

For the Housewife's Lunch—BOVRIL

Medical men strongly advise wives and mothers not to forego nourishing midday meals in the absence of their husbands. It is to this foolish habit that many of the diseases so common among women may be attributed. Keep yourself nourished by taking Bovril with the midday meal.



The Imprisoned Heiress

—OR—

The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XV.

It was soon written in clear, delicate characters—"Aimee."

She dried the writing near the fire, and then replaced the picture in the drawer from which she had taken it, and took her seat at the window, in the vain hope of seeing Lord Ashcroft in the small boat, as she had seen him first.

When she had become convinced of the uselessness of watching for him that night, she began to plan what she should do the next evening, how she should visit Lord Ashcroft, and perhaps afterward visit the Lady Alexina, whom she longed to know. She would like to see, she thought, if she herself were as good and beautiful as her betrothed.

And perhaps, she thought, with joining eyes and glowing cheeks, growing bolder in her innocent schemes, she would creep down stairs and out of doors and see the forest, the wood, the garden, and the flowers, and breathe the fresh sweet air of freedom—it only for one minute.

"Oh, if it were only to-morrow night!" she sighed.

It was the first time in her life she had preferred one day above another—the first time she had ever looked with pleasure or eagerness beyond the present moment.

Arising at last, and coming out of her reveries, she went into the drawing-room and signified her intention of retiring.

She observed that her governess was unusually wakeful and not at all under the influence of her favorite drug; but she cherished a hope that her resolution to abstain from it would give way on the morrow.

Toplift attended her into the little bed-chamber, and then assisted her to disrobe. She unbound and brushed carefully her glittering brown hair, removed the quaint, silver-hued robe, took off from the little Spanish feet the white velvet slippers, and when her night-towel was fully made, Aimee dismissed her to the drawing-room, and knelt by her little bed, offering up her innocent prayers.

A new name was mentioned in her pleadings that night—the name of Lionel. She repeated it, loving to

dwell upon it, and prayed that he might be guarded from every danger and be always blessed. She prayed, too, for Lord Ashcroft's betrothed, feeling a new interest in humanity and in life, now that she had so many to pray for.

And then she lay down to her pure dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.

Eveing had come again, and the Lady Aimee, with an anxiety she had never before experienced, watched the movements of her governess. It seemed to the young girl that she was about to enter upon a remarkable adventure, but there was such a charm in the thought that she should again behold Lord Ashcroft face to face, that she could scarcely restrain her impatience at the delay that must intervene. She feared that Toplift would again abstain from the use of her narcotic, and, in that case, she knew any attempt to leave the "haunted rooms" would be worse than vain.

Passing into her little dressing-room, and leaving the door open, she gave herself up to anticipations of the pleasure in store for her. Her gaze at first rested upon the fire, then settled upon the mirror, in which she could see the reflection of her attendant, who was, as usual, engaged in some fascinating work of fiction.

"Hadn't you better go to bed, Lady Aimee?" asked the woman, finally looking up from the book. "My lady will not be up here this evening."

"I shall not go to bed just yet, Dorcas."

"I think I will, then, for I am very tired—that is, if you will excuse me from attending upon you, my pet."

"Certainly, Dorcas. I can do without you very well."

The governess closed her book, went into Aimee's bedchamber, laying out the night garments, and then returned to the drawing-room.

Aimee watched her reflection in the mirror.

She saw her disrobe herself, exchange her clothing for a flannel wrapper, and then make up her bed upon the wide sofa.

Then she passed by out of her reach.

The prisoner noiselessly arose and looked cautiously from the door.

Unsuspecting of any scrutiny, Toplift proceeded to a small cabinet built in the wall, and took from it a bottle which contained a supply of her favorite drug. She helped herself liberally to it, and then locked the door of the closet and approached the other room.

Aimee did not stir from her position—being possibly too fearful of detection to do so.

It was well that she did not, for upon reaching the drawing-room fireplace Toplift paused, listened a moment, and very quietly stooped and then with the rug.

Having listened for another brief space, she took from the folds of her bunch of keys, three in number, and, with a cunning expression on her face, carefully deposited them in an indentation of the hearth, covering them with the rug.

Satisfied that her young charge would never suspect the hiding-place of her keys, the governess then retired to bed, and resigned herself to the

influence of the drug she had taken. Aimee returned to her seat. Half an hour wore away, and the deep breathing of Toplift testified to her slumbers, when Aimee closed the door of communication, stirred up the fire to a bright blaze and began her preparations for her proposed adventure.

First, she put the picture of herself in her pocket, then smoothed her shining hair, bound anew the scarlet fillet that encircled her hood, and gave a touch to the lace frill at her throat.

Her innocent desire to render herself as beautiful as possible, could suggest no further improvement in her attire, and she entered the drawing-room, carefully removed the keys from their concealment, and consulted the tiny watch in her belt.

It was not quite eleven o'clock. "I shall be there in good time to see him," she murmured. "Dorcas won't wake to-night, I am sure."

She entered the dreary ante-chamber, and closed the door behind her. There were two ways of egress from this room, one being the private staircase into Lady Egremont's room, and the other opening directly into a narrow passage that led to a wider corridor, which in turn conducted to the wide hall from which the principal staircase opened.

Aimee had passed out twice by the latter door, and she had no difficulty in making her egress now.

Gaining the passage, she left the door unlocked, that her return might not be delayed, and made her way silently to the lower floor and the distant part of the mansion in which Lord Ashcroft's rooms were situated.

