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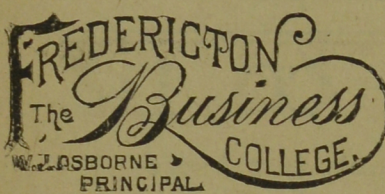
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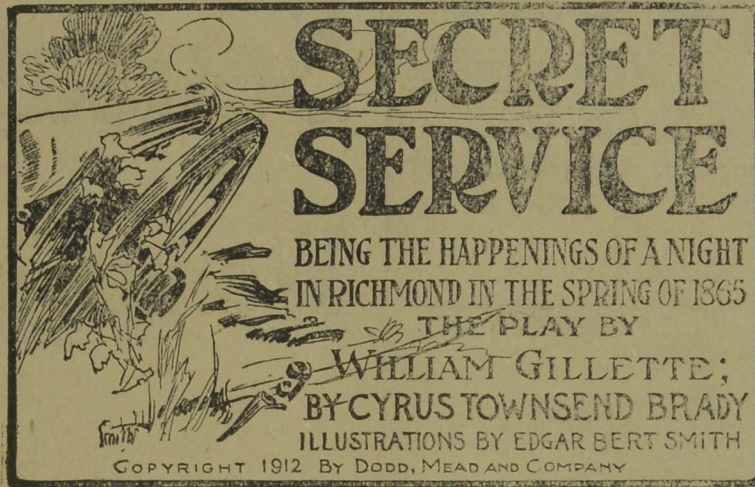
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"I am going right away, money. There is lots of work for us to do and—"

"You don't mind, I hope," said Edith Varney, calling after her as she went into the hall.

"No, indeed," was the reply. Mrs. Varney sat down wearily by the table, and Edith pulled up a low stool and sat at her feet.

"Well, my dear?"

"Mamma—what do you think? What do you think?"

"I think a great many things," said Mrs. Varney, "but—"

"Yes, but you wouldn't ever think of this."

"Certainly I shall not, unless you tell me."

"Well, I have been to see the president."

"The president—Mr. Davis?"

"Yes."

"And what did you go to see the president for?"

"I asked him for an appointment for Captain Thorne."

"For Captain Thorne? My dear—"

"Yes, mother, for the war department telegraph service. And he gave it to me, a special commission. He gave it to me for father's sake and for Captain Thorne's sake—he has met him and likes him—and for my own."

"What sort of an appointment?"

"Appointing him to duty here in Richmond, a very important position. He won't be sent to the front, and he will be doing his duty just the same."

"But, Edith, you don't—you can't—"

"Yes, it will, mother. The president—I just love him—told me they needed a man who understood telegraphing and who was of high enough rank to take charge of the service. As you know, most of the telegraph operators are private, and Captain Thorne is an expert. Since he's been here in Richmond he's helped them in the telegraph office often. Lieutenant Forry told me so."

Mrs. Varney rose and moved away. Edith followed her.

"Now, mamma!" she exclaimed; "I

"But listen, mamma," and as she spoke the light went out of Miss Edith's face at her mother's grave and somewhat reproving aspect. "I couldn't go to the war department people, Mr. Arrexford is there in one of the offices and ever since I—I refused him you know how he has treated me! I had applied for anything there, I would have been refused at once, and he would have got them to order Captain Thorne away right off. I know he would—why, that is where his orders came from!"

"But, my dear—"

"That is where they came from. Isn't it lucky I got that commission today. There's the bell; I wonder who it can be?"

She stopped and listened while the door opened and Jonas, the butler, entered. "Is it Captain Thorne?" asked Edith eagerly.

"No, ma'am."

"Oh!"

"It's another offish, ma'am. He says he's fun de president an' he's got to see Miss Edith pussonally."

Jonas extended a card which, as he spoke, Edith took and glanced at it differently.

"Lieutenant Maxwell," she read.

"Ask the gentleman in, Jonas," said Mrs. Varney.

"It's come," whispered Edith to her mother.

"Do you know who he is?"

"No—but he's from the president—it must be that commission."

At this moment old Jonas ushered into the drawing room a very dashing young officer, handsome in face, gallant in bearing, and dressed in a showy and perfectly fitting uniform, which was quite a contrast to the worn habiliments of the men at the front. Mrs. Varney stepped forward a little, and Lieutenant Maxwell bowed low before her.

"Good evening, ma'am. Have I the honor of addressing Miss Varney?"

"I am Mrs. Varney, sir."

"Madam," said the lieutenant, "I am very much afraid this looks like an intrusion on my part, but I come from the president, and he desires me to see Miss Varney personally."

"Anyone from the president could not be otherwise than welcome, sir. This is my daughter, Edith, let me present Lieutenant Maxwell."

The young lieutenant, greatly impressed, bowed profoundly before her, and taking a large brown envelope from his belt, handed it to her.

"Miss Varney," he said, "the president directed me to deliver this into your hands, with his compliments. He is glad to be able to do this, he says, not only at your request, but because of your father and for the merits of the gentleman in question."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl, taking the envelope.

"Won't you be seated, Lieutenant Maxwell?" said Mrs. Varney.

"Yes, do," urged the girl, holding the envelope pressed very tightly to her side.

"Nothing would please me so much, ladies," answered the lieutenant, "but I must go back to the president's house right away. I'm on duty this evening. Would you mind writing me off a line or two, Miss Varney, just to say you have received the communication?"

