

Alti Las -CHAPTER XVI. Once or twice she managed to es-

her every movement and got, for a little rest and coolness. to a conservatory; and there she her thoughts fly back like a ward-hound dove, to the man who had told her of his love the love he deemed so hopeless; but the marquis was Gone! Gone! She would never see near her in a minute or two; now him again! Oh, what had she don

for another-just one more-dance. "We may as well nack up our trans and leave the field." remarked one of

her most ardent admirers, a certain home from the last war covered with fame and glory, which he was dving to lay at her feet. "Merle is making all the running, and means to win her, and, by George! he will do it, to, whether she likes himor not. Look at him now: he scarce-

ly left her a moment for the whole of the evening." It was not the first time the re-

marks tell. One by one the men and coming victory. seemed to acknowledge the greater, perseverance or claims of the mar-

quis, and dropped away from her, unbouquet in his hand.

ley. "I'm awfully tired. Very rude say a hundred times. She had intended going to him, sending for him of me to say so, ain't it? But I'm very to-morrow, or, at farthest, the next proud and satisfied."

"You ought to be," said Lucille: There are two kinds of hunger in "we have had a very pleasant eventhis life which assail us, I mean of the 1 Haule

go with her full and aching, yearning again. And you are here!' heart. She was "lord of herself, that heritage of woe!" and a law to herwere going?"

day, and now-now he might be gone! The craving, the impulse, grew up on her so strongly that it could not

Figured crepe in a new shade green is here depicted with frillings of old gold messaline on the edges "Then-then it is true," she said of cuffs and collar. The waist is made with a chemisette at the low almost inaudibly, reproachfully, "you neck outline. The surplice closing is becoming and youthful. The tunic

"Yes, yes," he said, speaking like shows graceful plaits in panel style. The short sleeve is finished with a one in a dream, his eyes fixed hung- neat cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 nd 18 years. Brands, AMERICUS, TRUEFIT FITREN, RM, STIL-



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Lady Farnley laughed.

ing."

"Quite the proper sort of speech," she said. "Thank you, my dear; but I wasn't thinking of my little dance but of you. I feel as if you belonged to me sometimes, and triumph in your triumphs. There, go home and sleep soundly, and keep your roses. Give me another kiss."

As Lucille hent forward, the old lady whispered in her ear: "I'm glad you have taken my ad-

vice, dear." she said. "Your advice?" said Lucille, smil-

ing. "What advice was that, dear Lady Farnley?"

"Go down and see if they have got he had gone he would make no sign, the carriage windows shut, marquis," send her no word. The years would said the old lady. Then, when he had roll by in dreary weariness, and all have decided to send that poor boy away, dear."

asked Lucille, but the color rose gradually to her face.

Lady Farnley made a little grimace.

"How uncompromising you are, my dear," she exclaimed. "Why, Harry Herne, of course. I didn't advise you to send any one else away, did I?"

"Harry Herne!" repeated Lucille, the color fading slowly from her face. dow: thanks!" her voice sounding like a stifled,

The carriage reached the door as meaningless echo in her ears. she spoke, and she got out and walk-"Yes, they tell me that he is maked quickly, feverishly up the steps, ing preparations for immediate dethe footmen standing by to assist her. parture. My maid got it from her "Oh, the house seems as hot as sweetheart, one of your grooms I am glad of it; depend upon it, you ! fire," she murmured, with an impa-

have done right. I can't tell you tient sigh. "I will stay on the terrace why," she went on hurriedly, "but you a little while and get cool." were right. I should have liked to "Do you not think-" began Mrs. have seen him once more before he Dalton, anxiously, but Lucille stopwent, but he's gone by this time, I ped her quickly, almost haughtily.

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Half fearfully she went down the hunger. Men will risk their honor, their limbs, their lives for gold, and steps, and crossing the lawn, entered the park preserves, and was gathered women will risk all these at once for up in its shadows. Five minutes af-

her life, to hear her lover's voice, feel

his arms round her, to hold him in her

own and whisper, "Harry, I love you!

