

# WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER VI.

"Alice is a saucy girl," said madame, more indulgently than she might have spoken of any one but such a prime favorite. "And so you saw her, Natalie? Did you like her?"

"Oh, yes! She has such lovely blue eyes!" cried Natalie, with enthusiasm.

"Why," I said, smiling, "that's much what she said of you, Nat—only it was that you had lovely black ones."

"The force of contrast," madame said, with a smile, as she swept out of the room.

I knew that she was pleased with me and with everything. That things should have gone thus far without a hitch was more than I had expected, though, to be sure, madame, fastidious as she was, could hardly fail to be pleased, I thought, looking at the little dark face opposite to me, lighted up by those wonderful eyes.

"Well, you didn't find my mother very formidable, after all, did you, Nat?" I said.

"Oh, no," she cried eagerly. "She is very kind. It was much easier than I had expected. But then everything is, and nicer too."

"That's all right," I returned. "And what do you think of Chavasse?"

"It is lovely—so large and quaint and old! There are no places like it in Jamaica. There, if a place is old, it is all rickety and ramshackle and tumble-down. I more than like it."

"I thought you would," I said, pleased, but not surprised; for, if there is a person capable of saying and meaning that he does not like Mount Chavasse, I should like to have a look at him. "You'll like everything in time, I hope—Chavasse, the village, and the people in it."

"I like the people that I have seen already," she asserted, nodding her curly head at me as she clasped her two slim hands at the back of her neck—"that is, some of them, you know. Let me see—who are they? You first. So far, I like you best of all."

"Compliments thankfully acknowledged," I said, laughing. "Whom do you like next, Nat?"

"Oh, madame, of course! And then—let me see again—that sunburned man with the blue eyes and his hat at the back of his head. Who did you say he was?"

"Roger Yorke."

"Of course—I should have remembered. It is a nice name. And then Alice Deeping, and that old gentleman with the rosy face—when I know him to speak to—and—Dear me, that's all!"

"Not quite. You forget Fraser Froude."

"What—the man on horseback?" she cried, opening her eyes. "Ugh! I

## MOTHERHOOD SUGGESTIONS

### Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

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don't like him at all, although I'm sure I can't tell why. Does he come here?"

"He hasn't done so yet; he is the new owner of Holmedean, the place you can just catch a glimpse of from here."

The mention of Holmedean was as good a diversion as I could have made. Her first shyness gone and her tongue once fairly loosened, Miss Nat could chatter fast enough, I found. She rained upon me a shower of eager questions and answered mine with equal vivacity.

We had been chatting for an hour or more when madame at last came back and I felt as though I had been used to Natalie Orme all my life. She went off to her room accompanied by Mrs. Batterbin, who was closely followed by Valla.

Madame lingered a moment to speak to me.

"What an odd-looking person that is, Ned, my dear!"

"Valla? Rather!" I responded.

"Very! She has caused a sensation down-stairs."

"And all through the village, too! I can vouch for that. I rather wonder that we didn't have some of the population at our heels. Never mind, we'll stand by her for her mistress's sake."

"Then you like her?" said my mother, with some eagerness.

"Rather. Don't you?"

"Certainly; but she is very foreign-looking. I wish she had been fair."

"Can't say I do," I returned, rising and stretching my arms above my head as I turned to the door, for the first dinner-bell clanged out just then.

"Why, mother, those great golden-black eyes of hers will bewitch Whitesford—see if they don't!"

It seemed that I was right, too, for it came to pass that half the inhabitants of Whitesford fell in love with Natalie. No one could resist her pretty ways, her dark, bewitching little face, and above all, her glorious eyes. Madame grew so caressingly fond of her in the course of a month or so that I should probably have been jealous if I had not been fond of her myself. Indeed, before the next month was over I knew that I should have found the Mount uncommonly dull without Natalie Orme. So half September passed away, the trees began to lose their leaves, and in the park at Chavasse golden-brown and rich red showers fell upon us as we walked or rode beneath the hanging boughs; while in the preserves of Roxborough Chase guns were popping and partridges and hares were dropping all day long.

CHAPTER VII.

"My dear Natalie, I really think it necessary," madame said, gravely.

Nat shrugged her pretty shoulders.

She sat curled up in a queer little childish way on one side of the wide window-seats of the drawing-room, the blaze of the setting sun shining full upon her. She wore a thin black dress dotted with little gold stars, and had a pale yellow rose at her throat. Very quaint and pretty she looked. Very small and childish, and a little rebellious, too, just then.

"But, madame," she began deprecatingly, and then stopped.

"But what, my dear?"

"It seems so absurd."

"Does it? In what way?"

"I'm too old to have a governess. Why—tossing her curly head—"I'm grown up!"

"You are not particularly formidable," said madame, smiling as she looked up from the lace-work with which her fine hands were busy, and across at the little brown face.

