



An Indispensable Favorite

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I do not know how I am to endure it!" Yolande is saying to herself this afternoon, as she sits alone sewing in the workroom with the window open.

It is a relief—a great relief—to be alone, the greatest that the sorrowful monotony of her days ever brings to her now. Her Aunt Keren has gone to a neighbor's house to tea, and old Uncle Silas, after his early dinner, has listened feebly to the reading of the newspaper by Yolande until he falls asleep. So there is an end to the small woes and the petty frets and cross-grained speeches and martyr-like moods for a while.

"I do not know how I am to endure it," Yolande repeats, with dreary calmness—"week after week, month after month—perhaps year after year—trying to be patient with aunt, trying to be cheerful with uncle, putting up with unnecessary discomfort, pinching, conspiring with needless economy for nothing! If there were a special or worthy object in it—if it were to benefit any one dear to me—I could do it easily, cheerfully, willingly. I can't now! What shall I do? What can I do?"

Despondency like a thick cloud envelops the lonely girl, sitting there in the gloomy, silent room, thinking of her life, married before she is twenty, impatience at her fate tempts her to cry out against Heaven and against man—dull despair, which grieves to call itself resignation, prevents her.

"I am tired of hoping, tired of praying," Yolande means, with her head laid down on a pile of household linen. "It is not the will of Heaven that I should be happy. I have lost all that made life precious to me, and yet I must try to live on somehow."

She is very tired with bodily fatigue from a long, hard morning's work in helping the two inefficient young servants; she feels solitary and helpless and forlorn, spending this calm, pleasant afternoon sewing in a dull room facing a dead wall. Her tears are flowing as she rests her aching head, with all the brown hair roughened and disheveled, on the pile of coarse kitchen towel which is being mended. And in the stillness of

the silent house and the quiet grounds she fancies she hears footsteps walking up the gravelled drive to the house, and then pausing—loitering in a curious, purposeless fashion.

She does not trouble to ascertain whose are the steps, though she knows that they are neither the maid-servant's nor those of the solitary gardener—it does not much matter whose the footsteps are.

"Some visitor. I am afraid," she thinks at last, with an unsettled look at her gown and tumbled cuffs. "Why don't they ring or knock? I hope Anna won't open the door with a soiled apron, as she did yesterday. Well, I can't help it if she does—oh, dear—I hope it isn't a visitor whom I must go in and talk to!"

There is silence now for a moment, and Yolande is laying her head down with a weary sigh of relief, when she fancies she hears the footsteps again crossing the sward at the corner of the house, and then coming down the narrow gravelled space right in front of the workroom.

"It is only Tom Blackford, after all! How stupid I am!" she says, with a quick, tremulous sigh.

Her heart beats wildly even yet at the barest chance of tidings of her darling.

Tom Blackford has a very quick, firm step for a heavily-shod gardener; and Tom Blackford is guilty of extraordinary presumption in pausing suddenly at the open window to stare in at the desolate little figure by the worktable. Tom Blackford, too, has a very goodly presence, if the pale, handsome young fellow with the silky mustache and brilliant gray-blue eyes is he!

The next moment he has leaped in over the low window sill, and with incoherent words of gladness and tenderness and pleading has caught Yolande in his arms.

"My poor little girl! My poor little wife! My own dear little wife!" she hears him saying over and over again, while he covers her face with kisses. "Yolande, won't you speak to me? Won't you try to forgive me, darling? He pleads straining her to his heart, lifting her upon his knee, pressing the little head with its disheveled brown hair tightly against his breast. "Sweetheart, won't you speak to me? I heard that you wrote to me, but I never got any letter—never knew anything of your terrible troubles, my darling! I would have come from the ends of the earth to you if I had thought you wanted me! Yolande, speak to me dear!"

But Yolande literally cannot speak to him for a full minute. She feels that she is suffocating and choking with excitement, but strives bravely to keep control of herself. She gazes at him with wild eyes full of agonized longing, and, with her hand clinched on his, raises her head from his breast to look at him.

"There is no use in my saying anything, or being glad," she says, in a slow, piteous way; "you will go away again and leave me alone!"

Tears fill Dallas Glynn's eyes, thought here are bright and tearless. He raises her left hand to his lips and kisses her wedding ring.

"As surely as my marriage ring is on your finger—as truly as Heaven hears me, my darling wife," he says, solemnly—"you and I will never part again as long as we both shall live!"

