

# The Sound of Wedding Bells

## Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER X.

"No, no, thank you. I shall be all right in a minute. But I wish you would go."

He stands beside her, looking down at her with more than admiration in his gray eyes.

"Are you so anxious to get rid of me?" he says.

"No; but they will be in such a state—"

"Can you not endure me for a few minutes?" he goes on, taking no notice of her reply. "Let me sit beside you that you may lean against me. Try and forget that you dislike me; try and imagine that I am a post, or a sofa cushion—anything, but lean against me and rest."

His words are sufficient to call up a smile, but, strange to say, Dulcie cannot smile at him, there is a certain tone of command, mingled with chivalrous gentleness, which forbids levity, and she puts her hand within his arm as a compromise.

"I am really all right," she says. "If you would but believe it and go home. Couldn't you—as a bright thought—couldn't you go and send a pony-chaise?"

"Yes," he says, "presently; I cannot leave you now. You might faint again."

"I am sure I shall not."

He is silent for a moment, then he bends his head and looks at her.

"Dulcie—let me call you Dulcie for once!—why is it that you dislike me so? So much that you cannot bear me to be near you?"

She looks away in silence for a moment, during which his eyes seem to grow to her face, upon which a faint color is coming and going.

"I came with you in the dog-cart," she says, with a smile that is rather uncertain.

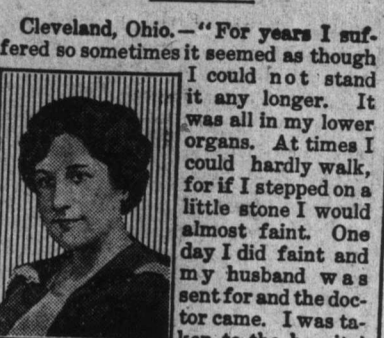
"I know! Yes, because you wanted the ride, that was all. Why is it that you dislike me so? Is it because of that unfortunate accident at our first meeting?"

She is silent; his voice is like music; no longer firm and grave, but tender and pleading; his face, as she just sees it from under her long lashes, looks more handsome than ever; the gray eyes warm and eloquent with the passion of love. Do what she will she cannot keep her hand from quivering as it rests upon his arm; her whole being, indeed, is quivering with a new sensation which almost frightens her.

"Forget it," he says; "forget it if you will. As for me, I shall always remember it; Rome will always be as—"

# FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

## Mrs. Brown Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains."

A friend who is a nurse said for me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home.—Mrs. W. C. BROWN, 1109 Auburn Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Why not take Mrs. Brown's advice? Write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

sociated in my mind with the vision of the beautiful girl standing looking down at me from the stairs with defiance and daring and mockery in her eyes."

He pauses a moment, as if he were recalling her as he first saw her face to face, then he draws a little nearer, and his voice grows lower and softer: "Dulcie, will you be very angry if I tell you something?"

She raises her eyes to his face, then looks away, still silent.

"I think I must tell you," he goes on. "I meant to keep it to myself for a little time, until—well, until you had learned to dislike me a little less. I had hoped that in time I might persuade you to like me, and then I intended to speak. But I do not know how it is. I feel that I cannot keep it to you. I mean, Dulcie, that—I love you!"

Slowly, earnestly, eagerly the words fall from his lips, and his hand takes hers that droops at her side, and holds it firmly.

She sits quite motionless, looking at the moss at her feet.

Is it anger that sends the blood in a hot stream to her face, that makes her heart throb, and a sudden light to flash and glow in her eyes? If so, anger can make even beauty more beautiful.

"I love you," he repeats. "I think I loved you that night, even when you treated me most coldly and defiantly. I know, at any rate, that I love you now. Dulcie, are you angry?"

She thrusts her feet into the moss, and bends her head still lower. All her heart seems to go out toward him, but pride stands in the way. It is shameful that she should yield so soon, she who has declared that no-

thing on earth shall alter her decision. "You are," he says, with a little sigh. "Well, I am sorry. Forgive me, Dulcie, and if you can, forget what I have said. I see now that my case is hopeless; you are not one to swerve when once you have made up your mind. And you made up your mind to dislike me, to hold me at arm's length from the first, did you not? Well"—he pauses, and his face is very grave and troubled—"I will promise to atone in the only way I can for what I have said; I will not repeat it, Dulcie—I ought to call you Miss Dorrimore. Will you believe me when I now renew the promise that I made that I would not offend you in—in this way? It will make no difference to you, I hope—I mean as to your stay with us? If it should, I will go away; if you like, I will leave the Castle to-night, until the time of your visit has expired."

