



The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

They turn and stare at her as she enters, but the butler, who knows her, comes at that moment into the hall, and approaches her.

As he comes forward, something in his face sends a cold stab of indefinable fear and dread to her heart.

He speaks a word that seems to disperse the footmen, and comes up to where she stands.

"Oh, miss!" he says, "have you heard already?"

"Heard what?" she says, staring at the man.

He shakes his head and puts his hand to his eyes.

"What is it?" she demands, almost inaudibly: "I came to see—to see the duke."

He starts visibly, and stares at her. "Then you haven't heard, miss?" he says. "I thought the news had reached her ladyship, and that you had come to inquire, seeing how friendly you were with the duke."

"What is it?" she says again; then she shuts her hand with a sudden clench of frenzied impatience; "why do you not tell me? I know nothing; I came here—to see the duke on business. What has happened?"

The butler shakes his head again.

"Come inside, miss!" and he shows her into one of the reception rooms.

"Now?" she says, calmly.

"Well, miss," he responds, in a low, hushed voice. "I was trying to break it to you, begging your pardon, miss. But the duke—the poor duke has had a fit!"

She does not shrink, does not even change color, but she stares at the man with back-luster eyes—a stony gaze as of one who fails to realize the full significance of words.

"When?" at last she manages to utter.

"Not an hour ago, miss," he says, solemnly; "his grace left this morning in the brougham at about half-past nine—he was very particular about the time, and I put it on the slate."

"Please go on," she says, impatiently, but with a dull, cold, lifeless intensity.

"At half-past nine," he continues. "I put him in the brougham myself, and he never looked better. I never see him in such good spirits, only once he seemed rather nervous and anxious. 'Lay luncheon with champagne for two!' he says to me."

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A faint cry breaks from the lips of the now white face—"For two!"

"And get some sweets," he says, miss. Then he drove off. You'll excuse these tears, miss; I've been in the family, man and boy, since—

She puts up her hand.

"Tell me what has happened! Do not keep me waiting!" she says, icily.

"He drove off, miss; and the worst thing that I know of the business is that a cab—a common cab, miss, if you'll believe me, a four-wheeler—drove up; and I was just telling the porter to go and tell the man to drive round by the back—you see, miss, I thought it was a new servant, or something of that sort—when two men came out of the cab and lifted his grace out, lying all limp and doubled up—Take a chair, miss."

For the small figure in its black dress staggered slightly.

But it is only for a moment, and she recovers herself with a gesture of refusal.

"No, no. Go on, please."

"It seems, miss, that his grace had gone into a glove shop, and that while he was pulling on the gloves he fell down in a fit."

She puts her hand to her heart, but she utters no cry, but looks steadily, persistently, at the solemn, sorrowful face.

No cry; and yet she sees her glorious vision fading into darkness!

"We took him upstairs, miss, and sent for Sir William at once; there wasn't a moment lost, not a moment; and he's upstairs there, with his grace, now."

She bows her head, speechless for a moment. It is so sudden, so unreal, that she cannot grasp it. It is as if a hand had, in punishment of her treachery, stretched out from heaven and struck the cup of bliss from her lips.

"If you'll sit down, miss," says the butler, pulling a chair forward, "I'll try and find out how he is."

It is horrible, horrible! But—and a wild gleam of hope flashes in the darkness—perhaps all may not be lost! He may recover! She may still be the Duchess of Gretnam!

The doors opens, and she looks up. The well-known figure of a celebrated physician enters. There is the usual grave, preoccupied expression on his face.

"Are you a friend of his grace, madam?" he asks gravely.

She makes a movement with her hand.

"I am sorry to say," he says, "that I am the bearer of sad news. His grace is dead!"

"Dead!" she murmurs, hoarsely.

"Alas, yes! It was quite sudden. I can offer you this consolation only—his grace died without pain of any sort. If you will allow me I will send some of the servants to you," and he goes out.

She sits for a moment stunned and numbed, then she rises, giddy and faint.

Even at that supreme moment it is of herself that she thinks. That self-convicting note on the dressing-table! Does it lie there still, or has it been discovered?

Is there yet time to save herself from discovery and shame?

With a shudder she drops the veil over her white face and passes through the crowd of servants that now throng the hall, into the street.

The brougham in which she came is still standing; there may be time yet.

"Drive me," she says, "to the end of Park Lane; drive quickly, please."

The man does not hesitate to obey her, and in a few minutes she reaches the spot where she sat and called up the glorious vision now passed forever into utter darkness.

With out a word she steps out and makes her way to the house, the servant opens the door, with a little air of surprise, and she passes through the hall into the drawing-room. As she opens the door, she sees a tall figure standing on the hearth-rug, and she knows even without raising her eyes that it is Hugh.

