



**An Indispensible Favorite OR Wealth and Beauty at Stake!**

CHAPTER XVII.

"Now, I must have the spinal board out; but, of course, for that I must ring for Isabelle to work the shampoo-pads," says Lady Maria, absorbed in stretching herself at full length on a sloping, hair-covered board, which slides out slowly on rollers, and leaves her extended lay figure-wise, in her long, narrow, red gown, among the ropes and treads.

At this moment her faithful Isabelle enters the room.

"How is it you are absent at twelve o'clock, Isabelle?" Lady Maria asks, reproachfully, "when you know how necessary punctuality is for me in everything? It is now half-past twelve, and I have only got to the spinal board; you have neglected me, Isabelle."

"Pardon me, my lady," the devoted nurse replies, dutifully kneading Lady Maria like a batch of dough. "If you recollect, I told you I did not consider you were equal to your exercises this morning. I know the consequences of one of that lady's visits—utter prostration of your vital powers from the depressing influence of an unsympathetic presence."

"Quite true, Isabelle," Lady Maria says, languidly, in a gratified tone; "and I think, if you will finish up with the chest-rubbers, that will do for to-day. I do feel exhausted."

"Ah," mademoiselle says, drawing a long breath of intense feeling, "I feared this!"

And then, when the poor hypochondriac has been reinstated on her likely couch, and the red curtain has been drawn, "to induce warmth and repose," as the green one is drawn "for the benefit of the optic nerves and brain." Mademoiselle Isabelle comes and stands by the pillow of her mistress, in whose morbid brain she is nursing the growth of monomania. The soft, red light falls in a rosy flush on mademoiselle's delicately tinted face—she is a past mistress in occult mysteries of "tints" and blooms—on the shining braids and silky waves of the elaborately arranged hair, on the dove-gray gown and snowy muslin kerchief and apron of her spotless Puritan apparel, on her meekly folded white hands, on her downcast eyelids. She really looks cast in too saraphic a mould for this world.

"You do not actually believe, I hope, dear Lady Maria," she says, with mild reproach, "that I could be guilty of neglecting you. I left the room during Mrs. Murray's visit, dreading lest I should be the cause of agitation to you; and I went to discover the bare truth," with a vicious hiss, "of the alarming news she, very thoughtlessly announced to you. His lordship is not perceptibly worse, I assure your lady-

ship. He is a little weaker, as I told you, and Dr. Blyce was not satisfied until Sir George Parker was telephoned for, not an hour ago. As you know, Lady Maria, I was in your room then; so I could not possibly hear the news. The earl did not sleep well last night, and seems to be slowly, but painlessly, losing ground, as I told you. This information I have had freshly conveyed to me by the earl's nurse, not five minutes since, and—I have spoken to the viscount as well."

"Of course! Of course, Isabelle!" Lady Maria says, apologetically, "I was only amazed to think that Aunt Murray had any information that you had not, knowing, of course, that you report faithfully to me everything that the viscount tells you."

"Of course, my lady," the meek and faithful creature says, calmly.

"Of course!" repeats Lady Maria, decisively, "I knew Aunt Murray was exaggerating."

At this a faint, swift hope dawns in Yolande's heart.

"Has Captain Glynne gone out, do you know, mademoiselle?" she asks, carelessly.

"Oh, yes!" mademoiselle replies, briefly. It is no part of her scheme to spare Yolande's feelings. "He and Miss Murray went out an hour ago, up the hills as far as Penmawr, I believe."

"Alone?" Lady Maria asks, with a scandalized emphasis, and a warning glance at Yolande which her devoted nurse is too busy to see.

"Oh, no—at least, I think not! Miss Powys and her brother went with them," mademoiselle answers, absently. "They will lunch at Penmawr, of course. There is such delicious bread and cheese to be had there, and home-brewed ale, and all sorts of nice things!"

"Penmawr is five miles away," Lady Maria observes.

"Oh, yes!" mademoiselle says, quietly. "They can't be back until the evening. Ten miles across the hills is no joke."

