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## Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER IX.

He knew that Mr. Dennison had been to the Highway House, and that he and Mr. Winterdick had been shut up together for more than an hour in the library; he knew that the two men had consumed a bottle of champagne between them, and that his father had looked years younger after the visit. He also knew that his father had been to London to see his solicitor, and though Philip had not asked a single question, he knew quite well what had happened.

Ruin was averted, and life was to go on as it had been before that fateful night when they had asked this sacrifice of him.

He felt like a man who has committed a crime and who goes in mortal terror of being found out and convicted. Every time he looked at Eva he was sure that she must guess the truth; every time they met he braced himself to meet the worst.

The congratulations of his friends were perhaps harder to bear than anything else. Sometimes when he was smiling and listening to their well-meant remarks he felt as if he must say something to put an end to the farce—to tell them that he didn't care two straws about her—that, if they only knew, it was just a business arrangement between their respective fathers.

But the trouble was that nobody even suspected it. Least of all Eva herself, and young Winterdick felt that it was her trust and ignorance that fettered him hand and foot.

There was nothing to do but go on with it, to make the best of a rotten business, to try and keep her blind to the truth until the end of the chapter. The only one who was getting whole-hearted enjoyment out of the engagement seemed to be Mr. Dennison. He fancied himself exceedingly as future father-in-law to Philip Winterdick. He alluded to him on every possible occasion as "my future son-in-law." He assured everybody that the engagement was the outcome of love at first sight.

He had a vague idea that by so doing he was keeping his solemn promise to Philip that Eva should never know the truth. He chafed his daughter whenever he got the chance.

He rather thought he would like to take her back to the little suburb where he had made his money, just to show his one-time cronies the height of fame to which he had risen. Without telling anyone, he had had a paragraph inserted in the local paper of his old home, in which great stress had been laid on the blue-bloodness of the Winterdicks. He kept a cutting

of it in his pocket-case and chuckled over it half a dozen times a day. "I'm going to do the thing in style when you're married, my dear," he told Eva. "Nobody shall say that I didn't give my only daughter a slap-up wedding."

Eva laughed. "We shan't be married for ages," she said. "Father . . . you know—of course, Philip told you about—the money?"

"Money—what money?" There was a sharp note of inquiry in her father's eyes.

"I mean, that they had lost a great deal," she explained. "He told me that it practically meant ruin."

Mr. Dennison laughed. "Pooh! that's nothing—I know all about it—Philip told me."

"Of course, I knew he would do that."

"Yes—of course! Quite right of him—quite right. But it's nothing serious. In fact, Mr. Winterdick was telling me only last night that they would manage to pull round. Things happen like that where there are large sums of money in question, you know."

"There's nothing for you to worry your head about, anyway," he patted her shoulder. "And I shouldn't talk about it if I were you. The Winterdicks are rather sensitive. Don't tell anyone, my dear—people are so willing to exaggerate."

"I should never think of telling anyone."

"Humph! Well, there's nothing to tell now, as it happens. You'll be comfortable enough when you're married. Trust me to see to that."

So Eva went to her tennis with a light heart. Philip drove over in the car to fetch her, as he had promised, but he brought Foster with him. He had made some excuse at the last moment, and been so obviously anxious for his friend's company that Foster had consented with mild amazement.

Eva was a little disappointed. She had wanted Philip to herself, but she was too happy to mind anything for long, and she laughed and chatted to the two men cheerily.

But somehow the afternoon was not such a success as she had hoped. She only played once with Philip; there were so many people present who wanted his attention.

"I mustn't be selfish," she told herself severely. "But—oh, it would be nice if I could just have him to myself!"

There was something else, too, that was worrying her, something of which she was half ashamed and which yet she could not forget.

Philip had not kissed her . . . He had kissed her hand, that was all, and it did not seem right.

"They had been together hardly at all, certainly, and yet her heart told her that had he chosen her could have made the time and opportunity."

It was the one small cloud on her happiness, and, try as she might, she could not disperse it.

She made every possible excuse for him—perhaps he felt shy with her . . . she laughed at herself for such a thought. How could a man be shy of the woman he loved?

She wondered if perhaps she had been too cold and stand-offish; the thought made her cheeks burn.

"I won't think about it any more," she made up her mind. "It will all come right if I am patient."

But she was thinking of it all the afternoon. She played badly, and her partner got irritable.

Eva apologized in confusion, but for almost the first time in her life she did not care if she played or not.

And then a kindly shower came down and soaked the courts, and made further play impossible.

Eva was thankful; she gave a little sigh of relief as she ran to the house with the others.

Philip took her racquet. "I'm afraid we shan't be able to play any more to-day," he said.

