

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER II.
Low, soft exclamations of delight break from the parted lips; her eager eyes seize on everything, on every patch of color, every quaint costume, every little humor of the crowd—and the crowd is full of humor—and Sir Archie is fully repaid. Every now and then they come to a full stop, every now and again they are hustled and pushed, but he protects her as well as he is able, and to each of his encouraging "Don't be afraid!" she responds with a laugh.

"I am not afraid," she says, with perfect truth; "I like it! This is living; up in the balcony it was not. It was like looking on at a picture, this is becoming part and parcel of it. Is that the Square? The light from these lanterns and the gas is so confusing."

"Yes, that is the Square," he says, and as he looks toward it he hesitates. "There is an awful crowd."

"Never mind," she says. "I am not afraid. You promised to take me to the Square, you know."

He hesitates still. Much wine has been drunk; the fun and humor of the crowd have got—well, pronounced. The Square was no place for a young girl.

"Are you thinking of your hat or your coat?" she says, almost impatiently; "or is it you who are afraid?" and she laughs.

"Come on," he says, "and mind you stick close to me. You will do that, won't you?"

"I will," she says. "I should think your arm must feel like breaking already."

"Come on, then," he says.

It is inch by inch now that they make their way, but they gain the Square at last, and the enlargement of the crowd is explained. At one corner of the Square, mounted on a barrel, is a street-singer, a fellow in the dress of a punchinello, an Italian clown, and he is reciting a comic doggerel to the uproarious delight of the excited crowd. Men and women, in all the costumes under the sun, all jammed together, singing in chorus, waving their lanterns, pitching up their hats and caps as if they were mad. It is a scene only to be admired once in a year, and then only in Rome. The girl stands entranced and fascinated.

"Can it be real?" she murmurs.

"Real!" mutters Sir Archie, upon whose toes a sturdy woodcutter has been dancing industriously for the last five minutes. "We shall find it real when some carriages come along and they have to rush out of the road. Here they come! For Heaven's sake hold tight Miss Dorrmore; there will be a fearful rush!"

His warning comes not a moment too soon. With reckless impetuosity, the carriages, each crammed with merry-makers, turn the corner and make for the crowded mass in the road. Instantly the singing gives place to shouting and good-tempered bad language, and the throng in the



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—Mrs. THOS. DWYER, 989 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

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—Miss IRENE FROST, 1223 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

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road divides into two parts, one pressing back upon the church, the other dashing for the Square.

Dulcie clings tightly and laughs, but she laughs too soon. The same burly woodcutter who had been dancing on Sir Archie's toes pushes up against her with all his ponderous weight, and in doing so he puts his unfortunate foot on the edge of her domino. Incautiously she disengages her arm to pull the skirt more closely round her. At that instant there is a second plunge of the crowd in front, and before she can realize it she is being borne onward, clear away from Sir Archie's protecting side. Before she realizes it, almost before she has time to draw back, she finds herself on the outskirts of the crowd, the center of a noisy throng, who are anathematizing the carriages, and shouting the chorus of the song in one and the same voice.

What shall she do? She looks round, stands on tiptoe, and peers anxiously in the direction of the spot from which she has been swept; but tall as she is she cannot overlook a Roman crowd, and Sir Archie's golden head and second hat are not to be seen.

Of Italian she knows no word; there is nothing for it but to try and force her way toward the hotel or wait until the crowd thins; the first course would take time, the latter!—Her heart sinks for a moment; the vision of Aunt Fermoer wandering wildly through the hotel inquiring for her, uttering moans and threatening innumerable faintings, rises before her. And then for another thing—and this touches her almost as much—she will be too late for the table d'hôte, and she is very hungry. Too late for the table d'hôte! Who knows; it may be hours before this awful crowd thins sufficiently for her to reach the hotel, and she will be too late for the ball which is to be held to-night and for which Aunt Fermoer has been persuaded to purchase tickets. Too late for the ball to which she has been looking forward for days and nights!

In her dismay and woe she utters a little cry of despair, which at once attracts the keen ears of one of the crowd, who turns and addresses her in kind words of comfort. Good man! he is only assuring her that she is quite safe, but Dulcie doesn't understand a word, and the musical language only frightens her. She dares not speak, dares scarcely breathe, and she waits, while the street singer commences another song, and the crowd wait impatiently for the chorus.

It is an awkward position for a young girl to be in, but Dulcie never had much thought of the proprieties, and they do not occur to her now—all her thoughts are of Aunt Fermoer, the table d'hôte, and the ball.

Everybody who has ever waited for a train knows how long the minutes seem. To Dulcie the minutes, while the man on the barrel chants his song, seem months, ages; and, at last, her blood being, as Shakespeare says, "hot in her veins," she grows impatient, and resolves to force her way. She begins by putting her hand timorously on her neighbor, and murmuring "Pardon," which, being something like Italian, he responds to by raising his hat—he is in the costume of a knight cavalier, and wears a hat with a long, sweeping plume—and murmuring in the softest Italian; but he does not move, he only stares. What is it the signora wants? Poor Dulcie cannot explain in words, but she makes a sign, and the knight at once seizes her meaning, and, much to the girl's horror, dashes himself against the crowd.

