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## The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —  
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, that was his lookout," he says. "After all, he had a right to do what he liked with his own."

"Yes," assents Lady Falconer, reluctantly. "But not what he likes with the lives of others."

"Well, he didn't," says Sir Hugh. "You mean about this—this marriage? We can do as we like, you know."

"Yes," assents Lady Falconer, "but at what a cost; the surrender of this money; and Mr. Wardle, the lawyer, tells me it is an immense sum."

"Yes, it is immense," he admits, looking down.

"And we want the money so badly," murmurs Lady Falconer, plaintively.

"We do," he says, shortly, as he thinks of the load of mortgages weighing down the estate of Falconer—mortgages which this money had been intended to clear off. "We do!"

Lady Falconer sighs.

"Of course it would have been very awkward and embarrassing if the girl had been one of our own set—a girl we could have welcomed without hesitation; but as it is—she sighs and raises her eyebrows with a world of meaning—"as it is, it is terrible. My poor Hugh!"

"What is terrible—the girl, Miss

Dorrimore?" he asks.

Lady Falconer shakes her head.

"So strange, so outre," murmurs Maud.

He looks from one to the other, and the frown deepens; and yet it is true, and he cannot meet them with a plump contradiction, as, strange to say, he should like to do.

"Of course," goes on Lady Falconer, "we did not expect to see a model of refinement; we knew that a young person—oh, the cold-blooded significance in the term! not young lady, but young person!—that a young person brought up as Miss Dorrimore has been, quite in the middle ranks of life, would not be all that we could desire."

"Well, well," he says, with suppressed impatience, "what did you expect?"

"We expected to see an altogether different sort of girl," says Lady Falconer—"some one who at least would have been quiet and subdued."

"And modest," murmurs Maud, primly.

He flushes, and bites his mustache, then he laughs.

"Oh, come," he says, "Dul—Miss Dorrimore is not immodest! That's going a little too far."

"I am sure," says Miss Falconer, with a compression of her lips, "I have no wish to be unjust; by modest, I mean retiring and—respectful."

"One," says Lady Falconer, "who would have realized, to some extent, the change that had come over her life, and been anxious to accommodate herself to it."

He smiles. Certainly Dulcie is the most unaccommodating "young person" he has ever met.

"A girl whose education has been so deplorably neglected that she does not even know how to play the piano, or—share in the ordinary pastimes of refined ladies, should, at least, show some sense of her shortcomings, not—not glory in them," says Lady Falconer, with a stress upon the "glory."

"I don't think she gloried," he says; "I think she was rather nice about it. You were all crowing over her—"

"Crowing over her!" echoes Lady Falconer, with an upraising of the aristocratic eyebrows.

"I beg your pardon," he says. "Well, I thought she played as small as she could. She is not the sort of girl to 'glory' in her ignorance."

"You seem to have studied her rather closely, dear Hugh," says Maud, with a thin little smile.

He colors and looks at her.

"The sooner one gets to study the woman who is apportioned him as a future wife—the better," he says, rather grimly.

Lady Falconer looks down.

"Pray do not be hard with your sis-

ter, Hugh, dear," she says, "Dear Maud has your best interests at heart, I am sure."

The brave soldier who has faced death in a thousand forms without flinching or moving a muscle, shrinks and fidgets before this small feminine artillery.

"Well," he says, drawing a long breath, "what is the end of it all? What do you want me to do?"

Lady Falconer looks up.

"Is there no way of avoiding this unpleasant arrangement?"

"Yes," he answers with a rather grim smile. "I have only to say that I decline to—well, to marry Miss Dorrimore, and there is an end of it."

"And lose the money!" says Lady Falconer.

"That is impossible, of course," murmurs Maud.

"I don't know that," he says. "The other way is for Miss Dorrimore to decline to marry me, and then—well, she relinquishes her claim."

Lady Falconer looks up.

"Perhaps—but no, there is no hope of her doing that."

"None whatever," murmurs Maud.

"Miss Dorrimore, though she is utterly lacking in all the accomplishments that pertain to a lady, is evidently sufficiently acquainted with the world to know the value of money."

"She would be ignorant indeed, if she didn't," says Hugh, bluntly.

"No," sighs Lady Falconer, glancing at the handsome face and stalwart figure. "The idea is too ridiculous."

Sir Hugh bursts into a laugh, the rare laugh.

"Oh, indeed! Is it?" he says. "I am sorry to shock your maternal and sisterly pride," he says, ironically, and with something like a touch of pique, "but it is not at all improbable; in fact, Miss Dorrimore has already declined to view your humble servant in the light of a possible husband."

Both women look up.

"Nonsense, Hugh, dear."

"Thanks," he says, with a smile; "your evident faith in my powers of conquest is flattering, but misplaced. Miss Dorrimore has declined most emphatically. You doubt it? You wouldn't if you knew the amount of trouble I went through to persuade her even to comply with the will so far as to pay us a visit."

There is a silence, profound and eloquent, for a moment. The two women, mother and sister, exchange glances, then Maud smiles significantly.

