



When Cupid comes to you at forty.

A Delightful Story of Delightful People by the Most Whimsical of American Authors.

SUPPOSE the Tullingsworth-Gordons were good Americans at heart, but the Tullingsworth-Gordons were of English extraction, and, as somebody once said, the extraction had not been completely successful—a great deal of the English soil clung to the roots of the family tree.

murred, and for a space of some few weeks she was doubtful; then she said "no"—but in the end she consented.

Why should she not? Bilson had been a saving man. No luxurious furniture beautified his little room over the stables. His character was above reproach. He allowed himself one glass of port each day from Mr. Tullingsworth-Gordon's stock; but here he drew the line. Such as it was, the master of the house had his own wine, every drop, except that solitary glass of port—save on one occasion.

water was too salt for them—and there they found him lying on his back, with one of the most interesting cases of compound fracture in his right leg that has yet been put on record, and with the flat stones that topped the dike lying over him.

SYNOPSIS. The story opens in the West Crest private hotel in an English sea coast town when England has been at war one month. Mrs. Sanderson, the proprietress; her son, Charles, serving in the English admiralty; Mr. Pollock, the Justice of the Peace; his daughter, Molly, 19; Christopher Brent, Molly's fiance; Mrs. Miriam Lee, a widow of thirty-five, the latest arrival at the hotel; Miss Myrtle, a spinster; Fraulein Schroeder, a collector of English naturalists; Pendula, a young English soldier, and Fritz, a servant in the kitchen are the entire occupants of the hotel.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

An Explanation. IN most English households life revolves round meal times. The day is marked out into "before lunch" and "after lunch," "before tea" and "after tea" and so on.

will not hear his country's call he must either be able to give a reasonable excuse to his friends or be prepared to sacrifice their esteem." He spoke with raised voice and obvious intention.

justify them in staying at home." She spoke quietly, but with an almost passionate conviction which must have struck on her own ears, for she suddenly gave a little laugh.

don't love him for being this or that, I just love him because he's himself, and even if he were entirely in the wrong in everything you say I'd just go on loving him all the more," and Molly went swiftly along the veranda and in at the house door.

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mr. Pollock, "girls are damn funny things, Percy. Of course I understand Molly perfectly, she's my own child, but upon my word there are times when she almost puzzles me."