"Is that necessary?" she says, in a faint voice.

He looks up eagerly.

"I hope not," he responds. "I am in your hands; do with me what you will, only rest assured that I will not annoy you in any way."

"You"—she pauses—"you will not annoy me. It is I who ought to go. I think I will."

"Do not," he pleads, earnestly. "or I shall think you are offended in so-ber earnest. Yes, it will be better for me to go."

She looks at him for a second, and "Why should you?" she murmurs.

"Why should you?" she murmurs, while a faint smile plays on her lips. He looks gratified.

"You will trust me?" he says. "I promise that not a word—well, of my love—shall pass my lips. I accept your decision as final, and will do my best to bear it. It will be hard to bear."

"Will it?"

He inclines his head thoughtfully.

"Very, Dulcie—Miss Dorrimore. There are some men who love often and easily. I am not, unfortunately, one of them—this is the first time I have ever spoken words of love to any woman."

"Not even to Miss Fairfax?"

The words are scarcely audible, but he hears them.

"Not even to Miss Fairfax," he says, decidedly. "So you see that it will take me some time to recover. But you will not care to hear me talk about myself in this way. Are you rested? Shall we go on, or will you wait while I get the pony-carriage?"

He looks at her as he asks the question, and all unconscious that he still holds her hand, is about to rise. There is a look of deep disappointment on his manly face, of more than disappointment—of suppressed pain—and as she raises her eyes she sees it.

"I will wait," she says, "if you want to go." This very softly.

He sinks down beside her again.

"Want to go!" he says, with a little bitter laugh. "I am quite content to stay here with you for a week, for a month, a year—forever! There! I am forgetting—forgive me!"

She is silent for a moment, then she says, with a little flash of her eyes: "You have had a narrow escape, Sir Hugh."

"What?" he says, his eyes fixed on hers, that are averted.

"A very narrow escape," she repeats. "Suppose I had taken you to your word! By this time you would have been engaged to—Dulcie Dorrimore—a young woman who, though I myself personally like her very much indeed, is altogether unsuitable for the wife of Sir Hugh Falconer! Unaccomplished, ill-bred, pert, ill-tempered, and almost unrepresentable."

"Is it a tear, or merely the sunlight that causes her eyes to droop for a moment? "In a word, altogether unfit to be the future mistress of Holme Castle!"

He shakes his head and smiles wistfully.

"It would have been the talk of the county—I think that is the way to put it—the talk of the county; your mother would have been shocked—and not unreasonably; your sister Maud would have plunged into grief, and Miss Fairfax—he makes a sudden gesture of impatience, but she goes on—"would have been bitterly disappointed. And then, as for yourself, how unhappy you would have been! I have the most awful and trying of tempers—"



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Relieve your skin distress—get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere. Recommended by T. McMurdo & Co., A. W. Kennedy, M. Connors, Peter O'Mara.

"Have you?" he says. "So have I. I like a bad temper—if yours is bad."

"I am altogether unreasonable, selfish, and full of caprice."

"It would have been my aspiration to satisfy your every wish, to gratify your every caprice; no matter—"

"And when you had found that you had failed!" she says, in the same low, half-mocking voice, with her dark eyes averted still. "When you had tired of me—for you would tire of me!—then—"

He laughs rather bitterly.

"Very ingenious," he says; "but if you are saying all this with the hope that you may reconcile me to your refusal, spare yourself. I have said 'I love you,' and in that all that is to be said is said. I will go now and get the pony-carriage. Will you wait here, or shall I take you to the cottage?"

She shakes her head, and taking this as indicating that she prefers to stay, he rises, and releases her hand, which, until now, he has held.

"I shall not be long," he says, still reluctant to go. "I hate leaving you—but I must," and he turns on his heel.

She looks up, almost for the first time, and her face turns pale; something within her cries out "Hugh," but it is not audible, and he strides on rapidly, and is out of sight. There she sits, staring before her for a minute; a strange mist seems to float before her eyes; a sudden choking comes to her throat, and suddenly her head drops in her hands, and a low sob breaks from her lips. Why would he not understand? Why would he insist upon taking her at her word? Fool, fool that she has been to sit and gibe at him when her heart was aching for love of him—to sit and mock while every fiber of her being throbbed at his touch!

She is so lost in self-reproach, in bitter remorse, in self-scorn, that she does not hear the sound of footsteps on the rough track—does not know that he is back by her side until his voice sounds in her ear: "Miss Dorrimore, I can't go—I can't leave you here alone. Ah—"

He breaks off, and is beside her on his knee.

