### HOW WOMEN MIDDLE AGE

May Escape the Dreaded Suffer-ings of That Period by Taking Mrs. Block's Advice



## "Flowers of the Valley,"

#### MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The curtain drew up, and the beau hiful Miss Howard glided on, and not one of the hundreds who hung upon her voice and gazed admiringly at her lovely face guessed at the pallor that idwelt beneath the paint and powder for the heartache that throbbed bemeath the actress' smile.

In one of the front stalls sat, reaplendent in evening dress, the signor plause he nodded and smiled, as if it were being accorded to himself.

"She is a fortune, a fortune!" he murmured. "Baptiste, you were born under a lucky star; and you have two strings to your bow. But be patient, be

enjoyed it as keenly as if he had said the duke. brought a clean consciences with him. The house was more enthusiastic even than usual: perhaps because of the presence of the heir apparent, who leaned forward in his box and applauded in his frank and genial manmer which has so much endeared him to actors and singers; and it was not until she had come before the curtain three times, to receive their shouts of approbation, that they would let the his cigarette, with half-closed eyes, as

When the curtain was down, the sauntered up into the refreshment the spot."

there, waiting for the crowd to dis- signor, and he shook his head. perse in the lobbies, and the signor, as he lounged up to the counter and lit | shall see!"

cigarette, heard the name of Mabel Howard spoken by one of them. "Better than ever to-night, your grace," said one, and the signor prick-

d up his ears and looked at the man ddressed, a little wrinkled old beau

Railsford, who had inherited a princesaid a third. "Dare say she's the

"Stapleson keeps wonderfully dark

plainingly. excitement; it's a good advertisement,"

"By the way, duke," said Lord Railsord. "I thought you promised to have her at one of the smoking concerts?"

ooked like a fisherman's net, all "Did it" he said. "Well, I'll keep

"Time?" he said. "If we give you

antil doomsday you won't manage it She is too difficile, duke." The duke grinned again, but not too

"Every woman duce her on Friday night—that's our

next merry meeting, isn't it?" The duke sipped his brandy and soda, and smiled, and the conversation flowed on.

ing like a hawk's. Suddenly he bent his head and whispered: "Take him, your grace!

The duke started, and looked up at "Who are you, sir?" he inquired

in equally low voice. het my lord and I'll go halves!" The duke's eyes glittered. He dear-

"Do you mean that bet seriously,

Railsford?" he said

There was an instant's silence. "You bet me a hundred pounds to voice. five that she appears at our next smokhad been drinking all day, but knew

what he was about perfectly well. "Yes, that is my bet," said the duke, turning his back to the signor, who if you were to get ill." leaned against the counter and smoked

"Certainly, I take you!" said Railssignor, with his dress inverness ford. "Miss Howard ish't that kind, thrown gracefully over his shoulders. your grace! You'd better pay down on

if he had not heard a word.

His grace's eyes twinkled as he shot A group of gentlemen were standing an inquiring glance at the face of the "The bet's made." he said. "We

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CHAPTER XXV. THE MIDNIGHT CLUB.

Signor Ricardo's threat that he would ruin Lord Heron might be an idle and bet you five to one that you don't pro- lying one, but, on the other hand, it might have some basis of truth, and fris would not chance it.

should blackmail her of every penny she earned than that harm should The signor was standing close by come to Heron Coverdale. Even if she the duke's elbow, his evil eyes shin- could only protect him from annoyance, she would be willing to let the signer prey upon her for the rest of her life

But the thing weighed upon her, and worried her. She dreaded meeting him again, and never went outside the foor but she looked round with a half "A friend of Miss Howard," said the expectant, half fearful glance. When signor under his mustache. "Take the she crossed the stage to the footlights in the evening, she tried to pierce the haze and ascertain if the man was ly loved a jest, more deeply loved win- among the audience, and sometimes. ning a wager, and most dearly loved with a shudder, she saw him seated in himself; and with every round of ap- compromising some fair woman's the stalls, or lounging in the dress circle. It made little difference in her singing and acting, because she was a true artist, and the artist, whether "What bet?" inquired the young he be painter, or actor, or writer, forlord, turning to him. "Oh, about Miss gets everything-trouble, fear, love-Howard? Yes! By Jove, yes! And from in his work; but when the play was wary! Suck one orange at time, my all I hear, I'm likely to win it, of any-body is foolish enough to take it."

He sat through the performance and "Well, I'll take you—in hundreds!" to the cab, dreading lest she should the should be said to the cab, dreading lest she should be said to the c see the evil face with its black, beady eyes, or hear the soft, false, insidious

The shock of bis visit, and the coning concert?" said Lord Railsford. He stant strain of the threats of its re- may be used for this model. petition, told upon her. She grew paler and-and tired. It's the work! Oh, ed to any address on receipt of 15c. Mabel, I should never forgive myself

> But Iris smiled. "I'm not in the least ill, Paul," she

said. "I feel a little tired, perhaps; but you must remember that all this excitement and late hours are new to me. I shall get used to them directly.' He was silent and thoughtful for a noment. Then he said:

"Mabel, can we not go and live somewhere out in the country?"-Hampstead was "country" to Paul-"there are late trains—past twelve o'clock, you know. You would be better, erhaps, in the country."

But Iris shook her head. Wherever she went, she felt that the signor would follow her

"I don't think I should care to leave our present little nest. Paul, where we have been so peaceful and happy," she said; and Paul gave up the idea of living in the country.

Iris' success still continued. The charm of her manner, as well as the sweetness of her voice and the grace of her acting, grew upon the audiences and there was a ring of almost affect tionate welcome in the round of applause with which they greeted her appearance on the stage; but Mr. Stapleson was looking forward to the future, like a wise manager, and was anxious to procure a new opera to take the place of "The Imprisoned Princess" when that should have exhaust-

ed itself. And now an idea occurred to Iris Why should not Paul write the music for the new opera? He had composed the prettiest song in the present one, and he played things of his own to her daily. Why should he not compose the whole of the music to the new piece? Paul's face flushed and his eyes glistened when she spoke to him about

"And I am not!" she said, confidently. "Paul, you shall write the music for the new opera at the Lyric, That s settled; so set about it at once." She did not stop at this, but went to

"I-I am afraid, Mabel," he said, in

it, but he shook his head.

"Now you can begin," she said,
This was on a Wednesday, and Paul,
fired by her encouragement into ennusiasm, began composing the ope

He worked at it all Thursday, and on Friday morning he said: (To be continued.)

Columbus never would have sailed westward, wondering if he failed, Had he feared men's bitter jeers Ringing loudly in his ears; Had he dreaded what men say When a fond hope goes astray, and of mocking been afraid; Safe at home he would have stayed

Stood to help Columbus then; Many there who waved good-bye Thought he journeyed out to die, And Columbus didn't know To what land his ship would go, But he bravely set his sall, Caring not that he might fall,

It might be that he must come Homeward, sick at heart and glum, With men's scornful jests and jeers Ringing, burning in his ears, But he'd brave the hurt and grief And the hate for his belief; Even though he went to die, le was not afraid to try.

t some worthy dream you hold, se adventurous and bold. rave the bitter scorns and jeers that shall how about your ears, But press forward, calm of soul, Till at last you reach your goal— For your dream must soon grow stale if you are afraid to fail.

your own town? Send photographs to P. H. COWAN & CO., and receive price list. Advertise your town and make money She would rather that the scoundrel at the same time, dec5,m,w,s,2w

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