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Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER III.

Then the glass is returned to the salver, slowly and daintily, and not till then Tapley discovers beneath his hand a letter, and suggestively passes it along the salver toward his master.

Kitty eyes the letter with a girl's curiosity; letters are rare at the Lawn. Mr. Trevelyan opens the envelope slowly, extracts the letter with an expiring air of long suffering, and unfolds it.

"You see—I have not opened it; you know that I never can tell handwriting; it looks like your cousin's; it is Ethel's, and therefore I must trouble you to peruse it for me. I am not one to shrink a duty, as a rule, but deciphering the acute and paralytic hieroglyphics, which Ethel is pleased to term her writing, is a task I am not equal to."

"I'll read it, papa," says Kitty, eagerly taking the letter from the outstretched hand. "Ethel's fist—I beg your pardon, papa, I mean her handwriting, is hard to read, but I can generally get at it."

Mr. Trevelyan sighs, and shrinks and mutters, "fast," "got at it," as a preparatory to a lecture; but Kitty dashes at the letter before he can get in the first word, and the slow, steady mizzle—you cannot call it a storm—of his reproach is averted.

"My dear Uncle: The gathering of which papa was speaking last week, is fixed for the twenty-second, and will be quite as large as he expected; indeed, papa thinks it not at all unlikely that nearly all our 'chiefs,' as he calls them, will come down for the day, at least. You will be very pleased to hear that Lord Sterne has almost promised to accept, and papa says that should he do so, we have every reason to hope that our side will be in office before six months have

gone. I have put aside the small room in the south wing for you—your own room, you know, and I have kept another near my own for Kitty. "For me!" exclaims Kitty, staring incredulously over the note paper at her father who, with closed eyes and drooped lips, looks about as much alive as an Egyptian mummy. "For my dear Uncle," continues Kitty, "we have not forgotten your half promise to bring her with you. I know that we can offer but poor inducements to Kitty, who is never so happy as when she is communing with our sweet mother Nature."

"Yes; reserve it for a future occasion," assents the Honorable Francis. "Your cousin's remarks, I may say reflections, are always original and indeed, interesting, but—" "Boring," says Kitty, cheerfully, "so we'll skip them. Let me see—oh, here she is rational again! "We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on the twenty-first, when, as you will have some luggage, I will send the chariot. Give my love to dear Kitty, and tell her to read Kipling's new poem. Ah, my dear uncle, how sweet, how grand, how pathetic!" Kitty runs off into an indistinct murmur, and then adds aloud:

"I am, dear uncle, your affectionate niece, "ETHEL."

"Ah!" breathes Mr. Trevelyan, opening his eyes—"a very interesting letter. Your cousin," with a reproachful sigh, "is a highly accomplished young lady—highly accomplished. I hope you will read her remarks on—on nature."

"I'll read them now if you like, papa," says Kitty, opening the letter again, with a mischievous smile. "Not at present—not aloud," says Mr. Trevelyan, almost quickly; "read them when you are alone and quiet; they are sure to be both interesting and instructive—an accomplished young lady," with a sigh.

"And what am I to say, papa?" says Kitty, thoroughly understanding the significance of the last phrase bestowed upon the talented Ethel, but showing no resentment. "What am I to say?" "Say—say," repeats the Honorable Francis, looking terribly bored already—"say that I will come—of course, I will come. I know my duty too well to shrink from any exertion, however great. It is necessary that I should show on such an occasion—"

"What is the occasion?" asks Kitty curiously. "The gathering together of the chiefs of the great Conservative party," replies Mr. Trevelyan languidly. "You do not understand—though we know how great an assistance your Cousin Ethel—only a year older than yourself, is to the cause. Yes, you may say that I will be there."

"And—and for myself?" says Kitty anxiously, as the vision of a week of glorious romping with Regy, of new

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on suffering with that obstinate sore, if you will only use Zam-Buk—the great heral skin cure. This balm, owing to its unique composition, is the very thing for sores and skin troubles that have resisted ordinary treatments.



faces, gaiety, a dance, perhaps—who knows? They dance at political parties, she supposes. Above all, a change—a change from the dreary monotony of her sleep life of the Lawn, dawns upon her.

