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THE BLUE DIAMOND

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

Authors of "The Shulamite," "Eve—and the Law," "Gilded London," "The Premier's Daughter," "The House Next Door," Etc.

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(Continued.)

A sharp knock came at her door. She thought that it must be her father, returned to tell her what decision they had come to concerning her. She crossed the room steadily and unlocked the door, but instead of her father it was Lady Erling Waverhurst who stood outside. Without a word Patience motioned her visitor to enter. Lady Erling nestled into the room, holding the skirts of her rich dress closely about her.

"I have come to have a talk with you," she said, sharply, "for there is something to be settled between us before I make up my mind what to do."

"Won't you sit down?" Patience indicated a chair. Still moving mechanically, she closed the door and seated herself in her former place.

"They have been begging me to be silent about this affair," Lady Erling resumed, speaking in a cold voice, "but I am not sure that I should be getting rightly if I did so. Once a thief, always a thief, and there is a certain duty that one owes to society." She spoke brutally, yet Patience did not wince.

Again that curious expression came into Lady Erling's black eyes. It was as though something had touched something perhaps, in the girl's demeanor. She did not however, in any way modify her tone.

"The one thing that has influenced me," she went on, "is that it is quite possible, if Vivienne learns the truth, that she will break off her marriage with Roger, that she would not allow him to marry into a family that has been so shamefully disgraced. I am fond of Vivienne, and I am fond of Roger, so I would avoid this if I can. For you and your father I care nothing, and the sooner you disappear from the society that does not want you the better."

She spoke the last words with increased irritability, for Patience's calm demeanor appeared to anger her. She struggled, however, to retain mastery of her temper.

"It all depends upon you," she went on, "whether I consent to hush this matter up or not. It is quite easily done, for the few people who were witnesses of your disgrace are all quite ready to keep silent. I say that it depends upon you, and it is for that reason that I have come to speak to you privately. They are waiting downstairs to hear my final decision."

"What is it you wish me to do?" Patience moved a little in her chair, but there was no change of expression in her face. "I had made up my mind that you would not spare me, for I think you hate me, Lady Erling."

The elder woman bit her lip. It was true that she hated Patience, but she had not thought the girl aware of the fact. It was galling to her that her motives for acting as she was doing should be ascribed to her true cause—to her jealousy.

"You have admitted yourself a thief, confessed to a mean crime before a number of people. You are a disgraced woman. Patience, even though the truth is never told outside this house. You are not fitted to be an honest man's wife."

"I thought so. I am beginning to understand," murmured Patience.

"Jack Brathwaite has taken a fancy to you," Lady Erling went on, without apparently noticing the interruption, "though, for all I know, you may only have been flirting with him. He is far too good a fellow, too good himself and too good as regards his social position, to marry a woman like you. He is absolutely quixotic, and it is more than possible, even though he knows you for what you are, that he will stick to his guns. Well,

"I shall not tell him," she said slowly, "you need not fear that."

Patience's heart was beating painfully. She promised herself that she would tell him; he would not marry her when he knew the truth—what man would? "Go back," she whispered, so faintly that the words were almost inaudible to herself. "I will do all that you exact, Lady Erling; I promise, I swear it! I will do all for Vivienne's sake!"

"You are wise," Lady Erling stood for a moment in the doorway, as though expecting over a fallen foe. Then she swept away down the corridor.

And Patience threw herself down before the embers of the fire, moaning the name of Jack, feeling that her heart too had burnt down to ash.

CHAPTER VII.

The departure of Lady Erling did not put an end to Patience's trials of that night. She was left but a little while to herself, she was allowed small respite from the torturing of her soul.

A heavy step resounded in the corridor; she recognised it at once as that of her father. She sprang to her feet and quickly dried her eyes. She wondered if he would be very brutal to her. He was a man of passionate temper, and never spared the word that stings. He had often struck her when she was a small girl. Patience hoped that he would do so now; actual physical pain would come as a relief.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



IN HER BRIDAL ROBES.

The bride of any season or year is charming in her bridal robes, no matter how simple or expensive they may be, but it seems that the bride of this year of grace should be just a little bit more fetching than we have ever seen her, for the modes and the materials which go to their development are so unusually attractive and becoming.

