

Happiness Secured AT A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER VIII. THE SOMBRE WOMAN.

So far nothing has occurred to remind me of that pale, shadowy image, rising like a ghost from beneath the window that evening; and except when Len gives utterance to some of his characteristic little remarks about the ghost of Deepdene, I seldom pause to think of it, puzzled as I still am to account for its appearance.

For the first few weeks I find plenty of occupation in exploring the house and attending to the domestic arrangements.

Len, absorbed in his dreams of future fame and greatness, daubs away from morning to night at the picture on his easel; while Addie, engrossed in her writing or monopolized by Ernest Warden, who has become a mere frequent visitor to Deepdene than ever, has seldom a moment to spare for me.

A great change, of which I by no means approve, has come over my pretty, clever little sister of late. There is a dreamy, far-off look in the gray eyes, and absence in her manner when spoken to, that shows her thoughts are far away, and which troubles and perplexes me sorely at times.

CHAPTER IX. THE DOCTOR'S STRANGE AGITATION.

OPPRESSED by the heat of the kitchen, in which I have been busily engaged in the composition of cakes for our five o'clock tea, I stroll out into the garden one afternoon for a breath of fresh air.

There has been a sudden change in the temperature during the past few hours. A dense blackness that threatens a storm has fallen like a pall over the sky, while a low growl of muttering thunder, preceded by a blinding flash of lightning, shows that it is about to break.

A few heavy drops of rain begin to fall. In another moment it will pour, and, throwing my apron over my head, I start for the house just as the sound of voices, clear, breathless, and full of excitement, as if the speakers are running or walking at the top of their speed, strikes on my ear from the other side of the thick privet hedge separating our domain from the road.

"How tiresome! See how fast the storm is coming up, and not a place of shelter within a mile. We shall be drenched to the skin. Flo, and my dress utterly ruined," exclaimed a woman's voice, that is full of vexation and complaint. "Ah! it is beginning to rain already! What shall we do?" "Couldn't we take shelter at Deepdene, Gwen? We are quite close to it," a second voice replies. "Somebody—I think it must have been Mr. Warden—told me there are people living there; not an author or artist, or something of that sort, from London, I believe. Fancy any one coming, after all these years to dispute the possession of Deepdene with the bats and owls! Queer taste, isn't it? But people of that sort always are a little

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odd, I suppose; but I dare say they would give us shelter until the storm is over."

"Yes, I remember Mr. Warden telling me about them, and that he asked me to call upon them," is the reply. "There are two sisters, one of whom, according to Ernest Warden, is a genius, the other a beauty; but why he should take them up so violently I can't imagine! I am sure I have no wish to know them; still, if we could take refuge from the storm—"

I wait to hear no more. Throwing open the gate, I look out into the road, to behold a couple of ladies, who, flushed and worried, and evidently not a little alarmed, are hurrying with breathless speed toward me. "Pray come in!" I exclaim. "The rain will fall heavily in a few moments, and you will be wet through."

"Oh, thank you so very much! We are glad indeed to take refuge anywhere. That peal of thunder was quite alarming, was it not?" exclaimed the voice I heard first; and, looking up into the face of the speaker—a beautiful blond face, shaded by a perfect masterpiece in the way of fashionable millinery—I make a discovery.

It is Gwendolen Clitheroe, the young lady who passed us on horseback that day when Mr. Warden drove us over to Deepdene in his dogcart.

A moment later the rain and hail had driven us into the house, and almost into the arms of Len, who, watching the progress of the storm, stands smoking a contemplative cigar just inside of the hall.

Tossing aside his cigar, his usual placidity of manner gives place to such a look of mingled surprise and admiration as I have never before seen him bestow on anything feminine; and when his eyes alight upon Miss Gwendolen Clitheroe, Len comes forward to receive our unexpected guests, and almost before my poor little attempt at an introduction is over, hurries them into the cool, shady old parlor, in which Addie—looking as sweet and graceful as a lily in her pretty, pale-blue gown—stands near the table making tea.

"How glad I am that you happened to be near enough to take shelter here," she remarks, in that frank and pleasant way of hers, which seems to put every one at their ease in a moment. "You would have been completely drenched had you not found shelter of some sort. See how it pours!" she adds, placing a couple of the easiest chairs the room affords at the disposal of our guests.

"You are very good; but I am afraid that I scarcely deserve your kindness," Miss Clitheroe remarks, with a pretty, deprecatory little shrug of her shapely shoulders, as she slips her tea from one of the delicate, old-

fashioned china teacups, which, together with my cakes, we are discussing amid a small tornado of chat and laughter that puts us more at our ease than a whole month of more formal acquaintances could have done.

"So shockingly ramish of me not to have called before, was it not?" she asks, with a childish entreaty in her blue eyes that is eminently well qualified to disarm resentment, and which is evidently more than successful with poor Len, who, with his soul in his eyes, sits watching this vision of blue eyes and blond hair, that has so unexpectedly dropped down upon us, with an absorbed interest as if he had never seen a pretty girl in all his life before.