Mr. Trevelyan opens and shuts his eyes irresolutely. Now he is bored in truth, for he has to make that greatest of all efforts—a decision. "You—yes—ah! What shall you say—I really do not know. It will be a large party—an important gathering. I do not think—" "Oh, papa!" pleads Kitty, with flashing, eager eyes.

"Don't—don't!" pleads Mr. Trevelyan. "Don't speak so loud or look so theatrical!" implores Mr. Trevelyan. "I cannot arrive at a decision if you disturb and embarrass me." There is a long and dreadful pause. "If," he says, at last, "if I consent, I do not know, I am not sure that your wardrobe—" "Oh, I have plenty of dresses," says Kitty, then hesitates.

Yes, she has plenty of dresses, but is there one, certainly there are not two, fit to appear in at such a gathering. Is there one that is not torn or otherwise marked by the destructive paws of the affectionate Pussie and his tribe. "I think I could manage, papa," she says, more deliberately. "I am sure I could."

"If you are sure," responds Mr. Trevelyan dubiously. "I think you might accept, but I do not feel certain that it is wise." Kitty compresses her lips. "Well, well!" sighs Mr. Trevelyan. And waiting for nothing more definite, she takes up the letter, crosses the room demurely, closes the door softly, and then darts up the stairs to her own room, as if she had been propelled by a catapult; but when she stands before her wardrobe and eyes its contents, her exhilaration receives a check—the Honorable Francis was not so wrong, after all. Is there one dress suitable for such an occasion as a grand party at Rosedale?

Kitty is compelled, with deep self-reproach and humility, to confess that there is not. She may hold them up to view in the most favorable lights, and regard them from the most hopeful points she will, the marks of Pussie, the telltale results of her many rumpes, are over them still. For a time she stands the picture of meditation, bordering on despair, then suddenly she remembers that there are still two dresses unmade, or, at least, capable of alteration and adaptation at the local dressmakers, and she resolves to see about them—her last hope—at once.

No girl in the county, or out of it, for that matter, can change her attire quicker than Kitty; her toilet in the morning, including a cold bath, summer and winter, takes far less time in its entirety than the Honorable Francis expends in the parting of his hair, and, almost before Mr. Trevelyan has grasped the fact that she has left the drawing-room, she has whipped off her morning costume, donned the habit, well-worn, but, ah, how suitable! and is out in the yard, watching the boy saddle her cob, who is as impatient to be off as if he, too, had a grand party—say of lively colts—in view.

In five minutes more she is away

down the road to the village. People—farmers, laborers, market women—all know her, and touch their hats or curtsy; she throws them a happy nod, as she flies along, and sometimes a quick, breathless greeting. On a less exacting occasion she would stop and chat; but she has no time now, and the cob, his blood now on the boil, wouldn't stop if she had, and away they go, up hill, down dale. Presently a cloud of dust, smaller than the cob's twinkling heels are making, meets her view in the distance, and suddenly a bicycle comes rapidly in sight.

The cob puts up his ears and shakes his nose, and Kitty tightens her hold, when the bicyclist suddenly swerves aside, and a boyish voice rings out: "Hello, Kitty!" "What, Regy?" is Kitty's immediate response, full of surprise, and something approaching contempt, "is that you—you on one of those horrid things? Oh, I am ashamed of you. Poor boy! is he afraid of a gee-gee? He shall have a go-cart, then!"

And she laughs a musical but exasperatingly taunting laugh. "Now, Kitty, don't you be cheeky!" retorts the boy, dismounting from his scorned steed, and wheeling it up to her, much to the disgust of Jack, who shifts aside and eyes the odious machine with the strongest disapprobation. "Sit firm—don't be afraid," cries the boy, taking his turn at teasing; "don't be afraid, Kitty—I'll hold your horse."

