

# Elaine the Fair

A Serial Story of Absorbing Interest.

Her room was in the hands of the maids and she could not go there. She settled herself in the corner of the stiff leather sofa, and in a few minutes she dozed off, her head lying back uncomfortably, and there later, Lisabel, coming in found her.

She roused her gently, alarmed at her air of exhaustion.

"Here I am, Lucy," she said. "Come to take you away! Oh, you naughty, naughty girl, to break all our hearts!" Then perceiving that Lucy was unable to listen to anything, she said tenderly, "come upstairs and lie down, and I will wait on you, and you must be good and do just as you are told."

She rang the bell, which was responded to immediately, and soon Lucy was lying on a couch in a pleasant room, made cheerful by a bright fire, and a maid was entering with a tray with soup and jelly and other tempting viands.

If Lucy had had her own way she would have rejected all food; all she wanted was rest—to be let alone. But Lisabel was firm, and insisted on her eating at least some of the food. She then made her comfortable with cushions, drew a light rug over her, and sat down beside her.

She told her how on receipt of Gracilia's letter the evening before she had hurried to the station and caught a train for Brighton. She must have reached it shortly before Lucy had left. She had gone first to her hotel, as it was too late to do anything that night. In the morning she had received Lord Brixton's telegram asking her to come up the first possible minute and go to Lucy. She had sent off her message, and without waiting to see Gracilia, had caught the earliest train and here she was.

As she talked on without pausing, in a level voice, she saw that Lucy's attention was wandering. Her lids fluttered at times, but by degrees growing quieter until at last she fell into a deep sleep.

When Lisabel saw that she would probably not waken for some time, she rose and slipped quietly from the room, and sent a kindly looking chambermaid to take her place, lest Lucy should awake and be alarmed to find herself alone.

In the coffee room below she found Lord Brixton sitting by one of the small tables engaged in reading a newspaper. He came forward to meet her.

"She is asleep," she said. "I am afraid it is a complete nervous breakdown."

"Get her away into the country at once and keep her out of doors."

"The very thing," said Lisabel. "But where shall we go?"

"What do you say to a village among the mountains in Wales? The only drawback is that it is a long journey. I know a place where there

leave everything to me."

She hastily scribbled a list of directions for him, and a note to be posted to her maid telling her to have everything in readiness to start at any time. A doctor was to be sent on every trip to let her know when Lucy would be fit to travel. Lord Brixton was to call in the evening to receive final directions when the doctor's opinion was known.

"I am glad to get away myself," Lisabel said. "I feel as if I never could speak to my stepmother again! How could she have been so cruel? How could any woman drive a girl from her door at night in the streets of London?"

"You would never do it, Lisabel, if she were Madame Brinvilliers herself you would have taken her in."

"Exactly," Lisabel said. "If she had not followed her? It frightens me when I think of it."

"You and I are a kind-hearted pair—exactly suited to each other. May I come to see you in Wales?"

"Certainly not; and you must not on any account let your stepmother or my father know that Lucy is with me. The less attention that is directed to her the better. There was another thing I wanted to ask you. What about Sir Everard? He must be home, or you would not be here. I suppose nothing happened?"

Lord Brixton's face grew suddenly grave. He glanced around him. "This is not the time or place to discuss it. I have a long story to tell you, and it must be where we shall not be overheard. I shall come back at six o'clock, and you must arrange so that we can have a quiet time together. Now I will go and send the doctor."

He held her hand for an instant in a close clasp, and their eyes met again in a long, grave look. Then he was gone.

Lisabel went slowly back to Lucy. A deep happiness filled her heart. She had entered into her home and kingdom, and she was content. Since her father's second marriage she had never known even the semblance of domestic life, and now it was more impossible than ever. Her father was a querulous, exacting old man, entirely under his wife's influence, and inclined to disparage his daughter. She had not the good looks he had the right to expect in his daughter, and in his opinion she did not make up for the deficiency by attention to dress or by an attractive manner. He looked upon her as a good, steady girl, not likely to give any anxiety today, but he called her in his own mind. The best match she could expect was some comfortable country squire who might be desirous of giving her a home in return for her solid virtues and moderate fortune.

