

Love in the Abbey
OR,
Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXXIV.
FOR REVENGE.

"You can trust me, Kitty," he says, "and see how I trust you! I stake my happiness on your faith. If you were not to come on Wednesday morning—if I were to wait in the meadow there, and found that you had failed—I, Kitty, I would not answer for the consequences. Tut!" he says, with a gesture as if he waved all doubt away, "I know you will come—you would not deceive me."

She raises her head and looks beyond him musingly, absently.

"I shall not deceive you," she says quietly.

"And this girl—Mary—you can trust her? She will not betray us? A word, a hint would be sufficient to do so."

"Mary will not say that word or do that hint," she says with a little airy movement of the dark eyebrows; "I can trust her."

"Then all will be well," he says, raising his hat and wiping his brow; "and would to God Wednesday were here and well done with!"

Kitty does not echo his profound ejaculation, but she turns a trifle paler, and gathers the bridle in her hand. Quick to notice her slightest movement, he looks up at the sky.

"You must go," he says reluctantly.

"Yes," she says; "papa does not like to be kept waiting for his glass of Madeira, and it is I who must pour it out for him."

He sighs.

"One day more of bondage!" he murmurs; "then you reign supreme, at least, over one devoted slave!"

As he speaks, she springs into the saddle before he has time to assist her. The moment she is mounted, Jack darts forward and gets upon his heels. It is a difficult thing to stand near him, but Sydney Calthrop grasps his mane with one hand, and extends the other.

"You will not leave me like this!" he whispers, looking up at her thirstily. "One word, Kitty, for me to live on until I see you. Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"No," she says promptly, too promptly; "not to-morrow; it might not be safe."

"Yes, I see, I see!" he assents, with forced alacrity; "I will do anything, every thing you wish. I shall not see you to-morrow! It will seem an endless day! But, at least, Wednesday comes next! Kitty, my heart, my life, is in your hands. You will come on Wednesday—in the meadow by the ash!"

Her face grows paler, and her lips set, but she looks at him with a fixed, forced determination.

"Yes," she says, in a low voice, "I will come."

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

THE DOCTOR: "My wife restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

STEEDEMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS
Contain No Poison

"My darling!" he responds passionately; "you shall never rue it, I swear it!"

Then he tries to take her hand and press it to his lips, but Jack seems to require her hand, both hands at the moment, and he does not succeed. The next moment she murmurs something that sounds like "good-bye," and is a score of yards out of his reach. He stands the victor, the successful plotter, the triumphant lover, gazing after her; but certainly it is not unmixed triumph that is expressed in his face. There is a great deal of unsatisfied longing, not a little of moody longing for revenge—revenge upon the man who has robbed his flower of its bloom, and a spice of doubt, not the most effective ingredients for happiness.

But after a moment of struggling, conflicting emotion, he casts his fears, his rage, his doubts to the winds, lifts his hat from his brow, and extends his arms.

"I have won her!" he cries, his eyes sparkling. "I have won her from them both! Lovely! it is not the word for her! And she will keep her word—I know it! Love is a good motive spring for women—but revenge, pique, are stronger and more reliable ones! My proud, wounded little lioness will come to me—I feel it! God! I shall not know a moment's rest till Wednesday! till I have got her—my own, my very own!"

Then, as he paces up and down with folded arms and working face, he laughs with a touch of scorn. "Great Heaven! how changed I am! I—over a woman! I can understand what he must have suffered the other night! My Lord Sterne, I can almost find it in my heart to pity you!"

So strange is Mr. Sydney Calthrop's behavior, so utterly at variance with his usual confident placidity, that it is fortunate for his reputation for serene impassibility that the only witness to his excitement is one of the Rosedale bulls which, feeding in an adjoining meadow, rushes to the excited man with unbounded astonishment.

CHAPTER XXXV.
TAKING WINGS.

WITH a moderation worthy of praise, Kitty had described life—her own life in particular—at the Lawn as dreary; she would have been equally within the truth if she had called it hideous.

After that expression of his wishes and commands, the Honorable Francis had relapsed into a state even more comatose, and was indifferent to every living creature's existence except his own, and quietly, coolly, and with consummate cruelty—though he might perhaps have been quite shocked if any one had given his conduct such an ill-bred name—ignored his daughter. As Kitty had said, he spent a greater part of his time in sleep, either in bed or in the easy-chair in the morning-room, or on the couch in the stifling drawing-room; the remainder of the day, when Kitty's presence was inevitable, he leaned back with lowered lids and looked beyond her or beneath her, taking his cup of coffee from her hands, or listening to her reading of the dreary political news with the same impassible, contemptuous indifference.

That she would dare to disobey him, to thwart his wishes, to question even his disposal of her, never entered his aristocratic, comatose brain.

