

GROVER'S BABY GIRL.

The Experts Who Have Examined Her Agree She Has Her Papa's Features and Mamma's Eyes.

DRESSES IN ABSOLUTE WHITE.

From Each Vainly Garment Rises the faintest hint of the exquisite odor of White Violets.

THE REMARKABLE ARRAY OF GIFTS.

A Perfect Show of They Elder Down Blankets and Lots of Shoes and Stockings.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

ADY Cleveland looks both like his father and his mother. The family all agree upon that; distinctly she has her father's profile and outline, and her mother's deep violet eyes. Her round head is crowned with a soft down of brown hair, just enough to keep her from the baby's reproach of a baldhead.

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From every garment breathes the odor; it is so strong enough to be smelled in odor—but the faintest hint of a violet, and the dainty white of a tulle, herself. It was done in the conventional, every piece of it specially for baby Ruth, and every piece has "baby" embroidered upon it.

There are some marvelous things about these pieces. There are white violets done in silk on the woven garments and white violets in linen or in silk on the baby's garments, white violets done in silver on the broadheads and white violets gathered in posies here and there.

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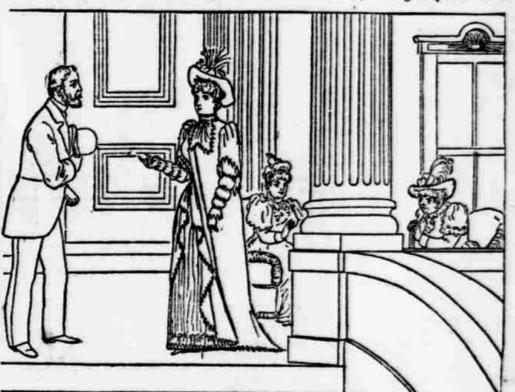
WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY EDGAR FAWCETT, Author of "The House at High Bridge," "Romance and Reverie," "The Adventures of a Widow," numerous songs and poems and several plays.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with a ball Alonzo Lisenard has given in his palatial residence to honor of his betrothed, Kathleen Kennard, the daughter of a cold and calculating mother. In the midst of the festivities, the daughter of the house, Mrs. Kennard, is informed of the death of a member of her firm who has just committed suicide. Her immense fortune is left to her, but she is to enjoy it only so long as she remains unmarried. The news almost prostrates Mrs. Kennard. At her death, Alonzo and his husband, Hector, quarrel, the latter claiming that his wife's fortune was the result of his own efforts. After learning the worst news, Alonzo and his wife, Mrs. Kennard, are obliged to leave the country. Alonzo requests his close friend, Philip Lexington, to ask Kathleen her real feelings toward him, and Alonzo discovers that all Philip's regard for him vanished with his mother's death. Mrs. Kennard meets him and says Kathleen is ill, and, furthermore, that the engagement must be broken. In a rage Alonzo calls Kathleen, who comes to him, and consents to marry him. Alonzo's friend, Eric Thaxter, confident of Alonzo's success, offers him the position of art superintendent for the realm. Alonzo accepts and goes to Saltriva. Meanwhile Kathleen, disgusted with herself for repudiating Alonzo, with her mother for her mercenary motives, and with society for its hypocrisy, resolves to sell her jewels to pay off her mother's debts and then take her to Stuttgart to live a quiet and economical life. Alonzo's friend, Eric Thaxter, confident of Alonzo's success, offers him the position of art superintendent for the realm. Alonzo accepts and goes to Saltriva. Meanwhile Kathleen, disgusted with herself for repudiating Alonzo, with her mother for her mercenary motives, and with society for its hypocrisy, resolves to sell her jewels to pay off her mother's debts and then take her to Stuttgart to live a quiet and economical life.

CHAPTER VIII.

The truth was that Kathleen's mother had brought her to Saltriva with a most ambitious motive. After leaving Stuttgart she had been living for several months in Dresden, and there she had heard things concerning Clarmond which made it seem at least conceivable that a splendid evening might crown past disappointments and chagrin. Poor Kathleen, whose health had somewhat failed of late, did not dream of the audacity which underlay her mother's proposal that she should visit the Saltriva park, and that she should have three days at the hotel when Clarmond, strolling one evening just at sunset past the Casino, saw Kathleen, and was struck by her peculiar loveliness. The princess detested his democratic way of exhibiting himself, as she called it, and more than once implored him not to appear thus publicly. But the King had no idea of hedging himself with his own dignity; he had long ago formed the habit of going and coming like



IT'S JUST HEARD, MR. THAXTER, THAT MR. LISERNARD LIVES HERE.

private gentleman, and though the stars of the crowd did not precisely please him, they were less of a bore than would have been compulsory self-immurement. Mrs. Kennard's interest was very greatly aroused by his evident admiration of Kathleen. "I do wish one could know him," she said to her daughter. "Did you notice how he looked at you, my dear?" "No," said Kathleen. "It seemed to me that he looked at everybody equally and in the most amiable manner." "You are not to be deceived," said Mrs. Kennard, "that he is wonderfully amiable for a king. And he certainly is very handsome; don't you think so?" "I think him very distinguished," Kathleen's eyes glistened as she added: "There's a picturesque quality about him that corresponds perfectly with his lovely and beautiful features. He interests me very greatly. Don't mean so much because of his royalty as of the artistic atmosphere in which he seems to dwell; though one must allow each its attractive force."

"His being royal is hardly an objection I should say," remarked Mrs. Kennard. "One can endure it. At least I can; that is, in my own way." And she laughed a sort of tinkling little laugh. "Mamma! Good heavens! What are you saying?" "As she spoke, Kathleen flushed to her temples and then grew colorless. They had left the Casino and had reached a somewhat lonely spot, where at a distance one could see the pale marble of the palace with its innumerable spires, turrets and crenellations above the champagne verdure of the dark green banyan. Between masses of spire-crests, hemlock trees, and splashed a cascade, and it blew little spray-laden gusts from the foamy and tumbling turbulence of water. Mother and child were now wholly alone, as it chanced, and Mrs. Kennard, with a look to right and left as though an ambushed listener were possible, if not just a likelihood, suddenly said: "I'm not dealing in such fairy dreams, my dear, after all. And then she let her hand rest on the girl's arm, steadily and meaningly pressing it.

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