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Makers of Tilton's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XIX.
TWO MONTHS.

"She will be here in a moment," I answer.

"Well, Theo, dear, how are you?" says Loys, sitting down on the chair which I think Theo had intended for Adrian, if he had only come down a little sooner.

"Oh, much better!" answers Theo.

"How is your hand?" I ask, taking the opportunity to insert the small sting I have been saving during the last half hour.

"Yes," I say, with all the sweetness I am capable of; "Adrian told me how dreadfully you had pricked it in trying to pin his flower in his coat."

"Oh, it was nothing," she says, carelessly, yet with a gleam of anger in her eyes; "it was painful only for a moment!"

"They look so nice," I say, glancing at Adrian; "but, somehow, he always loses his flowers before the evening is half over; I was thinking to-night, when I fastened them in for him, that it would not be a bad plan to sew them."

"It would be like making a doll of one's husband," says Loys, laughing.

At this moment Stewart Dare enters the room.

"I am very late, Lady Charteris," she says, apologetically; "but I have burned my arm."

"Burned your arm!" I echo, in a horrified tone. "What were you doing?"

"The sleeve of my dressing gown took fire, and I was so frightened that, if Lane hadn't been there, I

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think I should have burned to death."

"What have you on it?" says Adrian.

"Lane has tied it up in oil and cotton wool," answers the girl, turning back her sleeve. "She was very brave in crushing it out, but—but—"

The tears fill her eyes, and I see that the shock and the pain are too much for her to bear.

"Wynne," says Adrian, hastily, "is there a doctor anywhere about here?"

"I'll go," he answers.

Stewart begins a feeble protest; but Mr. Wynne is already gone. Adrian leaves the room with him, but returns in a moment, bringing a large goblet of wine, which he holds to Stewart's mouth, and compels her to drink.

"I seem to be making such a fuss," she says, trying bravely to bear up.

Adrian pats her on the shoulder.

"You have more pluck than nine men out of ten. I should make more row about a headache."

"I think, if you all go in to dinner," I suggest, "she will be better with me alone; and perhaps, when her arm is properly attended to, she will be able to come in."

Theo rises very willingly, and Adrian is compelled to give her his arm; the others follow after, Loys first stopping to kiss Stewart and tell her what a brave girl she is.

In an incredibly short time Mr. Wynne returns with a young man whom I have seen once or twice in the village and on the road. He has evidently heard all Mr. Wynne knows, and asks immediately if we have a flask of oil. Mawson says he thinks the cook has some, and, being sent in search of it, produces a huge jar containing about a gallon. I wonder, though I say nothing, what she can possibly use it for.

"That is the very thing," he says; "the pain will be over in a moment. Take off those rings."

Stewart does as she is told, and stands by, with an anxious face, having refused point-blank to go away. Dr. Wood turns her sleeve up above the elbow, and, cutting the bandage off, plunges her arm into the jar of oil.

"There is no pain now?" he says, with a smile.

"No," answers she, with a sigh of relief; "but it was dreadful before."

"I have no doubt of it. Still, it might have been much worse;" then, turning to Lane: "You are very sensible, brave young woman; your presence of mind does you great credit."

"Well, sir," she answers, "I did my

best, though I'm afraid that I hurt Miss Dare more by crushing it out than if I'd slipped it off her."

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort! Now, can you give me a sheet of cotton wool?"

In a few moments the arm is carefully bandaged up, and the doctor has taken his leave, saying he will look in in the morning, just to see how it is going on.

"Now," cries Adrian, cheerily, as we make our appearance in the dining room, "how is the patient?"

"Much better," she answers for herself; "in fact, almost well."

"I believe your soup is being kept hot for you, but fish you mustn't expect. Take my advice, and make as good a dinner as you can; you need it after such a shock as you have had."

"I will do my best," she says, with a smile.

"Really, Audrey," says my husband, presently, "that maid of yours is a most sensible woman. You must take care of her, for you will never get such another."

"She is a very valuable servant," I answer, quietly, whereupon Theo immediately transforms her face in such a manner that I wish heartily Adrian would turn suddenly and catch her.

"If you please, my lady," says Lane, when she is undressing me, "that gentleman who dined here—"

"Mr. Wynne?" I say. "Well?"

"Well, my lady, he put something into my hand, just after dinner, when I was crossing the hall, and it's a ten-pound note."

"Well?" I say.

"I don't like to take it, my lady," she says.

"Oh, you may do so with an easy conscience!" I answer. "He was very

kind."

"Then you mean to go to Lady Myers?"

"I do."

"Then I tell you that I distinctly forbid it; if you persist in going, I shall be very angry."

"The time has gone by for your threat to be of any value," I say, coldly. "A month ago nothing would have pained me more than to incur your anger; now I prefer it to your pleasant moods, because I know that one is real and the others are not."

I go up to my room, but Adrian does not answer, or follow me. I do not expect he will, and yet I am disappointed when I see them drive away together.

My husband's face is grave and dark; but Theo is more bewitchingly lovely than ever. Just as they move from the door she puts up one hand and smooths the collar of his coat which is turned up a little; he looks down upon her, and speaks, at which she laughs. Oh, how the hand of iron clutches my heart as I turn from the window! And yet I am obliged to try to appear as usual, for Lane is in the room.

(To be Continued.)

much struck with your presence of mind in saving Miss Dare."

"Audrey," says Adrian, half an hour later, "Wynne borrowed a tenner of me when you left the table; what could it be for?"

"Oh, it was for Lane!" I answer, calmly.

"By Jove," he exclaims, "he must be hard hit!"

"I really don't see it; she undoubtedly saved the girl's life!" I am surprised and a little hurt that he thinks the sum too large. It sounds as if he would not do as much for me.

Two months have passed, and Theo is still with us; and, what is still worse, she does not seem to have the very smallest intention of going away.

My plans, my efforts and my hopes are all dispersed. I have realized my worst fears. The fact that Adrian's heart is no longer in my keeping must, I think, be apparent to the meanest observation. He never addresses me by any of the pet names he lavished upon me in the first days of our marriage. He does not seek to disguise that his first consideration and thoughts are for Theo. As often as not, he consults her about improvements in the garden, and alterations are made of which I know nothing. Nine days out of ten Theo drives with him in the Stanhope phaeton, and I stay at home, or go out in the open carriage by myself.

Theo is in a perfect elysium of happiness. Already she has discarded her widow's cap indoors, and now wears the diamonds Adrian gave her next to her wedding ring. Of course, neither of them know that I am aware that Adrian had anything to do with the gift of that ring. I do not suppose it would make any difference if they did.

"Theo," I say, at luncheon one day, "Lady Myers called upon you a fortnight ago. Don't you think you ought to return it?"

"Oh, yes, sometime!" she says, impatiently. "I can't go to-day."

"Why?"

"Because I am going out with Adrian."

"Very well," I say, politely. "I am going to Lady Myers."

"Oh, you must not do that!" puts in Adrian, hastily. "Wait till to-morrow, and Theo can go with you."

I look straight at my husband, without speaking. He reddens a little, and says, in a gentler tone: "You know, it will look so strange. What will Lady Myers think?"

"I am going to get ready," says Theo, airily. "I shall not be long, Adrian."

I lean back in my chair, and, with restless fingers, crumble the remains of my bread.

"Lady Myers will think it so strange," he continues, crossing his arms and leaning forward on the table.

"It is strange," I say, significantly.

"What do you mean, Audrey?"

"Exactly what I say," I answer, with provoking calmness.

My husband does not care to make me speak; perhaps he would hear what would not be very pleasant to him.

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(To be Continued.)

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