TWO

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXVII-CONTINUED

"Say," whispered the warden, "if you don't want to leave your cell again to day, you needn't. You look bad."

"Thank you," replied Hal, in weak tones. "I'd like to stay in Captain Hines's cell, for it get's the morning

"Vory well," said the warden, and he permitted the young man to pass

A few minutes later, in Captain Hines's cell, Hal'sunbuttoned coat revealed the rusty spade. "Lieutenant Todd," said the Cap-

tain, gravely, "you deserve 'honor-able mention and promotion!" The tain, gravely, you deserve hand. The able mention and promotion!' The way you took possession of the enemy's arms was the neatest thing I ever saw.'' The at the signal they rose, quickly,

'It wasn't the most pleasant I ever experienced," remarked Hal, dryly. "I reckoned it up during breakfast, and not less than a thousand pounds were rolled over me this morning."

With the spade in their possession the work of tunnelling became com-paratively easy. But now, with the ospect of escape almost a cer-inty, another difficulty loomed before them—they had no money. By bribery Hal managed to send a letter to Virginia, telling her of their in-tention, and dire need of funds to carry it to a success. After a period of waiting, her reply came in a pair of beautifully embroidered slippers. But the authorities were fully as sbrewd as the fair sender, and when Ial received them the slippers Hai received them the scrutiny showed how severe was the scrutiny to which they had been subjected. The lining of cherry silk was ripped apart, and red roses and green leaves had been slashed across; even the soles were cut in places, and Hal smiled bitterly as he saw how completely Virginia's scheme had mis-

Wonder where they found the money ?' said Captain Hines, as they gazed upon the mutilated footwear "Gad! I don't envy the one who had no more manliness than to destroy a lady's handiwork."

Hal patched up the slippers and found them so comfortable he grew almost reconciled to the loss of the found them so c gold. The tunnel was now finished, but the hearts of the daring plotters sank lower each day, for all would be in vain unless they could provide themselves with citizen's clothes and transportation. General Morgan never lost hope, and finally set the day for their escape, trusting to good fortune to carry them in safety to their friends in Kentucky.

One morning, with other of the officers, he was engaging the warden in conversation, as had been his wont for weeks, to prevent that keen. eyed martines from making a tco careful survey of the vacant cells. Suddenly he turned to Hal, who was playing chess nearby, and said : "Lieutenant Todd, will you con-

firm a statement of mine ? I hold that it is possible for a man, proagile and a good climber. vided he is agile and a good climber, to escape from this prison through the sky light, by means of the balconies. The warden thinks it could not be done, but is willing that you should make the trial." Hal sprang to his feet. As he

him : quickly forward, the heel of moved "Miss Castleton is not with us one of the slippers got caught on the edge of a small ladder that was lying To our deep regret, she has returned on the floor. The outer piece of to Georgetown. But she left a letter leather gave way, and Hal Todd's hears seemed to cease its pulsations, his hand. Hurriedly Hal broke the his fine car caught the faint r of gold. Virginia had secreted the money in the heels of the slippers ! To move even an inch was to entire ly loosen the slight hold of the few remaining tacks, thereby betraying the secret ; while not to obey his chief's command was equally as dan gerous. He knew, moreover, that this command was a part of Morgan's scheme, as he desired to obtain some knowledge of the yard into which the tunnel would open and the height of the wall that rose between and the street below. Hal threw despairing glance at General lorgan, who looked with wonder on the hesitating officer. But before a

gold eagles and banknotes of large condemnation and punishment be-stowed without even the pretence of a trial. The military authority was a trial. The military authority in the ascendent, and before it civil was rendeted helpless.

