The COAST of CHANCE

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ILLUSTRATING by MAX KOLLOW
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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chamberlain personal estate, to be sold at auction the day after the Fourth of July, Mrs. Herrick is trying to find a suitable place for a picnic lunch for his fiancée, Flora Gilley, and her friend, Miss Ann Carson, when Flora's father, who is a business man, and who has grown quite set in the land, Flora meets Mr. Hart, the auctioneer. In characteristic fashion, he begins the sale with the expression of an English friend, Mr. Ashley, who has purchased Kerr Kerr Flora that he can find Flora somewhere, but cannot place him. Flora finds Ashley standing by the side of the ring. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. Flora is astonished at the price, but Harry is selected. Harry tells her he wants it until it is ready. The possession of the ring, Flora realizes, means a great deal to him. Flora becomes more and more hesitant. Flora is startled by the effect of the sapphire upon Harry's mood. The sapphire seems to have become a talisman in part of the Crow Hill camera Flora and Harry, remaining for dinner, Flora, remembering her dressing room, finds the sapphire missing. Harry, on his return, tells her he has left the ring in the care of Carlisle and Retta Silver. Flora's Locust Grove and Walter Stone one side of Myers spent Sunday with Miss Pearl Robinson and brother Miss Anna Carson, a schoolmaster, Flora admits to Flora that he knew the ring was sapphire. Flora and Harry go to the Miss Hopkins place with Mrs. Herrick and Miss Kate and Ann to call.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

It was plain to Flora from the moment she set foot over the threshold that the house was to be no small affair of theirs, but Mrs. Herrick was making it help them doubly in their hard interval of waiting. Alone together with unspoken, unspeakable things between them—things that the mere decoy of humor could not utter—with nothing but these to think of, nothing but such deep talk at, they must yet, in sheer desperation and surprise, have been highly burst out with question and confession, had not the great house been there to interpose its personality. And the way Mrs. Herrick was making the most of that! The way immediately, even before she had done anything, she began to revivify the spirit of the place, as the two women stood with their hats not yet off in the room that was to be Flora's sitting and looking out upon the sea!

And her silence, with her expressive self as well as with her words, Mrs. Herrick was proclaiming it all the while they lunched and rested still in the upper rooms overlooking the garden. And later, when they made the tour of the house, she began unwinding from her memory incidents of its early beginnings, pieces of its intimate, personal history, as one would make a friend familiar to another friend. And these past histories and the rooms themselves were leading Flora away out of her anxious doubt, were soothing her prying apprehensions, were giving her a definement in the present, till what she so anticipated by quiescent at the back of her brain.

But it was there. And now and then, when in a gust of wind the fabric and shadows danced on the dim polished floors, it stirred, and of the sound of wheels on the drive below it leaped, and all her frame again were in her force. At such moments the two women did look deeply at each other, and the suspicion the pronunciation, hovered in Mrs Herrick's eyes. It was an unconscious as involuntary, as Flora's start at the swinging of a door, but her pulse crossed her lips. She let the matter go severely alone as if it had been a jewel not her own. Yet, it was Flora all at once that here, for the first time, she was with one to whom she could have revealed the sapphire on her neck and yet remain unchallenged.

Ah, you're too lovely!" she burst out at last. It is more than I deserve that you should take it all like this, as if there really wasn't anything. The elder lady's eyes wavered a little at the plain words.

"I'm too deeply doubtful of it to take it any other way," she said.

"That is why I feel most guilty," Flora explained. "For dragging you into it and there—bringing it into your house." She glanced around at the high, quiet, daffodil room. "Such a thing to happen here!"

"Ah, my dear"—Mrs. Herrick's laugh was uncertain—"the things that have happened here—the things that have happened and been explained and been forgotten! and see," she said, laying her hand on one of the walls "the peace of it now!"

Flora wondered. She seemed to feel such distances of life extending yet beyond her sight as definitely healthy and innocent!

It isn't what happens, but the way we take it that makes the after-"word" Mrs Herrick added.

The thought of an afterward had stood very dim in Flora's mind even now that Mrs Herrick's words confirmed her with it she couldn't fancy what it would be like. She couldn't imagine her existence going on at all on the other side of failure.

"But suppose," she tremulously urged, suppose there seemed only one way to take what had happened to you, and that way, if it failed, would leave you no afterward at all, no peace no recourse nothing."

Mrs. Herrick's eyes fixed her with their dirty pitt and their decay appreciation. "There are few things so bad as that," she said quietly. "Those are the ones we must not touch."

Flora paused a moment on the brink of her last plunge. "Do you think what I am going to do is such a thing as that?"

