EIGHT CHILDREN

Germany Murdered hole Family

20-The police have t a married couple Schmolz, living at ve since their marrn to them. The still born. The been baptised and of the way and. After the burant the couple rek. If they had not not thought likely ticulars about any ould have come to

### ERNMENT VE \$5.000

osition to announce government will within a day or so the St. John exable, therefore, that an exhibition this tors are all underto the idea. The whether the grant or not has preventg ahead with the this matter is setthe association will y date and a final

3., March 21-Misate statements are cting new locomoased by the Interulity of these enstly criticized, reinferior to the of the Pacific om the Kingston orks. They are givso far. Some of not been delivernth. If twenty lo-red it always hapge will have some requiring rectifithat locomotives, ended for passen used for freights tives are usually freight trains to develop defects if n be relied upon



d cir-

## JETSAM OF THE SEA

David Tregonning leaned from his

panting horse and struck loudly with his strong whip against the great door of the manor house of St. Garth. It was 6 o'clock on a May morning. The storm that had raged for four fearful hours had died down, and though the sea was wild, the air was

a mile of the cliffs of his home, the graves of dead seamen. "God rest their ouls," he had said, but had paid no

"What have you done with her?"

and more urgent on his mind.

see him," replied Tregonning.

"I knew it," said St. Garth. "An hour ago this note was thrown

"I have." said St. Garth.

Suddenly the man fldgeted.

kerchief out of your left cuff and put

"Oh, come Madge, you're a bit hard

"Do you know," she continued, ignor-

'I will be a sister to you.' "

it back with the utmost care."

on a fellow"

should."

have been delayed-"

you done with her?"

"I delayed him," said St. Garth.

ed in the doorway.

still and balmy. As he rode he had caught sight, on a reef within half

more heed. He had other matters, The door was opened by a sleepy servant. "My master is not up," said vice; and but ten minutes before you knocked at my door, they brought me "He is not your master, and I must news that the 'Easy Come' was-".

"Was what? What? For God's A moment later St. Garth himself smiling and collected as ever, appear-

said Tregonning, "No! don't feign innocence. Elsie and I have been in secret communication these two in at my bedroom window. You may his cheek from ear to ear.

'Help, help!" is all it says. But it is in her hand. Her messenger may "Tell me what it means. What have St. Garth still smiled. "Dear Cousin David," said he, "you have arrived at a proper but very sad moment. Come

"I have done nothing. My dear ward was always free as air; that you his horse and rode away, hunched over turn to France, to her convent, to take the veil."

"She set sail," continued St. Garth, "she set sail," continued St. Garth, and—"

"I have done nothing. My dear ward was always free as air; that you his horse and rode away, hunched over turn to France, to her convent, to take the veil."

"She set sail," continued St. Garth, "she set sail," continued St. Garth, and—"

"She set sail," continued St. Garth, and—"

"I hast night, and—"

"The 'Easy Come!" Man you knew that he adding her treer where the bows of the Easy Come!" Man you knew that boat was"—

"St. Garth continued without heading the interruption: "In the 'Easy Come!" Man you knew the interruption: "In the 'Easy Come!" Man you knew the interruption: "In the 'Easy Come!" Wait for me, Else had come back from the interruption: "In the 'Easy Come!" Wait for me, Else had come back from the interruption: "In the 'Easy Come!" Wait for me, Else had come back from the interruption: "In the 'Easy Come!" Wait for me, Else had come over his oppon
"Take the veil."

