

# Home-made Bread



THE kind that comes from the oven a symphony in golden brown, a study in tantalizing fragrance.

And when the light, fluffy, flaky slices are piled high on the plate—

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What a wholesome tastiness to appease it!

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## One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXI.  
CHANCE ADVICE.

When the carriage returns with her, I am still sitting by the fire. I sit there all day long now, doing nothing. I do not make any pretense at work—for I cannot bear to read, and sewing of any kind I detest. She comes in quietly, as usual—all Stewart Dare's movements are soft and gentle—and I tell her I am very glad she is able to come on such short notice.

"I think we shall be dining alone to-night, unless Col. Cardyllon comes," I say; "but I wanted a chat with you. My sister has gone out." "I saw her with Sir Adrian in Idleminster," says Stewart.

I put aside the pain which stabs my heart and almost chokes me. I have set myself a task, and I must perform it.

"I am going to say something to you, Stewart," I begin, "which you will probably think very impertinent; but, be that as it may, you will believe that I mean it for your good."

"Oh, yes, Lady Charteris," she murmurs; "you have always been so very kind to me!"

"Well, Stewart," I say, gravely, "I have had Mr. Wynne here this afternoon."

A shade of annoyance crosses her face, but she does not speak.

"You are making him very unhappy," I go on.

"Indeed, I'm very sorry," she begins; "but—"

"But you dislike him?" I suggest.

"Oh, no; I don't exactly dislike him—at least, I like him very much—but—"

"But you like somebody else better?" I say, gently.

She does not answer, but her downcast face is covered with blushes, and I press the point further: "You like Col. Cardyllon?"

She looks uneasily round the room, then droops her head lower than ever. I take her hand and continue:

"You need not mind me, Stewart. I have seen it for some time; but believe me, it is of no use. Col. Cardyllon loves only one woman in the world, and that is my sister. You must not think that because she is my sister I wish to prevent you, or anyone else, from marrying him. I would rather see him married to you, of the two, because I am certain that you would make the better wife for him; but he has already proposed to Theo; and, although she has refused him, he comes as often as ever. Now, don't you think, Stewart, that it is hopeless, foolish, useless to think any more about him?"

"Perhaps it is," she says, in a low voice.

"And think," I continue, "what your position as Mrs. Wynne will be—a very different one from Edith's, for instance; and, surely, he is a man to be proud of. I should be, if I were you."

"Oh, yes; I have no fault to find with him!"

"And consider how he loves you."

I urge, "You are the only woman on earth he has ever cared for; he has never known himself what love is since his brother died; and, after all, what is the love of two boys for each other? Not such as he gives you. Don't you think you will be happier

with a husband who worships you than with one whom you love, but who loves another? You know, Col. Cardyllon loves Theo; but, even if you have the chance, don't marry him, knowing that. Never marry a man who loves another woman, Stewart!" I cry, passionately.

The girl raises her head, in wonder.

"Why, Lady Charteris—" she begins.

"You are thinking that I know nothing about it," I say. "Perhaps I know more than you or anyone else gives me credit for. Oh, Stewart, I am so anxious to see you and Mr. Wynne happy! Won't you try to be kind to him when you see him next?"

"Yes; I will try," she says, with a long sigh.

"Perhaps it is a cruel kindness to show her how completely and entirely Col. Cardyllon's heart is given to Theo. As I anticipate, he comes to dinner, and during the evening I see Stewart Dare watching them carefully. She goes away cured, but enlightened—cured of her foolish worship for this woman, later enlightened as to the state of affairs which is going on in our household."

"On the following evening we are engaged to dine with Loys. Adrian is not at home until it is time to dress for dinner, and Theo drives out by herself. In the course of the afternoon I have a good many visitors, so that I am almost tired to death by the time I am dressed, and look ten degrees more haggard and ghastly than ever. I dress carefully—I always do now—and wear a goodly amount of ornaments—rubies and diamonds—which relieve my black dress and give me some compensation for the loss of my youthful charms. Adrian does not ask me to pin his flowers safely for him, and I think Theo must have fastened them; however, I have the satisfaction, as we step into the carriage, of seeing them fall, unnoticed, except by me, to the ground. I am far too saving of my words to mention the loss, and Adrian never finds it out until we are unwrapping in Loys's hall.

Mr. Wynne is there when we arrive, talking to Maud Luttrell, of Rest, who is staying with Loys. She is a bright, clever girl, a terrible flirt, who, even though she is talking of nothing more important than strawberry jam, would give the impression that she is receiving an offer. As I know she is engaged, I think there will be no harm in giving her a hint, so, when she comes

to speak to me, I tell her that she is to flirt as hard as ever she can. "All right," she says, pleasantly; "only mind you don't tell Jack."

"Of course, not," I answer. "Besides, it is only just for to-night." Then I give her the outline of the story, suppressing all reference to Col. Cardyllon.

"Well," says Maud, with a laugh, "she must be a perfect flat." All the family at Rest are addicted to slang.

"If I had not to think of Jack, I should soon make short work of her chance. It's a thousand pities Grace is not here; she'd take pity on him."

I know! Why, whatever can she want more? A splendid man like that, and all that money! There must be somebody else, Audrey?

"Hush!" I say; "here she is!"

I beckon Mr. Wynne to us, and tell him he is to take Miss Luttrell to dinner. He is obliged to bow gravely, and say he will be delighted; but I can see how he is changing to be near Stewart.

Presently, when I am speaking with Bracepeth and the girls, he comes up, and is greeted a little grudgingly by the elder lady, with a very bon camaraderie by Edith, and by Stewart with "I suppose you are going to take me in?"

"I believe I am told off to Miss Luttrell," he says, with a coolness which does my training infinite credit.

Stewart looks absolutely hurt, and I come to the rescue by saying: "Oh, Capt. Gore is to take you, Stewart! He has taken Maud in to dinner twice this week, and she wants a change."

"Oh, yes," says Stewart; but I fancy she is a little vexed."

Involving, as Mr. Wynne certainly seems to be getting on at a furious rate. I can see Maud's smooth, golden head in very dangerous closeness to Mr. Wynne's blond one, much more so than "Jack" would approve, and her large, gray eyes are dancing with merriment. I turn from them to Theo, who is sitting between Teddy and Col. Cardyllon, evidently bored to the last degree. She can scarcely conceal her dissatisfaction at the long distance which is between Adrian and herself. Col. Cardyllon, who is sure of two hours, almost, before he is for, of course, Teddy has to be attentive to the lady on his other hand—is, I think, trying to make the most use of his time; though, to judge from Theo's face, it is not a very good use—not a very successful one, at least.

My own cavalier is very uninteresting; all men are nowadays! I am like that heartbroken girl waiting for the Douglas she has lost and cannot win back.

"I was not worthy of you, Douglas. Not half worthy the like of you! Now all men beside are to me like shadows."

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true! I have lost my Douglas! I cannot win him! He is more apart from me than if the grave yawned between us—and yet I have been so tender, so true! Still, do not hide from myself that I have had no temptation to be other than true; but, if I had, I do not think I should have done as he has. Perhaps we all think the same until we are tried. Those who have endured the most temptation themselves are always the most lenient judges. For my part, I do not know what it is. That is the reason I am so bitterly severe upon Theo; yet why should I blame her more than Adrian? I certainly do; because, if he had been left to himself, his honor would have made him triumphant. It is Theo who has thrust me from my rightful place in his heart!

(To be Continued.)

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