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Paster-Yes: so I understand

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to the till





MILTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1902.

VOLUME 42.

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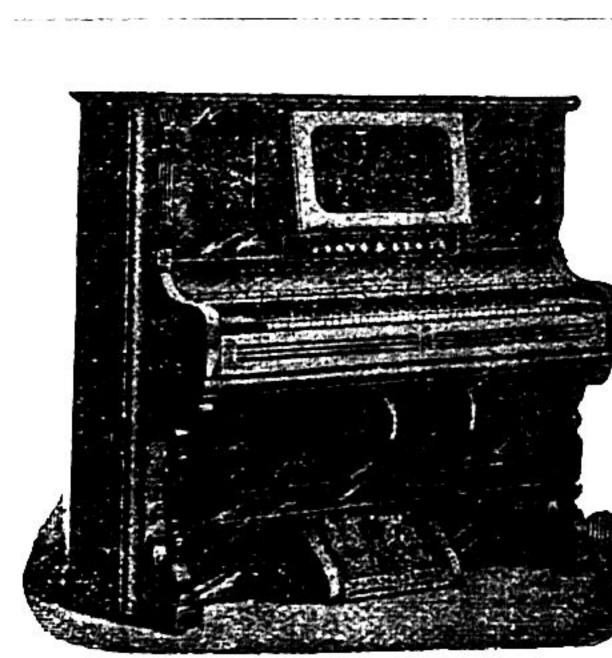
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ness, hard colds, etc.; \$1. most economical for chronic cases and to kee u hand. J. C. AYER. "O., will, Mass.



People want to get away mot," urges Miss Dormer. from the noise, sensational, boastful claim of the men They like to deal here where her?" get is the best.

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BY BERTHA M. CLAY

"A Woman's Vengeance," "Between Two Loves," "Her Second Love," "A Fatal Wedding," Etc. अस्ति व्याष्ट्र व्याष्ट्र

admits, her eyes and cheeks firing her, mademoiselle," Yolande

ing-room with uncle Silas and Wil-

"Talking? Well really, Wilmot," begins Miss Dormer, bridling, with envy thrilling her through. a displeased smile. a smile of gloomy triumph.

est quality and what you deal of money, but not too much for some day, when Miss Yolande will selle has graciously approved, that employer, said to me." never be satisfied with your small will be-" that with half an eye! She means and flushing. mind if she poaches either. Your positively.

then! I pity his wife!" Mrs. Sar- ess?"

nity. 'And it's quite proper. Yo- rather bewildered in her ideas. well as you what I saw."

chucked under the chin!" huskily, dropping her spectacles. "Chucked under the chin!" yours chuck that French governess'ers and candlestick-makers'! f yours under the chin!" The 'tic-tac' of the clock on

ad silence that follows this fright ful statement. 'I can't believe it!'' Miss Dormer exclaims, with almost a groan. "And I always thought," Yolande Salvage Company have done moiselle was such a very modest

coming into Yolande's rimson cashmere dressing-gown lavany need that I should speak Viscount Glynne spoke to me for a few minutes last night in the hall What a good, kind, fatherly man

combing them out.

"Of course he did!" Mrs. Sarjent | "No, I didn't know anything about

brought-up young man; but he's just "Poor lady, truly - only blessed" would get round any man living if broider her story as she pleases, for she only had a chance! Don't you no discrepancy will be discovered in trust for her now by her guar- at Pentreath. married, Yolande, my dear!" warns bands," she pursues gravely, with her cousin Wilmot Sarjent. Mrs. Sarjent, with motherly sever- an air of old and intimate friend- But poor old Miss Keren Dormer, her soft maternal tone, "and Cap- "What do you mean?" she falters, from Kentucky, writes from the Na-

