THE EVENING TELEGRAM, NT. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, APRIL 17, 1913-2



Victory After Many Defeats.

Hades, all give and take, and no

CHAPTER XII.

A LOVER SPEAKS. quarter; and the young gentleman who went about at home here in Like Northam, Darrel attached no pretty clothes, flowers in their but importance to Sampson Burridge's nholes, and voices as soft as gals' They did recur to Darrel's threats. fought like tigers, worse than tigers mind the next morning, in his first. waking moments, but he put them because they know when they've had down to drunken vaporing and disenough, and slink off when their missed them and Sampson from his stomach is full." mind.

Sergeant Crowe nodded compre-All that day he devoted to his milihendingly. "Yes, our Mr. Frayne is tary duties, of course thinking of Cynone of that kind," he said. "He don't thia at intervals; and his men, who know what fear is. I was sittin' on a were attached to him-for your Tom-

style smoking a pipe the other mornmy is a keen judge of character, and ing, when he come across the can prophesy the future of any young dow, riding that black horse of Capt. subaltern with almost unerring ac-Northam's. Now, if ever there was curacy-reflected his cheerful couna fiend on four legs, he's one of then tenance and exchanged approving re--the horse, I mean, stupid!-and marks about him when they went off knew by the way his eyes rolled that parade and drill. e was up to mischief; he come along

"He's the best of our lot," said Ser mincing. geant Crowe, in the confidence of the ryin' to persuade Mr. Frayne that he sergeant's mess. "I mean of the was a lamb: but Mr. Fravne was is Mr. Fravne, and he's got the men body and soul. He don't spare 'em, the slackers, but he don't spare himswinging along in his careless, whocares-for-anybody kind of way, you'd

Mr. Frayne got 'im up to it three

myself! She said I had better be work which his soul loved, the hours presented at once, because I am one should drag, and that he should find it difficult to fix his mind on any of those girls who go off very quickthing but the beautiful vision which

"So you will, I'm afraid," said Darcame between him and his men as they manoeuvred before him. The el, rather glumly. nen were patient and bore him wi Cynthia stared at him perplexedly; ingly: it is more than possible that hen her blush grew deeper. as they would have put it, they guess "Oh, she didn't mean that: sh ed he "had a girl on his mind." neant that I should go off in looks; grow old and plain quickly.' At last he was free and he change "Amiable old lady!" remarked Darnto mufti, deliberating over hi el. "But I don't think much of he choice of a suit and a necktie, as if dement. So you are going to cour the fate of an empire depended on the and going to be a great swell. Cynright decision, and sped up to town

thy," he said, stifling a sigh. "You'll His heart beat apprehensively as he have a busy time of it then. Dinners. rang the bell, and fell to bottomles dances, receptions. There won't be depths as the stately porter, with much chance of a fellow getting near what seemed brutal indifference to Darrel, said "Don't be foolish, Darrel!" she said

"Her ladyship is not at home, sir 'I shall only be one of scores, and Darrel turned away, feeling that all you-I mean, any one--- Oh, I'll how you my veil, now you are here Isn't it altogether too lovely! It's Brussels: it's the one Aunt Gwen was a voice which he strove to keen presented in Isn't it heautiful?" steady, if Miss Drayle were in, and his heart gave a bound as the porter She had twisted round to see her replied in the affirmative, and, with self in the glass, and she did not see he same brutal indifference, led him the ardent look in his eves as they the drawing-room ested on her face.

There was no one there, but in the "Very lovely!" he assented, as if he anteroom, partially disclosed by the ad suddenly lost his breath. "But] open curtains, he saw a long lace veil hould like to see you in all your war

tole to her face.

-he concluded it was a veil-and paint, Cynthy," he added wistfully. ther articles of millinery, lying on a chair and on the ground, as if they urning to him with open cagerness had been dropped from the hand o Why, so you can! Aunt Gwen is go some one who had hastily fled from ng to give a ball on the night of the the room.

He ventured to approach, and look ed at them with a sudden keen interst, for might they not be Cynthia's? To the man in love there is a subtle charm, an indescribable fascination a everything his mistress wears, and Darrel was gazing at them-he would not have dared to touch them-with tender and an envious smile-for touch her, to be touched by her?when the door opened and Cynthia ran in. He turned quickly and

caught her hand. Her face was wreathed in smiles, er eves were dancing, her sweet lips

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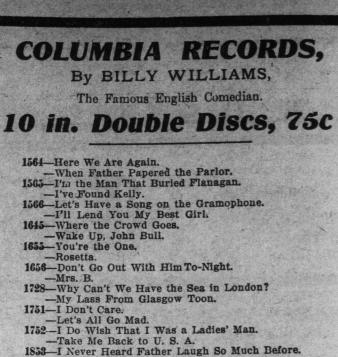
I made my way amid a throng, Music loving, blest with song, Each hurrying forth without delay To Cochrane Street, they wend their

I heard its sweet and mellow notes, As if 'twere borne from angel throats; Then deeper, fuller, brighter, clearer, Seems to echo ever nearer,

el. Oh, I should like you to!"

(To be continued.)

and list! midst that melodious swell



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