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### "The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse."

CHAPTER VI.

The Dawn of Love.  
"Don't move—for a moment. Are you hurt, dearest?" he asked, too moved and agitated to note his words or their tone. "I shall never forgive myself for not warning you in time. Evie—"

He stopped short, suddenly conscious of what he was saying. Still with the blush burning on her cheeks, she gazed up at him with a kind of wonder, and yes—was it joy, pleasure in her eyes, violet now with emotion? And at that look Lashmore came to himself, and knew what he had done. His arms fell from her, and as she rose he still knelt looking, not at her, but away beyond her, his face white, his teeth clenched. For he knew at that moment that he was playing the part of a cur and a scoundrel.

She stood trembling and with downcast eyes, as if waiting—yes, waiting for him to speak. But his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. She had heard him call her—great Heaven, what had he called her, what had he said in his frenzy of fear, of passion! At last he got out a word or two—a word of commonplace inquiry which, in his own ears, sounded like a hideous mockery of the words that had burst from him a few moments before.

"I—I hope you are not hurt, Miss Lyndhurst!"

She did not start, but as she raised her eyes with a shock of surprise to his, almost as if he had struck her, she said in a low voice, and with a coldness that saddened him:

"Thank you—no. I must have struck my head in falling. I am quite all right now. I see my father in the distance. I should not like him to know; he would be anxious and upset." She paused a moment, and he stood tongue-tied, his eyes on the ground, like the guilty hood he felt.

"I will go across the fields to the house. Please meet him and keep him until I get out of sight."

He made a gesture of assent, of obedience, and without another glance at him, she turned and walked away. He saw that her gait was slow, unsteady, and he sprang up the bank to follow and help her; but he stopped. He felt the lash of that look in her

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eyes cutting into his heart. He dare not go to her, lest he should sink still deeper into the mire of shame and dishonor. With a groan, he flung his hands up to his eyes to hide her from his sight, then, with a step almost as unsteady as hers, went to meet Sir Talbot.

CHAPTER VI.  
A Change of Air.

Kittie and Hagnes Havangeline got home from Earl's Court without any further adventures. Hagnes was in the best of spirits, having got over her anxiety on Miss Kittie's account, and was voluble, as they walked through the quiet streets; but Kittie seemed rather tired and was very quiet.

She was glad to get to her own room, and out of the sound of Hagnes' voice, for the two incidents in which she had played a part naturally occupied her mind. She had read Kittie was a voracious reader, and had, therefore, succeeded in some measure in stultifying her father's fitful neglect of her education—several stories of "doubles," historic and otherwise; but—erto she had regarded them as well, just fiction founded on an exaggeration of fact; it had never seemed possible to her that any human being could be so exactly like another as the young lady she had seen in the gardens could be like Kittie herself. As she was dwelling upon the extraordinary likeness, she felt in her pocket for the handkerchief, and was annoyed to find that she had lost it.

Then her mind flitted to the other adventure, the adventure of the evening; and she gave a great deal more attention to her memory of her "preserver" than she had given to Lashmore when she was with him.

Women are swift to give or withhold their liking; and Kittie at the first glance at the young man's face, the first word he had spoken, had been prepossessed by him. In the first place there was gratitude, of course; but she knew that she would have liked him if she had met him in the most ordinary way. There are some men to whom women are naturally drawn, and Lashmore was one of them.

And Kittie thoroughly appreciated his manner toward her, appreciated it with the swift intuition of the woman who is a lady at heart, though her surroundings may be common, and even vulgar. She knew, mere girl as she was, that not for a single moment had his manner toward her lapsed into the familiarity which is the deepest kind of disrespect. No; he—quite evidently a gentleman—had treated her as if she were his sister, or one of his friends.

Yes; it was quite a little adventure; like the opening chapter of a present-day novel; but Kittie was convinced that the story would break off at the first chapter; and—she was rather sorry. Lashmore was not the first gentleman she had met; her father often brought some of the men of rank and fashion he had run against at the theater, or one of his clubs, but none of them had interested Kittie very much, certainly none of them had impressed her as Lashmore had done; it is true that none of them had lifted her out of a panic-mad crowd, and saved her from disaster.

She was conscious of a desire to meet him again—both him and the young lady; and as her active mind flew back to her, she sighed and instinctively went up to the glass and looked at herself.

Yes; they were wonderfully, weirdly alike; but with a difference, she felt. The other girl had been beautifully dressed; the gentleman with

her—her father, no doubt—well-groomed and carrying himself like a person of importance. They were evidently people of position, of wealth, belonging to that upper class which seemed so high above and far away from Kittie's class. It must be nice, she thought, wistfully, to wear clothes like those which became the other girl so well, to be rich, well-born, to know, and be an equal and on friendly terms with—well, such men as the young fellow who had come to her aid that night. She looked in the glass critically as well as wistfully, and half-unconsciously formed the resolution to be more careful of her manners, less careless of speech; more—more—like the other girl, in fact.

After all, she, Kittie, was the daughter of a gentleman—her father, in moments of expansiveness, had told her so, their Bohemian friends tacitly admitted it. Yes; she would take that other girl as a pattern, and live up to her double!

