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Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XI.
TO THE RESCUE.

But Kitty takes no more notice of him than would a deaf person. With eye and every limb alert she wades—the water is up to her waist—to the bar that stretches from pier to pier, and climbing onto it throws her arm round the upright beam, and leaning forward waits, with her heart beating fast and her lips tightly set.

Lord Sterne, coming closer and closer, sees what she means to attempt, and smiles grimly.

"Go back!" he manages to shout. "Do you think I will allow myself to pull you in? go back!" and with all his might and main he strives to keep away from the side on which she is perched.

But Kitty has made acquaintance with the Lombe before to-day, she knows all its tricks too well to make a mistake in the calculation of its current, and like grim death, the stream bears her victim toward her.

And now for the first time Elliot Sterne fete excited.

"You silly girl!" he gasps, "I can swim to land—directly I get out of the current. Don't, for God's sake! don't touch me or you'll be in!"

Kitty looks at his white face—it is white now, white with fear for her, with a dauntless, inflexible, stubborn smile. But she does not speak, for the life of her she could not speak. All she can do is to watch the stalwart form struggling in the swift stream—flitting hither and thither with each swirl of the eddy, but always coming nearer. Then Lord Sterne swears—

"It is all your fault that I am standing here, alive and well!" he says, the light flashing into his eyes. "Why, Kitty"—taking hold of her arm with an earnest tenderness, with a sudden, well, shyness, too, that is very new with him—"you're not going to cry after such a piece of heroism!"

Kitty shakes her head and bites her lip, but the tears flood her eyes.

"Who cares if you did want to give me a ducking?—it would have done me good, and I deserved it, richly—who cares about that? Not I, when I remember all the rest. Courage! why, who'll talk of men's pluck after this, when a girl like you, Kitty, outdoes them all!"

He speaks hurriedly, perhaps to conceal a certain tremor in his voice; it does break when he adds, in a lower tone:

"God! to see you kneeling there, you"—he looks at her—"kneeling there to pull out a heavy man like me! Kitty"—he comes nearer and looks in her face with a gaze that makes the blood rush to her face—"you saved my life!"

Kitty shrinks in pure innocence from the passion in the tone and the look, and the quick woman's wit parries it.

"We are standing here—and you wet through—and with a broken arm! The horses—stay, don't move. But will not let you go near him."

And away she goes to where the two horses, with that sublime indifference which animals exhibit on such thrilling occasions, are nibbling the long, sweet grass. They sniff her suspiciously, but Kitty coaxes them into allowing her to get hold of their bridles.

"Now we must ride quickly to—the Abbey, of course, that is nearest, where you can change your clothes; while you are doing it, I can ride for

like that danger, perhaps Death himself had nearly laid his grip upon one of them.

Lord Elliot Sterne is the first to speak; he is still rather white, and there is a curious expression in his eyes. Had it been he who had saved Kitty's life, there would not have been the shadow of an embarrassment about him; but to owe his life to the pluck and the sheer strength of a woman—a girl—a child!—one of the sex whom he had always regarded as weak and with some cause for such opinion—it is a strange experience, one attended by so many and such varied sensations, that Lord Sterne, for the first time in his life, loses his self-possession.

He puts out his hand, and touches her habit.

"You are wet through."

Kitty frowns quickly, and looks at his arm.

"Why did you not swim stronger?" she says, utterly ignoring his remark.

"Your arm—it is hurt? I thought so." He touches his left arm carefully.

"Yes, a little, I think. He must have kicked me as he fell."

Kitty's face flushes, and her lips tremble, but she looks him bravely in the face.

"It was all my fault. I—I knew that the brute couldn't clear it, and I tempted you to try it. It is all my fault—"

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the carriage, and—do—do you think you are able to ride?"

He looks at her with a smile. "All for me," he says very quietly; not a thought for yourself, not one—"

"I've not been nearly drowned, and quite broken my arm," retorts Kitty. "Oh, please," beseechingly, "don't let us stand and talk; you will catch your death—let me—shall I help you?"

She puts out her hand, and he lays his on it, not that he wants her help, but because the temptation to touch the arm that has saved him is not to be resisted.