"Why, certainly, you want a receipt. I'll go upstairs to my desk; it won't take a moment. And could I put in how much I thank him for his kindness?"

"I am sure he would be more than pleased," smiled Lieutenant Maxwell, as Edith left the room and hastened up the stairs.

"We haven't heard so much cannonading today, lieutenant," said Mrs. Varney. "Do you know what it means?"

"I don't think they are quite positive, ma'am, but they can't help looking for a violent attack to follow."

"I don't see why it should quiet down before an assault."

"Well, there is always a calm before a storm," said the lieutenant. "It might be some signal, or it might be they are moving their batteries to open on some special point of attack. They are trying every way to break through our defenses, you know."

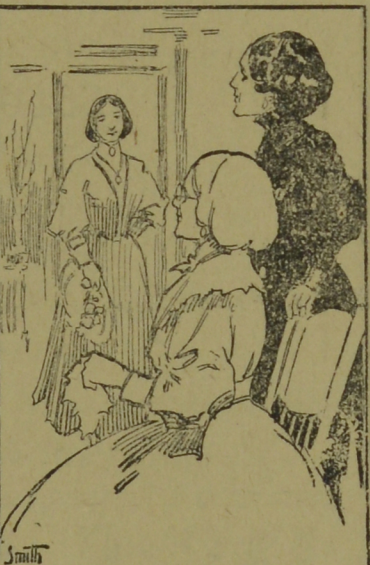
"It's very discouraging. We can't seem to drive them back this time."

"We're holding them where they are, though," said Maxwell proudly. "They'll never get in unless they do it by some starry trick; that's where the danger lies. We are always looking out for it, and—"

At this moment Edith Varney re-entered the room. She had left her hat upstairs with the official-looking envelope, and had taken time to glance at a mirror and then to thrust a red rose in her dark hair. The impressionable young lieutenant thought she looked prettier than ever.

"Lieutenant Maxwell," she said, extending a folded paper, "here is your receipt."

He butler's words to some one in



"Edith Dear, How Late You Are."

feel you are going to scold me, and you must not, because it's all fixed and the commission will be sent over here in a few minutes—just as soon as it can be made out—and when it comes I am going to give it to him myself."

Mrs. Varney moved over toward the table and lifted a piece of paper, evidently a note.

"He is coming this evening," she said.

"How do you know?" asked her daughter.

"Well, for one thing," said her mother, "I can remember very few evenings when he hasn't been here since he was able to walk out of the hospital."

"Mamma!"

"And for another thing, this note came about half an hour ago."

"Is it for me?"

"For me, my dear. Else I shouldn't have opened it. You can read it, if you like."

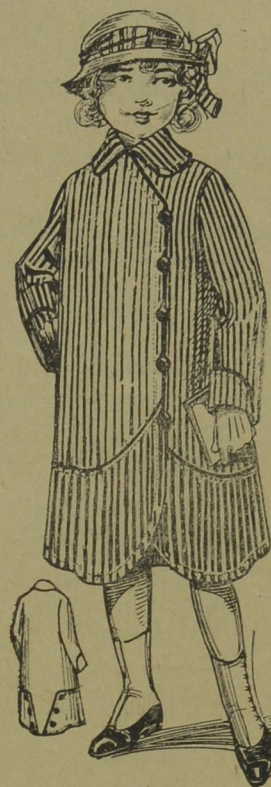
"Has it been here all this time?" exclaimed Edith jealously.

"All this time. You will see what he says. This will be his last call; he has his orders to leave."

"Why, it's too ridiculous!" said the girl; "just as if the commission from the president wouldn't supersede everything else. It puts him at the head of the telegraph service. He will be in command of the department. He says it is a good-bye call, does he?"

She looked at the note again and laughed. "All the better, it will be that much more of a surprise. Now, mamma, don't you breathe a word about it, I want to tell him myself."

"But, Edith dear—I am sorry to criticize you—but I don't at all approve of your going to the president about this. It doesn't seem quite the proper thing for a young lady to interest herself so far—"



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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."

The
"Floor-and-Door-a"
Girl

work 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.



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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**TWO SUBMARINES
BOUGHT FOR CANADA**

Ottawa, Aug. 5—A Canadian navy is being got together under the Naval Service Act of 1910 as quickly as possible under the present conditions. It was announced by the Government today that two submarines which have just been built at Seattle for the Government of Chili have been purchased. The purchase was made quietly a few days ago, before the actual declaration of war was made. Steps are being made to man them with naval reservists (now in Canada). A few special officers are being obtained from the British admiralty.

With the Rainbow, which is now in commission, the two submarines will form a very valuable defence asset against any possible raids from German vessels, which may be detached from the German squadron now in the Pacific.

On the Atlantic coast the call for naval reservists to man the Niobe has met with a prompt response and the cruiser should be in commission in a few days. Parliament will be asked to pass a vote for the two submarines purchased from Chili as soon as it meets. Details as to their cost and armament are not yet given out.

A special issue of the Canadian

Gazette published today contains a notice declaring that the Niobe and Rainbow have been placed at the disposal of his Majesty's imperial government. There is also a formal proclamation announcing the receipt of the message from Britain stating wae had been declared against Germany.

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(To Be Continued.)