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the hall interrupted her further speech.

"Will you just kindly step his way, suh!" she heard Jonas say, and as Edith turned she found herself face to face with Captain Thorne!

### CHAPTER I.

Orders to Captain Thorne. On the sleeves of Captain Thorne's coat the insignia of a captain of Confederate artillery were displayed; his uniform was worn, soiled, and ill-fitting, giving honorable evidence of hard service; his face was pale and thin and showed signs of recent illness, from which he had scarcely recovered. In every particular he was a marked contrast to Lieutenant Maxwell.

"Miss Varney," he said, bowing low. "We were expecting you," answered Edith, giving her hand to Thorne. "Here's Captain Thorne, mamma!"

Mrs. Varney shook hands with him graciously while her daughter turned once more to the other man, with the

"That would be too bad," said the captain. "It might interfere with his office hours and—"

"He doesn't believe it, Miss Varney," said Maxwell, turning to the younger woman, "but it is certainly true. I dare say you know the gentleman."

"Please don't, lieutenant," interrupted Edith quickly. "I would rather not talk about it, if you please."

"Of course," said Maxwell. "I didn't know there was anything—"

"Yes," said Edith. "Let's talk about something else. You know there is always the weather to fall back on—"

"I should say so," laughed the lieutenant, "and mighty bad weather for us, too."

"Yes, isn't it?" They turned away, talking and laughing somewhat constrainedly, while Mrs. Varney picked up the note that was still lying on the table.

"From your note, I suppose you are leaving us immediately, Captain Thorne. Your orders have come?"

"Yes, Mrs. Varney," said the captain. "I am afraid this must be the last of my pleasant calls."

"Isn't it rather sudden? Are you quite well? It seems to me they ought to give you a little more time to recover."

"I have no doubt that I am or feel much better than I look," said the captain, "and we have to be ready for anything, you know. I have been idle too long already."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Varney. "Well, it has been a great pleasure to have you call upon us. When you are away we shall greatly miss your visits."

"Thank you; I shall never forget what they have been to me."

"Lieutenant Maxwell is going mamma," said Edith.

"So soon! Please excuse me a moment, captain. I am very sorry you have to hurry away, lieutenant; we shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you again, if your duties permit."

"I shall certainly avail myself of your invitation, if you will allow me. He saluted Captain Thorne. "Good evening, sir."

Thorne, of course, returned the courteous salute of his junior.

"Lieutenant Maxwell," he said pleasantly, as Mrs. Varney followed Lieutenant Maxwell into the hall.

"Now remember, you are to come some time when duty doesn't call you away so soon," she said, as he bowed himself out.

"Trust me not to forget that, Mrs. Varney," said the lieutenant, as he disappeared on the porch.

Captain Thorne and Edith were left alone. The girl stepped over to a small table on which stood a vase of roses, and, with somewhat nervous hands, she busied herself arranging them. The young officer watched her in silence for a little while, the moments tense with emotion.

"Shall I see Mrs. Varney again?" he began at last.

"Oh, I suppose so, but not now. I heard her go upstairs to Howard."

"How is he?"

"Desperately ill."

"I am sorry."

"Yes," said the girl.

"I have a very little time to stay and—"

"Oh—not long?" asked Edith.

"No, I am sorry to say."

"Well, do you know," she looked at him archly, "I believe you will have more time than you really think you have. It would be odd if it came out that way, wouldn't it?" she continued as she played with the flower in her hand.

"Yes, but it won't come out that way," said Thorne, as he stepped closer to her.

"You don't know," she faltered, as Thorne drew the flower from her and took her hand in his. They stood there quiet a moment, and she did not draw her hand away. "Well, it makes no difference how soon you are going away; you can sit down in the meantime if you want to."

"It is hardly worth while," he said; "my time is so short."

"You would better," interrupted the girl; "I have a great many things to say to you."

"Have you?" he asked, sitting down on the little sofa by her side in compliance with her invitation.

"Yes."

"But I have only one thing to say to you—Miss Varney and—that is—"

Thorne took her other hand in both of his—"good-bye."

Very different words had trembled on his lips, as he knew and as the girl knew.

"But I don't really think you will have to say that, Captain Thorne," said Edith slowly.

"I know I will."

"Then," said Edith more softly, "it will be because you want to say it."

(To Be Continued.)

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THE floors and doors appear to wait until the dust germs congregate; the housewife hails each dawning day with grim and harrowing dismay. Says she: "My work will NEVER end; o'er dusty stretches I must bend, until, with aching back and hands I finish what the day demands."

Then Mrs. Jones, one afternoon, dropped in, at time most opportune. An optimist, she knew the wiles of household work—its sighs and smiles. She told of how she polished floors and woodwork and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of muddy feet on floors, all fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and the work is such that, when the woodwork has been done, I find said work was only fun." This line of reasoning must show that those who've tried it OUGHT to know. If you, in one day's duties, find that there's a Grouch in every Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire and fret and wear.

From kitchen floor to bedroom suite, these tireless little chaps make neat, and best of all, the sum expense is measured up in meager cents. They put both dust and dirt to rout and run the last old microbe out.

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## INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL CONGRESS

Paris, Aug. 10.—Representatives from almost every country in Europe as well as from the United States, South Africa and the east, gathered in Paris today to take part in the tenth International Socialist Congress. The advancement of the date and the change in the place of the meeting from Vienna to this city, together with the interference of the war situation with the methods of travel, have served to delay the arrival of the delegates, but it is expected that all will be on hand by the early part of next week.

There is every indication that the congress will be the most important in the whole history of the Socialist movement. The ordering of an international general strike of the mining and transportation industries all over Europe as a protest against war may be one of the results of the congress. The far-reaching results of such a move may be realized from the statement that the Socialist organization in Europe numbers 12,500,000 members. It is the conviction of the leaders that a general war, brought on by the monarchial heads of Eur-

ope, can be prevented or stopped by the masses if they refuse to mine coal, or transport arms, ammunition, troops or food for the armies engaged.

The proposal to call an international strike will probably be the first and most important resolution to be acted on by the congress. Other resolutions dealing with militarism, political action, suffrage, emigration, imperialism and arbitration unemployment, the cost of living and co-operation are on the agenda. One entire session of the congress will be given over to memorial exercises in honor of Jean Jaures, the great Socialist leader of France, who last week met death by assassination.

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The Buffalo Federals have traded Jim Delehanty to the Pittsburgh Peds for Tex McDonald. In 67 games McDonald was hit for .311, while Delehanty has failed to reach the 500 nvision.