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Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXXIX. ALIVE AND HAPPY.

"YES," I think you may rest upon more complete and elaborate swindle I have never been the victim of."

It is the countess who speaks, delivering her cynical accusation from the easy-chair placed by an open window facing the sea at Brighton. Kitty-who, of course, is the object of the attack-laughs softly, and coils herself still more comfortably upon the sofa which has been wheeled opposite the countess' chair. It is friends-ought to have died: but with the old vigor and robust healthiness, still round and pink enough, with the dimples back again, and the old bewitching smile ready at a moment's notice to gleam in her eyes and play about her lips.

exasperating smile, also, for the counyears Lady Ellesford has been regard- And what do you think the old idiot the office. The little girl-" ed as the pattern of a worldly, cynichit of a thing," as the countess calls with fierce fondness, has caught without her mask, and the countess' character has gone.

What's the matter now, countess?" savs a deep voice behind the sofa, as Elliot Sterne bends over the smiling face and-as if by accident, of course-lets his hand fall softly behind the sleek little head.

ping out her double-barreled eye-House: but here we both are, dangling at the heels of a saucy, good-forlacity to play tricks with people old enough to be her grand-hem-her

tes the fur under which the "chit of girl" lies coiled, though it was juite well enough as it was.

lying!" says Kitty saucily.

der what he'd say if he knew I'd made such a fool of myself. I, who never but myself out for anybody be-Yes, it's all very well for you to laugh, miss; and you, Elliot, ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you think it's nothing to take in and swindle the greatest doctor of the day? I met him yesterday on the pier, and the poor fellow didn't know ing patient, countess?' Interesting patient, indeed!" with a snarl, and an affectionately savage look at the sweet, smiling face opposite her. 'Oh,' says I, 'our interesting patient is as well and as strong as a young horse-more flourishing and hardy than your reputation, Sir Arthur. Then he coughed and took out his snuff-box, and scratched his eyebrows. 'I give you my word, my dear countess,' says the old fool, 'I her life; I wouldn't, indeed! Never saw such a stubborn case of'-here the old idiot ran off a lot of name hard enough to break a horse's jaw-'in the whole course of my experience! I gave her up from the first moment I saw her, and I told Doctor Brown-no Greene-Green so, plainly. She smiles now as she looks out An exceedingly clever and worthy Som among her wraps of china crepe man, Doctor Greene.' 'Yes,' says I,

A short, deep laugh greets this

"So, you see, even that old idiot laughs at me!"

Kitty stretches out her hand-it is still very white, but plump and soft enough now, and lays it on the wrin-

"Poor, dear old countess!" she her hand to take it and kiss it. "No," she says softly; "I don't think I could have died even to oblige you, Doctor Greene and Sir Arthur."

he third and greatest doctor of the lot." says the voice behind the sofa. The countess snarls.

"Physician, cure thyself!" she says. the bureau," said Mr. Weston. "I've got a malady which will cling to me for life," he retorts, touching Kitty's short curls caressingly.

"I wonder which will tire first-you "She wants me to apologize for not or the malady?" says the countess, trying hard to be cynical and stoical. The countess growls, and nods, at "There-let the chit's hair alone! he same time, generously to an ac- When I was a girl, I'd rather have juaintance ambling down the road. had my head in a bag than be seen in

"There's old Lord Peyton; I won- short curls, like a boy!"

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Relleve

Constipation

"Well, you said I was a boy—a tom-

the curly head with a kiss, as if he Mr. Weston; "but I suppose that exwere going on a long journey.

As he saunters out of the room, graceful figure to the last inch of it, can dispose of it how I choose." with that peculiar look with which she watches him whenever he comes and slowly swung round to his paper tender, proudful admiration, tinged with a little shade of half-fearful am your lawyer, your humble ser wonder. It is so difficult to believe vant, and at your orders." that this god is really her own to wor-

leans back and shuts her eyes, as if

est, the best and dearest man on earth, Lady Ellesford?"

(To be Continued.)

Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER I.

PROVIDENCE AND MAN. "I'm-I'm rather cut up, John," he said, huskily, "We've been friends, good friends, since boyhood. Well, Id costly furs, smiles with a be- 'he agreed with you, Sir Arthur; but, well!" as the great banker pursed of "I'll send you the draft tositching railiery and tenderness; an you see, she tricked you both, and his lips and nodded, as much as to wrote as John Weston dictated. At when I'm at my last gasp, I'll send say: "Don't make me weak, old last they had both finished. Mr. Westess knows that her character has for both of you to pronounce sen-friend!—I take it I know your intengone, never to be regained. For tence! I'll be bound I get well then.' tions. I have your will in my safe at began to collect the sheets of paper. had the impudence to say? 'Oh,' says "Ay, Harry's little girl!" murmured

cal old worldling, and here a little he, 'I'd recommend your ladyship to Mr. Weston, tenderly. "Yes, I'd left man who is being made to do someof a girl, "an impudent little call in Lord Sterne as a last re-everything to her, Dick; but I wasn't pay, a duty I must fulfill before I shuffle off this mortal coil. Dick, you have not forgotten Charles More, and what he did for me?"