Without a word Tregonning turned his horse and rode away, hunched over the back over the back and his horse and rode away, hunched over the back and the point of death, had been sent to her death, sent to see the was dead. At the moment he hardly cared that she boldward like Englishmen and the David Tregonning did the brav
the was dead the must live now, live to protect the clift. They reached the the deet of his life; he feigned the oward. He must live now, live to protect the clift. They reached the death, sent to set an anotoriously rotten boat, with the sunlight and tell three hundred ower. "St. Garth eand over to watch. "It also and then David's sword of the Easy and then David's sword at last and then David's waves, he stretched out his hands in despair towards it. "Wait for me, Eldespair towards it. "Wait for me, Eldespair; no more longing to sie; wait but an hour!" Such was his thought; for those who fought with St. Garth did not often live to boast of it. So broken in spirit that he scarcely knew what he was doing, he reached his own place, and dismounting at the head of the combe, walked down to the stream of the stream of the same as a swordsman. This was his hour, the hour as he had head of the combe, walked down to the stream of the stream of the stream of the same as a swordsman. This was his hour, the hour as he had head of the combe, walked down to the stream of the cliff-head. Tregonning, by love and habit a man of the sea, had no skill in fence; St. Garth brought the stream of the stream of the stream of the cliff-head. Tregonning, by love and habit a man of the sea, had no skill in fence; St. Garth brought the stream of the stream of the stream of the cliff-head. Tregonning, by love and habit a man of the sea, had no skill in fence; St. Garth brought the stream of the stream of the stream of the stream of the cliff-head. Tregonning, by love and habit a man of the sea, had no skill in fence; St. Garth brought the stream of the cliff-head. Tregonning, by love and habit a man of the sea, had no skill in fence; St. Garth brought the stream of the s

"That," said St. Garth, "puts us on a clearer footing. You would have a girl, Her hair floated out over the litmarried my ward and been lord of St.

At his feet lay a long, rotten and jagged spar; and to the spar was bound a corner was a rough bed of straw on which his boatman sometimes slept. The only result was a prick here, a sword toward Tregonning house, that Garth. St. Garth is mine now. I ed garment clung to her limbs. She such coarse rugs and wraps as he could little gash there, and a sneering laugh lay visible embosomed in its sheltering Garth. St. Garth is mine now. I have waited long enough for it. She is dead. The fishes have her, and, by God! the worms shall have you soon. The blow was yours. Good! I choose with his hands at her left side. Her to left her so was she cried, in an agony of remembered with his hands at her left side. Her took them softly in his and her look them s

Harold Child.

Was a shore on the Snapper reetwithin a mile—sad, is it not?—of Tregonning House?"

There was a dead silence, save for the panting of the horse. Then Tregonning of the horse. Then Tregonning of the horse of the panting of the horse of the saw nothing nearer to him. He saw nothing nearer to him he saw nothing nearer to him. He stood against something and her!" and rising in his stirrups, struck with bilind rage at his cousin. Quickly St. Garth swayed aside, but the jaggthere. After a moment the knowledge lay below. She would be safe there if happiness a moment—and keep his play on the cliff; while St. Garth, cool, hand in. At his feet lay a long, rotten and He carried her up, undetected. In the And play he did. David, desperate was in full command of his sinewy

in and breakfast with me, and you shall hear all."

"Tell me now and here. What have you done with her?"

The shall not be long."

The shall not be long."

The did? Yet half a pace aside; and on the very shall amuse me to kill you on the land that will be mine at your death. Get you home, boy, and pray, for I shall not be long."

The did? Yet half a pace aside; and on the very shall amuse me to kill you on the land that will be mine at your death. Get you home, boy, and pray, for I shall not be long."

The did? Yet half a pace aside; and on the very shall amuse me to kill you on the land that will be mine at your death. Get you home, boy, and pray, for I shall not be long."

At the cliff's edge he caught her. Once more he gathered her in his arms and carried her toward the house. She and pray, for I shall not be long."

At the cliff's edge he caught her. Once more he gathered her in his arms and carried her toward the house. She and pray, for I shall not be long."

At the cliff's edge he caught her. Once more he gathered her in his arms and carried her toward the house. She and pray, for I shall not be long."

