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### Love in the Abbey

### Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXXIX  
ALIVE AND HAPPY.

"My dear," says the old lady, "that is the tenth time you have asked me that compound question during the last twelve hours! Of course he is the noblest, at Oxford, at Oporto, at Ocala! But I didn't send him one of the way to hear you pipe his praises, and confess your foolish folly, you goose! Your gawky son!"

"Gawky!" echoes Kitty indignantly.

"Well, well—you beautiful, graceful, exquisite, heavenly idol, then!—has the attributes of the gods, and that rather strongly—he's inclined to be jealous!"

"Jealous of me, who haven't a thought for another soul on earth but him!" says Kitty, with unblinking serenity.

"Do let me speak, child!" says the countess. "He'll come bounding back directly, and there'll be no getting a word in, for you are deaf, and blind, and silly when he is near you!"

"I like to be," says Kitty calmly. The countess snarls.

"I saw somebody else in London beside Sir Arthur."

"Hem—yes!" says Kitty, turning her eyes curiously.

"I saw the wolf," nods the countess, "and a barrier wall I never wish to see; all the wolves could only see him, they'd turn into lambs by the mere force of his fateful example. Poor wolf! I felt almost inclined to pity him! He used to be so sleek and smart and self-satisfied. Such a charming cool and complacent animal!"

Kitty draws the fur a little higher, and looks out, pale and fearful.

"Did—did he speak to you? Oh, Lady Ellesford!"

The countess nods once or twice and shows her teeth.

"Yes, he whined, as wolves do when they are sick and sorry and caught in their own trap. He sent a message—"

"Don't give it me!" says Kitty imploringly.

"Oh, you can hear it," says the countess coolly. "Your lion won't rend you because a miserable wolf asks to be forgiven."

Kitty's eyes droop.

"I do forgive him," she says, in a low voice.

"Well," says the countess curtly, "I think you may, as he has suffered pretty heavily. I think I know when a man shows his punishment; and if ever a man did, he does."

"Is—he ill?" says Kitty.

The countess nods.

"Yes, I don't think you'd know him; I scarcely knew him myself. It's—"

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Readily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap to make, but it really has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic cough, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

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The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

seems that heart disease is hereditary in his family, and—she breaks off for a moment—"Sir Arthur thinks that a change of air may do him good, a real change of air—some-where in the East; I think he said the Golden Horn."

Kitty sighs—with relief as well as regret.

"Ah," says the countess, with a snarl; "I think men get greater fools with every succeeding year. Now, what on earth could three men—neither of them actually imbecile—see in a little chit of a brown-faced, impudent girl!"

Kitty draws the fur softly over her face.

"Tut, tut," says the countess. "Come out! I'm as great a fool as the rest of them, and a greater, for I'm a woman. Hem!" she says, as Kitty reappears with something suspiciously moist about her eyes. "I saw somebody else, too. Nothing much of the wolf about him—rather like a prosperous sheep. I suppose doing a good action and sacrificing yourself for anybody else that may happen to fancy you yourself do, is good for the health; I never tried it, so can't say; but it's the first time in my life I ever saw James Ainsley look happy."

"James," says Kitty, with a glad, affectionate blush. "Did you see him, dear Lady Ellesford. Oh, I'm so glad."

"So it seems," says the countess dryly. "Yes, I saw him, not far off, either; and I'm heartily glad to think that he's come to his senses, at least—he was far too good for you, Miss Tomboy!"

"Miss Tomboy knows that," said Kitty humbly. "The same humble individual knows that no one—yes, no one, not even Ellen Popham—is good enough for dear, good, honest James!"

"Dear me!" says the countess—"Idol number two! Meanwhile, dear honest James means to take the best thing he can get, having narrowly missed the worst; and Ellen Popham—a fine, handsome girl, with blue eyes, isn't she?—yes, I met them walking together!"

"Oh!" says Kitty, with delight, and—yes, actually—a little jealousy.

