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REMORSE and REPENTANCE.

—OR—
For Daisie's Sake

CHAPTER VII

TEMPTED TO END IT ALL.

And any young man—and there may be several—who has been made the victim of a lovely flirt can better imagine than I can describe the tumult of his feelings.

His pain was cruel, almost unbearable, and the most intense longing came to him to throw himself into the surging sea and end everything for good and all.

But pride forbid the rash deed. "She shall not know how she wounded me. I will not give her that triumph," he vowed grimly, adding: "I'll go to Sea View presently, pack up my traps, and leave before Sherwood returns to laugh with his fiancée over fooling me, although it looks as if there may have been foul play somewhere, for why did he tell me she was a simpering giggler, when she is really charming in her manners? And why did he keep up a clandestine acquaintance with her, not permitting me to suspect it, while all the time he was courting her with such devotion? He must have been afraid of me, jealous somehow, though why I can't guess, for men like him, with loads of money, have only to throw the handkerchief, and any girl he looks at will jump—only too glad of the chance. This Daisie Bell, with her rare beauty, will be only too glad to marry him, of course—even if she loved some poor man better. Bah! The whole business disgusts me. I'll go away out of the whole mess before to-morrow."

Just then, to his intense disgust, for he despised petticoats at that moment, he heard a chatter of feminine voices, which he recognized as belonging to Mrs. Fleming's guests—the Misses Brown, Miss Nadia Lee, and Mrs. Poyntz, a jolly young matron. They peeped over the ledge of rocks

where he was hiding, and the married lady exclaimed delightedly: "Oh, there's Mr. Bain hiding from us, the naughty man! Come up here directly, sir, and go with us after shells, and help carry our buckets and spades. I'm going back to Baltimore to-morrow, and my collection of shells isn't half complete."

In his gray mood, Dallas would have liked to have sworn at the merry quartette; but as he was a gentleman, he could not afford to indulge his vicious impulses, so, throwing away the cigar with which he was beguiling his gloomy thoughts, he joined the party with secret reluctance, execrating Nadia Lee, when she said banteringly: "How gloomy you looked when we were peeping over that rock at you—so dark and preoccupied—like Byron composing poetry."

"Bah! I never made a rhyme in my life! Wouldn't be guilty of such nonsense! I was just thinking how confoundedly lazy I felt over going up to the house and packing my things to leave to-morrow," he replied testily.

"Oh, you're going away? And so is Mrs. Poyntz. Our party will be quite broken up," wailed the damsels; but he would not even say he was sorry. He wished them all in the sea, being angry at the whole fair sex for the fault of one, such being the injustice of man.

However, as he was the soul of courtesy, he could not break away from their blandishments, and they led him such a dance along the beach in search of shells, that it was several hours before they returned to Sea View, Mrs. Poyntz having triumphantly produced a nice lunch with which the housekeeper had provided them. Returning at last, he fled to his room to pack his traps for fitting, though he had to leave out his dinner suit, as he could not conveniently see without explanations to his hostess.

She waylaid him when he came downstairs, smiling sweetly as she said in an undertone: "It's twenty minutes to dinner yet, so come to the library. I have something to say to you in private."

Dallas thought how fair she looked in her cool, flowing robes of pale green and white, with a pink rose in her crinkles of flaxen hair—how fair—and perhaps had he loved her, instead of false Daisie Bell, she might have been true; but, pshaw! they were all alike, heartless and vain. His bachelor uncle who had raised him—a noble man whose happiness had been wrecked by a siren's wiles—had told him so, had instilled into his mind a distrust of the weaker sex.

They walked together to the library, and then he said: "I wanted to speak to you, to thank you for your kindness and hospitality, because I have just been packing up, and will leave before morning."

"Indeed, I am sorry. You—you—are running away from that girl?"

"Not exactly, I planned to leave a week ago, and should have gone on business, you see," vaguely; "but the charm of the place held me somehow. Well, of course, it wouldn't be pleasant to meet Royall again after what has happened, so I am going before he comes."

"He will be so sorry!" sweetly.

"No, I don't think so," brusquely. "He has been distant to me lately, and—and—why," frately, "did he keep it a dead secret from me that he was courting—that girl? Was it friendly?"

"Oh, I can explain it fully. He meant nothing. He told me you didn't care to make the girl's acquaintance, and he somehow was ashamed of his infatuation with a girl not in his set. He went just to amuse himself at first, but directly she got him in her toils—as she did you—and he proposed, and, of course, was snapped up directly. I was sorry enough, I assure you,

where he was hiding, and the married lady exclaimed delightedly: "Oh, there's Mr. Bain hiding from us, the naughty man! Come up here directly, sir, and go with us after shells, and help carry our buckets and spades. I'm going back to Baltimore to-morrow, and my collection of shells isn't half complete."

encouragingly upon her forlorn friend. "Now, cheer up, Daisie, for I shall have him here to call on you this evening," she predicted brightly. "You see, I owe Mrs. Fleming a party call, and I will go to make it this afternoon. I shall be sure to see Mr. Bain there, and I will give him this letter, and make sure he reads it; then all the trouble will be over."

She kissed Daisie, and went away smiling, for Annette's disposition was bright and sunny; besides, wasn't her own dear lover coming to see her to-day? And what more could a pretty girl want to make her happy?

As she did not know at what hour he might arrive, she told her mamma that if he came while she was absent, to ask him to wait till she returned.

