The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXII.

"All right," says Archie; "but there is one thing I want you to do first. I've been looking at my silk—that's the ridiculous jacket I ride in, you know," he explains, "and it is really so dirty and dilapidated that I must have a new one. Is there any one in this benighted, but lovely spot, who can sew it together?"

"Let me see it?" says Lady Brookley.

He jumps up and goes into the house, and they hear him singing all the way up the stairs and through the open window of his room, and presently he comes down with what looks like a blue and white silk rag in his hand.

"Good gracious me!" exclaims Lady Brookley. "Is that it? I should think that you do want a new one."

Dulcie takes it out of her hand and examines it.

"It is very simple," she says. "Leave it to me, and I will see about it," and she puts it behind her.

"Will you really?" he says, gratefully.

"Yes, I will, really," she retorts, with a smile. "It is very pretty—pale blue with white stripes."

He nods.

"Yes, the family colors. We won the Derby with 'em once."

"And you shall win this race with them now," she says, with a sudden light in her eyes.

"That's a happy augury," he responds. "I take it as a challenge. Now, go and get your things on, and I will show you the course."

Dulcie runs into the house, and takes the jacket with her; then, when she reaches her room, she rings for Sarah.

"Sarah," she says, with a matter-of-fact tone that is belied by the faint flush on her cheeks, "I want you to go into the town and match this silk for me. If they haven't got it, they must send to London for it, and let me have it as quickly as possible."

"Yes, miss," says Sarah, dutifully.

"And—and, Sarah, don't say anything about it to any one."

"Certainly not, miss," rejoins Sarah, and then departs, wondering what on earth the strange garment can be.

Then Dulcie puts on her hat and jacket and goes down, and they set off, Archie explaining, on their way, the characteristics of a steeple-chase, and expatiating on the merits of the Cricket.

They go through the valley to an open space beyond the hills, in which already workmen hav been employed in cutting artificial ditches, and erecting lodges and hurdles that look so formidable that Lady Brookley, peering at them through her eyeglass, utters an exclamation.

"Isn't it rather a dangerous course, Archie?" she asks.

He laughs lightly.

"No, not more than usual. But these are nothing. Come and see the water-jump."

And he leads them round the course to the spot near the winning-post. Here has been dug a huge ditch, which the men are now engaged in filling with water.

It looks like a wide and awe-inspiring leap, rendered all the more difficult by a high hedge of hurdles and furze placed immediately in front of it.

Lady Brookley stares at it, and gives vent to a shary little grunt.

"No horse could possibly jump that!" she says, confidently.

Dulcie looked at it in silence, but her face is very grave.

Archie laughs.

"Not many," he says, lightly; "but the Cricket can. I've tried him at a worse jump than that, if anything, and I'm fully confident. You will see he will hop over it like a bird!"

"I don't think I shall see, because I don't think I shall come," retorts the old lady. "I don't want to sit staring while you break your neck, you foolish boy!"

Archie laughs again.

"Oh!" but you must come, you know," he says. "You will be here of course?"

"Which implies that I should not mind looking on while you break your neck," says Dulcie, with a smile; but she eyes the long water-jump with anything but a mirthful expression.

"Come away, if it makes you nervous," he says.

But he leaves them for a moment to speak to the men, and Dulcie's face grows paler still as she turns to Lady Brookley.

"Is there really any danger?" she asks.

The old lady shrugs her shoulders.

"There would be for any ordinary rider, my dear," she replies, "but Archie rides like a jockey. The foolish boy does most useless things admirably—riding, and fishing, and shooting. At any rate, you will have an Admirable Crichton for a husband, my dear."

Evidently the coming steeple-chase has created some excitement in the neighborhood, for, before they leave the course, several groups of people from the neighboring town and villages come up and stand about, watching the preparations with the most profound interest, and hats are uplifted respectfully as Sir Archie strides across the course, looking very fit and sportsman-like in his white flannels.

"That's Sir Archibald Hope as is going to ride the Cricket," Dulcie hears one man say, "and very likely to win he is—that is if the Cricket don't get one of his nasty fits."

And Dulcie, as she enters the carriage, mentally ponders over the man's words. To jump the huge yawning ditch is bad enough, but on a horse that is subject to "nasty fits," makes the matter worse; but it is difficult to feel apprehension in the presence of Archie, with his bright smile and dauntless laugh, and they go home merrily enough.

"Well, Sarah?" says Dulcie, as the faithful "curiosity," as Lady Brookley still calls her, enters the room to dress her young mistress.

"They haven't got it, miss, but they'll get it. The man in the shop seemed to know all about it. 'It's the Hope colors,' he said, and he promised to send the silk to-morrow, miss."

