



"The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse."

CHAPTER I
A Bohemian Party.

"Yes; Miss Kittle is growing up now," said Wilson, "and it seems only the other day she was running around, all legs and wings."
Kittle's father nodded, as one acknowledging a compliment; but he did not encourage the subject; for with all his Bohemianism, and notwithstanding that he had neglected his duty toward her, he exacted a respectful treatment of her from others; for instance, no one of his boon companions and fellow-Bohemians would have dared to speak of her without the prefix of "Miss."
"Kitt's all right," he said. "Pass the cards, Bickers; it's my deal I'm going nap this time, so get your pennies ready."

Meanwhile, Kittle had laid aside the skirt she was making and had slipped on her hat and jacket. She was a slip of a girl, tall for her age—she was in the last of her teens—and singularly lithe and graceful. One might say with truth that she was "singularly beautiful, with a girlish beauty which promised an actual loveliness later on. Her face was of the Irish type, that type which is only seen in the Celtic race, the charm and fascination of which lie not only in its spirituelle expression, but in its contrasting features.

For instance, her face, rather thin now, because she was growing so fast, was almost a pure oval, would have been quite pure but for the sharpening of the delicate chin, which indicated intelligence and wit, and the slight broadening of the cheek-bones, which denoted strength of character, and the audacity which revealed itself in the gray-blue eyes. Quite wonderful eyes they were, and capable of expressing the whole gamut of emotions; one moment they were dancing with mirth, at another they would be dark and humid with tenderness, and before you had got over the charm of this, they would be brilliant with intelligence, with a keen sense of humor which was Kittle's birthright; but through it all, the audacity seemed to shine as if it were always lying dormant, and ready to spring out, as a wildcat springs from the jungle.

She sang softly to herself as she put on her out-door things before the cheap looking-glass; for Kittle was usually as happy as a young colt frolicking in a spring meadow; and, indeed, she very much resembled a young colt in her freedom of movement, her scorn of conventionalities, her ignorance of the restraining bit and the pressing load of life.

She had inherited her father's voice, his sunny, mercurial disposition; and with her, also, sufficient for the day was the evil and the pleasure thereof. She was her father's child in every

sense of the word, for her mother had died when she was a baby. Her father never spoke to her of her mother, never spoke to her of his past; and Kittle was in careless ignorance of her family history; careless, because she never gave the matter a thought; neither the past nor the present troubled her, nor did the future. Living from hand to mouth, running into debt, bolting just before quarter-day, were as natural to Kittle as respectability, a settled position, plenty of dresses, and a liberal allowance are to other girls more fortunately placed.
She ran down the stairs with its threadbare carpet and hideous imitation marble paper on the walls and, opening the door—the key was on her finger—ran against an old man, who was just about to knock. He was a tall, thin man, with a close-shaven face, wrinkled like a railway-map. His eyes shone and glittered under thick lids; his thick hair was snowy white, but his eyebrows were jet black. In the shape of his nose, slightly hooked, and in the curve of his lips; in fact, in his features and expression, there were unmistakable indications of the Jew.

"You made me jump, Mr. Levison!" cried Kittle, with a laugh as she made way for him.

"Is your father in?" he asked.
"Yes; he's upstairs," she replied, her eyes twinkling. "It's a party; the usual lot. They're having a good time—songs, and stories, and nap. They've run out of whisky and I'm going for some."

Consciously, or unconsciously, she mimicked her father's voice, imitated his very manner. She was a wonderful mimic, and could never tell a story, however short, never relate anything, or speak of any one she had seen without imitating the persons and acting the incident.

Levison watched her from under his heavy lids, and acknowledged her mimicry with a slight nod of approval, and as faint a smile of admiration.

"I'll go for the whiskey, Miss Kittle," he said. "You're getting too big a girl to run on errands—of that sort. Where do you get it?"
"At Bloggs'," said Kittle, "and if he looks as if he wouldn't give it to you—we must be running a decent bill there—ask after the baby; you'll get it then."

She went back to her room, singing, and took up the skirt again.

Presently she heard the door open—she had given Levison the key—and his step on the stairs; and she called to him through the open door of her room, her mouth full of pins.

"Take it up to them, Mr. Levison, I'm sure they will be glad to see you."

Levison hesitated a moment; then he said, in his low voice, which had just a faint touch of the Semitic, nasal twang:

"I don't think I'll go up, Miss Kittle. I wanted to have a quiet chat with your father. I'll wait here." He took a chair in a corner of the little room in which Norton wrote and Kittle did her needlework, as could be plainly seen by the plain deal table, splattered with ink-stains, and the litter of dress material, the sewing-

machine, and other feminine requisites.

The chair was quite in the corner of the room, but Mr. Levison seated himself on it without bringing it forward, and sat with that statuesque air of patience, of serene immobility, to which only the Jew can attain.