"You were afraid of the fatigue, I suppose, dear?" Lady Maria says, with an inquisitive look at Yolande. "You don't look strong. It would have been too much for you."

"Yes," Yolande answers, in a dull voice. "I could not have borne it."

And then she rises and bids Lady Maria good-morning, resisting a pressing invitation to try the Duffer-Muller method of exercising her muscles, or the effects of the galvanic battery, or a dose of ante-luncheon bitters, or any of the seductions of Lady Maria's delightful retreat. She escapes them all, and gets away to her own room to spend the long, weary day alone.

"Isabelle," Lady Maria says, desisting a minute from anxiously feeling her own pulse, "why has Captain Glynne gone off with Miss Murray and left his young wife at home?"

"I am sure I don't know, Lady Maria," Miss Glover replies, with a little moue of puzzled inquiry.

"It doesn't seem very attentive or loving conduct on the part of a bridegroom, I think," Lady Maria observes, severely. "I disapprove, of course, of love-making and devoted fondness and

all that sort of thing extremely, and consider it in very bad taste for a married couple to display their fondness for each other openly; but I certainly disapprove of quite marked indifference to each other's society. It is equally in bad taste until people have been married a year or so—unless special circumstances oblige them to be very much apart."

Lady Maria heaves a deep, unconscious sigh, as she sadly glances round the four walls of the drearily luxurious room, which is her living tomb, containing all of interest that her barren, weary life possesses to replace the joys of wifehood, motherhood, the crown of marriage, and the love of little children.

"Very bad taste, indeed, as your ladyship says," responds mademoiselle.

"And Joyce, too," Lady Maria goes on, angrily—her blue-eyed, golden-haired, gay young cousin is no favorite with the faded, sickly invalid—"I think Joyce might have had the decency not to permit Dallas Glynne openly to neglect his young wife for her so soon! Every one knows that there was some engagement or nonsense of that kind between her and Dallas Glynne formerly."

"Indeed, yes, Lady Maria—as you say," echoes mademoiselle, with meek regret. "It is scarcely decent, such open neglect of a young, newly married wife!"

"I shall speak to Captain Glynne, if I see anything more of conduct of this sort!" Lady Maria declares, more angrily.

"Pardon me if I suggest that you should speak to Miss Murray also, Lady Maria," mademoiselle says, smoothly. "Miss Murray fears very much actually incurring your displeasure, and fears also very much being banished from Pentreath Place. It has great charms for her," she adds, in a curious, altered tone, "for the Honorable Mrs. Murray, her mother, as well."

"I wonder why," Lady Maria remarks, uneasily, trying to read her companion's countenance.

But the placid visage of the Sphinx is not more impenetrable than is mademoiselle's delicately tinted face, with its rapt expression and far-off gaze directed upward to the limpid blue and floating, fleecy clouds of the April sky. Her thoughts return to earth immediately, however.

"It is time for your oysters and beef tea, Lady Maria!" she says, in tones of solemn importance. "Five minutes to the hour. I must order them at once."

"Not beef tea to-day, Isabelle," Lady Maria says, anxiously. "I fancied it did not agree with me very well yesterday."

"Clear gravy soup, then," suggests the devoted attendant, "or Jullienne with green peas?"

"How can you think of such a thing?" Lady Maria exclaims, tragically. "Green peas! I am surprised at you, Isabelle! Of course, you have not been very long in my service, or you would know that green peas, especially canned peas, for the gardeners have very few so early as this—are simply deadly poison to me!"

"I wonder how much Miss Joyce and the viscount would give me for the hint," Miss Isabelle remarks to herself, malignantly.

"I might, indeed, consider myself as a laid-aside invalid," Lady Maria goes on, in a tone of sorrowful importance, "if I ate green peas in any form!"

And, in view of this possible calamity, she forgets all lesser ones, the sin and sorrow, the pain and darkness, the fleeting bliss and abiding woe of married lives and tangled destinies.

(To be Continued.)

