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The Vital Flame A Stirring Serial of Primitive Passions by May Christie

CHAPTER LXIV. Enchanting moonlight shone on a copple of young harch and golden rod and silver birch, and made a silvery play on the faces of a young man and a girl who were standing very close together, staring at each other with an air of dumb misery that yet displayed a flame behind it—the flame of intense mutual attraction—that vital flame that only lovers know! "I had to come, Marcella," said the young man in a sort of broken whisper. "I ran into Lady Warrington this afternoon in New York, and she sprang it on me that you and Treman were getting married—to-morrow! Say it isn't true!" She gazed up at him with piteous eyes. "Marcella! Sweetheart! I'm waiting for an answer!" Dumbly she nodded. Her dry lips could not utter what she knew she ought to say. "It is true, then?" For answer, she suddenly flung both arms around his neck, and utterly broke down. "Good God! And—and you don't love him! You love me, Marcella—only me! I know it!" "I do! I do!" she sobbed brokenly. "But the pressure's been too strong for me! You don't understand!" It was very silent in the little wood, for at half-past ten at night, birds and beasts were sleeping. But, suddenly, in the undergrowth, a twig snapped, and Miles raised his head from its resting-place on top of Marcella's fluffy hair, and looked sharply in the direction whence the sound had come. "Hist! What was that? Did you hear—?" She raised her tear-stained face. Miles spoke again. "Shouldn't be surprised if someone's watching us." He moved over among the young larches, thrashing back the branches, and peering round and about. "I could see nothing. Except it was only a rabbit scampering through the undergrowth. Or—with a sudden thought—'d you think it's Treman?" "No. He left the bungalow an hour ago, by car. Only fifteen minutes back; he telephoned me good-night." She shivered a little, none the less, and moved closer to Miles. "He wanted to see my father. Daddy's ill, you know. He—he doesn't know—about to-morrow. He's told me not to marry War-

wick. Says he'd a thousand times face the music, than have me made unhappy—" The young man gazed at her with puzzled eyes. "Face the music? You—you're going to do this infamous thing to shield—" "No, no," she said hurriedly, terrified that even the man she loved and trusted might know about her father. But Miles wasn't to be put off easily. To him it was all too obvious that the Treman fellow had a hold upon her, and was 'working' it to the very limit. "You must tell me, darling. I'm not going to give you up, even though I have to stop this marriage at the very altar. When the parson speaks about the 'just impediment' or whatever it's called, I shall get right up in meetings, as they say over here, and—" His voice broke, cutting short the miserable attempt at jocularity. That little break cast down the girl's reserves. Miles could be utterly relied upon. He loved her, very truly. She loved him. Even at the eleventh hour, he might think of some solution to this desperate position. "I couldn't bear you to know before. It wasn't really Daddy's fault. He's so unbusiness like. He always has been. Up in the clouds. And of course it was a terrible blow to have the—the real vase smashed—" "Treman did it on purpose, beast that he is! He ought to be made to pay. Legally, I believe he could be held responsible. And then letting the fake go out from his rooms, without any explanation—it's too utterly caddish! Miles clenched a fist, as though it would bode ill for the schemer, were he near. "I think so, too," rejoined Marcella, dearly. "But what—what are we to do?" "I'll go up to Lady Warrington's to-night, and see him." Miles was staying at the local inn. "I'll make him do the decent thing. Why, killing would be too good for him—" Marcella held him back. "You won't do anything rash. Remember—Daddy's reputation—" "I shall remember your own happiness," was the grim reply. Marcella suddenly thought of Leonie Day. She's staying at Lady Warrington's—what will she think?" she asked, wide-eyed. Miles looked a little awkward. "I've told her that our engagement was an absolute mistake. She

knows I never really loved her." "Did you tell her about—about caring—for me?" "Indeed I did. She took it rather well, I thought. I imagine there's someone else she's interested in. She's had a lot of attention in New York, you know." Marcella wasn't quite so sure about Miss Leonie's acquiescence. "And now, sweetheart, since you've told me all, I'm going straight up to The Larches, and in-terview that fellow." "Isn't it too late? It'll be eleven before you get there!" He waived all objections aside. "And promise to steal out here-in about an hour's time, darling, and hear what happened. Maybe you and I will have to run away to-night. Whatever happens, you're not going to marry the brute!" Marcella promised she would be at the rendezvous one hour from then. They parted with a long, lingering kiss. In the moonlight, the two of them—young, slender and ardent—made an enchanting picture. "Someone," watching from behind the bushes stealthily, felt a curious pang. "I'll run back to the bungalow and see if father needs me. He was sleeping when I left, but he wakes often. Marcella kissed her lover once again and hurried off, Miles going in the opposite direction towards The Larches and the all-important meeting with the man who would dare to take Marcella from him, cad that he was! (To Be Continued.)

Inverary News.

Inverary, Sept. 3.—School has opened with Miss M. Sliter, Gananoque, as teacher. A meeting in the interest of Dr. Edwards was held in the Agricultural Hall on Thursday night. Dr. A. E. Ross and A. Rankin addressed the audience. The following pupils are going away to school: Miss Freda Arthur to Welland Collegiate, Miss Margaret Arthur, Miss Helen Aykroyd and Miss Gwenyth Sleeth to Kingston Collegiate and Miss Thorall Aykroyd to Kingston Business Collegiate. Miss Pearl Simpson, Kingston, spent last week the guest of the Misses Mina and Jessie Gibson. The buzz of the threshing machine is heard on all sides.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS by Olive Roberts Barto.

