



## What Some Clever Girls Did Saved enough last year to buy new furs this winter by using Diamond Dyes.

"—It sounds funny, I know, but out of our dress allowances we each saved enough to buy new furs this winter, and we were all better dressed than ever before. We dyed our last season's clothes in all the latest fashionable colors, and made them over into new styles."

So writes Miss Dorothy Johnson, one of a number of New York girls who, by using Diamond Dyes, dress in the latest style, and yet spend very little money on new clothes.

You, too, with these wonderful first aids to fashion, can easily make your clothes constantly beautiful.

Also, you can give new life and color to your curtains, rugs, portieres, etc., and your laces and trimmings can be used over and over again, through the magic of

## Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

## Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool and Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

## Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

**REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes** manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.

**AND REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes** manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c. per package

## Valuable Books and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the **Diamond Dye Annual**, a copy of the **Direction Book**, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—**FREE**. **WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.**

last, and the music added its merry accompaniment. Overhead were the silent stars—the same stars on which perhaps my dear Henry was gazing as his boat slid out of the darkened harbor.

**S**UDDENLY, at an unoccupied table near that where Victor and I sat together, a lady and gentleman came and sat down. Perhaps I shouldn't say a gentleman, either: an elderly, tired looking person with something of the air of the theater about him, who ordered only a glass of milk and sat sipping it as though counting the seconds between each two sips. But the lady, who was dressed in a long black satin wrap and a very correct little straw hat, took no refreshment whatever. Then all of a sudden I recognized her. It was Fay come back!

Victor had not noticed her. She fixed her eyes on him—large, luminous, imploring eyes—and waited.

Suddenly Victor turned as though he had been stung, and met her gaze full in the face. For an instant they remained staring at each other, while I watched them discreetly from behind my lashes. Then, with a shuddering effort, as though heaving a weight far beyond his strength, Victor dragged his eyes away. But Fay's never wavered.

On the stage her presence had had its startling, its moving, effect on the man who, according to the limitations of his nature, undoubtedly loved her. But here close beside him, leaning toward him with parted lips and wide open, shining eyes that alternately threatened and implored—Though no one but me seemed to notice the fact, here at the highest moment of Mrs. Cobb's triumph this insignificant little creature had come to measure swords with her. For without any metaphor it seemed an actual fact that those eyes held a sword. Never in any face have I seen so intense a concentration of the human will, focused, as it were, in the blade of light that streamed from those unwinking irises. "Come!" said the eyes. "I love you—come!"

Upon my word, I had to feel sorry for Victor! To be sure, he was hardly an ideal type, so much was certain, and governed, moreover, by motives purely mercenary; but he was human, just the same, and in that moment he undoubtedly suffered. Suffered! It was torments that he underwent, while his legs writhed themselves about those of his chair and his shaking hand returned continually to the champagne. And, like his body, his head seemed galvanized into perpetual motion,—turned sidewise to see if Fay were still looking at him, then jerked away like a tooth; then, as though by some irresistible law of nature, like the sunset or the tides, back went his eyes to hers—back every time.

This little drama, which lasted perhaps ten minutes, seemed by its very intensity prolonged to as many hours. Then suddenly I beheld the tortured legs of Victor, which quivered and then remained transfixed, like those of a smitten beast. Involuntarily I turned and looked. There in the brilliant eyes under the little dark hat, bent as ever upon Victor, had gathered two shining tears. Whether by art or by genuine emotion, the effect was perfect. Thus softened by sorrow, the eyes became of magical enchantment, of irresistible seduction. "Come!" they said. "My beloved one, come!"

Suddenly Victor leaped to his feet. "I'm damned," I heard him say under his breath, "if I can stand this any more!"

**H**IS chair, knocked away by his hasty gesture, fell crushed to the ground. From flirting, from bragging, or from laying down the law, the attention of all was suddenly reclaimed to him, as, stepping forward for a half-dozen paces, he seized Fay by the hand.

"Come, Fay!" he said in a voice so changed I hardly recognized it as his. "Mother, I'm going! Goodbye!"

Had he suddenly gone mad and drawn a pistol, the commotion could hardly have been greater. The whole company leaped to its feet, in a clatter of overturned chairs and smashing wineglasses.

Ermentrude, like the goose she is, began to scream. "Oh! Is it a fire?"

Mrs. Cobb, pale and immovable in her place, called her son's name. "Victor! Come here!"

