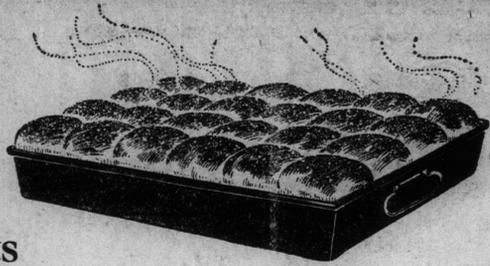


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## Beautiful Cynthia;

### OR Victory After Many Defeats.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. NEWS OF A LOVED ONE.

"If that gentleman should call, please say that I am not at home, Parsons."  
"I should think so, indeed!" responded Parsons, scarcely inaudibly.  
But though repulsed, Sampson was not abashed or beaten off, and one evening he waylaid Cynthia as she was returning from a walk. She would have turned aside and avoided him, but Sampson lurched in front of her and held out his hand. She saw that he had been drinking, and with a shudder of loathing she tried to pass him, but he cried:  
"Hi, stop! Don't carry it too far, Cynthia. I want to see you. They always tell me you're not at home when I come; but I'm not to be put off in that holly-tolly fashion. I've got something to say to you. I've been thinking about you a good deal since you came back, thinking about you and me—"

"Please let me pass, Sampson," said Cynthia, anger added to the loathing. "I do not want to hear you, to talk to you—"  
"Oh, come!" he said, with a grin. "Those airs won't wash with me, Cynthia. I know you too well to be put off with 'em. What I was thinking was that you and me would step together well in double harness. Don't you understand?"  
For Cynthia was looking at him in

a kind of stupor of surprise and incredulity.  
"I'm making you a regular proposal of marriage. That's what it is, and no mistake, Cynthia. I'm not surprised that you're taken aback. Suppose you thought I was only flirting with you? Well, that's what I thought at first, but I'm serious, Cynthia. I mean what I say. Of course, I know I could do better—bless you, I could aim at one of the best families! but I'm only speaking the truth when I say that there isn't one of 'em that could hold a candle to you, or could queen it better at the Court up there. What do you say, Cynthia? shall we make a match of it?"  
Cynthia, red with shame—for was not such a proposal an insult and an outrage?—opened her lips to crush the wretch with one word, if that were possible. But Sampson misinterpreted the crimson flush, the indignant flashing of her eyes, and with a nod and a grin went on fatuously.  
"Takes your breath away, doesn't it? But I'm serious. And I want to have you soon—"

Her voice found itself at last.  
"Stand out of my way!" she said quietly, calmly enough, but with an accent that penetrated even Sampson's thick hide.  
"Oh, that's it!" he said, between his teeth. "Riding the high horse, are you? I'm not good enough for you! Sampson Burridge, of Summerleigh Court, not good enough for a beggarly Drayle!" He laughed insolently, with a touch of rage, of malignant desire to wound. "I suppose your fancy's still set on that Frayne fellow? There now, don't blaze up!" Cynthia's eyes seemed to scorch—and sober—him. "What's the use of dwelling on him? He's a back number even if he's alive; and the odds are that he's a dead 'un."  
Cynthia had turned away, but she stopped suddenly and looked over her shoulder at her tormentor. There was something in the expression of her face which shamed him into silence for a moment, and he went on in a half-apologetic manner.  
"Looks as if you hadn't heard? But

you must have. No? Do you mean to say that you don't know Darrel Frayne was killed—or missing. It's all the same, I expect—after that fight out there in India? Hi! Stop, Cynthia! I didn't mean to spring it on you. Here, you aren't going to faint!"  
Cynthia, with blinded eyes, warded him off with her shaking hands, and after a moment walked on.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### 'TIS A SMALL WORLD.

One evening, in the vivid twilight which precedes the deeper shades of an Afghan night, Darrel and his preserver and guide, Abdurmahn, toiled slowly up the hill which casts its shadows over the small station of Dhinapur.  
To recount their adventures since they left the nullah and started on their perilous way through the Afridis' country toward safety, would be but a recital of deadly monotony rendered hideous by insufficient food and water, and alarms which were not

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Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

