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CHAPTER XXXII.
"I never said I was devoted to Miss Murray's interests," mademoiselle says, candidly. "I do not even like Miss Murray; and I told you that I only wished to know the truth of that affair about the rings because she has told falsehoods about it to my friend, Lady Pentreath."
"Who is inclined to make a favorite of her, and so you want to get rid of her," Lady Nora rejoins, sneeringly. "By the bye, why on earth do you keep up that absurd French name? Your name is Glover—Bella Glover you were when you were Mrs. Vavasor's nursery governess."
"Simply because I prefer the French form of my name," Bella Glover answers, quietly; "and Lord and Lady Pentreath have expressed no disapproval at my continuing to call myself so."
"Oh, they know," Lady Nora questions, involuntarily betraying her surprise and disappointment at this news.
"Yes, of course they know," mademoiselle replies, smugly, drawing herself up and looking down at Lady Nora's brilliant little figure. "Did you think I would condescend to sail under false colors, Lady Nora? I am not afraid or ashamed of anything my friends may discover in my life," she adds, with a sorrowful smile; and Lady Nora winces perceptibly and turns away her head.
"I did not suggest that you were," she mutters, hastily. "You said you wished to see me. What is it? I must go."
"Or even poor Mr. Carter's long-suffering patience will be worn out!" mademoiselle breaks in, showing her teeth in a smile and looking at Lady Nora with an expression that makes her cover more and more—she has not much moral courage or loftiness, poor little woman—only the petty insolences of a pretty pampered creature, when she fancies it is safe to play them off.
"Your ladyship is going to reward him very fully, I trust, for all his waiting and enduring and trusting?" mademoiselle says, mockingly. "That was one of the things I had to say to you. Your friends here—the poor Dorners—have smashed up completely, and poor Yolande has got her beloved good-for-nothing back again, and so you are best out of it, Lady Nora. Mr. Carter's money is as good as theirs, even if it wasn't made in a very high-classed business," she laughs, maliciously. "Fancy quartering the three brass calls! But there's no use in being too particular. Lord Pentreath is most anxious you should marry Mr. Carter, or Mr. Anybody, who can keep you amply supplied with money, and take you out of the Glyné family for good and all. Ever since that business of the forged check, you see—Dear me, what a look! As if you did not know yesterday evening that I knew all about that pretty Cheltenham episode in your life!"
"You know nothing—you are only trying to discover something from Pentreath's vile, slanderous talk! He always hated me, that man, as much as I hated him!" Lady Nora gasps, plucking at the lace on her dress, and shivering with excitement, but flashing defiance still at her tormentor.
Isabelle Glover laughs, and goes on deliberately:
"Lord Pentreath, ever since then—"

three years ago—has been apprehensive of your falling into somebody's hands less amenable to the persuasion of your tears and charms and humbug than poor Mr. Carter—rich Mr. Carter, I should say. By the way, Lady Pentreath is going to bring your son to his wife to-morrow evening."
"Lady Pentreath is going to bring Dallas back to his wife to-morrow evening?" Lady Nora echoes, frowning and incredulous. "What are they to live on, pray?"
"Oh, they will eke out an existence somehow—bread-and-cheese and kisses!" mademoiselle answers, cheerfully. "And take my advice, Lady Nora—don't you interfere by word or deed to prevent their coming together. Now poor Mr. Carter! Do think what a fortunate woman you are, with a rich lover waiting patiently for you in the next room, who is ready to be an indulgent, devoted husband any day you wish!"
"Nonsense!" Lady Nora says, curtly; but she sweeps across the wide room impatiently, with her trailing silks and lace-edged skirts twirling behind her, pulls back the portiere and opens one of the folding doors, passes through, and shuts it behind her with an angry crash, but not before Isabelle Glover's quick ears have caught the sound of an ardent ejaculation of welcome from the patient lover, sitting wearily waiting so long—an ardent ejaculation, with an aspirate fastened on like a burr.
"Lady Nora—my angel!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.
"I feel," Miss Glover says to herself, as she goes softly upstairs, "exactly like the virtuous character in the play. I am going about adjusting wrongs and awarding rights, punishing the evil and rewarding the good. I really believe that, when everything is comfortably arranged and I have every obstacle removed out of my path, I shall grow quite pious. It is easy to be pious when everything is going smooth with you. As Bunyan says, 'People like to walk with Religion when he goes in his silver slippers.' Yes," the astute young woman murmurs softly, glancing at herself and her tall, elegantly robed figure in a full-length mirror in one of the rooms she passes, "I shall certainly study the role more and more. And I shan't call myself a hypocrite either for doing it. It is only a careful observance of certain forms, so far as I see."
She is a little dubious on this last point, and temporizes with herself.