denominations. "Trust a woman's plan never to fail!" he cried exultantly to himself, as he secured the money. Then he carefully replaced the cover of leather and again slipped his feet into the slippers, while in the corri-dor without Hal was causing, as it seemed to General Morgan and the other men, an unnecessary amount of confusion because of the disap-pearance of his footwear. Thus the last difficulty had been removed. They had now but to make their escape. The night was set for Howard Dallas had drunk his our Howard Dallas had drunk his cup of sweet revenge. With her father sleeping in his soldier's grave and her brother marching South with Sherman, Lucy Menefee was wholly at the mercy of the man she had made her enemy, and, with her in-valid aunt, was sent by him to the woman's prison in Louisville; while by a method peculiar to the time, the great plantation and valuable nerson.

removed. They had now but balance their escape. The night was set for the 26th of November; the hour, that after the sentry had passed on his midnight round. An opening had been cut from the air-chamber into the floor of each cell, a covering great plantation and valuable person-al estate of the dead Union officer fell into his hands. A strong Union ist, but prevented by ill-health from bearing arms in defence of his cause, her brother in law had been torn as thin as an eggshell having been left to screen the aperture from the from his home and ordered into the "Rebel lines," while the young wife detection of the wardens. In anxious dread, that little baud of grimly was compelled to fly to friends in the far North to save herself from shar ing the fate of her aunt and sister. One still remained unpunished, Vir ginia, and her time came when the wily Claricee brought about the cap-ture of Clay Powell. Twice during that lorg summer had Dallas sent Mrs. Powell word that the opportunity Then at the signal they rose, quickly, quictly. Placing the previously pro-vided dummy on their beds, and striking the thin coating of stone that concealed the opening, they let themselves down into the air-chamber. One by one they passed through the tunnel, and when the leader had cut the sod which had been left untouched to acreen their work from the eyes of passers through the yard, they stood once more on earth, free men Ah, not yet! Beyond were the kennels. with the savage she desired had come ; but each time she stayed the sentence of the cabal, and instead of Clay Powell, another Confederate prisoner lost his life because somewhere in the State a lovalist had suffered from the guerillas or the hatred of a secret foe of his own party.

"You will wait until it is too late," earth, free men 'Ah, not yell Beyond were the kennels, with the savage dogs; before them, the high wall to be scaled. The old device was theirs —a rope made of bed clothes. Swiftly, noiselessly, they crossed the yard—it would not have been well for man or brute that would have enhe said to her one October day. "While he is practically without a friend-for those he possesses are either prisoners themselves or be-lieve that the is safe in the Southstill you do not know when Mr. Davidson will mysteriously turn up, countered them in that moment-reached the wall, climbed to its top and-'

"But I do !" said Mrs. Powell, in her sharpest tones. " Mr. Davidsor is now in his fool's retreat-" "What ! at Willow-wild ?" cried

let themselves down again to earth, and—were free! A long hand clasp, a whispered God-speed, and they separated into small parties to make Dallas, springing to his feet. their way, by various routes, to Ken-tucky. General Morgan, with Cap-"Not at Willow wild," she replied tain Hines and Hal, went to the Union station and took the train for "he will not be there for almly; several weeks." Cincinnati. When the train slowed

"Will you explain ?" he asked seating himself. "Who is Mr. David up at a surburban station of that city the three man quistly dropped them-selves from the steps of the train and son ?" "A fool !" she returned, "Was he always one ?" asked he,

with a smile. "From the hour he saw Mary

selves from the steps of the train and struck across the country for the Ohio River. The end of their walk brought them, at day-break, directly opposite the long, low house where dwelt General Morgan's friend. They found a boat waiting for them. With a cheer Hal snatched up the oars, and in a few minutes his feet ware set on Kantucky soil. His hor Clay," she answered, and her eyes seemed to send out sparks of fire. Her listener knew that he had now touched upon dangerous ground, but he resolved to make a bold dash

were set on Kentucky soil. His boy-ish spirits mounted with the occa-Oh ! Clay Powell's mother ? She sion, and as his companion moved to must have been a most fascinating ward the house he took off his hat. lady. Lady ?" said Mrs. Powell, elevat and waving it toward the opposite