Perhaps he did not notice that Kitty was growing thinner, paler, changing under the ordeal—to give him his due, we may say positively that he did not notice. The incarnation of selfishness, he would have noticed the merest grating bite on his own face reflected in his looking-glass, would have been greatly distressed by the appearance, say, of a pimple on his nose, or a wart on his chin, white, uselessly aristocratic hands; but Kitty's face might have grown a dark blue, in color, and her nose have disappeared altogether before he would have noticed any change in her.

The evening following that on which she had met Mr. Sydney Calthrop, Kitty was in her place at the little zephyr table in the drawing-room, in her place to give the Honorable Francis his coffee, and on her face was a hectic flush, that came and went by fits and starts. More stifling than usual seemed the hot room, more glaringly yellow than ever the satin ormolu chairs, more like a mummy the reclining, motionless figure of the honorable father as he lay back, with his white hands folded together, his thick eyelids drooped, like the stired birds one sees at the zoo.

The Best Cough Syrup
Is Home-made

There's an easy way to cure it, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly cure it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Finex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of ready-made for five times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—penetrates through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Sprays, inhalants and bronchial asthma.

Finex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Finex" with full directions, and don't accept any thing else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Finex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Once or twice Kitty glanced at him, and once as he stirred slightly in his chair her lips quivered, and she seemed about to speak; but courage failed her time after time. Presently he moved his hand—that meant another cup of coffee, and Kitty poured it out for him and placed it at his side. As she did so she let her hand fall lightly and timidly on his arm. His eyelids moved slightly, but he did not look up. But Kitty had been gradually summoning up resolution and courage to speak, and was not to be daunted—at least at the first effort.

"Papa!" she said.

He gave an irritable little start, and just glanced at her.

"What is it?" he said querulously.

"My coffee? Thanks! I—er—I wish you would resume your seat; nothing distresses me more this weather than to have any one standing—standing over me. It—er—stiffens me! What is it?"

She looked down at him for a moment, with a strange compression of the lips, a mingled scorn and regret, then she moved noiselessly away from him.

"Nothing," she said quietly. "I think now that I need not trouble you with it."

"If it is anything that would trouble or annoy me, I am glad you have— you have decided to reserve it," he said, his brows knitting, as if in physical pain. "I am already—er—sufficiently troubled, and—er—annoyed. By some unaccountable—I must say carelessness—you overlooked, or did not choose to read me the paragraphs in the Times, respecting Lord Sterne's refusal to accept office. It is very strange that you should have overlooked the most important thing in the paper! The news has distressed me very much—very much. Er—I cannot account for it! The earl will be seriously upset, and—er—all the party. I should have thought that your Cousin Ethel would have used her influence with him! She—with a weak, spiteful emphasis—"is the only woman in our family that understands the responsibility of her position, and—er—should have prevented this fiasco. I—er—must confess that I expected better things of her; but,"

"Nor dumb, Mary."

"No, miss," says the girl, gently but firmly, lowering the window; "at least, Miss Kitty, I couldn't stand by and see you catch your death without putting in a word. Not damp! look at the nasty mist rising from the Lombe, and, as she draws a crepe shawl round Kitty's shoulders—"and you're as hot as you can be, miss!"

"I can be hotter still, Mary, with this shawl on," says Kitty, and she lets it drop and springs onto the bed, curling herself up like a young tigress, her head pillowed on her arm, her eyes still staring at the windows.

Mary gives a patient sigh, after the manner of nurses, and goes about the room picking up the various articles of dress and toilet which Kitty, as is her habitual custom, throws and drops about her, tidying the room for the night and making it, as Kitty would say, "disgustingly neat."

(To be Continued.)

The new fur coats are circular. Evening wraps still blouse at the back.

Cord belts of gold are being worn. The oval necks continue to be in favor.

Square necks appear on tiny girls' party frocks.

with a sigh, and a contemptuous glance at the still, white face opposite him, "I seem doomed to disappointment!"

Kitty does not speak—a reply is not required of her, but she sits quite motionless for a few minutes; then she rises, and noiselessly leaves the room. Like a drowning man she had clutched at that straw—that veritable reed—the Honorable Francis, and he had bent and broken in her hand! One kind word—one look of encouragement—would have melted her, and saved her.

