

A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER XXI.
"GOD GIVE ME STRENGTH!"

"You may leave everything to me, my dear," said the lawyer. "I am going to have the strictest investigation into everything. The ship will be home now directly, and I shall leave nothing undone to give us the satisfaction of knowing what happened, and whether there is a possibility of his having escaped. And you must be brave and strong, too, to help me; you must not look as you are looking now. Why, it would have broken his heart to see you with this white thin face. You must eat, and you must rest, and you must take proper care of yourself, and I will call for your help the very moment I have need of you."

Indeed, before he left, Mr. Gooch summoned Mary, and put Elizabeth into her charge, and the old servant was only too glad to feel that there was some one to aid her.

"Heard you saying to Miss Beth—I always call her 'Miss Beth,' sir," Mary added, "perhaps there might be some hope. Tell me, sir, do you really think there is hope?"

Richard Gooch looked into Mary's eyes, and shook his head.

"No," he said, sadly. "I only spoke as I did to give her some temporary consolation; in my own heart, Mary, I feel only too sure that Mr. Barostan is dead!"

Elizabeth very quickly became an object of great interest and curiosity. The majority of people pitied her, but there were many who envied her, for it crept out—how, no one could tell—that the death of her husband had enriched Mrs. Barostan to an enormous extent.

Innumerable people called to leave cards and inquire among these Lady Ottershaw, who sent up her name to Elizabeth, and asked if Mrs. Barostan would see her; but Elizabeth saw no one. She was shut up in her room, really ill.

Lord Ottershaw also made constant inquiry.

He frowned, and yet he smiled, as he was informed that Mrs. Barostan was too ill to see him.

His triumph was too sweet to him to let any tiny cloud dim its brightness. Otherwise Beth's attitude must have annoyed him sharply. But his sense of power over her, his knowledge that she was now absolutely in

Twitching of the Nerves

A Distressing Symptom of Nervous Exhaustion Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mrs. John McKellar, 11 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I was injured some years ago, and that left me with a broken-down nervous system. I could not sleep, and suffered from twitching of the nerves and disagreeable nervous sensations. I then began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good; in fact, I am entirely cured of my old trouble. The Nerve Food not only strengthened the nerves, but also built up my system in every way." Under date of Aug. 29, 1912, Mrs. McKellar writes, confirming her cure, and states that she has had inquiries from many people who had heard of the great benefits she obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 4 for \$2.50. All Dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



his grasp, made another man of him. His mother looked at him with delight and surprise in these days, and confided to Mrs. Griffin—who had at once rushed back to town when the news of David Barostan's death reached her—her belief that Mark was at last about to start that career for which she had prayed and hoped so long.

But Ellen Griffin said nothing, only she found herself studying Lord Ottershaw very carefully the first time they met, and it gave her a pang to feel that she understood why his lips smiled so much and his eyes had such a bright expression.

"It is an awful thing," she said to herself, "that any human creature should rejoice at the death of another, but I have read into Mark's heart, and know that Barostan's death brings him joy—really savage joy. The thing to be seen now is," mused on Mrs. Griffin, "what his line of action will be when he is brought in contact with Elizabeth. I know that she had commenced to care for her husband, but I did not know till now how far he had grown to her."

But Lady Ottershaw had other matters to talk about to her old friend besides her son's possible future. Lord Garland, and he spoke frankly and somewhat severely about Lil.

"Why did Henry marry that girl?" he asked once, with something like assiduity. "Ellen, she is related to the wife of such a man as Henry Garland."

"Who knows that better than I do?" answered Mrs. Griffin, in her brusque way. "You say she is related to me, yes; well, it would cost me nothing to disown her. But what is wrong? What has happened?"

"I have nothing definite against Lady Garland," answered Ottershaw's mother, and she spoke a little coldly; it is her general conduct to which object. She is so slightly so selfish he does not seem to understand that Henry is a dying man. And then I'm sure that things must be going awfully with them. They cannot have so much money to spend that she seems to throw away. Would it not be possible for Mrs. Barostan to do something?"

"I know nothing," answered Mrs. Griffin, shortly, "but this much I will affirm, that if Lil is throwing away anybody's money, it is Elizabeth who has given her the money to throw away."

"You misunderstand me," Lady Ottershaw answered, sadly. "I did not mean to say that Mrs. Barostan should give material help; I mean that perhaps she might have some influence with her sister, who seems to be drifting into the very worst set possible. There must be a great difference between the two sisters."

"There is," said Mrs. Griffin, emphatically.

Straight from this interview, she drove to the Garland's house, and as she was shown into the small hall, Ottershaw came down stairs.

