### tie's slim figure stood on the thresh-hold. She cast a nervous glance at BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Bell-Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII. An Old Locket.

When they were alone again Stella lurned to her husband. He had not spoken since that one speech that had sent the blood to her cheeks in tell-

tale confusion, "Clifford," she said quietly, "I have had a note from Lady Mary asking me to go and stay with her for a few

days; do you mind if I go?" "Mind!" he said with a savage laugh what use would it be if I did? Have you any regard for my wishes or my opinion, that you should ask that question! You keep a dog that I object to, and also a beggar girl because, I suppose, they are both links with that artist chap, Jaspar Tennant, who made love to you behind my

recognize your authority in things that stay a few days with Lady Mary." concern only myself. I am your wife, and so far as I can I obey you, but I don't allow anyone to dictate my not interest you!"

As he looked at her cold, white face and read the scorn in her blue eyes a "he is a friend of mine." sudden rage sprang up in his heart.

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shove illustration and send size of his mysterious buying of shares he pattern wanted. When the pattern is has shown an unusual activity in my hust measure you need only mark 32, direction." 34, or measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt give waist and length measure. When misses or with his head in his hand, the letter startled to find that it was almost time child's pattern write only the figure staring up at him like a menace. Since to keep an appointment in the city. representing the age. It is not neces- he had married all had gone wrong He glanced at himself in the mirror sary to write "inches" or "years." Pat- with him. The woman he loved had over the mantelpiece. No one would terns cannot reach you in less than one drifted further and further from him. take him for the thin, half-starved man week from the date of order. The price He had married her knowing she did who a few months ago had called on of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or not love him, but he had hoped that the financier, Clifford Hawke, to try in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,



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spirit as he had crushed another woman's in the past. "I don't wish you to stay with Lady

Mary!" he said harshly, "she probably has that chap Tennant staying with her, and I don't intend my wife to meet a man who has made love to her in the past! Do you understand?" She flung back her head with scornful little laugh.

"I understand that your reason is an insult, and one that I will not degrade my womanhood by obeying." "Then you defy me!" he said slow-

ly, watching with angry sullen eyes the face of the only woman he ever loved, and whom his own conduct was only driving further from

"I refuse to obey you when your objections to my seeing my oldest friend "You have no right to speak like are couched in such terms!" Stella that," Stella replied proudly. "I don't said coldly. "I will certainly go to "And probably see that posing artist

chap?" he sneered savagely. A vivid flush stained her sweet face, movements to me, especially if they but her eyes met his so frankly and are innocent domestic details that do clearly that his own fell bedore them. "If I meet Mr. Tennant I shall certainly speak to him," she said quietly,

"You mean he is your lover-that He saw that for once he had met his he has been in love with you all the match in the pliable girl he had mar-time, and you with him," he cried ried by a trick, and for a moment he savagely, his self-control slipping from great longing to crush that him for the moment as the smoldering hate bubbled up against the man who had won the love he had failed to buy, ill, really." "I knew it all along, and I made up my mind to keep you from him, and I did! I married you while he-He paused suddenly, his heat freezing that "artist chap" had picked up. He back into ice beneath the accusing glance in her eyes.

"While he was kept away from me through your vile agency!" Stella cried in a tone of horror. "Oh, I know ow that what I had dreaded and feared was a terrible truth! That you the man I had married-could acually stoop to try and kill another man who had done you no wrong!" He shrank from the loathing that

e read in her eyes. "All's fair in love and war!" said sullenly. "Besides, I have not admitted that I am responsible for Pennant's accident! You made up that on your own initiative."

"You can't deny it!" she said in a low voice. "You know that I am right and oh! how I hate you for it! How I regret that I ever let myself believe that he could be silent all that time when he knew that I was waiting for a signal that would change my

She paused, and the lace on her posom rose and fell beneath her hurried breathing. For a moment they gazed at each other, reading the secrets that each had concealed from the other for so long.

Then Stella said slowly, "I will go now. There is nothing more to be Ladies' Negligee.—Cut in sizes 32, 34, said. After what has passed between 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust meas- us we can only meet as strangers now. ure; 4% yards of 36-inch material will Because I am still your wife I cannot be required for the making. All the betray my knowledge of what you are, but I cannot live with you again-

His face went pale with rage.

upon your returning to me?"

taken into my confidence." The next moment she had turned ing. away, and as the door closed softly be-

He sat down at his desk and gazed out of everything.-Yours, I. F. vacantly before him for a moment. He read the letter carefully, and His keen rapierlike brain had lost its then folded it and put it away. grip of financial matters for the time ly a letter that his secretary had laid is so eager to have me do this. Is it on the desk for him to read.

