

# Beautiful Cynthia;

## Victory After Many Defeats.

OR

### CHAPTER IV. BOY-AND-GIRL LOVE.

Cynthia took several whiffs, but though she endeavored to obey his instructions, the smoke got down her throat, up her nostrils, and into her eyes; and though she endeavored to refrain from displaying her discomfort, she was presently obliged to emit a little cough and to draw her hand across her eyes. Darrel, who had been gazing fixedly at the stream so as not to embarrass her, turned his head at the sound of the cough. He knew it well.

"How are you getting on?" he asked presently, with affected carelessness, but with a touch of anxiety.

"Oh, first-rate," said poor Cynthia. "But I don't think it's very amusing or—very nice."

"Better throw it away," he said earnestly, as he noticed a slight pallor stealing over her face; "it's just as well not to go in for too much of it at starting."

Cynthia stuck to the cigarette manfully for another minute or two. Then it dropped from her fingers, and she stared in front of her with a troubled expression.

"There you are!" he exclaimed, with much concern. "You're feeling queer. I was sure you would; but I didn't think it would come on so quickly. I say, you're not going to be really ill, are you?"

Cynthia shook her head; she was incapable of speech; and Darrel watched her with a mixture of anxiety and remorse.

"I was a beast to let you try it," he said remorsefully; "but I did warn you, didn't I? I'm awfully sorry! Do you feel faintish and as if something inside you had turned upside down? Look here, I'll sit beside you, and you lean up against me. It will pass off in a minute or two. I felt just like you are doing the first time I tried, and—once or twice since. It's just a toss up, you know, and the kind of tobacco."

He seated himself near her; and, in quite a boyish way, would have drawn her toward him; but Cynthia put out her hand and pushed him back.

### My Digestion Is Now Good

And I Feel Like a Young Man Since  
Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-  
Liver Pills.



Prof. A. T. Smith.

What a horrible condition the digestive system gets into when the liver becomes sluggish and the bowels constipated. The poisonous waste matter is thrown back into the blood stream and finds its way into all parts of the body, causing pains and aches and feelings of fatigue and misery.

It is wonderful how quickly Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills sweep the poisons from the digestive system and enable the organs of digestion to resume their natural functions.

Prof. A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—"I suffered for many years from bad digestion, constipation and horrible backaches. I have been treated by many doctors without any results. One day a friend in Boston advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes I noticed great improvement, and after the fourth box I was completely cured. My digestion is good. I never feel any pain in the back. My head is clear and I feel like a young man. I think Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are one of the best medicines on earth."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all druggists or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"I'm coming all right now," she said, with an attempt at a smile; "I shall be all right in a minute or two; don't speak to me or touch me."

"All right," he said, not at all offended; and he sat quite still, his gaze averted.

Cynthia quite recovered within the declared time, the faint color stole back to her cheeks, she stretched out her arms and laughed.

"I think it's beastly," she said. "I can't think what you see in it. And that's the second one you've smoked this morning."

"How do you know?" he demanded quickly. "Why, you must have seen me when you stood on the bridge? Why did you pretend you didn't?"

Cynthia colored and bit her lip softly; but there was nothing for it but to out with the truth.

"I didn't know whether you wanted me to," she said. "I thought you were going to cut me; and I waited to see."

"Oh, that was it, was it? You thought that because there was a row on between you father and mine—that I should shy off you? You must have thought me a cad; it's only a cad that cuts a lady without sufficient cause. I happen to be a gentleman—at least, I hope so. I say, you did it very well; I could have sworn you didn't see me. I'm awfully glad I saw you and followed you. You won't do such a silly thing again, will you?"

"I'm rather dull here, and I haven't my wits. I should like you to be a girl of mine, if you don't mind. O course, it would be better if you were a boy; but—with an air of noble resignation—"you can't help being a girl; and you're rather a jolly kind of girl, you know. We might go for some walks together; I'll teach you to fish, if you like. But I say," he broke off gravely, "your father won't mind, will he?"

"Oh, no!" replied Cynthia. "I isn't he who has quarreled with Sir Anson, but Sir Anson with him; and my father says that it is foolish to dislike a person, and that I might be friends with you—if I cared to."

