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IT SPANS THE WORLD

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OR

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER IV.

"Very well," briefly replies Captain Glynn. "But then, you see, you and I are fostering a clandestine attachment and sanctioning clandestine interviews and all sorts of improper things."

"Poor mademoiselle trusted me. I am silent for her sake," Yolande says, humbly and simply.

"Then I must be silent for your sake," says Dallas, drawing closer to her; "and, as we are sharers in the same fault, you will have to pray for me as well as for yourself when you go into the cathedral of an evening now. Will you?"

The girl looks up at him suddenly, with a flash of anger and rebuke in her eyes at what she thinks is mockery. But Captain Glynn's bold-featured, handsome face is as immobile as marble.

"I am quite serious," he adds, in a very gentle tone; and the hand that holds a sapling at her back touches her shoulder either willfully or accidentally; and Yolande trembles at the touch, which seems to thrill her through and through.

She looks up once more, meeting the gaze of his eyes full for the first time, with the gold of the sunlight on his close-cropped, chestnut head and his white brow as he stands bare-headed beside her.

"Yes, I will," she says, answering him gravely.

The awakening spirit of her womanhood seems to spring up in the light that shines in her pure, child-like eyes, in the glow that warms and softens the outlines of the girlish face. It is such a change as comes when the south wind breathes over the buds of spring, the change that heralds the blossoming and fruition of the young, unfolded life.

There is a slight answering flush in

WOMAN SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

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Webbwood, Ont.—"I was in a very weak and run-down nervous condition, always tired from the time I got up until I went to bed. Sleep did not rest me at all. My sister recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and others told me about it, but it was from my sister's advice that I took it. It did not take long until I felt stronger, headaches left me and my appetite came back to me. I am a farmer's wife and have many things to do outside the house, such as milking, looking after the poultry, and other chores. I heartily recommend the Vegetable Compound to all who have the same trouble I had, for it is a fine medicine for women."—Mrs. LOUIS F. ELLIOTT, Hillcrest Farm, Webbwood, Ont.

Another Nervous Woman Finds Relief—Fort Huron, Michigan.—"I suffered for two years with pains in my side, and if I worked very much I was nervous and just as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. I was sleepy all the day and didn't feel like doing anything, and was so nervous I would bite my finger nails. One of my friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me so much that I soon felt fine."—Mrs. CHARLES BEZLEY, 303-343 St., Fort Huron, Mich.

Women who suffer from any feminine ailment should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dallas Glynn's handsome face, a slight, troubled shadow darkening his bold, bright eyes.

"Thank you," he says, very quietly. Captain Glynn, steeped to the lips as he is in the doctrines of the selfish, sensuous school of life in which he has been brought up, is not altogether a bad or a selfish man. Though lacking all reverence for those who are of the sex of the mother that bore him, he yet has—all unknown to himself—a heart strong and true to give to a woman who loves him—a strong, true, passionate love which has never been awakened. He has, too, the reverence of a man of honor for the purity and simplicity of a woman; and a restless feeling that he may be doing something wrong and cruel disturbs him ere he can begin the flirtation with Yolande that he has half resolved upon "for the fun of the thing," as he says to himself.

"She looks as if she could fall desperately in love with me upon very slight provocation," he thinks, with cynical criticism, while he is gathering two or three purple-gray spikes of the wild mint blossoms and some slender, green fern fronds. "I suppose it is on the cards that I shall marry her if the money is all right. She seems amiable and virtuous minded, and will be rather good looking and elegant by and by when her figure develops and she is artistically dressed. But it would be a frightful bore to have a wife of her description madly and jealously in love with one!"

Captain Glynn involuntarily shudders at the bare idea of such a possible result of his marriage. And all the while he is artistically putting the flowers and leaves together, and Yolande is watching him with swift, shy glances, feeling that the little bouquet is for her, and yet rebuking herself for the boldness of the thought.

At last it is finished, and Captain Glynn ties a long blade of grass about the stems and offers it to her with a frank smile.