"Oh, my poor child, how do I know? I hope I prove it to you!" Her eyes closed on Flora's hand, and the girl sang to the kind grasp. It was a comfort, though it could not save her from the final finality.

In spite of the consciousness of a friendly presence in the house her fears increased as the afternoon waned, and her thoughts went back to what was to be her ordeal. Looking forward to what might be coming—the one person whom she had loved so he on his way now. He might at a moment he turned from his bridal lane from the station and when—it should come, and soon then! Flora's face to face. there would be no other word yet. Flora's face was crying, was crystallizing getting bare. Every moment, she felt, she had to be ready for anything and yet the great place set in the land. Flora more Mr. Hart, the auctioneer, in characteristic fashion, had begun the exposition of an English friend, Mr. Ashley, who had purchased Kerr Kerr Flora that he can find Flora somewhere, but cannot place him. Flora finds Ashley standing by the side of the ring. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. Flora is astonished at the price, but Harry is selected. Harry tells her he wants it until it is ready. The possession of the ring, Flora realizes, means a great deal to him. Flora becomes more and more hesitant. Flora is startled by the effect of the sapphire upon Harry's mood. The sapphire seems to have become a talisman in part of the Crow Hill camera Flora and Harry, remaining for dinner, Flora, remembering her dressing room, finds the sapphire missing. Harry, on his return, tells her he has left the ring in the care of Carlisle and Retta Silver. Flora's Locust Grove and Walter Stone one side of Myers spent Sunday with Miss Pearl Robinson and brother Miss Anna Carson, a schoolmaster, Flora admits to Flora that he knew the ring was sapphire. Flora and Harry go to the Miss Hopkins place with Mrs Herrick and Miss Kate and Ann to call.

"Let Us Be Continental."

seemed so phantasmal then, everything she had put down as a figment of her own imagination, had come to just this plain fact. All three of them had wanted the picture, each his own reason. Kerr had turned aside from the chase, but Harry had stood with it to the last, and now, when finally the prize had been secured to him, Clara had it!

At this moment she had it in her hand. At this moment she knew what was the aspect of the figure in the picture, whether it showed a face, and if a face, whose. Flora's hands opened and closed. "Oh," she whispered to the great silence of the great house awaiting him: "where is he? Why isn't he here?"

All those terrible things which might be happening beyond her control, which had caused the trap of the two upon Kerr? And if she knew just what could be done to help him off? Flora turned again to the telephone. Slowly she took down the receiver and gave into the bright mouth piece of the transmitter the number of her own house.

Presently the voice of Shima spoke to her. Mrs Hitten had gone out to dinner.

"Tell her, Shima," Flora commanded, "tell her to come down on the earliest train." She hesitated, then spoke into the voice "Tell her not to do anything until she has seen me."

Shima would tell her—but Mrs Hitten had been out all day. He did not know when she would be home. The words sounded ominous in Flora's ears. She turned away. What everything to be finished just as she had planned it, without her, and before she had a chance?

The sound of spinning wheels on the drive started her to fresh hope. Flora ran into a bedroom and looked her counsel to vow she would speak that story! Yet not now, while they stood for not in the deepening dusk, in the cool breath of the early fire-nor, nor other when they passed in the hall, the three of them, through the fabulous fabulous and mirror, the long high, glistening room, where round table, where seemed crowded to mushroom height; nor yet, in the sensitive of some panionship, was between them, and the great proportions of the place lifting opposition, left them as unknown and cold as strangers. Then they were—not in the open. The clock had struck nine when Flora had heard Mrs. Herrick speak to her from her bedroom door, placing her questions nicely to draw out the aspect of her three. Yet Flora guessed at his thought must be that they were approaching moment, and so have—upon the moment when they were ready to call the hotel and Mrs. Herrick would leave them to it.

It was the appearance of the approaching moment that broke their unity. The pungent fruit essence on their lips, Mrs. Herrick's soft voice—now! The eye of her hand—

"Some one has come, Mrs. Herrick." The sudden turn Flora seemed to fall her feet. "Some one is coming."

"Some one?" Mrs. Herrick showed herself to be a woman.

"He is coming to." As she spoke the girl felt a little in the side. With the sound of small open, hanging from the hinges, with ruffled hair, and face, and from breathless seem a little smiling. Harry appeared in the doorway. He had stopped to fix his hair. He did not move. She was facing the door, and he saw her. Swiftly, more naturally, but it was Flora who found the first word.

"Tell me, I thought it was Clara." Regarding for nonchalance, the thought this worst blow, so unexpected

"Clara won't be down," Harry said, advancing. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Herrick? How d'ye do, Flora?"

"How d'ye do?" said the English man, w"hoot rising.

