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CHAPTER XXXI. THE GAME OF LIFE.

'Vane," he says, at last, "there's something more in this than meets the eye! Where have you been all

oh, yes, I went for a drive with Lady Lucelle. Charlie looks up.

"Why? Why didn't you go to Baden? "I wasn't wanted," says Vane, bit-

celle about?"

Vane stares. know that you spend nearly all your Charlie; it is scarcely worth the play- you, a child, a bread-and-butter miss, time with her—do you know that? You don't want to be told that next and witching as the fiend himself; rooms. and you don't want me to remind you

Vane starts, and walks to the window and back again.

"What her game my be, goodnessyou, and that she knows how to make mind. it appear as if there was something Jeanne doesn't notice it?"

Vane utters an exclamation. in great agitation. "Lucelle is nothing at Vane as she had done? to me; she amuses me-understands

"That she does," says Charlie.

"You wife!" says Charlie, almost

ter, mocking laugh. "Yes, there is a soft and exticing—and so harmless!

you know nothing of. It has become kind heart, Charlie-can bridge it. One word more, and the last, mind! You think Jeanne is jealous. That is love Lane, time will prove." Charlie uttered an exclamation of horrifled dismay.

"Are you mad, Vane?" he exclaimed. in a low voice.

last word. Let us go and dress." them parted I could be satisfied-"One word more," says Charlie; "it yes, satisfied! I could leave him never

purity and innocence of her nature; her lips, and kissing it passionately. idea! Why didn't you stop at home and I will go so far as to say that it "Could I? No! Let me be honest-to and work, or go to the hills? Why is impossible for her to be guilty of myself! I love him! There, if you didn't you do anything but drive Lu- flirting with any man under the sun. knew it, my lady marchioness, is your That on my life!" Vane sighs. says Charlie, earnestly, "but do you dress. Life is a poor sort of game, won him back but for you-but for

ing-if we but knew it!" Charlie passed on to his room, but now you have got him!" to Jeanne, she is the most beautiful paused once more, this time before woman in the place—that she's young, the closed door of Lady Lucelle's and paced to and fro; the panther in-

that you once thought still more of agely; "you are at the bottom of this, murs. "With a man of smaller mind wonder?"

that if the charming, Lucelle had is madly in love with her—the fool! or-badness—only knows," goes on heard my Lord Nugent's not over- but Vane will not see, and she—she Charlie, savagely; "but any fool can polite question, she would have been is too careful or too cold, too inno see that she is laying herself out for puzzled to answer it even in her own cent, perhaps, the child, and yet it

uncommon between you. Do you think writing a certain letter which we haps!" and she sighs bitterly. "Ah, a know of—she had written it in a mo- woman loses her power when she ment of malicious disappointment- loves; that is the mistake. If I did not "Stop, for Heaven's sake!" he says, but what was her motive for playing care, if it were but for amusement, it Lady Lucelle could scarcely have

told: to her own mind she would have self in the glass. said that it was hatred of the girlomething more?

Look at her as she leans back before the glass which reflects her exquisitely fair face; the blue eyes are hidden by the languid lids, the red perfectly-cut lips half-open, she looks "My wife!" he says, with a low, bit- like a beautiful panther, sleek, subtly Marchioness of Ferndale, but between We have seen them when lying be-

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seen the heavy lids arise suddenly, and the eyes shoot out a thirsty, threatening flash of light, while the sharp claws steal out from beneath