Oh. why has not Fate made her But Mrs. Sarjent is smiling too - a governess or a lady-nurse, so that Dormer has dipped into the Pacific she might have this happy chance of Salvage Company to the extent "Talking to him and smirking at goint to live in the very house where a few thousand shares, and dipped nim as free and easy as you please Captain Glyfine is? What exquisite into some gold-mines with melliflu--standing up close to him, and pleasure to be able to meet him ous Mexican names, and some Cornlooking up at him in the most for sometimes and say "Good morn-lish tin mines with enormous powers ward manner!" declares Mrs. Sar- ing!" What unspeakable happiness of money-suction in their cavernous to pour out his coffee and hand him depths, and a few other "concerns," "Well, but, after all, that isn't the newspaper! And mademoiselle forming as pretty a fireful of irons

anything really bad, you know, Wil- will not appreciate the happiness or as an elderly merchant could desire the privileges in any great degree. "Wait a bit till I've done, aunt 'No, indeed, cherie!" mademois-Keren," Mrs. Sarjent says drily - elle says, laughing heartily as she this present and prospective wealth "I've more to tell you. I had my sees the wistful frown and the tear- Silas Dormer has thought fit. who only make claims and eye on that fine French damsel all filled eyes. "Not until you have no his sister has meekly acquiesced the evening. My goodness, how she further need of me! Viscount and Volende has been excited an don't supply the goods. does dress! What do you pay Glynne is a gentleman, dearest. He delighted, and glad and sorry, after only said, 'How I wish you were the manner of a young girl who' "Fifty pounds a year," aunt disengaged, mademoiselle! I should sees new and wonderful possibilities what we offer is of the high- | Keren replies bluntly. "It's a good have confidence in you. Perhaps dawning before her, and mademoia good French governess, as Mrs. have something nicer to think of they should leave the old, quiet Vavasor, the lady who was her last than French lessons"-here madem- out-of-the-way home at Fair View oiselle permits herself a knowing and remove to a "more suitable re-"One would think she had twice giggle and has great difficulty to sidence," as "ma'm'selle" says. fifty to see the gown that was on keep from passing into the vernacu- with an air of toleration. her last night!" Mrs. Sarjent re lar of her native Camberwell-"and, And this is the "suitable resi marks, with much bitterness. "She'll from what I hear, I think she soon dence," this imposing-looking man-

salary and your quiet house, aunt "Oh, mademoiselle, did he say broad pearl-gray doorsteps, Keren," she continues; "I can see that?" interrupts Yolande, amazed huge plate-glass windows and conto fly at high game, and she doesn't "He did," Miss Glover declares butler's pantries, and the various Viscount's a married man, isn't he?" he said, 'when your dear pupil no family mansion" No. 9, Rutland "Yes-of course. Wilmot." Miss longer requires you, I trust you will Gardens. Hyde Park-in reality Dormer answers, trembling with let Lady Glynne or myself know Bayswater. The house is full of "But I really don't think your address before you engage brand-new furniture which has cost you ought to talk so before Yo- yourself elsewhere.' Was it not a fabulous sum of money, as poor kind of him, chere Yolande, to be so Miss Dormer secretly thinks; and "A nice moral married man he is truly considerate to a poor govern- she is not a whit soothed by

jent says, with self-satisfied malig- "Very kind," agrees Yolande, much more gorgeous and costly furiniture she has seen in other houses lande should be here, aunt Keren, 'Now, I think I've cut the ground of "friends" of hers. since she's going to marry it to the from under your feet, Mrs. Sar- There is an odor of a furniture family-it's my duty to tell her as jent!" mademoiselle says to her- warehouse from attic to cellar, and self-a key-hole or a half-opened an unnatural brilliancy about the "What?" they both ejaculate, and door is always a legitimate channel chairs and tables and the dyes of draw their chairs closer, and hold of information to this young wo- the Brussels carpets; and Yolande their breath, poor Yolande pale man. "And, so far from Miss Yo- thinks of "Mr. and Mrs. Veneerwith dread of she knows not what. lande, the little love-sick fool, being ing" every day of her life as she "Perhaps you don't look at things unwilling to have me in her house, comes up or goes down stairs, and in the same light as I do, aunt perhaps I will be unwilling to have is nervously conscious of the tall Keren," she says severely—"perhaps her in mine! All things come round supercilious footman sitting in the you don't see anything very improper to you while you wait," the quon-hall, or assisting the severe stately in it! I consider it immoral to be dam Miss Glover says, with an idea butler to lay the dinner-table. Both that she is quoting Tennyson. "I these gentlemen-below the salt "Wh-at!" aunt Keren ejaculates can stay on here now until it suits become however more mild and affame to go; and I think it'll suit me ble as time goes on. They cannot Mrs. when I have the satisfaction of see be very haughty and strict with