By C. K. Twyford.

strtched out before her. "The waves! she cried, "the wayes!" "Oh, David, save me from the wayes!" And so crying she came close to him, all but touched him, and passed on without seeing him. Then he understood. She was asleep dreaming of past terrors, "It is a pleasant place," he said, gra- Far below lay the mangled body of She had seen nothing. With God's

ing more and more every instant. And delicately wiped the point of his sword sank in peaceful slumber on his breast

### HIS LORDSHIP'S CHAUFFEUR

They were sitting in two deck chairs of it; the war breaks out, and you elec- Madge, really I don't."

months. You write half a play-youyou-oh, you just dabble, Bob." The girl turned to him. "Bob, dear, please spare me the trouble of saying "No. I really don't see why I should marry you, and, as mamma says, Lord | decidedly shall." Daventry is a much better match."

hidden away among the palms and trify every one by enlisting in the flowers on the roof of the houseboat C. I. V. and going to the front-for six

"What on earth do you mean?" he "Well, you see, I know the symptoms going to marry that young ass, Davso well. When you are going to propose you invariably take your hand-

"I fail to see why I shouldn't," she answered, concealing her amusement.
"Look here," he said, "coming down and standing in front of her, "at the risk of becoming tedious, I have to repeat, Miss Heathmere, that you shall and not with Daventry, and you shall

"Do you know," she continued, ignoring his interruption, "that if I had not stopped you this would have been the seventeenth time that you have proposed to me?"

"Why don't you marry me?" he peat, Miss Heathmere, that you shall never marry Daventry."

Looking up at him, as, he scowled down at her, the girl suddenly realized that she loved him. It had needed just this touch of masterfulness on his part Looking up at him as he scowled entry." to bring the long suspected fact clearly "Frankly, Bob, I don't see why I before her."

"Lord Daventry has invited mamma

whole afternoon's bridge to my interests, I said I would not go; but now,

"Please Madge—as the first favor "What!" he exclaimed. "You don't that I have ever asked—I beg you not carriage at Paddington he made a to 267 Brook street. scriously mean to tell me that you are to go. Let me drive you and your seemingly pointless remark.

> "That will be as I think fit. You shall drive down to Ranelagh with me

take tea with me and not with Day-

"Look here," he said, becoming suddenly serious, "what do you really want me to do? I have dabbled in want me to do? I have dabbled in who were more of wanted could bask in the sunshine of his genius.

Mrs. Heathmere sat in one corner of coat had created quite a sensation the carriage and wondered why she even among those chosen companions who were more or less accustomed to bask in the sunshine of his genius.

Chine started again. They tore down Brook street, shot across Park lane under the nose of a 'bus horse, and flashed round into the park.

and an earldom as well. Yes, there was aroused the envy of a prehistoric rhin- Just as they were nearing Shepherd's others the car gave a sudden swerve

in a desultory sort of way, neither re- utmost care and lunched at his club. since you forbid it, Master Bob, I most decidedly shall."

At 3.30 precisely a flunky anneunced previous evening.

At 3.30 precisely a flunky anneunced his motor. He got into his enormous

seemingly pointless remark.

Turning to Miss Heathmere he said, and after whizzing round the corner

Before either could inquire what he

take tea with me and not with Daventry."

On the following day the week-end house party broke up, and Bob Langley traveled back to town with Mrs. Heathmere and her daughter, much to the former's annovance.

Lord Daventry sat up in his breakfast. He such a charming picture. She stepped lightly into the per party the night before at the Savoy hotel had been eminently successful, his epigrams more brilliant than usual, moreover his row, pink sith dress weeks. his epigrams more brilliant than usual, moreover his new pink silk dress waist-coat had created quite a sensation chine started again. They tore down chine started again the started again. They tore down chine started again the started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again the started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again chine started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again chine started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again chine started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again chine started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again chine started again chine started again. They tore down chine started again chine star the former's annoyance.

Mrs. Heathmere sat in one corner of coat had created quite a sensation

Langley well.

The other two talked commonplaces age to drive himself.

He rose leisurely, dressed with the grip.

