Tristram of Blent. Being An Episode in a Story of An Ancient House. BY ANTHONY HOPE.

************************* Bob interposed quickly. "You asked me i

(Copyright, 1991, by A. H. Hawkins.) Synopais of Preceding Chapters.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. (Adelaide, wife of Sir Randolph Edge of Bient Hall, eloped with Captains Pitzhubert. Bir Randolph died in Russia, presumably in time for Lady Edge and Fitzhubert to marty and so make their son, Harry, legiti-mate. They learn later however, that the date of Sir Randolph's death has been given incorrectly and Harry is not the fightful heir. They keep the matter secret and eventually Mrs. Fitzgeraid succeeds to the barony of Tristram of Bient and re-sides with Harry at Bient Hall. Unknown to Lady Tristram a Madam Zabriska, with Mr. Jenkinson Neeld, are also in possession of the secret and Madam Zabriska, with Her uncle, Major Duplay, come to reside at Mertion Lodge, near Bient Hall. Harry learns from his mother that he is not the rightful heir to Bient, but they determine to hold the title for him at any cest. To further his cause he decides to marry Jenny Ivers, heireas of Fairhoime, but finds two rivals in Bob Broadley and Major Duplay. The latter learns of his unfor-tumate birth from Madam Zabriska. He fa-forms him that he intonds to tell lvers and they quarrel. Harry winning in a briek tussle. Neeld becomes the guest of Ivers at Fairhoime. Madam Zabriska meets Neeld and they form a compact to protect Harry 's intorests and maintain secrecy. Edgy Tristram dies after extracting from her son a promise that Cecily Ga naborouzn, rightful heireas of Bient, shall be invited to the funeral.

Little inclined to sleep, he went down and strolled onto the bridge. He had the deuce of a lot." stood where he was only a few moments did his rounds in the saddle, might have would ride on again with no more than the customary country salute of "good-

night." 'Who is it?'' asked Harry, peering through the darkness.

"Me-Bob Broadley," was the answer. "You're late." "I've been at the club at Blentmouth-

the Cricket club's annual dinner, you

"Ah, I forgot."

Bob, coming to a standstill, was taking the opportunity of lighting his pipe. This done he looked up at the house and back to Harry rather timidly. "Lady Tristram-" he began.

"My mother has been dead something above an hour," said Harry. After a moment Bob dismounted and

threw his reins over the gatepost. "I'm sorry, Tristram," he said, holding

ways very kind to me. Indeed, she was thoughts which his companion's position -jure mariti. suggested. The circumstances of this meet-

were always Bob's characteristics. Harry, came home quite distressed." too, was in such a mood that he liked Bob to stay and talk a little. They fell into talk with more case and what looked rather like satisfaction.

naturalness than they had recently spoke as to one greater than himself and | gardens.

ed a little deference into his manner

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1901.

her that's all I shall manage. They won'tstay more than a few days, I suppose." After a second he went on. "Her mother wouldn't know my mother, though after her death the father wanted to be recon-

elled. "Is that why you dislike them so." "How do you know I dialike them?" he asked, seeming surprised. "It's pretty evident, isn't it? And It would be a good reason for disliking the

mother, anyhow. "But not the daughter" "No, and you seem to dislike the daughter. question and I answered it. I'm not in a too-which isn't fair.' position to know anything about you, and

"O, I take the family in the lump. And I don't know that what we've been talking of "A good many reasons enter into a mar has anything to do with it."

"Yes, with people like you, I know that. His renewed reference to Harry's position brought another frown to Harry's face, but it was the frown of thoughtfuiness, not of

anger. "I can't quarrel with the way of the world, and I'm sure if it does come off

you'll be good to her." "You think I don't care about her-about

"m not going to say anything."

riage sometimes," remarked Harry.

herself?" "I don't know, I tell you. I don't want

to know. I suppose you like her." "Yes, I like her." He took the word from Bob, and made no attempt to alter or to amplify it.

Bob was mounting now; the hour was late for him to be abroad and work walted him in the morning.

"Good night, Tristram," he said, as he settled in his saddle.

