

Right at Last

CHAPTER I

An evening in October, one of those chill, dreary evenings to which the French philosopher declared the English owe their proverbial spleen.

The rain came down, not in honest, straightforward showers, but in fitful drizzles; the wind blew in spiteful gusts, tearing the leaves from the trees outside and sending the smoke inside in spiteful puffs; the sort of a night which drives men to their clubs and women to quarreling.

It is bad when such an evening visits London, it is worse in the country; it made even the cheerful village of Deercombe look wan and miserable—Deercombe, which lies like a gem between river and sea, and is famed for its sunny aspect and exhilarating air.

As everybody knows, Deercombe lies on the Devon coast; it is one of the spots beloved by tourists, and scarcely a year passes but what some magazine contains an article full of poetry and illustrated by engravings extolling the natural beauties of the tiny village.

Until a few years ago, quite recently, in fact, Deercombe consisted of a few fishermen's cottages, clustering up the hill from the sea, a church, old and ugly; a village inn, and the ancestral home of the Villiers.

Tourists at that time knew it not, and the guide books passed it silently by; but some enthusiastic though indifferent newspaper man happened upon it, wrote an article in his paper, and the deed was done.

But though many houses and villas sprang up about the grassy slopes, not so much harm was done.

It was too far from London for the regular speculative builders, and most of the new residences were occupied by retired and half-pay officers, the class which seems to have selected Devonshire as its peculiar province.

In the drawing-room of one of these new houses, called "The Elms," probably because there wasn't an elm within a mile, sat two young ladies. They were the daughters of a retired colonel—Col. Oliver.

Truth, which should always pose like an angel upon the historian's pen, compels me to say they were not young and not very pretty, except by candle light, and after considerable making up; indeed, at this moment they were distinctly the reverse of the latter, for a chill weather had bestowed a nipped appearance to their faces which not even the flush gained by the fierce argument could dispel.

The room in which they sat was furnished in the execrable style known as modern antique; the curtains were of dullish gray, the carpets to match, the chairs were hard and uncomfortable; an imitation Chippendale mirror stood over a badly worked marble border, which not even a couple of framed peacock's feathers could render aesthetic.

A dull fire burned sullenly and smoked fitfully, and the draught that oozed from the misfitting doors and windows blew the thin tablecloth to and fro like the sails of a boat tacking across the wind.

On the hall hung some awful oil paintings, which would have given an artist a fit, and about half a dozen water colors, the handiwork of the two young ladies, which would have finished him and killed him outright.

On the table and scattered about on the chairs were a motley collection of dress materials and odd frocks, and the two ladies each held a pile of patterns in their hands, examining them frowningly. "A pink, the proper pink, shaded with blue, the proper blue," said Julia, the elder, picking out the colors and putting them together in the lamplight, "is not a bad idea."

"N-o," assented Emmeline, the younger. "But it wants a complexion." Julia, whose complexion was her weak point, and her constant anxiety, flushed angrily.

"I was thinking of a dress for myself," she retorted, "not for you!"

"Yes, I know, dear," responded Emmeline, "that is why I say the combination wants a complexion to carry it off!" Julia glanced at the glass—the cheap glass, with the sticky, ill-made and mock Queen Anne frame—and reddened.

"At any rate," she said, biting her lip, "I have some color! I am not quite yellow!"

"Oh, no, dear, not quite! Who ever said quite? But blue and pink! Now, a nice violet—"

"The refuge of the desolate!" retorted Julia. "I shall go in cream; it always looks nice and it simplifies matters."

"It does indeed," remarked Emmeline. "If there are a hundred and fifty women at this ball, I'll be bound the hundred wear cream. For heaven's sake, let us show that we have originality!"

Julia flung the pattern on the table. "The best thing would be to stay away," she said, going to the window and peeping out.

Emmeline laughed.

"How delighted papa would be! The thought of these two dresses has made him miserable for the last four days. Nobody about the place will get a civil word for the next month, and ten to one Jane will give notice! What a charming affair life is for us all! I don't know which is worse, being the daughter of a retired officer with a small income and an enlarged liver, or a retired officer with a small income, an enlarged liver, and two daughters on his hands, who, like the pistols in amateur theatricals, persistently decline to go off!"

Julian jerked the curtains as close as imitation tapestry, at twenty-nine and six, could be expected to go across a window twice too large for them, and began to collect the litter.

"Better tidy the room up," she said, complacently. "He will be here directly and there will be a scene! I wonder where Joan is. She might do this."

Emmeline shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know where she is; wondering about the huts on the beach, I shouldn't wonder. She generally is at this time of the evening."

"In weather like this!" remarked Julia, contemptuously.

"The weather makes no difference to her. I believe she rather prefers wind and rain. She is always out of the way when she is wanted. Now, if she were here we might ask her; Joan has some sort of taste."