The car shot round into Bond street, "Don't be absurd. Of course I shall go with Lord Daventry," she answered. "Wery well; then I shall stop it."
"Thou, pray?"
"Thou the absurd. Of course I shall go with Lord Daventry," she answered. "By the way, I don't know if I told into Brook street at a pace that made his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened of it."
"Bob," she exclaimed, "I don't be lieve the motor ever did run away."
"Bob," she exclaimed, "I don't be his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened of it."
"Thou the absurd. Of course I shall go with Iright, Lord Daventry jumped from the car, handed Mrs. Heathmere out, and was just turning his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened of it."
"Thou the absurd. Of course I shall go with Iright, Lord Daventry jumped from the car, handed Mrs. Heathmere out, and was just turning his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his own motor. I think he is frightened his lordship conclusively clutch at the his lordship conc Mrs. and Miss Heathmere did not ed in a cloud of dust.

meant he had bowed adieu and vanish- keep him long, and as the latter came out in her big coat and a dainty mo-Lord Daventry sat up in his bed and tor cap he thought he had never seen "I don't se what else we can do. And

"Just now, when mamma nobly announced her intention of sacrificing a Langley well.

"Just now, when mamma nobly announced her intention of sacrificing a langley well.

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"Just now, when mamma nobly announced her intention of sacrificing a langley well."

"Just now, w mained obstinate, seemed suddenly to Ranelagh.

> out," shouted the chauffeur. previous evening.
>
> As Langley handed them into their motor coat and told the chaffeur to go to a standstill, while the engines contry should not drive you down here to-

Shaking with fright, Lord Daventry day." mighty crash, the car broke away. "And I think we had better have some

"I think we had better take the Tube "I think we had better take the Tube back," remarked his lordship dolefully, she added. "I don't se what else we can do. And so saying, he seized the unfortunate it will be quite proper, as we are ensuch a charming picture.

She stepped lightly into the car after her mother and shook hands with her the stuffy station.

so saying, he seized the unfortunate gaged."

Mrs. Heathmere and bundled her into the stuffy station.

"What do you mean, Bob? After your disgraceful behavior do you think

"I think I can hold her while you get handed her out. Taking off his cap and The chauffeur calmly got down and mask, he coolly remarked

"Bob," she exclaimed, "I don't be-

"Of course it didn't." he observed. "I shall do no such thing. Besides it

# THE DREAM AND THE WAKING

# Henry Lewis.

"Because," said Robert, gravely, wise about her feet and a rose turked there is only one girl in the world to me, and she don't want me."

The smile died out of Mary's eyes to mire! denote four years ago?

Wise about her feet and a rose turked belind her dainty ear.

Could she be that demure, shrinking country girl whom Robert had escorted to mire! denote four years ago?

The smile died out of Mary's eyes to mire! denote four years ago?

Wise about her feet and a rose turked belind her dainty ear.

To town solely to see Mary, but he did not tell her so just then.

"Of course, you'll stay for a little chat about home folks," she insisted.

"Oh, dear, no," she laughed. "We're chums—good fellows. He is a writer to mire the same with the

dered vaguely if she was the only wo- ingly tall, reed-like woman, whose had flutterd off. Mary lit the pink- talked that question all over and come man in the world to Ted Hartley.

"If she should ever change her mind, danger of slipping off altogether. its half emptied wine glasses, drew up she knows that although I have never the control of the pink-draped lamp on the little stand with its half emptied wine glasses, drew up an easy chair, and seated herself where she knows that, although I have never

ply. Her eyes strayed inadvertently to sideration was the work of Mary's ans we get on swimmingly together."

the picture in his hand, and she won- hands. It was a portrait of an amaz- Robert stayed after the silken throng

That night Hartley called with the proofs of a story which he wanted Mary to read. It was a brilliantly written sketch of the decadent type, in which a man of the world had wooed with a man of the world had wooed with a man of the world had wooed with the proofs of a story which he wanted with unfeigned delight, going forward with outstretched hands. "Robert, indeed I'm very glad to see you, really! These festive friends come in to look at my pictures and drink my health secret hope had helped him through really. It spoils one for the humdrum much toll and disappointment. Now life of the old-fashioned woman." "Why, Robert Nearing!" she cried

nomentarily.

to rural dances four years ago?