"Very well," says Dulcie; then she looks round. "Sarah, I want you to find me a light-blue dress—there is an old one there, I think—and trim it with some white lace——"

"Why, that will be Sir Archibald's colors, too, miss!" says Sarah, with a Smile, and Dulcie nods with a little flush.

Yes, she will wear his colors, and she will be there, though her heart should stand still as the horse with the "nasty fits" approaches that awful jump.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Like Macbeth, the Duke of Gretnam has murdered sleep—at least for Lucy Fairfax.

All that evening one sentence rings in her ears, and haunts her, chiming in with Lady Falconer's prosy voice, and Edie's laugh, and Maud's thin treble, and the sentence is:

"To-morrow I shall be a duchess!"

A duchess! Not a mere baronet's wife, but a duchess. Mistress of vast estates and long rent-rolls, and owner of the far-famed Gretnam diamonds.

The vision almost dazzles her, but still she manages to talk and smile; smile in her soft, sympathetic manner, as she sits bending over her fancy work, and listening to unsuspecting Maud's endless allusions to the "kind duke," and the great place at Gretnam. Perhaps one-half the delight which possesses this successful schemer is the thought that she has outwitted the old lady and the laughter who have befriended and protected her—and patronized her—for so long.

At times, at ill moments, a queer little feeling, half remorse, half shame, comes upon her as she thinks of Hugh, high-minded, single-hearted Hugh, the man who believes her to be all that is good and true; but she crushes "the weakness," as she deems it, down, and keeps repeating to herself the magic words:

"A duchess!"

But she plays her part admirably, and when they are preparing to retire, it is she who bends over Lady Falconer and kisses her dutifully, and not content with kissing Maud, she puts her arm round her waist and embraces her.

"You silly girl," she murmurs, "you will not sleep to-night for thinking of your duke."

And Maud, simpering and coloring, pushes her away, playfully, and murmurs, "Don't be foolish, my dear! of course I shall not think of him."

Then, in the silence of her own room, she begins her preparations. She packs her wardrobe, ready to be sent for, perhaps from Gretnam, she thinks, and sets out the plain dark dress which will be her marriage one. Then she opens her writing-case and sits, pen in hand, and with her thin lips compressed. After all she will not desert Hugh without a word. She will write to him a nice, soothing letter, the sort of letter that shall shift the blame, if there is any, on to his shoulders and shall make it appear as if she were sacrificing herself rather than otherwise.

And so, with a hand that does not tremble, and with a pen that scarcely falters, she writes:

(To be Continued.)

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War News

Messages Received Previous to A

WAR REVIEW

While in the main troops who are consolidating sitions they won in the two days' battle in the Cambrai, considerable h of a local character is t on numerous sectors whe mans are endeavoring t the English, Scotch, Welsh contingents, whose drive them virtually upon the Cambrai. Especially seve the fighting around Crevecoeur, vres and Bourlon Wood, of which regions at last acc British cavalry was open liantly in an endeavor t and capture the wood whi give to General Byng a po inating the entire battl the ground previously gai British has been held up day, and in addition west vres an elevation dominat section of the canal Du N town of Moeuvres, which hands of the Germans, had tured. The Germans are hard to recapture the lo and to hold back further into their line. The fighting, ever, apparently is between posing British advance and rearguard, for the major General Byng's army engaged in consolidating tory already won and pre another dash forward when opportune.

Although the British are engaged in the Cambrai sector Marshal Haig has not over chance again to stab the Ger in Flanders. Southeast of an attack the British have forward their line slightly. southern front the Germans several small attacks against French in the Aisne region west of Rheims and in the Champagne, but all were repulsed French artillery.

Between the Brenta and Piave rs in the Italian theatre the allies are still at death grips Italians, endeavouring to to the Venetian plain, but Italians everywhere tenaciously ing them all along the front. fighting is of a particularly ary nature, the troops meeting in hand-to-hand and position after position hands. The enemy every throwing masses of men against Italians and his losses in wounded or prisoners have been tremely heavy. It seemingly is ambition of the invaders to upon the plain before the British and French reinforcements arrive, but up to the present efforts have been without avail. Comparative quiet prevails along Piave River to the Adriatic.

Following the proposal made by Bolsheviki Government in Russia an armistice, a reduction in the sian army has been ordered by olin Lenine, the Bolsheviki leader take effect at once. Simultaneously it is stated unofficially that the diplomat has left Stockholm for trograd to deliver to the Russian volutionary Government the proposals of the Central Powers. Trotsky, the Bolsheviki Foreign ister, in an interview announced the Bolsheviki are against a peace with Germany, but desire versal peace with European

ON THE SOMME FRONT.

LONDON, Nov.

The British War Office reports satisfactory operations against the Germans on the Somme front. The text reads: continued to-day against tions west of Cambrai. Late reports show they are developing satisfactory