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Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER I. THE BOY HERO.

"You're uppish to-day, Cynthia," he said tauntingly; "got a temper on you, I suppose, because you've been kep' in. Give me hold of the bag and come along; you're late already, and you've got to get the tea, for you don't keep a servant, not a regular one, do you?" he added, with a sneer.

"Yes, I am late," said Cynthia, quietly enough, but with a flash of her grey eyes, "so please move off the bridge and let me pass."

"What'll you give me if I do?" he said, with an uneasy laugh. "I'll strike a bargain with you; you give me a kiss—of your own free will, mind!—and I'll let you go by."

The girl's face went white, then crimson, and her eyes darted lightnings of indignation and loathing at his heavy face.

"I'd rather die," she said in a low voice. "I'd rather stay here till—till Doomsday than let you touch me, Sampson Burridge."

"Oh, we'll see about that," he said, reddening angrily under the scorn of her tone and eyes. "I'm going to kiss you, whether you like it or not, so there!"

He lumbered across the bridge toward her, and there was nothing for Cynthia to do but to turn and fly.

She had not much of a start, for he had moved toward her as he had uttered the threat, and had almost touched her; but she was fleet of foot than the ungainly boy, and would have been able to escape him if she had not tripped up on a turse root.

She did not actually fall, but the pause gave Sampson the advantage, and he was upon her and had flung his arms round her almost before she could utter the cry for help which

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she tried hard to suppress. At this psychological moment arrived on the scene a Perseus in the shape of a young lad riding a very beautiful pony.

They were coming down the opposite hill quickly, and the boy saw the two figures struggling, and heard the girl's cry; he did not shout in response; he drove the pony hard down the hill, ran it through the stream, and, before his presence had been realized by the other actors in the little tragedy, he was upon them, and with his hunting crop he dealt Sampson a good, practical blow on the back of his head.

Sampson dropped Cynthia like a hot coal and swung round. The newcomer had got off his pony and stood ready for him.

"Here, girl!" he cried. "Hold my horse. I'll settle with this chap for you!"

The command was issued in the tone of one who was accustomed to obedience. Mechanically Cynthia clutched at the reins with one hand, while she thrust the hair from her face with the other, and, panting and trembling, awaited results.

The two boys looked at each other the lad with the pony with a cool and critical gaze, Sampson with a cover and cautious eye.

He saw that the boy who had so unwarrantably interfered with his amusement was smaller than himself, not shorter, but more slightly built, and Sampson, who was fully sensible of the advantage of weight and muscle, left off rubbing the back of his head, and, eyeing his opponent vindictively, began to take off his coat, muttering with sullen ferocity:

"I'll teach you to hit me!"

"You want to fight?" said the other lad scornfully, but cheerfully. "I'm

causing rheumatism; soothes and heals the delicate linings of the bladder; and puts the kidneys and urinary organs in a clean, strong, healthy condition.

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He made this encouraging assertion pleasantly enough, for a decent boy or man always feels friendly toward his beaten foe; but it was not in Sampson's nature to respond, and as he strove to wipe the blood from his swollen face he glowered with his small eyes vindictively at the victor, and muttered sullenly:

"I'll make you pay for this. I'll be even with you some way or other. I don't know who you are, and I don't care. My name's Sampson Burridge, and my father will make you suffer for this."

"My name is Frayne, Darrel Frayne," said the other lad, "and I shan't tell my father anything about

glad to hear it. You're a brute and a bully, and if you hadn't been ready to fight I'd have given you a jolly good whipping."

He threw down his hunting crop and took off his coat; then, as if he had suddenly remembered her, he turned to Cynthia and said:

"Girl! you take the pony round the hill there, where you can't see. I'll come for it when I've finished with him."

"When I've finished with you, you won't be able to ride no pony," said Master Sampson, with a sneer.

"We shall see," said the lad. "Go away, girl."

But Cynthia shook her head. Now that her rescuer had got his jacket off, he looked, to her, very slight indeed beside his heavily built opponent.

"Don't fight him!" she said, in a low voice. "And it isn't fair. If you'll stay here while I get away—"

"Oh, she ain't going to save you, don't you fear," cried Sampson tauntingly. "Come on, if you're going to fight. But I expect you're in a blue funk."

