

A Millionaire's; Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER VI.
(Concluded.)

Once or twice he turned from the easel and paced up and down the room, his smooth and rather cat-like footsteps making no sound on the thick rugs; then returned to his work with a sigh and a low-muttered imprecation.

Presently there came a knock. He turned the portrait round with its face to the easel, and unlocked the door. A correctly dressed page stood waiting.

"The Duchess of Mudshire, sir," he said.

Senley Tyers nodded.

"In five minutes," he said.

There was no valid reason why the Duchess of Mudshire should not have been admitted at once; but Senley Tyers was not only a talented artist but a clever man, and he had learned something more than how to paint during the years he had been struggling and starving. He had learned the great secret, that in nine cases out of ten the world is ready to take you at your own valuation; that if you want to win the favor of the rich the titled, the fashionable, you must not crawl and cringe, but assume to be, even if you do not feel, indifferent to their friendship, and pretend to feel a complete contempt for their opinion. The great world will do anything for you while you keep it at your feet; but kneel to it, and it will kick and spurn you.

So he kept the Duchess of Mudshire waiting while he smoked an other cigarette; then lounging in a chair, with the cat on his knee, struck

a silver bell, and only rose languidly setting the cat down carefully, as the lady entered the room.

Her grace was past fifty, and was if the truth must be told, commonplace, if not vulgar, in appearance; but she was good-natured, and only smiled as Senley Tyers gave her a nod rather than a bow, and sauntered toward the easel. The duchess was accompanied by her maid, who removed her mistress's bonnet and cloak, and then meekly took a seat near the door.

"Good-morning, Mr. Tyers," said her grace. "I thought you said one o'clock?"

It was a quarter past. He looked at her absently.

"You are not too late," he said, coolly arranging a curtain, then calmly pointing to the sitters' dais and chair.

The duchess laughed.

BLUE AND DISCOURAGED

Mrs. Hamilton Tells How She Finally Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Warren, Ind.—"I was bothered terribly with female weakness. I had pains and was not regular, my head ached all the time, I had bearing down pains and my back hurt me the biggest part of the time. I was dizzy and had weak feelings when I would stoop over, it hurt me to walk any distance and I felt blue and discouraged."



"I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now in good health. If it had not been for that medicine I would have been in my grave a long time ago."—Mrs. ARTIE E. HAMILTON, R. F. D. No. 6, Warren, Ind.

Another Case.
Edmond, R. I.—"I write to tell you how much good your medicine has done me and to let other women know that there is help for them. I suffered with bearing down pains, headache, was irregular and felt blue and depressed all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to gain in a short time and I am a well woman today. I am on my feet from early morning until late at night running a boarding house and do all my own work. I hope that many suffering women will try your medicine. It makes happier wives and mothers."—Mrs. ANNA HANSEN, Edmond, Rhode Island.

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"Oh," she said, "I thought I had mistaken the time, or you were not ready."

"No," he said. "Your grace does not like being kept waiting. Neither do I."

The duchess stared at him, as if she were on the point of being angry, then shrugged her shoulders and laughed, as though she were saying: "These extraordinary creatures must be humored and tolerated. It is folly to be angry with them."

"Five minutes, more or less, can matter very little to your grace," he went on. "They may make a day's work to an artist."

"I see. I suppose you want me to apologize for keeping you waiting," he said, good-humoredly.

"Oh, no," he murmured, softly, in an indescribable tone of contempt; "I should be the last to tempt you to grace to insincerity."

"Really—!" she began, then broke off, as he lifted the canvas he had been painting from the easel. "What a picture!"

"A portrait," he said, setting it down carefully, with its face to the wall.

"Will you let me see it?" she asked.

"Pardon," he murmured. "I never show an unfinished portrait to any person other than the original."

Her Grace of Mudshire colored again, and opened her lips, but checked herself, and laughed.

"I think you are more than ordinarily rude this morning, Mr. Tyers," she said.

Senley Tyers bowed, and placed her canvas on the easel.

"My rudeness will not carry me to the extent of contradicting your grace," he said. "Please do not 'rown'." he added, as he took up his palette and brush. "I have succeeded, I think, in giving a pleasant expression to the face, but if I am to keep it, I must ask you to help me."

Her grace tapped her foot angrily.

"Really, Mr. Tyers," she said, with a laugh, "you are rather unreasonable. You do your best to put your sitters in a bad humor, and then blame them for showing it."

He smiled faintly, but made no response, and waited, brush in hand.

The great lady smoothed her ruffled feathers and dispelled the frown. She was a good-natured, simple-minded person, and she was very anxious to have her portrait painted by the artist who was rapidly becoming famous and fashionable.

