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UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

**Love in the Abbey
OR
Lady Ethel's Rival**

CHAPTER XXXIX.
ALIVE AND HAPPY.

The countess sighs.

"Ring the bell, one of you men," she says; "and tell my maid to take down that bottle of old brandy she'll find in the left-hand corner of my jewel case; no—stop, she'll drink it herself. I'll go, Elliot, you will find some biscuits and Madeira in that chiffonier; and James, I want you to take a note round to Miss Popham, perhaps she'll dine with us to-night; that is, if the prettiest girl you know—almost, doesn't mind spending the evening with the ugliest old woman you know—quite. Half a glass of Madeira for Miss Tomboy, Elliot, and no more, do you hear?" and so the best-hearted old worldling that the heartless world possesses takes herself out of the room.

It is a happy little dinner party, even a merry one, for there is something absolutely irresistibly amusing in the effort which the countess makes to appear a beautiful, evil-working witch instead of the wrinkled, absurdly good-natured lady she really is; and James—bashful James!—who has "put himself outside"—as Lord Sterne would say—several glasses of champagne, grows bold and jocular. Ellen is charming, and my lord, much to Kitty's delight—how natural it comes to him, she thinks, to do the best thing at the best time—pays her even more attention than he does to Kitty herself. They enjoy themselves, they all declare, in these quiet rooms so much more than they could do at a hotel; but the evening comes to an end at last, and Kitty and her god are alone—for the countess invariably finds just before Lord Sterne's hour of departure that she must go and wake her maid! They are alone, and Elliot is sitting on the head of the sofa, and Kitty is sitting with her head resting upon his breast, recalling the events of the evening, the hard, cynical bon mots of the countess, the soft, sweet voice of Ellen; but best of all, the jolly laugh of honest James.

Thinking of him, she must needs laugh softly to herself.

"What's the joke, Kitty?" my lord asks, taking her dimpled chin in his hand.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



has been, has undoubtedly increased since his marriage, and his party, no less than himself, have much for self-congratulation on the happy chance—or shall we say fate?—which united him to a lady so charming, so irresistibly popular as the Countess of Sterne. After all, it is in her salon that the senate finds its most powerful support and assistance, and we have no hesitation in saying that to the great and prevailing influence which the countess wields, Lord Sterne owes much of that popularity which renders his every political act approved and successful. Extract from a morning paper.

And this is Kitty, the tomboy! And yet, for all her high position and powerful influence, Kitty is little changed at heart; there are times when the old spirit flashes out, and the great castle—that place which Elliot Sterne had described to her as they picked gooseberries in the lawn garden—when the castle "is turned topsy-turvy," as the steward says; when my lady, the countess, will be heard bounding down the great staircase, singing "The Maids of Merry England!" and as surely as she commences that song, my lord, the earl, if he be within doors, bursts into a great laugh and immediately joins in, much to the delight of the army of servants, who, one and all, adore the young girl whom the papers and the country laud as the great countess, but whom her friends and those about her know as the merriest-hearted girl in the kingdom.

It is very amusing to pay a visit to the lawn; it is just as sleepy a place as ever, and the Honorable Francis' eyelids have drooped the twenty-fourth part of an inch lower yet, but they drop altogether, with a smile of ineffable serenity, when he talks of "my daughter, the countess!" and informs his visitor that "from the moment of her birth, my dear Catherine—my charming—er—volatile Kitty!—has been the comfort and solace of my life. Tapley, the eau de Cologne, if you please—and I—er—fancy there is a slight draft. The screen—yes—thanks!"

One day, some five years afterward, my lady Ellstord, leaning on her ivory chair-handled stick, hobbled down from her carriage—the countess was suffering from a touch of that noble complaint, the gout—at the great entrance to the castle. It was Midsummer Day, and the countess paid a month's visit every midsummer to her protegee—as she called the countess. She was rather earlier than was expected, and it chanced that my lord and my lady were not at the hall door to help her from her carriage, and give her welcome.

But as the old soul who was very weak and shaken, for all her rouge and powder, slowly ascended the steps, leaning on the arms of her maid and her footman, a loud laugh, the joyous cry of a child was heard in the hall, and a little girl came bounding from out the cheerful dimness of the interior to the great slab of marble that formed the top step. She stood there for a moment, flushed and panting, then as a boy's voice rang out behind her, darted down the steps like a young antelope, and, chased by her pursuer, flung herself at the countess, and hid her face in the old lady's ample robes.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the old lady. "Don't knock me down, child—tut—tut—let her alone, Summers," she added, though, pretty quickly when the maid attempted to draw the little one away. "And how are you, Kitty? Lift her up, Summers. Give me a kiss, my dear. God bless me, how like the child grows to her mother!"