"And do you care?" he inquired in genially.

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders. It quite the proper fashion; but, with masculine complacency, he took her silence for assent.

"Let's shake hands on it," he said. She slid her long fingers into his extended palm, and he gave her hand a boyish grip and a hearty shake. They sat and talked for some time; that is, of course, he talked and she listened, as is generally the way with men and women.

He told her about his school and schoolfellows, of his first fight, which he described with enjoyment and in detail; and Cynthia was requested to believe that his recent encounter with Sampson was nothing compared with it.

Cynthia listened with an intense interest; he was the first nice, really nice boy, she had met; and he was opening out vistas to her which had hitherto been closed.

At parting they arranged a meeting for the morrow; in fact, for a week or more they met every day and became real pals.

He brought a rod for her, and taught her to throw a fly; the lesson was by no means a gentle one or the teacher patient; but Cynthia bore the boyish masterfulness very well; and only looked sorrowful and penitent when he informed her, more than once, that girls were stupid things and it had always been a wonder to him why they were created.

Cynthia invariably told her father of her outings with Darrel Frayne; and Drayle listened and nodded with his queer, cynical smile; he knew that there was no harm in the lad and none in Cynthia; and to him their boy-and-girl friendship represented a pleasing ideal of childhood.

One evening, as the two were slowly ascending the road which led to the village—they were going to

buy chocolate—they heard the roll of wheels behind them, and were overtaken by a post chaise coming from Dursley; they moved aside to allow it to pass, and stopped to look at it.

The ranshackle fly was open, and seated in it was an old lady. She was such an odd-looking person that the boy and girl stared at her open-eyed for a minute.

Cynthia had never seen anyone like her. She was richly and extravagantly dressed, with a wizened face, the wrinkles of which showed through a thick coating of powder and paint; she wore a wig which had got shifted on one side; a valuable diamond ornament sparkled on the bosom of her dress; her fingers were loaded with rings, which flashed as she raised an old-fashioned eyeglass with a handle; warm as was the evening, a cloak of costly fur partly enveloped her, and a bearskin rug covered her knees.

She leaned back in the carriage with the serene air of an old-fashioned aristocrat, and she surveyed the surrounding scenery with a kind of complacent toleration, as if she were good enough to rather approve of it.

Her eyes fell upon the boy and girl standing by the roadside, and a faint smile curved her withered lips, as if the keen, shrewd eyes had noticed their youthful comeliness and grace. Cynthia still regarded her with wonder, but Darrel, who had seen grand ladies before, was, of course, not so

we-struck. Suddenly the old lady said, sharply and imperatively:

"Stop!"

The coachman pulled up his sweating horses with a jerk, and she leaned forward very slightly and beckoned to the boy and girl with her gold

yeglasses. Darrel advanced to the carriage and raised his cap; but Cynthia remained where she was, her interest increased, her color rising.

"Can you tell me how far we are from Summerleigh?" asked the old lady, in a clear, sharp voice which gave a trifle imperiously; but she wrinkled her face with a smile.

"It is quite close; at the top of the hill," said Darrel.

"I thank you," she said. "The river is an idiot," she added, without lowering her voice, "and I was afraid it might go the wrong way. You've here? Will you tell me your name?"

"Darrel Frayne," replied the owner of it, raising his cap again.

The old lady stretched her lips in a courteous grin and nodded.

"I know the name," she said. "You come of a good family, young man. Is that your sister?" Her glass fixed itself on Cynthia, who turned her head aside, and so unconsciously afforded view of the almost perfect profile.

"No," replied Darrel. "She is a girl—I mean, a friend of mine."

"Permit me to remark that you display some taste in the choice of a friend," said the lady. "Will you be kind enough to tell that fool on the box to go on? Thank you. Good evening."

The carriage disappeared in a loud of dust, leaving Cynthia and Darrel to discuss its occupant.

"Rummy old lady," he said; "wonder who she is? She looks like one of the old pictures in the hall at the court. Perhaps she is going there; but no, she would have asked for the court instead of Summerleigh."