"I live here with Miss Gilbert, my
"I'm so sorry, Robert," she said sim
Evidently the painting under conrival in art; and being good Bohemi-

ans we get on swimmingly together." and poses for my sketches. Neither Robert stayed after the silken throng of us think of marriage. We have draped lamp on the little stand with to a sensible understanding." ture and back several times before his the light fell rosily on her pretty, smilan easy chair, and seated herself where the she was that, atthough I have level ture and back several times before his told her so. I have leved her a good many years and always will love her, but—well, it was not to be. That's all."

Then Mary understood in a flash of turned and saw him.

The light fell rosily on her pretty, smiling face. She asked all manner of questions about her old friends and her bud she toyed with.

Then Mary understood in a flash of turned and saw him.

"I don't like the id this way. Mary." sai childhood with paternal tenderness.

and like most of the tribe, poor and charming. He writes stories about me

"Are you giving up hrdinidninunu
"And you've given up the idea of
marrying?" Robert asked.

Mary nodded and bit the tip of the "I don't like the idea of your living childhood with paternal tenderness.

Robert was a man of fine character, low, involuntarily glancing at the wine

now and then," she explained, jauntily. much toil and disappointment. Now life of the old-fashioned woman."

"Are you the hero, Ted?" "I am," he admitted, unblushingly. "And the girl-surely she is a myth?" "Your quondam model, Elenor Frost."

"Ted, you deliberately made her believe that you cared."

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked in a low voice.

"This time-yes."

here, her happy presence was so infec-

Albert Cim.

"Dear, no! said Mary, very positively, with a laugh at the absurdity of
such a thought, "Marriage spoils art.
But what of yourself, Robert? Why
don't you take your own advice and
settle down?"

Said Robert. gravely,

"Bacquise" said Robert. gravely,

"Bacquise" said Robert. gravely.

"That is fust why I object to it. I'd itous, so delightfully genuine. Then to the listening group she said:

"That is fust why I object to it. I'd itous, so delightfully genuine. Then was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of her clinging gown coiled serpentwise about her feet and a rose tucked to town solely to see Mary, but he did

"That is fust why I object to it. I'd itous, so delightfully genuine. Then was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of her clinging gown coiled serpentwise about her feet and a rose tucked to town solely to see Mary, but he did

"That is fust why I object to it. I'd itous, so delightfully genuine. Then
Mary in suddenly she grew moody. Grace tells was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of her clinging gown coiled serpentwise about her feet and a rose tucked to the driver,
wise about her feet and a rose tucked to the driver,

"As a matter of fact, Robert had come to town solely to see Mary, but he did

"I don't like it." Mary told him

"That is fust why I object to it. I'd itous, so delightfully genuine. Then
Mary in suddenly she grew moody. Grace tells was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of the clinging fown coiled serpentwas another man in his light—a man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of the clinging fown coiled serpentwas another of the driver,
was another man in his light—a man of the right to speak, there was another man in his light—a man of the right to speak, there in the midst of the listening group she said:

"That is fust why I object to it. I'd itous, so delightfully genuine. Then was another man in his light—a man of the right to spe "I don't like it," Mary told him frankly; "it leaves a bitter taste in the you blighted an innocent life. Are you alighted and made her way over the

> Ted exclaimed, uneasily. "Squeamish?" she repeated, with Robert sat before the glowing hearth,

> touched hands with a man capable of reflection. A red wave surged across such despicable treachery." such despicable treachery." his face, and he threw a sharp breath
> Ted threw down his story and rose, of startled amazement, but he said

"I succeeded perfectly, as you will see but she waved him back authoratively, never a word.

your guilt, Will you please go now before I despise you too much?"

