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The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXV.

"Sarah," says Dulcie, entering her room to dress for dinner, on the third day after the botanical fete, and taking up a bouquet of flowers from the table, "who told you to put these flowers there? Where did you get them from? This is the third bouquet I've found here."

Sarah colors uneasily, and moves about the room out of her mistress's range, and Dulcie, amused at her embarrassment, laughs.

"I suspect this is a bit of self-sacrifice on your part, Sarah. It is very wrong. If John, the footman, makes you present you shouldn't give them away; it isn't fair, you know."

This brings Sarah into the candle-light with an indignant flush.

"No, miss, it's no such thing. John wouldn't do it. They weren't given to me."

"Oh," says Dulcie, a sudden suspicion bringing a flush to her face now. "Then they are meant for me. May I ask where they come from?"

And the Worst is Yet to Come



them in her hand; and regarding them dreamily.

"Poor Sir Archie!" she thinks. "He is wasting more than his money; he is lavishing his time and the attention he lavishes upon a miserable, worthless girl. I wonder what bright young creature I am robbing; there must be some one who loves him as he deserves to be loved, some one whose heart is aching at his absence, and who would give all the world for a bunch of flowers from his hand! While I—"

she stops and lays the flowers down with a sigh, but as they lie on the table mutely imploring, as it were, they haunt her, and she steps now and again with the brush in her hand, and the hood of dark, silken hair flowing over her shoulders, go look at them musingly, and their donor is in her mind.

Try as she will, she cannot but remember how constant he was to her. Ever since that night they met at Rome he has, like a true knight, worn her colors on his shield. People called him fickle and inconstant, but he has not been fickle to her, and no constancy could be deeper than he has shown toward her.

And now how gentle and devoted is the service he pays her.

No word of love has passed his lips, he who used to be so ready with the passionate avowal. But now that she is in trouble, that she is a dependent, his respect for her is too great to permit him to openly declare the passion which every look he gives her proclaims for him. Something like a tear dims her eyes as she recalls the numberless little kindnesses he has done for her since he has been in the house. He has allowed no opportunity of serving her to escape him; and has done his devoir so respectfully, so devotedly that often and often Dulcie has been tempted to cry out with a desperate appeal:

"Leave me! It is only waste of time! You are seeking for a reward which I cannot give! My love has gone, and it will never return to my heart that I may give it again."

And now as she looks at the flowers, a gentle, womanly pity for him takes possession of her, and she sighs for the true knight who, fickle and inconstant to others, has been so true and staunch to her.

This, it may be remembered, has always been considered a dangerous condition for young maidens. "Pity," wrote the poet, "is near akin to love;" and there is a world of pity in Dulcie's eyes as she takes up the bouquet and carries it down with her into the drawing-room.

There has been a difference in her life since Archie's arrival, a difference which they try to conceal, but which Dulcie cannot fail to remark.

Taking her sudden faintness as a reason, Lady Brookley declines to let her undertake even the light tasks which she was wont to do; and it is Archie who reads the paper and conducts the correspondence. Then again Lady Brookley has decided that amusement is what Dulcie requires, that she was getting flippant and bored, and Archie procures tickets for afternoon concerts, and boxes for the theatre, and Lady Brookley insists upon Dulcie accompanying them.

It is in vain that Dulcie remonstrates with a blush that is half one of annoyance.

"Any one would think I was in galloping consumption, and that you were trying to make the best of what remained to me of life," she says, laughing.

"I'm not sure that you're not, my dear," retorts Lady Brookley, looking up at her with eyes in which amusement and admiration twinkle. "Your arms have got ever so much thinner; haven't they, Archie?"

"Yes," says Archie, first glancing at the rounded arms—"Yes, much thinner. You are quite right, aunt—what Miss Dormore wants is plenty of excitement and—and change, don't you know?"

"I don't want anything of the kind," protests Dulcie; "I am getting positively fat. I give you fair warning that in a very short time I shall develop into what is known as the pampered mental."

This provokes a shout of laughter from the earl, who always relishes Dulcie's jokes. "Pampered mental or not, miss," he says, "you'll go with the young people—I mean her ladyship and Archie—to the theater."

"Danger Ahead" is the Warning Which Headache Signals to You

TRUE, an occasional headache may result from conditions that pass away, but "persistent headaches" tell of serious trouble, and demand attention.

Women are more liable to headaches than men. The direct cause may be overwork, worry or mental anxiety, but the real source of trouble is debility of the nerve centres.

The brain is the "central station" of the nervous system, and here is first felt any unusual strain. Headache results, and you are warned of the exhausted condition of the nerve cells.

The first thought is of relief, and too often there is formed the habit of resorting to headache powders or tablets, instead of aiming at the restoration of the nervous system.

Nerve Cells of Brain Cry Aloud for Rich Red Blood

Anæmia or bloodlessness is often an accompaniment of headaches. The blood is thin and watery, the nerves are starved, there are spells of melancholy and discouragement, and you feel in many ways the need of reconstructive treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Fatigue and exertion should be avoided, and you should have exercise in the open air while using this food cure to nourish the starved, depleted nerve cells back to health.

