

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXV.
DADDY COMES.

A week later I receive a long letter from Geoffrey Langholme. No one would believe how strange I feel when I see the direction: "Mrs. Chester, Hotel Pays Bas, Utrecht." "Mrs. Chester"—how queer it looks! Ah, well, that is the name. I must bear all my life!

The letter is very kind, long and containing much news.

"Sir Adrian has sold out, and Lady Lasselles has returned to Park Royal. Your father was down in Idleminster—I got three days leave, and went there myself—looking very ill, and evidently in great trouble. It seems that they traced you to King's Cross Station, but no further. My dear Lady Charteris, I think you have been mistaken altogether: I am sure Charteris looks perfectly wretched—almost like a man possessed. Do let me persuade you to write to him—you could write and send the letter to me, and I would run up to town to post it. You could tell him all you feel, all you suspect; and you would know by his answer if you

were right in your suspicions or not."

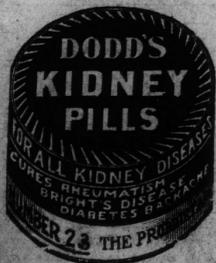
That is not a bad idea of Capt. Langholme's! I will write to Adrian. I was sorry I did not do so when I left Idleminster; it was quite through forgetfulness that I did not sit down at once; for, if I am quick, I shall just catch the mail.

"I have seen your advertisement," I begin, "and am a little surprised at the way in which it is worded. I omitted, when I left you, to tell you my reason for taking such a decided step. I thought that Theo or your own conscience would inform you with tolerable accuracy. I do not quite see what you have to forget or to forgive. You must admit that I have much. I have known for some time that Arthur St. Clair and yourself were the same person—indeed, I overheard your conversation with Theo that night at the opera. She from the first time of seeing you again, set herself, without scruple of any kind, to win you back, and with the usual success a bad woman has when striving against a good one, has done so. From what I hear, you are not satisfied that I have removed myself from your presence. I suppose you desired everything to go on before the world as if nothing was amiss—but that I decline to allow. It is of no use your attempting to trace me or find me out. It is quite impossible. I am not in London, though my letter will be posted there. I am quite alone, save for the friendship of a good woman who has not the least idea who I am. Only one person in the world knows where to find me, and that one is bound in honor to keep my secret—unwilling, but still bound. You need not trouble to advertise again; nothing will induce me to come back. No protestations of my being mistaken, no assurance even of your love, will induce me to return, for I have the positive proof of your love for Theo in my own writing.

"Audrey."

I did not read this over—probably I should not send it if I did—but I fold it up, and direct it, in my usual big, bold hand, to "Sir Adrian Charteris, Curassiers, Idleminster."

(To be Continued.)



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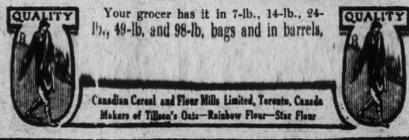
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RAINBOW FLOUR

MAKES GOOD BREAD



A Millionaire; or, Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER I.
(Continued.)

"Yes. One was that I was not to write and thank him; the other, that I was not to attempt to see him more than once a year. The lawyer was candid enough to inform me that my uncle did not even insist upon the once."

"Truly an affectionate relative," remarked Tyers.

"Yes. I can understand it," said Vane, in a low voice. "I was his sister's son, and he could not let me starve."

"Which would be almost as bad as earning your living," murmured Tyers, softly.

"And so he came forward and just did what he considered his duty. But for that I should have taken the queen's shilling, Sen, or turned train conductor."

"And you have never seen him—this uncle of yours?" asked Tyers after a pause.

"No; he evidently didn't desire to see me, and the least I could do was to respect his wishes."

"Exactly. But may one ask why you are going to him now? My curiosity proves the genuineness of my interest, you will observe."

Vane Tempest got up into a sitting position, and knocked his pipe against the wall in a kind of Devil's Tattoo, while his face flushed slightly and his brows came down.

"The truth is—"

"Suppose I spare your blushes, my dear fellow, and answer the question myself," said Senley Tyers, smoothly. "You have overspent your allowance and are up to your neck in debt."

"Ears!—deeper than neck," corrected Vane, with a short laugh, his embarrassment quite past by this time.

"And you have decided to go to him, like a prodigal nephew, and throw yourself upon his generosity?"

"Not quite that," interrupted the other with a kind of dignity which became him very well. "The fact is, I couldn't tell you exactly, in so many words, what I am going to him

for. I've got a kind of idea that I ought to be doing something—something to—well, earn my own living." Senley smiled cynically.

"What?" he said. "You can not dig, and to beg you are ashamed." Vane frowned again.

"That's just it," he said. "I am ashamed to beg. I'm going down to this queer uncle of mine, and I am going to say: 'Look here, it's of no use allowing me a thousand a year, and keeping me idle. I should always spend two or three—'"

"That would have the merit of candor, at any rate," said Senley.

"Yes, and I should say: 'Clear up these debts for me and give me enough to start in the diamond fields or pay my passage out to the Cape where I can join the mounted police or—'"

Tyers laughed a slow, cynical laugh.

"The grandson of an earl in the mounted police!" he murmured.

Vane colored almost angrily.

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.

9667.—A SIMPLE STYLISH DESIGN



Ladies' House Dress.

Suitable for gingham, galatea,

chambray, lawn, or percale, this model may also be developed in ratine, linen or linene, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem tucked at the centre back. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 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.

9675.—A SIMPLE UP-TO-DATE STYLE.



Ladies Blouse Waist, with or without Chemise, and with long or short sleeve, and two styles of cuff. (To be slipped over the head).

This practical model is suitable for lawn, madras, gingham, voile, crepe, ratine, linen, or silk. The garment is to be slipped over the head and laced in closing at the centre front. A chemise in low neck outline, or finished with a standing collar may be arranged under the waist when worn. The sleeves in full length has a turn back cuff while the shorter sleeves shows a shaped cuff cut, with overlapping point. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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| Oppenheim's "Explosion" | Forman's Harvest Moon |
| White's The Open Door | Hunt's Celebrity's Daughter |
| Bowen's The Two Caratons | Peckard's Cahoon Mystery |
| Haggard's Child of Storm | Cuythorne's Not in Israel |
| Danby's Babe in Bohemia | Churchill's Inside of the Cup |
| Rene Bazin's The Redeemer | Phillips' The Price She Paid |
| Pemberton's White Motley | McCarthy's Calling the Tune |
| Jepson's The Determined Twins | O'Donovan's Father Ralph |
| Paternoster's Lords of Devil's | Hine's April Panhard |
| Paradise | Francis' Story of Mary Dunne |
| Everett Green's The Price of Friend- | Napier's Can Man Put Asunder |
| ship. | Robins' Way Stations |
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