

character for wisdom, and you think that because my past has been frivolous and foolish, that I shall get over this and forget it. Ah, you do not inderstand how deeply I love you! All my life will be changed from this hour." "Oh, Lord Clifforde!"

"Yes, Floris; I shall not get over this so easily: I shall not try to forget it. If I cannot have your love. I can at least endeavor to be less unworthy of it. You ask me to remain your friend! Floris, all my life I shall think tenderly of you, and of myself as your lover. Do you think I could bear to see you day after day. knowing that there can be no hope or me; that I could endure to meet ou as an ordinary friend when all

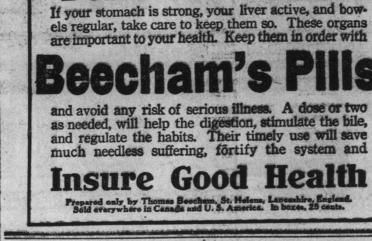
desire to make you my wife! No! 1 must go away. Good-by. Some day-Destiny who knows-I may be able to meet you without the pang of misery and disappointment which I feel now.

Good-by."

CHAPTER IX. IN THE GLOW OF LOVE.

only this morning had rang out mer-"Oh, hush!" she said, trembling, a great wave of tenderness and pity rily, the musical voice which to Floris' ears had always something of sweeping over her heart for the handsome, true-hearted boy. "Don't say laughter in it, was very grave and any more, Lord Clifforde. You-you sad, and his eyes resting on her face -mistake! It is I who would be un- were full of a great despair. She put out her hand in silence, worthy of you.' ' "Floris!" reproachfully, passion- feeling that any word from her would be worse than useless. ately. "Yes, yes! Who am I that you He took her hand, held it for a moshould so humble yourself? Oh, do ment, then raised it toward his lips. "May I?" he asked, simply, too no not say any more! I am sorry-very, ble and chivalreus to snatch a kiss by very sorry!" "Then-then-" he faltered, look- stealth. She did not speak, but her eyes, in ing down at her. "Indeed I am very sorry!" she re- which the tears were standing, anpeated; "but I did not know, indeed I swered for her. Poor Bertie kissed her hand twice, did not!" then turned and hurried away. "No. or you would have treated me . . . . coldly and kept me away!" he said, Floris sat under the stately palms sorrowfully Then with a wild hope that was al- sad and troubled. No girl who is worth anything remost despair, he took her hand in his fuses an offer from an honorable man own and pressed it fiercely. "Floris, is it, must it be 'No'? Will without being sad and sorrowful, especially if she really likes the man, you not give me some little hope? I and only just stops short of loving will be patient! I will not plague! him, and Floris really did like Bertie. You shall see how patient I can be-"

His merry, boyish laugh, his frank "Oh, hush! hush!" she said. "Do sparkled and gleamed like fire-flies in He was silent a moment, during not say another word, Lord Clifforde. brotherly way had been very pleasant the fitful light. It must be 'No!' I-I cannot love to her; she only just discovered how The beautiful face, usually so cold you. I am very, very grateful for the pleasant now that she and impassive, wore a faint, soft -perhaps forever. honor you have done me, and I know smile, that played about the perfect Another girl might also have rehow great an honor it is! I wishlips and shone in the velvety eyes. membered and regretted that she had yes, I will say it!-I wish that I could As they approached, Floris saw refused a viscount-but Floris gave have answered differently, but I canthat she had clasped Lord Norman's no thought to Bertie's rank. not." arm, and that her face was turned It was of himself she thought, as let her hand rest in his while up to his with a happy, childlike she spoke, then she drew it gently she sat with downcast face, and hands smile listlessly in her lap. awav. Then Floris looked at him. Sure-Why had she sent him away? Why He let it go, slowly, reluctantly,



**Don't Take Risks** 

Unwilling to be discovered. Floris "Shall we sit down, Bruce?" aske the time my heart was burning in the Lady Blanche. Floris' heart quaked rose and retreated still further into "If you like," he assented. "But the dim region of palms and ferns, hadn't we better go back and dance and found another seat still more sethis waltz? You won't care about cluded than the last. It was so far removed from the ballroom, that but missing it, you know." "I don't mind in the least," she

for the sound of voices, and reflection said. "If you would rather sit it out, of the lights on the fountains, she His voice, the boyish voice which might have fancied herself in the re- let up do so. We can find a seat" cesses of some tropical forest. While she was sitting there, a gardener passed by, and half startled by back."