The halls were all lighted, showing that the guests had not yet retired, and Aimee glided into Lord Ashcroft's parlor, the door of which was not locked.

The room and the bedroom adjoining were both illuminated, and the fire sparkled in the grate in a manner that testified to the recent attentions of the house-maid.

"Not here!" said Aimee, disappointedly, looking around her. "But perhaps he will come soon."

With curiosity natural to one who had spent her life in the narrow world of three rooms, the young girl examined the books upon the center-table, the pictures upon the walls, and the ornaments upon the mantel-piece. In the course of the examination she came upon a cambric handkerchief, slightly crumpled and redolent of some delicate perfume. It bore the initials and crest of Lord Ashcroft.

This became immediately more precious in her eyes than anything she had yet seen.

"I wish it were mine," she thought, taking it up. I am going to give him my picture, and I don't believe it would be wrong to take this. I will keep it as long as I live."

The temptation to possess it was too powerful. She put it in her pocket. She had hardly done so when she heard a footstep in the hall, a low and cautious footstep, which inspired her with sudden fear.

Perhaps Lord Egremont had visited the haunted rooms and discovered her absence, and was now in search of her.

(To be continued.)

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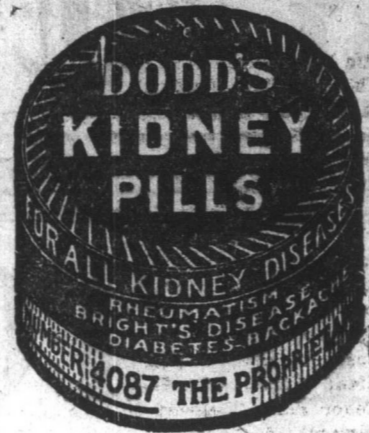
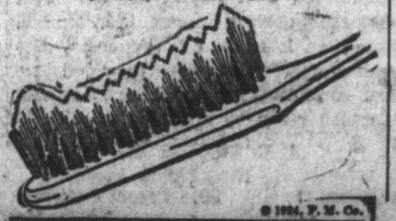
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AT ALL DEALERS

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The Art of Going to Bed

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN.

"The modern world does not understand the art of going to bed comfortably. The proceeding has degenerated into a mere act of domestic routine. We just go to bed. Of the seductive pleasure, the enjoyment of doing that comfortably, we have not the least conception. Bed waits. Nature insists that we shall go to it, either late or early, so we bend to her will and "turn in" perfunctorily. So far as we are concerned, going to bed comfortably counts among the lost arts. And for our ignorance of it we pay forfeit in the shape of insomnia, neurasthenia, jumpyness, and the various other forms of mental trouble that plague us.

One forbears, in many ways more skilled in the art of good living than we are, knew the recuperative value of restful sleep, and they coaxed this boon of providing conditions that induced it to visit them—they knew how to go to bed comfortably.

For them there was no stripping off warm clothing to plunge in between ice-cold sheets; no such abominations as hot-water bottles that heat only a small patch of glacial surface and thereby make the rest of it seem colder to the shivering limbs of a would-be sleeper. When they warmed a bed they warmed it to an even temperature all over, making it a delightfully cosy retreat for the weary to creep into.

If a modern house possesses a warming-pan it is hung on the wall as a precious antique that must not be touched lest the shining lustre of its polished copper should be dimmed by inquisitive fingers. But our forebears invented warming-pans as accessories to bed comfort, and used them to promote it. Filled with glowing embers and wrapped round with a piece of blanket to prevent burning the sheets, the warming-pan was thrust into the bed and moved slowly up and down until every inch had been so perfectly heated that when a tired mortal rolled in between the sheets he, or she, would snuggle gratefully down into their caressing embrace and go luxuriously to sleep.

And what jolly beds the old folks had! Not the hard, bone-torturing mattress stretched upon iron frames that we use, but stout "ticks" stuffed with live goose feathers and pillows filled with down. One lay softly upon them and felt at ease. In an old "four-poster" with its curtains closely drawn, all outside distractions were excluded—one could not help but sleep.

Real bed comfort vanished with the four-poster or "tent bedstead" as it was sometimes called. One still finds examples of these preserved in Museums. But they have been ejected from homes in which they once held pride of place among the most cherished household goods.

GOOD TIMES.

Soon the country will be booming, so the seers a p d statesmen say; portents are before us looming, like the dawning of a day. Men will garner princely wages, none will suffer for a job (if we may believe the sages), industry will hum and throb. Oh, the grocers and the bakers will have whoopees in their cans, and the worthy sausage makers will be riding in sedans. Once again the silver smackers in the treasure chest will lie, and we'll pass up soda crackers for the costly brands of pie. We will load our groaning tables with the finest caviars, and we'll purchase Russian sables and a peck of diamond rings. Here and there a thrifty fellow will insist that saving's fine, salting down the eagles yellow in a crock of tested brine. "While the good old sun is glaring," he will peradventure say, in no spendthrift orgies sharing, "I shall make my swath of hay." Doubtless we will all deride him as a tightwad and a chump, since he will not let us guide him to the poorhouse by the dump. But the booming times will perish and slump will come again, and we'll wish we'd learned to cherish all the wastes of iron men. And the tightwad income builders will be sitting high and dry on their casks of marks and guilders as we stagger, hungry, by. Men and brethren, let's be saner than this truth has been in seasons past; than this truth no truth is plainer: Booms do not forever last.

WALT MATON

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