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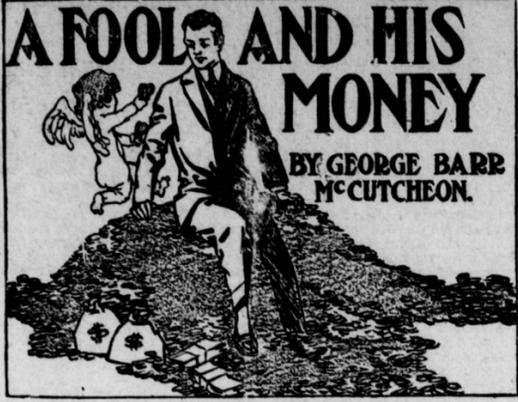
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CONTINUED

"She has no sweetheart" of that I am positive," said she with conviction. "She must have had an army of admirers. They were legion after her marriage. I may be pardoned for reminding you."

"Amberdale?" I repeated, with a queer sinking of the heart. "No, Mrs. Titus, an Englishman?"

She was mistress of herself once more. In a very dege manner she informed me that his lordship, a most attractive and honorable young Englishman, had been one of Aline's warmest friends at the time of the divorce proceedings. But of course there was nothing in that! They had been good friends for years, nothing more, and he was a perfect dear.

But she couldn't fool me. I could see that there was something working at the back of her mind, but whether she was distressed or gratified I was not by way of knowing.

"I've never heard her mention Lord Amberdale," said I.

Her eyes narrowed slightly. Had I but known, the mere fact that the countess had not spoken of his lordship provided her experienced mother with an excellent reason for believing that there was something between them. She abruptly brought the conversation to a close and left me, saying that she was off for her beauty nap.

CHAPTER XXII

The Duel.

ALONE, I soon became a prey to certain disquieting thoughts. Summed up they resolved themselves into a condition of certainty which admitted of but one aspect—the charming countess was in love with Amberdale. And the shocking part of it all was that she was in love with him prior to her separation from Tarnowsky! I felt a cold perspiration start all over my body as this condition forced itself upon me. He was the man. He had been the man from the beginning. My heart was like lead for the rest of the day, and very curiously for a leaden thing it was subject to pain.

Just before dinner Britton, after inspecting me out of the corner of his eye for some time, advised me to try a little brandy.

"You look seedy, sir," he said, with concern in his voice. "A cold setting in perhaps, sir."

I tried the brandy, but not because I thought I was taking a cold. Somehow it warmed me up. There is virtue in good spirits.

The countess was abroad very early the next morning. I discovered her in the courtyard, giving directions to Max and Rudolph, who were doing some spading in the garden. She looked very bright and fresh and enticing in the light of an early moon, and I was not only pleased, but astonished, having been led to believe all my life that a woman, no matter how pretty she may be, appears at her worst when the day is young.

I joined her at once. She gave me a gay, accusing smile.

"What have you been saying to mother?" she demanded as she shook hands with me. "I thought you were to be trusted."

I flushed uncomfortably. "I'm sorry, countess. I—I didn't know it was a secret."

She looked at me somewhat quizzically for a moment; then she laughed softly. "It is a secret."

"I hope I haven't got you into bad odor with your?"

"Oh, dear me, no! I'm not in the least worried over what mother may think. I shall do as I please, so there's the end of it."

I swallowed something that seemed to be sticking in my throat. "Then it is true that you are going to marry?"

"Quite," she said succinctly.

"I was silent for a moment. "Well, I'm—I'm glad to know it in time," I said rather more gruffly than was necessary.

She smiled too merrily I thought. "You must not tell any one else about it however."

"I can promise that," I said, a sullen rage in my soul. "Devils could not drag it out of me. Rest easy."

It occurred to me afterward that she laughed rather jerkily, you might say uneasily. At any rate, she turned away and began speaking to Max.

"Have you had your breakfast?" I asked stolidly.

"No."

"Neither have I. Will you join me?"

ing an expression of torture. I am not a physical coward, kind reader. The fact that young Mr. Titus carried in his hands a set of formidable looking boxing gloves did not frighten me. Heaven knows, if it would give him any pleasure to slam me about with a pair of gloves I am not without manliness and pluck enough to endure physical pain and mental humiliation. It was diplomacy, cunning, astuteness—whatever you may choose to call it—that stood between me and a friendly encounter with him. Two minutes' time would serve to convince him that he was my master, and then where would I be? Where would be the prestige I had gained? Where my record as a conqueror? "I must have caught cold in my arms and shoulders," I went on, making worse faces than before as I moved the afflicted parts experimentally.

