



An Indispensable Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER I.

"That will be convenient, I should say, for Lady Jeanne," remarks Dallas, dryly. "Will you come out, mother? It is fun to see the aristocracy of the Camden Road and Bloomsbury disporting themselves when they fling off their garments of British property and starchiness. They go to it, I assure you, worse even than our auties."

"Oh, yes," Lady Nora says, scornfully, "that class of people can never be fast without being glaringly so. They label themselves 'improper' as it were, before one's very eyes."

"We manage matters better," observes Dallas, selecting a cigarette. "Won't you come, mother? We are sure to find two or three whom we know."

"It is very doubtful," Lady Nora retorts, gravely. "No, Dallas; I am going to Miss Dormer's rooms, to sit with the dear old soul and chat with her."

Dallas stares with cynical amusement; but Lady Nora picks up her workbasket with some knitting-wools and a number of "Good Words," and trips off, with a matronly air altogether charming.

And Dallas stands at the door of the salon, and watches his mother until she disappears, with a gay, friendly smile.

No one can be less superstitious than Captain Glynn; but a shudder steals over him as he stands in the darkness of the vast building, and listens to the organist practicing passages of the funeral music, and to the rolling of the muffled drums which now and then reverberates through the dark, silent aisles.

"Rather odd I should just step in for this sort of thing!" he mutters, shrugging his shoulders. "If I believed in evil omens, I should say this was one."

He makes his way softly round to the little side-chapel, where the tapers are burning, idly wondering who the solitary devotee can be who is at prayer at this hour.

greeting, within a lighted doorway at the far end of the corridor.

"Her ladyship seems in earnest," he says, shrugging his shoulders—"carrying the war right into the enemy's camp. I may rest quite satisfied while she does the fighting, and makes terms, and annexes territory. Oh, the unspeakable blessing of being an orphan boy and having a mother who will be most careful on every point respecting my future wife's pedigree, breeding and disposition!"

He thrusts his hat upon his head, flings his half-smoked cigarette away as if disgusted with it, and sauntering slowly out of the vine-hung courtyard of the Hotel Morval into the paved street, with its trottoir of running water, Dallas deliberately turns his back upon the sea and the marine delights of the noisy, glaring Establishment—whence the strains of the band music come softened to the ears—and the dimly-lit pier with lovers seated in all the cosy corners, and goes up the long tree-shaded hill to the older part of the town.

The air is much fresher and cooler up here; the Place, between the old Hotel de Ville and the Cathedral, is quite deserted, and the moonlight streams in a flood of light upon the white-walled convent and the flight of steps leading up to the church doors, now in the blackest shadow. One solitary lamp only is alight over a side-door; and Dallas, without any distinct idea of what he is doing, or what he may expect to see in the cathedral at this hour, pushes open the swinging doors and enters a side aisle.

CHAPTER II.

The building is in darkness, save for a few lamps glimmering dimly along one of the pillared aisles and the light of a cluster of tapers around an altar, in one of the side chapels; and before the altar a woman is kneeling.

There is something especially gloomy and somber in the aspect of the great church even in its semi-obscurity; and Dallas, seeing about to ascend the steps, sees that the great organ and choir over the entrance doors are draped in black, and the pillars of the center aisle and the rows of pews nearest the high altar are also encased with black cloth.

And at this moment the organ, which he had fancied he heard before he entered, begins again—low-rolling—the muffled music of a funeral service. And then Dallas recoils suddenly that he was told two days since of the death of the prefect of the department. To-morrow he will be buried, and so the cathedral is partly draped in black for the high mass at which all his relatives and friends—some of them wealthy manufacturers and shopkeepers of the district—will attend.

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Presently, she bowed her head, and the

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woman kneeling near the altar is raised. As she removes her face from her clasped hands and looks reverently upward, the yellow gleam of the candlelight falls on her uncovered hair, and Captain Glynn's eyes instantly take note of two facts—first, that it is a grandly-shaped head, intellectual, noble, womanly in its graceful curves and in the width of the low brow; secondly, that the stranger is not a woman, but a young girl, with her thick, soft hair combed loosely back from her temples; so that little curls and silken rings lie over her brow, while all the thick brown tresses are plaited into one broad plait which falls below her waist.

"That's a good head and a good profile," Dallas thinks, contemptuously, as the girl looks about rather nervously at this juncture; and Captain Glynn, behind the pillar, sees a pale, rather thin, young face with an earnest, intense expression and melancholy bright eyes.

"Not French, of course," he tells himself—"an English 'mees,' or she would not be here alone at this hour. I wonder who she is."

She is standing up now, a tall, thin, girlish figure, slender and willowy as a young sapling, and is hastily putting on her hat and veil while apparently watching and waiting for some one, peering about wistfully with a frightened childishness of aspect that touches Captain Glynn's not very hard heart.

"I wonder who she is?" he repeats, watching her. "Would she giggle with delight or get hysterical with terror if I ventured to address her and ask if I could do anything for her? The British schoolgirl always does one or the other. She looks scared; it would probably be hysterics, so I will let her alone."

