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An Indispensable Favorite

OR

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In their unpretentious little house Lady Nora finds her son and her daughter-in-law when Mr. Carter brings back his wife from a lengthened honeymoon on the Continent; and with as much smiling audacity as if she has been their tender benefactress, the little lady, looking perfectly radiant, comes one cold day in November to see them, wrapped in sealskin and sabres for which Mr. Carter has just paid a hundred guineas. She makes herself quite at home, and ignores all unpleasant things in the past—she does not quite approve of such a modest man, but still she is very affectionate and pleasant and cheerful and gracefully maternal. But before she goes her son takes her aside, and sternly and determinedly demands the diamond sapphire ring.

"If I must pay for it, I will, mother, no matter what it costs," he says; "but the ring I must and will have!" "You shall have it, Dallas," I told you so before," Lady Nora responds, with a pout. "I have only just returned home, you see; and now I want you and Yolande to come up and see me and Mr. Carter, and dine with us; and be friendly all together. He is really the best of good, kind creatures!" "I am glad to hear it," Dallas says, in a very cool, quiet tone. "I hope you will be happy, mother, but I don't want my happiness endangered any more. Mother, I must have Joyce

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Murray's ring back without delay—I will pay you whatever you please to charge me for it."

"You shall have it next week, Dallas," Lady Nora says, briskly. But she reckons without Mademoiselle Bella Glover. She offers forty—fifty—eighty guineas in vain for the ring. Miss Glover informs her that if she were to offer a thousand it would be all the same.

"I am well off now, Lady Nora, and money is not so much an object to me as the possession of the thing I fancy," she writes, in reply. "Besides," she adds, in a postscript, "the ring is not really yours in any sense of the word. I have never been asked for it by either its former owner or its latter owner, Captain Dallas Glynnne."

In her despair at this answer, Lady Nora confesses to her son what she has done with the ring, and he himself writes to Isabelle Glover for it. This letter is all that astute young woman has been waiting for. On that very day she packs up her trunks to leave Penreath, where she has remained since the countless funeral, with her friend and staunch ally, Mrs. Vavasor. The earl, who has been staying with a friend in Derbyshire to seek consolation for his widowed heart, returns home the next day; and in the evening, when he has retired to his study, he has a visit from his "little friend."

He is in a particularly amiable temper this evening—some speculations have turned out splendidly within the last few days, and, for a newly bereaved widower, he is in very good spirits. His late countless weak-minded will was a blow to him certainly, but then the money he inherited at her death is a solace in itself. "Not that I grudged you her ladyship's bequest, Belle," he said, gloomily, when the will was read.

"Not you—of course not!" Belle thought. "You would not have cut down my legacy to five hundred pounds if you had known the terms of her will! Of course not!"

But on this evening he feels reconciled to everything and every one, and in a sweetly-pious frame of mind. He has enjoyed an excellent dinner, and his digestion, for a wonder, is not troubling him.

He is sipping Scotch whisky and soda water and turning over the pages of a review when Isabelle enters, and the sight of his "little friend" in her exquisite mourning-gown of thick dull brocade, jet-embroidered, and with ruffles of cape setting off her white throat and arms, is an additional pleasure to him. Suddenly his "little friend" overwhelms him with the announcement that she is leaving Penreath Place in the morning.

"Leaving! For good?" he asks, too startled to be angry. "Belle, you're not serious! You can't be! You can't mean you're going to leave me!" "Indeed, I do mean that I am going to leave you, my dear Lord Penreath," Miss Glover replies, with dignity and pathos. "I can do nothing else."

"Why can't you stay on her for— for a while, at all events?" his lordship asks, sitting in his chair and numbing over his words. "I am going away again almost immediately, and shall be here only for flying visits; and you can be mistress here, Belle, and do just as you please."

"Until the new countess comes," Miss Glover supplements, deliberately. "No, thank you, my lord; with all my devotion to you and my friendship for you, nothing you could say or do would induce me to accept that role. I am going to stay with Mrs. Vavasor for a while. Thanks to dear Lady Penreath and her sweet, generous thoughtfulness—with a taunt in every accent—"I need not turn out in the world friendless and homeless to earn my bread!"

(To be continued.)

Under False Colors

OR

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER I.

Sir John Sterne was a fine specimen of manhood, and bore his fifty-five years with a dignity and uprightness that can only be acquired by a severe course of military training. In the records of the War Office his name was conspicuous for gallantry and daring deeds. He had led more than one forlorn hope and, with a

Corns



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handful of men, stormed batteries that had been considered impregnable. He was mentioned as the bravest of the brave. But many wondered why he was so careless of a life filled with golden promise, why he dallied with death, a smile on his handsome face, while loving hearts trembled for him and offered prayers to Heaven that he might return home in safety.

Handsome Jack, as he was called, had a grand inheritance awaiting him in England—a grand old name, a lovely home in lovely Devonshire, and a rent-roll which a prince might envy. That was twenty years ago, and his fame was now forgotten by all except his old comrades. He had returned home—handsome as ever, not a limb injured, and only one saber scar to mar the beauty of his face. He fled into retirement from the honors that were showered upon him, and his friends regretted that he was so modest. They had to confess at last that his sunny temper had vanished, and that he had become gloomy and morose.

Only at odd intervals did his old wit and infectious laughter flash forth, like a ray of light from a darkened sky, but it would be as quickly dispelled.

He was annoyed when people referred to the change that had taken place in him, and he smiled grimly when officious doctors declared that his liver was out of order—indeed was a rare place for upsetting a man's internal system.

Sir John was relieved, that his malady had at length been diagnosed, and trusted that he would now be left in peace.