"Good night. And, Bob, if by any chance it doesn't come off with me you will have that turn-up with the major?"

"Well, I don't like the idea of a foreign chap coming down and-. But, mind you, into the garden presently. Ilt his cigar Duplay's a very superior fellow. He knows

"Thinks he does, anyhow," said Harry when, to his surprise, he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road from Blent-he called after Bob in a very friendly voice mouth. Thinking the doctor, who often as horse and rider disappeared up the road. "I must go to bed, I suppose," he mutreturned, he crossed the bridge, opened tered, as he returned to the bridge and returned, he crossed the bruge, open a tered, as he returned to the bruge the stood leaning on the parapet. He yawned, stood leaning on the parapet. He yawned, not in weariness, but in a reaction from the sight of his figure, but, as the excitement of the last few days. His Harry did not move, made as though he emotional mood had passed for the time at all events; it was succeeded by an apathy that was dull without being restful. And in its general effect his interview with Bob was vaguely vexatious, in spite of its cordial character; it left him with a notion which he rejected, but could not quite get rid of-the notion that he was taking, or (if all were known) would be thought to be taking, an unfair advantage. Bob had said he was born to it, and that he could not help it. It did not trouble him seriously. He smoked another cigarette on the bridge and then went into the house and to bed. As he undressed it occurred to him (and the idea gave him both pleasure and amusement) that he had made a sort of alltance with Bob against Duplay, although it could only come into operation under circum-

stances which were very unlikely to happen. The blinds drawn at Blent next morning out his hand. "Lady Tristram was al- told Mina what had happened, and the hour of 11 found her at a committee meeting of that to everybody." He paused a mo- Miss Swinkerton's, which she certainly ment and then went on slowly. "It must would not have attended otherwise. As it seem strange to you. Why, I remember was, she wanted to talk and to hear, and when my father died I felt-besides the the gathering afforded a chance. Mrs. lver sorrow, you know-sort of lost at coming was there, and Mrs. Trumbler, the vicar's into my bit of land and Mingham. But wife, a meek woman, rather ousted from you-" Harry could see his head turn as her position by the energy of Miss Swinkerhe looked over the demesne of Blent and ton. Mrs. Trumbler felt, however, that on struggled to give some expression to the matters of morals she had a right to speak

"It is so sad," she murmured. "And Mr ing made for sincerity and openness; they Trumbler found he could do so little! He

"I'm told she wasn't the least sensible of her position," observed Miss S., with

"Didn't she know she was dying?" asked achieved together, getting back to the Mina, who had established her footing by a friendliness of boyhood, although Bob still | hypocritical show of interest in the cottage

Oh, yes, she knew she was dying,

"I don't know. But if you do, I shall be you'll be sent for. The duchess of this or there to see-looking so hard at you, Mr. lady that loses her money at cards or the She paused, and then added, earl drops a bit at Newmarket-must let Tristram." "I should like Cecily Gainsborough to come the house for the season-sends off for me -mustn't catch me in an old hat! into it, too. "Confound Cecily Gainsborough! Goodby," Yes, 1 see. "Besides, you may say what you like, bu said Harry.

He left with her two main impressions; a gentleman ought to wear a good hat. the first was that he had not the least love stamps him. Miss Gainsberough." "Yours positively illuminates you for the girl whom he meant to marry; the

second that he hardly cared to deny to her could find the way by you on the darkest that he bated Cecily Gainsborough because night.' "With just a little touch of oil!" he admitted cautiously, not sure how far she

was serious in the admiration her eyes scemed to express. "What have you been In a quiet little street running between doing with yourself?" he asked, breaking

the Fulham and the King's roads, in a row off after his sufficient confession. He did not seem inclined to talk more of small houses not yet improved out of "I've been drawing up advertisements about the Gainsberoughs, though his frown existence, there was one house smallest of of my own accomplishments." She sat up "O, why didn't I ask you to told her that something distasteful was still all, with the smallest front, the smallest suddenly. in his thoughts. What he said was enough back and the smallest garden. The whole help me? You'd have made me sound. to rouse in her a great interest and thing was almost impossibly small-a pe- eligible and desirable and handsome and curiosity about this girl, who was his heir / cultarity properly reflected in the rent, spacious and all the rest of it. And I found

CHAPTER XI.