"Now," says Kitty, swinging into the saddle; "how soon can we get to the abbey, that is the question? Your arm? does it pain you?"

"Not at all," says Lord Sterne, telling a deliberate falsehood, or, oblivious of the fact that the pain is something almost unbearable. "We will ride fast for your sake," he says, glancing at her habit regretfully.

"Wet through!"

"It will do me good," says Kitty; "it is not the first time I have been in the Lombe. I used to like it; I hate it now."

"I love it," he says quietly.

Kitty laughs, but the treacherous colour ripples over her face.

"There is the Abbey; I do hope Mrs. Pritchard is at home. Oh, dear! how she will talk; she'll talk hard enough to dry us."

Mrs. Pritchard is at home, and there is the inevitable scene.

"Now," says Kitty, cutting short Mrs. Pritchard's bewailings and lamentations, "I am going to the village for Doctor Greene."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Pritchard, "and his lordship 'll go upstairs and change his things—if I may make so bold there's a suit of Pritchard's, my lord—"

"My good woman, I am not going to stay here a moment—I won't budge an inch, I mean; I won't do anything unless Miss Trevelyan exchanges her clothes."

"I," begins Kitty, expostulating.

He looks at her with a smile. "Do you think you are the only person in the world who can be obstinate? I will do nothing you want me to do, unless you change your clothes—nothing else matters but that!"

"Your arm," pleads Kitty reproachfully.

"I don't feel it," he responds; nor does he, for it is numbed. "If you will change your clothes here I will do the same."

"Of course, my lord, Miss Trevelyan must get out of those wet things. She's so darling, my lord!" chimes in the old lady, "and I can send for the doctor. Pritchard," calling out through the doorway, "ride over for Doctor Greene as quick as thee can."

"Aye, aye!" responds Pritchard, only too glad to do something in his excitement, and he disappears.

Kitty flops down onto a chair with a sigh of resignation.

"Come upstairs with me, if you please, miss. The first door on the landing, my lord," she drops a curtsey.

"I'll bring you the clothes. Will you come into my room, miss? Oh, dear me, I do hope you won't catch cold, miss," and, hustling on in front, the old lady leads the way.

In about half an hour, Kitty, in a figured cotton, of the Noah's-ark pattern, ventures to descend. It has been a long and a hard battle between Mrs. Pritchard and her as to whether she shall don this antediluvian costume, but Mrs. Pritchard has won at last, and Kitty, half ashamed and half amused, ventures to make her appearance. In the sitting room she sees what she takes to be an old gentleman, the brother probably of old Pritchard, but he rises, and it is Lord Sterne—Lord Sterne, in male costume, and of the antediluvian era—nauken trousers, blue coat, brass buttons, all complete!

For a moment they stared at each other, then they both burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter from which Kitty, however, suddenly recovers.

"The doctor—has he come yet? Oh, your arm!"

"Is all right," he says, but he does not take it from the breast of the coat into which he has thrust it. "I am sorry the poor old fellow has gone—"



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Kitty backs, and Lord Sterne smiles a refusal, but Mrs. Pritchard looks so dreadfully heartbroken that Kitty takes up her glass and sips it, at the peril of death by scalding.

"You'll have to drink yours," she says, in a low voice.

"Shall I?" he says. "Very well."

But he waits until she has put down her glass, and declared she can drink no more; then he takes her glass, and sips the fiery liquid. Kitty notices that he has disregarded his own, but does not display her consciousness by word or look.

"Can't we go and sit on the settle?" he says, surveying himself in the glass over the mantelpiece.

"It would be quite a safe proceeding," says Kitty; "no one would know us. How long do you think Doctor Greene will be?" she asks, turning to Mrs. Pritchard.

"He ought to be here almost directly, miss."

"We don't want him at all," says Lord Sterne.

Kitty, uneasy and anxious. Why does he keep his arm in the breast of the Noah's-ark coat, if he has not hurt it?—goes to the door, and looks patiently down the road.

"Why should you bustle so much?" he asks, "there is no hurry. Let us go into the garden; we've made poor Mrs. Pritchard's pretty little room small like a public house."

