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CHRISTABEL By PEARL BELLAIRS

Christabel absorbed this information silently. It seemed to her dreadful that she could remember nothing of this event, or of the person it had happened to. She must have been very near and dear to her.

But Mrs. Hays was saved the awkwardness of having to find a place to which to take Christabel. It was the evening after her mother's visit, a note was delivered to Christabel at the hospital. It was from Cavanagh, on Kearne Hall note-paper.

WHO IS HEWITSON Christabel wrote to her mother, leaving it to her to decide, and Mrs. Hays was only too pleased not to have to ask her husband any favours on Christabel's behalf.

And Mr. Hays, who perhaps felt that he had come off fairly lightly in the matter of Christabel since her release, consented with nothing worse than a look on his face to send on the Friday Mrs. Hays went to Kent in a hired car again—Mr. Hays did not want his chauffeur to see anything that might arouse his curiosity—and transported Christabel and her few belongings to Pine Cottage.

Christabel had written a note to Hewitson, telling him that she was moving from the hospital to Pine Cottage, and would expect him there to lunch on Sunday. "Hewitson," repeated Mrs. Hays, when Christabel told her. A sort of shyness had prevented Christabel from mentioning to her mother that he had been to her at the hospital; now when Christabel told her, Mrs. Hays flinched as though someone had struck her in the face.

LAWYER IN LOVE When Hewitson arrived at noon on Sunday Christabel was on the lawn. And as he followed her into the house he was thinking how contentedly dry his life had been for the last ten years.

Mother, this is Mr. Hewitson—Mr. Hewitson, Mrs. Hays, Christabel introduced them. Hewitson bowed, and Mrs. Hays, pink with mortification because she fancied he knew the family disgrace, greeted him faintly. But his manner soon began to reconcile her to her belief that she was partly natural, and easy and treated them both with the utmost respect—obviously putting himself out to entertain Christabel.

TIRED FEET FIND INSTANT EASE WHEN YOU RUB IN NARD'S GREAT CANADIAN RUBBING LINIMENT

the haze of cigarette smoke rose to the oak beams of the high ceiling. Mrs. Hays, in severe black with a few real pearls, was not out of place; and Christabel, slender in violet, fitted in perfectly with her surroundings in the Kearne Hall library.

CHAPTER XVII YOUTH AND AGE The cocktails sparkled in their glasses under the crystal lamps, and everything that a man ought to be. At the same time her ignorance was so profound that it was useless to hide it.

Dear Miss Collet, it ran. My secretary was told on the phone to-day when he rang the hospital that your people were arranging to send you away somewhere to recover. If you have not someone in mind already, I should be delighted to offer you the Pine Cottage at Kearne Hall. It is empty at the moment, ready to be occupied, and you could stay there quite undisturbed for as long as you want to.

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the world which was exactly necessary. He looked at the two men who were talking to her with a tinge of anxiety, lest they, between them, should capture her interest for the moment. But his duties as a host compelled him to talk to Mrs. Hays and the couple from the American Embassy.

At dinner Mrs. Hays was on his left and the American woman on his right. Christabel, delicate and brilliant as a flower, bloomed at the other end of the table.

He had expected the dinner to go rather stiffly, but instead the conversation was easy and eager, due, he felt, to the stimulation Christabel produced in the men at her end of the room.

After dinner, when he felt that he had done all that was required of him as a host, he was able to get

Christabel to himself. He asked her if she would like to see his collection of paintings by Van Gogh. The picture gallery was on the other side of the main hall, an immense, draughty chamber built in Tudor times. Christabel, who knew very little of painting, was not very voluble about the Van Goghs; but Cavanagh, who had only used them to get her away from the others, merely chatted to her with a remark or two as to how he had got them, and led her away into a small smoking room. There he offered her a deep armchair and a cigarette.

He sank down a little stiffly into a chair near to hers, and remarked as he sat back with a sigh of relief, "I had business—this getting old!"

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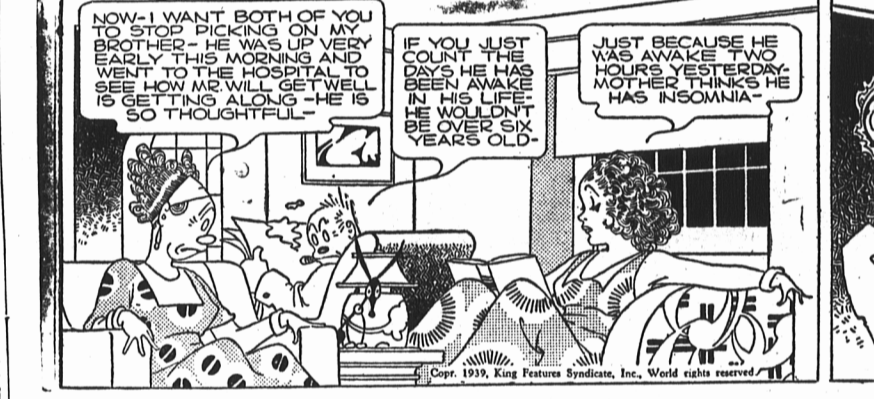
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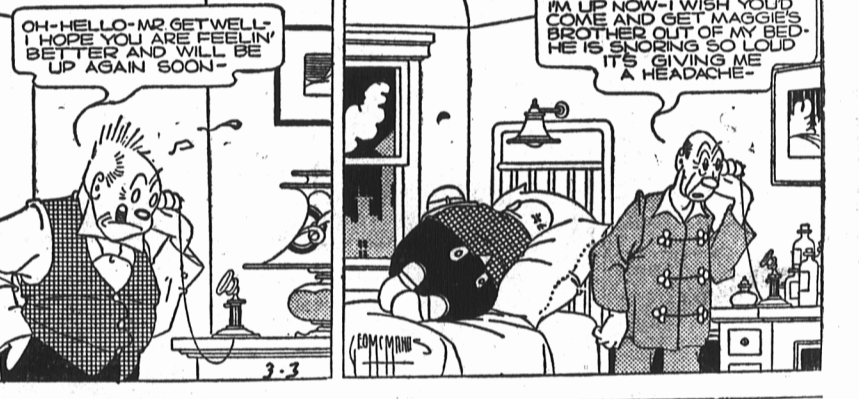
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TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS



TILLIE THE TOILER