"What is the matter? You are faint again!" She hides her crimson, tear-stained face in her hands, and shakes her head.

"No?" he says, anxiously. "Then—then you have been crying! What a selfish brute I am! I forgot that you were weak and overstrained, and not fit to bear my pestering. What shall I say? Forgive me, Dulcie. There; for Heaven's sake, don't cry, or I shall go mad—I never could bear to see any woman cry. And you! Don't cry. I'll do anything, promise anything! I'll look here—I'll go away at once—this moment; and I swear you shall not see my hateful face again. See here! I'm gone."

And he rises, and is making off with a wistful, passionately sorrowful glance at the dark, silky head; but with a sudden cry, she holds out one hand.

"Not don't go," she says, with genuine, pale-faced alarm.

He stops, like an obedient dog.

"I—I mean," she says, glancing up at him swiftly, and drooping her head, shamefacedly, "don't go—like this."

"All right," he says, eagerly and gratefully; "certainly not, if you bid me stay."

(To be Continued.)

# Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

## A NEW AND PRACTICAL MODEL.



2196—This style has deep pockets at the sides and is made for 'cool comfort.' It affords ample protection for the dress, without waste of material. Gingham, percale, lawn, brilliantine, drill and alpaca, are good materials for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42 and Extra Large, 44-46. Size Medium will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

## AN ATTRACTIVE ONE-PIECE DRESS.

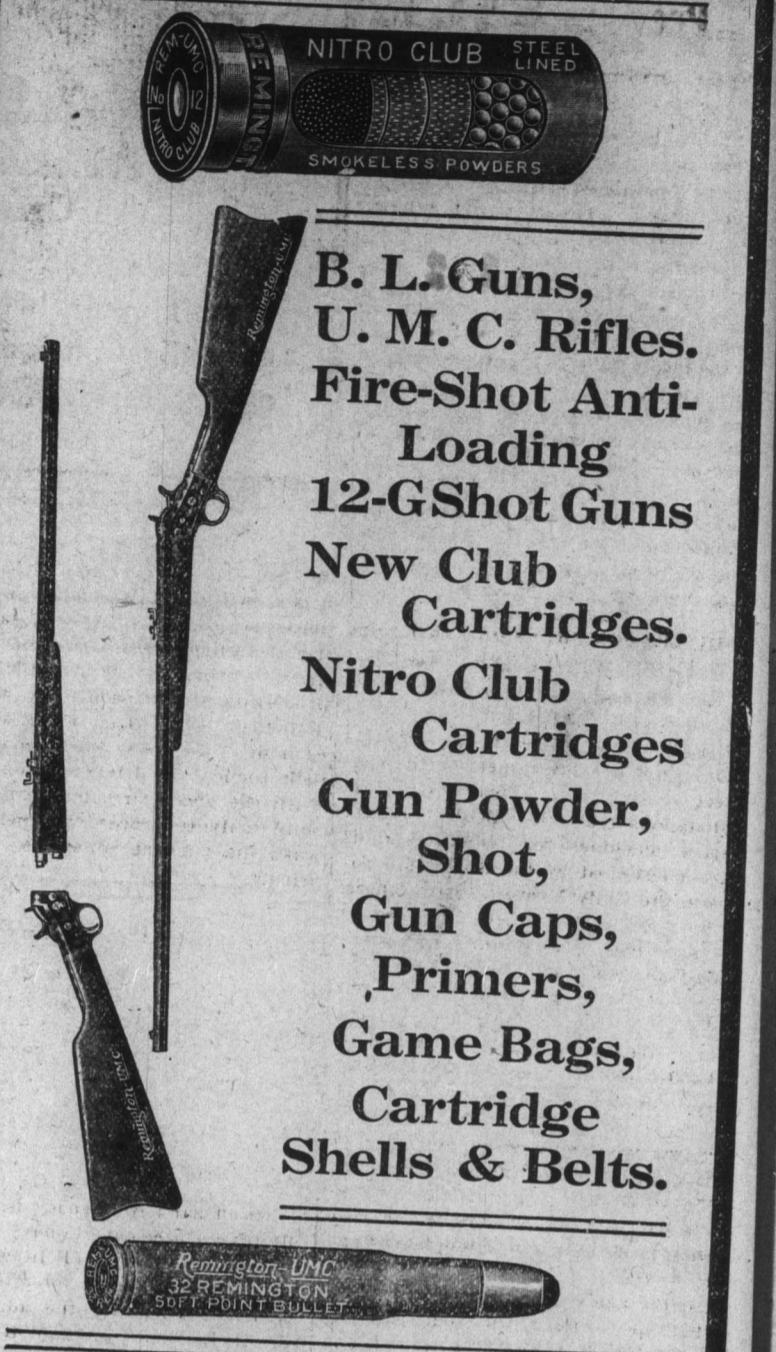


2201—This is a very popular style, with its long waist and simple gathered skirt portions. The design is very becoming to slender figures and is nice for silk, cloth or cotton fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires for a 16-year size, 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt portion measures 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

