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## The Sound of Wedding Bells

### Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Dear Lady Falconer,—I am sorry to say that I am compelled to bring my visit to a sudden termination. While thanking you for your hospitality, may I say that the object of that visit cannot be fulfilled. Will you also assure Sir Hugh that I can never comply with the terms of the will, and that I yield absolutely and unconditionally all claim to any of Mr. Fennor's money. As I am afraid that I must leave very early in the morning, will you kindly say good-bye for me to Maud and Edie! With kind regards,  
Yours very truly,  
DULCIE DORRIMORE."

It is a jerky, almost incoherent epistle; but it expresses one thing at least plainly enough—that Hugh is free, free of her, and free to take the money.

And now how is she to get away? If she were but with Aunt Fennor in the little dingy rooms in Caroline Street, where she could hide and nurse her sorrow, and—try and forget the handsome face and grave, cruel voice.

Suddenly there comes a knock at the door, and she goes and opens it a couple of inches or so, keeping well out of sight.

"Well?" she says.  
"A letter, miss," says the maid's voice. "It came by the evening post, but was forgotten. We were all in the hall, miss," apologetically.

Dulcie takes the letter from the salver, and shuts the door.

She looks at the envelope apathetically; the address is written in an awkward, illiterate hand, and scrambles from one corner of the envelope to the other. Then she opens it, and the next moment is flying toward the bell and ringing it violently.

This is the note:

## Premier Gasoline

gets the regular "putt-putt" out of your engine that takes you there and back the same day, a clean, reliable fuel for gasoline-burning boats.

Big stocks always on hand and can always make prompt deliveries.

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"Dere Miss Dulcie,—Will you please cum home, as your pore art is much worse. She would not lett me send for you befour. Yures obedently,  
SARAH."

Sarah is the little maid at Caroline Street, the faithful domestic who is regarded by Mrs. Fennor more as a friend than a servant.

A sudden terror seizes Dulcie; the simple fear and pathos of the ill-spelled, worse-written note strike upon her like a blow, and send from her mind even the thought of Hugh.

The maid comes rushing up and enters with the barest apology for a knock.

"Oh, miss!" she exclaims, for Dulcie is standing, panting, with the letter in her hand, "has anything happened?"

"Yes," says Dulcie, hoarsely, almost impatiently, "my aunt is ill. I must go back at once—at once! What shall I do? Oh, why didn't you bring this letter to me before? And I—I have been fooling here while—while she—" a dry sob chokes her utterance.

The girl is aghast for a moment, then she regains her presence of mind.

"I'll fetch her ladyship, Miss," she says.

But Dulcie seizes her arm. She could not bear Lady Falconer's presence at this moment; the cold, half-closed eyes would drive her mad.

"No, no!" she says, "I will write—I have written," and she groans as she thinks how soon and how pitiful an excuse has sprung up for her flight. "I have written to her ladyship. Will you—"

She puts her hand to her head, confused and bewildered.

The girl looks at her sympathetically.

"Is she very ill, miss? To-morrow morning—"

Dulcie laughs—actually laughs. "To-morrow morning!" she says.

"I would go to her to-night if I had to walk every step of the way! I'll—she is dying! I know it by this," and she touches the note, "or she would not have sent for me."

The girl looks at her watch, hidden behind her apron. "There is time to catch the last train, miss."

"I must!" exclaims Dulcie. "Will you tell them to get a brougham or dog-cart—anything ready?"

"There is the carriage, miss," says the maid. "Sir Hugh took the brougham to the station."

Dulcie winces.  
"No matter—anything," she says, impatiently. "Only go and get it; every moment you stand there is lost."

The girl hurries away aghast and frightened, and Dulcie tears off her dress, and hurries into another, and her ulster. Almost before she is ready, the girl appears again.

"I have ordered the carriage, miss, and it will be ready in ten minutes; there will be just time, but—"

"Well! but?" says Dulcie, impatiently.  
"But you can't travel alone in the night, miss! Lady Falconer would go out of her mind."

Dulcie laughs a hollow, mirthless laugh.  
"I think not," she says. "You have



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17-16

## BRANDRAM HENDERSON

not said anything to Lady Falconer? With visible alarm.

"No, miss; I went straight to the stables."

"You are a good girl," says Dulcie, relieved and grateful. "Will you—?" and she takes out her purse. "No, I won't offer you money; take this."

And she takes up a bracelet from the table. "Yes, yes"—for the girl naturally hesitates—"you have been always kind and thoughtful; take it, please. You will earn it," she adds, with a wan smile, "for I am going to leave everything behind. You will pack them together and send them after me, will you not?"

"Indeed I will, miss," says the girl, her eyes moist. "And I'm very sorry, miss—truly sorry."

"Yes, yes," says Dulcie, moving to and fro with restless impatience. "Ten minutes, did you say?"

"Yes, miss. And the letter for Lady Falconer?"

"Oh, yes!" says Dulcie, remembering; and she tears open the envelope and incloses Sarah's simple note.

"Give that to her ladyship—it will explain everything. And now let us go down; I do not want to see anybody—I cannot!"

The girl nods, hushed by the signs of such grief and consternation; and Dulcie follows her down the back staircase and into the courtyard.

It is a lovely night; all is beautiful and bland—a cruel contrast to the misery and apprehension which rages in her heart.

"Would it were time," she wails, impatiently. "Ten minutes! It has been an hour."