She knew all this and that she was not necessary in any way to her father's comfort. Her stepmother had tried to throw her and Lord Brixton together, and that had had the effect of making her treat him with an exaggerated indifference and calm friendliness of manner. Mrs. Beresford had latterly given up her manœuvring in despair of success, and looked contemptuously on her as de-

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It is not in the least likely.

"Do, darling! You know all I want to say. There is no need to tell you how I love you; you know it so well. I am your servant to obey your commands; nothing you can say will alter that. But, if you can give me what I want more than all else, won't you let me know?"

She raised her eyes, and for a second or two, gazed into his; then hers drooped and she turned away with a blush and a faint little smile, and said in her ordinary tone—

"The sooner this message is despatched the better—George."

The last word was said in a whisper, but he caught it and notwithstanding the presence of the attendant who was preparing the table at the other side of the room, he caught her hand in his.

"Lisabel," he said, "my dearest!"—and paused, for he could not trust his voice.

"Don't say another word now," she entreated. "I want you to tell me the whole story about Lucy from beginning to end. We have all our lives before us, but she has made shipwreck just at the beginning. I never saw such a change. Poor Lucy! Poor dear! Oh, we must help her!"

He obeyed, and Lisabel's anger was deep at the ignoble part her stepmother had played.

"How is it that this misfortune follows her everywhere and that the little storm-tossed creature is driven from one refuge after another? I dare not ask her what made her leave Brighton so suddenly or why Mrs. Beresford drove her from the door. She is not fit for anything now but to be taken care of and loved."

"And we shall do that, darling. Tell me what you would like and then

knew I had got engaged in the stuffy coffee-room of a cheap hotel with a parlourmaid looking on."

"I am so very, very glad! I remember all about it now. But for Lord Brixton where should I be?"

"Don't talk of it! George told me all about it. I suppose this is the doctor."

A knock had been heard.

It proved to be an old friend of the family—Doctor Manners, a silent, discreet man, who accepted Lord Brixton's explanation and said nothing to any one.

Twenty-five men were injured by an explosion in the plant of the Otis Elevator Company in Buffalo, N. Y. William J. Donley, sportsman, shot four persons and then killed himself at his home in Babylon, L. I. Brooklyn, N. Y. high schools are now crowded to "standing room only" capacity, and many pupils are on half time.

Benjamin Phillips, sixty, of Paterson, N. J., committed suicide by shooting while visiting his brother at Rome, N. Y.

A negro, believed to be the assailant of 15-year-old Mamie Mason, was arrested by a posse with bloodhounds near Petersburg, Va.

Finishing the safe they took from an East Orange, N. J., grocery too heavy, thieves stole an automobile, in which they hurried it away.

Murder in the first degree will be the charge against Marvel Sellick, 16-year-old slayer of his step-father, Dean Crampier, of Detroit.

Senator La Follette loses in his fight for delegates in Wisconsin, winning only ten of the State's twenty-six representatives.

Rosewell, ancestral home of the Page family in Virginia, the most noted house in historic Gloucester county was destroyed by fire.

Because a Sante Fe conductor didn't know illness from a jag, and put a sick man off a train, the railroad had to pay \$1,200 damages.

President Wilson plans to occupy "Shadow Lawn," the summer home in New Jersey offered him by people of the State, as soon as Congress adjourns.

"Nothing wrong that cannot be set right with time and care," he said, after a careful examination. "But both will be needed. She must hear nothing to agitate her; she must not exert herself. Fresh air, gentle exercise, driving, cheerful unexciting companionship, an occasional novel or book or poetry; milk, eggs, and country fare. Yes, she may travel in the morning, if she has a good night and can eat a good breakfast before starting. In fact the sooner she gets out of London the better. The long journey will do her much for her. Pool, not a bit of it! Do her all the good in the world to get away among the mountains. No, it will not be necessary to call again; let her sleep all she can and eat all she can, and go on for at least a month and she will be all right. Thanks! Good morning!"