"There," she exclaimed ruefully: "I knew you would catch cold! Men always do. I'm so sorry."

"It's nothing," I made haste to explain—"that is, nothing serious. I'll get rid of it in no time at all." I calculated for a minute. "A week or ten days at the most. Good morning, Colingraft."

"Morning. Hello, sis. Well?" He dangled the gloves before my eyes.

My disappointment was quite pathetic. "Tell him," I said to the countess.

"He's all crippled up with rheumatism, Colly," she said. "Put those ugly things away. We're going in to breakfast."

He tossed the gloves into a corner of the vestibule. I felt a little ashamed of my subterfuge in the face of his earnest expression of concern.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said warmly. "I know how to rub a fellow's muscles."

"Oh, I have a treasure in Britton!" said I hastily. "Thanks, old man. He will work it out of me. Sorry we can't have a go this morning."

The worst of it all was that he insisted, as a matter of personal education, on coming to my room after breakfast to watch the expert maneuvers of Britton in kneading the stiffness out of my muscles. He was looking for new ideas, he explained. I first consulted Britton and then resignedly consented to the demonstration.

To my surprise, Britton was something of an expert. I confess that he almost killed me with those strong, frank-like hands of his. If I was not sore when he began with me I certainly was when he finished. Colingraft was most enthusiastic. He said he'd never seen any one manipulate the muscles so scientifically as Britton and ventured the opinion that he would not have to repeat the operation often.

To myself I said that he wouldn't have to repeat it at all.

We began laying our plans for the 14th. Communications arrived from Italy addressed to me, but intended for either the countess or the rather remote Mr. Bangs, who seemed better qualified to efface himself than any human being I've ever seen. These letters informed us that a yacht, one of three now cruising in the Mediterranean, would call at an appointed port on such and such a day to take her out to sea. Everything was being arranged on the outside for her escape from the continent, and precision seemed to be the watchword.

Of course I couldn't do a stroke of work on my novel. How could I be expected to devote myself to fiction when fact was staring me in the face so engagingly? We led an idle, dolce far niente life in these days, with an underlying touch of anxiety and excitement that increased as the day for her departure drew near. I confess to a sickening sense of depression that could not be shaken off.

Half of my time was spent in playing with Rosemary. She became dearer to me with each succeeding day. I knew I should miss her tremendously. I should even miss Jinko, who didn't like me, but who no longer growled at me. The castle would be a very gloomy, dreary place after they were out of it. I found myself wondering how long I would be able to endure the loneliness. Secretly I cherished the idea of selling the place if I could find a lunatic in the market. I didn't suppose there was anybody in the whole world crazy enough to buy it.

An unexpected diversion came one day when, without warning and figuratively out of a clear sky, the Hazards and the Billy Smiths swooped down upon me. They had come up the river in the power boat for a final September run and planned to stop overnight with me.

They were the last people in the world whom I could turn away from my door. There might have been a chance to put them up for the night and still avoid disclosures had not circumstances ordered that the countess and I should be working in the garden at the very moment that brought them pounding at the postern.

Old Conrad opened the gate in complete ignorance of our presence in the garden. (We happened to be in a somewhat obscure nook and seated upon a stone bench, so to must be held blameless.) The quartet brushed past the

old man, and I, hearing their chatter, foolishly exposed myself.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed their discovery of the Countess Tarnowsky. Be it said, however, to the credit of Elsie and Betty Billy the startled refugee was fairly smothered in kisses and tears and almost deafened by the shrill, de-



We Happened to Be in an Obscure Nook Seated Upon a Stone Bench.

ighted exclamations that fell from their eager lips. I doubt if there ever was such a sensation before.

To Be Continued

SAVED FROM QUICKSAND

Companions Keep Boy From Burial Until Help Arrives

Chester, Pa., May 20.—Caught in a bed of quicksand while at play with several companions in the rear of the Chester baseball park yesterday, Stephen Walls, aged 5, was rescued by Charles Dougherty and William Ferguson.

The boy's cries mingled with those of his playmates brought Dougherty to the scene just as Walls was sinking out of sight. He was up to his chest in the quicksand when his rescuers appeared. When the boy began to sink his companions pushed a long pole to him. He grasped it and was saved from being buried alive until help came.

Our "JITNEY" Offer—This and 5c.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pains in sides and back, rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Stout people enjoy them. George A. Gorgas, 16 North Third St. and P. R. R. Station.—Adv.