Then the carriage comes up, and a footman, with curiosity staring from every feature, opens the door, and a moment afterward Dulcie, looking out, sees the lighted windows of Holme Castle behind her.

CHAPTER XIX.  
It is an express train, the night mail, but fast as it is, it seems to drag and crawl to Dulcie. In her short life she has known so little of sorrow and sickness that they come now with all the force of novelty, and she shrinks back in the corner of the first class carriage like one filled with a dread of a strange foe, whose very weapons she is ignorant of.

One moment the thought of Hugh, her lost lover, sweeps over her like a cold wave of dead, numbing pain; the next the vision of Aunt Fennor, lying sick unto death, rises and drives

all else from her brain.

At last the train winds into the great terminus, a porter calls a cab, and she is whirled towards Caroline Street.

With faltering voice she asks the man his fare, pays the exorbitant demand without a murmur, thereby sending him away wretchedly unhappy because he had not asked another shilling, and then she knocks at the front door.

It is opened by a slipshod girl, who acts as the landlady's maid-of-all-work, and who stares at Dulcie with lack-lustre eyes, which, notwithstanding their dullness, take note of the Parisian hat and ulster.

"My aunt!" gasps Dulcie.

The girl scratches her head, but before she can answer the incoherent question, a voice from above says, in hushed accent:

"Is that you, Miss Dulcie?"

And Dulcie springs noiselessly up the stairs and grasps the arm of the writer of the note.

Ever since she can remember, "Sarah" has been an institution in Mrs. Fennor's menage. She is a little round-faced woman, faithful as a Virginian slave of the old days. Ever since she can remember anything, Dulcie can remember worrying and plaguing this commonplace little woman nearly to distraction; but now she clings to her as if she were a tower of strength, and can only pant, breathlessly:

"Oh, Sarah!" so piteously, so frightenedly, that tears come into the woman's eyes.

"Don't take on, miss! I—I didn't mean to frighten you! You don't blame me for writing, miss. She wouldn't let me write to you before."

"Frighten me!" pants Dulcie.

"Then—then she is very ill!"

Sarah looks away, afraid to meet the dark, anxiously questioning eyes.

"Yes, miss," she says; "very, very ill. But," with a little smile, "while there's life, there's hope!"

This cut and dried little proverb strikes home more surely than the most despairing announcement could do. "While there's life there's hope!" Is it not the formula which the doctor, wary and reserved, always uses when not a vestige of hope is left? Does it not always mean that nothing but despair—blank, dark despair—remains?

(To be Continued.)

## In Loving Memory.

Of Philip George Voke, of Dildo, T.B., Killed in Action, October 9th, 1917. I left my mother and friends I love, A cry went up for help, I volunteered to take my part, My duty to fulfill.

Our little hand called out to fight, A hand so brave and gay, But though it was not very long, When I was called away.

No mother to wet my parched lips, No father to say good-bye, None of my friends were standing near, Yet God was very nigh.

God called me to a noble band, A band of pure delight, Where saluts and angels ever sing, Nor weary day or night.

God bore my fainting spirit where He bids the weary rest, On Him who doeth all things well, For God alone gives rest.

Mother, dear, I'm gone with Jesus, Angels waited to bear me home; Leaving you, my darling mother, Leaving you, but not alone.

One little word to mother, dear, You'll not forget your boy, 'Twas for my King and country's sake I gave my life and died.

Sister, you'll find it hard to part From the brother you loved so well; But meet me in that land above, Where saints and angels dwell.

There no tears shall dim the eyes, No more shall we say good-bye, Nothing shall mar our peace with God, For we shall dwell on high.

My friends I bid you all adieu, I leave you in God's care; Although we'll meet no more on earth, In heaven I'll meet you there.

But now my work is ended, I have been called to rest, And the cross of my legion of honor Has been pinned by God to my breast.

J. L.

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oct1, m. th. t. y.

## Notice!

Ship Building Bounty!

I am instructed by the Government that it is their intention to submit to the Legislature at its next session a Bill to limit the class of vessels entitled to Bounty under the present Shipbuilding Bounty Law. Hereafter Bounty will be payable on vessels not exceeding 120 tons gross measurement. Vessels exceeding 120 tons gross will not qualify for any Bounty whatever. It is intended that the Regulations shall apply to all vessels of which the keel has been laid at the date of this notice; but all vessels, the keels of which are not now laid, shall come within the scope of the proposed new Regulations, and shall not be entitled to Bounty when the vessels exceed 120 tons gross measurement.

J. G. STONE,  
Minister of Marine & Fisheries,  
St. John's, Nfld., 19th Oct., '17.  
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## Pershing Insists on More Use of Rifles.

Criticises Americans in Trench Attacks Their Guns—Three "Positions" Taken—Troops Advance on Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt Trenches Under "Theatrical" Barrages.

(By The Associated Press.)  
American Training Quarters in France, Oct. 3 (delayed).—Major Gen. Pershing to-day watched a battalion of Major Gen. Sibert's command as it stormed and took three supposed enemy trenches, which had been named Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt for the occasion. The exercise was part of a programme of battalion problems which is being carried out daily, and will be developed gradually into regimental, brigade and divisional attacks.

Besides General Pershing, several French officers witnessed to-day's manoeuvres, after which they were criticised by American and French observers and by the General himself. He said that in taking the three trenches the soldiers, he noticed, did not discharge their rifles. This he thought was a mistake.

"You must not forget that the rifle is distinctly an American weapon," said the General. "I want to see it employed. There surely will be plenty

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