"Poor Hugh! Poor, dear, simple Hugh! And you believed her? Oh, Hugh, will you never understand our sex?"

"No, I don't think I ever shall," he says, with a laugh. "You will always remain a mystery to me. I think I will go up now. I find I am really tired." And he bends and kisses them. "By the way," he says, paus-

ing on his road to the door, and speaking with indifference. "As Dul—Miss Dorrimore is here, the least we can do is to make it pleasant for her."

"Pleasant for her," echoes Lady Falconer, stiffly. "I trust you have no doubt that we shall forget our hospitality, Hugh, dear."

"No, no," he says, hastily. "Of course not. I mean that perhaps she'd think it rather dull."

"No doubt," says Maud, with a slight smile. "A girl who has spent her life shut up in a semi-detached villa, with occasional visits to Margate, or wherever that class of persons go, would find the Castle dull."

Hugh bites his lip.

"I mean," he says, "that we'd better have some one down—get some people together."

Lady Falconer sighs, meaningly.

"Of course we will do as you wish, Hugh. The house is yours—you are master here."

"Now, mother!" he says, with a smile. "Why, bless my soul!"—rather impatiently, but still smilingly—"I should think you would all like enlivening a little! Ask some people down, and let's have a pleasant time of it, at least."

Lady Falconer bends over her book.

"I had invited Lucy," she says, with a sigh, "but I suppose now—" and she stops.

Hugh stands with his hands in his pockets, and a sudden curious look on his face.

"Ask Lucy by all means," he says. "Why not?"

"I thought—" says Lady Falconer.

He comes back to the hearth-rug and looks at her with the resolute look which his mother knows so well.

"Look here, mother," he says, "if you think that there is anything—that there has been anything definite between Lucy and me, you are mistaken. I have never said a word that could lead her to suppose—"

He stops short and pulls at his mustache.

"Words," said Lady Falconer, with a sigh, "are not always necessary."

"Well," he says, with suppressed impatience, "I have not made any sign whatever. How could I have done so?" he asks. "Have I ever been free to do so? Has it not always been understood that money was wanted for the estate, and that until I had the money—Trevendon's money—I was not free? And now I have not got the money, and I am not free! Ask Lucy Fairfax or any other Lucy you like! And—and don't worry about it." Then he laughs and kisses her again. "Good-night! Don't worry yourself, either. As they say in the east, the gods will do as they like, after all."

And with this piece of Oriental philosophy, he departs.

The two, mother and daughter, sit for a few minutes in silence, then Maud says, softly:

"Shall you ask Lucy, mamma?"

"I—I scarcely know," murmurs Lady Falconer, with knitted brows.

"It would not be wise if—if this girl decides to abide by this will, and accepts poor Hugh. After all, he cannot refuse her, as he loses the money, and perhaps Lucy being here would tempt him to do so."

Maud is silent for a moment, then she looks up with a shrewd light in her gray eyes.

"Yes! ask Lucy, mamma," she says, in a low voice, "and—and ask Sir Archie at the same time!"

(To be Continued.)

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

### DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.



2191—This style is lovely for satin, silk, crepe, gabardine, serge and broad cloth. The fronts are finished with vest portions. The skirt measures 2 1/2 yards at the foot. It is gathered over the sides and back. The sleeve is new in its shaping.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

### A SMART STYLE FOR AFTERNOON OR HOME WEAR.



2188—This model is good for cloth, serge, voile, linen, batiste and other reasonable materials. The fronts of the waist are full and gathered to yoke extensions of the back. The skirt is made with a heading at the top, which may be omitted, if not desired.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

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### Your Boys and Girls.

Children should be taught from the beginning the great moral law of cause and effect, not to look for wealth without work, for honor without honesty. Teach them that character stands above surroundings and that esteem should be bestowed where it is due, whether for mental endowment or material wealth.

It is not all of morals to moralize, and less precept and more example is to be commended. The living realization, the quiet suggestion, the favorable opportunity are the efficient teachers, ignorance is responsible for a great deal of wickedness, but evil example and parental neglect are responsible for vastly more.

A sense of right and wrong should be cultivated early in a child's life, and much may be accomplished in this direction before the child leaves the mother's nursery training.

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## Sporting

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## War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

DAILY TELEGRAPH PRAISES THE NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT.

LONDON, Sept. 25.

The Daily Telegraph, editorially takes occasion to applaud the valor of the Newfoundland Regiment in the value of Newfoundland to the Empire. It says: "It is already certain that when the war is over, the 'munty of the British Empire' will have better cause for pride in the 'patriotism and valor of its sons' than on the changes in the Colonies opened by the railway, and says: 'Newfoundland has in a way been the Cinderella of British Colonies. What was its over hope she is now the just work of her pledge to the Empire's cause. At any rate, Britons know her to-day for something more than fogs and colds, know her as the home of brave men true as steel and as valiant lions, and we are glad that this week will be able to award the plaud the band of her immediate giment.'

## BULL