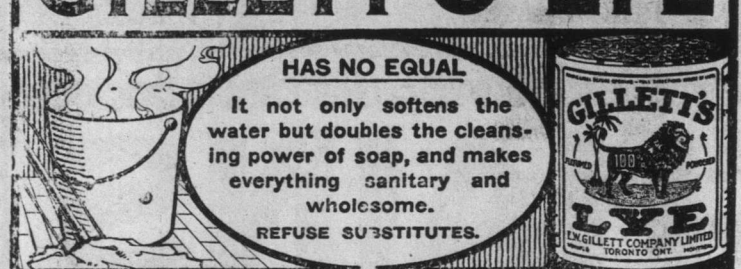


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The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER VII.

"What do you mean by 'well'?" she asks.

"I meant a great deal," he says. "For one thing, what do you think of the Castle?"

"I have scarcely seen it," she says, coldly.

"What do you think of my people?" she is silent for a moment, then she looks across the darkness.

"The question is: 'What do you think of me?'" she says.

"I am sure—"

"Oh, pray," she breaks in, sarcastically; "do not let us waste fine speeches that will receive neither of us. I will tell you what they think of me. They think I am altogether wrong. I have offended them twenty times this evening—in one evening!" and she laughs bitterly. "They look upon me as a savage; a girl who doesn't understand crewel-work, who cannot play the piano, and who doesn't even know chess! Every word I say strikes a wrong chord."

"I think you are mistak—"

"Do you think I am blind?" she says with fine scorn. "Do you think that I didn't see that your mother, Lady Falconer, was shocked and horrified at every word I said? and the worst of it is that I don't know what it was that I said wrong. I cannot alter myself! I cannot be any different than I am; and as I am, I am not fit to be a visitor at Holme Castle."

"I am very sorry," he says, "that you should think so. You must remember that my mother and sisters have led—well, rather narrow lives."

"They have led the lives of high-born aristocratic ladies," she says, bitterly, "and I have led the life of an uneducated, unaccomplished, middle-class girl. I have no business here. It was a cruel, stupid will!"

He stands looking at her; she is supremely beautiful, more wondrously fascinating in her passion than in repose.

"You are wrong," he says.

"I am right," she asserts, emphatically; "and it will be best to acknowledge it at once. It is all wrong—all I wish, and her voice grows soft and plaintive, "I wish I was back in Rome!"

He flushes, his lips set under his mustache.

"You miss your friends—Sir Archie, for instance."

She laughs mockingly; then she looks up at him defiantly.

"Yes, I miss him. At least Sir Archie thought me perfect—at least he was blind to my faults. He liked me for myself, simply poor, plain Dulcie Dorrmore; while you—I am not blaming you—simply tolerate me

because you are obliged to, because—because of the stupid money."

He looks down at her as she leans forward, her graceful figure bent over the coping, her face flushed and moving.

"You make a great mistake," he says. "You wrong us. We none of us think of the money, Dulcie," the name slips out unconsciously, but she hears it and draws herself up.

"My name is Dulcie, yes, Sir Hugh, but I am usually addressed as Miss Dorrmore."

He flushes red under his tan.

"I beg your pardon," he says. "I meant Miss Dorrmore. I was going to say that you would find us better after you had tried us a little longer, that was all."

She laughs; Dulcie's fits of dignity are of short duration.

"I am not complaining," she says. "You are simply too perfect, all of you. I think I'll go to bed."

"You quite forgive me," he says.

"For what?" she says, open-eyed and wondering.

"For calling you—Dulcie," he says, gravely; "it was ill-bred, and ungentlemanly. I do not know how I came to do it! I will not offend again. Let you should fear that I should offend again, I promise, here, and solemnly, that I will not, by word or deed, remind you while you are under my roof of the—the claim which your uncle's will gave you."

"What do you mean?" she asks, looking up at the handsome, noble face, grave and solemn in the half-light.

"I mean," he says, curtly, "that I will not attempt to bias you; I will not—to put it bluntly and brutally—I will not offend you by making love to you."

She looks at him mockingly.