I cannot let you go! I care not what

If he were gone, what would be-

"My dear Miss Darracourt!" ex-

Lucille put it aside with a hysteri-

you say; I will be your wife!"

moan of distress.

cal laugh.

my smelling bottle-"

terwards a thin, girlish figure, wrap-Lucille thought, as she crouched in the carriage that rolled smoothly ped in a black cloak, darted into the woods on her track. It was that of along the drive, that she would give Marie Verner. all she possessed, ten years, half of

> All unconscious that she was fol she had ever heard: lowed. Lucille, lighted by the flecks of moonlight which came through the she murmured trees, made her way along the path

"Glad !" to the hut, and presently she saw it

come of her! She knew him well little clearing. There was no light in see me again?" she demanded, with

eemed to pervade the spot. With ""Why? Because " He put his sinking heart she stopped short and hands to his brow, and then looked leaned one hand against the trunk of Found him, as if he were indeed awakgot out of hearing, "I am glad you the brightness would go out of her a tree, while the other was pressed ing. "Lucille," he said, almost fiercelife, and-she could not think any to her bosom. Yes, he had gone. 19: "what are you doing here-alone! longer in silence. Putting her hands and she was left with her sad heart -at night? Why did you come? You "Send him away-what poor boy?" up to her face, she uttered a low full of love for him. She could never must not stay a moment!-half a mosee him again. ment!"

> Almost as the thought ran through "Not in my own park?" she murclaimed the horrified Mrs. Dalton. her, she saw his stalwart form come mured.

> faint? I will let down this window- for a moment and raised his head, as ately. "Oh, my pure, innocent angel, if he were listening, then, hearing that I should have to speak to you nothing, he went toward the door of like this! But, dearest!-Ah, why did the hut. Another moment and she you come? It makes it all the harder "It is nothing," she said. "The room knew that she should lose him, for for me: all the harder to tear mywas hot and-yet, put down the win- she could not enter the cottage. self away," and he hung his head, Scarcely knowing what she did, she clinging still to her hand.

> > His quick, keen ears heard her in a moment, and he stopped short. "Is that you, Susie?" he asked. She scarcely distinguished the words-oh, Heaven! how well she remembered them afterwards!-but went towards him. As she crossed the patch of moon

flashed, he saw her and started.

She stopped and held out her hand. Still he stood for a second as he were not sure that it was not a vision and strode towards her and caught her hand, breathing her name in a

wild rapture: "Lucille!"

ous eyes raised to his, and burning with a maiden's first passion. He stood, holding her hand pressed to his heart, for a moment, looking into her eyes, his breath coming thick and fast.

"Is it really you? Oh, my angel my queen!" he murmured, his voice inging with music. "Why, I was

rily upon her face-"yes, I was goquires 6 yards of 44 inch material for ing, I shall soon be gone. I-oh, my a 17 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailqueen, how beautiful you look toed to any address on receipt of 10c. in night! Even yet I cannot think that silver or stamps. it is you, really you, and not some

1007-9920.-A COMFORTABLE vision! See what a pass I have come SUIT FOR FALL MATERIALS. to that I cannot trust my own eve

sight!" Every word was the sweetest that

"Are you so glad to see me, then?"

"Why then, will you go, and nevel standing out keen and distinct in the

enough intuitively to feel sure that if the window, and an air of desolatio, all a woman's logic.

(To be Continued.)

onsider your

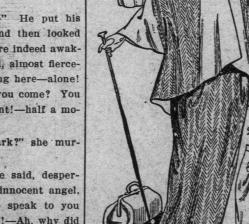
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"Do you feel ill? Are you going to from among the trees. He stopped "No! Not here!" he said, desper-

> "If it is so hard, why go?" she whispered. "Listen, Harry," she went on piteously, for he had turned his face away, as from some temptress. "Don't be angry with me. Don'tdon't-think lightly of me-" "Lightly of you, my queen!" he broke' in.

light, in which her jewels shone and "Heavens! is it a dream?" he murnured, turning his pale face towards

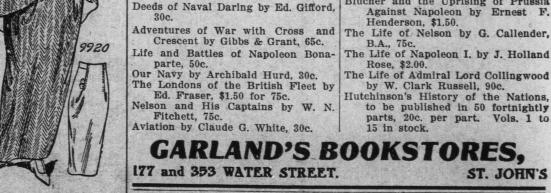
"Harry!" she murmured, her glor



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