

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under Royal Warrant of Appointment to HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER VI.

A Young Girl's Heart.

"Not against my party. I could never do that. But against its candidate. Suppose I knew him to be unworthy to govern our State. Should I not be acting conscientiously to work against him, even though it gave power to the party I hate?" he muttered balefully; and she said no more, for her own heart was in sympathy with him.

She did not want Stephen Belmont elected if it was going to share his honors with the girl she hated and envied in equal measure.

She put her attention to her horse-riding, for she knew that no one else stood much chance with Lyette, who was the most fearless and graceful rider in the county.

However, there were nine others pitted against the little beauty, and Lyette hoped in her heart that some lucky chance might win the blue ribbon for anyone else than Lyette.

The contest lasted half an hour, and each fair maiden did her best, revealing all the skill and grace for which the beauties of West Virginia are noted in graceful horsemanship.

The crowd looked on in delight, and, of course, each fair rider had her partisans.

But the majority had eyes only for beautiful Lyette, who sat so easily on the back of the spirited Queen, the proud bay mare, which pranced and curveted, and arched her neck, and strained at the bit in a way that

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Granville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Granville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

would have dismayed a less fearless rider.

But Lyette knew all of Miss Queen's pretty tricks, and enjoyed them. Bright flashed her eyes and rosy glowed her cheeks as she paced along by Belmont's side, listening to his clever talk and blushing under his admiring glances, while her young heart throbbed with a joy so keen it was almost pain.

She had attained her wish, and more. He was seeing her at her best, mounted on the back of pretty Queen, displaying her graceful riding. This was a joy and triumph; but she had more than she had dared to hope. He her hero, the secret idol of her heart, rode joyously by her side, thus avowing his preference for her to the eyes of the whole county looking on and applauding his taste.

She was envied by all, and she knew it; but there was still a greater triumph.

Lyette no longer believed the stories that Graham Prentiss had told her of Belmont's flirting. Her heart told her not that they were false! There was a truth and honesty in his looks and words that assured her of his sincerity. She felt subtly through all her throbbing being that she was dear to him.

And there was another triumph in store for her yet—one as well deserved as the other.

The half-hour's riding was over, and the clang of the bell from the judges' stand announced that the decision of the judges would be rendered now.

The fair riders, with their gallant escorts, caroled impatiently before the grandstand on their mettlesome steeds.

And who could tell what hopes and fears alternately flushed and paled the cheeks of those ten fair girls thus pitted against one another in friendly rivalry.

The suspense was soon over, for the judges of the contest set all doubts at rest by pinning on the sleeve of Lyette the coveted blue ribbon that announced her the winner of the prize.

The second honor, a scarlet ribbon, was awarded to Miss Myrtle Dare, a graceful blonde beauty from Lewisburg.

Then cheer after cheer of approbation from the delighted crowd made the welkin ring with echoes of joy. Stephen Belmont's eyes looked into Lyette's with blended pride and tenderness.

"I congratulate you, Miss Lewis. May you always win the best prizes of life!" he exclaimed, clasping her hand in a momentary ardent pressure.

Then he was suddenly, almost rudely, pushed aside by Graham Prentiss, who urged his fiery steed in between them, exclaiming:

"Lyette, I tried to be the first to congratulate you. Although second, believe me, no one could rejoice more over your success!"

"I thank you," she answered a little stiffly, shrinking from the burning eyes fixed on her face, and feeling almost ashamed that she could not return his love.

Down in her tender heart she felt sorry for his cruel pain.

But he was hustled aside in his turn by others who wished to express their joy, and presently they all rode off the track to dismount and secure their seats on the grandstand for the

next thing on the program—the speech of Belmont.

"Will you let me take you to my mother and sisters?—I see them smiling and beckoning—since I must leave your side for my little talk to my constituents," said Belmont, as he led her up the steps.

"Thank you. I shall be glad of your reception, for I do not know how I shall ever face Aunt Jill and Vidá again," she returned, and, indeed, she had good reason, for she had brushed past them a moment ago, and their black looks boded ill for her future, striking a strange chill to her young heart.

They would try to pay her out in future, she knew, for the rebellions and triumphs of to-day. But she would not think of it now. She would give herself up unreservedly to the joy of the moment.