Kittle ran upstairs with the bottle, and her appearance was received with a shout of welcome at once respectful and affectionate. She waved the bottle round her head, then plunked it on the table in front of her father, and stood with her hands upon her hips, looking, with a smile, from face to face.

"Hebe herself!" said Vilorne. "Hebe bringing nectar to the gods in Olympus. Miss Kittle, we are everlastingly grateful to you. There are only one other thing you could do to make us perfectly happy. Dook, we ask Miss Kittle to be so gracious as to sing us a song, just one song, now she's here?"

The toddy was telling upon him, or he would not have ventured to make the request. Norton frowned slightly, and shook his head; but Kittle still continued to smile, and, slipping her arm round her father's neck, said coaxingly:

"Let me, dad. I'd like to sing for them; they all look so happy."

"Oh, well," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Only one song, mind! This is a bachelor party, and it's no place for you, Kit."

She stood by his chair, laughingly beat back the volumes of smoke from before her face, and began to sing. Presently her father's face relaxed with a smile of fond pride, and he beat time with his long pipe. The others listened in silence to the sweet, clear, confident voice, the voice of the born artist; then, when the song was finished, they burst into rapturous applause, with cries of "Encore!"

Kittle shook her head, crossed her hands on her bosom, swept them a curtsy, and, pausing at the door to cry, "No, no; only one; 'twas a bargain!" ran out of the room.

The party was not a late one, for the journalists had to get back to the newspaper work; and presently they trooped away, shouting "Good-night" to Norton, as he leaned over the balusters, waving farewell with his pipe. Then he went back to the room, and Levison came up.

The Dook was in the happiest frame of mind, nicely charged with toddy, and soothed by unlimited tobacco. Perhaps Mr. Levison had waited for this unassuming condition.

"Hullo, Levison!" exclaimed Norton. "Where did you spring from? Why didn't you come up before. Been chatting with Kittle down-stairs, eh? Have some toddy? By jingo, it's all gone. I'll send for some more."

"No, no," said Levison, with a wave of his hand. He took up a gold cigarette case, lighted a cigarette, and smoked it deliberately. All his movements were deliberate.

"Yes; I've been chatting with Miss Kittle," he said; "it is always a pleasure to do that. She is like that woman Voltaire speaks of, who couldn't ask you to pass the salt without being interesting. She is a born actress. She sang that song just now with a sense of balance and a truth of expression which only an artist could arrive at."

Norton listened and nodded; but he looked rather uneasy, and eyed Levison with a touch of suspicion; and at the word "actress," he shifted uneasily and frowned. Levison regarded his cigarette intently, and went on in the slow, deliberate way of the Jew, who is too astute to reveal his eagerness.

"I dined with Pockett—the manager of the Folly, you know?"
"I've known Pockett for years," said Norton, with increasing impatience.

"He is very anxious to get some new blood; of course, a man who is running three theatres always is on the lookout for new people. Pockett is a liberal man; he would give splendid terms to a girl—a young lady—who is at all promising; he'd pay a fair salary at the beginning and, of course, increase it. A splendid chance for a clever young girl, Norton; say—like Miss Kittle."

"I daresay," said Norton, with a kind of grant, and a more decided frown.
Levison knocked the ash off the

cigarette, and looked at his well-made boots; he was always well-dressed, and in an inconspicuous fashion.

"Miss Kittle would make a great success on the stage; I am quite certain of that; and I thought you would like to know that Pockett would take her."

"I daresay," said Norton, in a low voice; "but I don't like the idea. Don't I know what the stage is?"

Levison shrugged his shoulders. "It's like most things, my dear Norton; not nearly so black as it's painted. It is not what it was; it has changed, improved, very much of recent years. You must admit that."

"Do you think you can tell me anything about it?" demanded Norton irritably. "Haven't I been there? I hate it; and I have reason to hate it. It's bad enough for men, it is unwholesome enough for them—the excitement, the late hours, the devil-may-care nature it breeds in the best of them. Go to the men at the top of the tree in the profession, they'd agree with me. Why, there's Walton—he's always regretting, and bitterly, that he isn't a barrister, a doctor, any thing, but a famous actor; and he makes five thousand a year, and is run after by society with a capital 'S.' But the women!—especially those who are not at the top of the tree! It's a dog's life for them."

"Not for all," said Levison, quietly. "Of course, where a girl is amply provided for." He paused significantly. "If anything happened to you, for instance, Norton—we are all of us mortal—what would become of Miss Kittle?"

Norton rose suddenly, and began to pace the room; he was much agitated. Presently he swung round upon Levison.

(To be Continued.)

Prunes cooked without adding sugar are more wholesome and better flavored.

