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Love Gives Itself THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

During the past two years many kind eyes had been turned towards the house of Stair, and the lone woman-creature who had fought her brave battle there, and people had not been slow to say that, had Judith been the heir, things might have improved with the Rankines.

"But you got on quite well in India, Alan?" Peter never made any complaint.

"And that was monstrous kind of old Peter," retorted Alan, with a sort of whimsical dryness which had humor but no bitterness in it. "I know quite well what Peter's opinion of me is, my dear. He has never hidden it."

"He has been very kind to me all this while, Alan—coming as often as he could, and sending all sorts of delicacies which father couldn't eat. And it was he who sent the cable to you at his own expense. We mustn't forget that."

"Did he really? It's the first time we've ever got something for nothing from Peter," said Alan, with another touch of his genial cynicism. "We're getting on in years, Judy—both Peter and I. Have you remembered that we'll be thirty-two next week?"

"Father remembered, Alan. He said you were born before he was that age, and he wondered where the next heir was to come from."

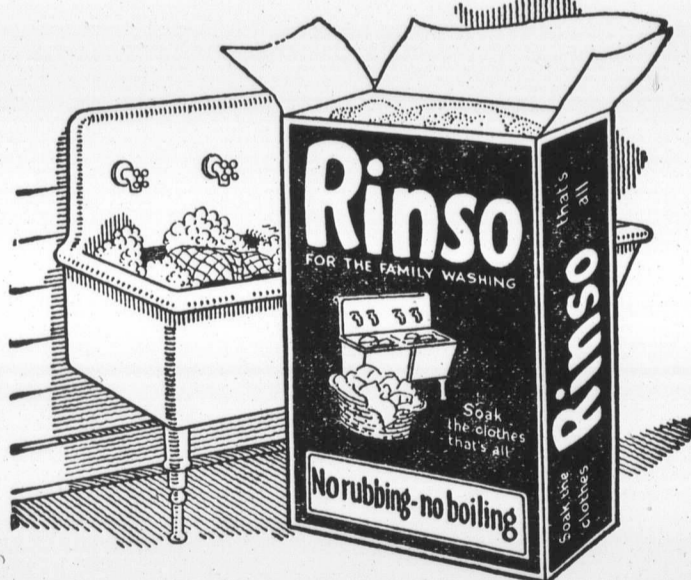
Alan Rankine shrugged his shoulders and smiled a slightly rueful smile.

"Faith, and that would be a hard question to answer! Do you notice the grey in my hair, Judy?"

"Yes, I've noticed it, but I like it well. It makes you look ever so much nicer," Judy made haste to say. "As for Peter—he is like me—he grows plainer every day."

"Don't miscall yourself, Judy, nor put yourself in the same boat with Peter! In spite of his extravagance about the cable, there isn't room in that private, particular boat for anybody but yourself."

There was affection, pride, appreciation in the tone which warmed Judy's heart, and caused delicious tears to spring to her eyes. In spite of all her capability, Judy was a very woman, who found it sweet to lean where there was sufficient prop.



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JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

Even the dirt that is ground in at neckbands and cuff-edges yields to a light rubbing with dry Rinso. Not a thread is weakened. The mild Rinso suds work thoroughly through and through the clothes without injury to a single fabric.

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux. For the family wash it is as wonderful as Lux is for fine things.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

Christmas, when we got up the theatricals for the Convalescent Home. Father was so much better then, I helped to organize. Miss Carlyn took the leading part, and created quite a sensation. Her mother was on the stage once, long ago, and I suppose she has inherited the gift."

"Peter and the stagel! Queer alliance! What do you think of her, Judy?"

"I like her. But I don't want to say anything much till you have seen her, Alan. It is better that you should be unprejudiced."

"What does Aunt Isabel say to this?"

"Not much. She has behaved very well, I consider, for, of course, the Carlyons are hardly received—don't you know?—and Aunt Isabel is fairly proud. But Peter is happy, Alan, there is no doubt about that, and it is going to do him good in every direction. It's bringing out the human side of him."

"Well, well, news indeed!" murmured Rankine, as he went off to get ready for the busy day in front. He had got plenty to occupy his thoughts. In spite of the sad circumstances he found himself extraordinarily glad to be in the house of his fathers. When he descended to the hall to find Judith waiting for him, and the cart at the door, she put rather a wistful question to him.

"I hope you'll have a good interview with Mr. Richardson. Alan, if you should go to Glasgow. But are you going back to India?"

He shook his head decisively.

"I am not, my dear. I'm stopping at Stair, to sink or swim with it. If we pull together—you and I, Judy—I think we'll swim. But we'll have a good pow-wow over it when I get back."

She stood a moment on the terrace to watch him drive away, a gallant figure on the driving-seat—one born to be a leader, she owned, proudly. No seat of commerce for a Rankine of Stair! It might do for lesser folk—for those who had less kinship with the open, and who prized money and the things which money could buy.

As this thought—a very unusual one for a person so modest and humble—passed through Judith Rankine's mind, her eyes seemed to turn naturally towards the lowest spur of Barassie Hill, where the tops of the chimneys of the Lees could just be seen.

The Garvocks and the Rankines had some slight ties of blood between them, sufficient to make the young people adopt themselves as cousins. They had all been brought up together, in a sense, and Isabel Garvock had helped to mother the motherless brood at Stair until Judy was able, at a very youthful age, to take command.