"Yes," says the countess, with cynical enjoyment, "she was on his arm, and they were both staring in at Trinkets, the Jeweler's; there was a case of wedding rings just under James' nose—"

"Hello!" says a voice behind them; "who's taking my name and nose in vain?"

And James Ainsley comes in with, of course, his old blush, but anything but his old anxious face.

Kitty puts out both her hands with beaming eyes, and James, with a little catch of the breath, takes them and holds them a moment, as he sits down on a chair beside her.

"We were just saying," says the countess, with facility of resource for which she is distinguished, "how much we wished for the advent of some really stupid, proxy person, for we are getting blasé of our own wit and brilliance. Your name naturally occurred, and—"

"Here I am, the dullest, stupidest fellow in existence," says James cheerily. "How well you're looking, Lady Ellesford!" he runs on. Note that he has not spoken a word to Kitty.

"Yes, my maid never forgets to pack up my paint pot," says the countess, with imperturbable calmness, "and so I always manage to look well, however I may feel. You don't appear to be dying of consumption."

"No," says James, looking rather shamefaced, as if his cheerfulness was in some way a crime. "I'm very well. I've been walking through the town—"

"Indeed!" says the countess. "Taking a stroll alone, I suppose?"

"Well," says James, feeling helplessly for his pocket handkerchief; "not exactly—alone. I—er—met Miss Popham—the Pophams of Beverley, you know."

"Yes," says the countess; "I remember them, a short, dark girl, with black eyes."

"No, oh, no," says James innocently; "Ellen is—er—rather tall, shouldn't you say, Kitty?" and for the first time he turns his eyes shyly to the silent figure beside him.

"Ellen is tall and fair, and has blue eyes, and is the nicest and prettiest girl I know," says Kitty, beaming up at him with tender encouragement.

"You—really think so?" says honest James gratefully.

Kitty inclines her head, not once but twice.

"Really," she says.

"Well—" says James, as if he were making a most unexpected confession—"so do I—almost!"

The countess' grin is a thing to see and remember.

"You innocent!" she says, smiling at him.

"I don't know—what you mean!" says poor James, blushing like a lobster. "Er—by the way, I met Lord Sterne; he was coming upstairs from down below somewhere, and he asked me to dine with you—"

"Very kind," says the countess; "considering these are my lodgings, Lord Sterne hasn't been asked to honor us with his own company as yet."

"Don't mind her," whispers Kitty, as James stares aghast; "she is only teasing you, dear James."

Whereas James blushes and smiles, as much reassured by the "dear James" as anything else.

"Well," he says, "I'm very sorry, for I should have liked to have come—"

"Oh, here, I say," says Elliot, coming into the room; "I've just asked Ainsley to dinner, countess, and I thought I'd save you some trouble if I ordered it, so I hunted up the landlady, and, by jingo, I came upon her asleep, and frightened her into hysterics."

(To be Continued.)

### The Heir of Rosedene

### The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER I  
PROVIDENCE AND MAN.

The banker held his hand at parting a moment or two; neither of them was emotional, certainly not demonstrative, but when Mr. Weston said, "Good-by, Dick," a lump rose in his friend's throat and made his responsive "Good-by, John," thick and husky.

Mr. Weston retired to bed at his usual hour, and, at the usual hour, his valet went to call him.

There was no response to his knock, and, entering, he found his master lying on his side, quite calm and placid; but dead to all knockings.

The great banker was dead.

But the will remained to influence the lives, to become the fates, of at least one man and one woman.

Would that fate mar or make their happiness?

The making of this will happened just sixteen years before our story proper commences, and finds our hero at Lucerne, that most charming and lovely of the towns of the playground of Europe and America—Switzerland.

What brought Sir Cyril More to Lucerne? Had he been asked, he himself would have been, more than anyone else perhaps, puzzled, for a reason. He had not come to see the beautiful lake, glittering like an emerald under its circle of hills; he did not care a button for the finest scenery. He had not come to ascend the Rigi by that marvel of modern engineering, the new railway. No, Sir Cyril didn't care so much as half a button for the most marvelous achievements of science. He had not come to gather Alpine flowers, or study Swiss manners and customs; Sir Cyril did not care for flowers; he loved one weed perhaps—tobacco, and, as to the manners and customs of the strange, placid folks who lived under the shadow of the snow-clad hills, tending their silken-haired cows and diminutive sheep—he regarded them with an indifference that was almost sublime in its intensity and density.