They met in a guarded way, and it gave Mrs. Griffin a pang to realize that they were now enemies.

"You will just be in time to console Lady Garland," said Ottershaw, lightly; "she has been weeping because she cannot go to Monte Carlo. The doctors have decided that the journey is too much for Henry's strength." Then, as they were alone for an instant, the butler having passed up the stairs, Lord Ottershaw looked into Ellen Griffin's eyes. "In a little while," he said, very distinctly, "I shall come to you for congratulations, Ellen. I hope you will give them to me."

"When you do anything that I consider worthy of praise of congratulation, be sure I will give you both," was her answer, and then they separated.

Mrs. Griffin's heart was a little heavy as she went up the stairs. She had sat an hour that morning she had felt as though she were in the presence of the dead. It made her sad, and angry, too, to realize that this girl, whom she loved so dearly, should be passing through such mental darkness, such heart anguish, and that the greater part of all this lay to Ottershaw's account.

Lil was assuredly weeping when Mrs. Griffin entered the drawing room. Her pretty face was disfigured, and she was moving about, tearing her lace handkerchief feverishly.

"Ah, you have come back," she exclaimed; and then she stood still, for it was not Ottershaw returned, and certainly the last person she had expected, or hoped to see, was Ellen Griffin.

When they were alone they stood a moment in silence. Then Mrs. Griffin spoke, not rudely, but most gently.

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"Nay, I don't want you to answer me. I know, poor child, I am sorry for you Lil. Can you not see that Mark is playing with you? Have you no pride, no will? Why do you not drive him from you, instead of weeping because he goes?"

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"One does not need to be an angel," answered Mrs. Griffin, "to be commonly honest." She held out her hand. "Is it to be friendship, Lil?"

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Mrs. Griffin turned a little pale.

This outburst of hysterical abuse only confirmed her in the feeling that Lil was ripe for any act of folly, and instead of being angry with the girl, she pitied her thoroughly.

(To be continued.)

When they were alone they stood a moment in silence. Then Mrs. Griffin spoke, not rudely, but most gently.

"Whom did you expect, Lil?" she asked, and as Lil only shrugged her shoulders, and turned away with a frown, she sighed.

"Nay, I don't want you to answer me. I know, poor child, I am sorry for you Lil. Can you not see that Mark is playing with you? Have you no pride, no will? Why do you not drive him from you, instead of weeping because he goes?"

Lil turned.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, sullenly. "What business is it of yours what I do?"

"This much," said Mrs. Griffin, keeping her temper with an effort: "Your father was my kinsman, and a man that everybody loved and honored; your sister is the dearest creature in the world to me; your husband, a man whom to know only is to be honored. Shall I stand by, therefore, and see Mark use you for his own interests and make a havoc of your husband's happiness, without endeavoring to prevent this?"

"You are talking about what I don't understand," said Lil, in a quick, half-frightened way. "I don't know why they let you come up. I said I was not at home."

"And that was why I met Mark coming out of the house when I came in, I suppose?" said Ellen Griffin, in her candid way; and then she went across to that fancifully dressed little creature.

"Come, Lil," she said, "let us make a truce. We have never been great friends, you and I, but it seems to me that you need a friend now, and if you will turn and put your hand in mine I will give all the help I can."

"I don't want any help," answered Lady Garland, hurriedly. "You are talking a lot of nonsense, Ellen. If I am crying, that is my business. Mark has—has nothing to do with it."

"I wish I could think so," said Mrs. Griffin, "but, alas! I know this man so well; and if you will not draw back now, you will reap in the future such suffering as you meted out to that poor boy who shot himself the day that you were married. You lied to me, Lil, that day, when I sought you at Ottershaw Manor. You told me that you knew of no case that could have forced your sister to do the strange thing that she did, but I

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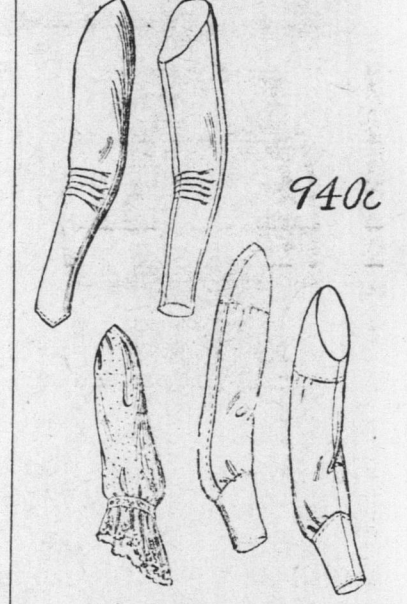
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