shore, sung out : "Adieu ! Adieu ! Ohio Shore ing her eyebrows, though her voice quivered with the heart's suppressed hatred. "Lady ?" she repeated. hope I'll never see thes more How's that for impromptu verse-mak-ing, Captain ?" and he slapped the tall Captain Hines enthusiastically "Was she not one ?" asked he

with assumed carelessness ; and his hearer laughed bitterly. "Ladies do not, as a rule, come out "Not as striking, by any means, as of log houses and go from one plantayour manner of emphasizing it," was tion to another to help sew for slaves, the Irish soldier's dry comment,

do they? That was Mary Clay! Born in wretchedness, nursed in poverty, ignorance, and toil, she proved her-A glad welcome awaited the Genself the worthy result of such condi hospitable Kentucky gentleman, but Hal's eyes often wandered toward the door, and greatly he wondered why

Virginia was not there to great him, with their host and his beautiful wife. When breakfast was over, the lady drew Hal aside, and said to self up as the rival of Angie Kert-ridge " threw in Dallas, with a smile in his cruel eyes. She turned upon him fiercely, stung out of her abitual stern silence. " She lied, and knew she lied, your

mother, when she gave you that version of my story !" she cried. " I-why, I would no more have stooped to take revenge on a creature like Mary Clay than I would beat the

I said men are merciless

"How are you able to state the large lustrous eyes, and the white lace time of Mr. Davidson's return ?" lace curtain threw out into bold re-b pressed. "He will not be here before the dark face. He met her look with a exact time of Mr. Davidson's return ?"

"He will not be here before the last week in November," she said. "And when he comes he will find that I was again too quick for him. I do not wait for the stars to guide me. He is a fool." smile.

"Yes, I think so," he said, answer-ing her question. "Own up I am correct. "Didn't you look for ms yes-terday evening? Didn't you want me?" "What makes you think so ?" she maked, with something like a curl at the corner of her lips. 'I felt it," he replied. "Then your failings deceived you "So," said Howard Dallas, musing-ly, "he loved Clay Powell's mother.

Why did they not marry ?" For a moment she looked at him thoughtfully, as 'is his question had given a new aspect to the story; then said, carelessly: "I was never interested enough in

-Mr. Davidson-to inquire." "But I am interested enough to want to find why this mysterious man has set himself to act the part

of guardian to Clay Powell, and why it is that he has the knack of turning up at the right time." " I have already answered the first question : because he is a fool ; and

homas Todd came."

'That he loves me now as he loved

I assure you, for the second time, that he will come too late when he comes in November," she continued. A few weeks later he thought she would make good her words, for a servant brought him a message that one of her negroes had been shot the night before while keeping guard over his mistress's place. Nightly she had stationed the old man on the front lawn, and faithful in freedom as he had been in slavery, he kept watch while the nousehold slept in security. Sometimes a prowling dog

would cross the lawn, often the rab-bits would steal out from their nests, but never a human being had come to disturb the simple thoughts of the old negro as he marched to and fro under the stars, until that night when, turning unexpectedly in his walk, he saw a figure, bent under a heavy weight, stealing away from the quarters.'

"Halt!" he cried. The surprised you ?" hief dropped his burden, turned, and the moonlight fell on the face of the me three years ago," she answered, her eyes on his, her smile defiantly "blue-gummed" negro. Before the old man could raise his gun, the other drew out his pistol. The next meeting his smile ; and her expres sion of pleasure grew more pro-nounced as she saw the blood run up other drew out his piscol. The best instant, a long, quivering cry rang out and Joe's long watch was over, while the assessin lifted his sack of stolen meat and continued his way and color his white brow. "And what did you say to him ?" to Georgetown. The next morning one of the children stumbled over the stark body that was partially hidden low, long laugh. in the long, brown grass. Mrs. when she came to the place and looked down on the calm, black face, the stiff hands still clasping the unavailing gun, a smile of exultation said to him." ighted her eyes, and turning to the roup of frightened servants bade one go for Mr. Dallas ; then she ordered the others to carry the dead man to his cabin and make him ready for burial. Clarisse, who had

been aroused by the cries and confusion, was waiting for her cousin in the second parlor. "What has happened, Cousin

