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"KYRA,"

OR,

The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XX.

"Mine That Was Once."

Then she rose, and glided to her glass, and stood before it, calmly, eagerly, examining the picture it presented to her.

"I am beautiful still," she murmured, with a lovely smile. "Through all the agony of those three years I have kept the beauty he praised and loved. Oh, my Percy! Mine that was once; mine that I threw from me as a swine spurns the gams in his trough! Mine that I have kissed—mine own! And you shall be mine again, or I will die! Who is this child—this girl—this beautiful savage? What's it to me that you found and recovered and are molding her to your fancy? She shall not come between us, I swear! Is she more beautiful than I am? Has she ever held you by the magic of a glance and a smile, a touch, as I have? No! She cannot come between us, though she may have chanced to cross your path. She shall not stay there, for I will sweep her from it! I will draw you to me. Who shall separate or divide us, my Percy, my hero, my love?"

Utterly exhausted, she threw herself upon her bed, and lay there, devoured and absorbed by the passion that had dominion over her; and when at last, sleep took pity on her and closed her eyes, the vision of a tall, lithe, woman-child, beautiful as a houri, rose before her, and taunted and scorned her, so that, even in sleep, there was no peace for Lilian Devigne.

CHAPTER XXI.

Kyra.

We left Kyra standing over her prostrate foe, the center of an astounded and dismayed mob of peeresses in the bud and baronets' daughters. A scene of confusion ensued that utterly puts to shame our poor powers of description, but when, at last, the horrified schoolmistresses learned in full the neormity of their new and strange pupil, their anger and reproaches knew no bounds—at least, they would have known none but for the vanquished Lady Mary, who, in her defeat, showed unmistakable signs of her nobility.

"Certainly, there is only one course open to us," declared Miss Clementa, addressing the tall, unabashed offender, with stern and almost hysterical emotion. "Such—yes, I must use the word, terrible as it is—such savagery cannot be tolerated in a select and high-class seminary for young ladies; if it were, Minerva House would lose its present character, in exchange for that of a—a—bear-garden or colosseum—yes," continued the poor lady, rather pleased at her last stroke, "a perfect colosseum, with pupils, instead of wild beasts, struggling in the arena. Miss Kyra, it is our duty to communicate immediately with your guardian, Lord Vering——"

Here, for the first time, the dark, pale face, which had remained as haughtily proud and composed as only one of her race could, suddenly quivered, and the dark, unflinching eyes drooped.

"What the earl will think of such awful conduct—how grieved he will be by the account which we shall be compelled to give him of the savage and ferocious propensities of his ward—we can well imagine. It is to you to reflect that any pain we may give him has been caused by you! Miss Kyra, oblige us by withdrawing to your own room, and, from this hour until that of your departure, be kind enough to hold no communication with your late schoolfellows. Meanwhile, my sister and I will write to the Earl of Vering."

Kyra stood as if rooted to the ground; then raised her face, which had suddenly grown white, with an anguished expression, to the troubled and angry ones before her.

She seemed about to speak, but the task of melting the indignant anger of her teachers seemed at the moment so hopeless, that she was about to pass in front of them, wordless, to her room.

But some one stepped out from the awe-struck crowd and caught her arm. She turned, passively; it was the vanquished adversary, Lady Mary.

"Wait a moment, Kyra," she said, in a low, quick whisper; then, turning to the astonished Misses Penley, she said, with a high flush, that heightened her beauty more than all the grand airs she was wont to exhibit could do, she said, quickly:

"Mesdames, Miss Kyra was not to blame; it was my fault, all of it; I provoked her past bearing, and she retaliated and punished me as I deserved. That is true, isn't it, girls?" she demanded, with a quick sweep of her eyes.

The ring assented readily, very readily.

"It is quite true, Miss Clementa!" was the chorus. "It was our fault—all our fault! She wanted to practice, and it was her proper turn, and we set Lady Mary on to tease her! It was not her fault."

Miss Clementa looked round, and then at the two center figures, fair and dark, the former clasping the hand of the other tightly and pleadingly for her. The old lady's eyes filled suspiciously.

"You are both naughty, cruel girls to behave so badly!" she said; "but I am glad you have told me the whole of this shocking occurrence! And, Miss Kyra, I think, in consideration, we will recall our intention of communicating with the earl," etc., etc. "Now, salute each other, and return to your studies."

Kyra, with downcast eyes and pale face, dropped the graceful curtsey she had been taught, but Lady Mary caught her in her arms and kissed her.

