

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB. "Paul is soon back," she murmured, glancing at the clock. "Perhaps Mr. is he?" Montmorency has broken his word, and murmured penitently. "It is more likely that he has heard enough to tell Oh! tell me what it is." Paul that he will have a great suc-

stairs. The house seemed strangely quiet and still, and she stood for a moment with her hand raised, hesitat- the juvenile Ananias. "There wasn't ing, under a sudden fear of which she anything in it, 'cept asking you to was so ashamed that she opened the come." door so quickly that the wind blew out the candle.

"Paul, is it you?" she said.

Iris started and leaned forward. A

"Please, I've brought a message from in too much of a whirl to notice it Mr. Paul." Iris caught her breath, and the col-

bur left her face.

has happened? Quick! is is he ill?" "You're not to be frightened." said the boy, evading her entreating and said. queer, and--"

him in and held him.

The boy looked embarrassed and shuffled out of her grasp.

"There ain't any call to be afraid," he said. "He ain't dangerously ill. I her up the stairs. was to tell you that, but you'd better come at once. That was his message." "Ves ves! Where is he?" demanded Iris, trying hard to be calm.

Another Use of Knox Gelatine_

-it gives a proper smoothness and consistency to ice cream. Follow the recipe below and see how delicious a Cream is the result.

-Philadelphia Ice Cream-% envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
% cup cold milk. 1 quart cream.
1 quart milk. 2 cups sugar.
2 tablespoonfuls vanilla extract. Soften gelatine in the 3 cup cold milk five minutes and dissolve in the quart of milk, scalded; add the sugar and when cold strain into the cream; add the vanilla, and freeze. Part of the cream may be whipped and added to the ice cream when partly frozen. Serve with manile superant hand.

With the Plain Sparkling, lemons are used to flavoring; but with the Acidulated package comes an envelope of concentrated lemon juice

Recipe book free for your process a

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tal Chambers, Water St. tive figure of the duke stood besi

there to play-" will come with you at once, at once. I will not be a moment. Oh, Paul, Paul!" She ran upstairs, and, catching up she usually wore to and from the there was such majesty in them that Lyric, was downstairs again before the contemptible little duba winced the boy had scarcely time to prepare

the boy, with all the glibness of a

London urchin who had been brought.

himself for the next lie. "Come!" she said. "You-you are a good boy to come and tell me! Where

"This way," said the boy. "I've got has not heard the music. Ah! I am al- a cab here. I didn't bring it up to the ways looking on the dark side," she door for fear of frightening you, miss," "Yes, yes!" said Iris, "Is-is he-

"It ain't anything much," said the imp. "He just got faint like. He wrote She lighted a candle and went down- a message on a piece of paper-" "Where is it?" said Iris, feverishly. "I lost it coming along," returned

> The hansom sped along through the deserted streets, and Iris, leaning forward eagerly, seemed to urge the

"Does Miss Howard live here?" said horse with her handsome, terrorstricken eyes. Suddenly it swept down Duke street, boy stood on the steps peering up at and pulled up at the Midnight. The boy her -a boy whom she remembered as jumped out, and held his hand, and the shoulders. "My dear young lady, are having been among the carpenters at cabman drove off, with what, at another time would have struck Iris as "Oh, it's you, Miss Howard," he said. suspicious celerity, but her brain was

then. -come, be sensible!" The boy made way for her to enter the hall, and at that moment a burst aflame; contempt, anger, a passion of "What is it?" she breathed. "What of music wafted down to them.

Iris drew back.

anxious eyes, "He ain't exactly ill- "Mr. Montmorency's," said the boy, that is, not serious—but he's been took unblushingly. "He's got a little party on, and Master Paul has come to play "Oh. come inside! Tell me-tell me to them. Mr. Montmorency wanted to son burning on his cheeks, he laughthe truth!" cried Iris, and she drew send the people away, but Master Paul wouldn't hear of it."

Paul!"