Sarjent repeats tragically, rising to ing my fastidious, haughty, fine gen- their amiable, timid, fussy, but "I saw with my own two married in among the Dormers and gentle eyes that precious nobleman-friend of Sarjents and 'the butchers and bakfortune will Captain Dallas have the retainers" become respectful to a re-Not much. I think sidered, and Miss Jovce Murray in the bargain." she says, with a smilat herself in the glass-"that with the incomparable gentleman

man who has disdained to bestow above her mentally and morally a:

CHAPTER X.

ing tones that made Yolande dread-long to look forward to, so short to look back upon. The fresh golden as the footman says sentimentally, 'Yes." murmurs Yolande, tang- now merged in the short dark winter ther in the nature of a salve which ling her thick brown tresses instead days—the dark days before Christ-she feels it politic to offer. For this

It is bitterly cold, depressing, un- and

helplessness she describes her state finds herself is far removed from the Mr. Dormer does not seem much sphere of her "friends." happier for the change. He has es- This afternoon her manner has until one of the servants brings Miss caped from all the grandeur at home does more coldly, frigidly gracious and gone into the City, where, how- with a decided flavor of condescentation of the servants of the se places of business to call at and has put up her eve-glass to note the or foot, nor even uttering a sigh, much grander acquaintances than in dimensions of the large drawing- until the door opens, and fair, false the old days-titled chairmen of room, and asked them if they really Joyce enters the room, with a smile companies with grandly-sounding for- do prefer a room like this for after- on her lips and her heart beating eign names, "ornamental directors" noon-tea.

brightest and most sparkling gilding of the suite, where one can have in a charming demi-toilette of "walland glitter of this business world. one's pet china and books and little flower colored velvet and silk-Mrs. All this has come about through tables and brackets close at hand," Murray and her daughter are always and by his acquaintance with his she says, with another smiling stare elegantly dressed, though they are and enterprising friend, the of cool disparagement at the grand poor-and with her bright hair and Viscount Lyulph Glynne, through drawing-room, thirty-six by thirty, fair skin the warm colored velvet him and his influence and his intro- as the carpet planner measured it. contrasts to perfection. ductions, and the sixty thousand "But the house looks nice and com- "What is the matter, Dallas?" she pounds which have been bequeathed fortable," Lady Nora is good en- asks lightly, though her voice is not to Silas Dormer and his sister Keren ough to add. "I should think you steady. "Really, you do send one with sudden wrath. "Wilmot's a sponds, in a low tone. "I am very by the will of their eldest brother find yourselves far more comfortable such imperious messages!" Michael, now ten months deceased. here than in that lonely little place Dallas Glynne looks her straight in as great a fool as any other man in having one of the best of hus-tled on herself, to be hers absolute- She has spoken of her son once or hand in his — such a dainty, warm where an artful woman is concern- bands," mademoiselle says warmly, by when she attains the age of twice, but only in the most formal little white hand it is!—he points to twenty-one, or if she marries before and distant manner as "Captain that age with their consent, but held Glynne." and of his continued stay

ity. "If you do, you'll sup sorrow. ship — "faithful, devoted, warm-having a perfect and unwavering tain Glynne wishes to stay. Pen-knowing quite well that she left the tional Hotel, Washington, D. C., as folhearted!" She could hardly keep the faith in her brother and his "busi-treath has a great many attractions splendid half-hoop of diamonds and lows:

"A what, aunt Sarjent?" Yolande grin of ridicule off her lips as she ness head," as she calls it, and for him, I believe," she adds, with sapphires in her dressing-case ere of mingled curiosity looks askance at the flushing face pleasantly acknowledging the fact a serene smile, playing carelessly she ran down-stairs to her discarded and downcast eyelids and nervous that she has no 'head' for specula- with her tenspoon, noting at the lover. "A snake in the grass," replies fingers trifling with the loose curly tions or money-making intricacies, same time Mrs. Sarjent, with portentious locks of bonny brown hair, and turns has given him free permission to pale face, with its great Dallas replies, with a faint smile, with catarrh or who needs a good

treath Place, mademoiselle!" Vo- blessed Book. So do what you house itself are "very creditable." lande exclaims, with a keen pain of think best, brother-do what you

think best!" And so it comes to pass that Silas wherewith to burn his fingers. And, to be in keeping with all

of me! Viscount and Yolande has been excited sion, with its deep portico,

servatories, and reception-rooms and "Then, mademoiselle, appurtenances of the "first-class" "ma'm'selle's" accounts of the very

kind-hearted old mistress, or Imarkable degree.

