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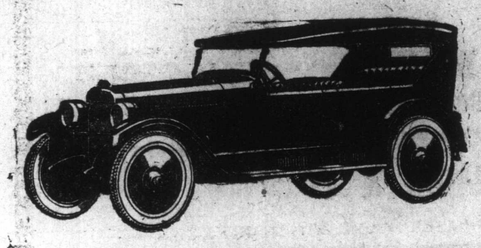

The CHALMERS SIX

may16,tu,tf

Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—

The Picnic

—in—

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XI.

"I cannot ask you to report upon Lord Cecil's condition," he said. "I regret to say that we have disagreed and parted. Lord Cecil objected to my presence among his friends. I resented this, and that is why he is not here. I would have made the explanation before, Miss Craythorne, only I did not wish to damp the pleasure of the party. Lord Cecil drove home again upon finding that I had disobeyed his wishes."

"How ridiculous of him!" ejaculated Ada. "But he always was a headstrong fellow. I should not be surprised to find him at the Forest, with endless apologies! Why did he object to you, Sir Charles?"

The instant the question had passed her lips, she regretted it. Lady Gladys' telltale color was a sufficient reply, and a sharp pain pierced her heart.

Luckily, Sir Charles' attention was diverted by Mr. Gadsby shouting to him that the meadows around were flat enough for cricket fields.

"Is there a decent cricket club about the neighbourhood?" he asked.

Mr. Gadsby was a stranger. He had only just arrived at the vicarage for a little learning.

The Rev. Julius Andrews was great in classic attainments, and imparted a little of his knowledge to a select few, when a good fee was obtainable. Mr. Gadsby was the son of a merchant who had suddenly become rich by turning an insolvent business into a limited liability company. Mr. Gadsby's education required finishing, and he had come to Swinford to have the necessary polish put to it. Money was a password which the vicar believed in as he did in his immortal soul.

"There is no cricket club here, Mr. Gadsby," Ada Craythorne replied, with great presence of mind, "but everybody plays tennis."

Mr. Gadsby did not think much of tennis, but he was willing to learn, if Ada Craythorne would consent to be his mentor. He felt that his heart was lost to her forever. Had Mr. Gadsby known what Miss Craythorne thought of him, his blushes would not have sprung from flattery.

But from that moment he considered himself the most blessed of mortals, for she laughed and chatted with him with a gayety that he thought was real, while her heart was torn with jealousy and bitterness.

Presently the carriages stopped, and for ten minutes everybody was busy, the ladies finding a suitable spot for the outdoor meal, and the gentlemen hauling about the baskets. Then the coachmen were sent home, with orders to be back at four o'clock, and business began in real earnest. A snowy cloth was laid on the grass; there was a clatter of china and glass, the merry popping of corks, and the distribution of sandwiches, chicken pie and other delicacies. There were the usual feminine screams at the sight of a spider, or some fly of strange appearance, and cheers followed Lady Craythorne's announcement that real hot tea, brewed on the spot, would be ready at three o'clock if one of the gentlemen would gather a sufficiency of dry sticks to boil the kettle.

Amid so much merriment who would have dreamed of deeply-laid schemes and tortured hearts?

After lunch there was no excuse for lying about the grass, except for the elder ladies and Flossie Craythorne, who complained that she preferred to sit still and read, as the heat gave her a headache.

Ada Craythorne had accepted Mr. Gadsby's offer to escort her, and they were the first to start away, the young man looking very delighted.

Sir Charles and Lady Gladys followed, and then the vicar and Mrs. Nixey paired off, but did not forget to ask Flossie to poin them. This he was well pleased to hear of Flossie's headache.

Once more were Sir Charles and Lady Gladys happy, and when beyond the prying eyes of Lady Craythorne, they walked hand in hand, content to look into each other's eyes, and read the love that was theirs.

"What a beautiful world it is," sighed the girl, "under the shining blue of the summer skies. Oh, Charles, why is it not always summer?"

"If it were always summer, darling, we should not see its beauties. It is only by contrast we discover the hope of morning from the despair of night. If life were nothing but sweets, we should not enjoy them."

"Do not talk of despair!" shivered Gladys. "At such moments I fancy that you almost believe what you are saying to be your own unhappy feeling. There is nothing before us, darling, but brightness and beauty. A long, long life of love! The birds in the trees above us sing of nothing but love! The winds whisper only of love! Tell me that you have no fear; tell me that there is no dread upon your soul!"

