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It is now thoroughly established among skin specialists that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ beneath the skin and curable only through the skin. Thousands of people suffer with skin diseases who are perfectly healthy otherwise, which shows that their blood is not diseased. Ugly-looking stomach remedies are therefore as worthless for skin diseases as they are for a tooth-ache.

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The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER V.
A VILLAGE FETE.

"Is it for me?" she asks, with the childish delight of possession. "How kind of you!" and her eyes rest upon his face for a moment, and makes Cyril's heart throb. "Are you sure it is for me? Won't you keep it for some one else—your sister?"

This rather doubtfully, remembering suddenly that she has not heard of the existence of such a relative.

"Haven't got one," says Cyril, smilingly; "I wish I had. One like you!" he adds, wistfully regarding the childish figure, clad this evening in some dark, soft, clinging material, that drapes the graceful outline to simple perfection. "Perhaps if I had I should have been a better man."

"Would you?" she asks, with that old intent gaze. "Would you like to have a sister? I am sorry you have not," abstractedly.

"Indeed?" he asks, with a smile. "Why are you?"

She opens her eyes.

"Oh! didn't you say you would have been better, suddenly the heavens are lit up as if by magic, there comes a loud explosion, and a rocket soars skyward.

dark, the future, isn't it? One never knows what may happen."
"I know one thing that will happen, and that in the very immediate future, if I stay here much longer I shall be suffocated—it is fearfully hot. Will you come outside? A shawl—please—don't go without a shawl. Here, will this do?" and he takes up an antimacassar and adjusts it round her shoulders with reverential care.

The laughing face, framed in the thick white-fringe which he has ventured to pull over her smooth, sleek head, looks up at him merrily.

"What would Madame Petre say?" she laughs, and laughing together, they pass out upon the balcony. But the balcony is too full, there is too much chatter of the feminine-gender for Cyril, and he whispers audaciously that they should "get out of this" into the garden. Edna is not given to small talk, hates scandal, and, childlike, is bored by the pretty personalities of the gossip of such women as the Robinsons, and is nothing loath to escape.

So they go into the garden, picking their way down the little paths and stumbling occasionally over a border of box. Cyril once plundering straight into a vine, but being helped thereout by the firm clutch of a tiny hand, doesn't seem to mind it much. When they have reached the road, and after a stare at the lake, prepare to climb up again, suddenly the heavens are lit up as if by magic, there comes a loud explosion, and a rocket soars skyward.

"Hello!" exclaims Cyril, "what's the matter?"

Edna laughs.

"Oh, fireworks—and there need not be much the matter. Don't you know how fond the Germans and the Swiss are of pyrotechny? English mobs are given to bands and banners, aren't they?"

"Yes, and processions," no's Cyril. "They had such a big one in Trafalgar Square last year, that Nelson, on the monument, you know, turned quite pale with alarm."

Edna laughs—she is always ready with her soft, musical laugh, with or at this new friend of hers—and they stand for a few minutes watching the fireworks.

"That's not a bad one," says Cyril—some particularly bright and savage specimen of the pyrotechnic art bursts in the sky with a whiz, and showers down a myriad of colored balls—"not at all bad."

"Oh, look at the lake!" exclaims Edna, enthusiastically, as the whole scene is encircled by a blaze of red fire. "It is beautiful, is it not?—though one is always inclined to look upon fireworks with contempt. I wonder where it is?" she adds, slowly and wistfully.

"Not far," suggests Cyril.

"No; and there's the hand. It's at the National—the Yankee's Paradise, as they call it. I dare say the whole of the quay is illuminated."

"Pity we can't see it from here,"

remarks Cyril. "It were a little lower down."
Edna looks wistfully down the road and into the dim distance.
"Just at the bend we should see everything," says Cyril. "Hadin't we better go?"
Edna looks back at the house eagerly, hesitatingly.

"Do you think aunt would mind?" she asks with the wistfulness of a child and the gravity of a woman combined.

"I should think not. There are some of the others going, I should think. Hark! They're scrunching down that beasty path now! Come along—just to the corner!"

"But this antimacassar—"

exclaims Edna.