"The taste of a savage!" sneered Miss Oliver.

Emmeline yawned and drummed on the table.

"I don't know," she said, slowly and reluctantly; "she always manages to look nice, though how she does it—"

and she stopped short and shrugged her shoulders.

Emmeline yawned again and then laughed. "Joan doesn't cost him much, Joe! She saves him the price of a servant, and gives him the opportunity to figure as a benevolent guardian. I don't suppose he spends upon her more than the hundred a year she has got! All the same, I wish her father had been considerate enough to make her somebody else's ward! Three unmarried girls are two too many for one house."

Julia reddened angrily—her younger sister could always succeed in "blatting her flag," as Emmeline called it—and, snatching up a bundle, was starting, with offended dignity, to the door, when it opened almost upon her nose, and a young girl entered.

She had come from the darkness outside, and stopped for a moment to shield her eyes from the light; and as she stood, straight as an arrow, with her small, shapely hand before her face, she looked like a vision of youth and grace, dismayed by the ugliness of her surroundings.

Standing there, she presented a contrast to the other two girls which was marked and conspicuous.

The two Misses Oliver were thin and "padded," with carefully made-up faces and artfully arranged hair; their clothes, of the aesthetic style, fitted them to perfection, and yet lacked that nameless grace which is all important.

The girl who faced them was slightly built, but lithe and graceful as a young savage, with the undulating lines which promised even greater things when girlhood should ripen into womanhood.

Her face was a perfect oval, with the clear complexion of a true brunette. She was dressed in a plain brown merino, which had by long service grown so familiar with her figure as to cling to it lovingly; as her only protection against the chill October evening, she had thrown on a rough cloak with a hood, which she had turned carelessly over her head, and which served as an outer frame for the beautiful face framed inwardly by the mass of dark golden-brown hair.

Her eyes were a clear gray, soft yet brilliant, with light, and emphasized brows of dark brown which lent a serious expression to the lovely eyes beneath.

The two girls looked at her with that half-concealed expression of envy with which plain, ill-natured women regard the well-favored of their sex.

"Where on earth have you been, Joan?" demanded Julia, querulously; "we have been waiting for you this half hour and more!"

"I?" said Joan, and her voice chimed in upon the hand, unaccompanied tone of Miss Oliver like a strain of music after a discord; "I have been on the cliffs."

"On the cliffs, on a night like this, dark as pitch, and raining! No one but a lunatic or yourself could be capable of such folly! What on earth amusement you can find in it puzzles me."

"Amusement!" echoed Joan, with her lips half apart, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the ugly, ungainly lamp. "No, there is not much amusement, but there isn't much anywhere."

"A very gracious speech!" snapped Julia. "At any rate, I should think our society, contemptuously as you regard it, must be better than your own, alone on the Coombe cliffs."

"I had no idea it was so late," said Joan, quietly, "for that you wanted me; and the night is not so bad—there is a beautiful sea."

Emmeline shuddered. "Oh, please, don't! A beautiful sea on a night like this! I am quite miserable enough without being rendered wretched by the thought of the sea. Take some of those things up, will you; get out of the way before he comes."

Joan went down on her knees and began to gather up the stuffs and odd frocks in silence for a moment; then she said, surprised, but absently, as if her thoughts were elsewhere: "Are you having some new dresses? Where are you going?"

Julia uttered an exclamation of irritable impatience.

"Just listen to her, Em; wouldn't you have had just dropped from the sky?"

"Oh, the ball! Yes, I remember," said



SHE'S CHAMPION WOMAN FLIER.

This is Mlle. Detrioux, the French woman who made a fine flight from Blankenburgh to Bruges and back with a passenger. She flew higher and longer than any other air woman, thus establishing a new record.

Joan, as quietly as before "And which have you chosen?" and very girl-like, she picked up the patterns and turned them over.

"None," snapped Julia, shortly. "We can't decide. Perhaps you'd better give us your opinion," she added with affected indifference.

Joan took up one piece of material after another, slowly and with the rapid, dreamy expression habitual with her, and presently threw a red and gray nun's veiling over her shoulders.

"Is that pretty?" she said, turning to them.

It was pretty, decidedly pretty, in juxtaposition with her clear skin and lovely hair, but the two girls thought of their own complexions and faded hair, and colored angrily.

"It might become a savage," said Julia, coldly. "It certainly would not suit a civilized being. For Heaven's sake take it off!"

Joan put the cloths aside composedly, and turning to the remaining ones, picked out several others and draped them across Julia's shoulders.

"Look in the glass," she said, "and tell me which you like. See now, that is a beautiful mixture. That suits you. Why not have that?"

"It is not bad," admitted Julia, grudgingly.