At six, as arranged, Lord Brixton came to report progress. The room had been taken. Lisabel's middle-

aged maid would join them at Euston and Lord Brixton would see them off. Then, over their tea in the coffee-room, he told Lisabel the story of Sir Everard's journey.

She sat with eyes intently fixed on him. Their new happiness, the radiant future stretching out before them, were lost sight of by both young people for the moment. A shadow of evil had fallen across their path, shutting out the glad sunlight. A thousand vague fears flashed through Lisabel's mind. Her face was pale as she looked at her lover. She stretched her hand across to him as they both rose to their feet, and as he caught it his face reflected the glow on hers.

"We will save them yet," he said in a low voice. The room was nearly deserted, and a sympathetic waiter had put the little table at which they sat in a retired corner. "Until Sir Everard is fit to take things into his own hands I will watch over his interests, and Miss Carden shall be in your charge. You and I, Lisabel, hold the threads in our hands, and we will not rest until they are woven into shape. And this shall bind us."

He placed on her finger a ring set with a magnificent blood-red ruby and then pressed his lips to the hand that wore it.

"They had forgotten the present for a moment, but his happiness rushed back on them. Lisabel blushed like a rose.

"How can I wear it?" she asked.

"If it is seen, our secret will be a secret no longer. And yet—Oh, George, it is splendid!"

"Your secret, you mean?" he said.

"I want to tell everybody—even the fatherly waiter who is carefully not looking at us as he clears the table yonder."

"I fancy he has his suspicions," Lisabel said demurely. "You are not a bit discreet. Here are people coming. Don't you hear the chatter? Let my hand go!"

But he passed his arm round her and kissed her swiftly.

"Till the morning, my darling, and next time we meet we must talk about our lives! We must not be separated any more."

"You are shocking!" she said disengaging herself breathlessly. "Now if my stepmother should be among these people who are coming in—"

"She isn't! Lisabel, I have a sincere respect and affection for that waiter."

But she was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

"What day of the month is this?" said Gracilia, pausing, pen in hand. She was in the library of Wayland Manor. Colin Grantly and Lady Annandale were in the large window engaged in winding silk for that lady's

use. Elaine was looking on.

"The fifth of November—gunpowder plot!" said Colin.

"How lovely!" cried Elaine. "Let us get up a Guy Fawkes and carry him in procession and have amateur fireworks afterwards. We need rousing up."

"Blowing up, I suppose you mean?" Colin said lazily.

"My dear," said Lady Annandale, "I object to your playing with fire. It is attended with too much risk."

"Then what shall we do?" asked Elaine. "I don't believe it will stop raining the whole day. Oh, I know, I know! We will dress up like the pictures in the gallery and try which of us can produce the best likeness. If it turns out well we can give a grand entertainment to the neighborhood by getting up a gallery of living pictures. There are plenty of people who will help. Come at once upstairs and let us choose our subjects. Come, Gracilia, put away your letters."

She danced lightly out of the room and up the broad staircase, a fairy figure in a dress of white velvet trimmed with costly silver fur.

Gracilia and Colin Grantly followed, but Lady Annandale went quietly on with her crochet work.

The picture gallery opened to the west, and there was still light enough. Elaine went on until she reached the middle of the great room.

"This is my choice," she said, waving her hand dramatically. "Behold Dame Adrienne Verinder!"

The subject of the painting was a lovely girl, dressed as a novice, but with the covering for the head pushed carelessly back, allowing a few soft silken curls to appear beneath. It gave a peculiar charm to her face, but in spite of the exquisite delicacy and refinement of her features, the impression she produced on Gracilia was one of involuntary repulsion.

"She is beautiful!" she said, looking at it critically. "It is not like you, but it is something in your style, Elaine. Still, I don't like her face; she is false and cruel. Do you know her story?"

"No, I think her so sweet and gracious. What do you say, Mr. Grantly?"