1720—The "one piece" dress has lost none of its popularity, and is especially attractive in the lovely materials of this season. The style here portrayed has a chemisette, cut with low neck outline. The waist is finished with a new collar. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a hand cuff, or in the cool and comfortable elbow length, finished with a turnback cuff. The skirt has four gores and a smart pocket.

The pattern is good for serge, gabardine, gingham, linen, taffeta, faille and poplin. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE, POPULAR MODEL.



1778—This is a pretty style, easy to develop and nice for all kinds of wash materials. The skirt is full, and is gathered under a wide belt, where it joins the surplice waist. The collar is broad and outlines the deep neck opening. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patented Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART BUT SIMPLE DRESS.



1720—The "one piece" dress has lost none of its popularity, and is especially attractive in the lovely materials of this season. The style here portrayed has a chemisette, cut with low neck outline. The waist is finished with a new collar. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a hand cuff, or in the cool and comfortable elbow length, finished with a turnback cuff. The skirt has four gores and a smart pocket.

The pattern is good for serge, gabardine, gingham, linen, taffeta, faille and poplin. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE, POPULAR MODEL.



1778—This is a pretty style, easy to develop and nice for all kinds of wash materials. The skirt is full, and is gathered under a wide belt, where it joins the surplice waist. The collar is broad and outlines the deep neck opening. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

We Want To

Get Every Man Saving



Cigarette Coupons.

Imperial Tobacco Co.
(Newfoundland) Ltd.

Have You Any Pictures ?

That need framing? If so, don't allow them to be laid aside any longer; just bring them along, choose some pretty Moulding suitable for the subject, and leave the rest to us.

We carry at all times a wonderful selection of Picture Mouldings, and have just received a large addition to our stock. We are experts at Picture Framing, with a reputation of many years' standing, and we can fill any order, however large, with perfect satisfaction at the shortest notice. Prices and Sample Mouldings on application to the

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

SLATTERY'S.

New Arrivals:

MEN'S BRACES,
MEN'S SHIRTS,
MEN'S UNDERWEAR.
LADIES' NIGHTDRESSES,
LADIES' CORSETS,
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
Also, HOSIERY, POUND GOODS, TURKISH
TOWELS, COTTON BLANKETS, WOOD
PIPES and many other lines.
All at Lowest Possible Prices.

Slattery Bldg., Duckworth & George's Sts.
Phone 522. P. O. Box 236.

April Paper Patterns

NOW ON SALE.
Outports please take notice that cash money orders or stamps must accompany orders.

CHARLES HUTTON,
Sole Agent Newfoundland.

Advertise in the Telegram

Cost

15
NAVY and
the remains of
in the last month
being offered
LOW PRESEN
Come early
Dress

War News

Messages Received
Previous to 9

BRITISH OFFICIAL

LONDON, March 23.—Encounters between British German detachments occurred on the general line from Beaulieu, Etrelle, says the official from British headquarters in the region of the front, issued to-night. South of Arras, the centre of the line German attacks, the statement adds, driver off and British positions maintained. British troops made progress in the region of Arras and Ecoust southeast of Arras.

GERMANS OFFER RESISTANCE

LONDON, March 23.—For the last 24 hours the west at the front in France has been worst possible of a wintry day, the result that field operations have been brought almost to a standstill. Reuter's correspondent at the headquarters wires that the German resistance is being offered by the German rearguard as they are pushed back by the British troops. This is particularly noticeable along the irregular line in the northern and northern direction from Dehavy wood, which lies about three miles west of Quentin. In most of the sectors affected by the resistance, Germans continue to maintain covering patrols. Cavalry units also posted, and there are indications they intend to prevent British from continuing their progress as rapidly as they have heretofore. Although some skirmishes are reported as well small clashes of reconnaissance in the situation to-day, in accord with the tendency of the front to offer greater resistance. The all the newly acquired British in the way of troops' movements construction and repair of roads railways. Thus far about 1000 inhabitants have been left behind the Germans during the retreat, many elderly or very young persons. Reuter's correspondent reports that all the women between the ages of 17 and 35 are being sent to the town of Subange, as the Germans if they were left behind would make munitions for the front, so they are keeping them in munitions for themselves.

For Pain in the Back Try

the famous remedy GIN PILLS, known from coast to coast. Pain in the back and sides, aching limbs, swollen joints, lumbago, rheumatism, are all the result of impure blood, which in turn, means that the kidneys are out of order and are not purifying the blood stream as it passes through them every three minutes.

GIN PILLS heal and soothe the kidneys and thus remedy the trouble right at the very root. If you are suffering from any of the aches mentioned above, take the device given in hundreds of letters we have here on file, and try GIN PILLS.

Your money will be returned if you are not absolutely satisfied. 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 as all druggists, or a free sample upon request to

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ont.
U. S. Address—No. 200 Co. Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Gin Pills
FOR THE KIDNEYS