"You stupid thing," she whispered, "that is not the way to make friends! What a strong, awful savage thing you are! But you'll be my friend now, won't you? Give me a kiss?"

Kyra looked at her for a moment, with a startled, almost frightened, face; then her eyes filled, her lips quivered, two great drops rolled down her lovely face, and she stooped and gave the first kiss of her life.

"There!" sighed Lady Mary, putting her plump arm round Kyra's strong waist. "There, now we are friends! And you, girls, if you don't all love Kyra from this moment, you are no friends of mine! Expel her, indeed! Why, they shouldn't have done that if she'd thrown me out of the window, as I deserved!"

Then, as she and Kyra passed away out of hearing of the rest, she whispered:

"Ah, ah! I know your weak spot now, my dear! It is the earl! Is he very terrible? Are you very frightened of him? You must be, for your face changed for the first time since you have been here! There, there!" she added, quickly, with something of an evasive intention, "I won't worry about him; but, remember, we are friends from to-day; and, if you want any help, now, or at any other time, come to Mary Darlington!"

It was no meaningless offer; Lady Mary was as good as her word. From that day the dark Indian girl and the delicate granddaughter of a duke were the Jonathan and David of their sex. They were seldom apart in work hours or playtime; in the former, Lady Mary was as anxious for Kyra's intellectual advancement as Kyra herself, Lady Mary would often scamper through her own task to assist her new friend in hers; when playtime came, it was Kyra who turned instructress and assistant. It was she who taught Lady Mary how to use the miniature gymnastics on the lawn, to swing the wooden dumbbells round her head, and lift a ladies' weight.

Kyra and Lady Mary often took rides in company; and one day, when out riding together, they turned their horses in a new direction, and found themselves in what seemed almost a wild country, though it was, in truth, nothing but a London suburb, not yet polluted by the builders' bricks.

As they were riding slowly, side by side, Lady Mary chatting about all that she would do and see in the life that was opening to her in the gay world, and Kyra listening and wondering, they passed a small sidewalk, overhung with trees.

At the moment of their approach, two gentlemen came out of the shadow into the morning sunlight, and so suddenly that Lady Mary's horse, a rather timid quadruped, shied slightly.

Kyra put out her hand to quiet it, and for the moment the two girls pulled up.

Two gentlemen, the cause of the little confusion, naturally looked up.

As they did so, the elder of the two, a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, with the American type of countenance, uttered an exclamation, and clutched his companion's arm.

"Poker! That's her!" he exclaimed.

Then, in an excited way, he swung his companion round.

"Look count, see those gals on horseback? Tell me if you know them?"

But the girls had ridden on, and the friend shrugged his shoulders, with a slight laugh.

"No, not I. Some school misses out for a morning canter. Why, Jackson, you seem quite smitten!" And they walked on.

They were not quite strangers to the reader, for they were Count Hudspiel and Mr. Jackson, United States Commissioner.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Savage Transformed.

What a charm there is about a beautiful and well-bred woman! She is as an exquisite musical instrument and a glorious picture in one. She is full of that sympathy which expresses itself not by the ordinary vulgar use of words, but by glances, tones, movements — by thoughts, as it were. And, then, how thoroughly in accord is she with you at each and every hour. Nothing in her jars on you; nothing about her brushes your fur the wrong way. You feel consoled, comforted, soothed by her presence; her voice comes to you refreshingly, like a cool draught on a hot day; her glance, so sweetly serene and placid, says so plainly: "Do not fear; I call for no exertion on your part; I make none on my own. I am sympathy itself. Rest and be at peace."

"All this was Lilian Devigne, added to a loveliness that was akin to angelic.

Did Lord Percy do wisely or foolishly in extending his forgiveness and offering his friendship in lieu of the love that had once bound them?

He asked himself the question the morning after his ramble in the woods, when he sat over his chocolate, but he forgot to answer it when Lilian Devigne appeared, calm and lovely, dressed with the most exquisite and simple of tastes, and greeting him with the little smile and half-lowered eyes that a man likes to see in the woman when she addresses him.

There was no trace of the life in her that morning, no sign of the storm that had raged within her bosom, and tossed her on the bed on the preceding night, as a wave of the Atlantic is dashed and broken on a rock. No; as he looked across at her, he might almost have fancied that he had dreamed that little scene on the balcony, and was the fool of a sleep phantasy.