Without raising her eyes she sees the condemning letter in his hand.

At the sight she would draw back, but he raises his head, heavily drooped upon his breast, and holds up his hand, and she stands like a thing of stone.

He looks at her for a moment in silence, then he takes the letter and

Try Making Your Own Cough Remedy

You can save about \$2, and have a better remedy than the ready-made kind. Easily done.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you would hardly have in them all the curative power that lies in this simple "home-made" cough syrup which takes only a few minutes to prepare.

Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 55 cents and gives you 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and sugar syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and breaks the sore irritated membranes that line the throat, chest and bronchial tubes, so coughs and colds that it is really astonishing. A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma, it is splendid.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

tears it up into small fragments, and drops it to the ground.

The action, the gesture is so eloquent, so significant, that her heart seems to stop beating, but still she manages to speak, to breathe his name.

"Hush!"

"Stop!" he says, "do not speak to me; you can tell me nothing. I have just come from the house where the man you would have deceived, as you deceived me, lies dead. Do not speak! If—if you are capable of one spark of remorse, let my remembrance of you be that of the past, not of the present. If you were going to plead with me for secrecy, spare yourself; no word of your treachery shall ever escape my lips. You can go to them—my mother and sisters, who have trusted you—in safety; they know nothing. Your letter was given to me by a servant, and you will no doubt be able to explain it."

He does not smile—he does not utter the words as a taunt or a reproach; but she shrinks and leans against a chair for support.

"Go to them and play your part for one day more," he says, in a low voice. "I will give you until that time. You see I am more merciful to you than you were to me. You had no mercy, but dealt your treacherous blow without a word or a look of warning."

"Hush! Hear me!" she pants.

"Not a word!" he says, sternly. "Those"—and he points to the fragments on the ground—"are the last words I will hear from you; the very last!"

And even as he speaks, he takes up his hat, and passing her as if she were as lifeless as she looks, he goes out.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is the evening before the race, and the cottage at Armfield is in a state of mild excitement; even the earl, sailor as he is, and perpetual scoffer at things "horsey," has caught the infection, and begins to talk about the odds and discuss the chances of the various horses; and Lady Brookley, who looks upon horse-racing as an excuse for getting rid of money, and as an opportunity for breaking limbs, shrugs her shoulders and laughs good-humoredly at the confusion which the coming "event" has created. For days past the cottage has been invaded by mysterious looking men, in absurdly tight trousers, and generally with a straw in their mouths, who "want a word" with

Mr. Archibald, and Sir Archie is fetched out in the middle of his dinner to confer with these mysterious individuals, who appear to be his trainer and stud-groom, and who bring reports of the health and condition of the Cricket at intervals, or who wish to confer with him upon the amount of clothing, food, etc., it is to receive during these few hours before the important event.

As for Archie himself, he is in a state of bright and cheerful excitement, full of confidence in the Cricket, and quite heart and soul in the business, just as he would be heart and soul in a sailing-match or in amateur theatricals.

"That's the best of the dear boy," says Lady Brookley; "he always throws himself into anything he undertakes. When he tires of horse-racing and the rest of it, you must persuade him to stand for the county, my dear. He'd be sure to get in; he'd talk the votes of the other side out of their pockets."

Just been to the stables. What's a smile.

"Why should I persuade him to do anything?" she says, with a curious light in her eyes. "Is he not quite happy, and—"

"And perfect as he is!" puts in the old lady, with a smile. "My dear, you are quite right. Archie was meant to be a butterfly, and any attempt to turn him into the useful bee would only end in failure."

"I was always fond of butterflies," says Dulcie, in her old frank, arch way. "And I've half an idea the bee and the ant, and those other insects and animals one is constantly called upon to regard in the light of examples, are rather conceited, and a nuisance."

"What's a nuisance?" says Archie, coming to the door of the drawing-room, in his cord suit, with mud-spattered gaiters. "How do you do? Can't come in—I'm too dirty. Just been to the stables. What's a nuisance, I ask?"

"You are," says the old lady, sharply, "a perfect nuisance with your horses, and your stables, and your muddy boots. It's my opinion you live in the stables."

"Pon my word, I ought to almost," he says, with his light-hearted laugh. "The Cricket is worse than a rich old uncle with the gout—wants quite as much attendance. A nuisance am I? You won't say so when I ride in to-morrow and bring you a big silver cup to stick on your parlor table. You couldn't come out here a minute, I suppose, Dulcie?" he says, meekly.

Dulcie turns her head.

(To Be Continued.)

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

London, November 27th.—Mr. C. H. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds where ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 33 Stanley street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone, or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could sleep alone, and in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people who are suffering from nervousness. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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