That sweet, calm autumn day has passed, and many more have followed, and now October's rough winds are stripping the woodlands bare and bringing wet, stormy night, with the windows rattling and the rain beating against the panes, and the wild blasts

WOMANSUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Weak and Nervous. Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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. Edwards, Hillcrest Farm, Webbwood, Ont.

Another Nervous Woman Finds Relief. Port 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 S. Bell, 601 14th St., Port Huron, Mich.

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

hewing around the closed doors and curtained casements of Home.

Ah, blessed word—blessed place where peace and love reign—as unlike the dreary world of cold and darkness outside as in the Home beyond the grave unlike the rough, stormy ways of this mortal life!

Yolande Glynn and her husband are in their own home. It is a pretty, unpretentious little house forty miles nearer London than Fair View, for Dallas goes to business every day. His friend, Mr. Daville, has got him a post, with plenty of hard work and not too much salary to begin with.

"We'll work you up to something better by and by," Mr. Daville said. "At present you're not worth more than what we are paying you, but if you'll let me see what's in you, in the course of a couple of years or so, I'll not forget you."

It is an under secretaryship of a railway company; and Dallas Glynn most thankfully accepted it as an enormous improvement on the Baltimore Hotel and Mr. Daville.

That shining light resigns his situation soon after Mr. Daville's return from the States, and the head-waiter steps into his place. But Yolande's letters never come to light, though hall-porter and head-waiter agree in telling Mr. Daville that letters such as he describes were certainly handed in by the postman at the hall office.

The Pacific Salvage Company is being wound up, and of their money the luckless shareholders will never see so much as a pinch of golden sand from depths that have sucked down tens of thousands of sovereigns.

Some other of old Silas Dormer's speculations have turned out not quite so badly as was expected; there are three or four thousand pounds more than any one hoped for rescued from the ruin. These will be perhaps about five hundred a year secured when the winding-up process is over; and to this sum both Dallas Glynn and his wife insist on adding three hundred a year more.

After a great deal of persuasion, Miss Dormer is induced to consent to this arrangement. His brother does not appear to care much one way or the other. The blow has seemed to stun him, and he potters about his garden, and talks about his fruit trees and celery beds, but very seldom of his lost fortune.

"You are not to blame for the deeds of that wicked Lord Pentreath, your cousin, Captain Glynn," Miss Dormer says, plaintively; "and it's hardly fair, I think, for you and Yolande to deprive yourself of three hundred a year to add to our comforts. It shows a nice mind in you—that is all I can say. Of course you know every shilling we have will be left to you and Yolande and your children, Captain Glynn."

"Thank you, Aunt Keren," he says, gravely. "I hope the young beggars will have to wait a long time for it!"

"The what?" asks the old lady, looking scandalized.

"Beggars—babies—youngsters!" Dallas replies, laughing, but resolving not to talk slang again to a precise old lady.

But October has not closed when Yolande receives one morning a black-edged envelope with a coquet above the seal. She has been expecting a letter from Lady Pentreath for two or

three weeks in answer to one she has written; to her to tell her of her happiness and the goodness of her beloved to her, and his amiability and thoughtfulness and numerous other perfections. And now a letter comes from Lady Pentreath to tell her that poor Lady Pentreath's sufferings are over, telling her, too, the date fixed for the funeral, that ceremony that seems to follow with such ghastly rapidity after the last gasping breath has ceased.

Yolande and Dallas choose the loveliest huge anchor of snowy flowers that Covent Garden can produce—one mass of waxen blooms and trembling glimpses of maiden-hair fern—and send it with their names and their love and deep regret, and think only that they have lost a friend of whom they will hear no more.

"I shall put on black for her, dear," Yolande says—"not because she was a countess and a relative, but because I mourn her in my heart."

And, on the very evening that she comes down to dinner dressed in her fresh mourning for the first time, the post brings a letter from Lord Pentreath's solicitor, and Dallas hears of his legacy.

"In token of my friendship and regard for Dallas Glynn and his wife, Yolande," Lady Pentreath has bequeathed twelve thousand pounds to him and his heirs absolutely.

Shall we take a grander house, little woman, or shall we save it up for the heirs?" Dallas asks.

"I am very happy here, dearest," Yolande answers; "I was never so happy in any house before in my life, and—with a shiver—"I hate grand houses!"

(To be continued.)