Senley Tyers glanced at her, as if to ascertain whether the ill-humored expression had vanished, then with a skillful touch or two arranged the folds of her dress and put her in the proper pose, and went on with his painting.

Once or twice he paused, went slowly to the end of the room, lighted a cigarette at the lamp, and then resumed his painting.

He did not ask her permission to smoke, nor did he ask her if she was tired; he acted, indeed, as if he were painting from a plaster cast.

Her grace was not fond of silence, and after a time she addressed a remark or two to him.

"I suppose you have a great many portraits to paint, Mr. Tyers?"

"More than I can execute."

"Yes? That was the reason why you refused to paint Lady Landley's portrait?"

"Not at all. Lady Landley insisted upon being painted in a crimson dress, which would have covered us both with ridicule; so I sent her to a brother artist who does not mind being laughed at—who can afford it. I should say."

"Dear me! I didn't know. And now, I suppose, you are quite rich?"

she said, with that ineffable insolence which the great seem to consider one of their privileges.

"Rich enough to do as I please; no man on earth can be richer," he said, as coolly as before.

Her grace nodded.

"Will you come to a little 'At Home' of mine on Thursday next, Mr. Tyers?" she said.

"No, I thank your grace," was the slow, languid response.

The duchess bit her lip. She was not accustomed to meet with refusals, especially from persons of Senley Tyers' class.

"I am sorry you are engaged," she said. "You would meet some nice people, I think."

"I am not engaged," he said. "I shall spend Thursday evening in my room here, with my books and my cat. Nice people? What care I how nice they be if they be not nice to me? And I am afraid your people would not be nice to me, your grace. They would wonder who I am, and why on earth I was there, and I should wonder, too."

"You are an extraordinary man," she said, laughing, but with a faint tinge of annoyance in her laugh. "I see it is of no use being civil to you."

He smiled.

"Not in the very best, your grace," he assented.

"I am getting very tired," she said. "Isn't the time up?"

He glanced at an old English clock on a carved bracket.

"Another quarter of an hour," he said, and she left the dais and went up to the easel. As she looked a smile—a smile of satisfaction—beamed in her commonplace face.

"Oh, it's very good—very good," she said; "but—but isn't it rather—rather—"

"Very," said Senley Tyers, without looking up from his palette.

Her grace started and flushed angrily.

"I—I don't wish it to be flattering," she said. "I don't like to be laugh-

ed at any better than you do, Mr. Tyers."

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I can soon alter it."

He took up his brush, and with a few strokes made the face more truthful, and, necessarily, plainer and older.

"How is that?" he asked.

Her grace stood, red and uncomfortable, her eyes fixed upon the now too candid portrait.

"You—you are spoiling it," she said, angrily, disappointedly.

"Exactly," he said. "Let me beg of you to go back to your place, and leave me to paint my picture, your grace."

"I—I will not sit again to-day," she said, beckoning to her maid. "I will come again to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow; I am engaged, your grace," he said, respectfully, but firmly.

"When then?" she demanded, haughtily.

He consulted an ivory tablet.

"This day three months, if you please, duchess," he said, in exactly the same tone.

Her grace stared at him, grew redder and hotter, opened her lips, as if to crush him with a haughty rejoinder, then marched to her place, and resumed her seat without a word.

A faint smile played about Senley Tyers' thin lips, as he painted out the cruelly candid lines and blotches he had put in, and worked on until the clock chimed the hour. Then he laid down his brush and stood motionless, like a machine that has run down.

The Duchess of Mudshire rose. The maid put on her bonnet and cloak, and her grace swept to the door. Senley Tyers glided to it and opened it.

"Good-morning, your grace," he said, in his soft, listless voice. "This day week at the same hour."

Her grace pursed her lips, she longed to say something insolent, but—well, she wanted her portrait in the Academy very, very badly, and smothering her wrath, she bowed and departed.

Senley Tyers dropped into a chair beside the fire.

"That is the way to treat them," he murmured to the cat, which leaped softly on his knee and rubbed her head against his breast.

"That is the way, and the only way. Spurn them, or they will spurn you; oh, my sweet puss? It is good for them and good for you. You and I know that, don't we. The fools!"

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

9680.—A MOST ATTRACTIVE NEG-LIGE OR LOUNGING ROBE.



Ladies' Kimono.

Scotch duality in a pretty shade of lavender on white with facings of white, was used for this model. It is suitable for lawn, percale, crepe, voile, silk or flannel. The garment is easy to develop. It is finished with a new shaped collar, and has sleeves in bell shape. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5½ yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9688.—A POPULAR AND BECOMING MODEL.

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