> "No. no!" responded Mr. Burdon. "A splendid fellow, a magnificent

"A true and noble friend!" broke in says. "If I'd known that she would John Weston. "I shall never forget take it so much to heart, perhaps I'd that day he came and stood by my the senior footman. In their preshave-" there she is stopped by a side, faced the wolves-call them, ra- ence he signed the will, and they finger touching her lips, and puts up ther, a flock of sheep made frantic by duly witnessed it. fear-and saved me from ruin and dishonor. Forget! I think that when I'm in my grave the memory of it will

The lawyer, with his cigar in the corner of his shrewd lips, went to the inlaid writing table and drew a sheet of paper toward him.

"Your will, I suppose, John?" "Yes," said the banker. "You will find it somewhat similar to the old one, so far as regards the legacies to relations and servants. But there will be a great difference in respect to the child. This is what I want you to make out; and, for Heaven's sake, draw it up so that there can be no excuse for fighting over it!"

"I will," said Mr. Burdon.

Mr. Weston dictated for some minutes, and the lawyer wrote slowly and carefully; then suddenly he stopped short and, facing round, exclaimed:

The great banker smiled. "I thought you'd be astonished," he

"Astonished!" echoed the lawyer. "That scarcely expresses it. Do you know what you are doing, John?" Mr. Weston nodded. "Yes; I think

seid, calmly, and even with a faint

"You are playing the part of amateur Providence—a difficult part, John! And one that is seldom play-

"This may be one of the successful Fashion

ashion? Dispose of a fortune! You dispose of the lives, the hearts, of

actly describes my intentions. And "I hasten to do your bidding, why not? This money is my own." countess! Farewell, mesdames! I He smiled, and his eyes, which had go to the mysterious regions of the been dulled with thought, flashed deep! If I do not return, purchase a with the light of price. "I made it. ton of beetle poison and avenge me!" how hardly, with what infinite pa Kitty's eyes follow his stalwart, you cannot guess. It is mine, and I

The banker rose and, crossing the room laid his white wasted hand on "And my friend, Dick," he said,

"Little!" echoed Mr. Burdon, grim-

"Little or big, I mean you to carry length. it out, if you will."

Mr. Burdon stifled a groan. "I hope to Heaven you may live to "But if you don't-well-I suppose I in silver or stamps. shall do your behest. You were always a willful man, John, always."

"That's why I succeeded," commented the great banker, with smile. "It is your willful men who bend the world to their wills. Go on Dick, and set it down plainly. Something tells me-dying men are per-"I'l Isend you the draft tomorrow." he said, in the tone of a

couple of witnesses."

cigar and let us talk-about matters we can agree upon, Dick," he said. The two men talked for an hour, then Mr. Burdon rose to go.

(To be continued.)

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Turkey Eva a Deli

AN ULTIMATUM TO TU LONDON, The Allies have notified unless the Turkish for

na lays down its arms im forts at the Dardanelle troyed. The Turks hav unwillingness to surrend dance with the armistic all the garrisons excep dina, which is the large laid down their arms ceful persuasion. Fakh commander at Medin excuse after another lies were forced to send

atum to the Turkish gov BERLIN IN STATE OF AMSTERDAM state of siege has been in Berlin, according to

atch from that city. ITTLE CHANGE IN SIT

LONDON At six o'clock Wednesd ere was little change in n in Berlin although ent had made some p engthening its position an Exchange Telegraph m Copenhagen. The ces are reported to have otrol of the railways a upied the offices of the Spartacus organ. La expected to augment ntingent of governmen ich are arriving from P ednesday.

WSPAPER OFFICES

LED BY REBEL BERLI Spartacan forces to-day the offices of the Tage ssische Zeitung, the ger, the Zeitung Am Mi lks Zeitung is under sorship and is only pe nt news acceptable to The semi-official offices here have clos

two days.

BAVARIA'S THRE BERLIN atened by Bavaria, acco ech made to-day in the mber of Deputies in I rr Aureua, the Ministe rior. Bavaria, he says ntervene with arms if Berlin continue unsettl that the men in Ber d that Berlin is not Aureua, "and there is patience of even the people. Up to now ed the application of a unless Berlin comes pose to intervene re has never been a p



which reached such a

The Trut

is sometime instance wh the doctor sa one must grup the dear loved cup of tea or coffe

Happiness lows howev when one fir out how delicious a health maki is the pur cereal drin