Fresh, and cool, and lovely, she sipped her coffee, and talked to him over his paper. And yet there was something in her voice, a delicate inflection, that seemed to hint at a humility and meekness before him that was dangerously fascinating. When a woman says, by word and look, "You are my master," to a man, it nearly always ends in his being her slave, and she his mistress.

Before she had entered the room, Percy had almost decided to make his excuses, and return to Vering; before she had been there ten minutes, he had forgotten his doubts, and was led away from any sense of flight.

No, he would not be a coward. He would stay, and accept her—friendship.

The Park was a pleasant place to stay at, a Liberty Hall, in which the guests did pretty much as they liked, so that they showed up at the eight o'clock dinner.

They made up riding, walking, sketching parties, just as they pleased. Percy was not fond of parties, and, having two of his horses from Vering in the stables, used to take a daily ride about the hills and dales alone, thoughtful and meditative, forgetting, sometimes, to return to lunch, but appearing at dinner to the minute, looking like a prince, stalwart and handsome, with the Vering bearing and hauteur clinging to him, and fitting him like a glove.

Lady Pacewell never troubled him with questions as to his day's proceeding.

"I am only too glad to get him, my dear," she said to Lilian one afternoon. "He is so eccentric that, if he were at all worried, he would fly back to that great place of his, and we should lose him—and that would be a great loss for Sir William, for he thinks there is no man like him."

All this Lilian knew quite as well as Lady Pacewell, but she professed ignorance and interest combined, and for a time avoided, rather than sought, a meeting with the man upon whom all her thoughts were set.

Indigestion Resulted From Bad Case of Inactive Liver

Experience Proved That Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Were Exactly What Was Needed.

If every sufferer from indigestion would study his case as did the writer of this letter the great majority would find sluggish action of the liver and bowels to be the cause of trouble.

It is then an easy step to finding a cure, for there is nothing like Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to awaken the action of the liver, kidneys and bowels. With these organs performing their natural functions the system is thoroughly cleansed of all poisonous waste matter and the process of digestion is no longer impeded.

Mrs. W. L. Jones, Hill Spring, Alta., writes: "I have often thought I would write and tell you how much I appreciate Dr. Chase's medicines, especially Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I suffered terribly from indigestion and did not know what was the cause. I got to using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was so improved that I began to study the malady. I found that the indigestion resulted from a bad case of inactive liver, and as soon as I got the liver working right, I didn't have any stomach trouble or indigestion, the nervous spells vanished and the 'blues' flew away. I am never sick now, but should the old trouble return, I know how to cure it quickly."

There is a whole host of derangements which disappear when the liver is set right. Biliousness, indigestion, headache, irritability, constipation are a few of the more common results of torpid liver action. By the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you can control all such disorders. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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1704—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. To be closed in Front or Slipped over the Head.

This attractive little model is a one-piece style. It is easy to develop and may be worn without the shield. The fronts may be closed from neck to hem, or the dress may be cut without a front closing in "slip on" style. The collar is jaunty and becoming. The long sleeves are nice where warmth is desired. For coolness and comfort the short sleeves are very appropriate.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for an 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

1702—This style may be made with a separate guimpe or underwaist, and with sleeve in single or double puff. The neck may be high or round and low. As here shown figured crepe was used with batiste for the guimpe. Challie, tub silk, crepe de chine, lawn, dimity, voile, batiste, nun's veiling and organdy are also nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1⅝ yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and 3⅜ yards for the dress, for an 8-year size.

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The Burden of Sac

TWO MEN—A CONTRA

This is a story of two men the war has affected them and their lives and made or smash fortunes.

The story of these two men thing new; it is being enacted hundreds of thousands of oth But, as the wife of one of the men observed, "It's a strange

One of the men was a profes man. It had cost long years study and apprenticeship and money of his parents to make professional man. His school iversity years cost about £1 articles of clerkship, examinations text-books, and the cost of his during the five years of his in cost at least another thousand

Professional men are debar archaic rules from advertising less they have a host of cli or can afford to buy a practice partnership, they must wait clients or clients to come in void. Marriage, home, chil solaces of other workers that only look for in early middle was so with this man. It was the fourth year of his practice began to be able to repay his the advances she had made slender income, for his maint during the five years of his ap iceship and the first three years practice, and it was not until year (the fifteenth since he was led to his profession) that able to marry, at the age of thi By taking work home and keep average working day to four he was able to rub along with and an office boy, and his ne was about £400. Most prof men will agree that this was fair progession and quite a return for fifteen years' steady toil and a capital expenditure thousand.

The other man of this story his clerk. His age was twenty he was unmarried, and no wor

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