

HER WORD OF HONOR

Continued from page 10



Drink All You Want Without Harm

Hot bouillon, made with Armour's Bouillon Cubes, is a great comfort in cold weather, when everyone wants something hot three or four times a day.

You can drink all you want without harm, when tea or coffee would give you "nerves."

Made in a minute without trouble, it is satisfying, slightly stimulating and a great aid to digestion.

Armour's Bouillon Cubes are pure concentrated beef juice with a delicate vegetable flavor, seasoned to turn. Made under the supervision of experts, under conditions that would satisfy the most exacting housewife.

Cost 30 cents a box—12 cubes, each wrapped in paraffined paper and tin foil. At grocers and druggists.

WE GLADLY SEND YOU FREE SAMPLES

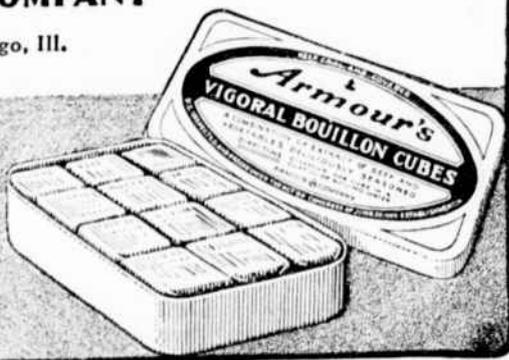
Write us a postal and we will send you samples of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, enough to prove their goodness and convenience.

Please send name of your grocer or druggist.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Dept. 60, Chicago, Ill.

Armour's  
BOUILLON  
CUBES



I Can Help You  
Save 1/4 Your Food  
Bill MY FREE BOOK—125  
RECIPES—TELLS HOW

Rapid Fireless Cookers

not only save your meat and grocery bills but half your kitchen work. And a Rapid will cut down 2, 3 and 4 hours of burning gas or coal to a few minutes. Let Me Mail This Recipe Book, Postage Paid. It explains just how you can make the less expensive cuts of meats, the less costly fowl—sweet, juicy, tender and delicious in a Rapid Fireless Cooker. The Rapid is the fastest, latest improved, most saving Fireless Cooker possible to buy.

Easiest to clean, most sanitary. All metal—no pads or cloth lining, beautifully finished case—dust proof top.

It stews, steams, bakes, boils, roasts, fries—cooks everything deliciously—all inside the cooker.

No re-heating necessary. Rapid Radiators are the most scientific made and last forever. No heat or odors in the kitchen. Go out all afternoon, your dinner will be done perfectly when you are ready to take up—all the natural flavors and food goodness kept in.

Complete Outfit Highest Grade Aluminum Cooking Utensils with every Rapid. Write for 125 Recipe Book and special Factory-to-you Prices. Every Rapid Guaranteed. Your Money Paid Back if not satisfactory.

WM. CAMPBELL COMPANY  
Dept. B-1, Detroit, Mich.

30 Days Trial



You, Madam  
Can Buy My  
Rapid at  
Lowest  
Factory  
Prices

LIGHT UP!

You can transform any kerosene coal oil lamp or lantern into dazzling brilliance with a BRIGHT LIGHT BURNER. EE. 20 candle power incandescent and automatic STEEL MANTLE. Positively will not smoke or flicker. Brighter than electricity, better than gas or kerosene. Absolutely safe. AGENTS: Write for sample and particulars quick! Price postpaid \$2 extra. 2 for one dollar. Money back if not satisfactory.

Bright Light Co., Dept. 988, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS WANTED

\$15 cash paid per 1,000 for certain cancelled postage stamps. Send 10 cents for price list post. ACME STAMP & COIN HOUSE, 1711E Cold Spring Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	\$3.50
9 x 7 1/2 ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10 1/2 ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free. ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 693 Bourse Bldg., Phila.

Genevieve's were already taken. But I didn't choose to go back. I wanted to stay in America; and the life Mrs. Cobb offered me, all petting and diamonds and beautiful clothes—it seemed ideal. To be sure, the husband added to the bargain—I did hesitate a moment for that. But only a moment—what else, after all, had I looked forward to, and what would have been my marriage if Papa had lived? Monsieur has so many thousand francs of fortune, Mademoiselle is the daughter of a Marquis and has so many thousand francs of dowry. And here was a husband who was willing to take me without a sou of dowry! If Mrs. Cobb was willing to take recompense from my name and my relatives, instead of from the fortune I didn't have, could I be anything but relieved and glad? And, after all, giving me her son for my husband,—whether one agrees with her or not about his qualities, still one must confess she certainly had no idea of wronging me there! For, after all, Victor is her son. And, though I haven't any children myself, still I sometimes fancy I can imagine how children seem to their own mother—

Mrs. Stuart stroked my hand, and it seemed to me for a moment that I saw tears in her eyes.

"Funny little Lili," she said, "dear little Lili! A dear little name, for a dear little girl! Yes, you are right, children do seem like that to their mother. Even Henry, you see, to me—"

"But—ah, Henry!" I cried. "He's different!"

I FELT her eyes on me, penetrating, infinitely kind. Then, as I raised my eyes to meet them, I knew that my voice, in these two or three words, had betrayed my secret; for the glance that I met looked through and through me, to the very inmost part of my soul, even past the thought of my dear papa, to where nothing lives but the thought of Henry! Henry! All day long, when I'm awake and when I'm sleeping, there in my dreams! So, as I knew that she knew already, I just let everything come into my eyes,—all my longing, all my struggles, all my hope that knew itself hopeless.