The other lad contradicted this assertion in the most emphatic way by striking the first blow, which landed smartly on Sampson's pug nose. This was the beginning of the battle. It was a good fight, and it was a pity there was not a larger audience and a more appreciative one, for it was in a sense, a first-rate set-to completely wasted.

Sampson possessed weight and strength, but, though he did his best, he could not box. His opponent could, and while he evaded Sampson's heavily aimed blows, every now and then planted in one of his own which took good effect.

Then, again, he was as light and springy on his feet as the pony himself; he was here, there, and everywhere at once, distributing blows on Sampson's head, face, and chest, with a rapidity and directness which were extremely disconcerting to the sufferer from them.

Cynthia and the pony looked on with varied emotions. The pony was at first startled, and tried to make a bolt for it, but Cynthia gripped the reins tightly and managed to hold him. Her face was very white, but her lips were parted, her breath labored, and painful.

Every now and then Sampson contrived to get in a blow; blood was streaming down her rescuer's face—so it was down Sampson's also; but she only shuddered for that on the other lad's.

Suddenly the slighter lad slipped on the close turf, Sampson caught his opportunity, closed with and hugged his opponent with the grip of a bear, and forced him back, so that it seemed as if the other one must go down and Sampson would be victorious but, as Cynthia bit her lip to prevent herself from crying out, he champion, in some marvelous way with some movement of his leg, managed not only to recover his position but to throw Sampson on his back.

It really was a dexterous throw, and delivered with such force and suddenness that Sampson lay prone and gasping like a porpoise.

The victor was breathing hard all so, and it was some seconds before he could demand of Sampson whether he wanted any more. Apparently, Sampson was quite satisfied, for he got up slowly and stiffly and picked up his coat.

"Oh, all right," remarked the rescuer cheerfully, as he also went for his coat. "It was a fair fight, and I hope you aren't much hurt, though, now I come to think of it, you deserved a jolly good hiding for bullying a girl and if ever I hear of you doing it again I'll give you another one."

He made this encouraging assertion pleasantly enough, for a decent boy or man always feels friendly toward his beaten foe; but it was not in Sampson's nature to respond, and as he strove to wipe the blood from his swollen face he glowered with his small eyes vindictively at the victor, and muttered sullenly:

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it. And he wouldn't worry you if I did."

As he spoke Cynthia's eyes went instinctively to a clump of trees on the brow of the hill, in the midst of which stood the stately mansion of the squire of the place, Sir Anson Frayne. Sampson seemed impressed by the name, and, still muttering threats of future vengeance, he slouched off.

CHAPTER II. A PHILOSOPHIC FATHER.

With his coat on his arm and his handkerchief wiping at his face, young Frayne turned to the pony and Cynthia.

"I hope you haven't been frightened," he said, with the inoffensive condescension of the superior male. "I told you to go out of sight, but you wouldn't, you know. You'd much better have done so."

Cynthia was still white, still trembling a little, her eyes were downcast. And when she raised them and they fell on his face she shuddered and caught her breath, for it must be confessed that at that moment the lad was an appalling sight. His lip was cut and bleeding freely; one eye was closing rapidly and was displaying several of the more prominent colors of the rainbow. Also his cheek was swollen.

"He's hurt you badly," she said with acute dismay.

"Not at all; it's nothing," he assured her as he dabbed away with his handkerchief. "He's cut my lip—I know when he did it. He broke down my guard—and I think I've got a black eye. But they don't matter. I shall put a bit of steak on the eye and it will be all right in no time; nothing like steak; we always use it at school."

"You've fought before—you seem to like it!" remarked Cynthia, with feminine surprise and a reluctant admiration.

"Oh, I don't mind," he responded boyishly. "You've got to sometimes, you know. You didn't suppose I was going to stand by and see that hulking chap bullying you! What did he do it for? What did he want? Had you been checking him? Girls will sometimes?"

(To be continued.)

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Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe.
White silk and wool crepe cloth was used for this design, with a finish of feather stitching. The model is suitable for silk, lingerie fabrics, lawn or cashmere. It will also develop well in flannel, linen cloth, or eider-down. The waist and sleeve portions are combined, and the skirt and waist are gathered, in the joining at Empire waist line. The design is easy to develop and will be found comfortable and attractive. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size.

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9532.—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGE.



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