Flora stretched the arms of her chair to keep from springing up in stony nervous tension. Is possible you thought Harry's coming, that even Mrs. Herrick's presence would have drawn him through her mind. Was he alone? Or were there strangers behind him? A fearful purpose—walling beyond in the hall! Slow day, but turned the high upon the door behind him with a finality that declared whatever dangerhad come into the house was compelled to be its prisoner.

CHAPTER XXII.

Clara's Market.

All night long Flora huddled under her greatcoat in the chilly darkness. She could not lie down, she could not close her eyes for a moment. Intervals she heard the tread of unstead feet along the hall and then she held her breath lest at her slightest stirr they approached her door. Why, since he wanted the sapphire, hadn't he come to get it from her when he had had her unaware, upon her threshold with the house asleep? It began to seem to her as if he were waiting, as if he were forced to wait, for some expected moment. She knew it it were these two—Kerr and Clara—for whom Harry had risen; and Flora, lying, saw both men, also uprises, hang fibrillating in the moonlight, as he arrived; yet with well-filled glasses, and new revelations, which had fallen with approaching evening, was only a whisper among the trees. The greenish white bodies of statues in the shrubbery, the moonlight, which had filtered down the broad central gravel drive between ribbon beds of flowers, had been numerous paths paved with marble stone well wandered, under snowball trees and wild apple, losing themselves in shadows, then once made a clear turn across the lawn for the rose-garden, in the midst of a round pool of water lay like a flaming bit of the sunset day. Among the bushes, red and rose and white, the Flora woman in her black, the young Kerr in her gown more glowing, with a pot over her hair, walked, and, lolling, looked down into the water, saw their three reflected, and, behind, the tangled brambles and the crimson sky. They did not speak, but at last their companionship was peaceful, was perfect.

Loud and shrill and shriller and more piercing, from the west wing of the house, suddenly, leaping the garden, and the sound reached them—an alarm that set Flora's heart to beating. Startled apart, they listened

"Would that be for that for you?"

"I think it's for me."

The words came from them almost unconsciously, and almost at the same instant. Flora had disappeared from the lawn. The sight of an aproned maid coming out on the veranda and peering down the garden set her running herself.

It's a telephone for Miss Gilley," the girl said.

"Oh, thank you." Flora panted as she drew so well the voice she had expected at the other end of the wire that the husky, hoarse note which reached her ear was a shock. Her ear struck her with dismay and disappointment.

"Ella, oh, yes, yes, Ella. What shall I do?" Flora was using the telephone as if it were a cabinet for confidences.

"Ella, told me you were down there, and I thought I'd better call her this morning, yes. Well—and you could hardly hear me, I'm so out of breath—I'm so relieved! I thought I could be, too, to know. I was perfectly right. She was after him."

"Clara?" Flora's voice, whose fibres flashed through her mind more than her neck and yet remain unchanged.

"Ah, you're too lovely!" she burst out at last. It is more than I deserve that you should take it all like this, as if there really wasn't anything. The elder lady's eyes wavered a little at the plain words

"I'm too deeply doubtful of it to take it any other way," she said

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CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN

No woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, headaches, dizziness, nervousness and sleeplessness. Doan's Kidney Pills make weak, sick, healthy kidneys, strong. Mrs. John A. Link, 123 East Perry St., Bucyrus, O., says: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not stir out of bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

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"Do you used to be on the stage?" "You'm; and I done a side-splitting sketch."

"Well, let's see what you can do in the way of a wood-splitting sketch."

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Winning Candidate.

Two candidates were in close coffee same into a certain town one day The one stopped at a house where a lit the girl came to the door. Said he: "Sissy, will you give me a drink of glass of water?" Having brought the water, he drank it and then gave the girl a nickel. "Did the man ahead of me give you anything?" he asked. "Yes, he gave her a nickel and said: "Did you give you anything?" "Yes, sir, he gave me one cent." Then, picking for an instant, he added her and said: "Did he kiss you?" "Yes, sir, and he kissed mamma, too!"

UNSIGHTLY COMPLEXIONS

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies, and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, moisty or other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin, but it also keeps in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, healthy scalp and healthy hair; will find Cuticura Soap most successful in allaying inflammation.

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Critic—Oh! well, what's your loss is your reader's gain.

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Easily Prepared Medicine Which is Said to Regulate the Kidneys and Relieve Pain.

To make up enough of the "Double Strength Mixture" which is claimed to be a prompt and effective remedy for kidney and bladder trouble, put into a pint bottle Compound Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, one ounce Kargon Compound and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

These ingredients tried it say it acts gently but thoroughly on the Kidneys and entire urinary system, relieving the most severe Backache at once.

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