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of using "commonplace tea", but the cheapest and best way is to "Junk It", then you will readily realize what it has cost you and determine to never again use any but

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CHAPTER XII.
"No news of Lord Gaunt yet," Bobby remarked at dinner. "Bright wears a face of despair, and I'm inclined to suspect that Gaunt has been playing a game of spoof."
"What do you mean?" said Decima.
"I felt like the lord mayor I once read of, who, being a simple-minded man, confessed that he longed to get out of his state coach and take a cab," she said, running up to her room.
"My poor child, how terribly your education has been neglected, for all you can speak French and Italian, and play the piano! You don't know your own language yet! Learn, you young dunces, that 'to spoof' is synonymous with 'to deceive,' only it's a bitter, because a more expressive word. Depend upon it, Lord Gaunt has been having a lark with the simple Bright—and a young lady who shall be nameless; and having had his fun, is off to other climes. Shouldn't wonder if he is on his way to Africa by this time."
"Oh, do you think so?" said Decima; and she gazed before her with rather a disappointed look in her eyes.
She was very quiet for the rest of the dinner; and when it was over, and she had listened to her father's usual monologue—a monologue which had lately grown more extravagant and sanguine—she stole out into the garden, and, leaning on the gate, thought of Bobby's speech. Would he not come, after all? Had he been deceiving them?
She opened the gate and walked down the fir-scented road until she came to the spot from which she could see the great house. The sight of it, the thought that its owner was, probably, many hundred miles away, and would not see all that—yes, she—had done, saddened her.
She was roused from her reverie by the sound of a horse's hoofs. Though at some distance, it rang pleasantly on the smooth road; and as she listened, it came nearer.
Instinctively she drew back under the shadow of the trees. The rhythmic beat came nearer and nearer, and presently in the moonlight she saw a man riding a big black horse. It was coming along at a swinging



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resting on her. "It is all beautiful—too good for such as I. And I am filled with shame when I think of all you have done for me."
His voice vibrated with a suppressed emotion.
"Oh; but it was nothing. Indeed, I enjoyed it. Bobby said it was because I was spending some one else's money; but it wasn't that only. I was thinking of the house—the poor, neglected, deserted house—and the people here."
"Ah, yes—yes," he said, rather grimly.
"And," she went on, frankly, "I wanted to make it nice and comfortable, so that you should be tempted to stay."
"I see," he said. "Well, you have succeeded. It is so nice and comfortable that I shall never want to leave it."
Decima looked up at him with a glad smile, as she patted and caressed Nero.
"I am so glad!" she said. "And Mr. Bright will be very glad. And Bobby! Will you not come in and see him? He is reading—cramming, as he called it—for his exam. Will you not come in? Our house, as I dare say you know, is only just up the road."
He hesitated a moment, a moment only; then he said, simply:
"Thank you—yes; I will come in for a moment."
He walked beside her with the bridle over his arm, and when they reached the gate, slung it over the post.
"Will he stay quiet?" asked Decima.
He spoke a word in the horse's ear. "Till morning, if necessary," he said.
She led the way through the dimly lighted hall into the faded drawing-room. Bobby was seated at the table in his favorite attitude; his head in his hands, his eyes glued to his books, a cigarette between his teeth.
At sight of Lord Gaunt, he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of welcome.
Gaunt just glanced round the room, and then at the slim, girlish figure. It was like a flower, the one solitary flower in a gray, sober garden.
"Ah, Deane!" he said in a tone which wins a young man's heart. "Back again, you see! Cramming, eh? Lucky fellow! They wanted me to go into the army, but I hadn't the capacity or the industry."
"Glad to see you, Lord Gaunt," said Bobby, heartily. "My father's in his work-shop, laboratory, I'll bring him."
He hurried out, and Lord Gaunt and Decima were left alone.
"Have you had your dinner?" she asked.
He did not tell her that his dinner had been waiting for him for the last hour.
"Thanks, yes. At least—for even the conventional fib was difficult under the direct gaze of those truthful, trusting eyes—"It doesn't matter. I am not wedded to dinner. I have gone without any too often."
Mr. Deane came in, his grotesque dress clothes powdered with dust, his gray hair thrust hastily out of his eyes.
Lord Gaunt shook hands with him, and scanned him with a quick glance.
"How do you do?" said Mr. Deane.
"How do you do, Mr.—"
He looked at Bobby inquiringly.
"Lord Gaunt, sir. Lord Gaunt of Leafmore," said Bobby in an undertone.
"Of course, of course!" said Mr. Deane. "I am glad to see you, Lord Gaunt. Are you going to make a long stay at—"
"Leafmore," whispered Bobby.
"Of course! Leafmore! You will remain and dine with us!"
"We've had our dinner hours ago," said Bobby, laughing.
(To be continued.)

Rust color is plainly a popular color, especially for afternoon wear. Knife-pleated frills in a contrasting color trim a blouse of crepe de chine.

