

The Sound of
Wedding Bells

—OR—
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXV.
"Well, look here, you know," grunts the earl, "you mustn't go and use yourself up for to-morrow. Don't get over-tired, my lad."
"No, no," says Archie, with a smile. "I am not over-tired. Perhaps I am a little anxious. I shall be as fresh as a lark to-morrow."
"Have something to drink?" says the earl. "Here, Dulcie, come and mix him something."
But Archie shakes his head. Then he goes into the shadow, to the motionless figure, and stands beside her, looking down at her. He cannot speak to her, for the moment cannot control his voice.
She looks up. Her face is pale, her dark eyes look wild and full of a troubled pain.
"Archie," she says, "I want to speak to you."
"Yes," he says, not coldly, but with gentleness, tender patience.
"I want to tell you something," she says, and she puts her hand upon his arm.
He nods, and forces a smile.
"After you left me—" she pauses, and her lips twitch.
"I know," he says. "You met some one whom we will not name. Don't distress yourself, dear."
"But I want to tell you," she says, and her face grows paler.
He shakes his head.
"Not to-night, Dulcie. You shall tell me to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow," and he smiles, with a twitch of the lips.
"Very well," she says. "You are tired now. Yes, I will tell you to-morrow. But I must tell you."
"You shall," he says, "after the race," and he looks down at her, in infinite love, infinite pity, and tenderness in his eyes.
Strange to say, and it puzzles him, she meets his gaze steadily, unflinchingly, and with the loving look which has come into the dark eyes of late.
"You look tired," she says, presently, and her hand, so soft and warm, seeks his and closes round it with a caressing clasp.
His face works with sudden emotion.
"I—I am tired, I think. Perhaps it is the excitement. I didn't know the affair was going to take to itself so much importance. Yes, I'll own to being tired."
"You must go to bed and rest," she says. "You have not smoked to-night, let me light a cigarette for you; the last one."
"Yes," he says. "Will you? The last one," and he smiles sadly at the significance of the words.
She goes to the sideboard and gets his cigarette case, and he watches her lithe and graceful form, which, after to-night, he shall never hold in his arms again, with a pang of passionate love and despair.
She selects a cigarette and lights it for him, and as he takes it her fingers follow the cigarette and touch his lips.
It is a caress invented by the cunning of a woman's love, and it moves

DELICATE GIRLS IN Business or School
who have thin or insufficient blood or are physically frail will find
SCOTT'S EMULSION
a rich blood-food and strengthening tonic. It is so helpful for delicate girls it should be a part of their regular diet.

In Five Minutes! No Indigestion, Gas Or Sour, Acid Stomach

The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.
"Really does" put bad stomach in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.
A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

him so that he shrinks and turns pale. "What is the matter?" she breathes. "Nothing, nothing!" he says, lightly, but in a low voice. "I—I am afraid I have caught a chill. Is there any brandy there, aunt?"
"Let me," says Dulcie, and she glides, in her peculiar way, to the table, and mixes him some brandy.
"It is unlike you to take spirits," says Lady Brookley; "but I think it is permissible to-night."
"I think it is," says Archie.
Once more she lets her fingers touch his, and this time he touches them with his lips.
"Thank you, Dulcie," he murmurs. Then, he drinks the "whole" at a draught, flings the cigarette in the grate, and stretches himself. He cannot endure it longer; the sight of her tortures, maddens him.
"I'll go up now," he says. "If I don't look fit and fresh to-morrow the backers will be frightened, uncle. Good-night, aunt; good-night, sir."
Then he comes to Dulcie, who has shrunk back near the door.
"Good-night, Dulcie," he says, and his voice quivers.
"Good-night," she says, and she gives him her hand. "Good-night, dear Archie," and she raises her head and looks at him.
The look is only too plain. It is a woman's way of saying, "Kiss me."
For the life of him he cannot withstand it, though he meant never to touch her lips again.
"Good-night," he repeats, and he bends his head and kisses her twice, thrice, so passionately that she cringes and shrinks back with maidenly alarm.
Then he puts her from him gently, tenderly, and goes up-stairs.
"I think I will go up, too," she says to Lady Brookley.
"You look tired, dear; do. I shall be glad for all our sakes when this eventful morning shall have come to a close. This is my first experience of the turf, and I hope, devoutly, it will be the last."
"You must put in an appearance with all your colors flying to-morrow, my lass," says the earl, heartily; "no pale cheeks, you know. The red flag to the topmast, and all hands piping."
So she goes up to her own room. There is no storm in her heart. The storm has passed, and left her calm. The temptation of the moment resisted and overcome, has brought about a reaction, in which she sees and knows that her love is fast grounded, and that the past cannot avail to keep Archie from her heart.
So, worn with the trial she has undergone, Dulcie sinks to rest, and the last word that leaves her lips in the self-communion that comes before sleep is "Archie!"
And he? Weary and tempest-tossed, he paces the room until the dawn. Then, remembering how much depends upon him, how, perhaps, many a man's fortune rests upon his strength of muscle and cool nerve, he throws himself upon the bed, and forces sleep to visit his wild brain and weary, anguished heart.
But dreams come with sleep, and for the few hours that he lies wrap-

Deceived AND Disowned True as Steel!