The bride gown of the illustration is simple in mode, but extremely elaborate in material, for both the bodice and long-train skirt are fashioned of exquisite lace, rather uniquely trimmed with white landsdowne. This use of the material as a trimming is quite a feature of the season. The skirt is formed of wide Chan-

tilly flouncing, point d'esprit net and Val edging, set together with bands of white landsdowne. The bodice is a draped affair of the lace built over a snugly fitting and well-boned taffeta foundation, and is joined to the skirt beneath a high-folded girdle of the landsdowne, which material is also used in yoke form and heavily applied with fine embroideries outlined with silver thread. The chemise and the collar are of net, with silver embroideries, and the sleeves of lace gathered into a band matching the chemise and finished with two frills of lace. The tulle veil, which reaches the extreme edge of the train, is adjusted with orange blossoms and white paradise plume in the prevailing fashion.

lief to her, an antidote to her mental suffering.

He entered the room after a sharp commanding knock, and stood before her on the threshold gazing at her, unconsciously taking up the same position as that which Lady Erling had adopted. But to her surprise his heavy face was devoid of passion, and when he spoke his voice was modulated and his speech awkward.

"Patience," he said, closing the door behind him, "I hardly know what to say to you, I hardly know how to treat you. You have made things very hard for me, my girl, and very hard for yourself too. I am sorry for you. Heaven knows I wasn't built for a saint, and there are lots of folks who would tell you I have done crooked things. It's true enough, I have. But though I've taken advantage of young nicks at cards, and in other ways, I have always kept my hands from actual stealing. It has not been from moral principle, but because it's an infernally dangerous game. Besides, I have always thought that you two girls would marry me, and I have put you on a sort of little pinnacle of your own, and done my best for you in life. If I hadn't struggled a bit Vivienne would not be settled as she is; and you, too, you have had every chance of doing well for yourself. I don't understand it, Patience. What on earth possessed you to do such a thing?"

Patience spread out her hands wearily. "I don't know, father," she replied. "What could she say? What was the use of excusing herself for a deed of which she was innocent?"

(To be continued.)

A RHEUMATIC WRECK.

After Hospital Treatment Failed
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

"I suffered the greatest agony from rheumatism. Leading physicians prescribed many medicines, but with unsatisfactory results. I was compelled to go to an hospital, but even the treatment there failed. Then I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and today I am a well man."

These words were spoken by Clifford L. Forbes when interviewed at his home in Port Maitland, N. S. Mr. Forbes is a fisherman and had always been very healthy, until some three years ago while fishing off Newfoundland he was seized with a very severe attack of rheumatism. In his own words he says: "I was fishing on the Grand Banks in the spring of 1903 when I was stricken with rheumatism. I could not work or sleep, and the pain was almost unbearable. My case became so serious that I had to be landed and for weeks I lay in a Cape Breton hospital as helpless as a cripple. The hospital doctors prescribed different remedies, but they did not cure me. I then left the hospital and was taken home with rheumatism apparently completely fastened upon me. Day and night I suffered. Nothing I did for the trouble seemed to help me and I became despondent and down-hearted. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was skeptical, but my friend praised the pills so highly that I determined to try them, with the result you see today. I am fully cured and have not since had even a twinge of that dreaded affliction. I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I urge all rheumatic sufferers to try them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Forbes because they struck straight at the root and cause of his crippling rheumatism. They don't act on the mere symptoms like ordinary medicine. They don't act on the bowels. They do only one thing, but they do it well—they actually make new blood. In that way they root out all common blood diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, and the secret ailments of girls and women who suffer unceasingly when the richness and regularity of their blood becomes disturbed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent by mail 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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SUBMARINE TRIALS

Submarine Boats Lake and Octopus Put Through Their Paces Yesterday.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 23.—The torpedo tests of the submarine Lake were the most interesting features of the official competitive trials under government auspices yesterday. Two boats anchored 300 yards apart, represented a battleship target, the range being 800 yards. The first shot fired left the starboard tube all right, but, in naval parlance, the torpedo did not function. The second shot fired from the port tube, was a complete success, the torpedo hitting the line squarely between the two anchored boats. Then the Lake started to turn in order to fire a torpedo from the stern tube, but the torpedo was discharged prematurely and made only a short run through the water. All these torpedoes were later picked up, but there was no reloading on board.

In addition to the torpedo trials, the Lake executed some manoeuvres at a depth of ten feet, completing a circle in three minutes and thirty-five seconds.