A Phantom by the Pool.

she was the owner of Blent.



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The children cry for it-the old folks rely on it -and everybody takes it for a cold. It is "it" when it comes to a reliable cough cure. It stops that tickling in the threat and cures the cough for good. 25 cents a bottle at any drug

But they came to nothing intimate till Bob had declared that he must be on his way and was about to mount his horse.

"As soon as I begin to have people here I hope you'll come often," said Harry cor-"Naturally we shall be a little dially more lively than we've been able to be of late, and I shall hope to see all my friends." He did not instantly understand the besitation in Bob's manner as he answered: 'You're very kind. 1-I shall like to come.'

"Blent must do its duty," Harry pursued Bob turned back to him, leaving his horse again. "Yes, I'll come. I hope I know how to take a licking, Tristram." He held out his hand.

"A licking?" Both the word and th gesture seemed to surprise Harry Tristram. "Oh, you know what I mean. You're en-

gaged to her, aren't you? Or as good as anyhow? I don't want to ask questions-"Not even as good as, yet," answered Harry, slowly.

"Of course, you know what I feel. Everybody knows that, though I've never talked about it-even to her."

"Why not to her? Isn't that rather usual n such cases?" Harry was smiling now.

"It would only worry her. What chance should I have?"

"Well. I don't agree with being too humble.

"Oh, I don't know that I'm humble. Perhaps I think myself as good as man as you -" he laughed a little-"I'm Broadey of Mingham, not Tristram of Blent." "I see. That's it? And your friend the

major?' "I shouldn't so mind having a turn-up

with the major." "But Tristram of Blent is-is too much? "It's not your fault, you can't help it," "You're born to it, and----uniled Bob.

He ended with a shrug. 'You're very fond of her?" Harry asked.

rowning a little. "I've been in love with her all my lifeever since they came to Seaview. Fairholme

wasn't dreamed of then.' He spoke of Fairholme with a touch of

sitterness which he hastened to correct by about funerals," sighed Mrs. Trumbler. idding: "Of course, I'm glad of their good uck.

"You mean if it were Seaview still and not Fairholme?"

"No, I don't. I've no business to think inything of the sort and I don't think it." walk?



dear," said Miss S. "What poor Lady Tris tram might have known, but apparently had not, was left to an obvious inference. "She was very kind," remarked Mrs Iver. "Not exactly actively, you know, but if you happened to come across her. She rose as she spoke and bade Miss S farewell. That lady did not try to detain her, and the moment the door had closed behind her remarked:

"Of course, Mrs. Iver feels in a dellcate position, and can't say anything about Lady Tristram, but from what I hear she never realized the peculiarity of her position. The engagement is to be announced directly after the funeral."

Minn almost started at this authoritative announcement. "And I suppose they'll be married as

soon as they decently can. I'm glad for Janie Iver's sake-not that I like him, the little I've seen of him." was really the owner of Blent! "Are you sure they're engaged?" asked

Mina. she said. Miss S. looked at her with a smile. "Cer-

tainly, my dear. "How?" asked Mina. Mrs. Trumbler

stared at her in a surprised rebuke. "When I make a mistake it will be time to ask questions," observed Miss S.

"O, no." He was undisguisedly indifwith dignity. "For the present you may ferent and almost bored. take what I say. I can wait to be proved "And then I shall see Cecily right, Mme. Zabriska."

borough." "I've no doubt you're right; only "Have a good look at her. You'll not thought Janie would have told me," said have another chance-at Blent, anyhow. Mina. She had no wish to quarrel with She'll never come here again."