PROLOGUE.
OVER THE BAR.
THE scene would have served as a "set" for a modern melodrama. The sun had sunk in regal splendor, and there was still a faint glow in the summer sky. In the background, almost hidden by noble trees, was the Elizabethan manor called the Grange, which dominated the little Sussex village of Wrenstead. In the foreground was one of those encampments which appear magical to the mind of youth, especially when it vegetates in the countryside; there were the familiar tents, the gaily painted caravans, and the string of horses, which would perform such wonderful feats when the circus was set up and the ring made. The encampment was not only that of a circus, but of a traveling theatrical company; and on lines stretched between the trees hung, fresh from the wash-tub, portions of the theatrical wardrobe: the white dress of Ophelia, the trunks of Romeo, the toga of Julius Caesar.

On these mystic forms and colors, the flickering light of a fire cast lurid gleams. Beside the fire, John Wynter, the proprietor of the circus and theatre, stood looking into the glowing embers and occasionally re-reading a log or a branch. He would have been a tall man, but a cruel injury, done years ago, had bent the once straight back and twisted the once graceful figure. There was still beauty in the face, notwithstanding its sternness; there was a touch of genius in the eyes. For this man, to whom Fate had been so unkind, was singularly gifted; he could play all the parts in the theatre, excepting that of the handsome lover; it was his brain which directed the fortunes of the traveling troupe; it was his ready wit which turned aside the difficulties in the way, or surmounted them.

All the preparations were steadily making for the night's performance, and John Wynter was free to indulge in one of those reveries to which he was so much given. It was always backward that his mind traveled, back to the day when he had suffered the great wrong which had robbed him of strength and comeliness, and rendered him a marked man among men and an object of pity to women. Once, twice, he raised his head and looked with a darkening face and brooding eyes at the house rising above the trees; and, as he did so, his lips moved with inaudible words.
The clock in the neighboring church tower struck eight; and Wynter roused himself from his reverie, as one by one, from tent and caravan, the little motley crew, ready to transform themselves from clown to king, from dairymaid to princess, at a moment's notice gathered round the flickering flame. The sun had nearly set and its last red rays were reflected on the distant windows of the manor house upon the hill.
"Verner's back, Wynter," said one of the men, as he lit his pipe. "I suppose we shall have to move on; he hates us strolling players, so they say in the village yonder, and calls us a pack of thieves and beggars."
An indignant murmur ran through the little company.

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DESPAIRING WOMAN NOW HAPPY MOTHER

Mrs. Stephens Did Not Need The Surgical Operation.
Patoka, Ill.—"I had been married five years and my greatest desire was to become a mother."
The doctor said I never would have a child unless I was operated on for female troubles and I had given up all hopes when a friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly for sometime, and I am in better health than ever, and have a healthy baby girl. I praise your Vegetable Compound for my baby and my better health. I want all suffering women to know that it is the sure road to health and happiness."—Mrs. GEORGE STEPHENS, R. F. D. No. 2, Patoka, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming women's ills because it contains the tonic, strengthening properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, curative influence.
It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

"He ought not to talk about beggars. He was little more than a beggar himself a couple of years ago," said Wynter, laughing harshly.
"What happened then?" queried one of the others, a man named Hick, who played the hero in the theatre, and the clown when a circus was deemed more profitable.
"His brother, Squire William, as fine a man as ever breathed, died, and left his estate—all the land you can see for miles around—and his young son, in trust to Squire Verner, as he calls himself; and a nice squire he makes, grinding down the tenants in order to get as much money as he can for his own precious son, Morgan."
"Ah!" commented another. "I see! It's a bad lookout for the other youngster. Poor little devil!"
As he spoke, there was a sound in the bushes, and Wynter, after listening intently for a moment, sprang up and darted into the brushwood. There was a cracking of dry twigs, a momentary scuffle, and suddenly he reappeared, leading by the hand a little boy.

Waving the others back, Wynter brought his captive into the light of the fire and of the flickering naphtha lamps, which shone on the child's pale features. He was about eight or nine years old, with a fair, high-bred beauty, that showed him to be no peasant's son. His dark eyes looked out on the strange faces, peering so eagerly into his, with a dauntless courage, and a mass of sunny hair, curling in natural rings, clustered over his ivory forehead.
"Well, youngster," said Wynter as he relaxed his hold of the child's arm, "what are you doing here, and what's your name?"
"I'm Ernest Verner," was the calm reply, "and I've run away."
There was a murmur of astonishment, mingled with amusement, at this explicit declaration.
"Yes, I've run away, and I won't go back. You won't send me back, will you?" he said entreatingly.
Wynter cleared his throat.
"It's naught to do with me, young sir. I suppose you've quarreled with your uncle, is that it?"
"It was with Cousin Morgan," said the boy, in a low voice. "He was cruel, and I called him a coward to—"

"And then?" asked Hick, as the child paused.
"He struck me with Griley's whip—and I knocked him down."
(To be Continued.)
Beef drippings can be used in ginger cake.
Always save sour cream for cheese or cooking.
Mix tre fruit with sugar and butter for a fruit cake and it will not settle.
Thin slices of dried beef can be crisped in butter and a hot oven and make an excellent substitute for bacon.
A slice of potato is an excellent thing to clean white oilcloth which has become disfigured by hot cooking utensils.