footman remarks to the butler who rejoices in that stately name. For a delicious bit of gossip las crept down the back stairs conceing Miss Yolande- such a qui: plain sort of young lady too!" the maids say rather enviously that there is "somebody" very dash ing in the background as Miss ther" - and so on through a host of surmises, which all receive abund-

when Lady Nora comes, and the se Miss Yolande on both checks, and said, "Good-bye, dear! How sweet

mend him some kind lady-like per-nishing the same, and removing into condescension of the pleading tones. Had she gone down in her dream she hurries up-stairs to personal attend- it. Yet this is what poor old Miss plebeian. She has said kind and upon her knees and implored him to the drawing-room door—the little ant on poor dear Lady Maria -- the Dormer has recently done, and well- complimentary things; but in every stay, he would have passed her with- side-door which opens off succumbed between bronchitis smile and tone there is the idea con- out a word at this moment. He corridor-and then pauses, with "lowness," as with plaintive veyed that the society in which she walks down-stairs and into the lib- heart beating madly, her limbs trem-

fresh from the Peerage, the very "I always prefer the tiniest room She is dressed for dinner already

have her in your house when you're 'But the Glynnes are all good hus-dians, uncle Silas, aunt Keren, and 'The Earl, his uncle, wishes to Joyce reddens—an angry frightened have him with him," she says, in blush.

meaning, looking around with a nod of assurance at the frightened faces. Smile. "You will prove that one day, as he thinks best."

It rather unsuccessfully into a tender speculate with and invest her money dark eyes, purple-black in the lampthough his eyes are lurid and his lips dry. "I wanted to congratulate though."

A Good Tonic. light, has changed as though a sha- lips dry. I wanted to congratulate cherie, I hope." And then she hur- "We shall always have enough for dow had fallen over it at her words. you and to see what is his lordship's Po-ru-na is a natural and efficient "Well-what?" old Miss Dormer ries on, with stimulated delicacy. our needs, Silas," she says cheerful- Lady Nora notes too at the same taste in jewelry. Nothing hackneyed, nerve tonic. It strengthens and re-

asks, half frightened, but sceptical. "And when I said 'No,' I could not ly—"of that I'm sure. Our mother time that the teaspoon, with which I hope?" "I saw her talking to Viscount think of recommending anyone for and father were righteous people, she plays is solid silver of the last "You have heard then?" she ques-body. Glynne for ever so long in the hall such an important post, do you know and their seed will never be for fashionable pattern, modern antique, tions, hanging her head. 'I could Through the use of Pe-ru-na the saken nor have to beg their bread-- and that all the appointments of the not help myself, Dallas," she adds, weakened or overworked nerves resume "That he wants you to go to Pen-that's the blessed promise in the ten-table, the drawing-room, and the in a low, trembling voice. • • • • • • • • these little matters," retorts Dallas vessels begin at once to regulate the Two days later Lady Nora is at sneeringly, his eyes blazing with ang- flow of blood according to nature's laws. Pentreath, and again drinking her er, his face pale as death. afternoon-tea - in her own dress- don't you think, before your mamma

ing-room this time—and telling her- and my mamma had time to discuss self, as she does so, that it is not the news, you and I might have had are promptly and permanently cured. such good tea as the Dormers,' nor a friendly chat about it-eh?' is it served in such dainty cups as 'Oh, don't, Dallas!' Joyce bursts nervous system that Pe-ru-na has at-She talks long and earnestly me and despise me; but-"

spirited Yolande's blushes and pal- of your nature for a kindred soul for at the mention of his name. "And now, Dallas, my dear boy, Joyce cries, with a little sob. tentreating manner-she dares use no vov

"there is an end of everything in Dallas!" that direction."

with a significant glance at her son, erty so far."