Suddenly there comes just such a light in Lady Lucelle's beautiful eyes; is caused by the sound of Jeanne's musical laugh as she goes into her oom. With a swift movement she puts her white-milk white-hands sound out. Then she laughs softly, as if ashamed at the expression of her hate, though there is only the glass to "flow I hate her!" she murmurs

oftly, coolingly. "It is woaderful! hated her the first time I saw her; some instinct, I suppose. Strange, in stinct never errs; and I have tried to get over it, too; tried more than ever tried over anything in my life; her and me stretches a gulf which but I can't. I hate the sight of her beautiful face—for it is beautiful impassable; nothing—not ever your beautiful as yours will never be again," she murmurs, nodding at her own face in the glass; "for she has You think Jeanne is jealous. That is youth on her side. There is the bloom not possible, because there is no jeal- of a child on her cheek, and her laugh ousy without love, and Jeanne does is like music. Oh, I know. I do not denot love me. Whether she will grow to ceive myself, and some of us do. I could endure her if she were plain,

old, and-not dangerous; and yetand yet," she murmurs, the blood rising to her cheek, "I could almost swear that he doesn't care for her. "No, only too sane," retorted Vane, Oh, if I could be sure of that!" she with a smile more painful to see than breathes, her hands clutching at a the wildest grief. "Come, that's the flower in her lap. "If I could but see

isn't for me to answer for your sweet to see him again. Ah, could I?" she young wife, Vane, but I would stake breathes, raising the flower (it is one my life on the absolute—the absolute that dropped from Vane's coat) to revenge! I love him, this handsome husband of your, whom you snatched "Enough," he says; "let us go and from my loose grasp. I should have

> who do not know how to keep him With a bitter movement she arose

deed, now. "If I could but part them," she mur I'll be sworn! What's your game now, than Vane it would be easy; but he will not be jealous or suspicious. All I'm very much inclined to think the rest can see that Clarence Lane ought to be done. Where are all my She had caused Vane's trouble by brains gone to? With my heart, per-

would be easy, I would find a way.' Then she stops and stares at her-

"I will," she says, not wildly, not "And—and we are thrown together! the child—who had secured the prize energetically, even, but softly, sleepilv. sinks into a chair as the door opens, and her maid enters with all the gossip of the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS. Dinner has been over some time and the large drawing-room is full. They are hanging about the tables in quest of tea, as if they hadn't been drinking rare Lafitte and '48 port for the Jeanne presides at one of the tables,

exquisitely dressed, and looking, as the Lady Lucelle declares to herself, exasperatingly beautiful. Near her is the princess, on one side; on the other is the companion, looking whiter and more weird than ever against Jeanne's fresh young loveliness. Close behind Jeanne is Clarence, hanging on her every word, helping her with the tea service, handing cups, and blind and deaf to every one but Jeanne, who accepts his service as a matter of course, throwing him a word now Two pairs are owned by Vane and Nugent; Vane is standing talking to the count, Nugent is walking about, talking to no one in particular, but

and then, and quite unconscious of the pairs of eyes that watch her. trying to be particularly jolly, though every now and then he glances at the absorbed Clarence as if he would like to pitch him, teacups and all, out of the window; the other pairs are Lady Lucelle's and Bell's; Bell's blinking madly through his spectacles, which are nearly always turned to Jeanne, except when they wander toward Hal, who lounges behind a window curtain and steals glimpses of the prin-

Bell looks around the room, so brilliantly lighted, so brilliantly filled, so full of light chatter and easy laughter, and tries to get rid of the oppression which sits upon his meek bos om; but he can't; to his eyes, there hangs a threatening cloud in place of the painted ceiling, and that cloud ems to be lowering, blacker and

lacker, as the days go on. Some one goes to the plane and ings, but the talking does not cease for an instant; some one then proes whist, carte, loo, and footmen to noiselessly undrape the ables. Then Jeanne, with the four pairs of eyes upon her, turns to Clar "Will you come with me to th

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp. hecks dandruff and failing hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to er end of the room, Lord Lane?" "Will he? Would he not willingly yo with her to the North Pole?

Vane, standing talking to the co thin, dull, fading hair that y atches them as they go, and slowly All druggists!

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watching them also; Charlie meet his eyes, and turns away, as if he

were ashamed of watching them. Slowly they go across the room to the furthest window; then Jeanne, 3381. The Waist is cut in 6 Sizes: with a little eager look on her facethe eyes still watching her-looks up measure. The Skirt in 6 Sizes: 24,

"Lord Lane, will you do me a favor?" she asks. Clarence stares, and a red spot omes quickly to his cheek.