Walton Reveals Revolting Deeds

K.K.K. Try to Force Man to Eat Severed Ear.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 24.—A story of how a masked mob at Tulsa, after mercilessly beating a victim, cut off one of his ears and tried to force him to eat it, was made public last night by Governor J. C. Walton, in the form of testimony given the Tulsa military court by J. H. Smithman.

"This is only one of the hundreds of such crimes committed, which the civil authorities of this state refused to prosecute," declared the executive. "I ask the people of the civilized world, in the presence of this testimony, if I was not justified in proclaiming martial law in the city of Tulsa."

A test in the United States courts of his authority to prohibit the convening of an extraordinary session of the Oklahoma House of Representatives set for Wednesday was welcomed, Governor Walton declared.

"I want to place the issue of the Ku Klux Klan before federal authorities and an injunction action against me will be the most direct method of bringing this about," he asserted.

Walton said the Ku Klux Klan is bound to be an issue in the next national election.

His statement was in reply to a declaration of members of the house that they would resort to court action if he carried out his announced intention to bar the session.

He declined to comment on previous published statements by others that he would be a candidate for United States senator on an anti-Klan platform.

The governor said that he believed the Klan was "licked," but that he was prepared to go on indefinitely with his campaign against it.

He said that if lack of funds later prevented the purchase of supplies for troops on duty he would commandeer what was necessary.

A patent potato peeler is excellent for skinning or scraping a tongue.

CUTICURA HEALS RASH ON BACK
Spread To Neck and Arms, Itched and Burned, Lasted 3 Months.
"My trouble began with a rash breaking out on my back. My clothing aggravated it, and it kept spreading to my neck and arms. It looked like a burn and was very itchy. I tried different remedies without success. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me. I brought more and in three weeks was healed."
(Signed) M. M. Kramer, 555 Herald Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1923.
Cuticura Soap to cleanse and soothe, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal and Cuticura Talcum to keep the skin cool and free from itchy scales.
Sample Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura, Dept. 10, P. O. Box 10, St. John, N. B. Cuticura Soap also sold without wrap.

Virginia Spoon Bread
1 pt. Libby's Milk
1 cup sifted corn meal
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 egg
Pinch of sugar
Boil milk and add sifted corn meal, beat egg yolk and add, with milk mixture the salt, sugar and baking powder. Cut and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish, bake in a hot oven, and serve right from the dish. " Spooning" is out.



A Domestic Science teacher improves an old Virginia recipe with Libby's Milk

Domestic Science teachers are invariably fine cooks. And of course, they know food values.

Miss Harriet Palmer, teacher of Domestic Science at Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Va., is keenly on the alert for new and better methods to replace the old.

For instance, Miss Palmer has found that Libby's Milk means in cooking—how it enriches food, giving it not only greater value but improving flavor.

To demonstrate its quality of richness, she had her classes use it instead of fresh milk, in an old Virginia recipe for spoon corn bread. And they were all delighted with the new quality of creaminess and richness.

Libby's Milk enriches all cooking. What Libby's Milk adds to this old Virginia recipe for spoon bread, it

gives to all cooking. For it is very rich in butter fat—that quality which gives to cream and butter their great food value.

In one 16 oz. can of Libby's Milk there are 7½ teaspoons of pure butter fat! This high percentage is due to several things.

First, Libby's Milk comes from specially selected herds which pasture in the finest dairy sections of the country. For just this purpose Nature must have meant these places, with their shaded hills and grassy meadows. Here men specialize in dairying; in selecting herds that give the richest milk.

In the very midst of these localities are our condenseries where we remove more than half the moisture from this milk, making it double rich.

Nothing is added to it; none of its food values are taken away. But to bring it to you and others who live in far

sections of the country, we seal it in air-tight cans and sterilize it.

Get this double richness in the foods you serve.

Try Libby's Milk in one of your special dishes. See how much its double richness adds in flavor; how it improves any recipe in which you use milk.

You will find it use economical, too; and such a great convenience to have a supply always on hand! Why a can; you will find new pleasure in cooking and your family new appreciation of your dishes.

Write for free recipe folder.

We will gladly send you a copy of a new folder containing some of the best recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk. Write for it today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
120 Duane St., St. John, N. B.

Libby's MILK
The milk that good cooks use

Minding the Eel's Business!

SOLVING AN AGE-OLD SECRET OF THE SEA.

One of the most enthralling lectures to be delivered at the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, will deal with the life history of the eel.