Angie ?" she said. 'Joe was shot last night," she replied. "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the girl. to her. You ran against the

"Who could have done it? The Rebels ?" ent l'

"I suppose so," returned Mrs. Powell, and began to pace the floor, nervously awaiting the coming of Dallas. When he arrived, she said : "Have I lost anything by the de-

lay ?' 'I believe that you have gained," he said; then he bowed over Clarisse's extended hand, saying solicitously : "It is dreadful that this had to happen to disturb you so early." "Isn't it awful !" she cried. "Poor

to harm him ?"

old Joe! Who would have the heart

tion !'

face; then he stepped to her side, and leaning an elbow on the sill, took one of her hands and laid it on his lips.

his ever, but she met it calmly and "I am not the woman who forgives for the mere asking."

"Yes, I think so," he said, answer-

"I felt is," he replied. "Then your feelings deceived you very much. I read to Cousin Angle for an hour after supper, and then went to bed and to sleep." "That is not so !" and he set his small, even teeth and looked down on her in silence. "Perhaps you did read to your cousin," he continued, but after she went unstairs you but after she went upstairs you stayed for half an hour, and then-"You must have a magician' tube," she said, with a laugh. Then: "How do you know so much ?" "Now do you know so much ?" "No matter," he said. But he laughed again and grew silent. "Clarisse," he said, "you look pale this morning. What did Thomas Todd say to you last night ?" "He said that you are an artful, mergiliss morn That you loved

merciless man. That you loved Mattie Menefee, and because she Mattie Menefee, and because she wouldn't marry you, you gave out it was you who broke the engage-ment, that you have never ceased to pursue her and hers, and cruelly destroyed their happiness; that you have not spared Miss Castleton, and will not stop your persecution of her while she lives ; that I should, as he warned me long ago, avoid you, for once you gained power over one you are relentless, if she or he dare cross her anger and lasting hatred, you" "Nice and friendly of Captain Thomas, I declare!" said Dallas, with

his smile. "So much for what he said of me. Now what did he say to become my wife.'

THE LOAN FROM GOD

It was almost midnight, but with the wild applause still pulsating in her ears sha knew the quivering he asked, slowly, his eyes and smile emphasizing the words. But she did not answer, and then he laughed a nerves would not permit There was nothing for it but to lie back in the easy chair to ruminate happily behind closed eyelids while Shall I tell you what you said ?" her maid flitted about unobtrusively he asked, quickly. "No!" she said, without thought, but added instantly: "Tell me what you think. You can not know what I in her retiring preparations. Every success paled before the one of this night, achieved before her most critical audience since coming back to America. She knew it for the indelible stamp of approval. It was

"He said I was pitiless, didn't he ? Well, I am, and I'll not spare you, for I know that you sent for him, the apex of her struggle for recog-nition-the bitter fight for the life thinking to punish me! You told Thomas Todd, Clarisse, to prove his of her talent was over.

The comfortable room, redolent of love in the surest way a man doesher favorite perfume, almost home by offering to make you his wife. And he told you that he could not, like in its appointments (even to the pretty canary twittering uneasily in for he considers bimself still bound its cage), gave no intimation of the bleak winter night outside. She to Bessie; that nothing but her death or marriage with another closed her happy reverie by suddenly could absolve him from his promise rising and slipping across to the win dow, drawing the heavy curtains to of a Todd, my Clarisse, and found that it could be broken, but never look out at the forbidding scene. A tew belated pedestrians still forced their way through the storm in the white glitter of the square beneath. The colour left her face, but she said when he ceased : "You have a very vivid imagina She smiled in a self satisfied manner as her mind reverted to the many magnificent rooms and brilliant cafes in which she was at this moment the He studied her for a while, then re

marked, with a laugh : "How like a woman to attempt a denial of her defeat ! Ob, Clarisse, I in which she was at this moment the topic of conversation—she who but a year ago had been poor, lonely, almost friendless. Ab, her wonder ful genius had forced this tribute ! didn't learn that from my imagina-tion, but-shall I tell from whom?" A door in the rear creaked faintly "Yes," she said, an angry light in as she turned to give a new instruc-tion to Madeline—the words died on

her dark eyes. "Yourself !" and again he laughed. her lips, for it was a man she con-She turned her head quickly and