Widow of Judge Dies at 92

Myerstown, Pa., May 20.—Mrs. Henrietta Coover, widow of Joseph Coover, former associate judge, died here yesterday morning from debility, at the age of 92 years. She was a lifelong resident of the borough and the oldest resident of Lebanon county.

Dies in Hotel Bath Tub

Hanover, Pa., May 20.—Thomas B. Perrell, 24 years old, of Philadelphia, was found dead of acute indigestion in a bathtub at the Mansion house here yesterday afternoon. Perrell arrived in Hanover Monday to join the local baseball club.

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HOUSEHOLD TALKS



Henrietta D. Grauel

Smooth Housekeeping

Our neighbor makes a thousand dollars a year and in this he is like one-third of our young married men, but his home is running so smoothly and his wife and he seem so contented and happy that it is a pleasure to see how they manage.

They do not keep help, for they believe that health can only be the result of agreeable, pleasant labor. The young wife is strong and well; able and anxious to do her household duties herself. They could keep a maid, but the wages, the board of the servant, and the fact that she would be less saving than the mistress would increase their living expenses by one-third. They have no reason for having servants except to gratify a foolish pride they do not possess. As it is, they have many small gratifications each day; they buy books and artistic furnishings that are giving the true touch of individuality to their home. They have the greatest capacity for enjoyment and they are learning something new all the time about household administration. They are constantly saving expense and introducing variety into their lives.

There is no other country on the globe where so many women are doing this same way, daring to be independent in the management of their homes here, out of every one hundred families, ninety-three are doing their own work, without servants.

Julia McNair Wright had one of her heroines plan her days' work in this wise: "We rise at seven, breakfast at eight, by nine-thirty my work is done. Then I have an hour for reading and study. Unless it rains I go out for my marketing; if it rains I sew that hour and then prepare lunch. I have only simple things for this meal, salads, cold meats, eggs and plain desserts."

"After lunch I make everything

ready for dinner, so far as I can, and then I dress for the afternoon. I sew on Monday, the laundress comes on Tuesday and does some of the ironing as well as the washing. On Wednesday I finish the ironing. Thursday brings various duties and Friday I sweep and bake. Sometimes I shop on Fridays and bake on Saturday.

"I have a mop for the dishes, brushes for pans and kettles, cork for polishing stoves, soft dusters, polishing, cleaning and washing cloths in sufficient number. I wear gloves, for I will not sacrifice my hands for my work nor my work for my hands."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Please publish a recipe for whole wheat bread."

Reply.—1 pint of scalded, cooled milk, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup yeast or two-thirds of a cake of yeast, 1/2 teaspoon of baking soda, 5 cups of whole wheat flour. Sift all the dry ingredients but sift the flour first through a coarse sieve and so on through a strange and wonderful list! When you sift it a second time do not discard the coarse middlings left in the flour sifter. This is what makes the bread wholesome, so stir it right into the sponge.

The dough should be softer than for white bread and after it has risen stir it down and put it into very well greased pans and let it rise again. Bake a little longer and in a somewhat cooler oven than white bread. If you mix whole wheat bread heavy enough to knead the loaves will be dry when baked.

Graham and whole wheat bread rises quickly as it contains much gluten so it is best to mix it in the morning and bake it in the afternoon.

To-morrow—Sponge Cakes.

OFF TO JOIN U. S. ASIATIC FLEET



REAR ADMIRAL ALBERT G. WINTERHALTER.

Rear Admiral Albert G. Winterhalter has left Washington for Hong Kong, China, where he will assume command of the United States Asiatic fleet, and with it the rank of admiral, which is borne, by act of Congress, by the commander in chief of each of the three fleets—Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic. Admiral Winterhalter is fifty-eight years old and has served forty-one years in the navy, nineteen of them at sea. His promotion to the grade of rear admiral occurred only a few weeks ago. "Black Jack," as his men used to call him when he was captain, has always been known as a most efficient officer and, though a severe disciplinarian, is much liked and respected by his men.

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Council Passes 'Sane Fourth' Law

Bloomingsburg, May 20.—Council passed an ordinance providing for a safe and sane July Fourth, the ordinance prohibiting both the sale and discharge of fireworks. An historical pageant will be held.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.
Trains leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:05, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 6:05, 7:50 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 2:27, 5:50, 8:35 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:50 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.
"Daily." All other trains daily except Sunday.
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