

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Diana Throws Down the Glove.

I had a quaint, pretty little nook of a bedroom, next a large one occupied by Lady Sophie, on the Idle Hour. She rustled in to talk over the thing that had happened, when we had said out "Good-nights" to everyone else, and when she had been angry in whispers with her enemies bidden me to be of good heart and ignore the incident, because so one would think the less of me, she disappeared to her own room again. Lady Sophie thought a great deal of her "beauty sleep," which she declared that at her age she could ill-afford to miss; but I had no inclination for bed. I had not forgiven Diana Dunbar; and until I could feel more in charity with her it was no use to try and say my prayers. Without them I had never slept; even with them I should find difficulty enough in composing myself to sleep on this night. I was in a dressing gown, slowly brushing out the waves of my long hair, endeavoring to attain a proper frame of mind, when I heard a soft knock at the door. At first I thought it came from the one which connected with Lady Sophie's room, but the light sound was repeated, and I knew that I had mistaken the direction. I went to the other door and peeped out. To my surprise Diana stood there, fully dressed as she had been for dinner. "Will you let me come in for a few minutes?" she pleaded, in her sweetest voice. "I want particularly to speak with you."

Advertiser Patterns

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The summer materials are so attractive this year that every woman and girl wishes as many gowns for warm weather wear as her purse will allow. Here is sketched one of simple style, yet altogether youthful and pretty, which the home dress-maker will find quite to her liking. The waist has a deep pointed yoke of Valenciennes lace in strips, which is finished with a band of coarse lace. Tucks extend a short distance from the yoke edge, and the entire length back. The sleeves may be to the wrist or elbow, as desired. The skirt is in seven gores and gathered at the top. Any of the washing fabrics, pongee, foulard, taffetas or voile might be developed in this way. For the medium size 5½ yards 44 inches wide are needed.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

chances people do get on a house boat?"

"Yes, I have noticed that," I responded to the inner meaning I suspected. "Come in, then, if you like."

"She came, and shut the door, though I would have left it ajar, as a gentle hint that I wished the visit to be brief."

"I want for one thing to tell you how awfully sorry I was for you to-night," she began, sitting down without waiting for the formality of an invitation.

"Thank you. I fancy I know exactly how sorry you were," I responded. "I don't think we need waste words upon that."

I had not sat down when she did, but continued to stand, straight and still, in the middle of the little room. As I finished speaking Diana sprang up, and laid a hand on each of my shoulders.

"Oh, I wish you would not be so cold with me. I wish you would let me be your friend. I want to be your friend, really, really," she asserted, watching my face to see if I were moved by her protestations.

"I don't make friends easily," I said. "The word means a great deal to me."

"Will you at least let me talk to you as if we were friends?" she entreated. "I'm ready to listen to anything you care to say."

"Ah, you are not kind. And when I spoke up for you this evening, too! Consuelo, what are you going to do after that wretched affair? It will make a tremendous difference in your future plans, of course."

"Why should it?"

"Why? Oh, you know very little of society, or you would not ask. People whom one fancies are one's friends really care nothing about oneself. They only hang round if one is popular, and it is the fashion to be seen with one. But they would all rather have something nasty than nice to say behind one's back; it is so easy to be witty at one's friends' expense. You can guess that, or they wouldn't have labeled you 'My Lady Cinderella.'"

It was just smart enough and apt enough to stick. Now this episode of tonight will be in all the society papers by the end of the week. Even if they don't use your name, they will have paragraphs so worded that everybody will know who is meant. You've been a good deal talked about already, but after this town will be too hot to hold you with any comfort for yourself, I'm afraid. That's why I'm so sorry for you, dear. Men who have been apparently at your feet before will forget to ask you to dance. They like a girl to be conspicuous in some way, but not as you will be now, for that 'dowdy' and 'bad form'—the two most noxious things that can be said of a girl nowadays. Hasn't Lady Sophie told you the same?"

"She has not," I said shortly.

"Oh, she was afraid of hurting your feelings, no doubt. She's a good sort; she wouldn't mind a fib for a friend's sake any more than she would for her own, which is so loyal and nice. Every woman fibs for herself; but she generally tells the truth to, or of, her friends."

"I suppose one judges others by oneself," I retorted.

"Don't be horrid, dear; I'm trying to help you. I've been thinking it over, and putting myself in your place. It seemed to me, looking at it so, that you would have to go away, for a time, at all events, till this unfortunate affair has blown over—been forgotten for the next nine-days' wonder."

"You would suggest that I return to the Peckham, perhaps, to which you have consigned me?"

I spoke feily, though my soul was hot within me.