"No; but I am old. Why, it was my

birthday last week! I'm older than Ned."

"Twenty-one isn't such an awful age, Nat," I interposed. "And you don't look more than seventeen, you know."

"Neither would you if it wasn't for that baby-mustache of yours," she retorted, leaning forward to pull a flower from outside the open window, and tossing it toward me.

Nat was very fond of bantering me about my mustache, not treating that adornment with any means the respect which it merited; but I was too used to it and too warm and comfortably now to do more than laugh lazily. Madame went on:

"My dear, the fact of your age renders what I say necessary. If you were a few years younger I should not trouble you with the matter yet. You must know that I do not want my little daughter to be a duce."

Wonderfully gentle and kind was my stately mother's manner, very fond and caressing. She had always been affectionate to me, but not in such a tender and loving fashion as she was to our little nut brown maid—I had got into the habit of calling her that—it suited her so well. Nat gave her shoulders another pettish little shrug, and her bright face clouded slightly.

"I suppose I am a duce," she said, rather dubiously; "but somehow I never felt so before. I don't think the girls in Jamaica ever did know much—none that I knew did. No one seemed to expect them to."

"They stare not at the stars from out their attics. Nor deal—thank Fate for that!—in mathematics."

I interposed, laughing—"oh, Nat?"

"But Nat had not read Byron, and only stared at me. My mother gave me a glance which told me that she would feel obliged if I held my tongue and took up Natalie's last words."

"But you are not in Jamaica now, my love, and you must remember that English notions are different from those that prevail there. You would not like in a little time, I am sure, to find yourself terribly behind the girls of your age in the things which a lady is expected to know. For instance, at Roxborough the other night it must have been very annoying to you not to be able to play your own accompaniment."

"Alice played it for me," said Nat.

"But if Alice had not been there?"

"Then Ned would," said Natalie giving her shoulders another little shrug.

She was a wilful little puss at all times; but she was more so than usual this evening. Madame's suggestion, made but a few minutes before, to the effect that she should have a governess, had put her out—and me, too, for that matter—though to be sure, there was no disputing the fact that she was a most woful little duce. She could read, of course, and read aloud really well; but her writing was the queerest of spider-eravils. I do not think she knew one rule of arithmetic from another, and I am afraid that her knowledge of geography and history was absolutely nil. She had picked up a good deal of French and a little Spanish and understood the lingo of the blacks; but this last was hardly an ornamental accomplishment from a modern

### Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Syrup and Save \$2, by Making It at Home.

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of pain syrup. If you take two cups of granulated sugar, add one cup of warm water and stir about 2 minutes; you have as good syrup as money could buy.

If you will then put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly. Any housewife can easily prepare it in five minutes.

And you will find it the best cough syrup you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually stops the most severe cough in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough, has a good tonic effect, and taste is pleasant. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

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9424—A GRACEFUL AND BECOMING STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

"At any rate, mother, all the governesses in the world couldn't improve her voice," I said.

"Her voice? No; but it should be trained properly," returned madame.

"Come, Natalie—do not look so woe-begone, my dear. You love music so much, surely you would like to play yourself?"

"Ned plays for me whenever I like," said Nat. "Oh, madame"—she descended from the window-seat, and kneeling down, put her round cheek carressingly against my mother's hand—"do say I need not have a governess! I have been so happy since I have been here, and a horrid governess would spoil everything."

"My dear child, what nonsense!"

Madame spoke with a suggestion of impatience in her clear tones. "You surely do not suppose that I mean to engage some grim woman and send you to school to her! I shall try to find some one not much older than yourself—some one who will be a pleasant companion for you."

"But I don't want a companion," she pouted. "I have Ned and Alice Deeping. Oh, madame"—raising her black eyes beseechingly—"do say that you won't make me have one!"

"If I did, you would be the first to blame me in the time to come, child," madame replied, patting her cheek lightly as she rose. "I can not have my adopted daughter, and an heiress to boot, unable properly to sustain her position, Natalie;" and, with these words, she rustled out of the room.

There had been determination in every word my mother uttered, and knowing her so well, I saw pretty plainly that a governess would surely come to the Mount. Nat understood it, too, I think, for from where she still knelt on the floor, she looked at me with a little deprecatory grimace.

"Oh, Ned, won't it be awful?" she said dolefully.

(To be continued.)

9431—A NEW AND EFFECTIVE GOWN.

Brown serge with applied braiding in self color and fancy buttons, was used for this design. Shadow lace supplies the yoke and collar. The design is suitable for any of his season's dress materials. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 ½ yards of 40 inch material for the 12 year size.

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

9431

Wood brown serge with trimming of a darker shade, and metal buttons was used for this stylish model. The vest is outlined by revers that extend to the shoulder. The skirt closes at the side. A belt, sash or girdle may finish the waistline, which may be raised or normal. The design may be developed as a one or two piece dress. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4 ¾ yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size.

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