"She is, as you say lovely, but there is an expression about the eyes and in the curve of her lips that is strongly suggestive of Mephistopheles. It was a clever artist who painted the demon peeping out of those eyes. You will never be able to reproduce the expression."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Elaine pouting. "I think she is by far the most beautiful picture in the whole gallery. How could a novice look like a demon? She must be all purity and innocence."

"That is just what I can't tell you. Perhaps her head-dress being pushed crooked that way gives her a rakish look. Let me cover it."

He put a book he had in his hand so as to conceal the forehead.

"No," he said, "the expression is in herself, though the effect is heightened by the cap or whatever it is. She is not a pleasant person."

(Continued on page 8.)

Colonel Roosevelt is going to Boston on Sunday for a stay of two days.

Joseph Black, negro, was lynched by a mob that raided the Kinston, N. C. jail.

Painted fish is a luxury the board of health is trying to abolish in New York.

Baggage handlers at the Grand Central station in New York are on strike.

Dust-laden streets in Bridgeport Conn., have resulted in nine cases of spotted fever.

Constitutionality of the Michigan automobile tax law has been held by the state supreme court.

There is no direct state tax this year, is the word as the budget is presented in New York Legislature.

Mayor Robert W. Hamlin, long prominent as a lawyer and journalist in Virginia, died in Washington.

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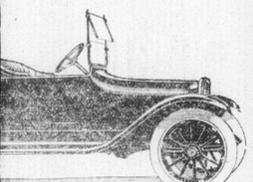
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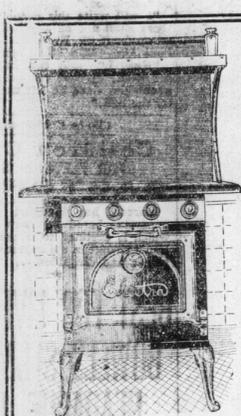
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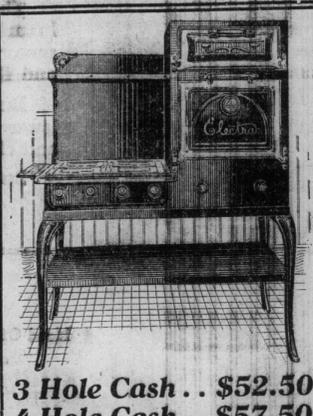


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You yourself work hard ten hours a day and spend most of your remaining hours in rooms impure from the same gas. Your Wife and Children breathe it day and night. Result: You don't feel right, cannot put "Pep" into your work, your Wife and Kiddies are ailing more or less all the time. The Druggist, Doctor, and too often the Undertaker, gets a good share of your wages. Your employer loses, for you cannot give your best efforts. **WHY DO YOU STAND FOR IT?** You don't have to any longer, for our new Model Electric Range is cheap to buy, and cheaper to operate than coal, wood or gas. We will go farther—if you got your gas, coal or wood FREE, and the best range for same FREE, the Electric would be cheaper still.

This is not an absurd statement, but true as the sun shines. Let us prove it. Assume you purchase two five-pound roasts of meat each week and cook them in a coal or gas oven; if weighed carefully before and after cooking you will find that of the ten pounds of meat you have lost over three in shrinkage, and that three pounds contains the best flavor of the meat. At twenty-five cents per pound you have lost seventy-five cents per week, or three dollars per month, a sum that will more than run our large range and all your lights in the average home. This is a fact—your Wife can prove it to you.

In the Electric Range the shrinkage is almost Nil, because first you heat up your oven for a few minutes with the switch at "Full," then put in your roast, and quickly the heat seals it with a thin crust that holds the flavor and cooks it in its own juice, for the electric oven is an oven inside of an oven, with packing between, and the odor and flavor cannot go up chimney or fill the house with cooking smells. After waiting a few minutes for the meat to seal, the switch is turned to "Low," and at a cost of one-quarter of one cent an hour your meat is cooked, and cooked right.

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Yours faithfully,

### Lyons Electric Company, 71 Colborne St.