"That is kind and considerate of you," she says. "No; you may reserve that for Miss Lucy Fairfax!" and with a swish of her Worth dress, she turns and leaves him.

"Aunt, are you awake?" she says, five minutes later, when, having said "good-night," and taken the candle from the maid, she stands beside Aunt Fernor's bed.

"Awake? Yes, my dear. I haven't been to sleep. Is it morning?"

"Morning!" says Dulcie, wickedly. "Why, it's to-morrow afternoon. You don't mean to say you have slept through a whole day and not know it?"

"Good gracious!" exclaims Mrs. Fernor, starting up and staring wildly. "Oh, dear me! How could you let me do it? What will Lady Falconer think?" Then seeing by the smile on the beautiful face, that it was one of Dulcie's jokes, she sinks back with a reproachful sigh. "How can you be so stupid, Dulcie? Have you only just come up? And what are they like? Have you enjoyed yourself, my dear?"

"Oh, very much indeed!" says Dulcie, sinking on the bed and uncoiling her hair, that falls in a dark flood on her shoulders. "Exquisitely, enchantingly. I couldn't have enjoyed myself more if I had spent the evening with the kings and queens of England in Madame Tussaud's wax-work show."

"Dulcie!"

"Yes, I might, perhaps, because they (the wax kings and queens) wouldn't have been shocked by every word I said, and every look I looked, and every move I moved."

Mrs. Fernor groans.

"Then you haven't been good after all."

"Good!" exclaims Dulcie. "I have been an angel, a perfect model of propriety—at least so I thought," she adds, ruefully; "and yet they looked at me as if I had been guilty of the most awful lapses of ill-breeding—the sort of look as if they expected me to stand on my head, or eat my dinner with my knife."

Mrs. Fernor sits up and rubs her eyes.

"What had you been doing?" she asks.

"Nothing," retorts Dulcie, brushing her hair with almost spiteful vigor. "That was just it! I couldn't do anything except make remarks that seemed to give them the cold shivers. I couldn't play the piano, or work crewel-stitch, or play chess; and they can do all this and more. I realized for the first time that I was a monument of stupidity and ignorance. Aunt, why was I born with less brains and more 'cheek' than any one else?"

"My dear Dulcie!" exclaims Mrs. Fernor, "what awful slang word was that? I don't understand you. Where did you learn it?"

Dulcie pouts.

"It's a very good word," she says; "you can't find a better or more expressive one to describe the falling I am cur—blessed with. Where did I learn it? Oh, I think Sir Archie used to say it. I learned a good many of those expressions from him. Poor Sir Archie! I wonder if he has forgotten me?"

"Whether he has or not," says Mrs. Fernor, "you ought to forget him! I do hope, my dear Dulcie, that you won't let an absurd flirtation with a comparative stranger stand between you and your future happiness."

Dulcie laughs.

"I do love to hear you talk about that, aunt," she says; "it always makes me happy and restores me to good humor; and," with a sigh, "I have had to endure enough to-night to sour a dairy." Another groan from Mrs. Fernor passed by unheeded.

"There is only one really sensible member in the family, and that's a nice girl of eighteen whom they treat as a child, and send to bed at ten o'clock, poor girl! But there! she'll take her revenge when she does get free, that is one comfort. Aunt, I must have been treated severely to turn out as I have."

"And—and Lady Falconer—"

"Don't speak of her!" exclaims Dulcie. "Let me forget her, or she'll haunt my dreams like a Lady Macbeth; a soft and silent sort of Lady Macbeth."

"But—Sir Hugh—Sir Hugh was kind!" insists Mrs. Fernor.

"Kind!" exclaims Dulcie, flashing round indignantly. "Oh, very! If I stand by and see me making an exhibition of myself, with a smile—that grim smile of his lurking under his mustache—was kind he certainly was most kind, too kind. He was as bad as the rest! I could see by his face what he was thinking. He was comparing me with a certain other young lady—sometimes between a saint and a mouse—and to my disadvantage! Oh! rising and flinging up her arms—"how shall I endure six months of it? I cannot! Long before the week is over I shall rise and scream out, 'Let me go! Let me go! Take the money and return to your love with the dove-like eyes, and let me go!'"