"I was going to suggest a nice, long, restful visit to a country place of ours which we seldom use ourselves, though we sometimes lend it to friends. Mamma would be quite willing, I am sure. But why do you say 'the Peckham' to which I have consigned you? I know nothing about Peckham."

"Except that you and Lady Dunbar followed me there," I burst forth, reckless now of consequences. "Except that you have both set inquiries on foot regarding me. Except that you have started all the gossip—made the gossip."

You and Lady Dunbar have your reasons for not wishing your interest in me to be known, so you do not speak out what you have learned by spying. You work in an underhand way, lest the scandal should be traced to you. You want to get rid of me, and you hire music-hall singers to hound me out of your world."

"How dare you?" cried Diana, even now scarcely raising her voice, for she had been well trained to conventionalities, and the walls of the Idle Hour were thin. "How dare you accuse me of such things? Why, if you repeated your words, I—I could sue you for them if I liked. There's a law in England which discourages the speaking of scandal, just as it does blackmail and libel. I should have thought in the rank of life you came from you would have known more about them than I do. Why should I want to get rid of you? for dragging in my mother's name is too ridiculous. Do you think I am jealous of you?"

"I think that you hate me," I replied.

"I do not care that for you!" she snapped her fingers, the pretense of friendship forgotten now in this vivid moment, which was showing me the real woman. "I suppose that you think I am annoyed because of George Seaford's flirtation with you? What nonsense! As though he were a man to marry a little upstart from nobody-knows-where! I have looked on, laughing in my sleeve, while the paltry farce was played, wondering how you would feel if you knew that I had refused him last year, when he really cared for

me as he pretends to care for you now. That habit of his—amusing himself with every new girl who comes along—has grown upon him since those days; but George is a proud man, proud of himself and his family, whose boast it is that not one of their long line has ever made a mesalliance. Knowing nothing of you, he would not have married you, even if he had been genuinely in love. Knowing the truth about you, he would do so still less."

"He is welcome to know all—everything that can be known of me!" I cried.

"Why you came to live with Lady Sophie, among other things?"

Her eyes burned into mine, as if she would have dragged an answer from me, if necessary, with red-hot pincers. For the first time I quailed, feeling that she had an undue advantage—that I was groping in the dark, while she held a light.

"What do you know of that?" I questioned.

"I will tell you, if you will give me your version of the story first."

She hesitated for an instant before making me this offer.

"I came because Lady Sophie took a fancy to me, and invited me; that is all," I answered.

"Nonsense! Think of something more credible. No one who knows Lady Sophie de Gretton and her circumstances would believe that for a single second. She must have been influenced by some extraordinary motive in taking up a girl like you."

"Must have been!" I echoed. "Then you do not know why she did it? You are only trying to find out through me."

"Well," she said, in a changed tone, after a moment's pause, "that was rather a slip. To tell you the truth, I don't know."

"Neither do I," I retorted. "I know no more than I have told you, which was the reason Lady Sophie gave. She likes me; she is an impulsive woman who enjoys novelty. I believe that it was exactly as she said."

"Then you were never so mistaken in your life. You are letting yourself live in a fool's paradise. But though I don't know the explanation of the mystery, and therefore can't enlighten you, I will find out; and then you shall hear the truth from my lips, Consuelo Brand."

"There is nothing to find out," I persisted, though my heart grew cold.

"There is something. What, I swear to you, I will find out before I am many weeks older."

"You are good at spying," I flung at her. "But if you spread more stories about me, everyone shall hear what I know of you and Lady Dunbar's reasons for taking an interest in me. I don't want to be revenged, yet I must defend myself."

"If you tell what you imagine, but cannot know, not only will I tell you all I discover of Lady Sophie's mystery, but I will tell the whole world as well."

Her eyes frightened me. I had not known that the face of a girl could express such hatred as flashed from hers to me.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Paragraph in a Letter.

Lady Sophie suffered from headache the day we left Henley. The doctor pronounced her attack a mild form of sunstroke, which she had contracted during those hot days on the river; and his advice was that she should have rest and mountain air, ten days at least of quiet, before returning for Good-

wood and Cotes. I offered my services as nurse, only too glad of a chance to show my loving gratitude for all that I owed to her kindness; and she, to see no one but me and Adele.

"Mountain air," Lady Sophie interpreted to mean Cumberland, where a distant cousin of hers had a place, and (conveniently for her present plans) deserted it for half the year to live abroad. He was at present in Switzerland, but a telegram sent to his bankers was duly answered, and by the time that Lady Sophie felt able to travel she had heard that the house was placed at her disposal.