"Joan has more taste than the both of us put together," said Emmeline, but so coldly that the speech was robbed of all grace.

"Oh, no! But when one looks at a number of colors one gets confused," remarked Joan, quickly.

"Better choose one for me," said Emmeline, "and let it be as much unlike Julia's as possible. If there is anything I abominate, it is being dressed to match some other person."

"Yes! If I had a sister—" began Joan.

"You would think as I do!" interrupted Emmeline. "Never mind all that, please! What about the greeny blue?"

Silently and slowly Joan tried several colors, and at last put her hand on a faint pink.

"I like none so well as this," she said. "Well, perhaps I'll choose it," responded Emmeline, ungraciously; "and now, for goodness' sake, help me take them out of the way before papa comes in. Nothing upsets him more than seeing things of this kind about; they remind him too forcibly of our existence."

As she spoke the hall door was heard to open, and a voice came from the hall uttering imprecations.

"There he is!" exclaimed Julia. "Be quick, Joan, or there will be no peace for the remainder of the evening."

Joan slipped through the doorway with her load, and the next moment Colonel Oliver entered.

At first sight the gallant colonel might have been taken for the girls' brother instead of their parent, so carefully was he preserved and artistically made up.

It was not until you were quite close to him, as he stood in a strong light, which he never did if he could avoid it, that you saw that the glossy blackness of his hair and moustache was due to the dyer's art, and that the thin, clean-cut face was full of crow's-feet and wrinkles, carefully smoothed out by a set, galvanized smile.

The figure, too, might have been taken for that of a young man, unless the colonel should be compelled to stoop, when the fact of his wearing stays made itself quite palpable.

to the expense of going? You've been there for the last five years, with no other result than to remind people you're five years older. I'm sick of the word 'ball,' and I suppose I shall hear of nothing else for the next week!"

"Perhaps we'd better not go," said Julia, with a sigh, but watching him closely.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "That's the way! Fly at my face at once. Go! Of course you'll go. I hope I know my position well enough to be aware that I must make some sacrifice to maintain it. Besides—" he broke off, and looked down at the hearthrug—a cheap imitation of a Turkey.

"Well, papa?" demanded Emmeline, watchfully.

"Have any of you been out this evening?" he demanded.

"No, only Joan."

"Oh! Joan," he said. "And did she tell you the news?"

"News? What news! Joan tell us!" and Julia laughed contemptuously.

"She's the last person to hear any, unless the gulls screamed it into her ears. She never goes anywhere but the beach or the cliffs. She has been there to-night."

"She'll fall over and kill herself one of these fine times," remarked the colonel, complacently. "Oh, she didn't tell you, eh? Hem! and she paused and looked out of his small eyes at each of the two girls. Then he smiled, and added, abruptly, "Stuart Villiers is coming to the world."

The two girls stared open-mouthed for a moment, then both exclaimed: "Lord Villiers!"

The colonel lit a cigar and regarded them from under his lowered lids with the shadowy of a smile he wore out of doors.

"Yes. I heard the news from Carnford, at the club; it is scarcely known yet. Carnford heard it by accident. He arrives to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" breathed Emmeline in an awe-struck whisper.

The colonel nodded.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged, and I thought I should never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and thought I would try it. After taking three bottles I was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. WILL YOUNG, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache, don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge.

"Coming home quite unexpectedly. You know that the old Earl of Arrowfield died lately. Well, Villiers is his heir. The old earl died worth a couple of millions."

The two girls gasped. "Lord Villiers gets title and money, but takes the latter and drops the former; his own is so much older. He is coming home, so Carnford says, to marry."

Emmeline leant back in her chair, and, clasping her hands in her lap, stared thoughtfully before her.

"To marry and settle down!" and the colonel smiled.

There was silence for a moment, then Julia said, without looking up: "Is it all they say true about him, papa?"

"True?" retorted the colonel. "Who knows, and who cares—that is, now? It was all very well while he was a penniless peer, too poor to live in his own house, and obliged to pout about the continent; but now he's worth a couple of millions, I don't expect you'll find a soul to believe he was anything but an angel. Besides, what does it matter? He is coming home to settle down, I tell you!"

"You know him, papa?" said Emmeline, her eyes sparkling, her pale face lit up with a touch of color that made her look almost handsome.

The colonel nodded. "Yes, same regiment. Oh, yes, we shall be great friends." He looked round the room. "Julia, you'd better get a new carpet—and for Heaven's sake get something more cheerful than this miserable thing. If ever there was a beautiful fashion, this aesthetic one is the best. It's enough to make one sick—the dirty yellows and sagey greens and—see here—"

He pulled a purse from his pocket and took out a couple of five-pound notes. "Take these—I've been lucky at the club lately—and get something for yourselves."