Floris drew a breath of relief. the apparition of a beautiful lady in "Wait a moment or two, Bruce," a white dress, touched his hat respectfully and apologetically, and said Lady Blanche. "I have some turned off through a door partly con- thing to tell you."

"Yes." he said, with a politeness cealed by creeping plants. Floris was just thinking that if she that was worse than the most pointed chose she might remain undiscovered indifference, and he looked down at till the ball broke up, when she heard her patiently. the rustle of a woman's dress, and a Lady Blanche hung her head

pulled at the pearls on her fan. man's voice close behind her. At the sound of the voice Floris started. Although it had only uttered one word, she recognized it. It was Lord Norman's! She looked

around anxiously, and saw, through seems so natural to think of you as a the fern leaves, Lord Norman and friend and adviser, Bruce!" and she Lady Blanche sauntering down the glanced up at him, with a soft, lingernarrow path. Lady Blanche was magnificently

ly there would be an answering smile

on his face? No man could resist the

entreaty in those dark, velvety eyes!

ness on his face; grave, almost grim

it seemed by contrast with hers, and

But there was no responsive happi-

dressed in an Indian silk of the thinnest fiber, and of the palest pink. It was studded with pearls in the and appreciated them as only a wooriental fashion, and fitted her to per- man could.

fection. Nestling in her golden Surely not even Lord Norman could that withstand them! were flowerets of diamonds,

ing sigh.

what?

met

which Floris, with an aching at her ected to see him put his arm



## **But** Allies C ture More Yet be Mad

Austr

## WAR SUMMARY.

Not alone are the Italians, Br and French comrades-in-arms hol in check the Austrian offensive a the greater part of a 100 mile from the region southeast of Tren the Adriatic, but they themse have turned aggressors on som the more important sectors in mountain regions. Counter attack the hilly country on the north at eral points have resulted in the o nation by the Allies of ground from them in the initial onslau and the rectification of their while a stiffening of the front al the Piave River has rendered imp sible for the time being, at least, ther fording of the stream by the my. Hard fighting still is in progr with the Austrians, who are bring the strongest kind of pressure to 1 against the Allied armies on 1 north and east parts of the front, an endeavor to reach the lines gain access in force to the plains. strokes of the enemy are violent the Montello Plateau, the highest of ground along the middle reaches the Piave, the capture of which wo give him command of the roads le ing through Treviso to Venice an fairway west through to the provin of Treviso. The Italians are infl ing heavy casualties on the troops Emperor Charles which crossed river at this point. South from Andrea to Mossalata, the northe and southern flanks of the famo Zenson loop, where last year the Au trians effected a crossing of Piave, only later to be driven b with sanguinary losses, and fro Poshalata to San Donn Di Piave. fighting is of a violent character. w the Italians holding the line. taween Candelu and Zenson where the Austrians crossed Piave on Saturday, the Italians driven them back to the river ban and are endeavoring to push th across the stream. This far the It ians. British and French troops made prisoners of more than Austrians while the Austrian war fice asserts that 12,000 prison have been taken by the Austria Although fighting has died down siderable in the mountain regio is expected soon again to be resur with increased violence. Empe Charles is reported to be at the f with his army, and thousands of forcements for the armies are sai be moving southward. The Al Commanders are anticipating vid fighting, believing, owing to the moil and political unrest in the monarchy, that the Austrians n make a good showing in order to to per the feeling against the war home. There still has been no ret to the heavy fighting of last week the fronts in France. Several engage ments of greater import that the ual raiding operations have tak place. Counter attacks against French in newly-won positions tween the Oise and the Aisne w delivered by the enemy on Monda but were repulsed. The French ca tured 370 men and 25 machine guns the fighting northeast of Chate Thierry. In the Belleau Wood Germans are treating the America to large waves of gas and shells, their efforts have gone unreward so far as breaking the line is cerned. American patrols to the f Chateau Thierry again have cro ed the Marne, attacked the German and returned to their base THE KAISER'S BOAST. AMSTERDAM, June17 ussian militarism will bring v

had she not tried to love him? At any and his lips parted with a long sigh, rate, why had she not asked for time? as if something had gone from his She asked herself these questions, life: then with a brave effort he forand did not dare to answer them. ced a smile. There are times when we shrink "You have been very good to me,

And the Worst is Yet to Come-

still "

his head.