"This is a specimen of what the gazed out of the window. For a fronted, standing on the rim of the Rebels are doing throughout the time he regarded her half averted lamp. Her first frichtaned glance fronted, standing on the rim of the showed her a precisely garbed individual in evening clothes, a fur lined coat hanging over one arm, the expansive shirt front centered by s flaming jewel throwing an almost

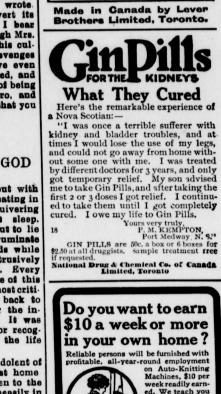
for the mere asking." "A woman always gets the worst of any conflict with a man," he said. "Clarisse, I'll buy your forgiveness. I'll give it to you to yet show Thomas Todd that small hands can deal stinging blows." And with the words, he left the Park. Late that afternoon he went to Lexington to be Wirs Deveille spice

Lexington to lay Mrs. Powell's griev ance before General Burbridge. He found that military leader in one of his bad moods, for the Confederates had won a decided victory over a part of his command that was stationed near Mt. Sterling; so, with out inquiring into the case, he wrote an order that two of the soldiers then confined in the Georgetown jail should be taken to the Park gate and shot in retaliation for the murder of Mrs. Powell's negro servant. At the suggestion of Howard Dallas, the Union soldiers commissioned to exa-cute the order were to be under the

command of Captain Thomas Todd. Mr. Dallas sought his private office and wrote a letter to Virginia Castleton. He held the winning card now, he told her, and as she had been scornful, he would be pitiless. been scornrul, he would be pittess. She had thrust herself between him and, his happiness in her desire to warn her friend; now he could ruin her life joy and he would not hesitate. "Clay Powell's death war rant has been signed," he wrote "No power on earth can avert its execution unless I will it. I bear the man no hatred, and though Mrs. Powell has long waited for this cul-mination of her many revenges against his father, I will brave even

save him from the ignominy of being shot at her gate, for a negro, and will do it on one condition-that you

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ready Hines called : "Get out of your slippers, Todd, and show us how good Scott County boys can climb !" And as Hal obeyed, he mentally ready Hines called :

word could be uttered, the ever-

questioned why, of late, his wits seemed to be wool gathering. While the others watched the agile Lieutenant as he sprang from one of the iron balconies to another, thus proving, to the warden's discomfiture, that at least one of the confederate prisoners could go to freedom by the sky-light, it he so desired and fate were propitious. Captain Hines walked carelessly to where the discarded lippers, with their hoarded treasure lay. He drew the one from under the ladder, quickly and firmly press-ing the loosened tacks back into their places ; then, as he caught the eyes of one of the subaltern officials fastened upon him, he quietly re-moved his own shoes and thrust his feet into his friend's slippers. Lift ing his glance and meeting that of the guard, he smiled and whispered "I'll lave me brogans here for the youngster. Don't give away the joke. He will think the corporal has

them, and there will be a row to brighten up the afternoon."

Saying which, the wily Captain steelled leisurely to his cell. When alone, he quickly detached the outer alone, he quickly piece of leather from the wide and somewhat high heels. This revealed a cavity in which were stored several

seal, and what he read on the small sheet of paper made him catch the table for support. He re read the words, then, like one in a trance, he crossed to General Morgan and handed him the note. Then the young heart that had endured so dust that chances to lie in my path ! She cculd no more have helped her Suse could no more nave neiged her base nature than the worm can its vileness. No! no! no!" her voice rising into a wild note, " not on her, but him! him! To be cast off by much gave way, and throwing him-self on a chair, Hal hid his face in his hands and sobbed aloud ; for this was him for a thing like her ! And afte what I had done for him! Oh, Christ, men are merciless!" Then she men are merciless!" Then she turned to Dallas and half closed her what Virginia had written : evelids, and thus looking at him

on the shoulder.

