are you staring at, Mary?" then says Kitty, as the girl opens the door for her and keeps her eyes fixed on her face as if she could not withdraw them.

"Me, miss?" she responds, coloring; "nothing, miss; I—I was thinking how pretty you look this evening. I beg your pardon, miss!" she adds, in alarm at her own forwardness.

But Kitty's blush is one of pleasure, even at this compliment from her maid.

"He has made me beautiful with his love!" she thinks.

And so happy, so filled with good will to the whole world does she feel, that she pauses on her way to her seat, and bends over her father to kiss him.

But the Honorable Francis has been kept waiting—what he wants is his soup; and no amount of kisses from his troublesome daughter will soften his impatience.

The incarnation of Self, he coldly, irritably draws his head away and sits in his chair.

"Uncover," he says to Tapley, as if exhausted by the effort of speaking. "The soup is spoiled, no doubt!"

Kitty recoils back to her old self—her old despised, superfluous self—and murmuring an apology for her unpunctuality, feels as if she had been detected in a great crime, the great crime of displaying so vulgar a thing as affection for the author of her being!

"As I thought," sighs the Honorable Francis, setting down his spoon with the air of an ill-tempered martyr, "the soup is spoiled. I have little doubt that the whole of the dinner is sacrificed!"

"And, with a growl, he sinks back into his chair, with the air of a man who is prepared to hear that the sorrow of a life has befallen him.

Of course Kitty puts down her spoon. "I am ready, papa," she says; and the silent Tapley noiselessly removes her plate—he has already taken his master's—and brings in the fish.

So the dinner goes on—the Honorable Francis eating with the querulous discontent of a man who is obliging society by partaking of the means of existence at much cost and inconvenience to himself; Kitty eating with the happy unconsciousness of flavor and savor which belong to her state; Tapley presiding with the air of a man who has never known a happy moment and never hopes to know one; and at last it comes to an end, and Kitty is free to go into the little stuffy, amber drawing-room, to wait until the

Honorable Francis comes in for his cup of tea.

CHAPTER XXV.
WRAPT IN DREAMS.

LEFT to herself, she coils herself in the window seat, and wraps herself in her new happiness. It is wonderful how strange, how unreal she feels; she is not Kitty, not the old Kitty, but some new creature, with a new life, new feelings, new emotions! Then comes her father's slow step and his languid, listless voice.

"Shut the doors, Tapley—there seems to be a draft this evening. Where is the wind?"

"In the east, sir," says Tapley's monotonous voice. "Will you have your wrap?"

The Honorable Francis sinks into his chair before he inclines his head in assent, and Tapley noiselessly produces a wrap—a sort of woollen cloak, and arranges it round the chair and the occupant, who looks as lifeless as the chair itself. Kitty, from her seat at the window, looks on and perspires to her heat is suffocating.

Tapley brings in the tea, and the Honorable Francis, who has been lying back with closed eyes, makes another effort on behalf of mankind, and sits upright. Kitty looking up to place his cup at his elbow, becomes aware that he is actually looking at her.

The novelty of the fact somewhat embarrasses her, and she is guilty of a positive start when he says: "Where have you been all day?"

It is well that her back is to the small quantity of light which is permitted to percolate through the curtains into the dainty room, for the vivid blush that slowly sweeps over her face would have started the honorable egotist.

"I! In the garden, papa."

"In Africa, I should have concluded, from the color of your complexion," he says, with cold but indifferent displeasure.

"Am I so very burned, papa?" she says softly.

He groans.

"Your face is the color of—brick dust!" he says.

Kitty looks down with a smile of complacency. And he had called it lovely!

"I wish—I do wish," resumes the Honorable Francis, "that you would not absent yourself from the house all day in this—this vagabond fashion! You forget that there is no one to receive visitors. You do not suppose that I am equal to that task. I presume!" he demands, stretching out his hands with the feeble indignation of a protest.

"No, papa; I am sorry. Have there been any visitors?"

"Yes," he says, looking at her, then closing his eyes with a preparatory sigh. "James Ainsley has been here."

"James!" says Kitty, and a sudden, foolish little thrill of apprehension runs over her. "Why did he not come out into the garden?" she asks, with a devout feeling of gratitude that he did not.

"He did," retorts the Honorable Francis irritably; "he went into the garden, and was away half an hour or more, and came in, hot and—and horribly red. I did not know how it is, but the near proximity of a warm and painfully perspiring person affects my head. The sight of him made me very unwell—indeed, I have not recovered yet!"

"Poor James!" murmurs Kitty, with a dreamy feeling of guilt.

"Poor James!" he echoes querulously. "What an absurd and—and inappropriate exclamation—I wish—but it is of no avail my wishing—"

"Did he get anything to eat, papa?"

"He remained to luncheon—if that is what you mean! 'Get anything to eat!' One would think he was a beggar! He remained to luncheon—and to discuss a matter with me—I will take three-quarters of a cup of tea—more cream, and less sugar; you have got into the habit of making my tea too sweet. Ethel, I notice, puts one piece of sugar—a small piece—only. Ainsley's business concerned you—"

"Concerned me!" says Kitty, looking up, with wide-open eyes, and an aghast look in them.

The Honorable Francis leans back, with a plaintive sigh.

"I beg," he says, with every appearance of exhaustion, "that you will allow me to proceed without these senseless and—and needless interruptions! Yes, concerned you. I may say that I was not altogether unprepared to receive the communication and proposal he made; and when he

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SUGGESTIONS FOR SOCIETY OF NATIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 18. Explaining the detailed plans submitted to Premier Clemenceau for the Society of Nations, Count D'Estouville de Constant said to the Associated Press, "The essentials of the plan are: First, compulsory arbitration, with no limitation or exception. This leaves out the old exception of questions involving national honor and dignity; Second, limitation of armaments; Third, the establishment of a council of administration of the nations for formulation of a new international administration and international law procedure; Fourth, the application of sanctions for making effective the decisions of the Society of Nations. Sanctions is a diplomatic expression meaning the various steps for enforcing compliance. They are fourfold. First, diplomatic sanctions. The Society of Nations shall break diplomatic relations with any recalcitrant nation and give his passport to the ambassador or minister representing that nation. Second, judicial sanction whereby the courts of the countries will be closed to a recalcitrant nation. It will thus practically be quarantined and placed outside the pale of civilized states. Third, economic sanction whereby the economic means of all nations shall be directed against any recalcitrant state. This economic weapon of the united nations will be a great power in punishing any offending nation, cutting off its foodstuffs and raw materials. It acts in defiance of the Society of Nations. Fourth, military sanctions. This is the last sanction by which the nations would undertake to enforce observance of the decisions of the Society of Nations. This military sanction is the most difficult and delicate of all questions involved in the formation of the Society of Nations. There will be different views concerning the

A M

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