better make up your mind at once!" ing, a strange cold smile, but she is atre or the English Opera, or with her ladyship urges imploringly, with weeping. tears in her bright eyes—she can "When are you to be married, leries in the afternoons, Miss Dorshed maternal tears upon occasion. Jovce?" he asks. "Tell me the mer's conscience objecting to go to "It is really a very fair prospect for truth if you can." you; and you know Joyce and you She feels herself humbled in his And then there comes one evening car be nothing to each other now." sight, and hears the taunt. Why?" Dallas demands, with a "At Whitsuntide, I believe," smouldering fire of defiance and relanswers huskily. olve breaking out in a flame in his "Wel, I've a little bit of news for and vividest colors-when there is

into noble beauty, making him ap- Easter!" pear stronger, taller, comelier, even "I'll go out to Texas!" he

window, gazing out with hard, wista humble one. I dare say - in some ful, yearning, unseeing eyes, with the Glynne and Yolande and themselves lows-is going to do. And I believe He s caks with passionate deter

Nora's eyes as she pages at him hopeful, handsome face. "No. Dallas nor for three or four months. Joyce Murray is engaged to Lord Dunavon. and she accepted him; so her mother dreaming of the past two months. tad me this very morning. D. Has says never a word for a happy, miserable, bewildered, which

that story from last day of the old year, when a

seasonable weather in which to set then, she has been perfectly civil more, though he hears Lady Nora utes ago and is in the small drawinggracious; but it has been the saying something to him in anxious room with Miss Dormer.

rary, where he waits, standing by the great black marble mantelpiece,

"Where is your engagement ring,"

into bitter tears. "I know you hate tained such a world-wide reputation as a with her son, and she tells him 'My dear child, not at all!" Dal- sure and reliable remedy for all phases everything. Lady Nova is never has interrupts, smiling, though he of catarrh wherever located. troubled by delicacy when it goes really does both at this moment. against her interests; so now she You are a most sensible girl! factory results from the use of Peruna, gives for Captain Glynne's benefit a Dunavon isn't a brilliant sort of write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a description of the house and furni- fellow exactly"-he is a huge, stupid, full statement of your case and he will ture, plate and servants, of the Dor- good-natured, red-faced man of fifty- be pleased to give you his valuable admers, their money - investments and "bdt he'll be a good solid sort of vice free. prospects so far as she can learn husband, just what you really rethem, old Miss Dormer's amiability quire, I dare say, even if he doesn't The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O. humble-mindedness, and meek- quite satisfy the highest yearnings

"You needn't insult me, Dallas!" bling, in the deep recess in which the you must lose no more time here!" am miserable enough without that. afraid of the joy that is about to be his mother says, in an imperiously- I can't help myself, I tell you, and fall her, trifling with the rich other with him. "Lyulph Glynne is you know I canjt. I have no money ling to the brim at her lips. She getting a hold over these people, |-not a shilling, nor a prospect of pauses until mademoiselle's affected and, worse still, a hold over their one; and you have none, nor the "mincing" voice in sarcastic tones money, and it is the only chance I prospect of any. There would be no startles her. see for you. I have felt that al- use in our hoping to be anything to "What on earth are you waiting ways; but I did hope for something each other or waiting for each other. there for, ma cherie? You will from that election; however, as he We should only grow poorer and old-change your dress of course before lost it—and nobody who knows Vis- er every day. And you have known you let him see you. Besides, you count Glynne can be surprised at that all along as well as I; so there know, ma cherie, what a dreadful that," Lady Nora says bitterly - is no use in your blaming me, fastidious gentleman is Captain Dal-

"My dear Joyce, don't cry out be thin laugh. Her ladyship pauses for a moment: fore you are hurt!" he says, cooly Without a word. Yolande opens then, as her son makes no response, scotting. "I quite agree with you the door and enters the room and, in every word you have just said, as she stands in the radiance of the And now he has plunged into and nobody is blaming anybody, firelight and the lamplight, her face money-making schemes in the City, But I sha'n't lare about Lady Dun-rose-flushed and sparkling, with her and has completely wormed himself avon very much, and I did care very hand clasped in Captain Glynne's. into old Dormer's confidence—and we much for Joyce Murray; so I will she reads in his eyes nothing but know what that means with a cov- bid her good-bye. One kiss, Joyce-pleased surprise and approbation of etous, grasping, money-loving miser the last! Even Lord Dunavon would her-those eyes where most of all on like Glynne!" Lady Nora declares, forgive me for poaching on his prop-earth she longs to read approval And he has a spy in the camp-a She crimsons, casts a frightened memory of the unreal, delirious.

