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Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer. War and intemperance, with all their miseries and fatalities, are not responsible for as many deaths as have been caused by Bright's Disease. Yet, there is a way of resisting it; of drawing its poisoned fangs, and making it as harmless as a summer breeze. That great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, has cured thousands of the worst cases. It never fails to cure, hopeless as the case may seem. Would you safely shield your loved ones from the fatal grip of this curse of mankind—Bright's Disease? Then use Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only cure on earth for this disease.

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Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "Parted at the Altar," "Lovely Maiden," "Florabel's Lover," "Ione," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIX Continued

"Oh, God, teach me how I am to give up my love whom I love so well!" moaned Uldene. "Oh, white clouds!" she cried, "choose for me! I ask you to decide a human life—a human soul to-night. If yonder fleecy clouds obscure the face of the moon as they pass, I solemnly pledge to you that within the hour I will part from my heart's love, making no moan, though it will be the bitterness of death for me. If, on the other hand, yonder clouds sail by, and no shadow drifts over the moon, I will cling to Rutledge's love, defying fate itself. I pledge myself to Heaven that these white clouds shall decide for weal or for woe, for joy or the coldness and darkness of despair."

Never in this world was there a more piteous look than the beautiful young face turned upward to the moonlit, star-gemmed sky, and the white clouds that were to decide either life or death for her.

She knelt down in the dew-wet grass, with her ice-cold hands clasped over her heart, piteously watching the white clouds. Nearer—nearer they approached the great white light. Uldene caught her breath in a panting gasp. Did the angels realize her woe? Would they intercede for her, begging that mercy might be shown her? She was so young and she loved him so.

One instant more, and they would decide her future. That instant seemed the length of eternity. Nearer, nearer they approached the soft, bright, silvery orb, and as she watched them, slowly but surely they obscured it. Ah, yes! it was Heaven's solemn warning to her that she must part from her love if she would save him. In that moment the girl turned away with the bitterness of death in her heart, and passed slowly up the lilac grove, sweet with the breath of purple, tossing plumes, to the house. She had thought to gain her own room without being observed; but this was not to be. In the corridor she came face to face with Rutledge.

"I was just about starting out through the grounds in search of you, dear," he said. "What were you doing out among the roses so long?"

He started abruptly as he saw her face. It was as white as marble, and the large, dark eyes had in them a hunted look, dazed by terror.

"Uldene!" he cried, springing to her side, and throwing his strong arms about the slender, swaying figure, "what is the matter, dear? Are you ill?"

He could not understand then, but he knew but too well afterward, why she shrank back in his arms, clinging to him, weeping and kissing him by turns, clasping her white arms so tightly, so piteously, about him, yet shuddering at his fond caresses. How could he know that while she clung to him she was silently bidding him farewell forever?

"You are not well, darling?" he said anxiously. "You are almost hysterically nervous. You have been exerting yourself to entertain lately. Such a round of gayeties, parties, balls, rides, receptions every day without cessation is beginning to tell upon you. Go to your room and rest, dear. I will look in, in the course of an hour, and see how you are. Your face is white as death, and your hands are burning hot. If this

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state of affairs continues, I shall call in a doctor."

A doctor! Ah, who could "minister to a mind diseased?"

She knew, poor soul, that she must part with him while her strength lasted. Slowly she unwound her white arms from his neck, and turned from him, stifling the bitter cry that rose to her lips. She dared not look into his face again, lest her courage should fail her. Slowly she turned, and with an unsteady step ascended the stairs.

Nanon, her maid, was in her boudoir, stitching away at a marvelous ball dress of rose pink satin and seed pearls that she was to wear to a grand ball on the following evening.

"Put it away, Nanon, and leave me," said Uldene. "I want to be alone. See that no one disturbs me, Nanon," she went on, piteously.

When the girl reached the door she called her back.

"Come in an hour from now, Nanon," she whispered, with pale lips, "and on the table yonder you will find a sealed letter, addressed to my husband. Take it to him with your own hands. Let no one know. You will do this, Nanon?"

"Yes, my lady," answered the girl, courtesying, and wondering at the strange request, "it shall be done as you wish."

The girl looked back wistfully as she reached the door, and as she saw that lovely despairing face then, she saw it never again in this life.

Left to herself, Uldene rose swiftly and turned the key in the lock. No one must interrupt her while she was writing that pitiful letter to Rutledge.

She went to her writing desk, opened it, and drew forth a sheet of paper. For the next twenty minutes the silence of death filled the room, broken only by the swift whirr of the pen on the white paper and the slow ticking of the clock on the mantel.

It was not a long letter, and and it was blotted by burning, bitter tears. These are the words he was to read:

"Rutledge: When your eyes rest upon these lines I shall be far away. I am leaving you wilfully and deliberately; and, oh, my darling, I cannot tell you why; Think of me as you will. Our marriage was a bitter mistake. Heaven knows I wish from the bottom of my heart it had never been consummated. I am going out of your life quietly, Rutledge. It will be worse than useless to search for me. You will never find me. Never!

"Believe me false, if you will—cruelly false. Perhaps that will make the blow I am dealing you easier to bear. Fate has parted us, Rutledge.

"There is no pardon, no mercy for me for what I have done. There is none on earth. There is none, perhaps, in Heaven. I expect none.

"Do not quite hate my memory, Rutledge, for I cannot bear that. Remember it was fate that parted us. When I clung to you to-night with tears and kisses, I was bidding you a silent, eternal farewell."

