

**B**etter a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER IX. THE FULLNESS OF JOY. "Thank goodness that's over!" ex claimed Hal, leaping into the road. me. Jeanne. Wild horses wouldn't drag me into another feed at the Park: not that it was a bad dinnerthat glare and glitter."

ly. \_ "Hush. Hal! You should not say you-a boy."

"Oh, very kind," says Hal, the inthe stars, Mr. Vane!" And he clings to Vernon Vane's arm.

It is one of those nights when one feels the smile of the coming summer in the air, and hears the music of her breath among the trees, through which the stars shine like the shim-

mer of diamonds in a woman's hair. Jeanne looks up and draws a long breath, and Vernon Vane, looking down, watches the rapt beauty of her

face. very beautiful." he says "Yes. it is

he means night, or Jean ne's upturned face, he did not explain.

"Beautiful!" echoes Jeanne, in a whisper: and in her eyes shines the savs, and he bites his mustache. shadowless happiness which knows no past. To her the spring brings no dashed on in front, and is trotting memory of sorrow or bitterness, or fully a couple of hundred vards ahead disappointment. She cannot tell why,

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bitterly Intense. But Jeanne, faintly love you!' troubled and full of an aching unrest, does not understand. She is still asleep spell of innocence. "I think I know my own meaning now, when I painted that picture. Do you care to hear it?" "Tell me," says Jeanne, simply. "It is the portrait of a girl whom saw-whom I read of-" Jeanne utters a low cry of alarm, the cry of the newly-born soul, startand lays one hand flutteringly on his led and terrified by the sudden light arm. It was only an owl which has and knowledge. flown from the old elms with a shriek; but Jeanne's nerves are highly strung enly, and remorsefully; "have I frightened you, my darling?" to-night. With a little gasp she takes her hand away, and shrinks from his side come near me yet," she gasps, broken again, but her touch, light as it was, ly, almost inaudibly, and, as she dirhas sent the blood to Vernon Vane's ects, he stands immovable, but quiverface, and his words came more quick- ing. ly and intensely. "This girl-of my picture-lived in lost love!' village a long way out of the mad world; she was a child, so young, so innocent, that she did not even know that she was beautiful. I tried to paint her face as I saw it first, with the golden gleam in her hair, the light of laughter in her dark eyes----"She has the blue eyes in the pic ture." savs Jeanne, softly. "----but failed: no hand could d it, not the mightiest that ever wield ed brush, for the sweet, innocen purity no one can give on canvas or poem. This child-girl of mine had lived all her life in this one village. untainted and unstained by one world ly thought, until there comes a light hearted fool-a man of the world steeped to the neck in the selfishness of his class, and, true to his creed, he pours into her ear a false and unreal account of the delights of the world beyond her. He casts over her a lying lamour which fills her mind with un st and longing, and, caught by the rap which he has set, he, for the mo forgets his selfishness and his reed, and offers her the hollow which he calls hi The stern, savage tones sink int

skirt at lower edge is 11% yard. A pattern of this illustration mail-It is said at last! the magic words ed to any address on receipt of 15c. were spoken which breaks the long in silver or stamps. "Jeanne," he says, passionately A PRACTICAL SET OF "SHORT bending down to her and holding out CLOTHES." his arms toward her. "I love you." But before his hands can touch her she shrinks away, and with a cry

covers her face with her hands. It is Pattern 3441 is here portrayed. cut in 5 Sizes: 6 mos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size will require 3% yards of 27 inch material for the Dress, 1% yard for the Slip, and 1 vard for the Drawers. Muslin, cambric or nainsook, would e good for slip and drawers. The dress may be of silk, voile, lawn, batiste, dimity, chambrey or gingham. A pattern of this illustration mail

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NOTE:--Owing to the continual ad-ance in price of paper, wages, etc., Don't say Paper, say The Evening Telegram. FOR SALE BY ALL DRU eanne's heart, and set her trembling. AND FIRST-CLASS GROCE Insensibly she shrinks away from him ! ...

"Jeanne-Jeanne!" he says, brok

"No-no, don't touch me; don't

"Is it as I feared? Oh, Jeanne, my

(To be continued.)

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