"Confound these people," he muttered, "I can't attend to business now." acter, quite unlike that of little Lot-CAUTION: Be careful to inclose "Since he came into the market with the other fine lady is hard and bitter."

hope had fallen through; they would had grown a heard and mustache, and LONDON ADVERTISER. Then for some time past this mysteri- ing. ous man Smith had been shadowing ed lately had gone down; and for the cept when I meet Clifford Hawke."
first time in his life he had almost A few moments later he was walk-

"everyone I have asked seems to be collided suddenly with a man, who know nothing about him. I must find turned and stared at him. him; I like to get my enemies into the open, and then I'll let Mr. Smith then he gave a cry, and clutched the have a taste of what I can do."

Then his mind switched off to another idea. The visit of the detective you were not burnt, after all!" had in no way thrown dust in his

"That chap had a motive for calling," he said with a grim smile. "He did it very cleverly, but I saw through it. He suspects me of something, but burnt in the fire-and you thought I I wonder what tack he is on; there are several he approached, but I don't know how much was suspicion and drink," Steinway said, "and tell me how much bluff! Surely Paul Stein- what you've been doing. If you only

way must be dead!" He rose, and went to the telephone then paused, and replaced the re-

"No. I will call. Safer. Li Yen is drinks, Steinway said againsure to be in his hovel later on. In "Now fire away. How have you the meantime I will-The door opened suddenly, and Lot-

him and hesitated.
"Well, what is it?" he said, curtly.

She held out her hand, and he saw "Mrs. Hawke asked me to bring you

this," she said quietly. "She has gone He snatched the letter from her and tore it open. It was brief and to the

point. "I am going now to stay with Lady Mary. It will be a prolonged visit, and unless you like no one need know that it is anything more. Later on, when my plans are definite, I will send for Lottie, and you shall be rid of everything personally connected with me. Till then, may I ask you to give her shelter? She will not get in your way, and I have at present no-

where to take her,-Stella." That was all, but as he read it Clifford Hawke bit his lip till the blood came. She had gone-left him-and they had been married only a couple of months. He had betrayed himself, and this was the result of his own folly. He glanced up and caught Lottie's grave wistful glance fixed upon

"What are you staring at?" he said harshly. "Are those the manners my wife taught you?"

The girl flushed hotly. "I am sorry," she said quietly, "but ward," kind. you looked ill, Mr. Hawke, and I thought I might be able to bring you Heyen also. He sighed and thought something."

He looked at her more closely. What did she mean? What did this meekeyed girl with the soft voice know "I am quite well, thank you," he said curtly. "You may go. I suppose you know what to do till-till Mrs. Hawke sends dor you?"

She nodded. "Yes, thank you. But are you sure can do nothing for you? You do look

He smiled grimly. It was a unique experience for him to be pitied, and by a street beggar whom his wife and looked at her more closely. He had always felt a curious antipathy for her—she reminded him of a fragment In his past that he was always trying to forget, but never succeeded in doing so. Suddenly he caught his breath sharply and stepped forward. Round the thin girlish neck was an old gold locket, battered and shapeless, with two initials intertwined on it.

"That locket looks old!" he said slowly; "where did you get it from?" Lottie raised her hand and touched it tenderly.

"It was my mother's," she said gently. "She put it round my neck when she was dying, and-But she paused suddenly. The great financier had given a curious little cry, this year, was stated by his counsel and stumbling forward had fallen in a dead faint at her feet.

CHAPTER XXIII,

An Unexpected Meeting. "Mr. Smith"-or Paul Steinwaying, and gave a laugh of triumph.

Hawke pretty well fixed up," he mut- sel for Mr. Gould, replied that while tered; "in a very short time now I this was once true Mr. Gould says it shall have my revenge! My enemy, is not so now. Mr. Nicoli also assertwho would gladly have seen me burnt ed that Mrs. Gould's career for many to death, and probably knows more years had been one of unbridled exabout the affair than anyone else, will travagance, and that last year she recome to the end of his little run, and ceived from her husband \$224,000 and 'Mr. Smith' will have accomplished his that from 1899 to 1906 Mr. Gould gave object in life."

dow. He had taken a flat in the Al- the increase of alimony was reserved. bany-Clifford Hawke's old place-and "Then you forget that I can insist smiled grimly as he thought how he had prospered since that day when he "You can, I suppose," she replied had first called on the rising man of coldly, "but if you do I shall be com- finance. He had passed under many terial or ribbon. Challies, cashmere, pelled to give my reason for leaving bridges since then, and now held the lawn and China silk are all adapt- you, and you know best whether you helm in his own hand. Presently he would like the rest of the world to be took a letter from his pocket, and read it for the third time that morn-

> "Dear Mr. Smith," it began. "Just hind her slim, graceful figure, Clifford a line to tell you that my cousin's Hawke, financier and cold, unscrupu- husband is now alone. His wife has lous man of the world, realized that left him-though the affair is not supfor once in his life of varied experi- posed to be known-so the doubts you ences he had been beaten by a wo- had about spoiling her life with him man, and given time, will find a way