Miss Carlisle," he said, and his voice from examining our own hearts, lest Floris saw that, though he was prerang with the pain that tortured him. we should discover the truth, and "You have been more patient than I Floris shrank from examining lest she should find an answer there deserve. I will say 'Good-by,' now." which would fill her with shame and "There shall be no word of 'goodness' or 'patience' between us. Lord confusion.

With a sigh she rose, then suddenly Clifforde," she said, "and if we canemembering that she was alone, and not-if I cannot be to you all that you wish, at least we can be friends that she could not very well enter the ballroom unattended, she resumed her Poor Bertie smiled sadly and shook seat, quite contented to remain in the evening."

quiet and cool for a time. Presently the band, which had been "How little you understand!" he murmured. "I know what you think, playing a square dance, ceased, and Miss Carlisle. You have heard, you the couples began to find their way into the conservatory. know, that I do not bear the highest

umably listening to her, his attention was straying, and that he was thinking of something else than the beautiful woman clinging so lovingly, so appealingly, to his arm. "I am so glad you have come, Bruce!" Floris heard her murmur. You said you did not intend to, and was looking forward to a blank

> "I changed my mind," he said, if not coldly, carelessly. "That is a woman's privilege, and

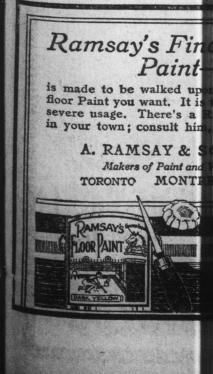
one they do not extend to men. Bruce," she retorted, with a smile that seemed significant to Floris. "Oh, men have all your weaknesses as well as their own, Blanche," he "He did! said.

Floris looked around for some white, as if he had struck her. means of escape. To be found by them, playing, as it "Forgive me, Blanche. But Hawkswould seem, at eavesdropping! The ley! Why, great heavens, he is as idea was terrible! But there was no exit save by a narrow path in which old man when I was a boy! He must

hey stood, and hoping that they be eighty-more!" would turn back, Floris drew still closer into her leafy shelter and tried Blanche between her closed lips. not to listen.



round the slim waist and draw the eautiful woman to him with murnured words of endearment! But in stead, he said with a half smile: "What have you been doing. Blanche? Overdrawing your account? Laming my lord's favorite mare? Or "Ah if it were only a little trouble like that, Bruce, I could laugh at i as easily as you do-" "I wasn't laughing, Blanche." "But-but this is a greater one Bruce. I find it hard to tell you-" "Don't then: tell me to-morrow, a said gravely, and almost, so Floris lancied, with an air of relief. Lady Blanche signed. "No. I must tell you now. Bruce To-morrow may be too late!" and she glanced up at him piteously. "Bruce Lord Hawksley called this afternoon I was out, here, at the fair, but he came to dinner and-he came to se Her voice sank, and her hand clo nervously on his arm "Did he?" he remarked, carelessly What did the old antediluvian want? "Bruce!" in a low, thrilling to ask me to be his wife. Lord Norman did not start, but h looked surprised and indignant. Then he laughed, and at the laugh Lady Blanche's face went deathly old as Methusaleh! Why, he was an "And you laugh!" murmured Lad "I beg your pardon! But could you help it? Hawksley! Why, one leg in the gray Tussaud's! His wig





th and enameled complexion

rse you gave him a speedy

old friend of my father's" -

ather's," retorted Lord Norman.

(To be continued.)

er. Blanche?"

"And-and-"