She laughed. "I don't mind." He looked at her curiously. "Really! I thought you were never tired of tennis."

"I was a great sufferer from severe headaches and bilious spells. I tried a number of remedies without obtaining any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These completely relieved me and made me feel like a new person. I am very grateful to Dr. Chase's medicines for what they have done for me, and you may use my letter for the benefit of others."

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**GERALD S. DOYLE.**

ved, almost silent man, who was merely formally polite.

She sat very still, staring before her.

Philip rose. He had been sitting on the arm of her chair. "Will you have some more tea?" he asked.

"No, thank you." She tried to speak naturally, but her voice quivered.

He looked at her quickly and away again; his face was grim. "Will you—oh, do have some more tea," he said with helpless impatience.

"No, thank you, really," she rose. "I think I must be getting back; I promised mother I would not be late, and the rain looks as if it means to last."

It was an excuse to get away, and he knew it as well as she did.

He took her cup and put it down on the table.

"Very well—I will drive you home." She protested. "There is no need—it's nothing of a walk. I would rather walk."

His face grew obstinate. "I shall not allow you to walk."

Eva said good-bye to Mrs. Winterdick and the few people who were nearest to her. Without knowing exactly why, she felt as if this afternoon she had touched on the fringe of tragedy.

Philip brought the car to the front door. He had put up the hood. He still wore his fannels, and his sleeves were rolled back, showing his brown, muscular forearms.

Eva sat beside him. Her hands were tightly clenched under the light rug which he insisted that she used.

When they had driven perhaps half a mile Philip stopped at the car. He was perfectly well aware of what the girl at his side was thinking and feeling.

He wanted to try and say something to make her happier; he wanted desperately to drive that set look from her face, but all he could stammer out was: "What's the matter? What have I done?"

She tried to laugh. "What do you mean? You haven't done anything—of course, you haven't."

"Then look at me."

"I would rather not."

There was a little silence, then he half turned in his seat. He put an arm about her shoulders and forced her to look at him.

"There are tears in your eyes," he said, angrily.

"What nonsense! I—" It was no use; the tears were overflowing now, and she covered her face with her hands.

Philip Winterdick looked away from her down the length of the rain-drenched road.

He knew, without any words from her that the first faint doubt was slowly making its way into her heart, and he knew, too, if things were allowed to drift on like this much longer he would be powerless to stop it.

"Look here," he said, desperately. "You're disappointed in me, that's what it is. I'm sorry—I'm afraid I'm not much of a . . . lover. . . . It isn't that I don't feel . . . don't mean . . . things that perhaps another man could say. . . . It's only that—such things—don't come easily to me. . . ."

He broke off. He wondered if his halting explanation sounded as lame to her as it did to himself; he rushed on again anyhow. "Look here—will you take the risk—and marry me; marry me at once, I mean, and then . . . then I darestay we shall get to understand each other better."

There was a breathless silence. Eva raised her face, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"I don't want to be married—if you don't," she said.

She was unconscious of the pathos in her voice, but it went straight to the heart of the man beside her; his arm tightened its clasp of her.

"Of course, I want to be married," he said, and his voice was more natural and sincere than it had been for a long time.

(To be continued.)

## Can You Read Coins?

Have you ever taken a good look at a British coin to see what really is stamped upon it? To begin with, there is a Latin inscription: "Georgius V Dei Gra;" (by the Grace of God) "Britt: Omn: Rex" (King of all the Britons) "Fid: Det:" (Defender of the Faith) "Ind: Imp:" (Emperor of India).

There are two other letters on the face of the coin. Look closely at the bottom of the King's neck and you will see a tiny B.M., which stands for British Mint. Some copper coins are made in Birmingham, and these bear a different mark.

Now glance at the back of the coin. The half-crown has a shield showing the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland. The florin has the same arms arranged in the form of a cross, with the sceptres of the three countries arranged crosswise between them. This design has been in use for about three hundred years.

But the most interesting of all is the penny. Here again we have a very old design, for the original model of Britannia was Frances Stuart, a Court beauty famous in Charles II.'s reign.

She wears the helmet of strength; in one hand she holds the shield of faith, and in the other the trident which denotes that she rules the waves: Queen Victoria's pennies had also a lighthouse, symbolising the light of the Church and a ship, meaning that our dominions extended far across the seas; but these two emblems do not appear now.

For Coughs or Colds take Stafford's Phoratox, it will cure.—Jan. 4

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## Fashion Plates.

LADIES APRON DRESS AND CAP.



Pattern 3439 portrays this model. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 3/4 yard.

Dotted or figured percale, gingham, seersucker, chambray, drill, linen and alpaca could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

## A NEAT AND "EASILY MADE" DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



Pattern 3788 is here illustrated. This one piece style is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material.

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