"She looked like a very great lady," observed Cynthia; "but I wish she hadn't stared so hard; she made me quite uncomfortable."

"You should have stared back," said Darrel instructively.

"Well, I did try," pleaded Cynthia; "but she stared so hard, and her eyes were like gimlets through her glasses; and, of course, she's old and been

staring all her life."

"Funny old person," Darrel summed up, and they let her slip out of their youthful minds.



They bought their chocolate after a quarrel as to whether it should be plain or with cream, and went down to the stream to eat it; they lingered over it, because it was such a beautiful evening and they were perfectly happy; but at last, declaring for the tenth time that she must go, Cynthia wiped her mouth, sprang up and went homeward, nodding her head in response to Darrel's shouted:

"Same time to-morrow, Cynthia!"

She was running through the passage to the kitchen to get the tea, when she was arrested by the sound of voices in the parlor.

She opened the door, and stood stock-still with surprise; for, reclining in the easy-chair, was the old lady of the post chaise; and opposite her, in his shirt sleeves and quite at his ease, sat Cynthia's father. He nodded and smiled at Cynthia; the old lady put up her eyeglasses, her face screwed itself into a smile, her lips stretched almost from ear to ear.

"This, of course, is Cynthia? We have met before, have we not, my dear? Now I come to look at her, how like she is to Emily!"

"This lady is a relation of yours, Cynthia," said Drayle. "She is your mother's aunt, Lady Westlake."

Lady Westlake nodded, and her sharp eyes ran up and down Cynthia, from top to toe.

"How do you do, my dear?" she said. "Come and kiss me." Cynthia hesitated; she hated the thought of kissing anyone, excepting her father.

Lady Westlake's keen eyes noted the hesitation; and, with a grin and a slight shrug of the shoulders, she said: "Well, perhaps you had better put it off, for I'm all over powder and dust."

Cynthia, deeply grateful for the reprieve, said:

"I'll get the tea, father," and left the room.

"She is a pretty child," remarked Lady Westlake, when the door had closed. "Thank goodness, she takes after our family and not yours, Bradley! She is exactly what her mother was at her age, and I fancy—and, mind you, I am very seldom wrong—that she is going to grow into a beauty. All the more reason that you should accept my proposal. A plain, gauche girl might be left to vegetate here with you; but not a creature like that. Now, just consider: say that I'm right and that she is going to be a beauty; what on earth can you do with her here? She wouldn't have a chance. You would marry her to the village blacksmith or carpenter, or, worse, the curate or the local lawyer. You can't give her a chance. You say that you are poor, and, from what I know of you, I should say you always will be. You were always eccentric, you know, Bradley; and you appear to me"—she looked round the room and at his shirt sleeves—"as if you were living like a small farmer or squatter; and were bringing up this girl to correspond. That may all be very well for a Drayle; but you mustn't forget that the girl—what's her name? Ah, yes; Cynthia—has some of our blood in her. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Bradley."

(To be Continued.)

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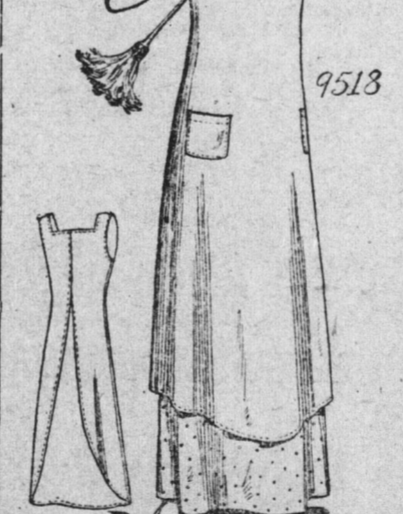
9518.—A NEW AND PRACTICAL APRON.

Ladies' One Piece Apron. This model affords protection and covering to the dress and is comfortable and neat in appearance. It is fitted by a dart under the arms, and has ample pockets in front. Gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, cambric, muslin, alpaca or denim may be used for this design. It is easy to make, and may be trimmed with edging, or the free edges may be scalloped and embroidered. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the medium size.

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