The girls seized the notes with scarcely concealed eagerness.

"Oh, thanks! It is just in time, papa; Lady's asked for their bill quite pointedly when they sent the patterns; how lucky you were!"

"Y—es," said the colonel. "Y—es, very lucky. Er, by the way, you had better get a new dress or something for Joan."

"Oh, Joan," said Julia, carelessly. "That does not matter; she can wait. I was noticing only to-night how well that merino looked. There is nothing like merino to wear."

Emmeline laughed coldly. "Yes, Joan ought to write a testimonial to the manufacturers; she's had that dress in nearly constant wear for two years—"

"And so another month or two won't matter," broke in Julia. "If she were not so ridiculously proud, she might have one of mine to turn."

"Oh, don't worry her," said the colonel; "Joan doesn't care about dress, and—ahem—"

(To Be Continued.)

Shiloh's Cure

English Women in Sports

They Are More Than Ever Interested in Outdoor Pastimes of All Kinds.

The Englishwoman is becoming more of a sportswoman than ever. This season she is playing more golf, she is going in more extensively for automobilism and aviation; and she has taken up shooting with increased enthusiasm.

The sale of automobile outfits for women has been larger than ever before, and it is noticeable that most of the buyers drive their own cars and do not need the assistance of men in making their purchases. They know exactly what is required and demand it for themselves.

Golf is far more of a craze than in previous seasons, and it is played with a businesslike attention to the game that necessitates the least fashionable and most serviceable outfit. Women play at men's clubs whenever they are allowed, and when at a popular resort they find they are barred from the links, they speedily form clubs of their own.

Five years ago there was practically no demand for guns for women. Now the manufacture of a lighter gun for women marksmen is an industry in itself, while even girls of 13 and 14 are learning to shoot straight with guns specially made for them.

Cycling is about the only sport which is less popular, and that is largely due to the fact that the automobile has made the roads dangerous and unpleasant to the cyclist on account of the clouds of dust in the wake of an automobile.

It has taken a very long time to interest Englishwomen in swimming. Many members of the London Bath Club are adepts at this exercise, but it has been exceptional to find a woman swimmer at seaside resorts. This year, however, teachers are busy everywhere, and their pupils range from very young girls to elderly women, all anxious to master the arts of swimming and diving.

The Retort Courteous.

While a bitterly waged war was in progress in Washington among the women of a well known organization, in which there were two militant camps, many cruel, biting things were said by one of the other. A gracious matron, noted for her consummate tact and the skill in which she handled difficult situations, essayed the part of peacemaker, with the result that, being a person of nice discernment, she at once abandoned the plan.

She called on Mrs. Brown, who was the candidate against Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Brown complained bitterly that her opponent had willfully misrepresented facts and showed certain infirmities of taste and temper, for which there could be no excuse.

"Well," said the ambassador, who was friendly with both leaders, "you should not let the passion of politics narrow your horizon, my dear. You should be broad visioned enough to make reasonable allowances for what you consider unwelcome harshness. You fail to reason that Mrs. Jones' age may be telling on her."

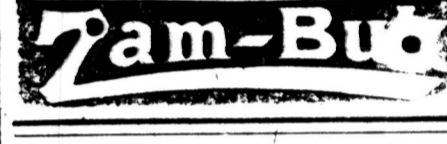
"What ingratitude!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. And the tactful woman knew that her mission was futile.



MAGISTRATE CURED OF

PILES & ECZEMA

One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favor is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He says:— "I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of Eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike everything else I had tried, proved highly satisfactory and cured the disease. I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take credit in helping my brother-in-law, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Piles or Skin Disease, as I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk cures ulcers, abscesses, blood-poison, ring-worm, itching or running sores, bad leg, various skin eruptions, pruritus, eczema, burns, bruises, baby's sores, etc. Purely herbig. 50c box, druggists and stores. Returns limitations.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE MOVING PICTURES.

(Peterboro Review.)

To-morrow little Willie and Mary will go to Sunday School. Mother will brush her hair and put on her best Sunday dress. Willie will be told to keep clean and go straight to school and not to stay away from home too long afterwards. He grows, with his growing he knows that the world is large and Sunday school seems smaller and less inviting. He does not want to go. Sometimes moral suasion or the blar across the rear is necessary to show him that Sunday School is the place for all lads on Sunday afternoon. Mary, little jewel, goes willingly with her Bible under her arm. Willie will put his in his pocket. Now a Detroit Sunday school has jumped into the gap and is teaching the Bible by the aid of the moving picture. Don't be shocked. "Early Christians" was the title of a lecture by Herbert Booth, given in Peterborough a few weeks ago aided by moving pictures. No more in Detroit will Willie have to be persuaded to go to Sunday school. He will be led to go. 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