> "So she advices my acting at once," being, and he pushed aside impatient- he mused. "I wonder why Miss Frant disappointed love for the man or hate of her cousin? She is a strange char-Then he glanced again at the letter, tie Bond. I feel somehow that that and the frown on his face deepened. little girl would not like me to work "So that chap Smith is making out a plan of vengeance against anytrouble for me, is he?" he muttered. one. She is as sweet and gentle as

He began to fill his pipe, and presently was making notes in a small pocketbook. So intent was he on this He pushed back his chair and sat that when he had finished he was

she might do so in time. Now that and obtain a billet in his office. He never be anything else but strangers! his figure had filled out with good liv-

"No one would know me," he muthis career. Everything he had touch- tered; "I shall escape recognition, ex-

ing swiftly down Piccadilly, and as "Who is this man?" he muttered, he crossed the road by Regent street,

> "I beg your pardon," he said hastily, other man's shoulder. "Cardew!" he said hoarsely. "Then

The face of the man whom he called "Cardew" flushed with surprised

"Good heavens! it's old Steinway! Why, man, the papers said you were was. What a comedy of errors!" "Come to the Criterion and have a

knew the hours I've spent regretting that I sent you back to sleep at that When they were served with their been existing since I last saw you?"

(To be Continued.)

#### PLAY REUNITES LOVERS

Pathetic End of Stage Romance Brings Young Couple Together.

Kankakee, Ill., Oct. 15. - Real life nelodrama yesterday changed the course of events in three lives. It cost Jacob Otten, a wealthy Chicagoan, bride and brought together two loving Kankakee hearts which had formerly beat as one, but which, for a year, had been doing their beating independently.

George Heyen, a well-to-do young farmer living near here, and Miss Lizzie Boener, daughter of a neighboring farmer, attended the Bijou Theatre in this place last night. Up to a year ago the couple had been sweethearts and were engaged to marry, but a lovers' quarrel separated them and for one year they had not met. Neither knew of the presence in the theatre of the other till they met, face to face, after the curtain had fallen. Pretty Miss Boeners 17-year-old heart pit-a-patted terribly and forced tears of sympathy to her eyes when the stage lovers quarreled. It was so like her own case, all but the ending, which was one of the "and they were married and lived happily ever after-

The clever bit of acting affected tears, even if he did not display that much emotion. Then the curtain fell and each wandered out. In the lobby of the theatre they met. The meeting was a bit strained. "Wasn't it fine?" remarked Heyen,

by way of saying something. "Yes," sighed Miss Boener, "especialv the ending. That's the way all quarrels should end."

"Would you? Do you mean it?" asked Heyen, excitedly, as he grasped her hands. "Yes," declared Miss Boener, forget-

ting that she was to marry Jacob

Otten of Chicago, 48 years old, but wealthy, next week. "Yes, I mean it, George, if you do.' This morning the young people, accompanied by their parents, appeared before Justice O. H. Mead and were

married.

ALAS, POOR HOWARD

Gould Has to Struggle Along on \$400,-000 Per Year.

New York, Oct. 15.-That Howard Gould's income was formerly \$600,000 a year, but since the business depression of last year it has been reduced to \$400,000, and that he has lost \$300,000 in an argument before Justice Bischoff today. These figures were given in opposing an application by Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould, wife of Howard Gould, who is suing him for divorce, for an increase in her alimony from \$25,000 a year to \$120,000. To poort her application Mrs. Goul serted that her husband's income was "There, I think I have Mr. Clifford \$600,000 a year. Delancy Nicoll, counhis wife \$766,500, and that Mrs. Gould He rose and looked out of the win- had saved \$200,000 of it. Decision on



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#### Silk Trimmed Skirt at \$4.50

Made of all-wool poplin, trimmed with three rows of silk around bottom, in navy, brown and black. A handsome skirt for little money. Selling Saturday at ......\$4.50

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After spending a good deal of time looking through the different manufacturers' range of samples we have secured an elegant coat for girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Selling price.....\$7.00 Colors are wine, brown, blue and green.

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flan, for \$20,000 personal damages because Brady accused the negro of stealing his pocketbook on the train, and had him arrested before he left the train at Montreal, turning him over to the Montreal police, who promptly locked the negro up on the charge on Jan. 25, 1906. The negro's attorney says as soon as the suit against Brady

decided he will sue criminally

PORTER SUES MILLIONAIRE. , civilly, the principal Montreal police Montreal, Oct. 15.-Daniel M. Brady, officials in power and responsible at the millionaire head of several big cor- that time, and if necessary bring the porations, is defendant here in an ac- matter of a proper settlement of his tion brought by a negro Pullman buf- colored client's grievances before the fet car porter, named George W. Grif- secretary of state to adjust with the British Government.

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