The Peddler Becomes King. "Why am I not getting something to eat?" roared the king of Yum Yum Land. "If I don't get some food inside of sixty seconds, I'll off with the cook's head." "Here you are, sire," said the cook's voice just then. And he carried in a tray and laid it on the table where His Royal Highness was playing checkers with the chief keeper of the royal bird-cages. But all there was on the tray was an old tin teapot and an old tin fork. A queer meal for a king! "What's this! What's all this?" cried the king, turning purple with fury. "Who dares to insult me?" "I, sire," said the cooking bumping his head on the ground three times. "But if you please, Your Highness, these things are not to be eaten. They are magic." "Magic!" cried the king, losing a little of his purple. "That's all very well. But what do I want with conjuror's tricks when I am hungry? What I want is food." "Well, sire," said the cook. "Can you think of anything you would specially like, sire? If so, I'll get it for you without moving off the spot." The king wrinkled up his brow

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into three deep wrinkles and thought and thought. "I have it!" he cried. "I would like to have toasted butterflies on toasted hummingbird nests and dressed with a sauce of rose leaves." "Very well, sire," said the cook of Yum Yum Land. Please say this charm: "Magic fork, I'll like a treat. Please see what you can find to eat." The king repeated the words. Instantly the tin fork hopped off the tray, jumped down off the checkerboard table and went out the door. But scarcely had it gone than it was back, its two legs stuck into a large silver dish that contained all the fancy things the king wanted. Up it hopped on the table and laid the dish on the tray before the king's astonished eyes. "If Your Majesty wishes something to drink," said the cook. "I know another charm." "Good!" beamed the king. "I'll have some peppermint-chocolate-peach-vanilla soda water with whipped cream on top and two straws." "Go do your best. Go do your worst. Or, teapot, dear, I'll die of thirst." "Say that to the teapot, Your Highness," said the cook. The king said it word for word just as he was told, and instantly the tin teapot jumped down and went clatter, clatter, clatter to the door. Then it returned with an empty glass upside down over the teapot. It hopped up on the table, put the glass on the tray and started to pour. In a minute and two second the king's glass was full—exactly as he had said, even to the whipped cream, straws and all. "Well! I'll be, I'll be gumfuzzled!" laughed the king. "Where did these wonderful things come from?" "From me," spoke up the peddler coming out from his hiding place. "Make me king in your place and they are yours." "Certainly," said the king. "The throne is yours. Take it. As long as I can have all I want to eat and drink, I don't care a whoop dee-dee about the throne of Yum Yum Land." And to the cook's dismay, the king took his goodies and departed and the peddler became king. But things were not going to stay. Nancy and Nick and Daddy Gander were still on their way to Yum Yum Land.

RADIO WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8. KDKA (309.1) Pittsburgh. 3.30 p.m.—Baseball scores. 3.30 p.m.—"Stockman - Farmer" reports. 5.30 p.m.—Flotilla Club orchestra. 6.15 p.m.—Baseball scores. 6.40 p.m.—Musical moments. 7.40 p.m.—"Stockman - Farmer" report. 8 p.m.—Adalaine Merrill Biddle programme. 8.30 p.m.—Reymer's R. V. Trio. WEAJ (492) New York, N.Y. 4-7.30 p.m.—Contra; popular pianist; entertainer; baritone; Hofbrau Orchestra; Waldorf-Astoria music; synagogue services; Kotie's Orchestra. 8.30 p.m.—"Davis" Saxophone Octet; WCAE. 9 p.m.—"Ipana Troubadours." 9.30 p.m.—"South Sea Islanders." 10 p.m.—WEAF Light opera. 11-12 p.m.—Pelham Inn Orchestra. WGY (379.5) Schenectady, N.Y. 6 p.m.—"Book of Knowledge." 6.30 p.m.—Eastman Orchestra. 7 p.m.—Rosh Hashanah Service. WBZ (383.1) Springfield, Mass. 6 p.m.—Musical Mirth Makers. 6.30 p.m.—Mirth Makers. 7.30 p.m.—Radio Nature League. 8 p.m.—The Barnstormer. 8.30 p.m.—Westminster Orchestra. 9 p.m.—Musical programme. 9.30 p.m.—Pythias Male Quartet. WTAM (389.4) Cleveland, O. 6.15 p.m.—Cleveland Orchestra. 8 p.m.—Auditorium programme. 11 p.m.—Collegian Serenaders. WLW (422.3) Cincinnati, O. 7 p.m.—Visconti's Orchestra. 7.40 p.m.—Continuation Gibson programme. 8 p.m.—Buckeye Trio. 9 p.m.—Staff recital. 10 p.m.—"The Pink of Programmes." 11.30 p.m.—Crescent Male Quartet. WSAI (326) Cincinnati, O. 7 p.m.—United States Army Band. 7.30 p.m.—Saxophone Octette. 10 p.m.—Congress String Quartet. KYW (536) Chicago. 12 m.—Congress luncheon concert. 5.30 p.m.—Congress dinner concert.

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