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2642—Seersucker, cambric, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and alpaca are nice for this style.

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Fashion Plates.

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The Waist Pattern 2641 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot.

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Parcel Post for Mtd. Expeditionary Forces!

The attention of the public is drawn to the very urgent necessity of strictly observing the regulations published by this Department from time to time concerning the despatch of parcels to members of the Regiment overseas and the following particulars should be strictly observed:

- (1) Parcels must not exceed eleven pounds.
- (2) Parcels should be addressed with the Regimental number, rank, name and surname of addressee, followed by the last known address of the Unit with which the individual was serving; for example:
No. 0978 Cpl. John J. Kent,
2nd Battalion
The Royal Newfoundland Regt.,
Hazeley Down Camp,
Winchester,
Hant's Camp,
England.
- (3) Parcels should bear the name and address of a second addressee to whom the parcel may be delivered or forwarded, if it should prove impossible to deliver to the first. The Original address should be written on the FRONT of the parcel where the postage stamps and customs declaration are affixed, and the second or alternative address should be written on the BACK of the parcel.
- (4) If second address is not furnished at the time of posting and delivery cannot be effected, the contents of the parcel, unless of exceptional value or of a personal nature, will be returned over to the Military Authorities for distribution.
- (5) Parcels containing articles of personal nature or of special value will be returned if request for their return, in case of non-delivery, is made by the sender, such request to be written on the cover of the parcel at the time of posting.
- (6) The procedure outlined in (4) and (5) is adopted at the suggestion of the British Post Office, to prevent the waste of a large quantity of perishable food stuffs which form the contents of 90 per cent. of parcels sent to soldiers.
- (7) Parcels should be packed securely.
- (8) Attention is drawn to the Notice concerning Christmas parcels recently published by the Postmaster General. All Christmas mail for B. E. F. should be posted in time to arrive at the Pay and Record Office, London, not later than the end of November.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.

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Paris Gives King Austria Promise many Will be M

DEMANDS SURRENDER OF THE KAISER.
LONDON, Nov. 28. The Entente Allies have decided to demand that Holland surrender the German Emperor of Germany to justice, according to the Daily Express.

THE BLOCKADE

LONDON, Nov. 28. The Times says that the absurd story the Germans are reported to have spread semi-officially that the Allies probably will consider the position of the blockade is absolutely unshaken. The Allies have not the slightest intention, the Times continues, of throwing aside their chief weapon for insuring the signature of a just peace and the performance of the conditions, particularly in the present chaotic state of Germany. After gaining evidence in an endeavor to induce Dr. Solferino's declaration that Germany is starving, the newspaper says, that the German statement on this subject requires careful examination. When the truth has been ascertained the Allies and the United States will allow the Germans from time to time during the peace negotiations such food supplies as humanity dictates. The blockade must remain in force until a definite peace has been ratified. Thereafter it may be kept in abeyance as the chosen instrument of the League of Nations for enforcing its decisions. With regard to President Wilson's coming visit to Europe, the Times says, the Allies look upon his unprecedented event as a great landmark in the world's history, they rejoice that the President is to make the visit, first because they desire to show the United States by the reception they give the chief executive their sense of the immense debt they owe for American assistance, and second because they are anxious to have the personal aid of President Wilson in a task before them.

KING GEORGE IN PARIS.

PARIS, Nov. 28. King George accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, arrived in Paris to-day. His Majesty was received at the Bois de Boulogne by President Poincaré, Premier Clemenceau, Foreign Minister Pichon and other cabinet ministers and the presidents of the Chambers of Deputies and the Senate. Troops lined the route and the King had difficulty in handling the throngs. The crowd was great in front of the grand Dorsey that it broke through the line of policemen, the Parisians frantically shouting "Long Live the King," "Long Live France," "Long Live England" and "Long Live the Republic." King George, after a brief rest went to the place of the Elisee to visit President and Madame Poincaré.

T. J. EDENS.

By Steamer from New York to-day, Nov. 23:
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TEA:
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Large and small tins.
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