"My dear Dulcie, what are you talking about?"

But Dulcie does not heed.

"It is too bad!" she says, the color coming and going in her face, the fingers of her clasped hands flitting restlessly. "Too bad! Why could they not have left me alone? I did not want to step in between him and—her! I did not—do not—want—the hateful money. He can have it all, and welcome! I wish—I wish I had never seen him!"

And as she speaks there suddenly comes a strange pallor in her face, a strange break in her voice, and as she puts up her hand to coil the flood of hair, something like a tear—some solitary hot tear—drops from her dark

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And so, 'twixt a smile and a tear, ends Dulcie's first night under the roof of Holme Castle!

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir Hugh remains outside for a few minutes after Dulcie has flown, to recover from that last arrow of hers—"Reserve that for Miss Lucy Fairfax."

"Now who," he murmurs, "can have told her? Poor Lucy!" and after a moment he says again—"Poor Lucy!" in a rather irresolute way; and then, pulling at his tawny mustache, he goes back into the room.

Lady Falconer and Maud are standing by the fireplace talking in an undertone, and look up and fall into silence, as people do when the person they are talking of enters suddenly. Then Lady Falconer drags a chair forward with her own hands, and smiles fondly up at him.

"My poor Hugh!" she says, in a tone one uses to an invalid. "Come and sit down. You must be very, very wearied."

"Yes, do, Hugh," murmurs Maud, also piteously, in her thin voice; "come and rest."

"But I am not at all tired," says Hugh, leaning his stalwart, upright form against the mantle-shelf and looking at them—well, rather defensively. He hates a fuss; he detests to be "pitied," and sympathized with, and he can see that they are preparing to treat him as a martyr and a much-injured individual.

"How well you are looking," says Lady Falconer, "extraordinarily well—considering—"

"I was never better. I am always well," he says, with a smile. "Considering what, mother? All the hardships of the campaign? Well, they are not so bad as they are made out."

Lady Falconer shakes her head and gazes at him admiringly.

"That's nonsense, Hugh, dear. You must have suffered terribly, and behaved nobly. They couldn't do less than give you the Victoria Cross."

He flushes and frowns slightly.

"Ah, you love me!" he exclaims, laughing, "don't say anything about the cross, mother. Let us forget it! I have heard such a very great deal about it. After all there were many fellows who were more deserving of it—but who weren't so lucky as I was. It's all a question of luck, mother. I always was lucky, you know."

Lady Falconer sighs.

"Not always, Hugh," she says, mournfully. "This is the last disappointment, for instance; and it is a cruel disappointment. Of course one cannot speak even questioningly of the dead, but really I must say that, considering the expectations held out to you by poor Mr. Trevénion his will is a most extraordinary one."

"Most extraordinary!" murmurs Maud in chorus.

Sir Hugh rubs his short hair with the palm of his hand, a trick he has when irritated and annoyed.

(To be Continued.)

Bedsteads, Springs, Mattresses

We have just received a large shipment of Bedsteads ranging in price from \$5.50 to \$20.00. Extra good value, being bought before the recent rise in price. We are selling at our usually low prices. We have also the Combination Lath and Spring Bed, the only thing of its kind on the market. Get our prices before buying, sure.



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The NEVER-SPREAD Mattress.