"Oh, no, no! never mind—thank you very much!" she exclaims. But he has begun the good work, and is enjoying it. With a series of shouts and pushes he clears a way through the crowd, and a little less nervous now, Dulcie follows him. After all, perhaps, he can clear a way; she will reach home before the table d'hôte, in time to prevent Aunt Fermoer going quite distracted. If he would only be a little less enthusiastic, and refrain from treating the people so roughly. But he doesn't. Having begun the good work, he has taken a liking for it, and literally forces his way by shoves and blows, which the crowd stand for a time good-humoredly enough, but presently begin to resent; and, with a fast-beating heart, Dulcie finds herself hemmed in by a now infuriated mob, who commences to hustle and strike her champion.

This is very bad, but worse follows, for in the press she finds her mask slipping off, and much as she has despised it on the balcony, she values it now. She puts up her hand to hold it, and at the same moment a burly peasant woman treads upon her foot, and shrieking, clings to Dulcie's domino to save herself. The woman weighs at least thirteen stone, and Dulcie, slim and slight, feels herself being dragged to the very foot of the surging mass.

It is a very small cry in the midst of such a burly-burly, but, as if it had been the voice of St. Peter's great bell, it meets with an instant response. Half-deafened, half-blinded as she is, she hears a man's voice, sees a man's form standing beside her and the next instant feels a man's arms around her.

Like a drowning man clinging to the proverbial straw she clings to him, and before she knows it she finds herself outside the crowd and leaning against the wall of the church opposite the Square.

Opposite her stands her preserver, her deliverer—what you will. She scarcely looks at him for a moment, her hand goes up to her mask first, then she does look up and starts.

She had expected to see an Italian a figure clad in silk or satin, perhaps a punchinello with a false nose and curled mustache, but instead is a tall thin figure clad in a tweed traveling suit, and wearing that unmistakable British appearance which the English traveler can never divest himself of.

For a moment she looks at him as he stands dusting from his sleeve a plentiful supply of flour—which some one in the crowd has thrown upon him; and in that moment a wild idea of escaping recognition, of passing herself off as an Italian, seizes her. Who knows? this preserver of hers may be one of the people stopping at the hotel, a man who will hasten to make capital of his exploit, and cause her to be the talk of the table d'hôte.

Fortunately for her, she thinks, her mask is still on, her domino still clings about her. She will try it.

So with a little laugh she stands upright, and bending her head in a courteous and graceful sweep, she turns as if to leave him; but at that moment she realizes that she has not come through the battle without leaving spoil behind. The pavement strikes cold and hard to one dainty little foot; she had lost her shoe!

Before she knows it, the English "Oh, dear!" has escaped her lips, and she stands confessed.

He does not start, does not smile or chuckle, he simply looks at her with a grave regard, and utters the common-place question: "What is the matter?"

"I—I have lost my shoe," she says, piteously, forgetting in an instant her attempt at deceiving him.

He looks round the pavement with the same grave air.

"I don't see it," he says, quietly. "I am afraid you have left it there," and he moves his hand in the direction of the crowd; "if so, I fear it is irremediable. Console yourself with the reflection that you might have lost a limb—or your life."

There is a grave coolness about his manner and his tone that dispels for the moment, her fortitude, and arouses her resentment.

"Yes, thanks," she says; "but how am I to get home to the hotel, with one foot—I mean with one shoe?"

He looks at her and then at the crowd, still clustering round the ballad-singer.

(To be Continued.)

Your Boys and Girls.

Babies should live in a room full of sunshine and air. It must be well ventilated but never draughty, and the thermometer during the day should register from sixty-eight to seventy. At night it should run as low as forty.

Of course the baby should be kept warmly covered, but by no means with covers of any weight. Soft lightweight blankets and, if possible, a down puff, as the latter gives a sense of warmth without the weight. Fresh air is necessary, quantities of it, and a regular diet for the baby, and the same for the older children.

When the kiddies are old enough to run out by themselves, care must be taken that they are warmly dressed, but not as warm as the child who does not get exercise by playing. Quite often a severe cold is caught by getting too warm and cooling off too quickly. Plain but wholesome food, air, sunshine and plenty of sleep will start any youngster on the road to health.

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A Coming Turbulent Offensive

Attempt to Recover Bosphorus

(By Lovat Fraser, the Journalist and Traveler who presses his views with nettles.)
The Turks will probably cover Bagdad next month also massing large numbers to shield Jerusalem which, guard, oddly enough has their Holy Cities.

Their objects are quite the other hand, the object sent British officers to Palestine and in the event anything but clear.

We are fighting the Germans. We shall never many on the shores of the or amid the swamps of the General Maude's troops Bagdad on March 12. The day Russia plunged into revolution, the Tsar was thrown, and it became a campaign in the middle about to be transformed into 26 Sir Charles Dobell's blow at Gaza, in Palestine, Sir Archibald Murray's and it is putting it very that the attack failed.

The advance on Gaza with the object of attacking Beersheba. The British into a formidable series of positions on the long course known as the "the stretching like a crane to Beersheba. There was to the present, and all the pitted to know is that Sir Allenby was humiliated France to take over the

The battle of Gaza, a sorry spectacle of the British holding meetings every day to decide whether they would loaf, ought to have been a review of the whole situation on the Palestine and the fronts. Such a review came doubly necessary in great French offensive

And the War

