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The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXVI.
 But he comes in with a smile, and it is only Dulcie who notices how hard and drawn his handsome face looks, and the heavy lines under the blue eyes which usually shine brightly.
 "Am I late?" he says; and though he speaks cheerfully enough, Dulcie's quick ears detect the effort which it costs him.
 Then he stops and looks at her, and a sudden light flashes into his eyes as he goes up to her and bends over her, but suddenly he stops, just as he is about to kiss her, and lets his hand fall on her shoulder instead.
 "My colors!" he says, in a voice lower than before; "that was kind and thoughtful, Dulcie! Very kind!"
 "Do you like the—the dress?" she says, tenderly smiling up at him.
 "It is perfect," he says; "but then I should think any dress you wore perfect. And how quiet you have kept it!"
 "All women are arful, my boy, the best of 'em," chuckles the earl. "Come on, and begin your breakfast; you can admire her while you're eating, as I am doing," and he cuts a huge slice of ham for Archie as a beginning.
 Archie takes it and tries to eat, talking the while as lightly and unconsciously as he can; but the attempt is a failure, and his eating is a mere make-believe.
 "You don't get on this morning, Archie," says her ladyship, anxiously. "You surely are not nervous and upset over this stupid race?"
 "The race!" he says, almost with a start. "No, not at all. I think I'll try an egg."

"Are you going down to the stables this morning?" asks the earl. "I—ahem!—I just looked in there for a few minutes. Horse is all right. They tell me that there will be quite a rush—a mob, by jingo!—at the course. We mustn't be late, my boy. How will you go over?"
 "He'll come with us in the barouche," says her ladyship.
 "Yes, I'll come with you," assents Archie, absently. "No, I shan't go down to the stables this morning. It will only make them fidgety. By this time, too, the Cricket won't be in the stables, but on the course."
 The earl stares at him. What has come to the boy? he wonders. All the life and eagerness seem to have evaporated suddenly.
 "I tell you what you want, my lad!" he says, getting up. "You want a glass of milk and rum, and I'll mix it for you myself."
 But Archie stops him with a laugh. "No, thanks!" he says. "I am all right. I haven't much appetite, but perhaps—and he smiles rather more easily—"that is due to excitement."
 "Well, we mean to win, you know," says the earl, sturdily. "We must win!"
 "We will!" says Archie, as he gets up, but he says so without the old enthusiastic confidence.
 "We'd better get ready, my dear," says the old lady, rising; and as Dulcie follows her out of the room, she whispers:
 "What is the matter with him, dear? He looks quite pale and worn, poor boy!"
 Dulcie shakes her head, and her dark brows join in a straight line as is their wont when she is troubled or moved.
 "Never mind; don't let him see that we notice it," says the old lady, with true womanly tact, "or it will make him worse. It is all the excitement of this horrible racing."
 Archie strolls out on to the terrace and lights a cigarette. As he does so, he holds out his hand, and eyes it almost stertly.
 "No trembling!" he said, shaking his head. "Let me forget everything for a few hours! I must go through with this. It was the sight of her in the blue and white that unnerved me. Oh, my darling, my beautiful darling!"
 The carriage comes up, and they get in. There is a bit of blue-and-white ribbon on the coachman and footman's coats, and they eye the help of the day with a curious and worshipping glance.
 The earl is all excitement, and fidgets about in the carriage, perpetually, turning round to bid the coachman hurry "those confounded slugs" along, which is not an easy task, as the road is still rather crowded; and hats fly off in greetings to the two ladies, and many a smile is shot at the tall golden-haired Archie from the bright eyes

of exquisitely dressed ladies.
 "Quite a grand affair, 'pon my word!" says the earl, smiling. "We must win, Archie, my boy!"
 "Pray be quiet!" says her ladyship. "Do you think he means to lose?"
 And Archie, sitting opposite Dulcie, his eyes drinking in her beauty, says nothing.
 "To-day I lose her," he thinks, "and what matters it what else I win?"
 At last "the slugs" turn on to the greensward, and the crowd comes in view.
 A party of scouts has been on the lookout for the Brookley carriage, and as it comes in sight they announce the fact by a loud and hearty cheer, and stentorian cries of:
 "Bravo, Sir Archie! Hope your honor's well! Ten to one on the Cricket! Long life to you, sir, and may you pass the post first and the rest nowhere!"
 Archie smiles and raises his hat, carelessly enough, but the earl flushes up as he raises his hat and Dulcie's cheeks are fair white and then red with excitement.
 "I wish I hadn't come!" grumbles the old lady, "I know I shall be ill; but there is a smile of pleasant gratification in her eyes all the same."
 The carriage sets them down at the grand stand, and they are immediately surrounded by a crowd of friends eager to welcome them.
 (To be Continued.)

Deceived AND Disowned True as Steel!