"Tuck the fringe in," says Cyril, with all a man's indifference. "That's it—there's a bit out; may I—" And he turns in half an inch that has escaped her with almost unnecessary nicety; but though his fingers tremble and thrill as they come in contact with her soft, warm neck and silky hair, she stands quite serene and unconscious, her glorious eyes turned with wistful eagerness toward the fireworks, her whole thoughts upon them.

"Come along," says Cyril, having made the antimacassar look as commonplace and proper as possible; and, without further parley, they run—yes, Sir Cyril, the blase, finds himself running like a schoolboy!—down the hill.

"Here we are," he says, as they gain a point of view.

"Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it really grand?" exclaims Edna, as she stands on tiptoe, unconsciously clinging to Cyril's arm to do so with ease. "They've surpassed themselves."

"Nobody more surprised than the striker, as we say at billiards," says Cyril. "Who'd think stепенorth of red fire would so alter a scene?"

"Sixpennyworth!" exclaims Edna, indignantly. "This will cost the town pounds—oh, ever so many pounds! Look at that fountain! And—yes, I declare! I thought so! They are dancing on the terrace!"

"So they are," says Cyril, with exasperated coolness. "It's a regular carnival."

Edna watches and listens breathless. The hand is as good as the fireworks, and the strains of Strauss' last and best waltz float up with the red fire.

Her little foot beats time unconsciously.

"How I should like to be down there—to see them!" she murmurs, almost inaudibly.

"Nothing easier," says Cyril, moving.

"Oh, no!" she says, drawing back.

"Why not?" asks Cyril. "No one will see us—all the rest of the people have gone down, I expect. And look there!" he goes on, pointing below, "there's a dark corner there, where the light doesn't get. An elephant might stand there and not be noticed. Come along! Surely you can trust yourself in the crowd with me?"

Edna laughs as she looks up at him towering above her.

"If I had only told aunt."

"Tell her when you come back," suggests Cyril.

"Yes, I'll do that," returns Edna, quite simply, and then, having hesitated, she is lost, and in another minute they are running down the hill again.

Past the cathedral, glowing crimson, as if it were blushing at the unwonted gayety—down the steps, worn by how many thousands of ascending and descending worshippers, they go; and now Edna clings rather more closely to her companion, for here is the crowd, and in another moment they are in it.

Like all holiday crowds, it is a good-tempered one, and though there is much pushing, there is a great deal of laughter, and Cyril is able to pilot his way to the dark corner, and by the time they have reached it all Edna's compunction and hesitation had flown, and she stands watching the brilliant scene with flushed cheeks and brightly beaming eyes.

Every now and then when there is a larger explosion or a greater crush than usual—for the crowd ways to and fro like a pendulum—her little hand clings tighter on Cyril's arm, and she creeps closer to his protecting side. She is perfectly happy, and Cyril? The brilliant display of colored fires, set pieces and rockets, yes, even the efforts of the band itself, are lost on him. He has eyes only for the sweet, unconscious child

beside him, feels only the gentle pressure of her small, warm hand. And now there is a sudden increase of the excitement—the great fountain which has been turned down, throws its contents fifty feet in the air, under a stream of limelight, the band breaks out into a gallop, the crowd cheers and sways back for a moment to allow a band of dancers to break into the center, and the dance commences.

It is a wild, Parisian galop, such as one may have seen in full swing at the Moulin Rouge, or on the Corso at carnival time, danced to a time that is simply maddening, and under a great sky of crimson fire.

Edna utters a low cry of delight.

"Isn't it beautiful—really beautiful? It is Lucerne gone mad! Look at that lady!"—hesitating a moment—"how she dances! It is just like a theater. See, here she comes!" and she leans a little forward to get a nearer view.

Cyril turns his eyes in the direction of hers, and sees a magnificent dressed woman whirling toward them in the arms of a tall Englishman. The light is so strange, the pace so fast, that for the moment he does not recognize them; but as they come nearer, he sees more clearly; and as he recognizes Lord Jerry and Miss Glitters, he draws—almost jerks—Edna back into the shadow.

