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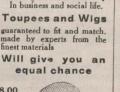
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THE WILDCATTERS (Continued from page 22.)

Prince is. "Yes,"

"Yes," another voice whispered, "and how gracefully Jean submits. It must be an awful bore."

The quick blood flamed into Carl's

The quick blood flamed into Carl's face, partly in anger, partly in shame. Jean had not heard the comments, but she saw his flush. "What is it?" she asked. "Nothing," Carl answered, but in his eyes came a hard gleam. A bore, was he? Ah! he would know if he had been and know before he left. Dancing afterwards, Carl waited till in circling the room there was no one just near. Then he looked down at the hair and eyes. just near. Then the hair and eyes. "Jean," he wh

"Jean," he whispered, "have I danced too much with you to-night?" "No," she answered. "Why?" "I overheard some remarks a few

moments ago. Some one commented on how I had been boring you this evening. Jean, have I?" "No, no!" she protested. "How could anyone be so mean as to say that?"

that?

"I have danced with you a great deal," Carl said. "Perhaps for the formality of the thing it has been too much. In their minds I have been gulty of a breach of etiquette in doing so, and they may be right. so, and they may be right. But you will know why it is." "I will know—when?"

"Soon.

"Soon." "Tell me now." "No, not now," he hurriedly said. "You don't know what you ask." "Tell me now," the low voice pleaded. "Not here, not here!" he cried. This was not what he had dreamed of so often. This was not the moment. How could he tell his love in the throng and in the dance? How could he plead? No, some other place, some he plead? No, some other place, some other time! he plead?

other time! "Carl, tell me why," she said again. "Jean, don't ask me. You know. Oh, you know!" "I don't," the girl murmured. "Tell me. Please!" There was just the slightest pressure of her fingers on his arm, but it sent the blood singing to Carl's ears. He couldn't resist speak-ing now, and it was not in the way Carl's ears. He couldn't resist speak-ing now, and it was not in the way he had dreamed. "Why?" she quest'oned, as they cir-cled the room again. "Surely you know!" he answered, trying to gain time. "No, why?" Again the finger tips prompted.

prompted. "Jean, Jean, you know," he said softly but passionately. "You know. It is only three words. How can I say them here?"

them here?" "Tell me them," the girl said with a glad tremulous catch in her vo'ce. "You know. Just three—three lit-tle words that make for us heaven or black despair." "What are they?" she insisted. The fragrance of her presence was in his soul. Shyly she bent her head back to look at Carl and he was lost in the paradise of her eyes. He bent with lips almost at her ear as they danced. "I love you!" were the term

danced. "I love you!" were the tense words. Then the room and the lights swam before him as they did that other evening till the grasp of her hands on his arms brought his senses back. The grip was strong and thrilling. The music seemed far, far away, and Carl swung through the dance me-chanically.

chanically. "Jean," he whispered, "is there any hope for me?"

Her breath came in quick heaves. "Oh! I had never thought......" "Tell me," he interrupted fiercely, "Jean, you must tell me. Is there any hope?" "Yes!" she breathed, and in that

one whispered word heaven was born for Carl. Despair was naught but a dim cloud brushed aside by the mighty wings of his rapture.

(To be continued.)

The Sweet Thing.—Clara—"He says he thinks I am the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?" Sarah—"No, dear; let him keep on thinking so."—Town Topics.



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