Miss S. "Jane Iver's very secretive, my dear. She always was. I used to talk to Mrs. iver about it when she was a little girl. And in your case--" Miss S.'s smile could only refer to the circumstance that

Mina was Major Duplay's niece; the major's maneuvers had not escaped Miss S.'s "Of couse the funeral will be very eye. quiet," Miss S. continued. "That avoids so many difficulties. The people who

as he had in the earliest days of their acwould come and the people who wouldn't. quaintance. and all that, you know." "There are so many questions always Merrion-or coming every summer, any-

how ?" "I hate funerals," said Mina. "I'm go ing to be cremated."

"I want to," she answered with some "That may be very well abroad, my nervousness in her manner. dear," said Miss S., tolerantly, "but you "And Major Duplay?" He smiled slightly. couldn't here. The question is, will Janie lver go, and if she does, where will she

"I don't know whether he would want. Should you object?" "Oh, no." said Harry, again with the "O. I should hardly think she'd go if

weary indifference that seemed to have it's not announces, you know," said Mrs. fastened on him now. "I've been gossiping," she said, "with "It's sometimes done, and I'm told sh

Mrs. Trumbler and Miss Swinkerton." would walk just behind the family." Mina left the two ladies debating this "Good Lord!" 'Miss Swinkerton says that your engagepoint of etiquette. On her way home

"Are you going to ask us to the funeral?"

"I shall come Shall you dislike my com

"How hard you are sometimes," she said

He shook his head impatiently and came

"You're going back? Goodby, Lord Tris-

"I'm not called that till after the fu-

neral," he told her, looking as suspicious

"And will you let me go on living at

"Do you think of coming again?

'The poor girl's done nothing to you.'

"I'm not going to ask anybody.

She looked at him in wonder, in

to a stand on the road.

like.

ing.

fear.

tram.'

she stopped to leave cards at Blent, and ment to Japle will be announced directly was not surprised when Harry Tristram after the funeral" "And Major Duplay says that directly it's an interest; he described it, raising his came out of his study, having seen her announced-

through the window, and greeted her. "Send your trap home and walk up the "You don't mean to tell me anything all with me," he suggested, and she fell about it ?"

"Really, I don't see why I should. Well, in with his wish very readily. They crossed the foot-bridge together. if you like, I want to marry her." Mina had really known this for a "I've just been writing to ask my relawhile, yet she did not like to hear it. tions to the funeral," he said. "At my "I can't help thinking that somehow mother's wish-not mine. Only two of

hem-and I never saw them in my life." you'll do something more exciting than "I shouldn't think you'd cultivate your that." "She won't marry me?" He was not relations much."

"No. But Cecily Gainsborough ought to looking at her, and spoke rather absently. ome, I suppose. She's my heir." "I don't suppose she'll refuse you, but Mina turned to him with a gesture of in No, I've just a feeling. I can't explain." What feeling?" terest or surprise. "A feeling?

"Your heir ?" she said. "You meanirritable, but his attention was caught "I mean that if I died without having again. any children she'd succeed me. She'd be "That's something more's waiting for

Lady Tristram in her own right, as my you." mother was." He faced around and looked "That it's my business to go on affording at Blent. "She's never been to the place or you amusement, perhaps? seen it yet," he added. Mina glauced at him; he was smiling;

"How intensely interested she'll be!" had become good tempered. "I don't see why she should," said Harry "O. I don't expect you to do

"It's a great bore having reason, but if you do itrather crossly. "Do what ?" he asked, laughing outright. her bere at all, and if I'm barely civil to

CECILY GAINSBOROUGH.

of the absolutely undesirable.

The girl whom he chose to call his heir | which Mr. Gainsborough paid to the firm of nothing at all to say!' Sloyd, Sloyd & Gurney for the fag end of a long lease. He did some professional work for the Slovds from time to time, and that did. But I shall have to wait till we come

member of the firm who had let Merrion back now." She yawned a little. churchyard is free, they can come, if they lodge to Mina Zabriska was on friendly don't in the least want to carn my living, terms with him, so that perhaps the rent you know," she added candidly, was a little lower still than it would have there's no way I could honestly. I don't been othrwise; even triffing reductions really know any French at all."