"Mamma and papa are in the garden," warbled the mite, throwing her arms round the countess' neck; "and so is Sir James and Lady Ainsley."

"Hem!" says the countess; "and who may the young gentleman be?" winking and blinking at the boy—so handsome, manly little fellow, who stood upon the steps, waiting for an introduction.

"That's James, James Ainsley. And, I say"—whispering in the countess' ear with smothered laughter—"what do you think he called me?"

"Can't say," says the Countess, smiling. "Little Miss Ugly!"

"Oh, no, nothing half so nice. He called me a—tomboy! Wasn't it rude?"

"Hem!" grins the countess; "it may be rude, but it's true. So you're James Ainsley's boy? Give me your hand. Hem! Called my Kitty a tomboy, did you?"

"Kitty's to be my wife!" says the young rascal, looking up with brave, smiling face. "I don't mind her being a tomboy; not a bit."

"No," says the old countess, with a grin, "your family don't, as a rule; they seem particularly fond of tomboys."

The little fellow seems puzzled for a moment, then he looks up in the wrinkled face with a bright curiosity.

"Is my mamma a tomboy, then?" he asks.

But the old countess merely grins, and seeing Kitty—er Kitty—in the hall, calls out, in her old shaky, but still commanding voice:

"Here, Kitty, Kitty! Come and deliver me out of the hands of these brats! This little man has called Miss Meek-and-mild a—tomboy. He, he!"

**THE END.
The Hair of
Rosedene**

**AND
The Game-Keeper's Hunt**

**CHAPTER I.
PROVIDENCE AND MAN.**

And this was Sir Cyril, who had committed—so the mamma said—all the wickedness man was capable of; who was as daring and reckless—so the men said—as Hercules himself, and who, at the age of thirty, found himself a ruined man, with no object in life save that of killing time, and time very hard at drying.

It was a very bad case, all the worse for its having been at one time considered hopeful; for in the years gone by there had been a certain young lady of a noble house who had, so it was whispered, cast her chains around the young savage, and who would bring him, in time, into the pale of civilization again; but it had all come to nothing. Many a bashful debutante had sighed, many a set her snare for the wild young baronet, but in vain. Sir Cyril would come and sit beside them, as gentle as Shakespeare's sucking dove—would dance with them "like an angel"—would steal their hearts away—unconsciously and unwittingly, let us hope—and then smile and ride away.

And now it was hopeless. Outside the circle of mamma he was, of course, extremely popular. Men were as proud of the friendship of Sir Cyril More as they would have been of a prince of the blood; boys fresh from college had the tall, fair-haired scapegrace, with the soft eyes, and the good-natured, serene smile, pointed out to them, and regarded him as a hero and a celebrity.

Dressed with faultless care and the most refined taste, and riding his perfect hack down the Row, or tooling his drag, with the four champing, frothing, yet business-like bays, he was one of the sights of London.

Even now, when the money had run through the hole in his purse, men looked up to him, and respected his opinion as that of a man who knew the world and was to be depended on; and in most smoking-room discussions, on almost any topics which concern men, you heard his name and his dicta quoted with confident respect.

Men liked him; there was no resisting the good humor of the clear blue eyes, and the good fellowship of the almost boyishly frank smile; and Sir Cyril's enemies might have been counted upon the fingers of one hand.

His greatest was himself, of course; his next was his brother, Edward Mora. A certain amount of coldness in a younger brother who is next in succession to the elder, who is rapidly and assiduously making ducks and drakes of the available patrimony, is pardonable; and it certainly was not pleasant for Edward to be obliged to look on at the wasting of the estate to which he stood a fair chance of succeeding—to know, day by day, that the fortunate elder brother was cutting down the timber, mortgaging the land, and letting the whole place go to rack and ruin; that he might have the wherewithal to dissipate; but Edward Mora would have hated his brother, Sir Cyril if the latter had been the most conservative and careful of men—if he added to and extended the estate, instead of impoverishing it.

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He would have hated him for his stature, for his golden hair, for his fair, handsome face, for his very bewitching and dangerous smile; for Edward was born dark and insignificant looking, and the wicked old fairy had cursed him at his christening with that worst of all bans, an envious heart; and even now, than Sir Cyril was a far poorer man than himself—for Edward had taken to the bar, and had made money at it—he envied him.