"Gladys, my own love!" he exclaimed, a sudden dread at his heart. "Why should you talk in this way?"

"I cannot tell you, dear; I am nervous and foolish. It is not like my natural self. But I have never had anything of value to lose before, and it may be that we are too happy—too selfish in our happiness!"

"Silly little girl!" he said, lightly. "How is it possible for you to lose me? Do you think that I am a faithless knight? Do you think that I shall love and ride away? Gladys, I could no more live without you now than the trees and the flowers could live without sunshine and rain. A few short days since I had never seen you. I did not even dream of your existence. And now you are my life—my very light—my heaven!"

He pressed her tightly to his heart.

"There is only one thing that I am sorry for," said Gladys, after a few moments of happy silence. "I wish that I had not treated auntie's fears—auntie's belief—in the cruel legend of the White Lady's Bower, Charles. I have had many evil forebodings since, and you know that one of my dreams, at least, has proved prophetic."

Sir Charles laughed away her fears, and after a long and happy walk, they emerged from the forest, and saw the crumbling walls of Woodall Castle looming before them.

For half-an-hour they wandered among the ruins, and once or twice the young baronet fancied that he heard footsteps following them, but quickly dismissed the thought, for the place was full of echoes. No, there was the figure of a woman, not a hundred paces away, and he caught the gleam of what appeared to be a pair of lurid eyes, as she passed under one of the gloomy archways and disappeared.

"What was that?" he exclaimed, for Gladys' eyes had followed his.

"A gypsy woman, I believe," she replied. "There are lots of gypsy caravans on the other side of the wood, and I am always interested in those queer people. What a romantic life they seem to lead!"

"Lazy vagabonds, as a rule!" Sir Charles smiled. "Numerous burglaries and poaching affrays are traced to them."

They left the ruins, and started slowly on the return journey to join their friends. They had forgotten all about Lady Craythorne's three o'clock tea; they could think of nothing but themselves.

"The thought of parting saddens me already," said Sir Charles. "I am going home to-night, Gladys. To-morrow my mother will write to Lady Marcia, and I shall want you to come and see her soon. I don't know how I shall live until then; and yet," he added, "I have much to do—much to do!"

It seemed that he was speaking to himself, and his tones were full of fierce energy.

"I shall so like to come and see your mother and your home," Gladys said, softly. "I hope that your mother will like me, Charles."

"Like you!" he echoed. "She will love you for your own sake, and for mine. Then, when my business is done, I shall see the earl; it will not occupy me many days, and we can begin to dream of wedding bells! Oh, Gladys, my darling, does it not seem too good to be true! No, nothing shall come between us—nothing can come between us. I will move heaven and earth——"

He stopped suddenly, for the figure of an old woman was barring their way.

(To be continued).

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Fashion Plates.

A DAINTY, SIMPLE DRESS.

Pattern 3267 was used for this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3½ yards of 40 inch material.

Lawn, batiste, voile, dimity, dotted Swiss, crepe,wash silk, gingham and chambrey could be used for this. As here shown white organdie was used, with self frills, and outline embroidery for decoration.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents insilve r or stamps.

A STYLISH FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4019. The graceful fulness of the drapery and the "tie on" effect are popular features of this model. It is nice for crepe, and also for voile. Ribbon, hemstitching or a picot edge would serve well for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 5¼ yards of 40 inch material if made with long sleeves. With the sleeves short ½ yard less is required.

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A DAINTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

Pattern 3660 is here charmingly portrayed. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards of 38 inch material.

Dotted Swiss, organdy, crepe, crepe de chine, flouncing, embroidered voile, poplin, silk, gingham, percale and linen are attractive for this model.

The plastron may be omitted. The sleeve may be in "short" or wrist length.

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A SIMPLE DRESS FOR A SMALL CHILD.

Pattern 3393 developed this attractive model. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3, and 4 years.

Chambrey, lawn, calico, challie, linen, crash, voile, silk, serge and mixture, also gingham, and poplin are nice for a dress of this kind. As illustrated, blue chambrey was used, with trimming of white Indian head, finished with blanket stitching.

It will require 2½ yards of 27 inch material for a 2 year size.

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A COMFORTABLE PLAY FROCK.