borough budget. Being thus small, the and pain. ouse was naturally full; the three people beauty and more striking raiment, and she who lived there were themselves enough to -no, she was not neat. Yet he decided account for that. But it was also unnatu- that she would, as he put it, pay for dressrally full by reason of Mr. Gainborough's ing; she wanted some process analogous to

and new brie-a-brae whose worth could be applied to old houses. Then she would be expressed only by minus signs. These attractive-not his sort, of course, but still things flooded floors and walls, and overattractive. flowed on to the strip of gravel behind.

peared; there were periodical revolts on gentleman with her, her uncle. Cecily's part, resulting in clearances; the "I expect not. My cousin invites us for gaps were soon made good by a fresh influx

In no other way could Gainsborough-Melton John Gainsborough, architect-be speak to anyhow." Her air was very carecalled a nuisance unless by Harry Tris- less; the whole thing was represented as

very unobirusive, small, like his house, "You should make a longer visit. I'm lean like his purse, shabby like his furnisure his lordship will be delighted to have ture, humbler than his bric-a-brac. He you, and it's a charming neighborhood, in-

half, and he did not complain. He was "I daresay. But desirable things don't never proud of anything, but he was gratigenerally come our way, Mr. Sloyd, or at fied by his honorable descent and by his any rate not much of them.

allilance with the Tristrams. The family 'It's pretty odd to think it'd all be yours -if anything happened to Lord Tristram." His tones showed a mixture of amusement calling on a matter of business and pleas- | and awe. She was what he saw-she might

"It may be pretty odd." she said, indosome fees, had heard about it from Gainsborough. "This'll just take us to lently, "but it doesn't do me much good, Blent!" the little gentleman had observed does it ?"

with satisfaction as he waved the slip of paper. Sloyd knew Blent and could take Blent, and she chose to maintain it now

voice so that it traveled beyond the room and reached the hammock in the garden. She liked a hammock where Cecily lay. and her father could not stand china figures and vases on it, so that it secured her Tristram blood, or the Tristram pride. where to lay her head. Gainsborough was very fussy over the news; a deeper but quieter excitement glowed in Cecily's eyes as, listening to Eloyd, she feigned to pay

no heed. She had designs on the check, beauty unadorned may mean several things. but moralists cannot be right in twisting the commendation of it into an culogium funeral frock. the garden and greeted her. He was as

smart as usual, his tie a new creation, his hat mirroring the sun. Cecily was shabby laying in the hammock. She looked up at him, smiling in lazy amusement.

"Do you ever wear the same hat twice?" she asked.

He was

Miss Gainsborough. You never know where at last-Ah, at last !-- a change in life had to her home between the King's road and

"What were you advertising for?" "Somebody who knew less French than

counted as important things in the Gains- . Sloyd regarded her with mingled pleasure His taste was for more robust

habit of acquiring old furniture of no value the thorough repair which he loved to see

"I wonder if you'll meet Mme. Zabriska From time to time many of them disap- -the lady I let Merrion lodge to-and the

> the funeral. It's on Saturday. I suppose we shall stay the Sunday-that's all-and I don't suppose we shall see anybody to

tram's capricious pleasure. For he was rather a bore,

asked very little of the world; it gave him deed."

instinct was very strong in him. And now they were going to Blent, Sloyd,

antly excusing his intrusion by the payment | become my lady'

This last remark summed up the attitude which Cecily had always adopted about her life and to be able to picture her, to

understand why she did the things they that she was at last to see Bient. She had talked of, and what manner of woman she never been asked to Blent. If she was had been. She wandered to the little asked now it was as a duty; as a duty she bridge. The stream below was the Blent would go. Harry did not monopolize the Geographies might treat the rivulet with scanty notice and with poor respect; to her Yet in her heart she was on fire with an it was Jordan-the sacred river. excitement which Sloyd would have won- rose tree climbed the wall of the right dered at and which made her father's fussy wing. Who had picked its blossoms and nervousness seem absurd. At last she was through how many years? Its flowers