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**K. of C. Challenge Opponents to Produce Facts.**

MONTREAL.—Declaring that the Knights of Columbus would stand in whatever country they operated, against all societies or combines that sought to inject religious and racial bias into government and social life, Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty of Philadelphia in his address to the Forty-First Supreme International Convention of the Knights of Columbus, challenged the Ku Klux Klan or any other opponents of critics of the K. of C. to produce a single fact on which to base their opposition or criticism. "We may tolerate any reasonable difference of opinion," he stated, "but we shall not tolerate any reflections upon our integrity. The Knights of Columbus have spent forty million dollars entrusted to them by the American public, with the exception of some millions now being devoted to educational and hospitalization work. In Canada the Knights have spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars on welfare work. Every dollar has been devoted to its right purpose. Every remaining dollar is being devoted to that purpose as tens of thousands of ex-service men of all denominations receiving education under K. of C. auspices can prove, and as any enquirer may see for himself by visiting any of the 400 hospitals throughout the country where the Knights of Columbus maintain hospitalization free for war veterans regardless of creed. Any man who challenges the record must prove his case or abandon it. We have been over patient with slanderers. We shall not be so in future; the law can be invoked to curb malicious trials."

The K. of C. chief declared that the three most important tasks now before the Knights were the satisfactory solution of the Catholic boy problem, connected with which there is a special committee report on the probable formation of a junior K. of C. movement; next, the extension of the K. of C. national correspondence school into a vast mail-system university for

the 800,000 members of the Order, and then the continuance of the hospital and educational work for disabled men. "Not until the last dollar of our war fund is expended," Mr. Flaherty declared, "will the Knights of Columbus cease their ministrations to the disabled men in hospitals. There are more than thirty thousand of these men now and the end is not yet. We shall remain with them to the finish." The Supreme Knight advocated a strong stand against the forces of extreme radicalism by the Knights. "Where radicalism is healthy, it does constructive work; where it is unhealthy, it will be found to

consist mostly of violent talk and violent deeds. The K. of C. stand, every one of us, against intemperance of all kinds, political, social or economic." He condemned strongly the movement against the parochial schools, as exemplified in the Oregon anti-parochial school amendment. "We shall fight for our constitutional rights," he said, "to the highest tribunal in the land, for we are fighting for religious freedom without which this or any other nation cannot be free." The Supreme Knight's report was the first business following organization of the convention at the Mount Royal Hotel. The convention

is the largest ever held by the Knights delegates, and large numbers of visitors from the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba, Hawaii, Panama, the Philippines, Porto Rico and Alaska, being present. Archbishop Gauthier delivered an address of welcome from the altar of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at the solemn Mass opening the convention. A mammoth parade, in which more than twenty thousand local and visiting Knights marched, preceded the Mass. The convention will continue through to-night to Thursday afternoon.

**To Excavate City of David.**

The proposed excavations on the site of the City of David in Jerusalem, were discussed recently at a meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, in London.

Dr. D. G. Hogarth, who presided, said that the occasion was epoch-making in their history, and they were on the eve of undertaking the excavation of the City of David, which had long been their ambition. He pointed out that there might not be much in it, because it was a rocky hill, but he reminded them that the excavation of the pockets of earth on the Acropolis Hill at Athens gave up a most interesting collection to the Athens Museum.

The Dean of Westminster had written saying that he had the highest hopes of the work. The Palestine Government assured them of its assistance, but said that the Fund should have £5,000 in its possession before anything could be done. They had themselves, through the British Academy, £2,000. Mr. Charles Masterman had given £2,000, and Viscount Burnham £1,000.

They started thus under very fair auspices, and he gave a promise that no one's prejudices would be outraged. The only small cloud was the unrest in Palestine, but he did not think that there would be any danger in Jerusalem itself.



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**In the Open Desert**

Major Blake, describing some of his adventures on the great attempted Round-the-World Air Flight, writes—

"On several occasions when we were stranded in the desert with little or no food, Boveril was most valuable. I remember one of the hottest days in the open desert when our desert machine and ourselves had to last miles away from anywhere. We sat huddled up under the machine, unable to sleep through cold, until we drained some petrol out of one of the tanks and heated some of our small supply of water. Then we opened up a Boveril tin, enabling us to thoroughly warm ourselves and do a little sleep."

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