"Touch him if you dare, you impudent boy!" retorts Kitty, raising her whip. "Do you think either I or Jack care a brass farthing for your plaything? Whoa, Jack, dear—I's only my little cousin's new toy!" Lord Reginald shows his teeth—they are not unlike Kitty's, neither is his smile, nor indeed his whole face—and laughs confidently. "You you call it, do you? Look here, Miss Kitty—I'll race that screw of yours—"

"Screw!" cries Kitty, with fiery indignation. "Oh, Reg, you impudent, good-for-nothing boy!" "You're another! But," says Kitty, where are you off to in such a deuce of a hurry? I thought it was some one coming for the fire engine—" "Oh! And you will race my screw, will you?" breaks in Kitty triumphant.

"Yes, I will," he assents confidently; "but where are you going?" "I'm going—but that's no business of yours. Where are you going?" "Down to the abbey, Ted, the coachman's son, spotted a blackbird's nest in the old ruined chapel; and I'm after it before any of the village dogs get a chance. Will you come?" "Can't," says Kitty reluctantly—"I'm busy, awfully busy, and in a dreadful hurry. I say, Reg, what do you think?—I forgot, though, you can't think?"

(To be Continued.)

Fads & Fashions.

Bodices seem to grow less as skirts grow fuller. New sports stockings show vertical stripes. Striped effects are being shown in chiton veils. Silk skirts will be worn with lingerie waists. Gray and coral is a pretty spring combination.

A pretty mushroom hat for a child has a rippled brim. Hats of ribbon with straw facings are very attractive. Even little girls nowadays have their sports dresses. Chinese and Mexican straws for hats continue in favor. Pongee and tussor are in favor again for summer coats. A new sailor tilted up at the back is called the shovel sailor. Boige or gray with blue is a particularly good combination.

When your nerves are all on edge and sleep seems out of the question take at bedtime one or two BEECHAM'S PILLS

Fashion Plates.

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The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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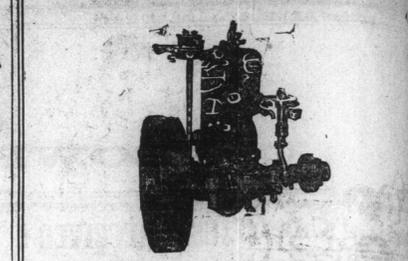
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Does Prohibition Prohibit?

The Daily News of Wednesday, Nov. 13th, reports another "big seizure of smuggled liquor." About 4.30 Tuesday morning the police captured two men on the street with three valises which contained 39 bottles of rye whiskey which were brought from Sydney in a local steamer.

It is not surprising to us to hear of liquor being smuggled in the country. We pointed out in this paper two or three years ago just what would happen if Prohibition should be carried out. In our Editorial remarks on Oct. 9th, 1915, we said "That should Prohibition law, it will be utterly impossible for the Government of this country, with its two thousand miles of coast, to prevent the smuggling of liquor into this island."

And so this wholesale smuggling of liquor will go on until this rotten law is changed so that there will not be any need for men to smuggle. "The Act," said Mr. Warwick Smith, in the Evening Telegram of October, 1915, "is as full of holes as a sieve. It won't hold water, but it will keep in a power of whiskey." In our issue of Oct. 30th, 1915, we said: "Personally, we do not care if there is never another gallon of spirits brought into the colony, and if we were sure that 25,000 genuine and sincere Prohibition men would vote Prohibition and adhere reverently to the law which they make opposite 'Yes' on next Thursday, we would vote with them, but when we are sure that there are men who will vote for Prohibition on Nov. 4th and afterwards expect and think they can go on in the even tenor of their ways in the future by 'taking a drink and leaving it alone' as they have done throughout their whole life; and when they take up to the fact that their drinks are stopped for ever, and they are deterred from a righteous beverage which, if taken moderately, 'is as good as life to a man,' and has been proved by wise men in that way ever since the creation of the world, they

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