"Will I---?" he says, eagerly. "Thanks," says Jeanne; "I knew you would, you are always so kind. Well, make the dress for a medium size they are going to play at cards, and I want you to play with the count and that dark, pale lady." Clarence's face falls, and he looks

disappointed. "Is-is that all?" he says.

"Yes. Oh. please don't refuse!" says Jeanne, laying her hand on his arm in her eagerness. "I can't explain: there isn't time. But I want to fix those two for half-an-hour: don't you "Yes," says Clarence, his eyes

chained to hers. "But you fix me "Well," says Jeanne, innocently "you don't mind playing whist or

ecarte. I'm sure the count can play "I would rather stay with you." h says in a low voice; but Jeanne does

not hear or notice. "Do be good-natured, as you always are, and help me. See! I will tell you when to ask them. I will drop my

bouque; it is a pity, it is so beautieagerly. "I gathered them for you; knew your favorite flowers." "Thank you; it was very kind o

you," says Jeanne, calmly; "they are my favorite flowers. And you will catch the count? I am so grateful!" "Are you?" says Clarence, "for so slight a thing as this? Lady Ferndale, would do anything, go anywhere, to give you a moment's gratification. Then he stops, for Jeanne stares a

nim wonderingly. "I-I-I mean that I'll do what you vant, of course," he says. "When I drop my bouquet-see!"

And she lowers it. All the eyes watch her, note every change of the eloquent face, note Clarence's fluctuations of pallor and (to be continued.)

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Professor Charles H. Haskins, dean of the Harvard Graduate School, is regarded as the possible president of A VERY ATTRACTIVE HOME OR Jacob Gould Schurman, a native of Prince Edward Island, who was pre-1902, is a graduate of Johns Hopkins, and was in Paris with the American Peace Commission and a special comnember of learned societies all over the world and it not quite 50 years

world at Nage as the greatest living French painter. He has never been made an academican, owing to the same opposition that kept Sculptor Rodin out. Monet is over 80 and lives quietly at Giverney, France, He has very little interest in the "Im mortals."

Clarence J/McLeod of Detroit will be the youngest member of the New

Venizelos, one of the great statesmen of Europe, who was renewing Greece's greatness when the Greeks threw him in the discard, is going to visit the United States. This has been his intention for years, as soon as duties or lack of duties permitted.

King Peter of Serbia is 76 and is in feeble health. He has just return ed to Belgrade from his war exile in Greece, to which he fled in an oxcart when the Germans and Austrians overwhelmed his country.

Frances Margaret Fox, who has a

the sleeve finished in wrist or elbow Mass., speaks seven languages and

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Claude Stonet is considered by the

An unknown writer's estimate of former Premier Arthur J. Balfour has set all England a-buzzing: "He's a dweller on Olympus in air entirely too rarefied for the ordinary mortal. He is cold, motionless, aloof. He has said nothing, done nothing, written nothing which lives in the hearts of his countrymen. He knows there has been an ice age and he thinks there's going to be another."

ate of the parochial schools, the Uni-26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist versity of Detroit and the Detroit during the war. His district is

Amongst those mentioned for Secretary of the Treasury in the Harding cabinet is General Charles H. Dawes, president of the Central Trust of Illinois, and government purchasing agent in France during the war He was controller of the currency under President McKinley. He knows General Pershing so well he calls him 'Jack'. He goes in for opera and is quite a violinist

delightful way of telling children how to enjoy outdoor life and form the acquaintance of birds and creatures of the fields, woods and dooryard, is now in Bermuda, where there is no res

Vermont has in Wilson Alwyn Bentlev a farmer-scientist, who for 35 years has been photographing the fleeting beauty of snow flakes. Now the whole world of science proclaims him. Even far-off China sends tribute. He has 4,000 exquisite, fragile, beautiful negatives of snowflakes, no

Anton Dyczus, a patrelman of Lynn has a good working knowledge of two others. Dyczus is 27 years old, came

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