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.



Blue serge was used for this model. It makes a natty suit for business or home wear. The Waist Pattern 2239 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2239 is in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 36 bust measure will require 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.
This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

LADIES' HOUSE GOWN OR LOUNGING ROBE.



2246—Cape, percale, cashmere, albatross, serge, batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, silk and satin, are nice for this style. The skirt is shirred to the waist and finished with a heading. The neck and sleeve have a smart collar and cuff finish.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32 and 34 inches bust measure; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44 and 46 inches. Size Medium requires 7 yards of 36-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full: ..
Name ..
Baked beans can take the place of meat at least once a week.
When washing dishes leave the saucenpan till after the plates.
Save all boxes that come to the house with groceries in them.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS' PANTS Last!

Some joker or wisecracker has said, "Make the coat and vest first." The wise mother knows it is no joke to get Boys Pants to last, and in fact it is practically an impossibility, as Boys will be boys now, as always, in any pair of Trousers.

We are showing this week a pretty good range of

BOYS' PANTS.

We do not guarantee that they will last any longer than any other Boys' Pants, as we do not feel we could be responsible for these garments for any healthy boy. But these goods are very difficult to get and we want to tell the boy's mother

WE HAVE THEM!

Sizes run from fours to tens, and in one range made of English Woollen Tweeds the price of size 4 is \$1.45, rising 5c. extra for each size larger. We have other qualities of course. And right here we want to say

We Can Supply the Boy's Dad

with a pair of English Tweed Trousers at \$2.25 or \$2.50 pair. You cannot better these values.

We are also showing a splendid range of

Men's Winter OVERCOATS.

These are of the latest cut, double breasted, belted, and newest style collar, and are very reasonably priced.

Henry Blair

RICH IN BUTTER FAT

PURITY MILK

is made from Pure, Full Cream Milk, and nothing is added but finest granulated sugar. PURITY is away above the Government Standard for butter fat. INSIST on getting "Purity" the Full Cream Milk.

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CITY CLUB BUILDING.
Wholesale Distributors.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Call for Blasting Raiders'

Allegheny Officers Urge a Big Fight Against German Airmen.

Paris, Nov. 14.—"The best way to prevent German air raids is to destroy the German air bases in Belgium," said a Belgian officer with whom I was sitting a few days ago in a hotel at a small town near Nieuport.
Our conversation had been interrupted by a sudden downpour like the hum of giant bees, drowned by the thunder of shells around us.
"Gothas going to bomb Dunkirk or Calais," said the officer. "At this season they pass over every fine night. Our anti-batteries always fire on them for so fast and so high, several thousand feet; at least they try very rare to bring one down."
"You Americans seem to pay very great attention to aviation," he said. "I am sure you will be misled by any wild talk of reprisals on German towns, that military authorities will only be compelled by public clamor to want to prevent air raids and concentrate your efforts against hornets' nests."
Calls Reprisals Unsatisfactory.
The officer's theory sounded reasonable, so I asked for further explanations. His argument was simple. "Firstly," he said, "reprisals objectionable from the moral point of view. If a man drops a stone at your mother, you defend her by throwing two stones at his mother."
"Secondly, reprisals are a very senseless unsatisfactory. The nearer German towns like Karlsruhe, Cologne, or other allied planes must pass over a belt of German-held territory in Belgium or Alsatin, which is so reluctant to bomb. It is almost impossible to land that gives immunity from raids as long as with London.
"Overland planes can be shot continually. Their advanced camouflaged and preparations can attack them in the air. To bomb man towns properly would require much larger air forces, both of ers and of battle planes to get them, than the results would justify. We should be playing the same game. Germany's whole object is to make us distract a big part of our air fleet from the actual battle."
"Exactly the same thing happened my third point, that it is impossible to send a strong force of battle planes back to England for London protection. That is just what German batteries are inadequate. No matter how many you send, you can't dispute that."
"Finally, bombing airmen, which raiders can start is logical, but perfectly feasible. The idea is not to bomb one of them here and there from time to time, but to concentrate all your efforts against them and never let them have destroyed them."
Airdromes Easy to Photograph.
That sounded good, but I wanted further confirmation. I got it the next day from a flight commander in charge of the aviation photographic service on the Belgian front. He was visiting. This officer has a reputation and wide practical experience in all branches of aviation. His row of decorations—British, French and British—bears witness to his skill.
"There are two points to be considered. First, can you locate the man airdromes? Second, can you smash them when located? As regards the first, let me tell you the air photographic work of airmen is the easiest. Here is a photograph showing the characteristic shape of the hangars and the usual disposition of a field. Even at a great height, where the risk to the photographer is trifling, no man possible.
"You suggest that the Germans alter the shape of their airdromes to camouflage. As an aerial photographer, and the British and we will bear me out, I tell you the change cannot deceive us long or cleverly. Sooner or later they become obvious."
"By air photography we can