The lands marched, and the march-dyke was on that spur of the Hill above which the chimneys peeped. Stair was the finer property naturally, but its resources had not been husbanded; consequently it was not in the state of high cultivation and perfection which prevailed at the Lees, and which was Peter Garvock's pride, as it had been that of his father before him. Bit by bit, the borders of the Lees had been widened, ever a little bit of land to eastward, ever a little bit of money could buy it, and, once merely an off-shoot of Stair—a gift, indeed, offered by the lordly Rankine of a bygone day to a humble relative who had done him a service—it had become one of the most important moneyed places in the county.

Money had been spent freely on it, while it lacked the whole dignity of Stair, it had that sheltered, cared-for look, that outward air of prosperity which we associate with money wisely spent. It was an ideal home for one of Glasgow's merchant princes, which Peter Garvock undoubtedly was.

Alan Rankine's business in Ayr was quickly done, and he caught the twelve o'clock train for Glasgow. It was not much patronized, and he was rather glad in the circumstances to escape at once the welcome and the condolences of old acquaintances and friends. It was raining when he got out at St. Enoch's, and he buttoned up his shabby waterproof and set out to walk, with long, swinging strides, to the offices of Messrs. Garvock, Garvock, & Hume, in Jamaica Street. He would just miss the lawyer at that hour, he knew, and might as well lunch with Peter, if he could catch him.

He did, at the bottom of the warehouse stair, on his way out to lunch. The meeting between the two men was characteristic. They stared at one another for a full minute, then both laughed a trifle nervously.

"Well, old chap, so you're here," said Garvock at last.

"Yes, I'm here," Alan answered.

They shook hands and stepped out into the rain. Just outside the door, however, Peter Garvock paused.

"You were in time, I hope? Judy told me he was very low yesterday."

"No. He died this morning, at half-past two," answered Alan.

They walked on a few steps in silence, which Garvock broke.

"I had to lunch with a man at St. Enoch's. We'll just go there. I can put him off. My business isn't important. I'm sorry, Alan. I'd have cabled sooner, but they wouldn't let me."

Peter Garvock's voice, usually of a raucous quality, was softened into a kindness and sympathy which surprised nobody more than his cousin, for, though they had been fairly good friends the most of their lives, chiefly because Alan himself was not of a quarrelsome disposition, he had often compared Peter Garvock to the Scottish national emblem, and had once fought with him because of having suggested to him "Wha daur meddle wi' me" as a suitable family motto for the Lees!

(To be continued.)

A Compliment for Clarence.

An old lady's son was working in London.

The youth, being very dutiful, sent his mother a telegram informing her of his progress in passing an examination.

"Good boy, my Clarence," she told a friend; "look how beautifully he has learned to write lately—just like his father."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

About the House

A SPLENDID HARLEQUIN SUIT.



Running into the kitchen, she took the twine-bag from its nail on the cupboard door and was off again. She had fastened up the last straying vine when her mother's voice called her to luncheon.

"Yes," she said as she fanned herself with the back of a convenient magazine while waiting to be served, "I weeded the rose bed, and then I had time to do a little bit more, so I weeded the hardy annuals bed; and then I had time to do a little bit more, so I fastened up that honeysuckle for you. It's all right now. Those creepers are just like children. They don't know which way to go, but they are determined to be going; then along comes a human being and trains them up to go the right way. I felt just like a mother to them."

She looked to see whether her mother was laughing and felt relieved when she saw no trace of a smile on the pleasant face.

"My, but you make the best omelet, mother! Yes, please, I will have a little bit more. It isn't because I am hungry that I think it's good. It is good, whether I am hungry or not. Everything you cook makes me want a little more. I shall have to call you my little-bit-more mother."

"And I," responded her mother, "shall have to call you my little-bit-more girl."

"It does fit me," said Alicia, laughing as she thought of the "little bit more" of everything she had had to eat.

"It certainly does," replied her mother, thinking of the weeds in the garden and the vagrant honeysuckle vine. "I wish every mother had a little-bit-more girl like you."

"It would keep her mighty busy cooking," said Alicia.

HIGH CHAIRS.

When our small son was large enough to eat at the table with us, we had to meet the problem of how to make his chair the proper height; for the high chair which he had been using up to that time did not look at all well in our dining room and we were much opposed to the usual sofa

THE LITTLE-BIT-MORE GIRL.

It was rather warm in the garden, but Alicia was so intent on her work that she did not mind the heat. "Mother wants me to weed the rose bushes," she said. "If I work fast, I shall have time to do a little bit more." She looked over her shoulder at the bed of hardy annuals where the weeds were beginning to show.

So she dug and clipped and pulled, and when at last she rose from her stooped position not a weed was to be seen. She looked at the clock on the courthouse across the square. Luncheon would be ready by twelve. It lacked thirty-five minutes of that time.

Picking up her shears and basket and spade, she moved to the flower bed on the right and worked so fast that when every weed had been pulled and she again glanced at the clock she saw that it still lacked ten minutes of the luncheon hour.

"I shall have time to do a little bit more," she said out loud. "But there are no weeds left, and what shall I do next? Oh, I know," remembering a remark she had heard her mother make the day before. "The honeysuckle near the back porch needs to have some of its creepers tied up."

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Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

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A Friend of the Family

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An inspector was examining a class in geography, and addressing a small boy in the back row, he asked: "Now, sonny, would it be possible for your father to walk round the earth?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, promptly. "Why not?" asked the inspector.

"Because he fell down and hurt his leg yesterday."

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