For years zoologists have been trying to discover where the eel spawns and where the young eels spend their earliest infancy before reaching the streams and ponds in which they are usually found. All that could be said with certainty was that the breeding places were not in fresh water, but somewhere in the ocean depths.

A Two Years Journey.

One day last year, Dr. Johannes Schmidt, a Danish professor, set out in a specially equipped trawler, determined not to return until he had located the eel's birthplace.

By dredging the sea-bottom at frequent intervals during the voyage, Dr. Schmidt succeeded in tracing the eel to an area slightly northeast of the Bermudas. Here he found the eel's young eels—tiny, transparent, saucer-shaped fish, with needle-point teeth. From his investigations he pieced together one of the most amazing romances in Nature.

Almost as soon as it is born the tiny British eel, scarcely thicker than a bit of paper, begins its pilgrimage of 3,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean. The journey occupies two years, and is carried out with the assistance of the Gulf Stream, which, in conjunction with the eel's wonderful instinct, guides it to the coasts of Europe.

When this stage of the journey is reached the little eel stops feeding, while one by one its teeth loosen and fall out. Further, it gradually assumes a new shape, its roundness be-

coming more pronounced as the weeks pass by. Towards the beginning of the second winter, the young eel has grown up in the likeness of its parents.

Now begins the great trek up the rivers and streams. This part of the eel's history often involves a journey of many miles overland, the same wonderful instinct that guided the creature across the far-flung sea prompting it to wriggle up hill and down dale, until it reaches the waters where it will spend the next seven or eight years.

At the end of this period the eel becomes restless. It discards its grey-green garb for a livery of shining silver, while its movements become almost electric. This change of habit and appearance presages the return of the eel to its native deep. Setting its course downstream, it makes for the sea, whence it noses its way with all haste to the breeding ground it left years before.

From this second great adventure of its life the eel never returns. Having found again the dim, weedy depths where it was born, away off the east coast of Central America, it brings into being the next generation of eels, and then dies.

Still more interesting will be Dr. Schmidt's account of his discovery that two different kinds of eel breed in this colossal trying-ground, one kind travelling to Europe and the other to America. The main difference between the two kinds is that one has fewer bones in its spine. Minding the answer to the question: Why is it that one kind always makes its way to Europe and the other to America? is perhaps Dr. Schmidt's crowning achievement. If an American eel set out for European waters, it would find itself growing too quickly, with the result that by the time it reached mid-Atlantic it would require fresh water for its sustenance. Unable to get this, it would die. If the European eel sought American waters, a journey occupying only a year, it would arrive before it had emerged from the larval stage, and would still be unready for life in fresh water.

Tutankhamen's Tomb
MONTHS OF WORK BEFORE BODY IS REACHED.

Lecturing at Edinburgh on the excavations in the Valley of the Kings, Mr. Howard Carter, the late Lord Carnarvon's principal colleague, stat-

ed, states that the task of dealing with the inner chambers of Tutankhamen's tomb would require probably two or three more winters' work before the body of the king is revealed. The coming winter, he declared, would be devoted to the dismantling of the great shrines within the sepulchre, under which the king lay. Mr. Carter added that Tutankhamen's tomb probably represented that of a nobleman of the period rather than of a youth of royal blood, and in the tomb it was domestic affection that was the dominant idea rather than the austere religious conventions that characterized other royal tombs in the valley of the Kings.

Dempsey Invests Quarter of Million in Chicago

Chicago, Sept. 22.—(United News).—Jack Dempsey invested a quarter of a million dollars in bonds while in Chicago on route west; it became known Friday.

In addition to his Los Angeles property and Colorado coal investment, the champion now has \$400,000 tied up in gilt-edge securities which, at the rate of 6½ per cent., will bring him \$26,000 a year.

Le Salle Street brokers are reading up on the timetables for it is reported Jack Kearns will arrive with his "roll" next week.

In long-distance telephoning the speaker's lips should almost touch the transmitter. Every half-inch the lips are away from the transmitter lessens the effectiveness of speech by about twenty miles.

"Eat, drink and be merry"
but see to it that the cook seasons your dinner with

Windsor Table Salt
PUREST & BEST
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

Take BOVRIL
If you are below the mark—

English "K" Boots and Brogues!
We are now fully stocked with these famous well known ENGLISH SHOES.
DOUBLE WEAR IN EACH PAIR.
F. SMALLWOOD
218 & 220 WATER STREET.
Sole Agents for "K" Footwear in Newfoundland
sept26,1h,4u,1c