"I have received this morning a letter from Mr. Howard Dallas. Colonel Powell, who we thought was seemed like a snake ready for a spring. she began, "and you are a man, and I have known few to whom the sate in the South, has been in prison in Georgetown since July; and"epithet is more applicable. You have only to speak and smile to inflict the letters here betrayed how the hand had trembled that penned those direful words—" yesterday General Burbridge sentenced him to be shot orture. 'Thank you !" he said, sarcastic

at the Park gate." The date of the letter showed that it was written five days previously.

CHAPTER XXVIII

upon my enemies." She looked at him, at the handsome, delicately cast features and tall, graceful figure ; then with a sar-A reign of terror existed in Ken-A reign of server existed in Ach-tucky, Guerilla warfare was ram-pant on both sides ; military murder was the order of the day ; robbery and imprisonment, even of those whose loyalty was unquestionable, were constantly perpetrated ; and every man who held a grudge against every man who held a grudge against tail, graceful igure; usen with a sar-donic smile turned her eyes toward the window, which showed her the late, brilliant autumn flowers; and Howard Dallas smiled, too. After a while, he said : "This is not business, however. have always found that delays ar

another was free to avenge it under the iniquitous regime of General Burbridge and his cabal. This "Council of Evil," as it was called, dangerous. I recommend that the next time the Georgetown prisoner is selected by-General Burbridge, to be shot in retaliation "-and the had its headquarters at Lexington, and was composed of three members of the military and two citizens ; of smile again crossed his face with the marked emphasis on the last words -" you enter no opposition. I am fast beginning to think that you have the latter, one was Howard Dallas. They controlled the actions of Generit in your heart to yet save the handal Burbridge, and their motive, in the some son of yourgreat majority of cases, was purely

"Former lover," she supplied. Don't hesitate, my dear Howard ! personal. The man of wealth and influence secured his safety by pur-chasing their goodwill, while an enemy was lost once he sell under My cars are not accustomed to the phrase, it is true, for your parents' generation and mine were refined and delicate. I knew that I should their power. It was in vain that Governor Bramlette uttered proclama.

have to pay for coming to the young, but I was willing. You are mistaken, tions against the "Council of Evil" and its tool, General Burbridge ; in however, in your belief. I might, indeed, have liked young Powell, were vain were his appeals to President Lincoln to interpose the strong arm he not his father's son. This is only October ; I have still several weeks." of his power and save incorruptible patriots and innocent citizens from

State," he remarked, "You are to be congratulated," he went on to Mrs. Powell, "that they contented themselves with killing your servant." "But I demand reparation!" she

cried, her glittering eyes fastened on him. "The wrong that has been done to me must not be passed unnoticed. The Rebels have killed my servant while he was fulfilling his duty as guard over my house. The next time they will kill me, if this murder is not made an example of, if an illustration is not given them that the government is determined to protect the lives and fortunes of its supporters. I send for you to lay the wrong that I last night suffered before General Burbridge, and say for me that, as a loyal Unionist, I look to him for a vindication of my ally. "I wish all were as suscepti-ble to that easily inflicted torture as you seem to be. I shall make it a point to frequently talk to and smile right, nay, demand it of him. He will not refuse me," she added, "and well, I can trust the rest to you." With these words she left the room. "That means, I suppose," said Clarisse, "that Mr. Powell must be selected as the victim ? Oh," with an affected shudder, "it is horrible !" "The fortunes of war," he said,

lightly. A silence fell, and after a minute

he went to her side, and drawing her hand under his arm, he laid it on his breast. "Have you no greeting for me ?"

he said, slightly bending his head toward her. She flashed him a look, with a laugh, and attempted to draw her hand away; but he held her closer to him. She again looked at, aim, but without laughing this time, and he bent and kissed her.