But there was still another surprise in store for his friends, and the goings of Blairwood. One lowering November day an Indian ayah arrived at the Park with a tiny baby, and it was soon understood that the child was Sir John's own daughter.

He did not take the trouble to deny or confirm it, and the Christian section of Blairwood professed to be scandalized. There was no mention of the baby's mother, and the most searching inquiry failed to elicit one atom of information.

At length the rector of Blairwood was induced to call upon Sir John. He did so reluctantly, but the influential persons of his church were resolved upon it.

"I rather expected this, Mr. Vallance," the baronet said, coldly, when he had timidly stated the object of his visit. He was a young man, and held the bronzed soldier in awe.

"Then my errand is considerably lightened," stammered the young rector.

"I have nothing to say to you," Sir John replied; "absolutely nothing."

"But, my dear sir; I beg of you not to forget the high position you hold—the example you should set—there—"

"Yes," sneered Sir John; "but I have no desire to satisfy the curiosity of a pack of canting old women, and beg of you not to refer to the subject again, Mr. Vallance."

(To be continued.)



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Through Mid-Night Skies

Perils of Night-Flying are Being Rapidly Overcome by Wireless and Powerful Flares.

The suggested increases in our air forces, both civilian and military, bring forward again the question of night-flying, and the methods employed in guiding the machines and safeguarding the pilots in the event of necessary or emergency landings. As an instance, let us consider the most frequented route of all, that between London and Paris. As a guide to the pilot lighthouses have been erected over the English portion of the journey at Croydon, Tatsfield, Cranbrook and Lympne. These route lights are of acetylene gas, and have a range of thirty-five miles.

In case of anything going wrong with the engines of the machines there are emergency landing-places at Marden, Pluckley, Littlestone and Faversham.

At the last named place is one of the regulation illuminated landing-guides, which consist of electric lamps under thick glass covers flush with the ground.

"The Light That Leads Them Home." A number of these lights are arranged so as to form a series of "L's," the long arm of which point in the right direction for a favourable landing, according to the direction of the wind. In the event of a change of wind, this shape can be changed. Different coloured lights are also to be experimented with to signal the strength of the wind near the ground.

Ordinary shipping and coast lights will guide the aeroplane over the Channel; but when the atmospheric conditions are favourable, the pilot will never be out of sight of an aerodrome on one side of the Channel or the other.

As guides over the French portion of the journey, there are lighthouses at St. Ingouvert, Berck, Abbeville, Poix, Beauvais and Le Bourget, and at all these places the landing, in case of emergency, is good.

A special "food light" is to be used at Croydon. It is the invention of the French firm, Barbier, Renard & Turenne, who built all the above mentioned lighthouses.

The "food light" is not the ordinary powerful lighthouse constructed to send vertical or oblique rays. It can be used as a landing light, and is a great improvement upon the method of landing by the aid of searchlights, and the beams of the latter were apt to get into the pilot's eyes and dazzle him. The "food light" can illuminate a whole field to such effect that it would be visible many miles away.

Guided by Sound. The arrangements for communicating with the aeroplanes will be by wireless. The usual radio-telephone set, with a trailing aerial, will be carried at first, but experiments are to be made with a "wing cord" aerial, in which the wires are attached by brackets to the edge of the aeroplane wings.

The pilot and the navigator will both wear wireless headphones, by means of which they will set the bearing of the aeroplane in relation to air stations along the route. The pilot and the navigator will "listen in" for the distinctive Morse code sent out from lighthouses; let us say, for example, from Z, which is the code letter for Poix, in France.

If this is heard more clearly in one ear than in the other, the aeroplane is not on its straight bearing, and the pilot steers it toward until the hearing of the code letter is normal.

Ground stations are also fitted with directional wireless.

Turning Night Into Day. The aeroplanes themselves will carry Holt fares for use in case of emergency landings when properly illuminated landing places cannot be reached in time.

These Holt fares are of 15,000 candle-power, and last about two and a half minutes.

Also reconnaissance flares will be another means by which night can be turned into day if the aeroplane gets into difficulties. These can be shot out of the machines. Their lights are of 40,000 candle-power, and are suspended beneath small parachutes, so that they descend slowly and illuminate a great stretch of country. An instantaneous observation from two stations enables the exact situation of the aeroplanes to be ascertained, and, upon inquiry, wireless to the pilot or navigator who is uncertain of his course.

The pilot and navigator will converse with each other by wireless, so that "listeners-in" may be able to pick up their conversation, or, at least, follow the flight of the aeroplane by the signals to and from the aerodromes.

If you place a nail or two in your ink bottle, the set in the ink will exhaust itself on them and will not corrode the pen you are using.

Fill the hollows of halved Bartlett pears with cream cheese, mixed with chopped nuts and salad dressing. Garnish with maraschino cherries. When creamed chicken is to be served as a luncheon dish add a few button mushrooms and chopped pickles and serve in patty cases.

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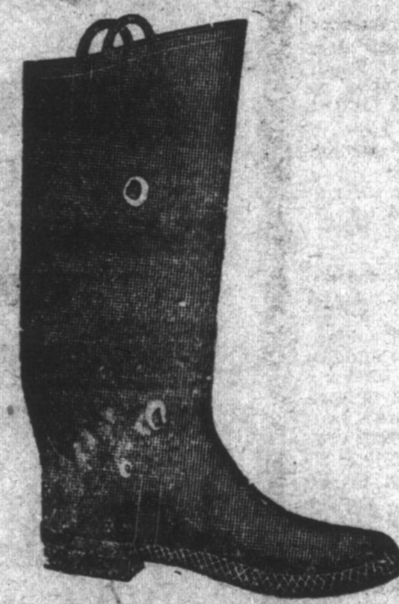
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