"Thanks to our mutual friend, Mr. Warden, who has talked of you so much, I felt quite well acquainted with you all before I had ever seen any of you," she continues. "Did he tell you how more than sorry I felt at not being able to make you a call? But the fact is, we have been so dreadfully busy at the rectory of late—a house full of visitors, you know—friends of my brother's, from London, for the most part. And my duties as hostess are always so very exacting for the reason that the task of entertaining people devolves entirely upon me. Flo"—with a glance at her sister, a pretty, fragile-looking girl—"is not strong. Sometimes for days together she is altogether too ill to ride, walk, play tennis, or do anything. At such times the task of entertaining guests, if we have any, falls upon me entirely. My dear Miss Kendrick, did you ever try to entertain a lot of dreadfully bored people in a place like this, where there is not so much as a flower show or picnic to help you out? Wait until you have; then pity poor me!" she adds, with a pathetic little sigh. "However, they are gone now, and I hope that we shall have time to become quite well acquainted."

A hope which both Addie and Len very politely echo. But, remembering that little remark which came to me from over the garden hedge not half an hour ago, I remain silent.

Has Miss Clitheroe changed her mind about the desirability of our acquaintance? If so, his poor Len's handsome face and dreamy, gray eyes anything to do with it? I wonder, as I watch the progress of the little flirtation which that young lady, with all the ease of a practiced coquette, has entered upon.

"And how do you like Mr. Warden?" she presently inquires. "Don't you think him a wonderfully handsome man, Mr. Kendrick?"

"He is handsome, certainly; but is that his only passport to your esteem, Miss Clitheroe?" Len inquires, looking down into those dangerously beautiful eyes. "Did you never hear that 'handsome is as handsome does'?"

"Does Mr. Warden's doings come under that heading?" she asks.

"He is a capital fellow, I think," Len replies.

"And a most inveterate flirt," she returns, with a laugh and a covert glance at Addie, who has suddenly become deeply engrossed with her cup and spoon. "Pray don't look so shocked, Mr. Kendrick; I am betraying no secrets, believe me. Everybody in Hanbury knows in how many affairs of the heart Mr. Warden has been engaged. But perhaps it is unjust to blame him too much, poor fellow! He can't help being so handsome and fascinating, can he? Though I fancy he is very well aware of his powers. Do you suppose that there is a single infection in that winning voice, a smile in those handsome eyes, that has not been carefully studied? And then, you know, all the girls are positively wild about him. It really is quite too ridiculous, the transparency of their little designs on handsome Ernest Warden's too susceptible heart. For he is very susceptible, and so fond of the society of ladies, a fact for which

"Where Addie always is nowadays," Len replies, with a sigh. "Warden's been here, as usual, and carried her off on an excursion to the moon, or some place equally definite. And where, in the name of mystery and mischief, have you been all this time, and when are we going to have tea?"

"I will get it directly," I reply, glad of the suggestion by way of diversion. "If you will excuse me for a few moments, Doctor Fuller, I will see what can be done to assuage those dreadful pangs of hunger from which you are suffering, or from which Len is suffering—which is it? What do you think of your patient, doctor?" I add, with a laugh. "If an enormous appetite is any evidence of health, I should say change of air has wrought a complete cure in that case. The way that boy eats is simply alarming."

(To be Continued.)

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What tired nerves need is nourishment. Your blood has failed to supply this.

To get the system right again you must supply nutrition in condensed and easily assimilated form, as it is found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is quickly enriched, the vigor of the nerves is restored, digestion is improved, and soon you feel through the whole body the energy and vigor of health.

We ought not to blame him too severely, perhaps, though I do wonder who will be the next victim to his fascinations," she adds, with a laugh. "There always is some one to take seriously his harmless little flatteries and meaningless attentions, and to break her heart in consequence, you know."

The storm that came up so rapidly passes over almost as quickly, and by the time tea is over, the raindrops, that still cling to the trees, are glistening like diamonds in the sunshine that is bursting in sudden glory through the fast-receding clouds.

"It is going to be a pleasant evening after all," remarks Addie, turning from the window, from which she has been surveying the drenched garden and receding storm, as our guests, with profuse thanks for our hospitality, prepare to depart, under the escort of Len, who has volunteered to see them safe to the rectory—an offer that is very willingly accepted.

A week later a second break occurs in the quiet monotony of our life at Deepdene.

Coming in from my walk one afternoon, I hear voices in the room Len calls his "den," and, wondering who my brother's visitor can be, I open the door, to behold, a tall, broad-shouldered figure standing in front of the easel, its back toward me.

How well I knew that dark head, that erect figure, and the next moment the visitor, turning at the sound of the opening door, is coming to war me with that grave, sad smile, that never fails to awaken a little thrill of half-curiosity, half-sorrowful sympathy in my heart.