No; the fact was Sir Cyril had heard—in the smoking room of "Travelers," perhaps—that Lucerne

was "a quiet, downy, sleepy sort of place, you know," and being particularly in want of rest—not to say sleep—Sir Cyril had crossed the Channel, steamed up the Rhine, dreamed through Wiesbaden, Heidelberg and the Black Forest, and, at last, arrived at Lucerne quite prepared to sleep and rest. Yes, certainly he required it. Sir Cyril was thirty, and the last ten years—the last twelve, indeed—had been fast and furious; they would have been fatal, in addition, to most men, but Sir Cyril had inherited a splendid constitution with his fine fortune; and he had come out of his first campaign, in which pleasure and satiety kill more victims than fall in any other warfare, unscathed and sound, if a little weary and despondent. Yes, Sir Cyril had kept his constitution unimpaired, but his fortune!—where was it? Ask of the exquisitely dressed and painted ladies, the demimondes, who add so much to the brilliancy of the Ladies' Mile and the Row; ask of the whist tables of the Rhododendron Club; ask of the proprietor of the "Star and Garter," and other kindred institutions, and, finally, ask of the Jews, who had kept the game going for Sir Cyril during the last two years; and they might, in the aggregate, have been able to inform you, in their words Sir Cyril had "run through it" at a pace compared with which the sharp spin at Tattenham Corner is as nothing.

The money had vanished, every available—that is to say unencumbered—acre of More Park was mortgaged, the Park Lane House was let, and Sir Cyril was at Lucerne, taking breath after his race through house and lands, and money.

And, now, have you pictured Sir Cyril? A dark, thin, haggard-looking man, with the mark of the bottle upon his face and in his eyes; a man languid and enervated, with effeminate smiles, and lazy, elaborated movements? Nothing of the kind. Sir Cyril was the opposite to all these; and that, declared the mothers of marriageable daughters, was the worst of it!

Of what use was it to warn Amelia, or Sophie, or Claribel of the fearfully dangerous inflexibility of the baronet, to hint at this dreadful depravity and wickedness, to call him an extravagant spendthrift and profligate, when the man himself was blessed with an appearance that seemed at once to give the emphatic lie to the charges, one and all.

Marriageable daughters, just put through their facings in the great matrimonial market, used to look forward to seeing just such a man as you have pictured him, dear reader; and then, lo! and behold, one night at my Lady Grover's brilliant ball in would walk with a light step, the real Sir Cyril. Tall, yes, but not dark, but fair, with close-cropped golden hair; a face almost childlike in its sweet, smiling serenity, and a mouth as delicately cut and classical as Virgil's itself; with eyes that looked down into a woman's soul; also! with an awful power of enchantment, and a voice as deep and musical as Apollo's. So "good" did it look, so serenely handsome, that, but for the firm brow, the few lines at the eyes, and the thick, tawny-gold mustache, the face might almost have been censured and condemned as effeminate.



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The tendency now is to wear large hats, especially those of black satin.

When net is used for a skirt that skirt becomes just one ruffle after another.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.

### Fashion Plates.

Waist—2649. Skirt—2678.



For business and home wear the separate waist and skirt are still popular. The design here shown portrays Ladies' Waist Pattern 2649, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2673. The waist is nice for linen, batiste, nainsook, lawn, silk, satin, flannel, plissé, or voile. For the skirt one might choose sports goods, jersey cloth, serge, plaid or check suiting, gabardine, velveteen or corduroy. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure and requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. The width at its lower edge is a little over 2 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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2650—This is a good style for gingham, chambray, galates, drill, percale, and other cotton fabrics. One could also have it in serge, gabardine, or flannelite. The right front closes over the left. The sleeve in wrist length, may be finished for a closing at the seam, so that it may be turned up.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

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