And, by a very untoward fate, the big, handsome fellow arrived soon after she started, and when Mamma Janowitz told him where Annette had gone, he said he would go on and overtake her, as he also was acquainted with Mrs. Fleming, and would like to make a call at Sea View.

Meanwhile, Annette, all glorious in her new summer silk and big white lace hat crowning her dark, bewitching face, tripped away to the grand white house, Sea View, only to meet a most cruel disappointment.

The manservant who opened the door to her stately remarked that Mrs. Fleming and her guests all went up to Baltimore this morning, not to return till to-morrow.

"And Mr. Dallas Bain—did he go with them?" she queried.

"Oh, no, miss; he went away at daylight this morning—took the Northern train."

Annette paled with disappointment, and almost burst into tears, as she asked eagerly: "Is he coming back any more?"

"No, miss; his visit is over, and I'm sorry for that, too. He was a fine, handsome gent, was Mr. Bain, and a liberal one, too," returned the man affably.

"Where did he go? Can you give me his address?" asked the young girl, thinking disconsolately of poor Daisie's letter.

The man replied that he did not know for certain. He thought he had gone to New York to join Mr. Sherwood.

So Annette went down the steps, after leaving her card for Mrs. Fleming, and her young heart was very heavy as she walked toward a vine-wreathed arbor in the grounds, thinking she would rest there a while before starting on the long walk home.

And just as she entered the beautiful rose bowler her betrothed, Ray Darling, came in at the street gate and saw her going in. His heart thrilled with joy, and he resolved to slip up unawares and give his darling sweetheart a most charming surprise.

But Letty Green, Mrs. Fleming's sharp little maid, had overheard Annette's conversation at the door, and, having more than her share of feminine curiosity, she resolved to find out something more about Annette's interest in Mr. Bain, thinking it might be a nice bit of gossip to tell her mistress while she was dressing her hair that night, and perhaps be the means of her getting a cast-off silk gown.

So she ran breathlessly after Annette, and rushed into the arbor, exclaiming: "Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!"

A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Frezzone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

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for I don't like the match. She may be in love with Royall, or she may be taking him for his money. They say in the town she's the most arrant little flirt alive."

"A true bill," he commented shortly. "Yes; and this is what I wished to say to you. She begged me to—intercede with you."

"With me?" and the hot blood rushed to his temples.

"Yes. Wasn't it a piece of impudence? But she got around me with that winning way of hers that makes fools of all the men—and some of the women, too—and I promised to keep her secret myself, and to beg you."

"Her secret?"

"Yes; that she flirted with you. She's afraid for Royall to find out lest he break the engagement. And she cried, and vowed she loved him truly, though I fear it's just his money. She said: 'Oh, Mrs. Fleming, no one knows it but you and Mr. Bain. Don't betray me to dear Royall, please don't; and ask him—Mr. Bain, that dear, impetuous fellow—not to tell of me. I did wrong, I know; but he was so much in earnest, and I was only having a little fun. And Mr. Bain owes me something for causing me that accident yesterday.'"

His great eyes flashed with contempt, and he cried hotly: "Very well, then, I will pay my debt by silence. Tell her she need not fear that I shall betray her to Royall. I am as much ashamed of that affair as she is, and I wish I could say, as she does, that I was only having a little fun. But I was in earnest, as she knows, and so—I must suffer," bitterly.

"But you must not learn to despise true, loving women for the sake of one false coquette," she murmured, and just then dinner was ceremoniously announced.

CHAPTER VIII
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

So Annette waited in vain that evening for Dallas Bain to call in reply to her invitation, and she could hardly wait till after breakfast the next morning to rush to Daisie and tell her the bad news.

Daisie was still in bed, for her sprained foot was worse this morning from her rash effort to walk on it yesterday. Tears rushed to her lovely eyes, and she sobbed aloud with grief and disappointment.

"I see how it is, Annette," she cried. "He misunderstands me, and is too proud to give a sign that he cares. He will never forgive me until I explain everything to him."

"Write him a letter, and I will carry it to him myself, and plead your cause in person. Then his hard heart will surely be melted," returned the vivacious little beauty.

So Daisie was propped up in bed, and, with a throbbing heart and blushes that came and went like the roseate glow of dawn, she penned Dallas Bain the sweetest epistle that ever gladdened a true lover's heart.

She was fighting for her life's happiness, dear little Daisie, and every word was eloquent with truth and love. Ah, the pity of it that he had gone away too soon to receive it—gone away with that proud, aching heart and that distrust of all fair women for the sake of one cruel misunderstanding.

Annette took the letter and beamed at the weaker sex.

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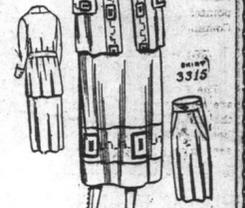
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Ladies Skirt Pattern 3315, and Coat Pattern 3318 are combined in this model. The Skirt is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Coat is cut in 8 Sizes for Misses and Ladies, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

Wool velours was used in this instance with braiding for decoration. Serge, heather mixtures, taffeta, velveteen and satin could be used. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 1 3/4 yard. To make this suit for a medium size will require 7 yards of 40 inch material.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A NEW AND STYLISH GOWN.



Pattern 3317 was employed for this design. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 1/4 yards of 42 inch material.

Serge and fancy silk or satin braided with soutache or with floss would be attractive for this model. It is also good for velveteen, taffeta, velours, duvety, jersey cloth, faille or broad cloth. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 1 3/4 yard.

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Size

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