The girl is hurrying out of the church now, with swift glances from one side to the other; and Dallas, waiting until she disappears in the gloom, follows leisurely. But, as he reaches the porch doors, he sees the girl pushing fruitlessly at the hinge side of the leather-covered swing-doors.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do? I'm fastened in! The cathedral is locked up for the night!" she mutters, in terror, looking about distractedly, when a tall, stalwart figure comes out of the shadows behind her, and a strong hand is stretched out toward the refractory door.

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I rest beneath my upas tree, and little pills, and when comes the closing of the day; there's comfort in this thought for me—I have my package put away. Where you a bank's stately towers uprear, I have my modest little pills, and there I journey twice a year, and clip some coupons with a smile. I have enough to pay the price, of all I'll need while I remain, to purchase hats and books and rice and gas and gins for my wain. The kindly gods I often thank, now that I'm old and halt and gray, that I have roubles in the bank, a modest parcel put away. Youth says, "We'll go it while we're young, for we shall be a long time dead; while yet our withers are unwringing we'll pat the vintage glowing red." And it is well to have your fun while you are sound in wind and limb, to blow a portion of your mon, and wait through life with pep and vim. But always you should recollect that youth is transient as the dawn; some day a gray hair you'll detect, and you will know that youth is gone. And if you saluted down a dime before you blew in four or five, you'll think your prudence was sublime, when life's dark wintry days arrive. I rest beside my garden gate, and crouch these words, the evening long: "I'm thankful that I saved a crate of coin when I was hale and strong."

Birds and Their Nests.
The average time taken by a bird to build its nest is about a week; but if the first one be destroyed a second home may be built in a day. A few birds afflicted with chronic lameness do no more than repair an old nest of last year. Immediately after the nest has been built, egg laying begins, usually at the rate of one a day laid about the same time. Eggs laid in dark holes, like those of the woodpecker and kingfisher, are always white so that they can be seen by the bird entering the nest. Eggs, however, are all colors. Often, contrary to popular opinion, the coloring is not at all protective. The number of eggs laid increases with the amount of danger to which they are exposed. Sea birds nesting on the inaccessible cliffs lay only one egg, water-fowl ten to twenty. The usual number is three to five. Incubation usually begins with the laying of the first egg. Owls, however, begin when the last egg has been laid. Robins' eggs require fourteen days' incubation, ducks twenty-seven, geese thirty-five. In all cases during this period the eggs have to be constantly turned and moistened. Usually incubation is the work of the female alone, but the male sparrow is peculiar in that he sinks his dignity—and does his share.

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Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

FM HUNGRY, MA.
He comes in twenty times a day And always has the same to say: "I'm hungry, Ma!" He'll hurry to the pantry shelf And take what he can find himself. A piece of cake, a slice of bread, An orange or an apple red. Then bolt it down, and hurry back To skirmish for another snack: "I'm hungry, Ma!"

"I'm hungry, Ma!" "Was not an hour ago I saw the lad devour A piece of pie!" He washed it down with milk, and fed, The cookie jar is empty quite, Was ever such an appetite! Fast vanishes the food we buy, And still he has the nerve to cry: "I'm hungry, Ma!"

At ten years old, it seems to me, This is a youngster's constant plea: "I'm hungry, Ma!" We try to stave his appetite, We heap his plate with food at night, Potatoes, meat and early greens, A double-share of beans and peas, And when it's time to go to bed, We'd think him ill unless he said: "I'm hungry, Ma!"

Oh, healthy lad of ten years old, A richer wealth have you than gold— "I'm hungry, Ma!" When you have grown as old as I And lost your appetite for pie, Perhaps you'll smile as now I do Upon a little boy like you Who rushes in and stands about And greets his mother with the shout: "I'm hungry, Ma!"

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An Italian Game.
It was left to the Italian admiral to provide a standing remedy for the monotony of leisure moments at Lausanne.

One evening, after a more than usually indigestible state dinner, which he had attended in full uniform, he offered to initiate his fellow guests into an Italian game whose name has been anglicized as the conference "to 'botchy-botchy'."

It is a nothing more than marbles, played with pool-balls on an ordinary billiard table, but I have seen some of the most responsible brows in Europe bent over it in careful calculation, writes G. Ward Price.

Ismet Pasha enjoys it immensely, playing a dashing, if somewhat reckless, game; Marquis Garron, the chief Italian delegate, is one of his most redoubtable opponents, using all the caution which a long diplomatic career has taught him pays in the end.

And some of the younger members of the staff of the British delegation show the national adaptability for all ball games. In fact, the Lausanne Conference could probably put up a team that would excel the most skilful English errand boys that ever shot a blood-alley.

The table on which "botchy-botchy" is played has a patched cloth and moribund cushions, and balls rolling on its surface are liable to as sudden and inexplicable aberrations as if they were projects at the conference; but it is the only English billiard table there is, and when you tire of looking on, it is almost equally diverting to study the expressions of indignation on the faces of real

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Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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4402. Printed voile in blue and var tones is here shown, with bindings of blue crepe. This is a good model for white or colored linen, also for taffeta and pongee.

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