sort of private-intelligence office - glance around, but does not refuse unsatisfying happiness of that even that English-Frenchwoman, Miss He buts his arm around her slim ing and of other evenings, when Cap-Bella Glover, I feel quite certain; waist and draws her close to his tain Glynne dines with them goes and-and-Dallas dearest, you had heart for the last time. He is smil- with her and her uncle to the the-

"Why should I not you. Joyce." he says, laughing, with one of the grand, formal. thresome I love and the girl a little pain at his heart. "I don't dinner-parties which Yolande hates carn a think your mamma and my mamma and her aunt Keren dreads with living for her like an honest man, nothave had the chance to discuss my dread unspeakable

It is a dream, troublous, feverish,

CHAPTER XI.

one-sitting in a chair by the blessing that opportune cold flowers and choice perfumes, the glit-luxury and comfort.

and sitins, and the snowy contrast lower shelf of the overmantel and closely watching Yolande. She is satting with cold trembling To "make conversation" - for He proposed to her only last night bands tight'y clasped together—there are sudden lapses which are becoming dreadfally embarrassing 'celaine figure-a peasant maiden with a basket on her arm, in which are delicate ferns-and shows it to Car tain Glynne, and asks him if he ad For answer he puts his two strong arms over ber shoulders and draws

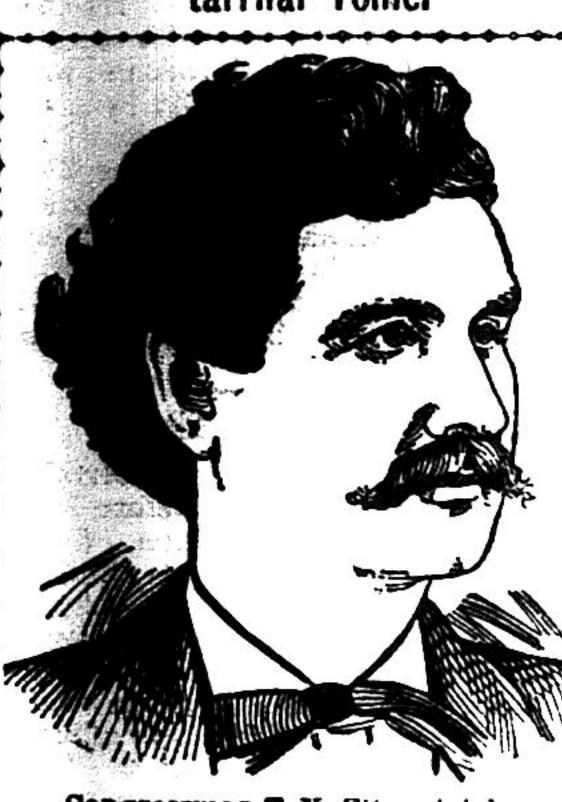
> her towards him, and stoops down until his heavy moustache touches "Yes, I admire it very much." he replied, smilingly: "I should like to have it. Will you give it to me?" "With pleasure." Yolande swers, with tremulous gladness o.

"And I want something else!" To be continued

If is the kind of Tea that just suits the majority of people.

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stores the activity of every nerve in the

their natural strength and the blood

"But Congestions immediately disappear. Catarrh Cured. All phases of catarrh, acute or chronic. It is through its operation upon the

If you do not derive prompt and satis-

Address Dr. Hartman, President of

"Idoorway is placed, afraid to enter. draught of happiness that is spark-

las Glynne!'-with a little sharp.

Before her mind masses the

her and aunt Keren to picture-geltheatres. -the dream is vivid here in serious she which are indelibly burned in on memory's tablets in brightest gold

news, and you are the first to hear! Mrs. Sarjent has been asked, of she calls their "grandeur" and their "titled people." But Mrs Seriout has a baid catarrh, and can not ap-

and the filmy veil and frost-like laces which, as it is a bitterly cold, stormy her splendid robe falling about night, has the heavy terra-cotta hr slender figure and half hiding the plush portieres dropped between it lark, girlish head, with its coiled-up and the larger room. Just now, in wre the of silky-brown hair, and the the warm light of the lamp, with its pale wistful young face. All about big amber silk shade and the ruddy her are the fragrance of exquisite glow of the fire, it looks a nest of ter of gold and the gleam of jewels. Captain Glynne is standing by the the g'ow of the rich hues of velvets fireplace, resting less elbow on the

heart and soft swift blushes. Captain Glynne whispers.