"Well, Lesley," exclaims Len, as I lay my hand in Doctor Fuller's outstretched palm, striving with all my might to overcome the wretched, tongue-tied feeling that always seems to take possession of me at the first sight of that serious, powerful face, "this is a nice, comfortable state of things, upon my word! Here's Fuller, blessings on him for coming to the relief of a poor wretch, cast away in a desert region, just arrived, welcome as flowers in May, and hungry as a wolf, and not a petticoat in the house to scare up a meal for him."

"But where is Addie?"

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(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

It is better to eat veal in the spring. Veal that is underdone is unwholesome.

Baby's summer clothing should be light and loose.

A moist light brown sugar is the best for cakes.

Brown sugar is best for sweetening stewed fruit.

Few people know how really delicious mussels are.

Nuts added to fruit- conserve makes it much richer.

Wood and oil should be used for fuel whenever possible.

Electricity may be advantageously employed for canning.

When a jar is hard to open invert the jar on its lid in hot water for a few minutes.

All the Cream At All Speeds

Every member of the family turns the separator handle at a different rate. And, no one turns always at the exact speed stamped upon the crank—it simply can't be done.

Your present separator, unless a Suction-Feed, has a constant inflow of milk. Whenever the speed falls, a lot of cream slips away through the milk-spout and is lost forever. Experts estimate that most farmers lose from 7 to 13 lbs. of butter yearly from each cow because they turn their separators below speed. But you can stop this loss right now by using the



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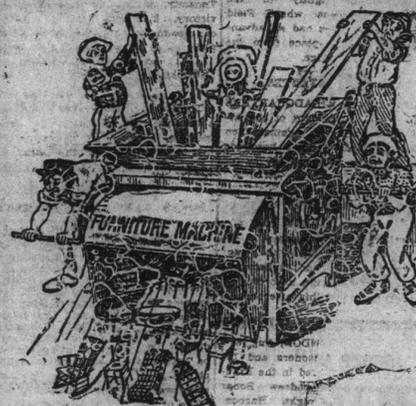
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- Dip the tops of your fruit jars in paraffin to insure their keeping.
- If ham is very salt it should be soaked over night before boiling.
- Left-over meat can be chopped, seasoned and used to stuff potatoes.
- When cream is very slow to churn into butter add a little warm water.
- A dash of quince preserve is a pleasant addition to apple custard pie.
- Eggs one week old are not so good for the baby as eggs one day old.
- Do not throw sour milk away. It makes good hot cakes and corn bread.
- The proper heat for a tart, with a small dough and bulging sides.
- The economical housewife should give due importance to the molasses jug.
- Cakes, puddings, and custards should be made without sugar.
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CABLE NEWS

WAR SUMMARY.

The historic background between Amiens and Mont Didier again is the scene of a mighty contest. This time the British and French are the aggressors, and under their fierce onslaughts on the first day of the battle they have penetrated deeply into the German positions over a front of more than twenty miles, reaching from the region of Braches to the neighborhood of Morlancourt. Following short but intensive artillery preparation, and aided by military weather the Allied attack took the Germans completely by surprise, and they fled almost everywhere, pell-mell before the tanks, motor machine gun batteries, cavalry and infantry sent against them. All the objectives set for the Englishmen, Australians, Canadians and French were attained in remarkably quick time. At last accounts on Thursday night the Allies were still making progress. Where the enemy turned to give battle he was decisively defeated. Thousands of Germans were made prisoners, large numbers of guns were captured, great quantities of war materials were taken, and a score of more villages and hamlets were occupied. In addition heavy casualties were inflicted upon the enemy. At his deepest point the penetration of the German line was about seven and a half miles eastward from Villers-Bretonneux to Framville, while from two to five miles were gained all along the front from northwest of Mont Didier to the region around Morlancourt. The fighting extended from Morlancourt to the Albert sector, but no official details concerning it have been received. The advance of the Allies in the centre places them well astride the railroad leading from Villers-Bretonneux to the important junction at Chaumes, where the lines radiate northward towards Peronne and southward through Roye to Compiègne. The railway running north-eastward to Barye was crossed when the Allies took Framville, well out on the plains and are pressing forward seemingly with great rapidity. The present offensive of the French and British gives promise of seriously menacing the entire German front from near the sea to Rheims.

NEW OFFENSIVE.

ON THE FRENCH FRONT IN FRANCE, Aug. 8. (By the A.P.—) Combined attack by the French and British was begun at dawn to-day along the front between Albert and Mont Didier. Satisfactory progress was made despite strong enemy resistance. The assault began exactly at dawn along a front of between 40 and 50 kilometres and a success was scored at the same time in the direction of Domus and Aubourcourt. The French advanced towards Corivert Cailly on the south side of the Somme

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