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The Leviathan
a "White Elephant."

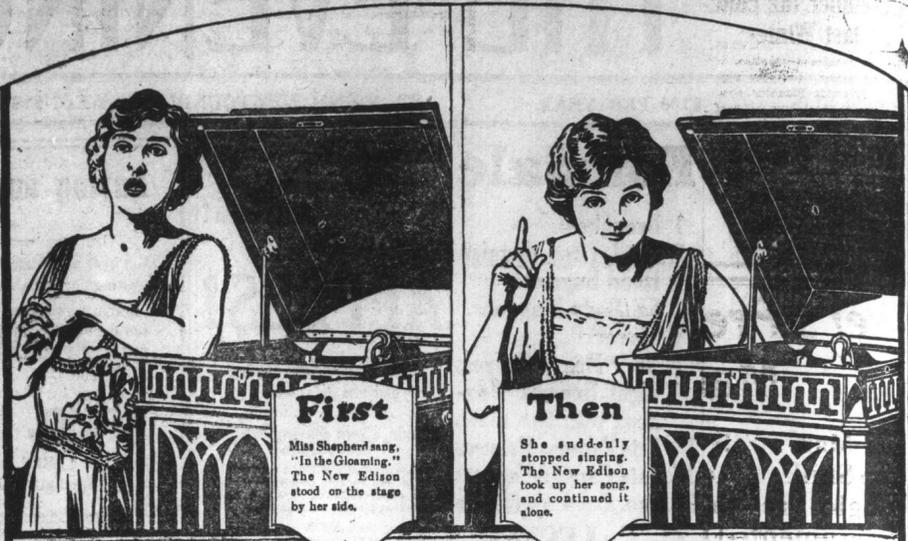
Only a Skeleton Crew Now on Board
But Costs \$2,500 a Day to Keep up.
(From the New York Times)
The skeleton crew on the former American transport Leviathan under command of Captain John Jamieson, retired commodore of the American Line fleet, has been reduced to twenty sailors and firemen, who have been engaged during the past week in scrubbing the barnacles off her huge sides, which have accumulated with quantities of long green grass during the year and one month that she has been made fast to Pier 1, Hoboken.
Apart from the money the big liner might have earned in carrying passengers to Europe during the rush season last spring, when tonnage was in such great demand, it has cost the United States Shipping Board \$75,000 a month for upkeep, which totals \$975,000 for the thirteen months' tie-up.
The Leviathan is 908 feet long and eighty feet deep from the boat deck to the waterline, so that by the time the stand-by crew have floated their stages around her sides and cleaned them with their long-handled scrubbers it will be time to start all over again.
The big Atlantic steamship lines have discovered that the huge vessels of the Leviathan class can no longer be operated upon a profitable basis because of the high wages paid to the crews and the price of coal,

which has increased to such an extent and is so scarce in all parts of the world except the United States, Great Britain and Japan. The International Mercantile Marine Company, for instance, cannot afford to operate the Adriatic or the Celtic to the Mediterranean during the coming winter season.
In addition to the high wages, the crews have to be larger now on the liners than they were before the war, because the unions demand that one man must only perform one job, no matter how light it may be. For example, the assistant cook, who is shipped to toast bread in the galley, is not allowed to boil an egg; and the assistant sculleryman, who is installed to peel potatoes, is not permitted to remove the skin from an onion.
In other days the crew of a ship were ready to do anything when ordered, from scrubbing the Captain's

dog on Saturday night for the church service on the following morning to painting the key of the keelson.
The Bismarck, under these circumstances, is not desired by the International Mercantile Marine Company, and it is understood that the Cunard Line is contemplating turning the Imperator back to the British Ministry of Shipping after she has made another voyage or two.
As there seems no immediate prospect of the Leviathan being sold, some of the officials at Hoboken have suggested that she might be used to partly solve the housing problem in New York by fitting her up to accommodate about 3,000 persons, which they claim the 55,000 ton liner could do very comfortably. Her costly furniture and fittings, worth more than \$1,000,000, disappeared somehow after she was taken over in April, 1917, and have not been located by the Government officials.
Experts connected with the big shipyards in New York said yesterday that it would take \$2,000,000 to make the Leviathan into a floating up-to-date apartment hotel. The six passenger elevators are all in good condition and her spacious kitchens have ranges ready to cook all kinds of meals and there is sufficient gear in them now to cater for 5,000 persons easily three times a day.
The public rooms are ample and the swimming pool and gymnasium could easily be put into commission, the officials say. More bath-rooms would be needed and furniture and bedding for the cabins and public rooms.

When fitted out properly the liner could be towed up the Hudson and moored within easy reach of the Manhattan shore, where the tenants could go ashore and return by tender at stated hours.
If the Leviathan became popular as a floating apartment house the engines and main boilers could be removed and sold as junk and the empty deck space used as a lawn tennis court and exercise ground.

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