Not only do you cure headache by using this treatment, but you build up the run-down system, and prevent such developments as nervous prostration and paralysis.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.



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And so Dulcie went, and knew all the time that she was looking at the stage that Archie behind her chair was looking at her, with that absorbed look in his blue eyes.

She thinks of all this as she comes down this evening with the bouquet in her hand, and her conscience smites her.

"I am a hard-hearted, selfish girl," she murmurs, "unworthy a thought of such as he is."

And with this on her lips she enters the room, to find him of whom she is not worth a thought standing near the window, humming an opera air and besting time with his fingers on the fern-case.

He moves as she enters with that quick, attentive look on his face, lest she should want anything—a chair, a book, or a footstool—and his glance falls upon the bouquet with a guilty intensity.

"Good-evening," he says, with affected carelessness. "I was just waiting for you. What do you say to a ballad concert to-night—do you feel strong enough for it?"

Dulcie goes up to him and looks on him with a little smile playing about the sweet curves of her lips—a smile that is almost sad; the pity still fills her heart.

"To I look so ill and weak, then?" she says.

"Eh? no," he says—"certainly not," and his eyes venture to scan her face; "but—but you can't be too careful, you know. I don't believe you are strong—not so strong as you might be."

"Sir Archie, that is nonsense," she says, and a laugh proves the retort. "Indeed, it is all nonsense. You are in a conspiracy to persuade me that I am an invalid. Do you want me to sit upon a sofa, and be fed with beef-tee from a spoon?"

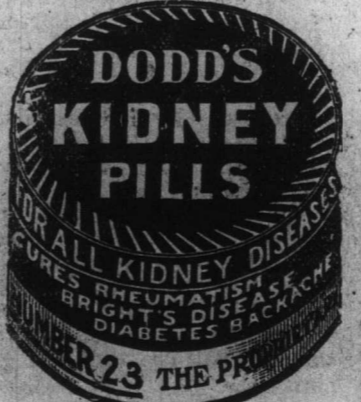
He shakes his head and laughs.

"That's just what we want to avoid, you see," he says. "But, seriously, you will come?"

"Seriously," she says, "let me ask you a question, Sir Archie; may I?"

"Ask me twenty," he says.

(To be Continued.)



War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

THE SITUATION IN PETROGRAD

PETROGRAD, Nov. 9.

We plan to offer an immediate election of three months during which elected representatives from all nations and not diplomats are to settle the question of peace, said Nicolai Lenin, in a speech before the Workers' and Soldiers' Congress to-day. We offer these terms, Lenin added, but we are willing to consider any proposals for peace, no matter from which side. We offer a just, but we do not accept an unjust peace.

The bullet-shattered Winter Palace was the only ocular sign of the remarkable transference of power that has taken place in Petrograd and drew tens of thousands among the populace to the vicinity of the structure to-day. Nowhere else in the whole city, except perhaps at Smolny Institute, where the new Government has established its headquarters, which was the scene of unusual activity for the reason that the Soldiers' and Workers' Congress had assembled there; had the new revolution left its mark. Even the Winter Palace carried no marks of last night's battle, which a coat of paint and new window panes would not hide. Close inspection of the river front facade on the palace quay, but from the nearly palace bridge it could be plainly seen that the heavy guns of the cruiser which bombarded the palace, shaking the town during several hours of the night, unaccountably had done virtually no damage. On the land side, however, facing the canal from which rises the gigantic panorama of victory and which is flanked by the office staff buildings, there is plain evidence of the work done by machine guns and rifles. The red walls are speckled with white discs marking hits. Scarcely a window pane is without its clean cut bullet hole. On the Nevsky Prospekt where yesterday there were machine guns and armoured cars and infantry behind wooden barricades, to-day were to be seen only the usual throngs of the city and these were no excitement among them. Among the street crowds there was an occasional bedraggled sailor who had been wounded during the night's fights. In an apartment a mile beyond the palace a shell either from a gun of the fortress or the cruiser had gone through the roof apparently spent. It lay on the table in the living room and did not explode. Soldiers were asserting control of the various districts and the fusillades of rifles and sniping of machine guns with the occasional boom of cannon which continued from early last night until the palace had surrendered had been supplanted by laughter and shouts of school boys dismissed and playing in the piazzas. Reuter's correspondents at Petrograd says a telegram from Katish announces that General Anipol, commander of the troops, has been arrested and that military orders with their armoured cars surrendered to the revolutionists.

SECTIONS OF ARMY WITH REVOLUTIONISTS.

PETROGRAD, Thursday.

At Smolny Institute the Associated Press was informed that two detachments of troops headed for Petrograd in response to an early appeal from Krensky, and were met outside the city by Commissioners and persuaded to return to the front.

The correspondent was also informed that the armies on the northern front had elected a revolutionary committee which declared in support of the Congress. A delegation from the army which arrived at Petrograd yesterday has joined the revolutionary expedition. A French officer was wounded during last night's action.