"Will you have it?" he asks, in a pleasant, friendly, fashion that puts her quite at her ease. "Let me fasten it in your scarf," he says, and pins it in; while Yolande submits in silence, admiring his firmly knit, sun-browned hands.

But, his task over, he steps back a pace and looks at her with a slight smile in his cold, blue eyes.

"Now what will you give me?" he asks, in a low tone.

"I have nothing to give," answers Yolande, with her shy, burning schoolgirl blush, looking dreadfully frightened.

"That is a story, my little dear," Captain Glynn says to himself; "you have thirty thousand charming gifts to bestow." He says never a word aloud; but, taking her pink, slender fingers in his, he stoops and touches them with his mustached lips—very respectfully and delicately, as if Yolande Dormer were his lady and his liege.

"I wonder if I ought to have allowed him to do that?" Yolande thinks, as they walk on once more together. "Why did he kiss my hand? It was very respectful. If I were a princess, he could not do more! What a handsome head he has, and what a beautiful smile—like sunshine!"

And, long before that pleasant ramble beneath the yellow autumn tress is ended, Captain Glynn has won more than that kiss of homage from the girl who walks by his side. He has won Yolande's love—the first blossoming bud of the girlish heart, the first bloom and perfume of the young flower of life.

He is far too well-bred to embarrass her in the least with attentions; and they walk on, talking of scenery and pictures and places, until Yolande, grown quite at ease and friendly, has begun to answer and question him easily and confidentially.

"It is a walk through the Enchanted Land for one happy spirit that scarcely knows whether its feet tread earth or not, a long, long walk which is all too brief through the warm, yellow haze of the sunshine and the gold of the ruined woodlands" drifting about their feet. And everywhere the sweet, pungent fragrance of the wild mint reaches them. To Yolande's dying day the perfume of the blossoming weed will bring back to her the glory and the harmony of that afternoon.

"You have strong artistic tastes and perceptions and all that sort of

EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE

STEEDEMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS
Contain no Poison

thing," Captain Glynn is saying to her just as they reach the mill and the orchard behind the mill, where Mrs. Dormer's advanced guard of hotel waiters and porters are arranging the luncheon tent and chairs and tables. "You ought to study under a thoroughly good master. You have not done so yet, I think you said."

"Oh, no!" Yolande answers, simply, looking up at him with pure, honest eyes.

"How awfully in earnest the child looks about everything! Life is to be taken au sérieux with Miss Yolande, evidently," he thinks.

"I had no money of my own until Uncle Michael died and left us all our money," Yolande continues. "Uncle Silas could not afford expensive masters for me. I can now have, of course, whatever lessons I like."

"Yes—you have plenty of money now, haven't you?" Dallas asks, smilingly, as one asks a confiding child a question.

"Yes," Yolande answers, still looking very serious, not to say solemn; and the big, velvety pupils look larger and darker than ever. "I have thirty thousand pounds, Uncle Silas and Aunt Keren say."

"That's a nice little sum!" Dallas observes, curiously, with a touch of bitterness. "I wish I had half of it!"

For a moment or so he does not think of any second meaning to his words, as he stares straight before him, his thoughts traveling far away over land and sea to an old Scotch mansion and this time a year ago among the crimson-heathered moors and hillsides, with dainty, golden-haired Joyce Murray by his side. A short, unbidden sigh rises to his lips, and he looks down at the girl who walks beside him now. All her simple, loyal, generous soul is in her ardent, wistful, upward gaze, and it does not need the swiftly downcast eyelids and the flush and averted head to reveal to him her inmost thoughts.

He is poor—this handsome, soldier-artistocrat, who is like a demi-god. He is a poor, elegant, well-bred man of fashion as he looks, and she is rich. So her money brings her nearer to his level; her money at least is a desirable, enviable thing in his eyes.

"If there were notes for fifteen thousand pounds in a neat little bag in her pocket this minute, I should stand a fair chance of having them handed over to me," Dallas thinks, with good-humored contemptuousness, but touched a little in spite of himself. "Foolish girl! She is just one of the class of silly creatures who fall a prey to the first mercenary scoundrel who pleases their ill-governed fancy! You ought to go to Italy and study there, Miss Dormer," he says aloud, with a slight iciness in his tone.