As she walks upstairs, Kitty is conscious of feeling very tired—just that kind of languor which succeeds an exhausting effort, either physical or mental; and, once, when she is near her own room, she put her hand—it has grown thinner and whiter, as girls' hands will quickly change, during the week—against her bosom; and she laughs, as she stops to get breath, and thinks, with self-directed irony:

"Getting asthmatical!—or is it heart disease? People die of that sometimes. I wish—"

then she puts the evil thought from her, with a pang of remorse. "No; that's like the sentimental young ladies in the novels. They get thin, and blue under the eyes, and lie up against the window, and talk about the stars and the spring flowers they will never see again—and which, I fancy, they didn't care twopence about when they could see them! No; I should make a miserable kind of consumptive heroine—dying to slow music and a display of pocket handkerchiefs is not my taste! I have got to live—to live forever so long!" and she smiles, with dry, aching eyes, up at a round Venetian mirror, which reflects her graceful and well-rounded figure.

Though she is not dying of consumption, Kitty takes the favorite attitude of the unfortunate heroine, and seating herself on a low ottoman beside the open window, rests her elbows on the sill and props up her chin on her knuckles, and stares with an absent, moody countenance at the long vista of meadows dissected by the Lombe. Her maiden meditation, fancy free, is doomed to interruption, however, for Mary, coming into the room, gives a preliminary start at the apparition of the figure thrown up against the soft, gray evening sky, and then hurries, with affectionate, and respectful indignation, to the window.

"Law, Miss Kitty, how you frightened me!"

"The last person you expected to see—in my own room," says Kitty, with gentle sarcasm.

"I certainly didn't expect to see you sitting there by that open window, miss, in this damp evening air—"

"Damp! May the brown grass and that thirsty cow out yonder forgive me, Mary; I won't!"

"Well, miss," retorts the faithful Mary, upon whom irony and sarcasm are thrown away, "if it isn't damp, it's too late for you to be sitting there with nothing on—you forget as you've been ill, miss."

"If I do it's not your fault, Mary," says Kitty quietly. "You take care to remind me of it at least ten times a day. An influenza cold—a fashionable doctor couldn't call it anything worse—"

"Colds in the head, miss," says Mary, firmly, don't take your appetite away and make you thin in a week—I'm not blind, miss—"

"Nor dumb, Mary."

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Square necks appear on tiny girls' party frocks.

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR.



2624—In organdie, net, dotted swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or the fringes of bolero and sleeve, and the tucks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard for the bolero.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velveteen. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeves may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material.

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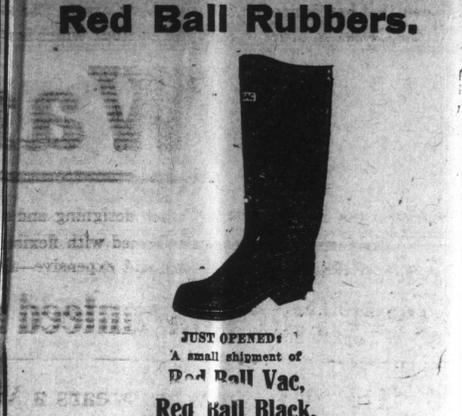
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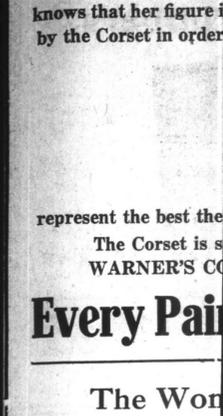
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represent the best the The Corset is s WARNER'S CO

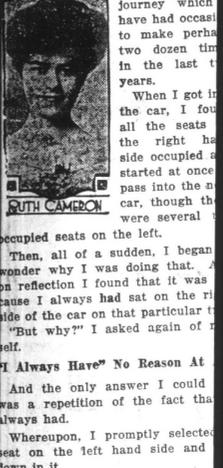


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Wrinkles

By EUT



RUTH CAMERON

occupied seats on the left.

Then, all of a sudden, I began wonder why I was doing that. A reflection I found that it was because I always had sat on the right side of the car on that particular trip.

"But why?" I asked again of myself.

"I Always Have" No Reason At All. And the only answer I could give was a repetition of the fact that I always had.

Whereupon, I promptly selected a seat on the left hand side and sat down in it.

For I had perceived that I had been allowing myself to get into one of those perfectly silly habits of which, as we grow older, we tend to hamper ourselves.

Could anything be more absurd than to allow oneself to accumulate these little fussy notions and to predicate one's comfort and peace of mind upon one's ability to have them gratified?

Like Carrying a Lot of Useless Ballast About.

It is as if a constant traveller who to pick up a lot of unbecomingly heavy ballast which really added nothing to his comfort, and yet which he insisted upon carrying about everywhere, went and unpacking and repacking each stop.

Another manifestation of this tendency which I notice in myself, is the notion that I cannot sleep well the first night in a strange bed. How matter how comfortable the bed, how pleasant my surroundings, What tomy rot! And yet how many people have this feeling.

You Can Keep These Wrinkles Away.

The Authorman says that all these notions are wrinkles of the mind. They come on,