4031. The good features of this style are readily apparent. Itmay be attractively developed in percale with bindings of a contrasting color, or in chambrey, pongee or crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 6 months, 1 year and 2 years. A 1 year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36 inch material.

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A DAINTY COMFORTABLE FROCK.

3980. In dotted Swiss, challie, chintz or cretonne this style is ever attractive. The development is simple, and the dress will launder easily. Comfortable pockets are inserted under dainty flaps.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, and 5 years. A 3 year size will require 1½ yard of 36 inch material.

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Just Fables

by George Ade

ASK YOUR MOTHER.

Pa, may I go to the show tonight?
Ask your mother.
If I spend a dime will it be alright?
Ask your mother.
May we go to the woods on Saturday
And take our lunches? And all I say
Is the phrase of most fathers on earth to-day:
Ask your mother.

Pa, may I go to the candy store?
Ask your mother.
That pie is great. May I have some more?
Ask your mother.
Instead of a positive "yea" or "na,"
I answer him in a kindly way
With the simple phrase which all father's say:
Asck your mother.

But well I know she has said before:
Ask your father.
Playing parental battledore,
Ask your father.
So I take his hand and I hear his plea,
And then whatever the case may be,
I issue this verdict evasively:
Ask your mother.

What should I do if I couldn't say
Ask your mother?
Sparing myself in this artful way,
Ask your mother.
Better her udgement than mine, and so
Whether there's need for a "yes" or "no,"
This is the readiest phrase I know:
Ask your mother.

Ancient Indian Graves Paying Gold Mines.

The latest method of gold mining is grave robbing. Modern Indians of western South America have discovered that buried in the mounds that contain the skeletons of their ancient ancestors there also can be found gold trinkets. They burrow into these, claim the trinkets as an inheritance and melt these priceless relics of America's pre-Columbian civilisation into gold of commerce. According to Indian standards, it is a paying business, and they make a better living at this work than by ordinary day labor.

Archeologists of the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute declare that such practices are destroying forever the early history of the South American Indians. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, hopes that some arrangement can be made so that the golden images and trinkets brought to light by this novel mining will not be destroyed by melting. He suggests that it may be possible to save them by exchanging the handiwork of the ancient red men for more than their bullion value in modern gold.

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Lawn Tennis.

THE GAME FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

LONDON, Eng., June 24. (By Canadian Press.)—Lawn Tennis, everybody's game, is played almost everywhere in the civilized world. Young and middleaged—yes, even elderly people—play the game, and both sexes are at it in thousands of courts. Tennis has become the world's game. It will be played this year on five continents by people of every clime and color. It makes the same appeal to the yellow-skinned, almond-eyed man of the East as it does to the English and Americans. Its appeal, in short, is world-wide. A sporting expert of the London Daily News, in an interesting article on tennis recently, said lawn tennis knew no frontiers of age sex or race. "At 20 you may play it vehemently," according to authority, "at 40 sedately and at 60 indolently; and at all ages you may play it with the supreme enjoyment yourself." Continuing he says: "From London to Peru, from New York to Tokio, you will hear the ritual chanted of "15-30-, 40-game." All nations have entered the lists to play for lawn tennis supremacy. At the moment America holds the highest post, for players from the United States won the Davis Cup, and one of them, long, lean, "Bill" Tilden, is champion of the world. But the other countries are hot on the trail, and America may find it hard to hold what she possesses at present." In connection with the Davis Cup competition the supremacy of the United States will be challenged this year by Japan, Australasia, Spain and Great Britain. Although there seems to be no hope of this country winning back the cup this year, no British player is so pessimistic as to say Great Britain's tennis star it set forever.

This world's game, tennis, is not merely a popular spectacle. It is more than that—it is played everywhere, as well as watched everywhere. Some piquant combinations of ages may be seen at various courts in this country, proving the on-age theory in tennis, as well as the general liking for it. At the Roehampton tournament this spring, M.J.G. Richie, the veteran, and his son both appeared on the lists. A few days ago at a London hard courts club there was a doubles match in which a young athlete of 21 years was partnered by a girl some years his junior; they were opposed by two men who would certainly never see 50 again—and the old 'uns won! On the next court there were two boys of 14 or 15 years of age engaging in a well-played singles. All were apparently happy. Whether lawn tennis is the best game in the world or not is a matter of opinion. However, from the point of view of the game being suited to all sorts and conditions of people, lawn tennis stands alone.

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