"I have not seen you for an age," he said, as he went with her to the window. "Whose fault was it ? I was at

home," she remarked. "The last time I was here you

reated me so badly I swore I would punish you for it." "And stayed away ? Do you think

that was a punishment?" She leaned her head against the window-She

crossing me, Clarisse ?" He had raised himself, and was leaned her head against the window-sill as she regarded him with her looking at her, a passionate gleam in rare smile toning the monotonous in-

"Are are angry, Clarisse ?" he asked, still clasping her hand. "You phosphorescent tint on the pallid features, mustache and imperial. look so handsome when you have that fire in your eyes and that curl Even in the shadowy, illusive light he revealed himself — Frederick on your lips that I half wish you would be angry all the time." But she coldly drew away her fingers, and continued to gaze past his face toward the flowers.

Maurepas, her old music teacher. "Le petit maitre !" she gasped. The waxen features wrinkled in the old, inscrutable smile-a trifle sadder than of yore. "You have not forgotten me, then?" "Clarisse," he said, after a thought-

ful pause, "look at me and listen to me!" When, at last, she brought her eyes back to his, he went on : "I am what Thomas Todd told you in mingled cynical surprise and hope "Forgotten you ?' sinking dazedly into the cushioned seat without once removing her eyes from the mag-netic ones. "But who could? Be seated." -a cruel man and a revengeful one. Some women can overlook and forgive even that in a man, when they "Merci, mademoiselle." He com

love him as a woman ought to love but no woman ever loved me as I wanted to be loved." He searched plied only to the extent of leaning a trifle more comfortably against the chair near which he stood. Thus her face but it was not less cold and still than that of the marble Diana the former associates, strangers since she started on her conquering course that stood in a niche above her. "When the woman I loved threw me and he slipped back into his sodden existence, renewed their intimacy. over for a foolish notion," he went on, "well, all the latent cruelty and His mere presence mirrored for her again the crude, ugly, struggling slip

revengefulness of my nature were fully and forever aroused. Why did of femininity she had been, battling the nipping courtesy of the artistic Paris. She saw again the barrackyou draw it upon yourself by treat ing me as you did the last time I was here? Why, then, when you did, couldn't you bear with a little of it, and not wake all the devil in me by like pension, the surly, ungracious old concierge, the leering native students. Maurepas was not, indeed and not wake all the user in the by the lines. In the by the sending for that young fool? What the great master who had fialled the did you gain by it? Only to hear voice out of her (he was too yielding, from him what you ought to have too debased, to head any institution). from him what you ought to have thown, and make me prove to you that I am all he said I was. Am I assert itself between the absinthe dethat I am all he said I was. Am I assert itself between the absinthe de-entirely to blame? You say that a man ought to be generous and noble into his magic circle. She, the in his treatment of a woman ; that gritty, plunging little American, he should forgive it that she will debeen one. How she had begged been one. How she had begged him liberately do the things that hurt his love and pride, that shake his con fidence in her, that disappoint him. infidel style. But he loved her all fidence in her, that disappoint him. But that is not the man I am. Whothe more for her tense religion.

ever gets anything over me pays for it. Did I make you pay so dearly for "I heard you to night," he mur-mured in some constraint. "I didn't shame you ?"

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He sold a was a fine horse and had nothing the matter will in. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything abouthorses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the lorse inn talright." Well, I didn t like that. I was afraid the horse wasn' "airight" and that I might have to whistle for my mon-ey if lonce parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines-the "1900 Grav-ity" Washer.

Machines-the "1900 Crav-ity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as thought about the horse and about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

thought about the horse, with "Discover indication of the second of the

had

Address me personally, M. O. Morris, Mgr., Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Torento, Ost. (Factory: 79-81 Portland St., Toronto.)

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