As her father's step came up the stairs, slowly, a trifle, only a trifle uncertainly, Kittie asked herself whether she should tell him; and as she swiftly decided that she would not, she had said nothing about either adventure to Hagnes Havangeline, and she would say nothing to her father; if she were to do so, he would be annoyed, angry, and, worse, would probably, in his anxiety, forbid her to go out again with the servant, or any one but himself.

She ran to the sitting-room, where Norton had already dropped into a chair, and he looked up at her in a tired fashion.

"So you got back, Kit—but, of course, hours ago, I hope?" he said, and his voice sounded weary and strained. "Had a good time?"

"Yes," she replied, with a nod and a little uneasy, guilty pang; for this was her first concealment from him. "You look tired, dear."

"I am," he said. "Stupid play, and the theater was beastly hot. I wrote the notice at the office, thank goodness; so that I can go to bed at once. I'll have just one glass—" She got the whisky and water for him, and he watched her thoughtfully and somewhat moodily. "Mr. Levison been here?" he asked.

"No," said Kittie. "Did you want to see him; expect him?"

Norton shook his head. "Thought he might drop in. Good chap, Mr. Levison," he added, tentatively, and looked straight before him.

Kittie nodded. "Oh, yes; of course," she laughed casually. "I've known him so long that he seems quite like a relation. By the way, father, haven't we any relations?" she broke off, as she brought his old and frayed dressing-gown.

De Courcy Norton had his dress-coat half off, and stopped at that as he looked at her.

"No," he said rather curtly. "What on earth made you ask that—that silly question?"

She looked at him with surprise. "What is the matter, dear? Why should I not ask?"

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"I can't imagine Mr. Levison as a mystery," remarked Kittie, as she tidied the room. "He looks—and always has looked ever since I can remember—the type of amiable simplicity."

"Ah!" commented Norton cynically. "When you know as much of the world as I do, Kit—which Heaven and all the angels forbid!—you'll appreciate the fact that the amiable and simple-looking individuals are the sharpest and the cutest. I have known the most turnip-headed of chaw-bacons as cunning as—as a monkey. So I keep my eye on Levison. Look here, Kit, I'd made up my mind not to speak to you about it, but it's been haunting me all day, and I've come to the conclusion to give you a word of warning—"

His voice had grown grave; and as she turned to look at him with surprise, she saw that his face had grown pale and anxious.

"What is it, dear?" she said, going to him and seating herself on the arm of the chair. "What is it worrying you?"

"Levison—of, rather, something he said to me the other night, the night of the party; and it wasn't for the first time. Kit—" He stopped and bit hard at his pipe. "You asked me just now if we had any relations; and I—lied. We have—"

"Father!" she cried, in a low voice, with a note of pleasure in it.

"Yes; but hold on. So far as we're concerned they might not exist. See? No, no; don't ask any questions," he broke off almost vehemently. "But—but I'll tell you this much, and I'm reckoning that it won't be news to you. We—we aren't quite what we seem. No; by the Lord Harry, we are a deuced sight better!" He had poured some more whisky into the half-emptied glass, and he took a big, quick drink; then with his tired face flushed, and his lips moving restlessly round the pipe-stem, he went on: "We're well born and bred—there's good blood in us, some of the best—but that's not what I was going to say, excepting as it bears out on what Levison said. We've cut adrift from all that!"

"He was getting a little hazy, and Kittie suppressed a sigh. Naturally she had hoped that he was going to tell her something about their family, those unknown relations.

"Mr. Levison—" she said gently. "Ah, yes; look here, Kit, he wants you to go on the stage."

She did not start, but the color rose to her face, and she gazed at the opposite wall thoughtfully.

"On the stage! Confound his impudence! But, then, he doesn't know. The stage is no place for a lady. And, mark me, Kit, that is what you are by right of birth. Besides," he caught himself up, "it's no fit place for any young girl, or woman, either. That's my opinion. I may be right, or wrong; but that's my honest opinion, and I'm your father, and it should weigh with you. You're a kid no longer, and you'll have to decide. Levison's a persistent devil, and he'll be whispering to you—"

Kittie slid her arm round his neck, her usual way of restraining, soothing him.

(To be Continued.)

### Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



2005—Ladies' Shirtrwaist, with or without Yoke, and with Collar Rolled High or Low.

Linens, taffeta, satin, batiste, lawn or flannel are good for this model. It is finished with a coat closing and high or low neck outline. The sleeve has a French cuff. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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### A B

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### In

"When angry, count speak. If very angry, dred."—Thomas Jefferson



RUTH CAMERON

to it on hands and feet, and through the channels of public disapproval, and a man who knew and understood the first time he was relished over some of his husband threw her down the face.

Some Things That We Never See

There are some things that we never see, or do not do. One's debts of honor, and one's friends secret.

But, to my mind, it is like that, on which we are bound to keep his face grayer breach of honor.

Anger is no excuse for honor of a man who, when he is angry, is much. He is a man of shame.

When Their Tempers Some People Will

I spoke of this because I have had many letters, and so I know not unusual. But you

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### C.