to see with her eyes the things she had al- must often have adorned Addle Tristram's ways heard of. Addie Tristram, indeed, she unsurpassed loveliness. After the years could no longer see; that had always been of short commons there came this bountiful feast to her soul. She felt herself a Trisdenied to her, and the loss was irreparable. on threadbare frocks. She must have a But even the dead Lady Tristram she would tram. A turn of chance might have made

oon he able to realize far better than she all this her own. Her breath seemed to Sloyd came to the door which opened on had yet done, she would put her into her stop as she thought of this. The idea now surroundings. And Harry would be there, was far different from what it had sounded the cousin who had never been cousinly, the when Sloyd gave it utterance in the tiny young man whom she did not know and who strip of garden behind the tiny house, and from necessity and somewhat touzled from was a factor of such importance in her life. she had greeted it with scorn and a mock-She had dreams in abundance about the ex- ing smile. She did not want all this for pedition, and it was in vain that reason her own; but she did want-how she wanted

said, "It'll be all over in three days. Then -to be allowed to stay and look at it, to back to the little house and the need for stay long enough to make it part of her 'Must have a good hat in my profession, that advertisement'" Cecily was sure that own and have it to carry back with her

come. Life had been always so very much the Fulham road in London the same; changes generally need money. She crossed the bridge and walked up the and money had not been hers.

valley. Twenty minutes brought her to "It's begun!" Cecily said to herself, when, the pool; it opened on her with a new surthree days afterward, they got out of their prise. The sun had just left it and its third-class carriage and got into the landau darkness was touched by mystery. that waited for them. The groom, touching Turning by chance to look up the road

maid," was the form of reference familiar along, beating the grass by the roadside to Miss Gainsborough.) Her father was in with his stick. Suddenly he stopped short, new black, she was in new black, the two put his hands above his eyes and gave her a long look. He seemed to start; then he began to walk toward her with a rapid "They don't use the Fitzhubert crest, I leager stride. She turned away and strolled "Only along by the pool, on her way back to the Tristram fox. Did you notice it on the Blent hall. But he would not be denied; his tread came nearer; he overtook he straightness in her face. She knew him A tall and angular lady came up and at once; he must be Harry Tristram. Was

> ness "I beg your pardon," he said, with a (To Be Continued.)

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sat down with it. After a few minutes idleness Cecily arose, strolled into the hall and thence out into the garden. The hush of the house had become oppressive to her. Yes, everything was very beautiful; she felt that again, and drank it in, indulging her thirst so long unsatisfied. She had seen larger places. Such palaces as all the folk of London are allowed to see. The present scene was new. And in the room above lay Addie Tmistram in her coffin-the lovely strange woman of whom her mother ad told her. She would not see Lady Tristram, but she seemed now to see all

A blg

his hat, asked if Miss Gainsborough had toward Mingham she saw a man coming brought a maid. ("The maid," not "a down the hill. He was sauntering idly

"I was gazing with all my eyes at the and halted almost by her side, raising coronet on the panel," she answered, laugh- his hat and gazing with uncompromising

trunks had been well polished. And the

spoke to the groom, as he was about to lounging about the roads his pressing busimount the box.

seats of the landau were very soft.

observe." remarked Gainsborough.

harness?"

"At 2, on Saturday, miss," they heard "and him reply. Miss Swinkerton nodded and curious appearance of agitation. "I am walked slowly past the carriage, giving the Harry Tristram, and you must be?" occupants a leisurely stare. Of course,

Miss S. had known the time of the funeral quite well; now her intimates would be made equally well acquainted with the ap-

pearance of the visitors. Blent was in full beauty that summer evening, and the girl sat in entranced si-

lence as they drove by the river and came where the old house stood. The blinds were

down, the escutcheon-with the Tristram fox again-above the door in the central tower. They were ushered into the library; Gainsborough's eyes ran over the books with a longing, envious glance; his daughter and up to Merrion. A man servant brought

turned to the window to look at the Blent in tea and told them that Mr. Tristram was engaged in pressing business and begged to be excused; dinner would be at 8:15. Disappointed at her host's invisibility, she gave her father tea with a languid air. The little man was nervous and excited:

he walked the carpet carefully; but soon he