The trial board had intended to have a speed trial along the measured mile course by the Berger sub-service boat, but on account of the rough conditions outside this test had to be postponed.

The board decided that should the sea be smooth tonight the Octopus would start for Boston at midnight to undergo a deep sea submergence test. It is expected that in addition to the submergence test off Boston Light the Octopus will also have her mining and counter mining trials there.

Later in the afternoon the Lake was ordered to sea for a trial in light and awash conditions. The boat went through the test nicely, although the sea was running high.

The reason that many people have had complexions or rough skins is that they do not know how to use the hot and cold water and soap to the best advantage. A little attention to this matter will make a great deal of difference in the texture and clearness of the skin.

These two principles are to be remembered: Hot water opens the pores and cold water closes them. To properly wash the face, first wring out a wash cloth in hot water and hold it against the face, repeating this several times. This opens the pores. Then take a small piece of flannel, old flannel, if possible, and dip it in hot water, which a little borax has been added. Lay this flannel cloth on the hand and rub some

soap on it. Rub this to a lather with the fingers before applying it to the face, as if applied directly the soap will clog the pores. Then rub the face thoroughly with the flannel cloth. By this the pores are cleansed. Then again put the wash cloth in hot water and wash out the soap from the face, taking care to do this carefully so that no soap remains on the skin.

Then soak the cloth with cold water and hold it on the face so as to close the pores up. A little pure alcohol, not wood alcohol, may be applied to the skin once or twice a week, after washing, with very good results. If the skin is treated in this way it will always look fresh and have a soft, natural color, and will never look in any way oily or shiny, but will show a smooth, velvety surface, and have a clean and attractive appearance.

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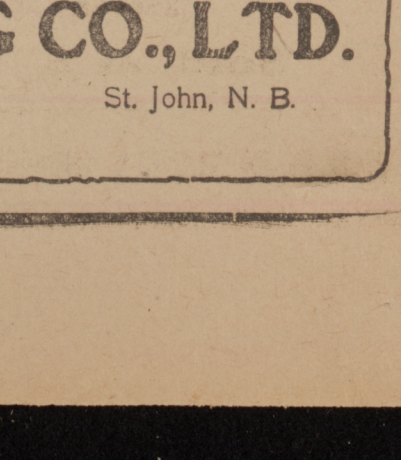
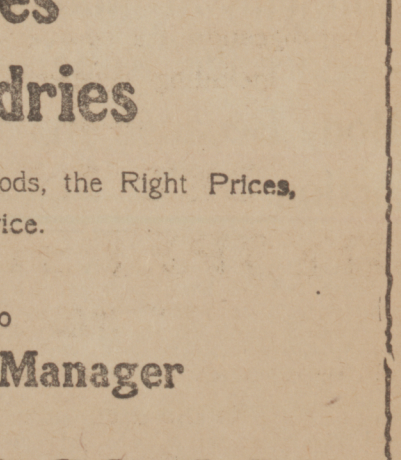
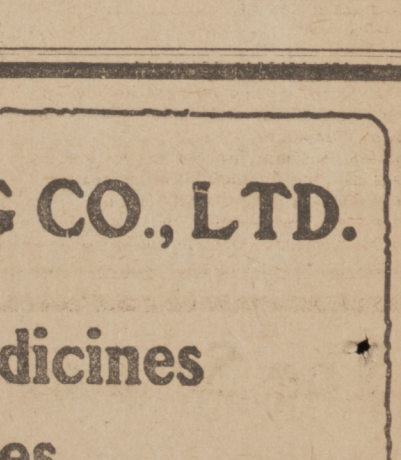
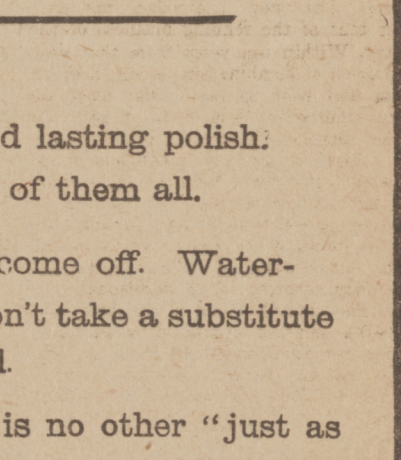
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The Care of the Skin

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