"Oh, I should so like that!" Yolande returns, earnestly. "Cousin Wilmot has been to Italy for a whole winter, and I have been longing to go too, and see Venice and Naples and Pompeii and Rome."

"Perhaps you will go with 'Cousin Wilmot,'" suggests Dallas, curiously.

(To be continued.)

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THEY ALL AGREED.

It is the custom in many places nowadays, when so much interest is taken by the man in the street in matters political, to have local parliaments in which various "locals" take the parts of members of Parliament. At one of these gatherings one of the "hon. members" much annoyed his fellow legislators by shouting "hear, hear!" to everything that was said.

One of the speakers had occasion to refer to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the ruse, but had only sense enough to play the fool.

"Where," he exclaimed with emphases and much gesticulation, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this man?"

Instantly from the usual seat came a loud cry of "Hear, hear!"

The speaker bowed assent, and sat down amid roars of laughter.

Only one man didn't see the joke.

TO BE PRECISE.

Little Isabel had been to stay with her aunt, who was one of those old-

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fashioned aunts who still exist, although we do not hear so much about them as we do of old-fashioned mothers.

This particular lady had very precise notions of how people should speak, and she soon got little Isabel into her ways.

The child came home, and one day she went out for a walk with her doll's pram. While she was out a terrific thunderstorm took place, and when the little girl returned her mother said to her:

"Isabel, surely you haven't been out walking in all that rain?"

Her aunt's teaching was clearly shown as she replied sedately:

"No, mother. I was just in that part of the rain that was falling in my neighbourhood."

ADVICE WASTED.

Wiggins is troubled with an over-weening curiosity about other people's affairs.

Occasionally, however, he comes a cropper, much to the delight of those whom he has been in the habit of victimizing.

The other day he met Smithers in a tramcar. He doesn't know Smithers very well, but he always takes it upon himself to call him "my boy," as if he was one of his most intimate friends.

"Busy, eh," he inquired in an off-hand way.

"Yes," said Smithers. "Been buying a horse for my wife."

"Have you?" said the other, his curiosity at once thoroughly aroused. "Well, let me give you some points."

"Oh," said the other, "I've concluded the bargain."

"Not without trying him, surely? Was he sound in wind and limb?"

"He appeared to be," was the reply. "Doesn't he jib?"

"No, I reckon not."

"Stands without hitching?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good gait?"

But here Smithers got up to leave

the car. As he reached the door he called over his shoulder to Wiggins:

"I forgot to mention the kind of horse my wife wanted. It was a clothes-horse."

IRISHMAN ALWAYS THERE.

Three men, an Irishman, a Swede and a Hebrew, were brought to court. The Hebrew was arrested for stealing a cow, the Swede for stealing a horse, and the Irishman for stealing a wagon.

"Well," said the judge, turning to the Hebrew, "where did you get the cow?"

"I have had it since it was a calf," was the reply.

"Where did you get the horse?" he asked the Swede.

"I've had it since it was a colt," was the reply of the Swede.

"And Patrick, where did you get the wagon?" asked the judge of the thief.

"Oh, your Honor, I've had it since it was a wheelbarrow."

WHAT HE SMOKED.

The other day I was told a story about Sir Lipton. Whether it is a true story or not I cannot say. But it is certainly—in my estimation at any rate—a good story.

As a young man Sir Thomas took

his business career very seriously and used to deny himself many pleasures.

One day a friend offered him a choice cigar. He refused, saying: "Although I'm the biggest smoker in England, I never smoke cigars."

"Prefer a pipe, I presume?" asked his friend.

"No, I never smoke a pipe either. Cigarettes, then, of course? No, nor yet cigarettes."

Indeed! said his friend, greatly puzzled. Then may I ask what earth you do smoke?"

"Bacon," said Sir Thomas.

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The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY FROCK

4402. Printed voile in blue and white tones is here shown, with bindings of blue crepe. This is a good model for white or colored linen, also for tulle and pongee.

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