Victor turned; but, sustained by the adoring beams of those eyes that had vanquished him, he found for the first time in his life strength to defy even those steely orbs which from infancy had commanded his obedience. For the first time since I had known him I am bound to own that he appeared admirable and that I admired him. Force had come into his slouching shoulders, fire into his eyes. He held up his head and answered his mother like a man:

"No, Mother, I will not!"  
Mrs. Cobb uttered a shrill scream. And, forgetful of the Duchess and of the august

company that she had gathered to meet her, she darted forward and seized her rebellious son by the hand. Fay, still holding the other, stood modestly with her conquering eyes downcast:

"Victor, you have drunk too much. Drop that girl's hand at once, and let me take you home!"

Unmindful of their manners in the desperate interest of the scene thus enacted before them, Mrs. Cobb's guests crowded close in a ring, jostled one another's shoulders, even climbed on chairs for a better view. Around us there was no noise but their strained breathing, together with the monotonous music from the stage and the occasional clink of glasses from the other tables. Victor shook off his mother's hand as though it had been a butterfly.

"No, Mother, my mind is made up. I can't stand this any more. Lili doesn't want to marry me, any more than I want to marry her. Here's the girl I want for my wife—and by Heaven I'm going to have her!"

In their two faces there was something terrible,—these two faces of mother and of son, stamped not only in the same image but in the same mask of tragic rage and of bitter resolution—and turned against each other. Mrs. Cobb spoke first in a choked voice.

"You desert me, your mother? You desert Lili? You marry this—this person? Victor, you know the consequences!"

Her son's voice seemed the echo of hers, identical in tone as in intensity. "Keep your money—that is, my father's money! You've treated me like a child long enough! Now I'm a man, and by Heaven I'll take a man's rights! I guess I can work for my wife as well as the next fellow. Will you marry me without a penny, Fay?"

For answer she clung to his arm. Yes, perhaps she loved him after all; for what else but love could have worked that miracle, could have pierced that dull hide of egotism and self indulgence, have galvanized that inert hulk into life, could have made of Victor Cobb, as he himself said, a man?

I wanted to clap my hands in pure admiration, to shout "Bravo, Victor!" after him as, still holding Fay by the hand, he walked resolutely away toward the elevator. His mother, as though turned to stone, stood gazing after him with anguished eyes.

**U**PON my word! I heard a voice mutter somewhere near me. "One has to admire the fellow, after all!"

"Right you are!" I wanted to cry out in response. But a sudden thought came to me and took my breath. Since of his own free will Victor had abandoned me, I was free—free to go to Henry!

Ah, Henry, my dear, dear Henry! The thought of him in that instant was too much for me, and I began to cry.

Instantly and from all quarters there was a rush of consolation toward me. From the deserting bridegroom, attention was at once recalled to focus itself upon the deserted bride.

"Ah, poor little thing!"—"Dear Made-moiselle, try to control yourself!"—"Poor little creature, what a tragedy for her!"—While somewhere in the immediate background I heard Aunt Elizabeth's voice booming majestically:

"I have heard much, Mrs. Cobb, of the disobedience of American children; but I must say, your son—"

While Portia's voice, thin and correct, in my ear, "There, don't cry, poor Lili! It's really too distressing! I pity you with all my heart!"

But through the compassion of her words struck a note of secret pleasure that I understood,—in a few short hours had not our positions, according to all human probability, been precisely reversed? And Portia was pitying me, triumphing over me! The idea was too ridiculous, and I burst out laughing. Then, somehow, the laughter got tangled up with the tears, and when I tried to stop laughing I found that I couldn't. But the absurd part of it was, all the time I was laughing for sheer happiness—Henry, Henry! I was free to go to you at last!

So the hubbub around me increased. "Poor little thing, she has hysterics—and no wonder!"—"Here's my vinaigrette!"—"No, cold water is better!" Then severe scolding voices, of very knowing persons: "Made-moiselle, you are acting like a fool! Stop that noise immediately!" Then helpless distressed voices: "Maid! Waiter, send a maid!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

**N**OW there at last was a sensible idea; for I knew that if I could only get away from all this noise and eyes staring at me, I should be well again directly. So the maid came,—a nice, fat, important looking person who immediately took my arm. And it was really too ridiculous, the old gentleman who took my other arm,—a kind old Colonel



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