# Sporting Goods!



**B. L. Guns, U. M. C. Rifles. Fire-Shot Anti-Loading 12-G Shot Guns New Club Cartridges. Nitro Club Cartridges Gun Powder, Shot, Gun Caps, Primers, Game Bags, Cartridge Shells & Belts.**

**BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited, Hardware Department.**

# Ladies' Fall & Winter Hats AND Coats

We have just received shipments of the above goods and invite your early inspection whilst the assortment is at its best.

**OUR COAT VALUES ARE WELL KNOWN TO BE THE BEST PROCURABLE,** and despite all the circumstances against us this season, you will find our Coat Values keeping up our reputation in this department.

We are also opening a lot of good values in—  
**LADIES' SHOWERPROOF COVERT COATS.**  
**LADIES' BLACK RUBBER and OIL COATS.**  
**MISSSES' BLACK RUBBER COATS.**  
**MEN'S and BOYS' BLACK OIL COATS.**  
**LADIES' FLANNELETTE UNDERWEAR and NIGHTDRESSES.**

In Flannelette Wear it will be impossible to offer later the values we now offer, and we advise early shopping for your own good.

# HENRY BLAIR.

**Ladies' Fall & Winter Coats**

We have just received an advance shipment of Ladies' New Fall and Winter Coats.

**Newest Creations of Fashion.**

Also NEW COSTUMES, SKIRTS, BLOUSES, ETC., ETC. See them to-day.

**William Frew.**



And the Worst is Yet to Come—

ing up to a climax.

survived by

ters to whom much sympathy is extended.

# War News

## Messages Received Previous to 9.

ENEMY ATTACKS WITHOUT SUCCES.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—The text of to-day's statement regarding operations on the Western front, reads: "Latest reports are that yesterday and last night separate attacks were made by the enemy with fresh troops upon a portion of our front between the Ypres-Menin Road and the northeastern corner of Polygon Wood. Another attack was made, without success, against positions at Zonnebeke. Except the loss of two small advances already reported, all six attacks ended in complete failure. The enemy suffered severely in these attacks, gained no advantage. A hostile flying party was repulsed with the loss of the night south of Lens."

THE LONDON PRESS ON AIR RAID.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—An Associated Press cable from London this afternoon says: "The London press is becoming more and more critical of the Government on the subject of air raids. Semi-official explanations that the British spare machines for reciprocal use are questioned by the North American press, the Daily Express and others who point out that the Germans are able to spare airplanes for England, and have enough spare battle lines to give the British continuous fighting for supremacy in the air on the fighting front. It is said that the Germans evidently have built the British in air craft which are expected to continue building on a large scale and improve their spare machines, while the British are trying to catch up with their conditions that this would be a disadvantage were some of the ships by experts like Lord Montagu months ago. Lord Montagu says that the Germans will soon be in an experimental stage of operation able to attack London in all of weather nearly every night. Several theatres which advertise performances last night with the last moment, mainly because only a handful of people are present. Others went through their paces in the presence of a few persons, but removed those in the aisles to the ground floor."

AIR RAIDS.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—Bombs were dropped in the western districts of London last night's air raid. One of them struck the pavement in a small working class dwelling, and windows. When warning was given, the occupants of those houses took shelter in the basement of a nearby school, but in injury. Firing was heard in the southern part of London, but spasmodic and irregular. It is thought that the raiders attempted to pass through the barrage singly in pairs. Residents of the north of London report the noise of bombardment, but experienced nothing in this is the favorite part of the raiders in their attempts to reach the central part of the city. The use of guns and explosion of bombs coming a matter of fact, but with Londoners these days they are heading the officers to take cover, there are no panic or even great excitement in the raids. The people commended themselves to the need alterations in their living and hurrying home to their offices or workshops at their working hours to their dinner and prepare to spending in safety in their homes, the safety afforded by the use of subways and basements and deground refuges. They with them their wraps and