She dared not write one word of the great love that was blistering her heart—no, not one word—for her heart would break over it. Time, too, was flying, swift-winged, past her. A cry of horror broke from her lips, for, glancing at the gilded clock, she saw her hour of respite was nearly up.

Folding and sealing the letter, she placed it on the table, covering it with passionate kisses; for it was to rest in his hands; his eyes were to read what she had written—this love of her heart whom she was bidding farewell and from whom fate had parted her.

"It is God's retribution that has fallen upon me!" she wailed, as she threw off the pretty white mull dress and donned a heavy traveling one. "In my mad folly, thinking Heaven would pardon

me, I took him from Verlie; and now God has, in turn, taken him from me."

With a sob, she fastened the long, dark cloak about her, and threw a dark veil over her agonized face. Then, without one glance behind her, she fled from the room and out of the house.

As she crossed the vestibule she saw her mortal foe advancing up the broad marble steps that led to the porch.

He saw her and drew back into the shadow, waiting until she had come up to him.

"You have decided wisely and well, Uldene," he said, glancing at her dress. "You are willing to part from him forever."

"Willing!" she cried, in a low voice of intense anguish. "Oh, God, no! But I am forced to part with him. And you know it. I am going, but my wretched, bleeding heart I will leave with him. If suicide were not a crime, I would kill myself with my own hands here and now, rather than go with you!"

CHAPTER XXIII. A FATAL MISTAKE.

The man's dark, haughty face flushed slightly at her vehement words, but he made no reply.

"There is one grace I should like to ask of you," continued Uldene bitterly, "and that is—that I may leave here alone."

"I have had too much trouble to find you to lose sight of you," he answered, grimly. "I will not go with you," she cried,

decisively. "Our paths lie in different directions. You have broken my heart. Now leave me in peace."

"Think what the result would have been, in all its horror, if I had not interfered. Your husband would have turned from you in horror and loathing too great for words. The law would have freed him from you, and you know it. Why, then, wait for the finale? Better to go away and save yourself, and spare him."

"Why have I been so bitterly accused?" cried Uldene, piteously. "I have done no wrong, committed no sin. Why then, am I to be so bitterly punished? I wish to God I had died in my infancy!"

"That is the prayer that has fallen from the lips of every daughter of your race," he answered, grimly. "But death does not come to them until the terrible prophecy has been fulfilled. There is but one way, and one way only, by which I could consent to leave you to yourself, if you should prefer that to accompanying me."

"And that way?" whispered Uldene, breathlessly.

"Is to immerse yourself while your life lasts within the walls of a convent."

"Have pity on me. I am so young," she wailed. "I—I would sooner die. The walls of a convent might be a haven of rest to some, but to me its grim walls would be a living tomb. I love the gay, bright world so."

"Then you would prefer going with me," he said, grimly.

"No! a thousand times no!" cried Uldene, with a shudder. "Anything rather than that."

Suddenly, like a gleam of inspiration, an idea occurred to her. Why not consent to go with him to allay his suspicion? She would enter the train with him, and at the first station at which the train stopped she would spring from it, and he would lose her in the darkness of the night.

He was surprised at her ready consent to accompany him in preference to going to the convent. He had based his hopes upon the idea that she would choose the latter.

"We have not a moment to lose, then," he said, drawing her toward the coupe in waiting.

(To be Continued.)

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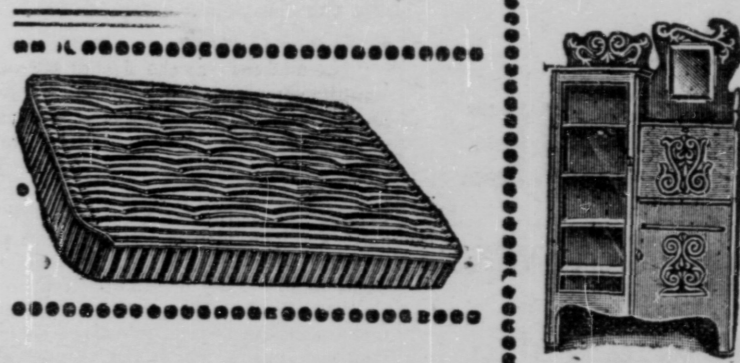
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1	"	at 40.00,	was 60.00
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1	"	at 37.00,	was 50.00
1	"	at 32.50,	was 45.00
1	"	at 30.00,	was 40.00
1	"	at 20.00,	was 25.00
1	"	at 17.00,	was 22.00

1	Hall Stand	at \$7.50,	was \$11.00
1	"	at 7.50,	was 10.50
1	"	at 5.50,	was 8.50
4	"	at 3.00,	was 4.00

1	Bedroom Suite	at \$50.00,	was \$75.00
1	"	at 35.00,	was 50.00
1	"	at 32.50,	was 45.00
1	"	at 19.00,	was 24.00
1	"	at 17.20,	was 22.50
1	"	at 17.00,	was 21.00
1	"	at 13.00,	was 16.00

1	Sideboard	at \$17.50,	was \$25.00
1	"	at 9.00,	was 12.50
1	"	at 7.00,	was 9.00

3	Extension Tables	at \$6.00,	was \$7.75
3	"	at 5.00,	was 6.75
1	"	at 4.75,	was 6.50

13	Odd Centre Tables	1/3 off.
7	Odd Lounges	1/3 off.

1	Diningroom Set	at \$30.00,	was \$40.00
1	"	at 27.50,	was 36.00
1	"	at 23.50,	was 27.50

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To avoid misunderstanding, we have fastened red tickets showing reduced prices on all goods enumerated above.

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