PROLOGUE.
OVER THE BAR.
 Accordingly, Wynter now laid his hand gently on the child's bruised shoulders. He awoke instantly, looking up with a glance of fear, as if expectant of a blow; at which Wynter's eyes gleamed savagely. He nodded reassuringly as he said:
 "It's all right, laddie, you're quite safe."
 The child eyed him gravely.
 "Yes," he said, "while I'm with you, let me stay with you, will you?"
 Wynter looked at him in silence.
 "It's a hard life," he said, "and not fit for a young gentleman like you."
 "I don't mind," said the boy earnestly. "No one could be crueler to me than Uncle John—I'll work as hard as you want me to, if I may only stay."
 Wynter nodded.

"So be it," he said. "But I shall have to change your appearance, or we shall all find ourselves in prison, and you'll be taken back."
 "Oh, make haste and do it, then," said the boy, in an agony of impatience.
 "Cut off your curls and brown your face?"
 "Yes, yes; only make haste before he comes back."
 Wynter's eyes gleamed again as he thought of what the child must have suffered, and he quickly bent himself to his task. Half an hour later, the pair returned, hand in hand, to the circle round the fire. There was a shout of surprise at the boy's appearance. The golden curls were gone, the short hair was brown and disheveled; gone also was the pale complexion, for Wynter had stained the face, neck, and arms with brown.
 "Fetch Reuben Wynter a bowl and spoon," he said to the assembled company; and thus, by this introduction, Ernest Verner, owner of the Grange and an income of many thousands of pounds, became "Wynter, the younger."
 Childhood is as wax to take impressions—it learns quickly, and, fortunately, forgets quickly also. Some few months later, Reuben might have spent his life at horse riding, so expert was he in the management of horses. The little company had decided to make a circus at the fair at Wedbury; and Wynter had been busy teaching Reuben how to drive, and ride bare-backed, as well as some easy conjuring tricks. He had also painted new scenery on the sides of the caravan, while the women had made new dresses for the performers.
 On the day of the fair, Reuben—in the role of "The Child Conjurer"—stood by the side of Mr. Hick, now dressed as a clown, who was endeavoring to entice the crowd into the booth.
 "Walk up, walk up, and see the finest horse riding the world can produce—walk up and see fifty trained horses and twenty real gold chariots. Walk up and see the infant prodigy, Riend, drive four horses abreast. Walk up, walk up!"
 Then there followed the crashing of the gongs and the deafening sound of the brass band.
 Half dazed by the sights and sounds Reuben went on with his conjuring, till stopped by a sudden confusion. A carriage was being driven through the crowded fair, and in it were seated a gentleman and a little girl. The latter leaned forward excitedly, as pleased with the gay scene as any of the other children. The two were evidently well known, as many of the throng raised their hats. The gentleman acknowledged the greetings with a pleasant smile.
 As the carriage passed the circus, the little girl exclaimed:
 "Father, dear, do look at that nice little boy throwing up the balls. Oh, do let us stop!"
 "I can't do so now, Olive," was the reply, "but I will take you to the circus to-night."
 As the time of the evening entertainment drew near, Wynter became fidgety and nervous; he had grown very fond of the boy, and feared that Reuben would be too tired after the morning performance to go through it again at night; but the boy, with the confidence of youth, laughed his fears away.
 At night, the seats around the circus grew fuller and fuller, till Wynter was more than satisfied. After several of the little troupe had played their parts, Wynter summoned Reuben—the "young Riend," as he was termed—and when the slight, graceful figure appeared, a shout of applause rose from the crowd.
 With a graceful bow, Reuben entered the circus ring, while the five horses, which he was to drive bare-backed, were introduced. At a signal from Wynter, he sprang upon the middle horse, driving the other four in front of him. Round and round the ring he went, so gracefully that roar after roar of applause came from the audience; then he prepared himself for the last effort—that of guiding all five abreast and taking them at a leap over the high bar—and gathered up the reins.
 (To be Continued.)

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War News
Messages Received Previous to
GERMANS SUFFER HEAVILY
 HALIFAX
 A cable to-day says the heaviest losses on the Germans in the days' fighting. They were down as though with Austria-Hungary is crying. Rioting is taking place and have been killed.
HAIG'S REPORT
 LONDON
 The report from Field Haig says: During the operations of hostile infantry, Gonzeacourt and in the north of Mesures were broken by artillery before any attack developed. Enemy artillery hostile in the neighborhood of quiete, and there has also considerable hostile artillery north of Armentieres, south of Ypres and in Passchendaele.
THE U. S. DECLARES WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
 WASHINGTON
 President Wilson to-day on Congress to declare a war against Austria-Hungary. America to a war to victory, declaring that nothing shall stand aside. He asked that Austria-Hungary be formally listed among the enemies to remove the passing obstacle that stands in the way. In ringing, definite President declared Germany beaten. All talk of peace pronounced out of the question present and immediate fact of the war, and nothing shall stand aside from it until it is decided. Every power and every we possess," the President "whether of men or money or materials is being devoted until it is devoted to the until it is achieved. Those who dare to bring peace about for purpose is achieved, I cannot try their advice elsewhere. That America will make the delivery of the peoples of Hungary, Turkey and the well as Northern France from Prussian domination. The President suggested legislation to meet the emergency food price situation; the said, was based on "self-interest present rather than on the supply and demand. He called for the full use of the resources and water-power of the country, more drastic laws to alien enemies, and an amendment

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