So she walked proudly by Stephen Belmont's side to be presented to his relatives, and many significant smiles and nods were exchanged as they pushed through the throng. The band caught the infection, too, and as the handsome couple passed, struck up merrily with "Hail to the Chief," sending a rush of pleasure to the young candidate's brow.

CHAPTER VII.
LYNETTE'S DEFIANCE.

Belcourt's mother and his sisters two handsome young married women gave Lyette a cordial welcome.

"We feel as if we knew you already, we have heard so much of you from Myrtle Dare," Mrs. Belmont said smilingly, as she made room for the young girl by her side.

Vida, some distance away, saw and heard all, and her heart grew hot with envy.

The Belmonts were the richest and most aristocratic people in Lewisburg, and their flattering notice of any girl aspiring to be a belle in the county. Not that Lyette needed it, for the Lewis family though reduced in circumstances ranked with the best; but Vida had never been able to secure an introduction to the Belmonts.

She looked at Prentiss, who was glowing angrily by her side, and asked:

"Do you know them?"

"Yes," he replied sulkily.

"Will you make me acquainted with them?"

"Certainly—as soon as he leaves them," he returned angrily.

"Tell Lyette to come to me a moment," Mrs. Lewis said sharply; as they rose to go, thus affording them an excuse for intruding on the party.

Belcourt went away to the bandstand to make his speech and then the pair hastened to their task of annoying Lyette.

When weak and run down DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD will help you back to health.

This letter tells of two women who have proven this.

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"They managed a seat among them for the couple, and then Vidá said sweetly:

"Lyette, your aunt sent us to bring you; she wishes to speak to you."

The two girls looked at each other, Vidá sweetly, blankly; Lyette with laughing defiance.

"She must wait until the speech is over; I do not wish to miss one word," she returned calmly.

Vidá shrugged her shoulders significantly; but she knew it was useless to urge the point.

But to her companion she whispered vindictively:

"To-day is hers, and she will make the most of it. To-morrow will be Cousin Gillian's."

"And mine," he muttered darkly.

Prolonged cheers drowned their whispers. Stephen Belmont was on his feet, bowing to his audience, and they were applauding him to the echo.

He spoke for an hour, making a clever, telling speech full of statesmanship remarkable in its foresight for a man of barely thirty years. But he possessed the gift of genius, and he had studied his subject from boyhood. His knowledge and acumen surpassed that of many older men, his evasive contemporaries. A born orator, speech flowed from his lips like a silver stream.

His listeners—most of them neighbors, and many of them friends—knew him at his true value. He had grown up among them. They were proud of him. So they listened and applauded—carried irresistibly along his current of thought. He was the popular idol of the hour.

To Lyette's heart their approbation was sweet as honey—to Graham Prentiss bitter as wormwood.

It filled him with secret fury to see how earnestly she listened to the speaker, her cheeks flushed, her lips apart, her eyes glowing.

"As if she understood or cared for a dry, political speech—a subject distasteful to the feminine mind!" he whispered to Vidá, who murmured back:

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He spoke for an hour, making a clever, telling speech full of statesmanship remarkable in its foresight for a man of barely thirty years. But he possessed the gift of genius, and he had studied his subject from boyhood. His knowledge and acumen surpassed that of many older men, his evasive contemporaries. A born orator, speech flowed from his lips like a silver stream.

His listeners—most of them neighbors, and many of them friends—knew him at his true value. He had grown up among them. They were proud of him. So they listened and applauded—carried irresistibly along his current of thought. He was the popular idol of the hour.

To Lyette's heart their approbation was sweet as honey—to Graham Prentiss bitter as wormwood.

It filled him with secret fury to see how earnestly she listened to the speaker, her cheeks flushed, her lips apart, her eyes glowing.

"As if she understood or cared for a dry, political speech—a subject distasteful to the feminine mind!" he whispered to Vidá, who murmured back:

(To be continued.)

Mr. Prentiss was cordially greeted by the ladies, and their companion well received for his sake.

"They managed a seat among them for the couple, and then Vidá said sweetly:

"Lyette, your aunt sent us to bring you; she wishes to speak to you."

The two girls looked at each other, Vidá sweetly, blankly; Lyette with laughing defiance.

"She must wait until the speech is over; I do not wish to miss one word," she returned calmly.

Vidá shrugged her shoulders significantly; but she knew it was useless to urge the point.

But to her companion she whispered vindictively:

"To-day is hers, and she will make the most of it. To-morrow will be Cousin Gillian's."

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