"This way," said the boy, and he led

CHAPTER XXVI. AT A CRITICAL MOMENT. "This way, miss," said the boy, eying her cunningly, and he laid his hand upon the handle of the door.

As he did so, a burst of applause and laughter sounded from within Iris drew back, and looked at the boy with anxious doubt. "Paul is not in there," she said, and

a feeling that was scarcely strong enough for suspicion, smote her. "He is not in there with-with all that

"Oh, yes, he is, miss," said the boy, quickly, but he evaded her anxious and questioning gaze.

"Go-go and tell him I am here," said Iris, drawing back a step; "go and tell Mr. Montmorency-" Before she could finish, the boy op-

was revealed to Iris' sight. She stood surprised and overwhelmed by the crowd and the noise, but even then she was not suspicious, only startled. She turned to speak to the boy, but with a quick movement he had got behind her, and was stealing swiftly down the stairs. Iris turned to follow him, when, from the crowded room, Ricardo glided toward her.

"You have come?" he said, smoothly. "I felt sure-" "Paul! Where is Paul?" she exclaimed, recoiling from him, her eves fixed

on his false, smiling face "Our little friend is here" he said "Do not be alarmed: he is in the room beyond there, waiting for you," and he offered his arm.

They were standing in the open doorway, and Iris' entrance had already attracted attention. Men and women were looking round at her with marked interest and curiosity, and there was an unpleasant smile on the faces of the women.

Iris' breath came fast and painfully "Paul here?" she exclaimed as sus-cion and dread flashed upon her ind. "I-I do not believe it!" and she

"On my honor!" commenced Ric ardo, but at that moment the dir

to the Midnight. Mis

Howard!" he said with a smile that was half-respectful, half-friumphant. "The Midnight!" repeated Iris. Then he understood where she was. White to the lips she looked round with a tened gaze. She would have turned and fled, but Ricardo had closed the door and leaned against it in a lounging and careless attitude, but at the same time effectually barring her retreat. "The Midnight!" she repeated "What-what does this mean? Oh your grace "she faltered, breath-lessly, "I—I came because they told

His grace smiled soothingly. "Ten thousand pardons!" he murmured, "There is no need for alarm; your little friend is, I trust, in perfect health. It was a little ruse, a pardonable ruse, to obtain your presence here Yes, I think you will admit that it twas pardenable when you reflect how highly we prize your company. The Midnight is honored above words by your presence, Miss Howard! Permit me to lead you to a seat; the concert is not vet over!" "He's at Mr. Montmorency's," said

me that Paul was ill!"

He held out his arm, but Iris shrank back with a look of indignant loath-

up behind the stage wings. "He'd gone "I-I have been deceived!" she panted; then she drew herself to her full "Yes, yes, I know," broke in Iris. "I height and looked down at him, her glorious eyes blazing with all a woman's score. "How dared you!" she exclaimed, and although the words were her hat and the long fur cloak which scarcely spoken above her breath, the contemptible little duke winced and changed color, "What harm did I ever do you that you should deliberately plot to insult and degrade me?" she went on.

His grace went pale, and his eyes glittered evilly, but he still smiled. "Open the door, and let me go at once!" said Iris, still quietly but firmly, and with repressed passion.

The duke drew nearer, and whisper ed half-coaringly, half-threateningly-"Don't make a scene! You are here, and that's an end of it! Stay five minutes, and I will conduct you to your cab---

"Not one moment!" broke in Iris. "Do you force me to appeal for protection, your grace?" and she waved her hand toward the people.