"This is an odd complication," she said in a changed voice, hesitating and tender. "Will you—will you let me tell Henry? He's a lawyer, as you know. He's very clever at it. I've known him to unravel the most extraordinary affairs. May I tell him?"

"No!" I cried. Then I paused to think. Was my refusal delicacy, was it Quixotism? And in any case was not one reason more foolish than the other, if a way of escape could be pointed out?

"Yes!" I changed my negative. "Tell him, please! But—oh, dear Mrs. Stuart," I cried with a sudden thought, "no one else, please! Imagine if people heard about a bargain, or coercion, or anything like that—where would be the social advantage that Mrs. Cobb hoped to gain from the marriage, which it's only fair she should have, because she's paid for it? So not a word, please!"

Mrs. Stuart stroked my cheek—what a soft hand, what a tender touch! "Yes," she said, "you're Etienne's daughter, one can see that,—the same delicate scruples, the same fine sense of honor!"

"And yet," I cried in a weeping voice, "we're trying to find a way out for me to break my word!"

She seemed perplexed. "No," she said, "I could never advise anyone to break their word. But, you see, I can't help feeling that I have the first right to you; for it was to find me that you came to America, after all. Think of it!" She looked at me as if overcome by the thought. "You came to find me! Etienne's daughter, looking for me, and I wasn't there! No, it's too cruel that we should find each other too late—no, it mustn't be too late! Lili, you belong to me—I won't give you up! I won't let you marry that loutish young Cobb—never, never! But, never fear, Henry will find a way out. He's so clever, Henry!"

She bent her face suddenly down close to mine. "You do like Henry, don't you, my dear little daughter?" she whispered.

"Yes!" I answered under my breath. And our eyes met.

What our words meant, I could not doubt. She had offered her son to me for my husband, and I had accepted him. But with how perfect a delicacy, how different from that other mother two months ago!

But how strange a country it is, America, where no one ever thinks of money, and where all the mothers want Lili, black as a mole and without a penny of dowry, to be their daughter in law! At least, here in two months it happened twice—and, alas! in this

last case I knew that the son wanted me and I wanted—oh, I wanted him!

Was the temptation going to be too great, after all? Was this last of all the Vauquieres going to be separated from her family traditions as she had already been separated from France? Was she going to find her strength insufficient to keep her plighted word? What disgrace—oh, what black disgrace!

And yet I wanted Henry, wanted him with every bit of me, in strange, new ways, with strange, wild feelings that I had never suspected until I fell in love, which perhaps—perhaps will be stronger than the best strength of my soul.

Oh, why, when I had had the force to renew my promise to Mrs. Cobb, did I walk straight back into temptation and give myself the whole battle to fight over again? In that moment I wished sincerely and with all my heart that I had gone home with Mrs. Cobb.

"So now, Lili, as Henry is waiting to take us out in the motor, I'll just ring for Genevieve. And in the hour before dinner when we get home I'll tell Henry all about it. He'll find a way out, you'll see! Though he is my son, I really must own that he's so extraordinarily clever!"

CHAPTER XV.

IT has been like a gladiatorial combat, with the little brown hand of Lili as the prize. The struggles proceed progressively,—in the afternoon, the two mothers; in the evening, the two sons.

At dinner, Mrs. Stuart, with her usual delicacy and attention to the rights of others, put me beside my fiancé. Though she had spoken of an informal family dinner, still (as usual, I find, in America when they use that expression) we were quite a large party. The Cobbs, Mrs. Vanhuysen, and Miss Carroll, with two or three friends that they had invited, another two or three of Henry's friends,—altogether we made no small tableful. Henry, on the other side of the table, was obliged to be very attentive to an important old lady, invited by his aunt; so, between this fact and the hum of general conversation, and the flowers with which the table was heaped, I remained quite at liberty with my fiancé—free to exchange with him if I chose all those tender nothings that two persons in our interesting circumstances might be supposed to be murmuring after an enforced separation.

To do him justice, Victor appeared to greater advantage than I had ever seen him, except the day of the aeroplane meet. Apparently he was conscious of the fact that he had not distinguished himself the other day, and was anxious to create a more dashing impression.

"Corking clams!" he said.

Ah, those dreadful little shellfish—always there with their taste of tears when my heart was sad!

"Excellent!" I answered. But I couldn't eat them, for all that.

Victor, as though delighted with his success, continued the conversation. "I say, you look corking yourself tonight," and as his blue eyes ran up and down me suddenly there came into them for the flash of a moment that look which the first evening had chilled them with indefinable repulsion.

"You've got a corking neck, Lili," he was good enough to add, "and that little pink dress is out of sight! Is it one of the—er—"

"No," I hastened to answer. "I don't wear those till—er—"

He nodded. "Till afterward. No, of course not!" he said.

And we were silent for a moment, while a desperate resolution formed itself within me. Instead of beseeching the mercy of Mrs. Cobb, who could know none, instead of waiting for the "extraordinarily clever way out of it" that Henry's mother knew he'd find and I knew he never could, why not do what I should have done long ago and address myself directly to headquarters? After all, the young man beside me wanted to marry me no more than I wanted to marry him. Except for the caprice of gratified vanity or other feeling more ephemeral, or yet for the pleasure of ticketing publicly as his own the girl whom perhaps—perhaps other people might want too, what interest could he have in me? And if what the other girl had said this afternoon were true, then his interest in breaking off this impossible marriage was perhaps almost—not quite, but almost—as strong as mine. In that moment I realized how effective a weapon Mrs. Cobb had plucked from my hand, in obtaining my promise not to tell Victor that Fay was in town and had come to see me that afternoon.

My mother in law to-be, placed at some