Envied him all those gifts which misfortune had still left him, though she had bereft him of all else—the gift of a goodly presence, a cheerful, light-hearted temper, and that nameless, subtle charm which men and women find irresistible.

Though he were as rich as Croesus, Edward knew he could not buy these, and he had a dim and bitter suspicion that they were more valued by his brother than all that he had lost; and so, though Sir Cyril was down, and Edward was up, the younger brother still hated and envied the elder.

"Poor Edward, always grim and gloomy," Sir Cyril would say, "the only man I never got on with. Rum, isn't it? Can't be the property, you know, because he's well-titled-in now, and it doesn't matter. I suppose it's because I'm such a black sheep, and he is so fearfully square and proper. Poor old fellow!"

And Sir Cyril pitied—yes, pitied him!

While Edward, when he spoke of Sir Cyril—which was seldom—could find no words deep and emphatic enough in which to express his condemnation and disapproval of the scapegrace.

(To be Continued.)

Fads and Fashions.

Lingerie blouses are still worn. The uneven tunic is still in use. The woollen waistcoat is very popular.

Taffeta suits are made with box coats.

Taffeta frocks will be in favor for spring.

Georgette crepes will continue popular.

Crushed plush is much used for coat collars.

Woolen dresses nowadays are all ankle length.

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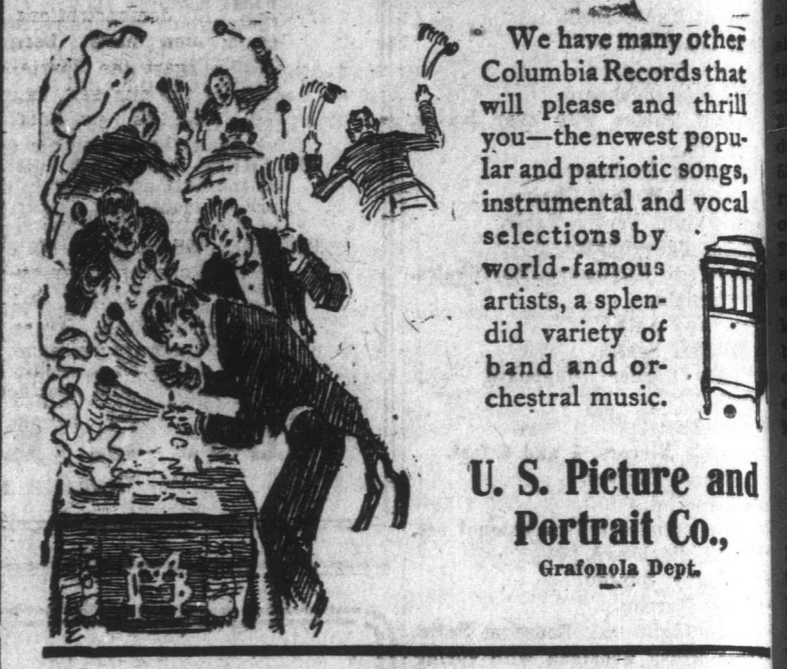
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ULT OF RAIDS DURING

LONDON, Jan. 12.—Raids on the United Kingdom during the war were killed or injured 4,750 were civilians. Summary of the casualties by German airplanes and bombardments from the sea: Killed, 554 men, 411 women, 772 children. 58 sailors were killed and 1,000 were injured. There were 1,000 casualties caused by air raids and the injury of 68 soldiers and the killing of 121 civilians and 619 civilians and 400 injured. In bombardments from the sea 14 soldiers and 604 civilians were killed and 604 and 30 injured.

LIEBKNECHT SHOT
LONDON, Jan. 12.—The Berlin correspondent of the Times, telegraphing today's date, declares that Dr. Liebknecht, the German socialist leader, had been killed during the fighting near the city of Berlin. Liebknecht is reported to have been shot in the head. No confirmation of this report is obtainable.

THE EBERT GOVERNMENT
PARIS, Jan. 12.—Semi-official advices from Berlin state that the insurrection is being put down and it is no longer doubtful that the Ebert Government has retained by the loyal troops. The presence in the city of Friedrich Ebert and his wife, Von Hindenburg. The news appears to have transferred the struggle to the provinces, where the capital, Karl Liebknecht, is reported to have proclaimed a dictatorship. Liebknecht and his followers declare a general

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