When the door closed after him Mary

She hesitated, her face blushing and sank into his vacated place on the railing by turns in wavelike succession.

divan and abandoned herself to the "Mary, I never wanted anything or "Now I begin to understand the change in Elenor, I used to have her luxury of tears.

mouth."

"Pays well," said Ted, complacently,
"and by the way, the story is a true growing squeamish at this late day,"

"Oh! come now, Meg, you're not great front door, turned the yielding knob of the partly open door of the liv-

ing room and entered. measureless scorn. "No, I am not his dark head resting on the chair back, squeamish; I am ashamed to have his hands clasped in an attitude of deep.

by the story."

Mary's eyes hardened and a curious pallor supplanted the rose of her Nothing that you can say will lessen right mind—finished with Bohemia for-

luxury of tears.

It was close upon dusk the next day "I'm so glad, Robert," she whispered.

### THE BRACELET

That Paul Holger, the young merchant at Rue Royal, Marseilles, loved chant at Rue Royal, Marseilles, loved Lea de Montague, the beautiful Paristendard of the present, which she, of course, acceptated. "I would give anything to jeweler, "I can show you some other bracelets for that price. They are all bracelets. You can easily make him bean actress, no one could doubt,
And that he intended making her his One day, while taking her customary some, but"—she looked at him. "But

Maybe she did not love him as much, artistically mounted diamond bracelet, will made a reduction." as he loved her, but that was no reawhich appealed strongly to her fancy.

She felt an irresistable desire to posery time Holger would send her a telesess that jewel, and decided to ask

This bracelet is worth three thousand

Whi made a reduction.

They entered the store. "No," said the jeweler, "we only have one price.

A few house and the store of the store of the price of the price of the store of the price of the store o Holger the next time he came if he 'Am leaving for Paris on the 7.30 ex- would not be so good as to acquire it less."

Holger the next time he came if he would not be so good as to acquire it less."

Z man. "My gentleman friend cannot

the stones are not quite so large." Holger looked at Lea.
"No, no," she exclaimed. "I want

this, or none"-And they left the shop.

offer of two thousand francs for the took it along." lieve that you relent, and as I will pay you the other one thousand now, you will not lose anything."

The jeweler agreed; took the money and gave her a receipt. It was no easy task to convince Holger to return to the jeweler's shop and bid again for the bracelet, but at last

But the hours passed and Holger did

"Maybe he's gone over to my house," she thought. And hurried back home in a carriage. Holger had not been there.

at the desk.

"Left?"

"What ceremony?" "Oh, 'tis true," said the man. "Maybe you don't know that he married." "What!" she cried, "married? Mr.

Holger's maried, you say." "Yes, madam, and a beautiful girl, too. He did not know her this morning, yet she is his wife now. He met bedea to find out the truth, she went to his hotel.

"Mr. Holger is not in," she was told at the desk.

"Do you expect him soon?"

"But the friend's house, and he fell in love with her immediately; he proposed, was accepted, and they married at the 'prefecture' three hours ago. I was "No," answered the clerk. "He's left.' one of the witnesses," the man addded, "and was present when Mr. Holger

gram with this announcement: press. Will be with you tomorrow." for her.

wife was also a certainty.

Lea, of course, did not object to this marriage. She could not but appreciof a jeweler's window, which contained

"But asome, but"—she looked at him. "But it costs more than I can afford to spend," he concluded.

"Oh, never mind that," she retorted: of a jeweler's window, which contained among other things a handsome and arristically mounted diamond fracelet.

in the same style as this one, only that

A few hours later Lea returned. She was alone. A few hours later Lea returned. She he condescended.

man. "My gentleman friend cannot not show up.

Lea waited patiently for his return.

"I'll tell you what I can do," said the convince him to return and renew his ger came here several hours ago and She could not understand.

> She waited another hour and then decided to find out the truth, she went

Paul Holger was a very busy man, and only seldom could he afford himself and only seld