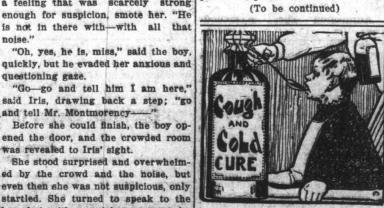
The duke frowned and bit his lip. "For Heaven's sake, be sensible!" he said, still in a whisper. "Remain five minutes! What harm can it do you! None! Whereas, if you insist upon making a fuss-" He shrugged his ya anxious to make a paragraph in the morning papers? Pive minutes only! You can go as quietly as you came; your presence will scarcely be noticed

Iris stood panting, her eyes all indignation, took possession of her, and, almost beside herself, she raised "What-what place is this?" she her hand-perhaps to strike him-certainly to thrust him from between her and the door.

The duke went white, and moved slightly, then, with two spots of crim-

"You are not on the stage, now, my "No, no! That is like him! Oh, Paul! dear young lady," he said, mockingly. "Spare us these heroics and make yourself at home. Good Heavens, this is not a thieves' kitchen! You will find plenty of your acquaintances here! Stay five minutes, and—yes—sing one song for us! I'll crave it on my bended knees, if you like."

> Iris looked round desperately; one or two gentlemen had come near to them, among them Lord Railsford. He bowed and smiled: he had not heard a word of the conversation, and had no idea that she had been entrapped to the place.



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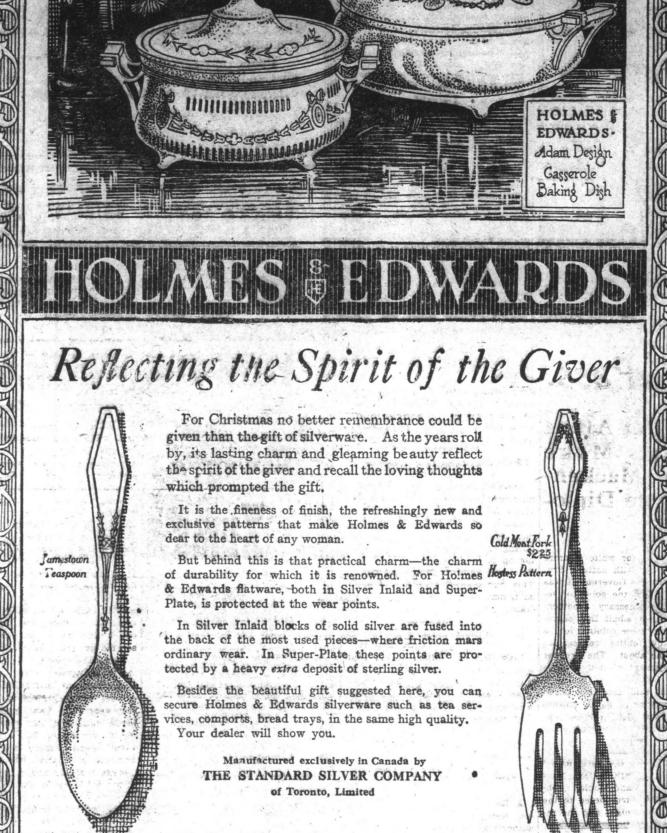
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cision of character). "I know. It meens that you are letting your impulses ossify the way people do as they get older. Don't do it. It's bad ousiness. I found myself getting that way ten years ago and I began to get it. I'd have an impulse to say some kind thing to a person, tell omeone what someone else said





NOT LETTING YOUR IMPULSES OSSIFY.

A small boy tain morning, or tell a neighbor how whom I stopped highly everyone spoke of her son, and often lose it. the other day to then something would seem to hold ask directions of me back and before I could push that "Cascarets" for gave them to me something aside, the opportunity had very courteously passed and I would have thought the and then, as I thing and not said it, and I'd be diswistfully.

drove away, look- gusted with myself. ed after me a bit She Makes Herself Blurt Things Out. "Now, wh v ion, as we turn ed the corner and sped out of

wanted a lift?" "I wasn't sure he was going the

"Well, you could have asked, might find the boy?" couldn't you?" she persisted. You see she is one of those next-friends "but don't let it be too late next who have the privilege to persist. time."