Quick as the involuntary movement has been, it is only half in time, for the sharp eye of the actress has caught a glimpse of the sweet face on the edge of the crowd, and she has directed her companion's attention to it.

But Lord Jerry is not quick, mentally or physically, and whiffs he is starting in every direction but the right one, and his partner have whirled on, and have gone.

"Did you see them?" asked Edna. "Was I too much in the light?—I hope no one saw me."

"No, I think not. I hope I didn't pull you back too sharply," says Cyril, and he laughs, but rather constrainedly.

"Oh, no," says Edna. "But did you see the two I meant—a very tall man, an Englishman, I'm sure, and a lady I have seen somewhere—why, yes!"

(To be Continued.)

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2697—This is a "slip-on" model with side closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the sleeveband or finished loose as back view illustrates. The style is good for percale, gingham, chambray serucker, drill, lawn or muslin.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

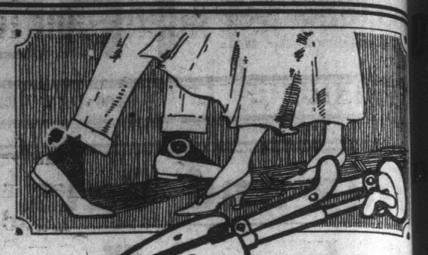
CHILD'S BOMPERS WITH SLEEVE IN EITHER OF TWO LENGTHS.



2678—Checked gingham, with drill or repp. in a plain collar for the collar and belt could be used for this model. Striped serucker, galatea, flannel-ette, poplin, khaki and drill is serviceable also. The bloomers portion is made with a drop back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

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Minions Ask National

DOMINION'S CLAIMS.

PARIS, Jan. 21. (A.P.)—New claims which characterized in official circles as the most momentous that have before the Peace Conference will be raised by the self-governing dominions of the British League of Nations. The dominions will ask to be admitted to the League with the status of independent states, whose sovereignty in internal affairs are concerned will be recognized clearly by the League, although the right of Great Britain to control their foreign relations will be admitted. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and to a lesser degree Africa will claim the same status and enter the League on the same terms as the other dominions. In some quarters this is considered to be a concession of the same mother country in discussion of the dominions brought before the Peace Conference.

Canada, Australia and New Zealand have for several years claimed themselves absolute independent states, as the conduct of internal affairs was concerned, but this claim never has been formally admitted by England. The dominions will now ask for it.

UNGER OF BOLSHIEVISM.

LONDON, Jan. 21. (A.P.)—Reuter's Ottawa Agency, claims that, according to the latest and most reliable news from Russia, the Bolshievik for a past have been organizing elaborate propaganda for Russia in China, India and Persia, now ready as soon as the opportunity offers to send agents back to the East.

Admiral Kolchak's army broke down, and owing to lack of support and encouragement were able to break through the plans of the Bolshievik to seriously threaten the East. Dangers of Bolshievik towards expansion of the Russian Empire are gradually becoming realized, and the danger of their activities is also very real. The most recent information received from Reuter's Ottawa Agency is that Bolshievism in the Ukraine. The Ukraine directorate with headquarters in Kiev, is a weak body to without any decided policy. Its policy towards Bolshievism is most unwise and there is a current rumor that it favors an agreement with the Bolshievists. Although General Khrushchev's troops are nominally loyal to the Bolshievists in the Ukraine, there are many Bolshievik soldiers in his army upon whom he cannot rely. At the same time in Kiev and surrounding districts the Bolshievists are showing great activity and well known Bolshievist leaders are returning there.

WIVES IN INTERVENTION.

PARIS, Jan. 21. (A.P.)—Russian question was again up by the Supreme Council of the League of Nations at a conference when it met for its second session at 10.30 o'clock. There was a full attendance of the members of the Council for this occasion, including the Italian representative, being present for the first time since his recent trip to Rome. Mr. Scavenius, the Danish Minister, who had been asked to view on the Russian situation, arrived at the conference on the 19th, and immediately went into the conference chamber. The minister's experiences in Petrograd where he took charge of the

CUPERATION

vital forces of the body, and in the struggle with acute diseases depends not upon accumulation but upon rejuvenation. The body must be nourished back to health and power.

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12-34