

Lady Newdigate's Finger

By EDGAR FAWCETT

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Flora Newdigate had other devotees, but none so prominent as Proigne.

"Now, Amelia," she was saying, "I know that I can confide in you that I detest the whole thing terribly."

"I think there might be a way," Lady Wheatheaf mused aloud.

"Mrs. Coverley was nodding somberly when she finished. 'Not at all bad, my dear; not at all bad. You're the sort of woman who could bring them together.'"

"You didn't go anywhere to-day, then, Adela?"

The girl turned from a window through which she had been gazing down at the fleet-driven cabs and victorias.

"What! With Cyril? So quickly?"

"It isn't so quickly, after all. It's been several weeks, you know."

"She was sorrier when she went home that afternoon, to her house in Portman square."

"You didn't go anywhere to-day, then, Adela?"

"No, thanks. I don't care to sit down, either. I simply came to tell you, Lady Newdigate, that as far as I am concerned, you may lift your finger at once or not at all."

"Really? Lift my finger? But I don't understand." The exquisite face looked decorously astonished—no more.

"Oh, yes, you do understand," said Adela, with far more quiet than she felt.

"To think of you as a married man! And married to her! Why, she'd bore you to death in six weeks, with her morbidities and propensities. Am I not enough for you as regards both? I hate her. I hate every one who would separate us."

"Merciless little scandal-monger," thought Lady Wheatheaf.

"What—what?"

"That Mrs. Coverley and you are conspiring to steal from Lady Newdigate her adorer, her vassal. That you have been using my so-called 'resemblance' to her as a lure."

"Adela!" Why—why?"

"To tell him how infinitely I despise him for having dared to use me as his makeshift, his cat's paw!"

"Adela!" panted her sister, "where on earth are you going? Surely not to him!"

"No, I'm going to her."

"One moment, Adela," threw out Lady Wheatheaf.

"I think, Miss Stratford," said the butler, who had a long-remembered and recognized Adela as having called one day with her sister, the ultra-smart marchioness of Wheatheaf, "that Lady Newdigate is just at present in the library."

"Ah, you're alone!" said Adela, glancing here and there and finding that only coigns of shadow and patches of brightness encircled that one enchanting figure in the half-gloomed chamber.

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"You didn't see me when you came in, and no matter what might have been the nature of your visit, I should at once have discovered myself like this. I have been here but a short time, and I came here to tell my old friend, Lady Newdigate, a somewhat important matter."

"Adela's lip was curled. 'Really, I am not interested in your confidences to Lady Newdigate.'"

"For the best of all reasons," Proigne answered, somewhat sadly, "I had hoped that you would be. My 'important matter' was the deep wish that I feel, Miss Adela, to ask you to become my wife, and my intention of approaching you to-morrow with this (to me) very momentous request."

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"Adela crimsoned, and drooped her eyes."

"Why haven't you told me this?" Lady Newdigate said to Proigne, turning toward him with a fragrant coo of laughter, and looking as beautiful as he had ever seen her.

"Proigne took out his watch and glanced at it. 'I have been here just five minutes, dear lady, as you'll admit. I really haven't had time.'"

"But I have time," burst from Adela, "to tell you that, to-morrow or at any future day, Mr. Proigne, you need make no such request of me as that which you have just described."

"At once Adela slipped from the library. Cyril Proigne made several swift pursuit steps. Then he heeded from the doorway through which she had passed. While Adela's unheard

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"Like a book, sir? Explain yourself."

"You've got an attractive title, but I don't like the way you seem to be bound. Your type is bad and your development is poor. Your principal character is not well defined, and the best place for you would be on the shelf—and a back one at that."

"WANTED—A sober, honest and industrious young man and wife to work on a farm. Inquire 208 E. Main street, Hillsboro, O."

Mr. Parvenu—This is a fine prospectus of that resort we saw advertised, but it says it has a very low temperature.

Mrs. Parvenu (decidedly)—Then we won't go there.—Baltimore American.

Miss Sara Worley visited at the home of Job Haigh and attended services here Sunday.

Miss Letherman and niece, Miss Gaymon, of Penn, who have been visiting at the home of Dr. Letherman, returned home the past week.

John Hurst, Mrs. Metta Kepinger and Mrs. King Simms are on the sick list.

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Mrs. J. W. Tener still remains on the sick list. Her sister of Xenia, Mrs. Chas. Dunlap, recently paid her a visit.

Miss Beryl Hopkins is having a severe attack of typhoid fever.

George Saylor is improving his residence with a new coat of paint.

Rev. Smith has been in attendance at the Chataqua at Peebles the past week.

Dr. Jonn Garrett, of Indiana, was accompanied home to-day by his sister, Mrs. Dr. Beam, of Hillsboro. Dr. Garrett is at home for a short vacation.

Mrs. Geo. Umphlet recently entertained Geo. Lemon and daughter, of Hillsboro, Dr. Reed and wife, of Portland, Ore., and Lawyer Mason and wife, of Lansing, Michigan.

James Kelly, Eck Easter, Miss Ola Trout and Miss Maggie Swager attended the Winchester Fair Friday.

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The revival meeting has drawn to a close. The meeting was a success in every way, 19 were added to the church.

Mrs. Sarah Perry and Mrs. Cora Volk and son, Verne, of Marion, Ind., after circulating among friends in this community, have returned home.

J. O. Gossett and wife, of East Danville, were calling on the former's parents one day last week.

Ben Knight and daughters, Lillie and Annabelle, of South Dakota, have returned to their home, after a short visit with relatives here.

Rev. Foust and family, J. W. Gossett and family and Rev. S. H. Bartlett, of Cleveland, were the guests of I. M. Gossett and family one day last week.

Misses Lillie and Grace Cartier and Mary McLaughlin were the guests of Ervin Cartier and wife, of Mowrytown, Saturday night and Sunday.

M. J. Pulliam and wife have been attending the Winchester Fair, the guests of Mrs. Pulliam's sister, Mrs. Reece L. Clark.

J. H. Cochran and family ate Sunday dinner with S. K. Stroup and family, of Dodsonville.

Mrs. Bessie Roush and little son, Virgil, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Willett, were the guests of A. Cochran and family Sunday.

F. Foust and wife were callers at C. F. Roberts' at Sugartree Ridge, Sunday.

Ira Gossett and family were the guests of W. J. Cochran and family Sunday.

Old maids would be scarce and hard to find.

Could they be made to see, How grace and beauty is combined By using Rocky Mountain Tea.

ROUSH'S CROSSING.

Costello Beece and wife and two daughters visited Joshua A. Roush and family Sunday.

Ell Roush and family and May Davidson visited C. C. Roebuck and family Sunday.

Madge and Verna Roebuck visited their aunt, Mrs. Belle Mann, of Danville, Sunday.

Glenn Biggs, Hillsboro, O. Home Phone 340. Bell Phone 143.

DR. O. A. THOMPSON, DENTIST.

VASSAR. (TWO STEP.)

Musical score for Vassar (Two Step) by George H. DeCastro. Includes piano and violin parts with various musical notations and dynamics.

Musical score for The Malcolm Love Pianos. Includes piano and violin parts with various musical notations and dynamics.

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYL PILLS. Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.