Something Seemed to Hold me Back. In Some Ways Young People Are "I know I could have," I confessed, More Unselfish. seeing that confession was the only And because I, myself, have often way out, "and I thought of it and al- vaguely thought some of these same most did and then I wondered if he things about our habit of letting ourcomes a little nearer to doing it than most did and then I wondered if he things about our habit of letting our most of them. We have prepared it was going our way and by that time seves get over-inhibited, especially manner of cases and given satisfaction thinking, well it's too late now any thinking, well it's too late now anyway. But I don't know why I didn't

> do you suppose held me back?" "I don't suppose," she said. (You perceive she is a person of much debout them, or tell a young girl that she looked specially pretty on a cer-

invite him in the first place. What

There is an old notion that the oung are selfish and that as we grow older we grow more unselfish. That may be true of some persons and about certain kinds of unselfishnessthe steady, self abnegating kinds perhaps. But I think impulsive generosity is one of the traits of the young and that as we grow older we too

Headache From Liver, Bowels

"So I just took myself in hand and Sick headache, biliousness, coated many years ere they were slain; the made myself blurt out the things the tongue, or sour, gassy stomach—al- Demon got them in good time, but said my compan- minute I thought them. I know in- ways trace this to torpid liver and nursed them while they had a dime. hibitions are a good thing sometimes decayed fermenting food in the bow- The Demon shunned indecent haste; and that as we get older we get wis- els. Cascarets work while you sleep. he thought it looked like wanton and sped out of er, but inhibitions can keep you from They immediately cleanse the stom- waste to kill off sots while they could sight, "Didn't you ask that child if he kind things as well as foolish things ach, remove the sour, undigested fetch another double to the wretch." and lots of us get too wise, I think." food and foul gases, take the excess The old-time Demon Rum is through; "Do you think," I suggested meekly bile from the liver and carry out all now we have Demon Number Two. same way we were," I explained at the end of this excellent lecture, the constipated waste matter and He has no patience with the guy who "that if we went back and hunted we poisons in the bowels. Get a 10-cent takes a drink and doesn't die. He 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year box now and let "Cascarets" straight- likes to see his patrons come and size will require 1% yard of 36 incl. "Don't talk nonsense," she said, en you out by morning.

Household Notes.

Chopped celery, chopped stuffed with paprika make a tasty sandwich

Tomato sauce is good with an omelet. Thicken one can of heated tomato deadly broth of woe, and if man If the meal in the middle of the day is heavy, serve sandwiches, cake, fruit and milk for the evening

Mashed potatoes and breadcrumb ell seasoned and mixed with chopped celery, make a delicious filling for oast duck.

Steak is nice cooked on casser Cover with a can of tomato soup and a sliced onion; season and cook slowly in oven for three hours. A delicious jelly can be made with grapefruit juice. When it is chilled cut into cubes and serve with French dressing and cottage-cheese balls.

THE NEW DEMON.

The Demon Rum in bygone days, was bad enough for thirsty jays. It stripped them of their hardearned wealth. and undermined their valued health, and tinted red the beaks they wore, and spoiled their stand-off at the

store, and gave them all a bum renown as a discredit to the town. Yet with the Demon they might train for take a slug of poisoned rum, and, material for the Blouse and 1% yard

after breathing fire and smoke, curl for the Knickerbockers. up at once, and yell and croak. The Demon in the darkness toils; in are good for the Knickerbackers and witches caves his cauldron boils, a cambric, madras, linen, chambrey and cauldron filled with deadly things, flannel for the Blouse. cauldron filled with deadly things, fiannel for the Blouse.

with payoffer make a testy conduich with upas leaves and serpent-stings, A pattern of this illustration mailed with everything that's foul and mean, to any address on receipt of 15 cents with all that's noxious and obscene. in silver or stamps. And then his janizaries go to sell his drinks and doesn't die, the Demon heaves a weary sigh.

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silk and crepe weaves are desirable materials for this model. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards One may have this with a short, a wrist length sleeve.

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