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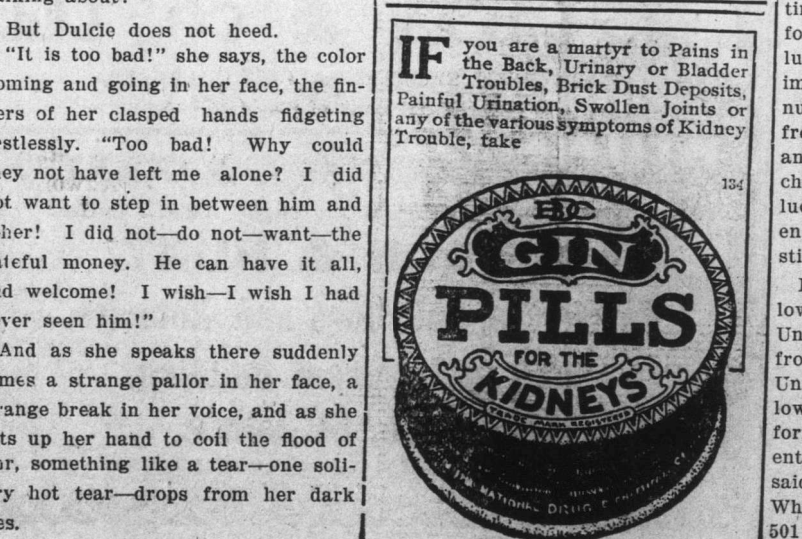
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By a strange freak of nature, the lowest point of dry land in the United States is less than eighty miles from the highest. According to the United States geological survey, the lowest point is in Death Valley, California, and is two hundred and seventy-six feet below sea level. It is said that from this place, Mount Whitney, the summit of which is 14,501 feet above sea level, and the high-

Here It Is.

Of course you've heard that old superstition about the horseshoe bringing good luck. Perhaps you've even hung a horseshoe over your door to keep ill luck away. But do you know how the superstition originated? It dates back to the early times when the ancients tried to foretell the future by means of lucky numbers. Seven has, from time immemorial, been regarded as a lucky number, because it was mentioned so frequently in the Bible. Therefore, any article with seven marks or characters on it was believed to be lucky. A horseshoe usually has seven nail holes—hence the silly superstition.

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point in the country, can be seen on a clear day.

Bottles made of glass are of great antiquity, many having been found in the ruins of Pompeii and having been made in England as early as the 15th century.

"Black Monday" was a name given to Easter Monday, April 14, 1360. The weather was exceedingly cold and hailstones of such size fell they killed the men and horses of the army of Edward III. before the city of Paris.

—In Woman's World for October.

Fads and Fashions.

Georgette crepe is fashionable for so many uses that it seems to have come to stay.

On black charmeuse afternoon frocks the facings may be of a contrasting color.

Black panther grain cowhide is very fashionable for women's traveling cases.

A stone-gray Italian silk was used for an automobile costume in one place.

Real lace becomes more precious and more rare with every day that goes by.

Occasionally one sees a hat with transparent brim and crown of small flowers.

Your frock of black satin should be touched with a bit of emerald green or bright blue.

The sleeveless jacket adds a white note of color when worn over a white dress.

One of the latest features among stockinet suits is the long, pleated coat with a vest.

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Patriotic Gatherings at Indian Hr. Labrador

Private Joseph Michelin tells his story.

September 12, 1917.

Editor Evening Telegram.

On Monday, Sept. 10th, over 100 Nfld. fishermen and Labradorians assembled in the Mission room, attached to the Grenfell Mission Hospital at Indian Harbor, to hear Private Joseph Michelin tell his story.

He has lately returned from a tour to many in this district their opportunity of listening to a war veteran.

After being briefly introduced, Private Michelin told how in 1914 he was in Labrador, not to join a regiment but to attend college.

Within three months came a storm which drove studies out of his head and, at the age of 18, he became a recruit. Briefly sketching his service in St. John's and then in Scotland and England, Private Michelin hurried his audience off to Egypt and thence to the Dardanelles.

Warning to his work he saw a vivid glimpse of trench life and a tropical downpour of rain, and a "rest" which consisted of lying shelled without the shelter of the trenches.

Next his audience were pressed to hospital life in Malta. He was then rushed off to France, to Belgium and to France again. The speaker told how two members of the Regiment won the "D.C.M." for conspicuous bravery, and moved his audience deeply by describing how, on one strenuous day, the Newfoundland Regiment was the only one to fail its objective. He also told how, in the Somme battle, he was one of 50 who were lucky enough to return unharmed after 900 had leapt from their trenches to the attack.

Then came another glimpse of hospital life, in England this time, and of the "lighter side" of convalescence. He paid a warm tribute to the Medical Service and to the Army Service Corps. He added a good-humored offer to reply to any questions which was promptly taken advantage of and

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