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"At all events, I am quite determined that by and by I'll perform every duty scrupulously, and be very charitable, and very kind and gracious, and all that sort of thing, and be perfectly faultless in word, so that the most censorious old maid can't find a flaw in my conduct; and that will be doing good to every one and harm to no one, which is religiousness, so far as it goes."
And then she recalls certain ruthless and unholy deeds of her sin in the past, and thinks of certain ruthless and unholy deeds in the future before she can reach the peaceful "by and by" to which she looks forward as a season of grace and goodness. There are several prostrate pecks, metaphorically speaking, beneath Miss Glover's merciless heels. There is one—the fairest of all—Joyce Murray—to be trodden under foot yet.
"An aristocratic adventuress—she is nothing better—answering for a married man's coronet!" the virtuous Isabelle mutters, setting her teeth close. "A false, treacherous flirt, an avaricious, sordid creature, for all her blue eyes and yellow hair and patriotic graces! I'll thwart her schemes—winding my lord, the earl, round her little finger as she is doing lately, and worming her way into the countess' kindness and forgiveness, because she knows her cards are numbered as well as I do! Ay, I'll thwart my quite-too-charming Joyce and demolish her plots and plans if I have to ruin myself to do it!"
(To be continued.)

**Expert Tells How to
Protect Garden
Plants From Cold.**

Readville, Mass., Sept. 18. (A.P.)—Put a damp, warm air jacket on your garden plants if you want to protect them from frost this autumn. That is the advice of Alexander McArdie, director of the Blue Hill Observatory, who speaks as one with authority on the subject because of his success in aiding orange growers in California to keep their crops from freezing.
"Your grandmother probably loved flowers and took good care of them," said Director McArdie, who also is professor of meteorology at Harvard. "She had the right idea, when the crisp early fall nights came round, of protecting the flowers from frost by wrapping newspapers around them carefully pinning the paper so that there would be no gaps and wide-open places. In this way her plants would keep their blooms until October."
"But grandma did not know it all; we think we know a little more than the old lady did. We now wrap the newspaper around the plant just as before, but after pinning it tightly we twist another sheet of paper into something like a rope about an inch thick and pin it in place. We then take a third sheet and wrap it round just as was done the first sheet. We now have an air space about an inch thick between the two wrappings and this air jacket prevents loss of heat. It is an excellent heat insulator. We have practically bottled up the inside hot air around the plant, and if this is done about three o'clock in the afternoon it is almost as effective as keeping a small stove near the plant. Also we should sprinkle the plant and the ground with water, sprinkle it well, before we wrap the papers around it."
"With most flowers and small fruits the temperature has to fall four or five degrees below the freezing point and remain there for several hours before damage is done. Plants can be cooled to a point below freezing and yet if gradually warmed up, not injured."
"So water the plants freely, cover them lightly, put an air jacket on them and after uncovering the next morning sprinkle again with water that is rather cold. Don't use hot water. And shade the plants from the sun for several hours."
"Of course for garden truck, larger gardens and orchards, where the protection of the crop is a commercial problem, it is more practical to cover with light weight cloth or use orchard heaters, oil pots, etc. Besides heating, the smoke serves as a screen or cover."
Mussolini Imperialist.
Le Spiehl: Imperialism raises its head in Europe at different times. There was a day when Charlemagne practised it in the name of civilization. He was excused in advance in the eyes of posterity by the noble ends at which he aimed. He spread the new light among the barbarians of newly-born Europe. Later, much later, Charles Quint hoped to dominate the kingdoms which surrounded him. Prussia also had its turn. Then Russia inherited the pretensions of its predecessors. To-day, when so many crowns have fallen, when the thrones of Austria, Germany and Russia have crumbled, it is possible that Imperialism has returned to its original point of departure, in that Rome which was for so long the head of the universe has never completely abdicated its pretensions. Mussolini, enthusiastic, pugacious, energetic, and with an almost brutal determination, is probably the one Italian who, of all his forerunners in the centuries, is the true incarnation of the soul of the ancient Roman race.
Film Brains.
I have seen Rodolph Valentino on the films, and I admit that he was good in "The Four Horsemen," but he has ridden rather a high horse lately in severing his connection with his old company because they did not provide him with good enough films. Like others before him, he does not want to remain a popular idol simply on account of his good looks. He wishes to show that he has other stuff to deliver, as well. (That, I think, is the correct film expression.)
It is well known that Charlie Chaplin is a great admirer of Shakespeare and a keen student of his works.
In support of his contention that film companies have ways that are queer, Valentino tells this story. He was cast in Elinor Glyn's tale, "Beyond the Rocks," for the part of an English lord.
"But I am a Latin," he protested.
"A Latin—absolutely! I could never be an English lord."
"Never mind," replied the director. "For the picture we'll give you a French mother!"
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