I should have been nothing short of brutal if I had not shut myself up with the invalid, waiting upon her, keeping her amused as best I could; and I took no credit to myself for doing so, especially as, for some reasons, I was not sorry to be out of town for a few days. But Lady Sophie's illness and our journey, with the doctor's commands debarring her from all society, effectually cut me off for a fortnight from George Seaford.

Twice before we left for Cumberland he called, but once I was bathing, and Lady Sophie's aching head with eau de Cologne and could not leave her; again, she was sleeping with my hand in hers, and as Adele was her mistress' faithful dragon, I did not hear of the visit until it was of the past.

From Cumberland Lady Sophie answered a letter from Sir George, assuring him that she would be back in London again before Goodwood, so that he need not fear we should fall him as guests; and after that there were other letters and flowers, in which I sometimes shared.

"Poor George! he's horribly impatient for us to get back," she said, looking up from a letter which had just been received, a few days before the less more or less definitely fixed for our return. "What would you give, Consuelo, to know some of the things he says here about you?"

"It depends whether they are good or bad," I replied, with an attempt at smiling indifference.

"Which do you think they are more likely to be?"

"Oh, I suppose he would not say anything very rude to you about your guest."

"If you will tell me your exact opinion of him I may be tempted to ignore the confidential understanding between George and me, and read you a paragraph or two of the letter."

"I wouldn't have you betray confidence for the world. Besides, I haven't so fixed as an opinion of Sir George Seaford. Sometimes I fancy he's rather a flirt."

"He has never flirted with you, at all events, no matter what he may have been in the past. He is over head and ears in love with you, Consuelo. Of course, you must know that, though you've always avoided the subject with me before."

(To be Continued.)

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Dizziness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Our Regular 20c Tan Hose On Sale Thursday at 15c Pair

It really requires some incentive to bring a person out of the homes and down town these hot days. Well, here is one incentive—and an enticing one too. Our regular 20c Tan Hose for 15c Thursday. Of course the bargain is for Thursday only. Stockings are guaranteed fast dye. Double heels and toes. Sizes 8 1-2 to 10. Price 15c.

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Quite a demand has sprung up for our fancy embroidered linen collar with a neat silk tie—both for 50c

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Boas. A nice assortment of styles in black and white. Values are certainly exceptional.

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"FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" are milled from selected Manitoba Hard Wheat, by the best processes known, and therefore excel in uniformity, strength and nutritive value.

By reason of their uniformity, baking with them is quick and easy, and the results are uniformly the best. Working expenses are cut down, and there is no spoiled bread.

On account of their strength, they will absorb more water, and therefore will make more bread per barrel than any ordinary brands.

Bread made from them, besides being sweeter and tastier, is richer and more nutritious than that made from cheaper flours. The public is quick to appreciate these qualities in bread, and the use of "Five Roses" and "Harvest Queen" will bring to any good baker a steady and permanent increase in trade. He will reap a rich harvest from the dollars he has sown when he bought these brands.

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An authority on diseases of the kidneys and bladder states that pain in the back, loins, or region of the kidneys is the distressing signal nature hangs out to notify us that the kidneys require assistance immediately, and as a preventive of more serious trouble, such as lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, etc., which are almost sure to result, he offers the following valuable information. Get from any good prescription druggist the following simple vegetable extracts:

One ounce fluid extract dandelion. One ounce compound salutarina. Four ounces compound syrup sarsaparilla.

Mix well and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. This, he claims, has brought about most favorable results, and being harmless, the formula will no doubt be appreciated by many readers.

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A Trip to the Seaside in Comfort. The Grand Trunk Railway System have arranged to place on sale on Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15, round trip tickets valid for return from destination on or before Aug. 30.

The fares from London are exceedingly low, viz.: Old Orchard, Me., \$19 10; Portland, Me., \$18 85; St. John, N. B., \$24 95; Murray Bay, Que., \$20 95; Sydney, N. S., \$31 45; proportionately reduced rates to other points.

For full particulars of these excursions call on Mr. E. De la Hooke, or Mr. E. Ruse, representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway System in London.

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Just open a tin or a parchment package of

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Taste one and discover how crisp, tender and appetizing they are.

Eat as many as you like—they are easy to digest, wholesome and nourishing.

Ask your grocer for "Perrin's," and insist on getting "Perrin's"

"Just a little better than the rest"

Chrysanthemum smoking is the latest thing in England. Cigarettes made of chrysanthemum leaves and cascabela bark have been found to give relief in cases of epilepsy, and one doc-

tor recommends them as a substitute for tobacco.

A mound of sea walrus tusks was recently unearthed by railroad engineers in California.