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seldom false, but always disquieting and irritating.  
Darrel would have proposed a more daring and open course. But Abdurmahn, true to his sacred vow, would not permit his charge to imperil his life by foolhardiness.  
He knew that should they be seen and detected by the Afridis, neither his nor Darrel's existence would be worth a melon seed, and even now, when they were passing through the last miles of the danger zone and would soon sight the station from the top of the hill, he did not relax his vigilance and caution. And his dark eyes were turned in every direction, as if he still expected an ambush and were ready to repel an attack.  
But, indeed, with all the will in the world, Darrel could not have made the journey much more rapidly, for his wound still troubled him, and the scarcity of food kept him weak.  
Abdurmahn foraged with all the skill of a hillman, obtaining supplies in the villages as they passed, or even purchasing them from the stray travellers they met, half-wild men trudging beside their mules laden with the merchandise in which their owners were trading; but a mess of dried beans, a chipati, or an occasional draft of goat's milk, though apparently quite sufficient for Abdurmahn, was scarcely the kind of diet for a man in Darrel's condition.  
But, of course, he professed complete satisfaction, and Abdurmahn, in the course of that exceedingly trying and nerve-destroying journey, began to understand why it was that the English are so hard a nut to crack, even for an Afridi, and why those apparently weak white men always win in the long run.  
"I should think we could make it to-night," said Darrel wistfully, as he looked up the steep ascent which had still to be made before they could see the haven of little huts which, Abdurmahn assured him, lay in the valley on the other side. "You know the way, and we're good for another ten miles."  
Abdurmahn shook his head gravely and glanced at the slight and considerably wasted figure tottering beside him.  
"No, sahib," he said. "It is not so near as you think, and it is dangerous to travel in this land by dark; there are always badmash"—he meant bad characters—"on the lookout for chance plunder. It will be wise to sleep in a nullah and go on with the dawn."  
Darrel stifled a sigh. "A pretty pair we shall look when we do reach it," he remarked, with a grim smile, as he surveyed their travel-stained rags. "Perhaps you're right; for I should think it very likely that the sentry would fire on us at night, and without challenging, and the stiffest court-martial would exonerate him. Do you know what is the first thing I shall howl for, Abdurmahn, when we do get there?"  
"Food that the sahib likes," ventured Abdurmahn; "bullock's meat, white bread, and whisky pawnee?"  
"Not a bit of it," retorted Darrel. "They're all good things in their way, and I shan't say 'No' to them; but what my soul craves for is a cake of soap and a bath. I'd swap all the rest for 'em!"  
The Afridi looked at him pensively. "It is always so, sahib," he remarked, with the air of a man who muses over an extraordinary fact. "It is always the first thing the English soldiers ask for when they come to a village; they love to wash themselves; the bath first and then the food. With an Afridi it is the meat first and then the bath." He shrugged his shoulders. "It waits."  
Darrel laughed. "A mere matter of habit, Abdurmahn," he said, absently, as he surveyed his hands, black with the sun and the grime, and knew that his face was a capital match for them.  
They toiled upward in silence, each occupied by his thoughts; the Afridi doubtless thinking of Khastri, the Englishman also dwelling on the eternal feminine, the woman he had loved and lost. There were boulders on the way, and Darrel's feet, hardened though they were by the long march, often missed their aim and caused him to stumble; and presently Abdurmahn, whose watchful eyes had noticed the signs of the fatigue which comes close on exhaustion, called a halt.

(To be Continued.)

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9567. — A CHARMING GOWN FOR HOME OR CALLING.



Ladies' Dress with Chemisette. Blue ratine, combined with embroidery in Oriental tones and fancy buttons for decoration is here shown. The design has the fronts in surplice style, opening over vest pieces that reveal a chemisette of lace, and are tabbed trimmed. The vest portions form part of the collar at the neck edge. The skirt meets the surplice waist front at the right side, and its back is gathered, slightly—a new style feature. Crepe, chambray, linen, corduroy, gingham, chambray, voile, or tub silk will make of this model an ideal summer gown. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9551.—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE DESIGN.



Dress for Misses and Small Women. (With Vest and Long or Shorter Sleeves, and in Raised or Normal Waistline). Light blue ramic linen was used for this model, with trimming of wash braid and crochet buttons. The fronts of the waist outline a chemisette, that may be of contrasting material. A jaunty collar in sailor style finishes the neck edge. The upper portion of the sleeve is cut in one with the waist portions, and to it, the long or shorter sleeves, whichever is preferred is joined. The skirt has a tuck stitched front seam, where the closing is effected, and the panel back has plaited extension at the foot. The model is suitable for voile, panna, serge, gingham, ratine, corduroy, chambray, percale, satin or silk. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4 yards of 44 inch material for a 17 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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